The Trumpet 1943

FOREWORD

Stepping forth to face our destiny in a war-torn world, we leave this book as a key to unlock the memories of a few happy years of life—now gone forever.

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THE SENIOR CLASS

OF

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE

PRESENTS

The TRUMPET

FOR NINETEEN FORTY-THREE

DEDICATION

To the men and women of M. C. I.— graduates and near graduates alike — who are offering their lives in defense of their flag, on the land, on the sea, and in the air — the Class of Nineteen Forty-three dedicates this Trumpet.

ADMINISTRATION



EDWIN M. PURINTON, A.B., A.M., Bates College

Principal



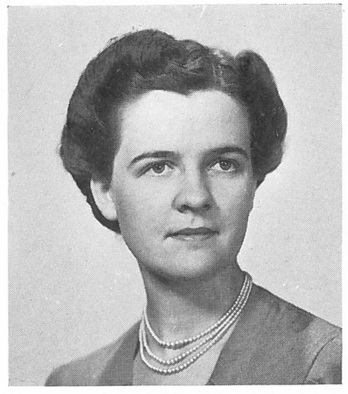
ROBERT B. MERRILL, B.A.
Colby College
Science



MYRTLE SHERMAN, B.A.
Colby College
French
Latin



LUCILE de REYNOLDS, B.S., B.L.I.
Emerson College
Dean of Girls
English
Dramatics



HELEN E. JENISON, B.A.
Colby College
History



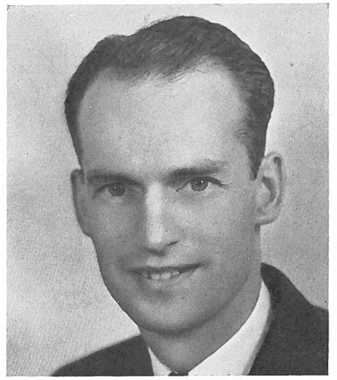
ROGER D. LOWELL, A.B.
Bowdoin College
Mathematics
Basketball Coach
Cross Country Coach



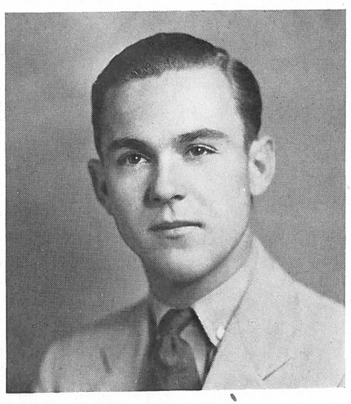
RUTH E. WHITE, B.A.
Colby College
English



VERA E. BRASTOW, B.S.
University of Maine
Home Economics



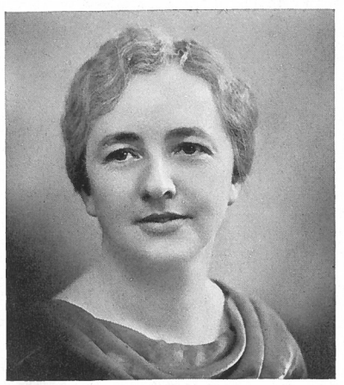
NORBERT YOUNG
Gorham Normal School
Shopwork



RICHARD DUNN, A.B
Springfield College
Civics
Social Problems



STELLA THOMAS
Thomas Business College
Typewriting
Business Training



RUTH P. COOK
New England Conservatory of Music
Orchestra Conductress
Piano, Violincello



ESTELLE B. HABENICHT
New England Conservatory of Music
Violin



ALICE COOLIDGE
New York University
Shorthand
Typewriting
Geography



M. ELIZABETH HENRY, B.S.
University of Maine
Dietitian

SENIORS



CLASS OFFICERS

Bernard Plummer	*President*
Neil Daggett	*Vice President*
Jean Anne Libby	*Secretary*
Maxine Pushor	*Treasurer*

Class Advisors

Mr. Merrill and Mrs. Sherman

In Memoriam
BERNARD PLUMMER
May 16, 1943

CLASS SUPERLATIVES

	Boys	Girls
Best Looking	Harry Friend	Mary Haseltine
Cutest	Royce Rich	Barbara McNeil
Most Popular	Martelle Quint	Florence Welch
Wittiest	Neil Daggett	Florence Welch
Nicest Smile	Bernard Plummer	Kathryn Mills
Best Athlete	Martelle Quint	Barbara McNeil
Best Disposition	Erwin Piper	Jean Libby
Most in Love	Reginald Blanchard	Caroline Sinclair
Best Dressed	Harry Friend	Cynthia Clark
Most Unusual	Erwin Piper	Ann Hatch
Friendliest	Erwin Piper	Florence Welch
Nearest Ideal	Martelle Quint	Barbara McNeil
Best Actor	Neil Daggett	Cynthia Clark
Quietest	Frank Collamore	Margie Lander
Noisiest	Clayton Curtis	Ann Hatch
Best Dancer	Harry Friend	Kathryn Mills
Prettiest Hair	Harry Friend	Barbara Maxim
Most Temperamental	Harold Willey	Caroline Sinclair

TRUMPET BOARD

Editor-in-Chief

Bernard Plummer

Associate Editors

Frank Collamore

Marie Gardner — Francis Wilson

Reginald Blanchard — Clayton Curtis

Sports Editors

Barbara McNeil — Martelle Quint

Business Manager

Maxine Pushor



HONOR PARTS

Valedictory	Barbara McNeil
Salutatory	Frank Collamore
Essay	Clayton Curtis
Essay	Joan Short
Essay	Kathryn Mills

CLASS DAY PARTS

Address to Undergraduates	Bernard Plummer
Class Oration	Carl Wright
Class Prophecy	Florence Welch
	Harry Friend
Class Will	Ann Hatch
Class Gifts	Allison Heffren
	Erwin Piper
Class History	Frances Wilson
Class Chaplain	Roland Frederick
Class Marshals	Harry Friend
	Marie Gardner
Class Flower	Yellow Rose
Class Motto	Peace under Liberty

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Baccalaureate	Sunday, May 23
Senior Last Chapel	Monday, May 24
Class Day Exercises	Thursday, May 27
Graduation	Friday, May 28

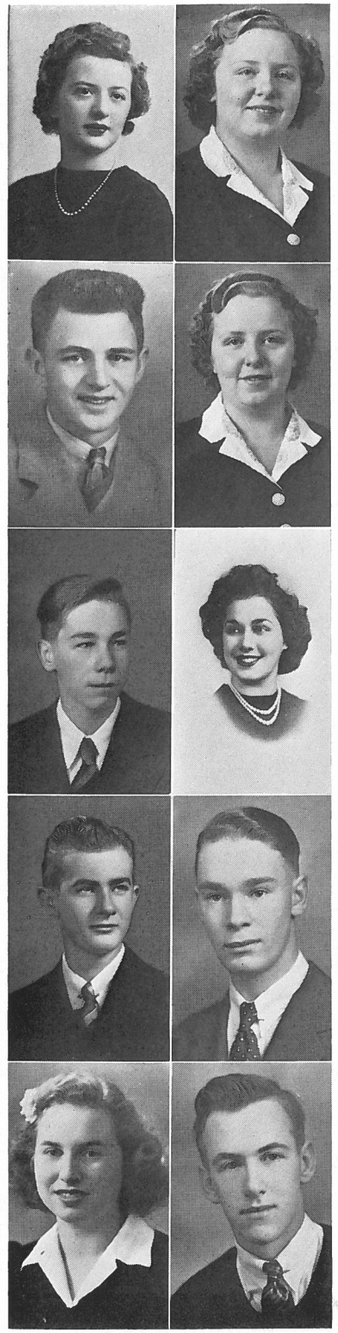
Gail Elizabeth Banton "Red"
Island Falls, Maine
Girls' Athletic Council (4) Girl Reserves (4) Senior Prom Committee (4)
This is another of those Aroostook girls. but although Gail's a long way from home, she has captured all our hearts, along with the Navy's, with her endless knowledge of jokes and her ready smile.

Wendell C. Bickford "Bick"
Detroit, Maine
Wrestling (2) Assistant Track Manager (1) Cross Country (2)
We don't see much of Bick, but when we do see him, sh-h-h! "Show me the way to go home" is his favorite song. We wonder why! Good luck, Bick!

Reginald L. Blanchard "Reg"
Blanchard, Maine
Class Executive Committee (4) Trumpet *Board (4)*
We don't know if his home town was named for him or if he was named for the town. You're a swell kid, Reggie, and we wish you the best of everything.

Warren Isaac Brown
Newport, Maine
Newport High School (1, 2, 3, 4)
What's the big attraction in Newport, Warren? We would have liked to see more of you. Best of everything to the quietest boy in the class.

Mary Buker "Buker"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4) M.C.I. Trio (4) Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4) Girls' "M" Club (4) Girls' Athletics (3, 4) Cheerleading (3, 4) Archery Assistant Manager (1, 2) Glee Club (1, 2) Pop Concert (1, 2, 3, 4) Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4)
Though Mary strolls along with a cheerful smile, when it comes to studying—she's serious! Best of luck to you, Mary!



Drucilla Chipman "Chippie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Chapel Committee (1) Girl Reserves (1 2, 3, 4) Treasurer (4) Freshman Prize Speaking (1) Alumni Prize Speaking (2) Manson Prize Speaking (3)
To those who have spent four delightful years with you, there is no doubt in our minds but that your patience will carry you through to great success.

Priscilla Chipman "Chippie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4) Chaplain (4) Editorial Board (2, 3) Alumni Prize Speaking (2) Manson Prize Speaking (3) Senior Play (4) Basketball (1) Chapel Committee (1)
To the ditto of M. C. I. Always a good sport no matter what task confronted her!

Cynthia Ann Clark "Cyn"
Auburn, Maine
Senior Play (4) Orchestra (4) Chapel Committee (4) Senior Prom Committee (4) Girl Reserves (4)
Her favorite song is "I Only Want a Bud(dy) Not a Sweetheart." Of course you might find her singing "The Marine Hymn."

Frank N. Collamore "Speed"
Pittsfield Maine
Track (2, 3) Senior Play Committee
To the math genius of Room 3. We're sure you'll always come out on top with figures, Frank. We hope that your "trusty bike" will carry you on to great success.

Clayton C. Curtis "Cutty"
Pittsfield, Maine
Assistant Editor of Junior Editorial Board (3) Trumpet *Board (4) Manson Prize Speaking (3) Track (2, 3) National Honor Society (3, 4) Basketball (4) Freshman Prize Speaking (1) Alumni Prize Speaking (2)*
To the Socrates of '43! All the intelligence of our class is stored in this one individual.

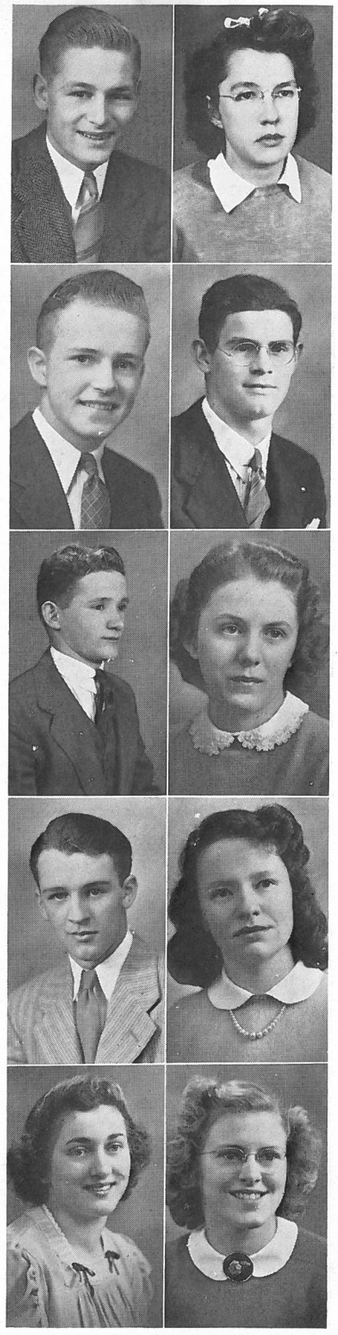
Neil E. Daggett "Bud"
Milo, Maine
Milo High School (1, 2, 3, 4) Basketball (4) Senior Play (4) Hi-Y (4) Executive Committee (4)
He's M. C. I.'s practical joker, No. 1. We think "Boggins" was a very good butler and he did especially well with "Tootsie's" lemon chiffon pie. Wish we knew you better.

Eric R. Doughty "Doughty"
Topsham, Maine
Debating (3) Orchestra (3, 4) Manson Prize Speaking (3) Football Manager (3) Senior Prom Decorating Committee (4)
Here's to the sleeping beauty of M. C. I. Although the faculty persists in disturbing his slumber, he always wakes with a cheerful grin. Best of luck to the peroxide blond.

Roland Frederick "Deacon"
Pittsfield, Maine
Football (3) Hi-Y (3, 4)
Deacon is rather on the quiet side so we can't tell you much about him. Perhaps you should see a certain Miss Welch for further information.

Harry H. Friend "Hunter"
Pittsfield, Maine
Football (2, 3) Basketball (2, 4) Baseball (1, 2) Class Vice President (1)
To the "Don Juan" of the Senior Class. He just won't give those girls a break. Perhaps if all were known about Hunter, a much different story would be told. Best of luck to everyone's friend!

Annie Doris Frost "Ellis"
Pittsfield, Maine
Pop Concert (1, 2)
We'll always remember Annie for her pleasant smile and sunny disposition. We know you'll be a great success in life, Annie.



Marie E. Gardner "Re"
Pittsfield, Maine
Class Secretary (1) Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4) Girls' Glee Club (1, 2) Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4) Girls' Athletics (3, 4) Archery (1, 2, 3, 4) Trumpet *Board (4) Pop Concert (1, 2)*
Although her heart is supposed to be down in Georgia, it seems to be kept pretty busy up here.

Eugene C. Gibbs "Gene"
Pittsfield, Maine
Not much is seen of this quiet fellow. He usually manages to get a back corner seat, so he won't have to say anything. He always has the right answer.

Mary D. Haseltine "Hasie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4) Vice President (3) President (4) Orchestra (2, 3, 4) Editorial Board (1, 2, 3) Editor-in-Chief (3) Girls' "M" Club Vice President (4) Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4) Glee Club (1, 2) Archery (1, 2) National Honor Society (3)
Here's a girl who has "everything it takes." Your future should be bright and sunny.

A. Ann Hatch "Hatchie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Debating (1, 2, 3) Orchestra (1, 2, 4) Athletic Council (3, 4) Archery (1, 2, 3) Glee Club (1, 2) Girls' "M" Club (3, 4) Athletics (1, 2, 3, 4) Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4) Senior Prom (4) Prize Speaking Second Prize (1)
To the talkative member of the class. She is never at a loss for words. She especially likes the song "I'm an Old Cowhand."

Allison M. Hefiren "Ally"
Pittsfield, Maine
Pop Concert (2) Alumni Prize Speaking (2) Basketball (3)
We don't see or hear much of Allison, but perhaps it's because her mind's with the Navy! Best of luck, Allison. May you sail on to new horizons!

Robert Melvin Higgins
Detroit, Maine
Robert is one of the quiet boys of the class. Not much is seen of him because he lives out of town. We should have liked to see more of you. Best of everything in the coming years.

Margie Lander "Midge"
Pittsfield, Maine
Glee Club (1, 2)
Margie is so quiet that very little is known about her. We would all like to know what (or who) her interest is in Madison. Guess we couldn't make her talk. Best of luck, Margie; they say silence is a virtue.

Jean Anne Libby
Burnham, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking (1) Manson Prize Speaking (3) Class Secretary (4) Trumpet *Board (4) Senior Prom Music Committee (4)*
Silence must be golden to Jean Anne for she speaks only when spoken to. However, we know she has the courage and determination to carry her to success.

John Marsano
Belfast, Maine
M. C. I.'s Mr. Five by Five. We see a great future for this great big bashful man in the candy business if the Army does not get him first. But whichever it is, we're all behind you, "Crisco."

Barbara E. Maxim "Barb"
Pittsfield, Maine
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4) Glee Club (2) Girl Reserves (2, 3, 4) Archery (1, 2, 3, 4) Girls' Athletics (3, 4) M. C. I. Trio (4) Pop Concert (1, 2, 3, 4) Senior Play (4) Trumpet *Board (3) Senior Prom Committee (4)*
To Barb—whose violin is as much a part of her as her upturned nose. Although her head seems to be among the clouds these days (Army Air Corps), we all know she's a swell kid.



Barbara Ellen McNeil "Barb"
Pittsfield, Maine
Mattawamkeag High School (1, 2) Manson Prize Speaking (3) Girls' "M" Club (4) President (4) Senior Play (4) Basketball (3, 4) Trumpet *Board (4) Athletics (3, 4) Athletic Council (4) Class Secretary (3)*
She is known among her more intimate friends as the "Little G" or "Little Genius."

Kathryn Joyce Mills "Kay"
Monticello, Maine
Treasurer (2) Vice President (3) Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4) Vice President (4) Orchestra (1, 2, 3) Glee Club (1, 2) Cheerleader (3, 4) Girls' Athletics (3, 4) Girls' "M" Club (4) Senior Play (4) Manson Prize Speaking (3) Archery (1, 2, 3) National Honor Society (3, 4)
Kay, the girl from wild, woolly Aroostook! Take your choice when she smiles, "personality smile" or "Ipana grin."

Lillian A. Moore "Lillie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4) Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4) Glee Club (1, 2) Archery Manager (1, 2) Pop Concert (2) Senior Prom Committee (4) M. C. I. Trio (4)
Lillian appears to be rather a meek girl to those of slight acquaintance but you should know her!

Erwin E. Piper "Pipe"
Troy, Maine
Senior Play (4)
To the "Grandpa" of our class! But the old lads do kick up a bit once in a while, don't they, Gramp? Best of luck!

Bernard Plummer "Buck"
Pittsfield, Maine
Football (2, 3) Track (1, 2, 3, 4) Hi-Y (2, 3, 4) Class President (3) "M" Club (2, 3, 4) Trumpet *Board (4) Vice President (4) President (4) Senior Play (4)*
To the genius in the science lab, we wish the best of everything.

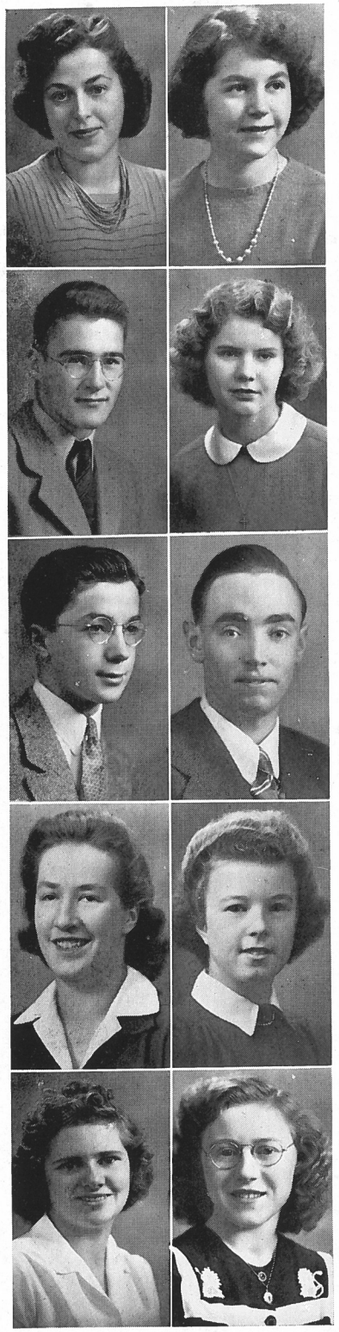
Maxine R. Pushor "Mac"
Pittsfield, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking (1) Girl Reserves (1) Class Treasurer (4) Business Manager of Senior Play (4) Trumpet *Board (4)*
This is the faithful treasurer of our class. Her constant clamoring for dues is a familiar cry. But we all are cheering for you.

Martelle C. Quint "Marty"
Pittsfield, Maine
Football (2, 3) Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4) "M" Club (2, 3, 4) Track (1, 2, 3) Baseball (3) Hi-Y (1, 2, 3) Clee Club (1, 2, 3, 4) Nominating Committee (3) Trumpet *Board (4)*
Hailed as the athlete of the class of '43 and everyone's friend. He always has a good word for everyone, at least if you can get his mind off baseball long enough.

Royce Rich
Detroit, Maine
Newport High School (1, 2) Football (3) Track (3) Debating (3) Hi-Y (4) Intramural Basketball (3, 4) Senior Play (4)
Dancing is the special art of our "farmer boy." We wonder if he has ever seen a real cow? Best of luck, Royce.

Margaret C. Shaw "Brownie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Basketball (1, 2, 3) Glee Club (1, 2) Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4)
She has always been a faithful member of the class. We know she will always be a success in anything she attempts. We think you will make a very good nurse, Margaret.

Ivy Jean Short "Jeannie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Glee Club (2) Girl Reserves (3, 4) Senior Prom Committee (4) Trumpet *Board (3) Executive Board (3, 4)*
Everyone knows that Jean's mind is at Pearl Harbor. You are not alone, Jean; there are many others like you.



Natalie A. Shuman "Nat"
Pittsfield, Maine
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4) Glee Club (1, 2) Pop Concert (3) Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3) Archery (2)
Her motto is "What's the hurry; there's always another day." We know that success will never be late even though she sometimes is. We wish you much happiness in future years.

Caroline R. Sinclair "Sinky"
Waterville, Maine
Glee Club (1, 2) Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4) Archery (1, 2, 4) Girls' Athletics (1, 2, 3, 4) Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4) Pop Concert (1, 2) Executive Board (4) Junior Prom Committee (3) Senior Prom Committee (4)
Caroline has had some pretty tough times at M. C. I., but she's always pulled through. Perhaps living in the town of Blanchard will tame her down!

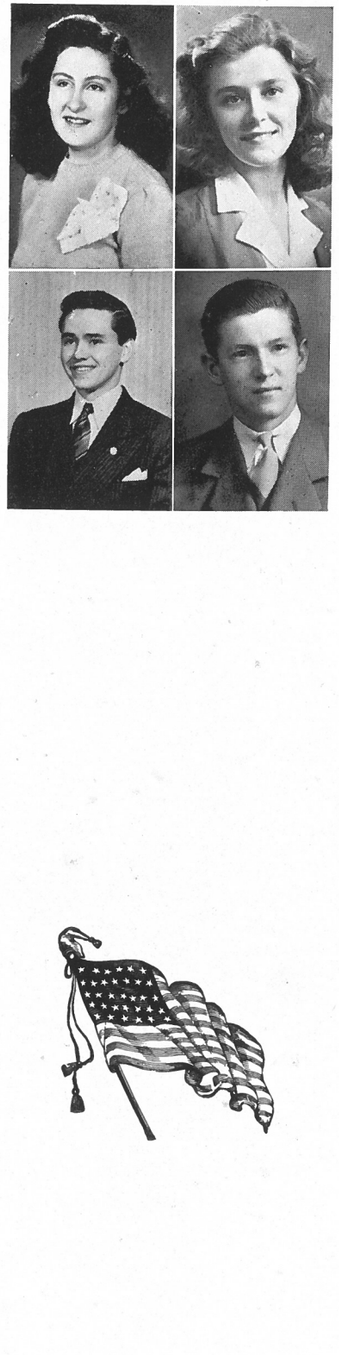
Selwyn Y. Small "Sal"
Plymouth, Maine
Baseball (3)
Watch the papers closely, for we've an idea he will go far in the baseball world. He pitched many a winning game for M. C. I. Best of luck, Selwyn; keep pitching.

Phyllis Irene Starbird "Phil"
Burnham, Maine
Phyl comes to school with the courtesy of the Maine Central. She comes by bus and goes home by train. We can't understand why you never missed the bus. You are a swell friend, but we would have liked to know you better. Best of luck.

Pauline R. Webber "Polly"
Pittsfield, Maine
Pop Concert (1, 2) Glee Club (1, 2) Girl Reserves (1, 2)
The baby of our class! Even though Polly's small, she has been a faithful member of the class of '43. Good luck, Polly.

Florence A. Welch "Flossie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4) Girls' "M" Club (4) Cirls' Athletic Council Secretary (3) President (4) Athletic Manager (3,4) Athletics (1, 2, 3, 4)
Flossie is known as the wittiest girl in the Senior Class. She is always interested in athletics and athletes. We hear that she is more interested in the Deacon at present. Best of luck, Flossie.

Harold G. Willey "Willie"
Skowhegan, Maine
Football (2, 3) Track (1, 2, 3, 4) Cross Country (1, 4) Debating (3) Manson Prize Speaking (3) Senior Play (4)
To the ones who don't know him, Willey might appear to be very pugnacious, but we know at heart he's very meek.



Frances Wilson "Fran"
Pittsfield, Maine
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4) Debating Archery (1, 2, 3, 4) Archery Manager (3, 4) Treasurer (3) Glee Club (1, 2) Basketball (1, 2, 3) Cirls' Athletics (3, 4) Trumpet *Board (4)*
Since Fran's hubby went to war she "Don't get around much any more!" Here's to the girl whose chief ambition is to become an Army wife, and we sincerely hope she'll lead a very "Murray" life.

Carl Wright "Wrightie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Football Manager (3) Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4) Manager (1, 2) Orchestra (1, 2) Debating (3) Alumni Prize Speaking (2) Manson Prize Speaking (3) Hi-Y (3) President (4) Editorial Boards (2, 3)
The mainstay of our class. Carl's ability to officiate at Hi-Y meetings and his athletic skill make him an important member of the class of '43. Best of luck, Carl.

Class Poem

Dreaming away while the years slipped by,
We failed to see them pass;
And now we find dear M. C. I.
We have to leave you at last.

Yea, leave your rugged sheltering walls
And venture into life,
To answer our fighting nation's call,
In a world that's filled with strife.

Holding freedom's torch on high,
We leave your honored halls,
Pledging that flame will never die
Till the world's last twilight falls.

We leave you now with a tear in our eye
And a last farewell to our friends;
Sacred mem'ries of you, dear M. C. I.
Will live till life's journey ends.

Clayton Curtis

Class Ode

(Tune: There Are Such Things)

Four years we've spent at M. C. I.
No dearer years could ere go by.
And as we take our leave from you to go afar,
Classmates, we'll ne'er forget, wherever we are,
The joys we shared, the sorrows, too;
All bring us back to thoughts of you.
And as we fight to bring the peace, we all look forward to,
We'll bring our fame and honor back to you.

Dear M. C. I., we say adieu;
We leave you soon for paths anew.
And now we shed a tear for memories gone by,
And breathe a sigh for you, our M. C. I.
We'll ne'er forget your friendly halls,
The friends we made, the lessons taught.
And as we go into a ravaged world beyond our sphere,
We'll think of you, from places far and near.

Kathryn Mills

Basketball

Suffering the loss of "Bud" Coughlin, last year's high scorer, and "Bill" Harkins, to the armed services early in the year, M. C. I. had to floor a young and inexperienced team. However, near the end of the year, the team showed great improvement.

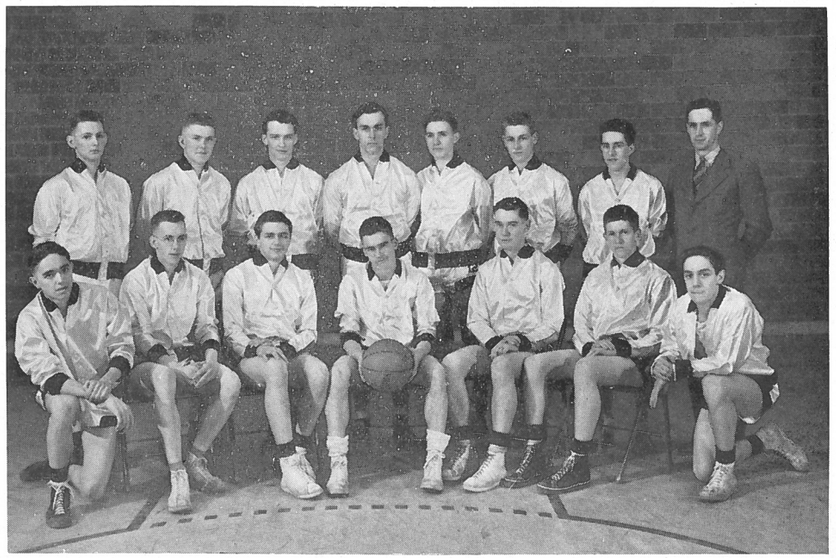
M. C. I.'s only victory was in the last game of the year against Coburn 42—22. Paul Brooks, outstanding sophomore, led the scoring in that game with 18 points.

The season's record was one win and eight losses, one of which was by one point to Skowhegan.

M. Quint

The following men received letters:

Martelle Quint
Carl Wright
Clayton Curtis
Edward Hall
Robert Whitney
Marden Brooks
Paul Brooks

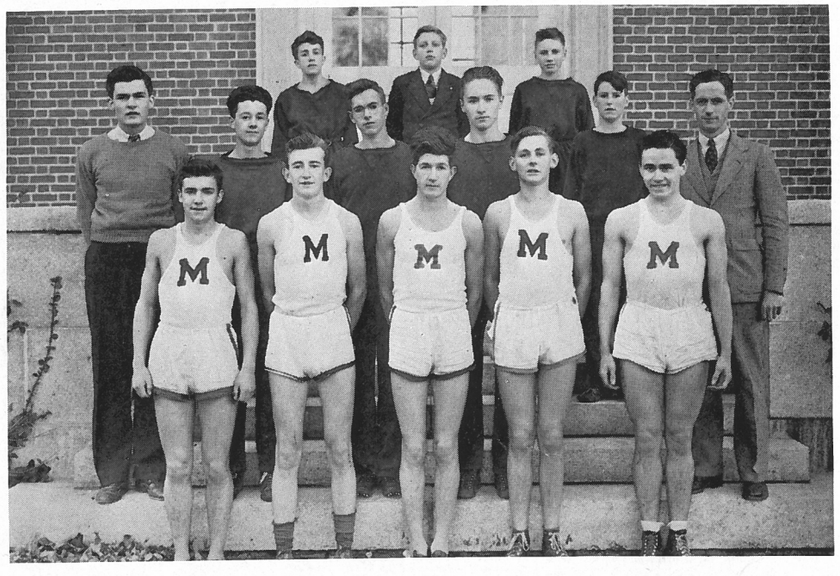


Cross Country Team

Last year, for the first time in three years, M. C. I. supported a cross country team. Although the boys were inexperienced and handicapped by the loss of two outstanding runners, they were able to secure a close second place at the annual prep school cross country meet at the University of Maine. The squad was under the capable guidance of Coach Roger Lowell.

The following men received letters:

Harold Willey
Peter Connolly
Lewis Fitts
Richard Clark
James Gamble
Charles Swift



Senior Play

This year's Senior Play, "Professor, How Could You?", was presented in February, under supervision of Miss Lucile de Reynolds. The play was a great success.

Following is the cast of characters:

Vicky Randolph . . . Cynthia Clark
Keats Perry . . . Bernard Plummer
Grandpa Perry . . . Erwin Piper
Grandma Perry . . Barbara McNeil
John Appleby . . . . Royce Rich
Valerie Whitman . . . Kathryn Mills
Priscilla Morley . . Barbara Maxim
Tootsie Bean . . . Priscilla Chipman
Butcher Boy Bean . . . Harold Willey
Boggins . . . . . Neil Daggett



Girl Reserves

The Girl Reserves Club of M. C. I. is well organized for another year of activities. Under the advisorship of Mrs. Helen Jenison, and with the help of the cabinet, made up of the officers, the girls have been, for example, putting on dances and helping the Red Cross. They are now looking forward to other annual activities such as the "Reserve" Dance and Mother and Daughter Banquet.

President . . . Mary Hasetline
Vice President . . . Kathryn Mills
Secretary . . . Terry Garcelon
Treasurer . . . Drucilla Chipman



Orchestra

On Thursday nights about seven o'clock in Powers Hall, a loud commotion is heard. Don't get worried; it's only the M. C. I. orchestra tuning up for its weekly rehearsal.

Many school functions have been aided by the large well-balanced orchestra. At all prize speaking events, as well as at the senior play and commencement, this group has presented many selections. Each Friday they play for the chapel program. The highlight of the music world at M. C. I. is the annual Pop Concert where the orchestra is one of the main attractions. This has been without doubt, one of the most successful seasons in the history of M. C. I.'s orchestra.



M. C. I. Hi-Y Club

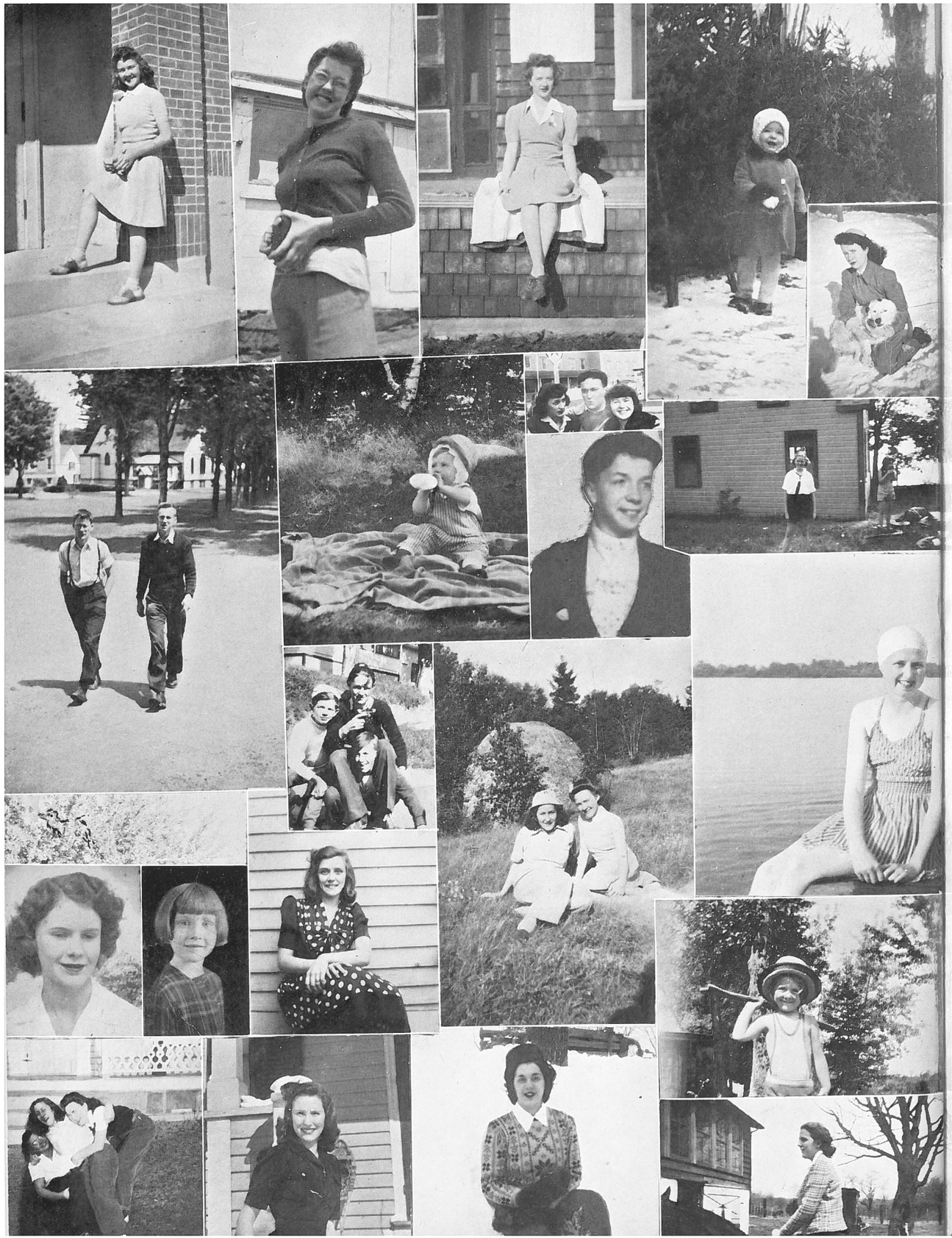
Enjoying its third year of organized club work, the Hi-Y members take a keen interest in this club. Outside speakers and informal discussions are carried on within the club.

The purpose of the club is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community, the high standards of Christian character; its platform is, "clean speech, clean sports, clean scholarship, and clean living."

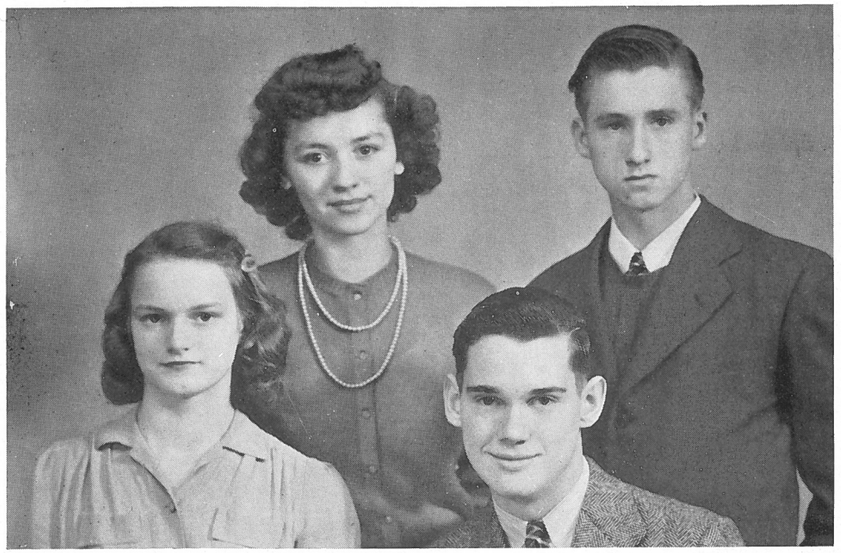
President . . .	Carl Wright
Vice President . .	Ival Cianchette
Secretary . . .	Marden Brooks
Treasurer . . .	Robert Whitney







JUNIORS



CLASS OFFICERS

President, Robert Whitney

Vice President, Raymond Humphrey

Secretary, Terry Garcelon

Treasurer, Hattie White

Class Advisor

Mrs. Jenison

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls at M. C. I. have an organized athletic program, in which the Junior girls have played a large part. There are certain sports scheduled for each season. The Junior members of the Executive Council include Hattie White, Irene Furbush, and Gloria Getchell.

Last fall the sports in order were: Archery and Volley Ball. Two nights a week the "Robin Hoods" of M. C. I. would take their bows and arrows out on the front campus to improve their skill at hitting the bull's-eye. The remaining nights they would rush over to the "gym" for an exciting series of Volley Ball.

Juniors getting points for Archery were:

Joan Childs Irene Furbush
Elaine Wiles

Those receiving points for Volley Ball were:

Hattie White Joan Childs
Gloria Getchell Irene Furbush
Jean Hackett

After the archery schedule, the girls met to organize a basketball program. The following were elected captains of their respective teams: Mary Haseltine, of the "Hep Cats;" Barbara McNeil, of the "Termites;" Joyce Palmer, of the "Bombardiers." Two nights a week, the gymnasium was open to girls only. At the close of the tournament, the "Hep Cats" were the victorious team. Juniors in the basketball tournament receiving points were:

Jean Hackett Joyce Palmer
Hattie White Joan Childs
Elaine Wiles Irene Furbush

This spring archery and soft ball are to be on the program. Archery has been a sport at M. C. I. for a number of years, but soft ball is more recent. Last year there was a large group signed up. This year an even larger number is expected.

Joyce Palmer
Sports Editor

EASY ON THAT CUTICLE, PLEASE

"Haircuts for me and the kid. Sit there, sonny, until I'm through. I like it short in the back, medium short on the sides, and just a little off the top.''

"It's getting sort of thin on top; dandruff, too. You ought to try our Goo Oil Hair-of-Youth Shampoo treatment. It's only sixty-five cents."

"You really think it helps? My father was bald. I wouldn't want to be that way. And while you're at it, give the old scalp a good massage. That ought to help. Good for the circulation or something, ain't it? I think you better shave me, too. I'm going out tonight. I want to look neat. Say, the manicure girl is free now. Will you ask her to come over? Yes, push back the cuticle. Medium high polish.—They're pretty dusty, aren't they? Will you tell the boy to step in and shine 'em up when he finishes with the customer outside? Might as well put in new laces, too."

"There's another chair vacant, sir. How do you want the boy's hair cut?"

"Oh, no! I want him to wait for you. I've heard that you're especially good with children's hair."

"Thank you, sir. Lots of people do bring their kiddies here.—Well, there you are, sir."

"That looks fine. Now cut the boy's hair rather short. Close clippers on the back and sides, and get some of that mop out of his eyes. He looks like an old English sheep dog. I'll be back in about fifteen minutes. I have an errand to do."

"Well, there you are, sonny. Cut just the way he said. Here's a magazine with lots of pictures. Your Dad will be right back."

"Oh, he ain't my Daddy, mister. He's just a man who come up to me on the street an' said, 'Come on, kid; let's get our hair cut for nothing.' "

Harry Bradbury, '44

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

Somewhere—outside Richmond, Virginia, stands a typical southern home. For generations, it has been inhabited by members of the Graves family. The Graves family are American to the heart; their dignity would be quite aroused at accusations inferring otherwise. However, they are a southern family, dating from before the Civil War and they still thrill at "Dixie" slightly more than at "Yankee Doodle," and Lee is still much dearer to them than Grant ever was to those north of the Mason and Dixon line, but they love the United States—the Union. They are willing to fight or die for it. It is pride which sustains these other things, and pride to the Graves' family and others of the Old South is more important than cold or hunger or love or hate.

It is important that you understand this, for this is the story of a member of the afore-mentioned family—namely Richard Graves—who left this home of his ancestors to fight for this Union.

It was late in 1941 when Dick Graves left his newly acquired law office to be inducted into the army.

On his first day in camp, Dick met Joe Reagan, a taxi driver from New York City, and immediately, they were more than tent mates, to each other; yet they were as different as buddies often are.

Joe had a vocabulary of slang so complete, that if he chose, his entire conversation could be completely unintelligible. He was jovial, easy going, and plainly labeled "American-Middle Class."

Dick was quiet and reserved, and his label was different from Joe's. It said "Upper Middle Class" and the "u" was capitalized. Dick, with college education, family, and position was completely unmindful of his prestige.

Like any other mutuals, however, each possessed characteristics not wholly enjoyable to the other. Dick liked nothing better than to find a good argument into which he would immediately enter, for whose weak side, he would surely be, and would certainly win. Yet this did not trouble Joe nearly so much as Dick was troubled by a seemingly minor thing--Joe's whistling.

From reveille to taps in all possible moments when not on duty,

Joe was whistling. Like all whistlers, he patronized one tune above all others; his was "Yankee Doodle."

Perhaps I have led you to believe that Dick did not like whistling; this is not the case, but of all things distasteful to Dick, this song was probably the most completely so. It was the theme of those hated Yankees who had left only destruction and poverty behind. His pride suffered whenever he heard it.

In May 1942, Corporal Richard Graves and Corporal Joseph Reagan landed wtih American troops in Ireland. Within a short while they were moved to England just outside London. Joe and Dick met many people who welcomed them to their homes. Here they were told of the British pleasure at the presence of the Yankees among them. At this Dick would flinch, but he covered it with a grin which nearly matched Joe's.

It was on a clear, cold night while Joe and Dick were walking to the barracks that from nowhere at all several planes appeared. It was one of those small, nagging raids sent by Hitler as a reminder, whose damage was comparatively small, but for Joe and Dick it was the first air raid; all the pictures they had seen and all the stories they had heard rushed across their minds. Then there was a singing, a blinding flash—for Dick it was target practice, with guns blasting, soldiers complaining, and a sergeant roaring; for Joe it was five o'clock and rush hour, with horns blowing, policemen yelling, newsboys shouting—then for both all was silence.

When Dick regained consciousness, it was still dark although people were moving about and digging in the debris, but nowhere a sight of Joe. Horrible realization struck Dick as he rushed frantically from one group of rescued to another. Upon the discovery that some had been taken to a hospitsl, he set out for it. At the door of the hospital, he met the doctor in charge who told him of Joe's presence and the possibility of his release the following day.

Suddenly the stars were shining again and as Dick started back to the barracks once more, he was whistling. The tune was "Yankee Doodle."

Hattie White, '44

I BECAME A MAN TOO LATE

Sick and tired of life at home, I set our one cloudy morning for the registration office, thinking to myself that there was no mess worse than that at home.

My sister was always screaming at me to sweep the snow off my feet. Mother was always at me to carry in wood. And above all Dad was always nagging at me to get some kind of a respectable job and go to work, instead of hanging around the pool room. So what! If a fellow wanted to have a little fun once in a while, it was nobody's business. And what if I did quit school? Who was to blame? I'm sure I wasn't. If the family hadn't kept at me all the time I might have had a good time of it. I'm sure no real man wants to sit all day conjugating French verbs. Surely a man's not a man unless he smokes. All this was running through my mind as I trudged down the rough road.

Well, now, I have a different point of view for I'm the little fellow

who sits back and watches, suffering for what I thought wasn't worth the effort to get.

Yes, I registered for the army; six weeks later I headed for Camp Devens. I stayed there a week or so, only to shipped to South Carolina.

Lazy? I guess I must have been the laziest fellow in camp. I hated to get up in the morning. I made a lot of enemies. I didn't even try to get ahead.

Boys and girls don't want to think for a moment you're having a hard time, and life is cruel. Just be your natural self; don't wait to learn the hard way. Work for what you get.

Here I sit, never will walk again; all because of my bull-headedness, thinking that I, a first class private knew it all. I walked right into trouble every time I turned around. But I guess the Jap wasn't quite so dumb. He must have known that I was just the kind of a guy I was. That is why I sit here today. I can't do anything now. I have become a man too late.

Velma Ireland, '44

JOKES

Lee: Who was that you were with last night?
Hattie: Oh, my sister from Bangor.
Lee: Well, how long have girls been wearing coats with tails?

Ed: Just think, only one more day.
Joyce: Oh! that's wonderful. Who's coming?
Ed: My girl friend.

Mr. Whitney: Robert, where did you go last night?
Robert: Oh, just riding around with the boys.
Mr. Whitney: Well, tell them not to leave hair pins in the car.

Mrs. Stewart: (meeting Virginia at the door at 1. a.m.) Can't your boy friend bring you home before 1.00?
Virginia: But, Mother, it's 12.00 slow time.

Employer: Why did you leave your last position?
Buckley: Illness. The boss got sick of me.

Powell: I've often been compared with Clark Gable.
Fendler: Who made the comparison?
Powell: My girl. She seems to prefer Gable.

Humphrey: I saw you on the corner by Sterlings' Cafe winking at the boys.
B. Estes: I wasn't winking. Something got in my eye.
Humphrey: He got in your car, too.

Have you heard the one about the patriotic worm who tried to join the apple core?

Mills: Give me four pork sandwiches to take out.
Craig: (to his cook) Dress up four grunts to go walking.

THE EASIEST SPORT IN M.C.I.

Cross Country is the easiest sport to my knowledge.
Carried on in schools and college.
The boys turn out with all their might
To run the four-mile course each night.
Why I went out for it it's hard to see.
That is what they all asked me.
With sweat running down, blinding your way.
And cramps that make you stumble and sway.
Your out for the easiest sport they say.
With barb wire fences that cut like a knife,
Leaving you scars for the rest of your life.
With the coming of next fall a crowd, you will see.
But among them you can bet will not be me.
I earned my letter the easy way
And will remember it to my dying day. Peter Connolly

RALPH'S OFFICE ODE

Mrs. Willey, you are wrong to make me stay here so long,
Mine was a small and petty crime, and for it I must make up time.
"Fifteen minutes" was my sentence, but an hour, you force me to do penance.
I have nothing now to do—and oh! am I bored with this view!
Book case—desk—and chair—and sink—(telephone, why don't you rink*)
Room and chair and books, I'm seeing, but not a single human being.
Oh, if you would please repent, 'ere my beard greys, and back goes bent!
Yes, Mrs. Willey, you are wrong—to make me stay in here so long.

*Poetic license for "ring" Ralph W. Mills, '44

IT PAYS TO READ THE ADS

FOR SALE—CHEAP—Several physics books in good condition. Have had little use. Apply to any member of Physics Class.

WANTED—An assortment of girls—blondes, brunettes, or what have you. Contact Harry, Peltoma Avenue.

WANTED—The Academy Award by Senior Play Cast.

PERSONAL—"The Saint"—We'll be waiting for you at The Gate. Signed—The Junior Class.

INSURANCE AGENTS, PLEASE NOTE! I wish to purchase graduation insurance, if this available. Contact—R. Craig. Boys' Dorm.

FOR SALE—Two gentlemen will sell, at great sacrifice a large assortment of New York road maps for which they have no use. Write Fendler Twins, General Delivery, Palmyra, Maine.

WANTED—Elevators exclusively for t h i r d floor instructors. Signed, Miss Brastow, Miss Thomas, and Mrs. Coolidge.

LEARN A PROFESSION—Wanted by a gentleman farmer—a girl who understands or is interested in learning the care of poultry, Must be blonde. If interested, see Bell Ringer.

WE HAVE

One cook but no food.
Three whites but no blacks.
One brown but no green.
Two temples but no cathedrals.
One rich but no poor.
Two welch but no scotch.
Three rights but no wrong.
One hall but no corridor.
One pearl but no rubies.
One friend but no enemies.
Three brooks but no rivers.
One starbird, but no bluebird.
Two shorts but no longs.
One Jack but no Jill.
One Ireland but no England.
One field but no meadow.
One goslin but no ducklings.
One clark but no hershey.
One maxwell but no chase and sanborn.
Two plummers but no carpenters.
Two swifts but no slow.
One curtis (P-40) no lockheeds (P-38).
One Lancaster (bomber) but no Boeing (bomber).
Two Higgins but no Hebron. Virginia Stewart, '44

JULIUS CAESAR

No a Poem

School is tough; it's plain to see
With typewriting, English, and History.
But now it's become a dread
Reading Caesar who is very dead.
The plot is thick, thick as can be
But it couldn't be any thicker than *me*.
It was written in English in Shakespeare's day
And I can't understand a word they say.
I read it o'er and o'er and o'er,
And when I was through, I read it some more.
No matter how hard I try,
It just don't seem to catch my eye.
Now Caesar should have stayed at home
And Shakespeare should have left him in Rome.
The English teacher says it's good;
It may be so, if it could be understood.
Who cares for Caesar, a victorious man
I'd just as soon read the Super-man. P. J. Connolly, '44

TELL IT TO THE U. S. RANGERS

Tim McGraw slowly inched his way along the slimy moss covered tree trunks in the sweltering jungle of New Guinea. He had been the only survivor of a nest of Jap snipers, and was working his way through enemy lines to his base. For two days he had been without food; the insects and heat were aiding to the swiftness of his ebbing strength.

Carrying the bare necessities of a Ranger, which were his light sub-machine gun, a long knife, and a small pouch of hand grenades, he felt well protected if he could see the enemy before the enemy saw him.

Much to his relief, which quickly turned to dismay, Tim found himself at the end of the swamp looking upon a large clearing in which a Jap scouting party was feasting on cold rice and fish. Tim looked the situation over and decided that rather than endure the horrors of that swamp again, he would attempt to wipe out the camp and continue to his base.

He counted the number of Japs; thirty Japs to be killed by one man was quite a task. Tim worked fast, but cautiously; first he took five hand grenades and placed them about five feet apart along the edge of the clearing; he then took his sub-machine gun and putting in a fresh round of shells placed it near the last hand grenade, pulled the pin, waited a second, and then threw it into the midst of the Jap loungers. He quickly did the same to the remaining grenades; then he picked up his machine gun and pulled the trigger that started that ominous chattering.

Five minutes of silence found Tim behind the Jap encampment. He found them all dead and practically buried. Tim almost exhausted, tried to stumble on, but his efforts were of no avail. He collapsed in a heap not fifty feet from where he had caused the deaths of thirty Japanese.

Slowly and determinedly Tim opened his eyes to find a beautiful nurse taking his pulse. "Where am I?" he asked in a hoarse whisper. She replied admiringly, "Right where you ought to be brother, right where you ought to be."

James Powell, '44

HIS LAST SLEEP

In a shell-hole on Bataan's dirty clay,
An American soldier, sleeping, lay.
After days of fighting and hardy turmoil,
He had fallen asleep on the soggy soil.
His clothes were torn and a beard hid his face.
And his wounded arm lay on his cartridge case.
No more worry about home and strife
He had gone to a more peaceful life.
He had given his life that we may stay free.
And live our life of luxury.
He had no more right to be there than I,
Why should he have gone out to die?
We stay at home, and don't give a thought
Of the battles for us that are being fought.
It's time to awake from our daze.
And rid the world of this Hitler craze.
Let no more Americans die in vain,
For with God's help, we'll see peace again.

P. J. Connolly

The Title—Wartime Rationing.
The theme is what to do.
The moral—If Jones can do it,
Then why, I ask, can't you?

The Jones were giving a little tea.
(No tea's not rationed yet.)
Their guests were clad in cloaks of fur
'Cause fuel's hard to get.

The tea was served (but lacking cream),
And among those choice few,
Each guest had brought one precious lump
'Cause sugar's rationed, too.

The guests, I heard left early,
And it really was no wonder—
It was "see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing,
Nazis profit by a blunder."

Yes, the Joneses are patriotic
Just like ev'ry good family should be;
And if my friends were safely insured,
They'd be the perfect example for me.

Terry Garcelon, '44

GETTING READY

Donna, a young girl of sixteen, was getting ready for her big night, the Junior Prom. She had just arrived from school and already the water for her bath was running full blast. Without hesitation she ran up the stairs and in record time was in the bathtub.

"Mom," shrieked Donna in an injured tone, "the water is too hot; it's boiling! "With this statement she settled down to the quiet (?) task of washing herself. Emerging from her bath, she whisked clothes and objects in and out of her drawers, looking for her bobby pins. At last, Mom came upstairs and found them under her pillow where she had unceremoniously dumped them that morning. With her hair done up, she threw herself on the bed and started to read.

She had no sooner done this, when she remembered her dress. Running breathlessly from room to room, surprising no one, not even Lilly, the colored maid, who, a few weeks ago, had been frightened at Donna's antics; she decided that the dress hadn't come. Mrs. Atkins, the new neighbor, however, thought that it was rather queer that a young lady of sixteen should be traveling around the backyard in the snow with no shoes or stockings.

Shouting inquiries about her gown to her mother, Donna found out that the dress was safely placed in her closet. With a sigh of relief, Donna slowly plodded to her room to quietly rest until dinner.

Rudely awakened by her little brother, she ate her dinner and prepared to "make up her face." Slapping cold cream on, punctuated by yells of "Mother-r, where are my shoes, and so on?", she prepared for the final task of fixing her hair. Her fingers traveling to and fro among the pins, she finally had them all removed. "Let's see," she pondered, "I'll wear it with bangs—no, a pompadour." She finally decided on the pompadour and started combing and brushing. Oh, dear, just look at those snarls. Oh, well!

When she had finally finished with her clothes, coiffure (if one can call it that), and perfuming, Donna's room looked as if a hurricane had struck it. Her mind traveling off to more pleasant subjects, she decided she could forget her room until the next morning.

Seeing her coming down the stairs, the whole Merriman family gasped in unison, including the young Banks man, for, Donna didn't look like the tomboy of few years ago any more. Even Tom Banks forgot his fidgeting and blushing. Donna was now a young lady!

Donna grinned with pleasure at Tom's presentation of the gardenia corsage and as their lilting young voices echoed in the air outside, Mrs. Merriam heaved a sigh of relief that at last, that was over. Grandma muttered under her breath "—that never in all her born days had she seen such goings on!"

Mr. and Mrs. Merriman just smiled at each other, thankful that Donna was starting to act her part of a dutiful young lady. But they didn't know Donna, for tomorrow was another day!

H. Paakki, '44

CHRISTI GELALIS

When but a small child, Christi realized that he would never be happy in Greece. The climate contributed much to his dissatisfaction, and he always said he would find a better place to live.

While in his first years of memorable learning, Christi's uncle came to the United States on a business trip and soon his father followed. Every night Christi would weep in his room because he was not permitted to go with him. After many months, his father returned to learn of Christi's unhappiness, but he wanted Christi to remain in Greece to carry on his business when he died. Finally, after continual begging to come to the United States just to see what the other countries were like, he was promised the trip.

Days followed into weeks and weeks into months until one evening the joyful event became known. As usual before a trip is made, there were many last minute tasks to be accomplished. The household was upset with everyone hurrying here and there. Even as the dawn appeared, they had little sleep or rest, but Christi cuold not sleep anyway as the beginning of a new experience was well under way which would mean a complete change in his life. Under the careful guardianship of his father, he was escorted to this country. Arriving here, he immediately realized that this was the country for him. He had a difficult time learning our language; but once established, he is becoming a good American citizen. He appreciates what the United States is; do we?

Louise White, '44

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE AUTO

Body	Maine Central Institute Building
Wheels	Miss White
Driver	Mr. Purinton
Headlights	Barbara White and Joyce Palmer
Tail Lights	Annie Bouchard
Parking Lights	Ival Cianchette and Edward Hall
Switch	Robert Waterman
Brake	Miss Reynolds
Spare Tire	Robert Whitney
Flat Tire	Russell Bragg
Knocks	Ruth Libby
Horn	Hattie White
Paint	Terry Garcelon
Exhaust	James Powell
Front Cushion	Norma Turner
Back Cushion	Marion Wilber
Fan	Irene Furbush
Attractive Dashboard	Virginia Stewart
Spark	Joan Childs
Radio	Mrs. Sherman
Heater	Royal Grover
Roofing	Charlotte Mitchell
Roof Lining	Peter Connolly
The Jack	Gloria Getchell
Crank	Dottie Tweedie

Vivian Leighton, '44

JOKES

It was a warm summer day in mid-July. The small town of "Avalon" was buzzing with excitement for the annual circus had arrived in town early that morning.

As "Philip Morris" tripped out from the jewelry store where he had sold some "Old Gold," he met his friend "Chesterfield."

"Hi, 'Chesterfield,' let's go to the circus tonight. I've $1.25 I got for some 'Old Gold'," said "Philip Morris."

Early that evening the boys started for the circus grounds. In one of the side-shows they saw a "Camel" besides elephants, horses, and dogs. In a tree near one of the tents sat a saucy squirrel eating "Beechnuts."

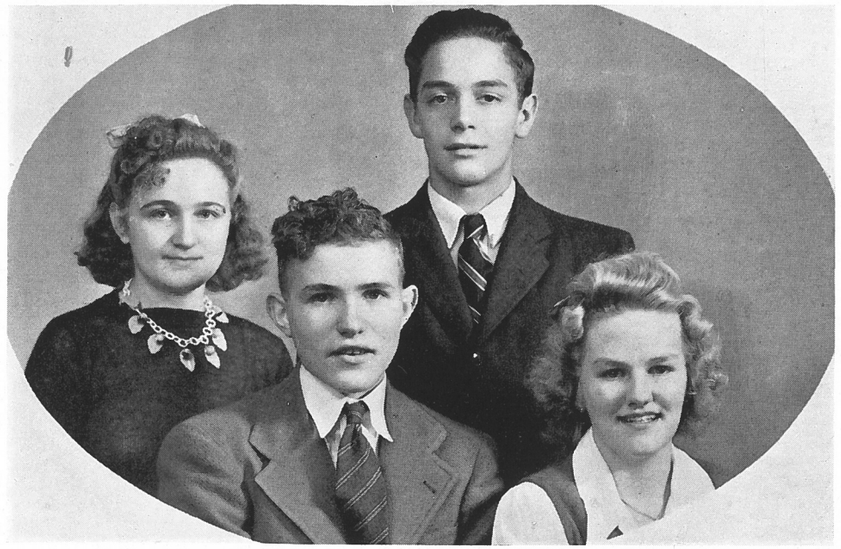
Later the boys met one of their friends, "Pall Mall," who had made a "Lucky Strike" in one of the toss games and had won a box of chocolates. They also met another of their friends who was in the Army Air Corps, and he had recently received his "Wings."

Toward the end of the evening the boys started for home. As they passed one of the cocktail lounges, they saw "Paul Jones" sipping a "Kool" "Mint Julep."

A. Bouchard, '44



SOPHOMORES



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Vice President . . . Nena Emery
Secretary . . . Dorothy Austin
Treasurer . . . Paul Brooks

Class Advisors
Miss White and Miss Brastow

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	Mary Crawford
	Evelyn Webendorfer
	Paul Brooks
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Coates, Bruce
Conroy, Regena
Cook, Roland
Crawford, Mary
Curtis, Floyd
Daily, William
Doherty, Vaughn
Doore, Nancy
Dunton, Florence
Emery, Nena
Fendler, Ryan
Field, Carolyn
Fitts, Lewis
Getchell, Eileen
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Greeley, Weldon
Hammond, Nedra
Haynes, Russell
Higgins, Maxine
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Hopkins, Waneta
Hughes, Donald
Jacobs, Anita
Kennedy, Walter
Kenniston, Muriel
Langley, Anita
Marden, Elizabeth
Pease, Charles
Percival, Roger
Plummer, Betty
Powell, Richard
Shaw, Kenneth
Small, Barbara
Susi, Wayne
Twitchell, Christine
Varnum, Wayne
Vaughn, Marjorie
Ward, Lorraine
Webber, Beverly
Webendorfer, Evelyn
Welch, Theresa
Whalen, Richard
White, Barbara
Wyman, Stanley

FRESHMAN WEEK

This year, in place of the Freshman Day initiation, a *Freshman Week* was held. The Sophomores drew up a program for the purpose of teaching school loyalty, school songs, and due respect to the Sophs.

The program included different costumes and signs for each day of the week, and on Friday the annual Freshman Parade was featured.

At the conclusion of the week's initiation, the Freshmen were entertained from 7 to 10 p.m. in Powers Hall.

We hope that this plan may be continued in order to inspire, in the Freshmen, school loyalty for their following years.

SOPHOMORE PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual Sophomore Prize Speaking was held at Powers Hall, Thursday, January 14, 1943. The prizes of ten dollars in each division, furnished by the Alumni Association, were won by Regena Conroy and Wayne Susi.

The speakers were as follows:

This War is America's Vocation	Joseph Cianchette
The Rights of Mankind	Richard Whalen
One Niche the Highest	Nedra Hammond
Tte Greatest Danger	Wayne Susi
Nocturn	Evelyn Webendorfer
Tonight May Be Different	Joan Allen
The Awful Fate of Melpomenus Jones	Ray Gourley
Cutting from The Valiant	Regena Conroy
Meet a Great American—The Bell	Roger Percival
Sixteen	Mary Crawford

Alternates

Christine Twitchell — Paul Brooks

Coach

Miss Lucile de Reynolds

GIRLS' SPORTS

The Sophomore members of the girls' Athletic Council were: Joan Allen and Dorothy Austin.

Sophomore girls receiving credits in Athletics:

ARCHERY	VOLLEY BALL	BASKETBALL
Dorothy Austin	Dorothy Austin	Mary Crawford
Betty Plummer—*High Scorer*	Nena Emery	Dorothy Austin
Nena Emery	Mary Crawford	Nena Emery
Regena Conroy	Nedra Hammond	Nedra Hammond
		Anita Jacobs
		Betty Plummer

BOYS' ATHLETICS

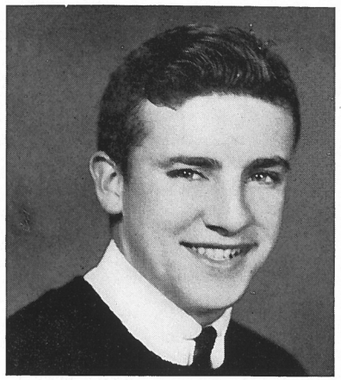
The boys' participation in athletics this year was not outstanding, with the exception of a few individuals who showed much enthusiasm.

Unfortunately, football was omitted in the school this year because of wartime conditions.

Even though there was no football, Coach Lowell gathered a fine Cross Country team which took second place at the meet for the Maine State Preparatory Schools. The boys who participated in this sport were Lewis Fitts, James Gamble, Mervin Chadbourne, Donald Hughes, and Russell Haynes. Fitts and Gamble received their letters.

The next sport in line was basketball. Many of the boys played in the intramural games, and later there were four Sophomores told to report for varsity practice. Those four were Paul Brooks, Stanley Wyman, Lewis Fitts, and Richard Powell. Brooks was the outstanding player of the class. He played in almost all of the games and received his letter. The basketball season was not a very successful one, but the boys showed fine sportsmanship and enthusiasm in the game.

Baseball season is very near, and we hope it will be a successful one. There are two Sophomores who played last year as substitutes on the Varsity. They are Brooks and Fitts. These boys will probably take a more active part this season.



James Gamble was the first member of the class of '45 to join the armed forces. Taking his physical examination in December, he left a few days later for Boston where he began to study Diesel engineering at Wentworth College.

Jimmy's home town is Searsport, but he was living with his sister in Pittsfield while he was attending M. C. I. He was 17 years old when he enlisted. Jimmy was fond of hunting, fishing, and cracking "corny" jokes. His favorite pastime was making eyes at the girls and teasing them.

No matter where Jimmy goes with our Navy, all the good luck which the class of '45 can offer will go with him.

DREAMER'S HAVEN

I've made a blueprint for a home
That's just a dreamer's notion.
Right now it's sketched in words and thoughts,
Desires and emotions.

It's not a plan at all grotesque
If you've a modern mind,
Because it's not the modern thing
But rather, quite behind.

I want to live close by the sea
With its dashing chiffon foam.
Have hills to break monotony
And paths where I may roam.

The place itself shall have a lawn
And lavishness of flowers,
In gardens rich and colorful,
Where I'll spend idle hours.

The threshold shares my choicest thoughts,
So that it may implore,
All those in want of mirth or rest,
To stop in by my door.

A spacious kitchen, full of sun,
I'll teach to echo smells—
Molasses cookies, pumpkin pies,
And boiling apple jells.

And a window facing wind and sea,
Just made for April rains
Will meet a million splashing drops,
Upon ten tiny panes.

I'll love this haven for it's mine—
A background for my moods
To watch the thunder when I'm brave
And sunsets when I'm soothed.

Mary Crawford, '45

ARE ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS?

Is it possible for a lady to be an athlete? Is it possible for an athlete to be a lady? These are questions that are being asked now by some people.

To be sure, if we think of a lady in terms of powdered hair in curls, sixteen-inch waists, bustles and hoop skirts or having a bottle of smelling salts

for a companion to prevent her from fainting, right away the answer would be, "No, it is impossible."

We admire the beautiful handwork of the sixties and gaze at the grace and charm of the stately dignified minuet, but at the same time, way down in our hearts, we feel, "Thank Heaven, those days are over."

Ask any girl today if she would rather live in the sweet long ago. Imagine giving up the thrill of a tennis match, the joy of a good swim, the fun of a snow shoe hike, or the great satisfaction of having won a hard-fought basketball game.

Why should a young lady have been given a strong, healthy body if not to develop it? We all know that if one wishes to develop a muscle, it must be used. If any part of the body is not exercised, it loses its strength and becomes almost helpless.

Politeness is one of the qualities to be found in a lady. This can be acquired in meeting and entertaining students from other schools.

Self-control is an essential quality for a lady to possess. In fact, one who is not able to control herself is no lady. Just like our own body, this is developed and strengthened by use. Participation in sports offers the best chances to learn to govern that quick, fiery temper. Those going out for the team soon discover that one who does not keep her head stands little chance of being chosen to represent the school in athletic games. Again self-control is exercised in both victory and defeat. To be sure, as a general thing, this is easier for the winner than for the loser, but who can help admire the good loser who has not lost courage but, in this defeat, looks forward with hope to a future victory. It is a very helpful lesson in life.

Thoughtfulness is another quality we should find in a lady. It is harder for anyone who is not in good physical condition to forget self and help others. How much keener the mind is when a girl returns to work fresh from out-of-door exercise! How much quicker to see little things to do for someone.

When we think of the term "lady" we also think of grace, dignity and poise. Exercise and dancing, if begun early enough, develop this grace and poise.

Surely no one who has studied or given the subject of athletics much thought could say that a person is not lady-like who loves all forms of exercise and games.

To be sure, athletics may not perform miracles, but the development of an active, courteous, charming young lady from a shy, green, awkward girl is something most worth while, and I hope to hear you say, "Yes, athletics are for girls."

Elizabeth Marden, '45

A GLAD SIGHT

The shrill wail of a fog horn cut suddenly through the dense fog surrounding our boat. We were anchored just outside New York harbor waiting for a tug boat to escort us safely to our berth. There was a sudden babble of voices and a scurry of feet as the seamen were changed from laughing jovial

companions to serious-faced tight-lipped men-of-war. Even right here in the lap of democracy, under the very eyes of the U. S. Navy, it was possible for enemy submarines to slip in to torpedo shorelines.

Slowly the tension disappeared. It was only a signal from a passing freighter—homeward bound. A few men garbed in uniform stood at the rail and called greetings to the sailors on the passing vessel. Ours was a Red Cross refugee liner, filled to capacity with wounded men, women, and children from the evacuated areas. The morning was damp and foggy, and it was impossible to distinguish faces or expressions. Most of the conversation was about the blamed fog, or their homes before the war.

Suddenly, without a warning or indication of what was going to happen, the fog lifted. For a moment there was silence; then from somewhere on the top deck a cheer rang out and was echoed throughout the boat. The cause of the excitement was the vision of the Statue of Liberty gleaming in the sunlight. She was a welcome sight after a week of watching for enemy planes and subs. Each face that was turned toward her shone with happiness for she represented peace after the horrors of war they had known. No more would they have to live in fear of the deadly bombs of ruthless Nazi pilots.

The fog set in again with mystifying swiftness, but it depressed them no longer, for they had seen the Statue of Liberty with her torch of freedom held high and to them she was a symbol of everlasting peace between all nations.

Theresa Welch, '45

THE MOST EXCITING DAY IN MY HOME TOWN

The most exciting day in my home town is "Sadie Hawkins' Day." On this eventful occasion the unmarried women try to catch themselves a husband from the town's select bachelors.

Last "Sadie Hawkins' Day" was no different from any other except that the group of bachelors was smaller this year, with the army taking just about anything in long pants. There were, however, five bachelors to choose from—Beetlebrain Barney Potstop, George Augustus Mudbottom, Thornton P. Cudlip, Johnny Jay and Percy Peedly made up said group.

Among the ten women contestants were the three Cashmire sisters—Rinso, Chipso, and Lux.

As the starting gun was fired, the men, followed by ten of the most gruesome females ever released from captivity, raced away like hunted animals. Thornton Cudlip was soon overtaken by Sarah Soupface, and Johnny Jay met the same fate at the hands of Bessie Brackett.

The three remaining bachelors were pursued up hill and down hill, through the woods and across Miller's creek. Finally they were overtaken by those sweet little Cashmire sisters.

Everyone was pleased at the outcome of the race because the Cashmire sisters had been running in Sadie Hawkins' Day for the past fifty years, and they had earned a right to settle down.

Floyd Curtis, '45

UNSUNG HEROES

Big "Muley" Anderson, a tough, hard-bitten top sergeant, Ted Dowe, and "Frisco" Bates, the latter two being privates, 1st class, were utterly and altogether disgusted with the war. There was none of the glamour, the big adventures in the unknown and easy work the posters had described. Just Japs, Japs, and more Japs.

For seven days, one week, they had been lying in this muck while mosquitoes bit them, till it felt like they hadn't another drop of blood to br sucked; their skin.was cracked and raw and bleeding from the glaring sun. Little water, less food, it seemed as if the great brassy dome over their heads was an oven, slowly cooking them to a fine degree until it was time to cast them upon the tender mercy of those hideous brown monkeys across the river.

These men had the only .50 Browning left to stave off attacks on the important, narrow ford; the others were all wiped out, and reinforcements could not get through.

It seemed as if thousands of times the Japs had swept across the river only to fall and be washed slowly away, or sometimes drop right on the bank of the river, within a stone's throw of the Yanks' nest.

There had been no action for an hour; the three men were taking deep drags on their cigarettes, of which only a precious few remained.

Finally "Muley" turned to the others. "What do you guys say?" he forced out of his cracked parched throat. "Want to stick it out and get as many as we can or beat it, come night?"

Ted lay in a coma as if unable to utter a sound, but "Frisco" spoke in his dry southern drawl. "Ah don't guess we'all be very welcome back with the gang if we'uns quit naow."

"Now you're talking, kid," croaked "Muley." "We'll stick."

Soon after, another wave came over. This time they were partially successful. A slug caught "Frisco" in the shoulder and laid Ted's head open in a gory spectacle of blood and hair. He was still alive, but in another two hours he wouldn't be.

"Muley" continued to feed and fire the gun alone, while "Frisco" whose left arm was of no use, was loading and firing a semi-auto Springfield as best he could.

Finally the hideous nightmare ended. The Japs fell back to the side of the river, leaving behind a terrible toll in dead and wounded. But one of the Japs, severely wounded, heaved a grenade the short distance from the river to their nest. When the smoke and powder of the explosion cleared away, "Frisco" had another fragment in the left arm—the waterjacket on the .50 was shot away and the barrel was as crooked as Tojo. "Frisco" was all for firing with his automatic in order to take all the Japs possible with him when they got him, but "Muley" argued him into playing 'possum till the Japs were right on them. But the Japs failed to come, believing the boys to be dead.

Several hours later, when the Japs had been driven back by artillery, stretcher bearers picked the three half-dead Yanks up.

Their report read: Sergeant and two privates—one critically injured. Two minor casualties. Ready for duty in two weeks.

Wayne Susi, '45

THE CIRCUS

"Step right up, folks. See the greatest show on earth. This mammoth spectacle, assembled under one tent, is about to begin. Buy your tickets, now. Come one, come all—the greatest show on earth."

My heart was beating fast as I wandered between the cages containing the various animals, on my way to the main tent. I couldn't help feeling afraid, yet also fascinated as I looked at the unfamiliar beasts behind those bars, and mingled with these feelings was one of pity. The lion, king of beasts, was pacing back and forth in his narrow cage, hardly a fitting home for a king! In his eyes was longing for the jungle, his rightful kingdom, where he would be a ruler, not a captive.

As I walked on, looking first at one animal then another, I lost my fear, but the feeling of pity grew. Seeing tigers, leopards, monkeys, hippos, and many other animals confined in their cages was no thrill. One of these mangy, unhappy looking creatures placed beside his jungle brother would show no comparison. The saddest sight I know is a poor animal, broken in spirit and heart, living in captivity.

"Come one, come all—the greatest show on earth!"

Evelyn Webendorfer, '45

OUR COUNTRY TODAY

This year differs from others
Because of the strife we're in,
Many fathers, sweethearts and brothers
Are absent, this war to win.

We're asked to pay more taxes,
But this doesn't bother us any.
If we can help beat the Axis,
We'll offer our every penny.

Many articles are being rationed,
So our allies may have a share.
A new world is being fashioned,
Where justice is equal and fair.

So we'll keep the home fires burning,
And soon we'll all be free.
Our boys will be returning,
Bringing with them our liberty.

Marjorie Vaughan, '45

STUDENT BONERS

Mrs. Jenison: What kind of people live in the Po Valley?
David Brill: Po' people.

Mrs. Jenison: What did Paul Revere say at the end of his famous ride?

DeDe Burch: Whoa!

Miss White: Give me an example of a collective noun.
Herbert Bragg: Garbage can.

Mrs. Sherman: What does the Roman numeral LXXX mean?
Dorothy Austin: Love and kisses.

Mrs. Sherman: Name three relative pronouns, Monsieur Friend.
Monsieur Friend: Aunt, uncle, cousin.

Miss White: Who was the leading character of "Merchant of Venice?"

Anita Langley: Skylark.

Mr. Merrill: Name the five parts of the flower.
John Marsano: Sepals, pedals, antlers, pistil, and trigger.

Red Powell in World History Class: In the middle of the 19th century all the morons moved to Utah.

Mrs. Sherman in Latin II: Give the principal parts of the verb "pigo."

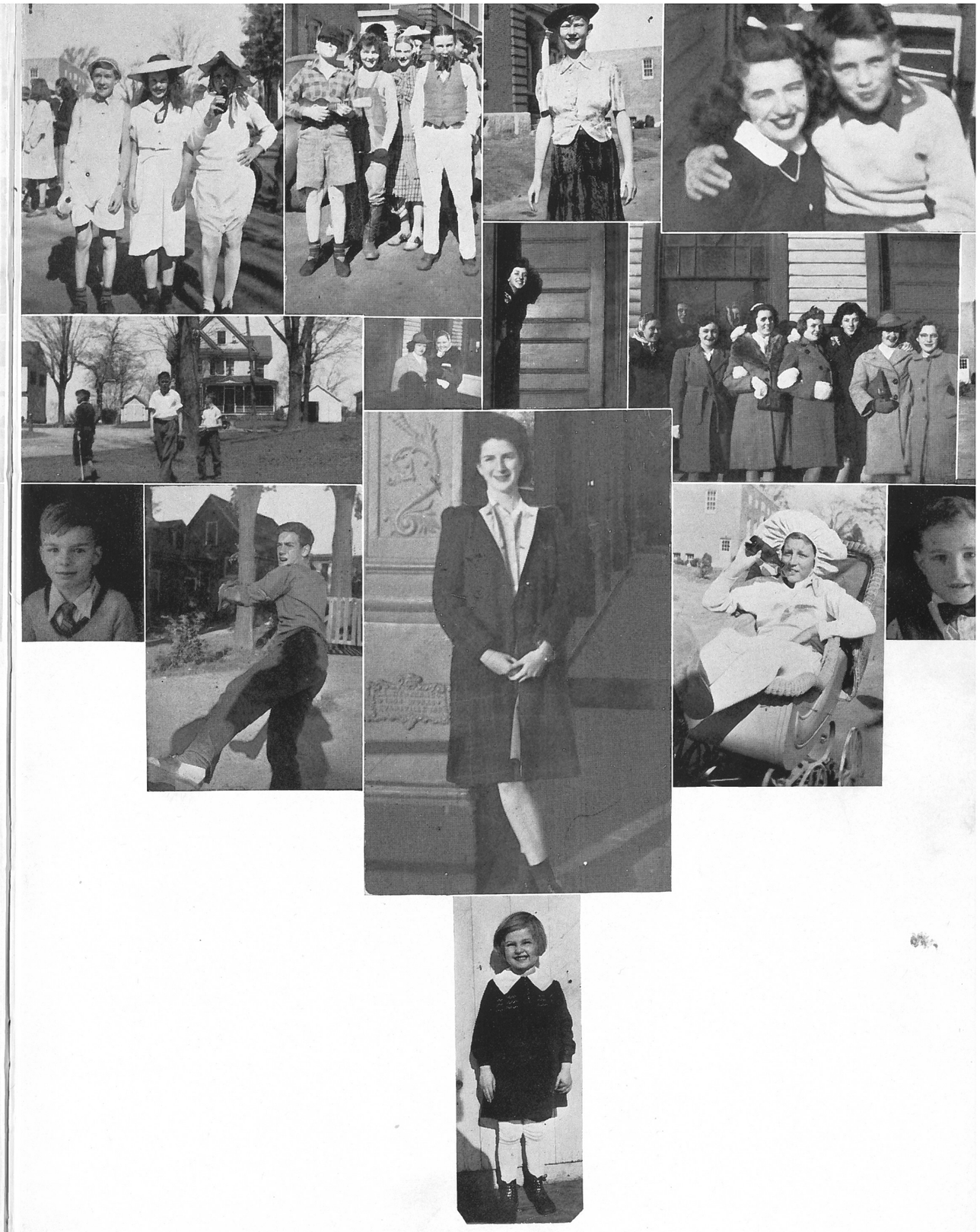
Nedra Hammond: Pig, pigere, squeali, gruntus.

All the children listened quietly to the teacher explaining what to do in the case of fire. Suddenly they began to laugh. He had said, "Above all, if your clothes catch fire, keep cool."

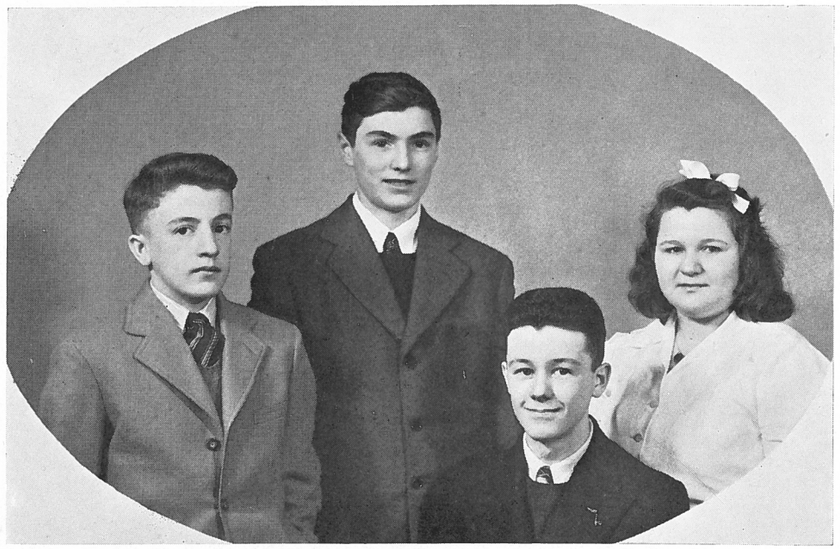
Mr. Purinton in Study Hall: I want this hall so quiet you can hear a pin drop.
Quiet reigned.
Joe C.: Okay, let her drop.

Minister: Every time I hear someone swear a cold chill runs up and down my spine.
Little Boy: Gosh! If you'd been here when my father hit his thumb, you'd have frozen.

Mrs. F (to neighbor): Do you see that plant stand over there?
Neighbor: Yes.
Mrs. F.: Ryan made it out of his own head and had enough wood left to make a bookcase.



FRESHMEN



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SPORT NEWS

Members of the Freshman class participated in the following sports: track, cross country, and basketball.

The boys enjoyed very much their work in track. The team was active only a short time, but during this time learned something about running, broad-jump, hurdles, shot put and javelin throwing.

In the cross-country team boys reporting for practice were: Ernest Poulin, Raymond Tweedie, Robert Gosline, and Robert and Richard Sirois. It was hard for these boys to run their first mile or two, but after frequent trial runs their condition improved. Although many of these boys did not make the first team, they participated in the regular exercises and runs.

Basketball seemed more popular for the majority of the Freshman boys. A large number reported for the intra-mural games. Individual Freshmen boys organized a team and played several games with the Sophomores and the grammar school. Many of their games ended in defeat, but this may be blamed partially on the fact that they had no practice before games.

The following Freshman boys were named managers of the varsity basketball team: Merlon Tilton, Robert and Richard Sirois. The duties of these managers are: folding suits, taking towels to the laundry, collecting tickets at games, taking out chairs for players of both teams, and various small jobs.

We are looking forward to the baseball season and hope that the Freshman boys will play an active part in this sport.

FRESHMAN GIRL ATHLETICS

Many Freshman girls have participated in athletics this year. The girls who have earned their points in the following are:

Volleyball: Joyce Almonte.

Fall Archery: Kathleen Foster, Joyce Almonte, Lorraine Karam, Jeannette Webb, Ruth Shaw.

Basketball: Joyce Almonte, Jeannette Webb, Louise Morton, Ruth Shaw.

The freshman basketball team defeated the sophomores in a seven to eight victory. The team was composed of Kathleen Foster, C; Louise Morton, l.f.; Dona Hodgins, r.f.; Joyce Almonte, c.g.; Jeannette Webb, l.g.; Ruth Shaw, r.g.; with Edna Graham and Doris Swift substituting.

REEFUS *vs* BEEFUS

Down in a valley stood a little farm. On this farm was a family of four, Reefus, a negro cook, a dog, some cattle, and a bull, commonly known as Beefus.

Now it seemed that this bull had a great sense of humor and took great pleasure in hurting someone or wrecking something. Reefus, who always went after the cattle, took the dog and his shotgun as a means of protection.

The dog rounded up the herd. All of them came to the gate except one. This exception was Beefus. Knowing the dog would come in pursuit, Beefus started running in circles. The dog, close behind, was barking and

nipping at the bull's heels. Meanwhile Reefus sat on the fence, shouting and waving his arms, seemingly enjoying the rodeo.

After running in circles for a time, Beefus started on a new route, straight at Reefus and an old sturdy oak tree. Stopping short Beefus gave a mighty kick with both hind feet. The dog caught a pile-driver blow just under the nose. One out, Reefus to go.

One look at Reefus was enough for the maddened bull. Lowering his head, digging the ground, Beefus charged straight at the negro cook. Wide-eyed and mouth open Reefus froze at the sight of the charging monster.

With only seconds left, Reefus jumped, just in time to escape a mighty explosion and see the fence take to the air. An instant later another "thud" was heard and there lay Beefus, head against the oak, out like a light.

Putting his ol' trusty shotgun to his shoulder Reefus gave him both barrels. The kick of the gun sent Reefus sprawling.

An instant later a voice was heard from the kitchen, "What do we have for supper, Reefus?"

Picking himself up and examining himself for broken parts, Reefus replied, "Roast Beefus, Ma'am!"

Lawrence Giovannucci, '46

THE DEFENDERS

Three men were stationed on the bank of a river. They were there to see that no boats came up to attack their base. They were Pat Murphy, an Irishman, Ed McCoy, an American, and John Grant, another American.

"How much longer do we have to stay here? This waiting is tiresome, and furthermore, we haven't even seen a human being for three days."

Pat was the one to answer. "I don't know, Ed." He wondered as he said that how long it would be.

They sat and talked for about half an hour. Suddenly, without warning, bullets began whining over their heads. About three hundred yards to their right was located a machine gun post. Pat leaped to his feet and made a dash for it and began to search in the direction from which the bullets had come. The boys hadn't as yet found the location of the snipers. Suddenly, on the opposite shore, they saw about two dozen Japs busy launching small boats. The boys could see clearly that the Japs were heavily armed.

"Ed, bring all the machine gun bullets there are and, John, bring the other ammunitions," Pat shouted.

Lead was flying from both sides of the river now. Ed and John reached the machine gun post safely, dodging, somehow, the rain of bullets. They picked up their rifles and started shooting. There was a continous fire for almost ten minutes.

Of the five boats that started across the river only two were afloat. now. The rest had been sunk by the machine gun bullets. Pat continued to fire the machine gun as Ed and John were reloading their rifles. Seeing the two remaining boats heading for the other shore, Pat aimed the gun and squeezed the trigger. One of the boats and the men in it went down in less than a minute. The boys ceased firing as there was no longer a target, for the last boat had

disappeared beneath the surface. The Japs who could swim were out of range o f fire in no time, but those who couldn't struggled to keep afloat.

"Well, Ed, I guess you got excitement quickly enough. Say, has anybody seen those yellow-backs that started all this?"

"I'm sure I haven't. Wait! See those two men running down the river bank?" exclaimed John.

The boys ran after them but were unable to come within firing range. That night three heavily armed Marines approached their camp.

"The general would like to see you boys. Besides you had better get those scratches patched up," said the leader.

The boys marched back to their base singing. "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" Their work, for the time being, was finished.

Kenneth Tibbetts, '46

WHAT A DAY

When I awoke one sunny morning in August, little did I realize what lay in store for me that day. I thought it would be just like every other day, that same old job of haying. I got out bed, dressed and went down to breakfast. After breakfast I got ready to go to the field and cut hay. See? Just an ordinary day.

At noon we came in for dinner. After a hearty dinner, I prepared to haul hay into the barn. I got the truck and took it to the field which was next to the highway. Near the road was a small hill. After working a short time, the hired man, my father, and I came to it. When we got to the top, we started down the other side towards the road.

"Whoa!" my father yelled.

"I can't," I said. "The brakes won't hold."

The truck went down the side of the hill heading directly towards the road, gaining speed as it went.

I saw a car come around the corner towards me. The truck reached the road and started across. By that time the car was very close to us. Just as I reached the middle of the road, the car went whizzing past, missing the front end of the truck by inches.

"Whew! What a scare!"

When my heart had returned from the toe of my shoe to its normal position, I went back to work.

At four o'clock the hay was all in, so my brother and I decided to go swimming in the river near our house. I couldn't swim very well as I was just learning. I was paddling around but not making much headway, when suddenly I noticed I was getting out in the current. I tried to return to shore, but the current began to pull me down stream. I struggled to keep my head above the water and paddled as hard as I could. A short way down the river where the land jutted out into the water, I crawled ashore. I lay there on the bank a few minutes to catch my breath.

After resting a few minutes, I started home. On my way I had to cross the road. In my haste I didn't notice a large truck approaching. I got part way across, when the truck went by missing me by three or four inches.

After I reached home, I ate supper and went to bed. I lay there thinking about what had happened that day. Suddenly it dawned upon me why all these things had occurred on the same day. It was Friday, the thirteenth of August, 1941!

Blair Libby, '46

STUDYING

I haven't studied my Latin
For three nights in a row;
I'll never pass my algebra,
That's one thing I do know.

I think my English is easy,
And civics isn't bad;
But my algebra makes me dizzy
And my Latin makes me mad.

I know I'm rather slow,
I never was a worker;
When it comes to studying,
I guess I'm just a shirker.

I start right in at seven
And work right up till nine,
But when I should be finished,
I haven't read a line.

I begin upon my civics,
But that's so awfully dry
I leave it for my algebra,
Then give that up with a sigh.

I'll do my English tomorrow
I'll have time for that, you see;
So I sit there puzzling on Latin
Till my mother calls to me:

"It's time for you to go to bed,
Have you your lessons done?
I wish I were in school again,
Dear me, it was such fun."

To think that it's my mother
Who tells me things like this;
But still—before I start to bed—
I give her a good-night kiss.

Jeannette Webb, '46

DISAPPOINTMENT

Three short yanks on the lines means "haul up." Two long yanks means "lower away." Signs like these are used by the heroic divers of our Navy.

We were on the *U. S. Tyrant* about sixty miles southwest of the coast of Bermuda. Our mission was to salvage the gold that lay in the vault of the ship *Victoria* which had caught fire and sunk five months before.

Jimmy Tailor, our best diver, often called "Blackie" because of his dark complexion, was having his diver's suit put on in preparation for his descent into seventeen fathoms of water in order to reach the vault of the wrecked ship.

"Blackie" was the first diver to go down to the floor of the ocean in the attempt to salvage the gold that lay there waiting for us.

The monotonous pound of the air pumps sending air down to the divers came to our ears as we watched tensely for results.

We had lowered "Blackie" to the ship and he had gone to work. By the movement of the lines we knew he had reached the vault in the cabin and was working to get the door open.

Time passed very slowly, and we began to get anxious when suddenly three short yanks were felt on our end of the lines. Without wasting any time we began to pull Jimmy to the surface.

"What's the idea of sending a diver down to bring up something that isn't there?" "Blackie" asked with a puzzled expression on his face.

"Isn't there? What isn't there?" was the reply of the deck crew.

"The treasure, the gold, it isn't there! I can't bring it up if it isn't there," answered Jimmy.

The captain spoke. "You must be mistaken."

"No, I'm not," corrected "Blackie". "I've looked in the vault and so help me, the gold isn't there."

"He's right it isn't there," was the report of the other divers sent down to verify "Blackie's" statement.

The captain said, "That's queer. I wonder where it could be? If it isn't down there, then somebody got here before we did and took it. Some enemy, no doubt."

We hoisted anchor and sailed toward Bermuda to await further orders. We were in port approximately six hours when a wireless message came from Washington, D. C., saying that a U. S. destroyer had intercepted a German merchant vessel with gold bars aboard, and that crew and cargo had been seized by the destroyer.

Floyd Temple, '46

JOKES

Mr. Dunn: Name another indirect tax.
Philip Bickford: Dog tax.
Mr. Dunn: Why do you think that a dog tax is an indirect tax?
Philip B.: Well, the dog doesn't have to pay it, does he?

Doris Swift: Can I have three days to do this homework in?
Mr. Dunn: Why, certainly.
Doris S.: All right, I'll take the Fourth of July, Christmas, and Easter.

Bob Gosline: What a crowd! Something happen?
Bill MacDonald: Man hit by a train.
Bob G.: Hurt bad?
Bill: Can't tell, only found one leg so far.

"I hope you're not afraid of microbes," apologized the teller as he cashed the teacher's check with soiled currency.
"Don't worry," said Miss Brastow, "a microbe couldn't live on my salary."

Mr. Merrill: What is an oxide?
Marion Stewart: An ox hide is the thing that covers an ox and holds him together.

Frances Fernald: I think that driver ahead must be Miss White.
Olivia Danielson: Why! what makes you think so?
Frances: She was just stubborn about letting me pass.

Shirley Holt: Now in my town we can grow a tree as big as that in a year. How old is that one?
Ray Tweedie: I don't know, but it wasn't there yesterday.

Bobby came into the school room one morning plainly excited.
"Yes, Bobby, what is it?" asked the teacher.
"I don't want to scare you," said Bobby hesitatingly, "but papa said if I don't get better grades, someone is due for a licking!"

Joyce: She'd look better without so much powder and rouge on.
Kathy: Yes, she isn't so bad as she's painted.

Janet: I've broken my glasses, do I have to be examined all over again?
Oculist: Oh, no, only your eyes.

E. Lancaster: I want to try on that dress in the window.
Salesman: Sorry, but you will have to use the dressing room.

"I don't like to say such long prayers," said Doris G. the other night. "I want to say nice short ones like sister does."

"What kind does sister say?" asked her mother.

"Oh, she just says, Oh, Lord, why do I have to get up!"

Mr. Lowell: Define cubic.

Paul Susi: Cubic is the language spoken by the people in Cuba.

Mr. Merrill: What does HNO_3 signify?

Edna Langley: Well, er, ah—I've got it on the tip of my tongue.

Mr. Merrill: Well, you'd better spit it out,—it's nitric acid.

Keith Fernald: What is the date, please?

Miss Thomas: Never mind the date, the exam is more important.

Keith F.: Well, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Ruth Shaw (to Sidney Shuman at a dance in Powers Hall): Let's sit this one out, your feet are killing me!

Haughty Senior: Oh, I know a few things.

Freshman: Well, you haven't anything on me—I guess I know as few things as anyone.

R. Tweedie: Did you ever have an accident?

M. Tilton: No, but I was bit by a dog once.

R. Tweedie: Well, wasn't that an accident?

M. Tilton: No, he did it on purpose.

He: You mean to tell me, that when you go to dinner with Sandy he forgets he's Scotch?

She: Yep, he goes Dutch and I pay for me!

SHORT—CHANGED

To send my boy to college
I put a mortgage on my shack
I spent ten thousand dollars
And got a quarter-back.

Critic: The picture of the horse is good, but where is the wagon?

Artist: Oh, the horse will draw that.

Edna G.: Say, Basil, you must be sick, you look terrible!

Basil: I feel terrible, I should have know those English peas and German noodles wouldn't agree!



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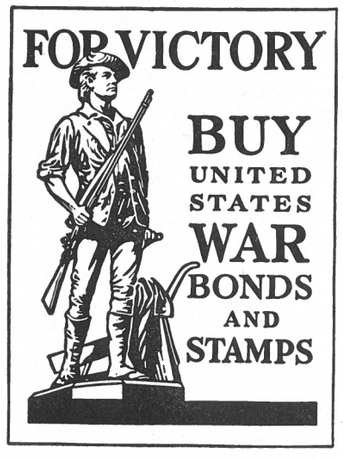
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