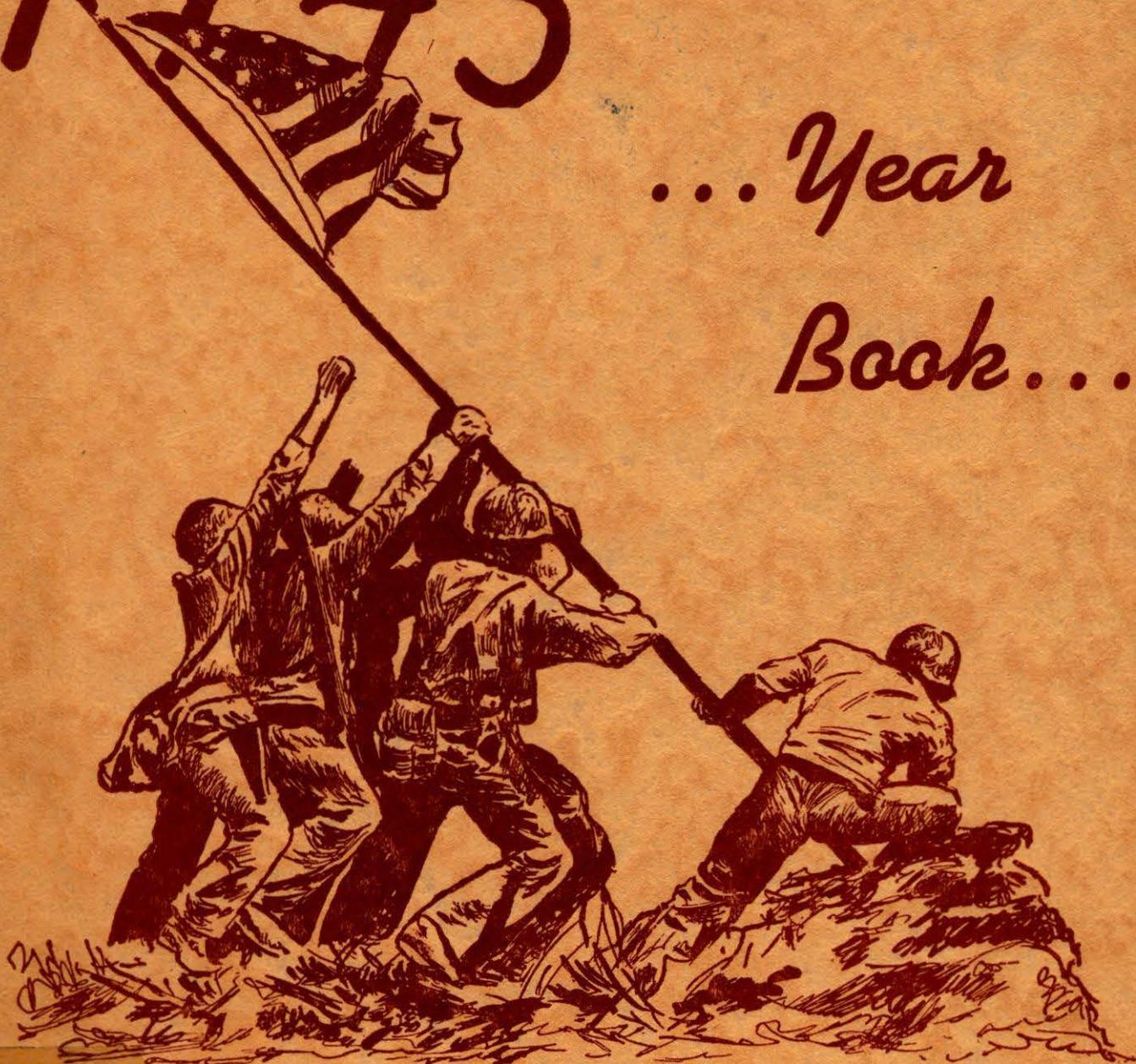


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CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

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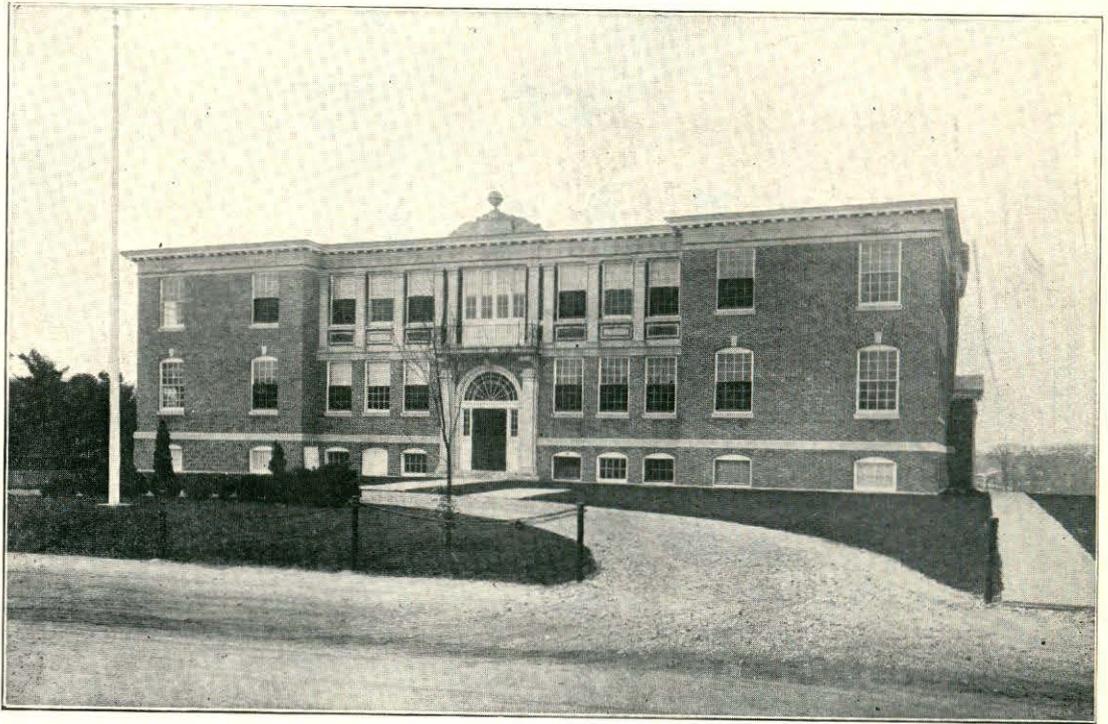
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1945

**THE YEAR BOOK**  
**OF**  
**1945**



*Edited by the Students of*

Chelmsford High School



## Chelmsford High School

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

## Foreword

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

## Steadfast in Service

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

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

LEONARD COLWELL '45



To

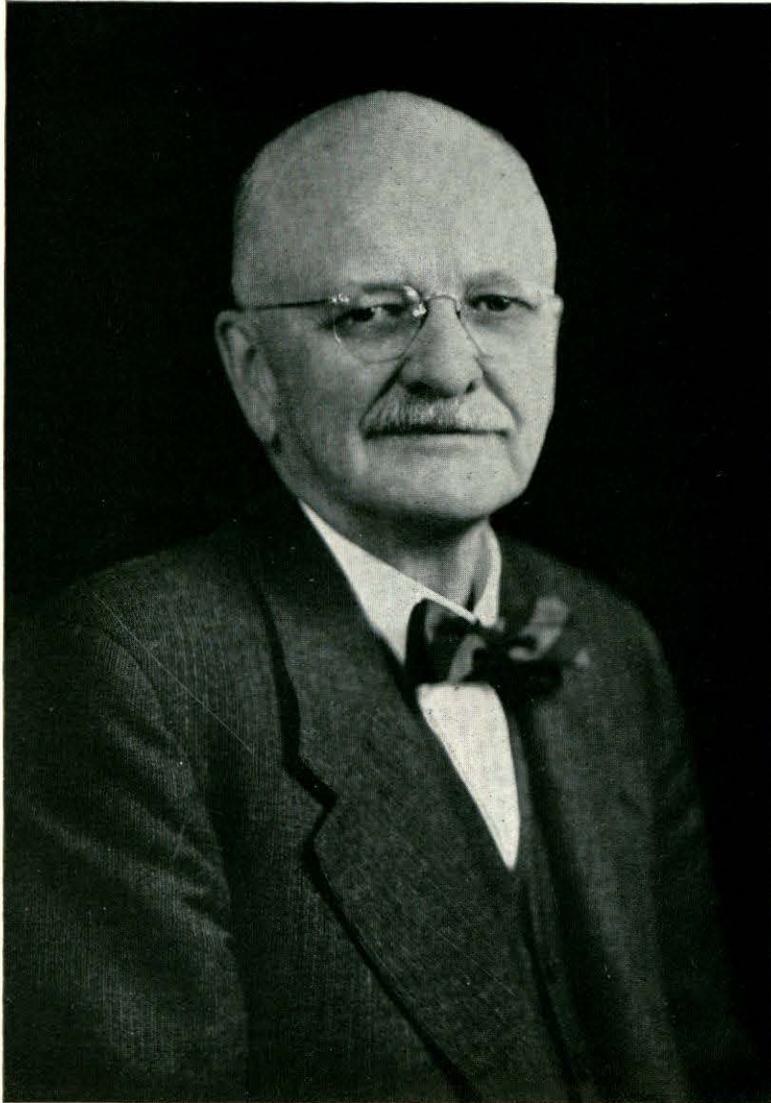
HELEN R. POLAND

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

## George S. Wright

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

To our retiring superintendent, we wish to express our gratitude, our admiration, and our good will. The Class of 1945 and Mr. Wright graduate together, we to commence the work in the world for which his efforts have prepared us; Mr. Wright to become "Retired Leisure." He has "worked taskwork and has the rest of the day to himself."



GEORGE S. WRIGHT  
*Superintendent of the Schools of Chelmsford*

*“Friendship is the nearest thing we know to what religion is. God is love, and, to make religion akin to friendship is simply to give it the highest expression conceivable to man.”*

*—Ruskin*



LUCIAN H. BURNS  
*Principal of Chelmsford High School*

## Class Ode

(Tune—Semper Paratus)

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

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

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

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

Ruth MacPhee '45

Doris Hankinson '45

## Class Motto

Steadfast in Service



*The*

*Faculty*

## Faculty Honor Roll

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



LIEUT. (J. G.) EARL J. WATT, U.S.N.R.



LIEUT. (J.G.) GEORGE W. BOYCE, U.S.N.R.



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



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



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



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



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



RITA R. CORCORAN, A.B.  
 English  
 Emmanuel College



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



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



ELEANOR M. DONAHOE, A.B.  
Mathematics, P.A.D.  
Smith College



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



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



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



ROSE M. COONEY, B.S. ED.  
Science  
Framingham Teachers College



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



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



CHARLOTTE L. MACLEOD  
Music  
Lowell Teachers College



BERNIE LARKIN  
Musical Director



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



## Board of Editors

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

Donald Adams  
William Barton  
William Bellegarde  
Jean Bettencourt  
Philip Campbell  
Leonard Colwell  
Louis Croft  
Russell Cummings  
Doris Hankinson  
Robert Harmon

Winifred Horne  
Eleanor Lovett  
Ruth MacPhee  
Richard Mochrie  
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*Seniors*



KENTON PARKER WELLS

"Wellsie"

Graduation Speaker

Class President '44, '45; Graduation and Reception Usher '44; Football '43, '44; Basketball '42, '44, Captain '45; Inter-class Basketball '43; Baseball '44, '45; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; A. A. Board '42, 2nd Vice Pres. '43; Year Book Staff '44, '45; Chemistry Club Pres. '44; Slide Rule Club '44.

"And ever honored for his worthiness"

King of the court—baseball enthusiast—three letter man—Highland heart interest  
Perfect gentleman—Dartmouth bound—busy president—delight of the faculty  
Willing worker—carrot chewer—smooth dancer—hearty laugh—bien fait, Monsieur!



LESLIE HUNTER ADAMS, JR.

"Bud"

Class Vice President '44, '45; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; A. A. Board Vice President '44; Football '42, '43, '44; Baseball '44, Captain '45; Inter-class Basketball '43; Basketball '45; Senior Prom Committee.

"Take me out to the ball game"

Likeable personality—idol of freshmen girls—(many others, also)—loves his nieces  
Has consuming interest in sports—hero-type—contagious smile—minimum of homework  
All around athlete—"Cap" to the baseball squad—many friends—success assured



CAROL LORRAINE SHAWCROSS

Graduation Speaker

Class Secretary '43, '44; Vice-President of A. A. '44; Cheerleader '42, '43, '44; Year Book Staff '44, '45; Graduation and Reception Usher '44; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Chemistry Club '43; Stunt Night '41; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee.

"Open, genial, friendly, kind.  
Friends like this are hard to find."

Cheerleader of renown—capable class secretary—fashion plate, style leader  
Love interest varied—college ahead—personality plus—humorous vein—friend to all  
Still striving for a driver's license—wavy hair—numerous nicknames—versatile.



ELEANOR RUTH LOVETT

"Ei"

Class Treasurer '44; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Stunt Night Committee '41; Junior Barn Dance Committee '43; Leap Year Dance Committee '44; Booster Day Committee '44; Senior Prom Committee; Secretary A. A. Board '44; Year Book Staff '45; Class Ring Committee '43; Reception Usher '44.

"Good things come in small packages"

Everybody's friend—always smiling—vitality plus—controls the class purse strings  
Rarely is seen alone—that faithful blonde, you know—pert—identification bracelet  
Loves the Navy—nothing like the sailor—has few idle moments—alert



DONALD MYRLE ADAMS

"Don"

A. A. Member '44; Year Book Staff '45.

"A busier man than he, there was nowhere"

Diligent worker—deep waves—destined to succeed—no spare time  
Much mileage on little gas—musical horns—frank—weighs his decisions  
Always rushing—artistically inclined—a smile for everyone—well-trained fountain boy

KATHRYN PALMER ALLEN

"Kay"

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

"Wisdom is better than rubies"

Kitty Cornell admirer—dazzling nails—pleasant drawl—unique charm

Perfect lady—neatness personified—photographic model—sophisticated

Addition to any group—book worm—flare for style—man situation undecided



WILLIAM ALLEN BARTON

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

"Wit like wine intoxicates the brain"

Water colors—delivery truck driver—ambitious—co-ed interest

Allen, the boy artist—specializes in animal cartoons—original night school attendant

Beginning to notice the girls—swimmer of note—slow and easy going—future engineer



MARY LORRAINE BEAUBIEN

"Beaub"

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

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine"

Merry waitress—foul shot star at Littleton Tournament—always so neat—efficient

Loves dancing—a date with the Navy—remembers the Prom—happy-go-lucky

Bubbling with laughter—brightens a dull class—songstress—Helen's chum



WILLIAM CHARLES BELLEGARDE

"Billy"

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

"The difficulty in life is the choice"

Willing and able—persistent in his demands—sports spectator—night hiker

Cordial with everyone—rollicking roller skater—B. C. patron amateur hunter

Believes in Don's theories—future National Forester—successful Civil Service Exam—refined



DORIS MAE BERUBEE

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

"Variety is the spice of life"

Daily letters to the service boys—Fort Devens bound—hair styles galore—Aunt Doris

Makes friends easily—that vicious triangle—never without Marilyn—pride of West

Boy friends at her call—queen of the skating rink—promising future—efficiency plus





LOUIS JAMES CROFT, JR.

Honor Student

A. A. Member '41, '43, '44; Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule Club '43; Year Book Staff Member '44, '45; Inter-class Basketball '43; Stunt Night Committee '41.

"Go West, young man"

Loyal to the Navy—passed Eddy test—unassuming—intelligent

Jocular—Physics whiz—time for romance—a serious lad

Cultured manner—those English tests—DeMolay meetings—rover



RUSSELL JAMES CUMMINGS

"Doc"

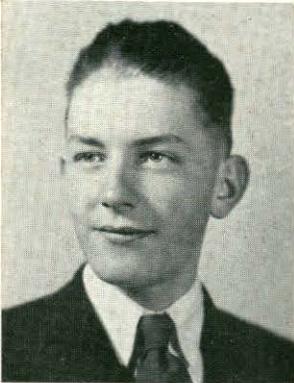
Chemistry Club '44; Band Member '44; A. A. Member '44; Year Book Staff '45.

"Good nature is the beauty of the mind"

Ready for all comers—tricks up his sleeve—girl shy—crew cut

Jazz music connoisseur—impersonator—his secrets well guarded—jaunty air

Communes with poetic Muse—knowledge of medicines—soap box orator—optimistic



GORDON PARKER DeWOLF, JR.

Chemistry Club '44; Slide Rule Club '44; Band Member '44, '45.

"He who reads books is wisest"

Grows orchids—accomplished musician—seeks out detail—argumentative

Proudly cynical—booklover—organizer of newly founded political party—conversationalist

Didactic—retentive memory—professor type—choice vocabulary



BERNARD EDMUND DRAUCH

"Ed"

A. A. Member '41, '44; Slide Rule Club '43; Chemistry Club '43.

"Industry need not wish"

Beckoned by the clouds—favors gas models—a future pilot—good luck!

Ever-ready filling station attendant—"Tydol" sign on his door—auto mechanic—obliging to all

Doesn't like women—bachelor to be—will to work—rates 'A' with the class



JANE MUNROE DRYDEN

"Drydie"

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

"A friend in need is a friend indeed"

Jack of all trades—long-shot basketball star—capable clerk—horse lover

Member of South Indians—"What was that, Mr. Shannon?" dark eyes—unruffled

Dated to be a nurse—self assured—swimming star—movie addict

ROSE HELEN DULGARIAN

"Rosie"

A. A. Member '44.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness"

Record collector—domestically inclined—musical—bicycles with Emily

Habits the dance floor—noisy heels—Connie's pal—ice skates  
Dreads blue Mondays—dark hair and brown eyes—painted fingernails—"What's the temperature, Rose?"



ROBERT MELVIN EDWARDS

"Bob"

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Football '43, '44; Baseball '45.

"Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of a gentleman"

Regular fellow—hockey follower—sports enthusiast—a license, perchance

Made the football and baseball squad—air conscious—big brother—likes that sweater

Ever see him on the coal truck?—Bud's buddy—refined—Boston commuter



CONSTANCE EMANOUIL

"Connie"

A. A. Member '41, '43, '44; Leap Year Dance Committee.

"And all her paths are peace"

Constant Constance—ever thoughtful—enjoys the antics of her bus pals—reliable

Elegant cook—sports spectator—sewing lessons in June—one movie per week



DONALD ERIKSEN

"Nipper"

Football '41, '42, '43, Co-Captain '44; Basketball '44, '45; A. A. '42, '43, '44, '45; A. A. Board Member-at-Large '44; A. A. Board President '44; Slide Rule Club '43; Year Book Staff '44, '45; Booster Day Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee.

"Life is a jest and all things show it,  
I thought so once and now I know it."

Daring—fun maker—enjoys friends' capers—quite the ladies' man

Heave Ho!—from white grocery apron to Navy blue—chauffeur for the crowd—candy consumer

Ever on the go—a loyal supporter—here today, gone tomorrow—looking for lost poundage



RITA DOLORES GAUDETTE

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Operetta '41; Senior Leap Year Dance Committee.

"Good things come in small packages"

Reddens at a sailor's name—natural—trim—can't beat that bus

Dances at C. Y. C.—quiet—likes Hollywood creations—baby of her family

Goes to Connecticut frequently—subdued tones—adverse to math—adroit typist





GABRIELLE GONSALVES

"Gabry"

A. A. Member '44

"The unspoken word never did harm"

Greets everyone with a smile—quiet and demure—a perfect lady—loves to type  
Giggles—takes school life seriously—never hurries—business career



LEONARD ERNEST HABERMAN

"Haby"

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

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

Land lubber, soon off to sea—frequents West—drives grand-father's car—steady girl  
Exquisite taste in clothes—"Whiskers"—former P. O. W.—jealous by nature  
Had motorcycle—makes model airplanes—smooth dancer—bothered by HER kid sister



WARREN FRANCIS HALL

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

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

Works earnestly—man of few words—proud of three brothers in service—bus rider  
Finds school work dull—thoughtful of others—unostentatious—not a party man  
Has a hidden wit—likes baseball—cooperative—has intense desire for success



DORIS MARION HANKINSON

"Hankie"

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

"Thought is deeper than all speech"

Dimples—poetically inclined—soft ball pitcher—cyclist  
Merry disposition—likes to dance—plays piano—lives in the outskirts  
High hopes for the future—ability not rationed—eyes for a senior—horticulturist



ROBERT LEONARD HARMON

"Joe"

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

"Bring with thee jest and jollity"

Resourceful—"Nip's" assistant—steady worker—sets puns for Yates  
Longs for liberty—a teaser—heart in the Highlands—eye to the future  
Harmon-izes nicely—poor luck in football—famed fried clams—church league basketball star

WINIFRED MAY HORNE

"Winnie"

Stunt Night '41; A. A. Member '43, '44; Year Book Staff '45; Softball '45.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired"

Wishes South Lowell were nearer—"The Skaters Waltz"—Pat's her consultant—popular girl

May she attain happiness—an efficient secretary—worries about her hair-do—neatness personified

Happy-go-lucky—roller skater—even disposition—twinkling blue eyes



ESTELLE MARION HUNT

"Stell"

A. A. Member '44.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you"

Excellent sportswoman—Captain of C.Y.O. basketball and softball teams—well mannered—good at math. problems

Melodies and song—Irish airs in study periods—entertains on bus—one who'll be missed

Hoarse from cheering—chuckles—blushes easily—brightened G.E. during summer vacation



FRED WILLIAM JOHNSON

"Swede"

A. A. Member '41, '42, '44; Football '44; Slide Rule Club '43; Chemistry Club '43; Inter-class Basketball '43; Graduation Usher '44.

"A man he seems of cheerful and confident tomorrows"

Famous for "Rastus"—car full of girls—summer fun—impeccable dresser

Wholehearted—Lochinvar from the west—"Bang" of the "Bang and Wang" duo—versatile

Journeys to Malden—electrician and stone mason—ethical—worthy addition to '45



RUTH BARBARA KNOX

"Ruthie"

Operetta '42; Junior Red Cross '41, '42; Reception Usher '44; A. A. Member '44.

"A comrade blithe and full of glee  
Who dares to laugh out loud and free"

Roaring with laughter—approves of "North" section—practice makes perfect—superstitious

Blonde—dashing—peppy—stylish

Kowtows to none—headed Washington way—chatters constantly—purposeful



RAYMOND EDISON LAKIN

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

"Enthusiastically busy about nothing"

Reserved—lonely in a crowd—the outdoor type—languid  
Evades unnecessary work—greenhouse tender—relaxes—grins

Likes to hunt—his eye on a certain girl—valuable friend—former bugle-boy





PAUL VERNON L'HEUREUX

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

"It's no matter what you do if your heart be only true"

Persistent—full of ideas—mysterious grin—enjoys ease  
Varied hobbies—fisherman—horsebackrider—Navy calls

Likeable—daily hikes with friend Billy—Van Johnson fan—  
lucky L'Heureux



RUTH ELIZABETH MacPHEE

"Ruthie"

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

"Smilin' Thru"

Red Cross member—observer of nature—poetic flare—poster  
painter

Energy hoarder—pretty dark eyes—sparkling smile—dreamer  
at heart

Merry ways—crisp and cool—aspires to be a teacher—sin-  
cere friend



THERESA MARIE MERCIER

"Terry"

Operetta '41; A. A. Member '42, '44; Leap Year Dance Com-  
mittee '44; Reception Usher '44.

"For the good are always merry"

Tries to be quiet—steady chatter—nursemaid for twin broth-  
ers—short and sweet

Makes friends easily—quick smile—two faithful companions  
—tiny dimples

Maybe has a serious side—chalked up a good record—sin-  
cere—future forecast, bright



DOROTHY RITA MINER

"Dot"

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

"Slow to speak, slow to wrath"

Dreams of happy future—proud of her friendship ring—pe-  
tite—dainty

Rates a good record in typing—enjoys slow waltzes—sugar  
and spice—movie goer

Many chums—a swift step—aspires to office work—optimis-  
tic views of the future



RICHARD D. MOCHRIE

"Mok"

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

"That is as well said as if I had said it myself"

Rejoices in the open country air—has a car that really goes  
—wisecracks—impulsive

Deserving letter man—shines on the grid—participant in  
all sports—Lowell interests

Makes school by ten—faithful worker at home—Oh! that hair-  
cut—sailor stride

FLORENCE LILLIAN MONSEN

Graduation Speaker

Class Marshal '44; Reception Usher '44; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule Club '43; Inter-Class Basketball '43, '44; Basketball '45; D. A. R. Representative.

"Good to be merry and wise"

Faithful to C. H. S.—neat—ardent walker—mainstay of the cheering section

Loves a good argument—giggling gal—leads church choir—brilliant student

Makes friends easily—legislative and judicial powers—canvasses all corridors—oracle of C. H. S.



GLADYS EVELYN MONSEN

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Class Ring Committee '43; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Reception Usher '44; Senior Leap Year Dance Committee; Class Color Committee '44.

"Better late than never"

Goes steady—an addition to any office—never in a dull mood—takes life easy

Enjoys Co-ed—expert at cooking eggs—never on time—many admirers

Maiden in distress when "Stewie's" around blushes easily—opera music really sends her—appreciates a joke



THELMA ANN NOON

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Stunt Night '41; Dramatic Club Operetta '41; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Senior Leap Year Dance Committee '44; Reception Usher '44.

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

Takes life easy—those Irish eyes—chatterbox—extensive wardrobe

Argumentative—competent sales girl—feather bob—tap-dancer

Neat and attractive—numerous admirers—Hampton bound—a ready excuse



EVELYN MAE NYSTROM

Graduation Speaker

Graduation Usher and Reception Usher; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Year Book Staff '45; Softball '45; Junior Dance Committee.

"Labor itself is a pleasure"

Excellent bookkeeper—knowledge of figures—orderly mind—guarantees results

Member of scholarly family—semi-weekly visits to rink—"Pete's" patron—blonde tresses

Non-committal—happiness unbounded—advice heeded—rosate outlook



DONALD ALVIN PIERCE

"Duck"

A. A. Member '44; Football '44.

"Men of a few words are the best men"

Dexterous—football letter man—jabbers in physics—home-room reception committee

Answers with confidence—black wavy hair—spontaneous grin—radio fan

Prefers male companions—square beau—waiting line at Post Office—dapper





MARIAN LOUISE PIKE

"Pikey"

Graduation Speaker

A. A. Member '42, '43, '44; Graduation and Reception Usher '44; Orchestra '42; Band '43, '44; Class Ode Committee '45; Chemistry Club '43.

"A thing worth doing is worth doing well"

Material for success—energetic student—affable to all—knits and sews

Lil's loving sister—"Wait until I read it, Mrs. Carriel"—capable—independent

Piano expert—organist, too—just beats the bell—senior scout



ROBERT ARMOUR PONTEFRACT

"Joe Phonograph"

Football '42, '43, '44; Basketball '44, '45; Inter-class Basketball '43; Baseball '44, '45; Slide Rule Club '43; Chemistry Club '43; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Senior Prom Committee; Class Motto Committee.

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

Radio class scholar—races around in the Pontiac—the swain from South—habitually late

Admirer of all girls—three letter man—tall and dark—heart-breaker

Plans to enter the Coast Guard—cat-naps—reserved—chicken farmer



RICHARD GEORGE PROULX

"Dick"

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

"He will go places in the world"

Really a hard worker—Bemis boy—varied interests—Isaac Walton of North

Great dancer — noted for his jitterbugging — shiek — gum chewer

Pianologist—speed demon—songbird of C. H. S.—student of radio



STUART CHANDLER ROSS

"Stewie"

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

"His wit invites you"

State Guard's pride—Providence correspondent—original compositions—a tease

Colorful wit—summer camper—unsurpassed in height—pork-pie hat

Resourceful—Bert Sturtevant's helper—U. S. Coast Guard—lean and lanky



MELVIN FLOYD RUSSON

"Russ"

A. A. Member '41, '42, '44; Junior Red Cross '41, '42; Senior Prom Committee '44.

"A quiet exterior hideth much"

Master of a million jokes—neat appearance—assistant scout master—nature lover

Favorite straight-faced story teller—argumentative type—wit of Physics class—hiker

Reserved until you know him—by-passes work—good turn daily—imitator

PRISCILLA ANDREWS SARGENT

"Sarge"

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Cheer Leader '42, '43, '44; Reception Usher '44; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee '44; Stunt Night '41.

"A cheery girl with a generous smile  
She makes one feel that life's worthwhile"

Peppy cheerleader—bandbox appearance—photogenic—ever cheerful

Always on the go—the eyes have it—loves to daydream—has imaginary hero

Smooth dancer—radiant smile—knows all the latest songs—most companionable



VINCENT HOUSTON SHEA, JR.

"Vin"

A. A. Member '44; Leap Year Dance Committee '44.

"He lives at ease, that freely lives"

Very gullible—enjoys dancing—long list of correspondents—sociable

Has genial manner—smartly dressed—history student—welcome new comer to C. H. S.

Seen frequently in the Packard—Shea, the singer—considering Mass. State—money lender



WILLIAM HENRY SHEDD

"Bill"

A. A. Member '42, '43, '44; Chemistry Club '43.

"Angling is somewhat like poetry,—men are to be born so"

Willing checker at dances — fashionable haircuts — enjoys crowds—likes a joke

High spirited lad — flashy ties — farmer at heart — apple-cheeked youth

Sighs over history—"What was the question, Mr. Shannon?"—dependable—robust



RICHARD IVAN SMALL

"Dick"

A. A. Member '41, '42, '44; Slide Rule Club '43; Chemistry Club '43; Senior Prom Committee; Junior Dance Committee; Class Ring Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee.

"And thoughts that make me older than my youth"

Reverend Small—dark wavy hair—mature—official dog-chaser at baseball games

Inspired arguments in English—struggled with math.—secretive—masculine mien

Sonorous voice—frank and outspoken—efficient clerk—hard-ware and haberdashery



CLARICE LOUISE SOUSA

"It is a wise head that makes the still tongue"

Counts days till graduation—disliked gym—natural waves—domestically inclined

Late reaching homeroom—tallest girl—favors blue—shy miss

Sister's companion—knows the screen stars—sympathetic—enjoys dance music





WELDON MERTON STEVENS

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule Club '43.

"The world is as carefree as the people in it"

Wants postwar college education—heeded Navy's call—not impressed by gold braid—interested  
Mechanical expert—carpentry his hobby—more records than Crosby—dancing his specialty  
Successfully passed Eddy Test—Radar training now in Chicago—Leapin' Lena—best wishes



KATHLEEN PATRICIA TWOHEY

"Kitty"

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

"When Irish eyes are smiling"

King—conscientious student—methodical—large brown eyes  
Perfect lady—aims only to please—winsome—a country lass  
Typical colleen—acrobatic dancer—seamstress—outside activities



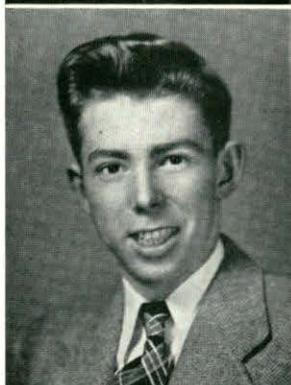
EDWARD RICHARD VALENTINE

"Val"

Band '42, '43, '44; Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule Club '43; A. A. Member '42, '43, '44; Stunt Night Committee '41.

"The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more"

East Chelmsford lad—accomplished musician—red head—unruffled—reliable  
Remains serene—talent prize winner at Stunt night—standby of music lovers  
Variation of instruments—ever a gentleman—home boy—gardener for pleasure



ROBERT MARTIN WELCH

"Chick"

A. A. Member '43, '44; A. A. Board '43, '44; Basketball, Mgr. '44, '45; Senior Prom Committee; A. A. Dance Committee '44; Junior Dance Committee.

"Self trust is the first secret of success"

Relieves one's worries—sunny disposition—service is calling—cousin's keeper  
Manager of basketball team—"Going my way?"—desirous of a 120 film—always on the run  
Willing supply room clerk—a number of admirers—ideals of a gentleman—untiring worker



ROBERT CHARLES YATES

"Bob"

A. A. Member '42, '43, '44; Football '44; Stunt Night '42; Interclass Basketball '42, '43; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee; Year Book Staff '44, '45.

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

Ready for anything—full of fun—interest in world problems—bit of blarney  
Carefree—lamed dancer—snappy dresser—super-salesman  
Young Sinatra—heartbreaker, too—many relatives—good intentions

HELEN ELIZABETH ZABIEREK

"Zeb"

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Basketball '42, Captain '45; Inter-class Basketball '43, '44; Reception Usher '44; Year Book Staff '45; Senior Prom Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee.

"She's a jolly good fellow"

Happy-go-lucky—can't keep her tongue quiet—excitable—picture of health

Enjoys farm life—excellent basketball captain—good sport—remembered for assembly speech

Zooms into homeroom after the bell—loves polkas—promising secretary—devoted to family



★

## Our Band Director

**B** is for Bernie who started our band  
**E** is for effort, the double A brand  
**R** is for rhythm, each bar, each measure  
**N** for the notes we play with great pleasure  
**I** is for instruments recently bought  
**E** is for the energy with which he taught.

**L** is for labor which brought us renown  
**A** for applause from all the town  
**R** for the runs and arpeggios we tried  
**K** is for knowledge, deep, high, and wide  
**I** for the impression he left on each mind  
**N** is for never his equal we'll find!

Russell Cummings '45

## A Gold Star Mother to Her Son

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

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

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

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

Jane Dryden '45

# In Memoriam

George R. Knightly

Donald H. Fogg



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



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

Ahearn, Frederick G.	Lemire, Allen
Arnold, Thomas F.	L'Heureux, Irving A.
Belleville, Walter B., Jr.	Locapo, Abel J.
Berubee, Wayne R.	Lund, Paul O.
Capuano, Ralph J.	McDonald, Ambrose
Carll, Edmund M.	McKown, Malcolm K.
Clough, Roy F.	Petterson, John V.
Collette, Joseph E.	Reed, Theodore W., Jr.
Courachaine, Roland	Smith, John J.
Fogg, Donald H.	Speed, Harold C., Jr.
Gay, Donald A.	Trubey, Clarence A., Jr.
Holland, James D.	Wiede, Walter G.
Kiberd, Bryce H.	

## A Tribute to Franklin Delano Roosevelt

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

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

What, from the non-partisan viewpoint, constitute Franklin Roosevelt's achievements? In the first place let us consider his temporary emergency measures. These included the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, the National Recovery Act, the Works Progress Administration, the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Civilian Conservation Corps, and the National Youth Administration. His term of of-

fice formed the era of reform and relief legislation. The President, the astute politician that he was, was ever willing to compromise to assure the passage of bills the approved. He will be recorded in the annals of history as the greatest liberal and social reformer of his time. Secondly, he helped to institute such permanent works as Social Security, the Federal Bank Deposit Insurance Corporation, the Public Works Administration, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the National Labor Relations Board, the Wages and Hours Act, the Federal Housing Authority, the Home Owners Loan Corporation and a further long list of agencies of varying degrees of importance. Thirdly, a foreign policy culminated under his guidance which received more unanimous support from all parties than any other of his policies. Time will make known the wisdom of his decisions.

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

We believe that Franklin D. Roosevelt's name will be enshrined with those of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln,

Theodore Roosevelt, and Wilson, who have come down as Rocks of the Ages. As he took up that summons to join the "innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the si-

lent halls of death", he went sustained by the knowledge that he had served steadfastly in the great causes his people so unflinchingly and repeatedly entrusted in him.

Kenton Wells '45

## Ernie Pyle

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

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

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

Stuart Ross '45

## Surrender? No!

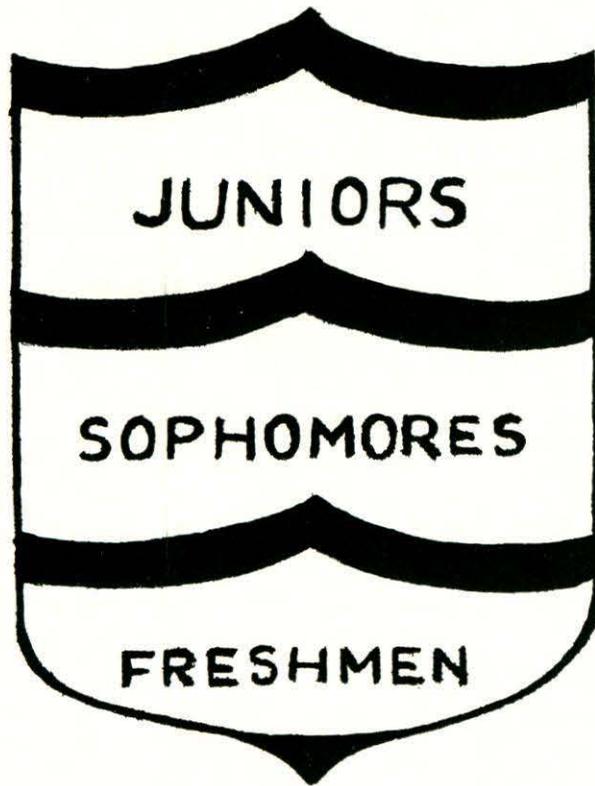
There blew no breeze o'er woodland  
rill,  
The air hung dark and deathly still,  
So deep the night, the trees seemed  
gone,  
Swallowed in the mist beyond—  
When through the night there burst a  
cry,  
"Surrender?" "NO!" came the reply.

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

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

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

Ruth MacPhee '45



JUNIORS

SOPHOMORES

FRESHMEN

## Juniors

WARREN WYLIE—*President*

PAUL COUGHLIN—*Vice President*

JOYCE BELLWOOD—*Secretary*

ELSIE MANNING—*Treasurer*

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

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

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

## Sophomores

Allen, Eleanor  
Ayotte, Florence  
Barker, Laura  
Berg, Ralph  
Billington, Virginia  
Boucher, Lorraine  
Brennan, Veraconda  
Burne, Donald  
Burton, Thelma  
Carter, Patricia  
Chagnon, Thomas  
Chancey, Tony  
Crowell, Shirley  
Dane, Maureen  
Desmarais, Evelyn  
Devno, Arlene  
Dinnigan, Robert  
Dufresne, Barbara  
Edwards, J. Arthur  
Edwards, Kenneth  
Farrell, Rita  
Flavell, Evelyn  
Fletcher, Lester  
Flynn, Mildred  
Foley, John  
Fortin, Arthur  
Gervais, P. Edmund  
Gervais, Estelle  
Gonsalves, Isabelle  
Greeley, Richard  
Haines, Dorothea  
Harvey, Shirley  
Healey, Pauline  
Hoyle, Robert  
Hunt, Winifred  
Johnson, Norman  
Kerrigan, Mary  
Klonel, Ronald  
Kydd, Margaret  
Lakin, Joanne  
Lamb, Harry  
Leedberg, Greta  
Lord, David  
Lovering, Anna  
Lovett, Robert  
Ludwig, Allan  
Malloy, Barbara  
Marchildon, Doris  
Marshie, Pauline  
McDonald, Hector  
McEnany, Joan  
McHugh, Alice  
McMaster, Mildred  
Merrill, George  
Miller, Shirley  
Morrell, Arthur  
Morrell, Florence  
Morrison, Robert  
Mulcahy, Mary  
Nickerson, Earl  
Nystrom, Dorothy  
Pearson, Ruth  
Peterson, Douglas  
Pickard, Hamilton  
Pickard, Nancy  
Pierce, Marilyn  
Pike, Lillian  
Pontefract, George  
Pratt, Patricia  
Reid, Barbara  
Reid, Shirley  
Roach, Lillian  
Rogers, Forest  
Russell, Shirley  
Scoble, Hubert  
Simm, Donald  
Soutter, Elaine  
Stevens, Gilbert  
Straughan, Rita  
Sweet, Nancy  
Thomas, Natalie  
Vayo, Donald  
Vennard, Theresa  
Vondal, Abby  
Watt, Charles  
Wheeler, Albert  
White, Marjorie  
Whitworth, Guy  
Whitworth, James  
Wiggins, Thomas  
Wilkins, Hollis  
Wilkins, Walter

## Freshmen

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

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

Miner, Elizabeth  
Monette, Evelyn  
Mortham, William  
Murphy, Barbara  
Norton, Arthur  
Oliver, Louis  
Olsson, Theodore  
O'Neill, Joseph  
Parlee, Robert  
Pickard, Beverly  
Pihl, Roger  
Pike, Ray  
Randall, Thomas  
Reedy, Ralph  
Reid, William  
Riley, Brooks  
Robey, Robert  
Rogers, Charles  
Rose, Hazel  
Scoble, Fern  
Sears, Mary  
Shea, Joan  
Silk, Frederick  
Sousa, Isabelle  
Stewart, Betty  
Stokham, Shirley  
Sullivan, Walter  
Swanson, Elmer  
Thumm, Barbara  
Twohey, Madelaine  
Vinal, Kenneth  
Vinecombe, Kendall  
Watson, Barbara  
Welch, George  
Wylie, Barbara

## Class of '45

The year was 1941,  
School in Chelmsford had just begun;  
An exceptional class came into view—  
We were freshmen and nice ones too!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doris Hankinson '45

## Athletics

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

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

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

Richard Mochrie '45





## Athletic Association Board

*President*—Donald Eriksen

*1st Vice-President*—Leslie Adams

*2nd Vice-President*—Carol Shawcross

*Secretary*—Eleanor Lovett

*Treasurer*—Leonard Colwell

*Member-at-Large*—Donald Feyler

*Senior Member*—Robert Welch

*Junior Member*—Warren Wylie

*Sophomore Member*—Robert Lovett

*Freshman Member*—Roger Lewis

*Faculty Director*—John J. Shannon

*Coaches*—Mildred E. Hehir, Rose M. Cooney,

John J. Shannon, and Albert J. Lupien

## Athletic Association

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

The following awards were made during the school year:

### FOOTBALL

Richard Mochrie, Co-Capt.	Raymond Lakin
Donald Eriksen, Co-Capt.	Robert Lovett
Albert Abrahamson	Allan Ludwig
Leslie Adams	John Meagher
Roger Anderson	Donald Peirce
Warren Buchanan	Douglas Peterson
Philip Campbell	Robert Pontefract
Raymond Cantara	Charles Rogers
Leonard Colwell	Bradford Sanders
Robert Edwards	Kenton Wells
Robert Harmon	Warren Wylie
Robert Hoyle	Robert Yates
Frank Huslander	Steve Belida, Mgr.
Fred Johnson	Ronald Klonel, Asst. Mgr.
Harold King	

### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Kenton Wells, Capt.	Richard Mochrie
Leslie Adams	Arthur Morrell
Roger Anderson	Robert Pontefract
Philip Campbell	Bradford Sanders
Leonard Colwell	Warren Wylie
Robert Lovett	Robert Welch, Mgr.
Allan Ludwig	Earl Russell, Ass't. Mgr.

### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Helen Zabierek, Capt.	Linda Marinel
Mary Beaubien	Alice McHugh
Joyce Bellwood	Jean McHugh
Jean Bettencourt	Nancy Sweet
Florence Blackie	Gladys Zabierek
Joyce Carkin	Doris Hankinson, Mgr.
Lois Colwell	Abby Vondal, Ass't. Mgr.
Jane Dryden	

### CHEERLEADERS

Seniors—Priscilla Sargent	Juniors—Donald Feyler
Carol Shawcross	Eva Karafelis
	Anna Marcotte
	Linda Marinel



## Cheerleaders

### *Seniors*

Priscilla Sargent  
Carol Shawcross

### *Juniors*

Donald Feyler  
Eva Karafelis  
Anna Marcotte  
Linda Marinel

### *Sophomores*

Eleanor Allen  
Alice McHugh  
Ruth Pearson  
Nancy Pickard

*Coach*—Mildred E. Hehir

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



## Football

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

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

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

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

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

Scores:

Chelmsford 21	Wilmington 6	Chelmsford 7	Maynard 0
Chelmsford 31	Weston 19	Chelmsford 19	Dracut 7
Chelmsford 2	Lexington 25	Chelmsford 6	Pinkerton 7
Chelmsford 7	Tewksbury 13	Chelmsford 19	Westford 12
Chelmsford 0	Punchard 12	Chelmsford 6	Howe 6



## Boys' Basketball

The Chelmsford quintet started early in the season to show the brand of basketball which is symbolic with the name Chelmsford. After being edged out by a strong Shrewsbury combine, we defeated Burlington, Punchard, and Howe, before being set back by an under-rated Tewksbury five. Emerging from this upset, the team proceeded to hand-cuff the remainder of the opposition on the regular schedule. These included Burlington, Westford, Dracut twice, Tewksbury, and Howe, the only one which provided stiff opposition.

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

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

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

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

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

### Scores:

Chelmsford 25	Shrewsbury 29	Chelmsford 27	Dracut 5
Chelmsford 62	Burlington 11	Chelmsford 42	Dracut 19
Chelmsford 27	Punchard 13	*Chelmsford 44	Groton 20
Chelmsford 23	Howe 19	*Chelmsford 30	Westford 29
Chelmsford 32	Tewksbury 39	*Chelmsford 19	Conant 29
Chelmsford 43	Burlington 12	Chelmsford 45	Tewksbury 19
Chelmsford 29	Westford 20	Chelmsford 34	Howe 29

\* Tournament Games



## Girls' Basketball

The girls' basketball team began its season with somewhat of an inferiority complex with a two-year lapse because of war conditions. However, after its first pounding defeat, with the renewed zeal of the girls and under the splendid direction of its two coaches, Miss Cooney and Miss Hehir, the team proceeded to win five games and lose four.

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

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

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

The scores:

Jan. 9	Chelmsford 39	Burlington 53	Feb. 2	Chelmsford 37	Dracut 5
Jan. 19	Chelmsford 33	Howe 38	Feb. 6	Chelmsford 33	Dracut 34
Jan. 23	Chelmsford 37	Tewksbury 29	Mar. 5	Chelmsford 32	Tewksbury 18
Jan. 26	Chelmsford 45	Burlington 30	Mar. 9	Chelmsford 24	Howe 21
Jan. 30	Chelmsford 24	Westford 30			



## Baseball

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

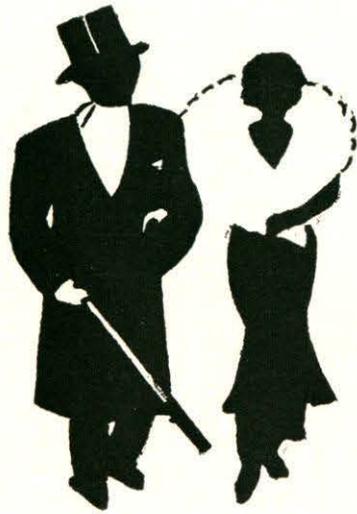
The team was led by Captain Les Adams at 1st base. Artie Byam covered 2nd base, George Zaher was shortstop with Al Ludwig at 3rd base. The outfield was covered by Anderson, Logan, Bob Edwards, Wylie, and Phil Campbell. Bob Pontefract and Dick Mochrie were the catchers. Pitching duties went to Kenton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

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

The record so far:

Chelmsford 3	Wilmington 2
Chelmsford 12	Howe 7
Chelmsford 4	Wilmington 0
Chelmsford 26	Tewksbury 3
Chelmsford 19	Dracut 3

Chelmsford 4	Lexington 1
Chelmsford 20	Dracut 1
Chelmsford 7	Tewksbury 4
Chelmsford 8	Lexington 0
Chelmsford 13	Howe 2



# *Activities*



## Chelmsford High School Band

BERNIE LARKIN, *Director*

*"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays  
And every single one of them is right!"—Kipling*

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

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

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

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

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



## Junior Red Cross

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

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

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

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

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

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

## PREPARATION FOR WAR

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jane Dryden '45

## DANCE A LA CHELMSFORD HIGH

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

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

After inspection about fifteen bold men became courageous indeed, and like troopers to battle invaded the feminine territory. Immediately my hopes began to rise. Maybe my Senior would ask me to dance after all! No, he walked right past me without even looking my way.

Gradually more and more "gruesome twosomes" filled the dance floor until I began to feel like a wilted wall flower. I was thankful, though, that I had someone to talk to, even if it was monotonous listening to Jane's mother tell what her Johnny was doing in the army. When I could listen no longer, I made a mad dash for the powder room, only to discover that twenty other girls had sought the same place of refuge.

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

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

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

then, while I was helping Olivia up, that My Senior noticed me!

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

Carol Shawcross '45

### ON LIVING WITHOUT ONE'S FAMILY

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

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

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

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

"Want to play baseball?"

"Naw, can't."

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

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

and repeated the morning's procedure for supper, only with twice as many dishes this time.

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

Anonymous

### JUST FOR ME

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

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

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

Ruth Knox '45

### DEBUTANTES

With open collars and rolled up pants  
We're the sharpies of Chelmsford High;  
With a song in our hearts and a smile on  
our lips  
We can hear the girls all sigh.  
For important events we roll *down* our  
pants,  
And sometimes we put on a tie,  
But whatever regalia we choose to wear—  
We're the sharpies of Chelmsford High.

Though the gum supply is scarce and high  
We're always well to do,  
Whether working, playing, or sleeping in  
class

We enjoy one perpetual chew.  
One thing more it's important to note—  
We are pledged not to be shaved—  
Although we look weird in a horrible beard,  
Consider the steel we have saved!

Russell Cummings '45

### TROUBLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Warren Prince

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

Warren Prince

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

Priscilla Sargent '45

### MEN !!

Men are deceitful, conceited, and sly.  
They're very two-faced and make with the  
eye.  
They kiss you and say you're their very  
life,

Then turn face about when choosing a wife.

They're flashy, and dashing, and debonair,  
Their sighs are so melting, their manners  
most fair.

They know what to say and when to say it,  
The game of love—they know how to play  
it.

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

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

Doris Berubee '45

#### OH DOGGIE! MY DOGGIE!

(With apologies to Walt Whitman)

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

Doris Hankinson '45

#### OF MOLES

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

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

Warren Prince

#### SOAP OPERA

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

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

Stuart Ross '45

#### TEACHERS

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

The Cynic

#### THE MIRROR LINE

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

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

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

Marjorie White '47

### THE GENTLE ART OF HITCHHIKING

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

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

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

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

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

The truckdriver is the hitchhiker's friend because he cannot pass a hiker without feel-

ing pangs of conscience. The truckdriver is usually lonely on his trip and likes to have company. Many trucks carry "no rider" stickers, but drivers pay little attention to these. The truck driver is a right guy in the eyes of the hiker.

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

Stuart Ross '45

### MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT BAKING

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

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

I had forgotten to light the oven. Oh well, I could put the cake in the cold oven and turn the burner high. It was then that I remembered there were no potatoes for supper. Surely I could run to the store while my cake was baking. When I returned belatedly from the store with the potatoes under my arm, I simply *had* to peek in the oven. There was my cake slightly burned

around the edges, decidedly humped in the middle, and split down the center by a crack that I could compare to nothing but a glacial crevice.

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

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

Marion Bicknell '45

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## Spring Is Here

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

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

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

Donald Eriksen '45

## Students' Vocabulary

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

Mary Beaubien '45

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## For My English Teacher

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

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

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

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

William Barton '45

## Gremlins

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

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

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

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

Edna Griffin '46

## To The Undergraduate

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

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

Edwards and Lakin '45

## In The Service

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

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

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

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

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

Helen Cofran '45

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## The Store Keeper's Lament

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

Donald Erikson '45  
 Robert Pontefract '45

## OUR JALOPIES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The hecklers keep on chanting  
The names of our old crates;

They amuse themselves with guessing  
Their histories and dates.

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

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

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

Fred Johnson '45

## THE OTHER SEX

*Girl's Version*

I think that I shall never see  
A boy who appeals to me.  
A boy who will not flirt or tease,  
One who always tries to please;  
A boy who will not even wear  
Sticky grease upon his hair;  
A boy who keeps his shirt tail in,  
A boy without a silly grin.  
There may be lots of fools like me,  
But I think that I prefer a —tree

*Boy's Version*

I think that I shall never see  
A girl refuse a meal that's free,  
A girl who will not always wear  
A lot of do-dads in her hair;  
A girl who doesn't paint her face  
As do men of a red skinned race;  
A girl who does not fix her nails  
By pouring polish on by pails.  
Still girls are loved by boys like me—  
'Cause who on earth would kiss a tree?

Patricia Pratt '47

## People II

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

There have been many people who have said, as in Kipling's "Explorer,"

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

The Cynic

## People VIII

Walk very carefully . . . make your step hesitant,  
One of these babies may someday be president.

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

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

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

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

Eight thirty—silence.

Eight forty-five—silence.

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

The Cynic

## People IX

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

Pope

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

Moral: Don't bother!

The Cynic

## People VII

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

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

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

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

People **are** stupid!

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

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

The Cynic

## People VI

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

My friend.

Tom Hood

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

Fool!

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

Myself.

The Cynic

## English D - 3

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

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

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

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

Ruth MacPhee '45

## Electricity in Physics

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

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

### Refrain

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

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fice, Washington. No reprints without  
permission of authors Messrs. Leonard  
Colwell, Richard Mochrie, Louis Croft)

## Warnings

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

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

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

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

Rita Gaudette '45

## My Motorcycle

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

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

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

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

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

Leonard Haberman '45

## Spring

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

Melvin Russon '45

## Poem For Period Three

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

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

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

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

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

Louis Croft '45

## I Was There

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

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

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

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

Doris Berubee '45

## Going Home

Not last night,  
But the night before,  
I got home  
About half past four.

I turned the knob,  
But the door was locked,  
So I lifted my fist  
And knocked and knocked.

Then very soon  
From the upper stair  
My old man came—  
Trouble in the air!

He opened the door  
Grabbed me by the neck—  
The maddest man  
In the world, by heck!

He hauled me in,  
Lifted up the strap—  
Where it hurts the most  
Gave me a slap.

I hooted and bellowed,  
I howled in pain.  
If I thought to stop him  
It was all in vain.

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

Warren Prince '46

## My Brother

I have a younger brother  
Who isn't bad at all  
I wouldn't trade for another,  
My own is on the ball.

When Senior Prom came round  
I was sore in doubt,  
But we were soon Prom bound  
And he didn't even pout.

Other girls I know,  
Who also have their brothers,  
Would never with them go—  
They would prefer some others.

But my brother is a sport,  
Especially when near Mother  
We have rarely ever fought—  
I'd never swop my brother!

Eleanor Lovett '45

## Pictures No Artist Can Paint

- Donald Adams—without his wave  
 Leslie Adams—without his gum  
 Kay Allen—not so thin  
 Billy Barton—not being an artist  
 Mary Beaubien—without a serious face  
 Billy Bellegarde—without his red face  
 Doris Berubee—not seen with Alex  
 Jean Bettencourt—without admirers  
 Marion Bicknell—in socks  
 Deane Brown—not looking sharp  
 Ina Butterfield—without her wiggle  
 Phil Campbell—without girls  
 Richard Campbell—with a smile  
 Helen Cofran—seen without Beaub.  
 Billy Coluchi—without Ed. Drauch  
 Leonard Colwell—without his dry humor  
 Janice Corey—without looking pretty  
 Louis Croft—not studying his hardest  
 Russell Cummings—not being a comedian  
 Gordon DeWolf—not playing his horn  
 Ed Drauch—without his car  
 Jane Dryden—no pep at all  
 Rose Dulgarian — without her math book  
 Robert Edwards—without his grin  
 Connie Emanouil — without having chicken in her lunch  
 Don Ericksen—without his cough drops  
 Rita Gaudette—making a noise  
 Gabrielle Gonsalves—doing something bad  
 Leonard Haberman—on shanks mare  
 Warren Hall—not so quiet  
 Doris Hankinson—without her glances for Bob  
 Robert Harmon—with curly hair  
 Winnie Horne—without her bows  
 Estelle Hunt—without a line  
 Fred Johnson—without a line  
 Ruth Knox — with her shorthand all done  
 Raymond Lakin—without a happy-go-lucky look  
 Paul L'Heureux—in a hurry  
 Ruth McPhee—with a loud voice  
 Eleanor Lovett—without Perry's pin  
 Theresa Mercier—not talking in math  
 Dorothy Miner—not so short  
 Richard Mochrie — without his sailor pants  
 Florence Monsen—not so chubby  
 Gladys Monsen—seen without Leonard  
 Thelma Noon—"Alone, Tee Hee, Alone"  
 Evelyn Nystrom—not so quiet  
 Donald Pierce—without his car  
 Marian Pike—idle a moment  
 Robert Pontefract—not having to milk cows  
 Richard Proulx—without dancing feet  
 Stuart Ross—without his hair tonic  
 Melvin Russon—not in the Boy Scouts  
 Priscilla Sargent — without a heart throb  
 Carol Shawcross—without her gift of gab  
 Vincent Shea—in a Ford car  
 William Shedd—not being a farmer  
 Richard Small—without his glasses  
 Clarice Sousa — without sweater and skirt  
 Merton Stevens—early to bed  
 Kathleen Twohey—jitter-bugging  
 Edward Valentine—without his accordion  
 Robert Welch—on time  
 Kenton Wells—with small feet  
 Robert Yates—without the last word  
 Helen Zabierek—not being a captain  
  
 These pictures no artist can paint,  
 Even my descriptions are faint.  
  
 Mary Beaubien '45