the TRUMPET

1944

THE SENIOR CLASS

OF

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE

Presents

The Trumpet

FOR NINETEEN FORTY-FOUR

FOREWORD

At a time when the world is dealing in harsh realities, we lock our memories here, that they may still be bright when we come back for them—later.

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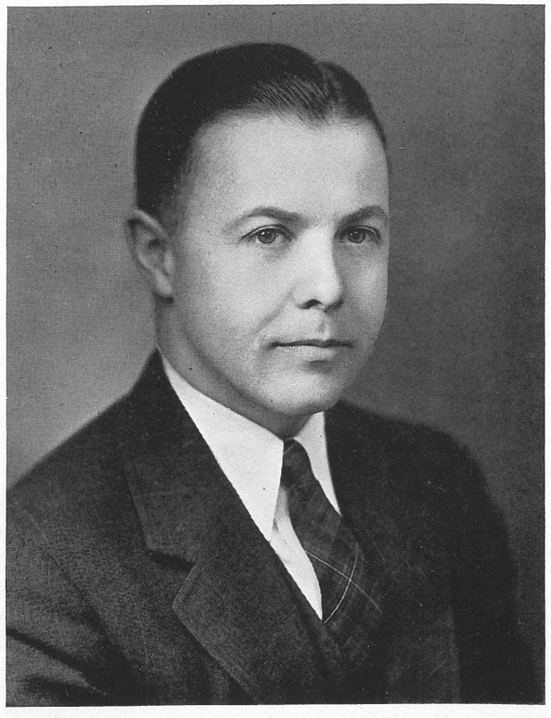
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FRESHMAN SECTION

DEDICATION

To the boys of our class who are, or soon shall be members of our armed forces, giving their all for peace—the Class of Nineteen Forty-four dedicates this Trumpet.

ADMINISTRATION

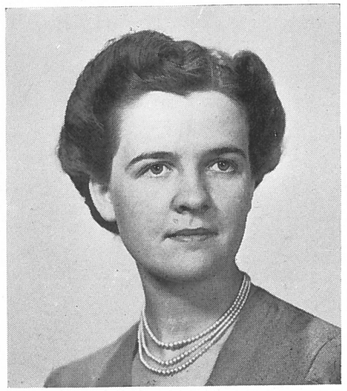


EDWIN M. PURINTON, A.B., A.M., Bates College

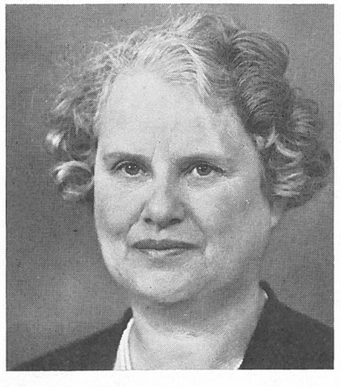
Principal



HOWARD R. WASHBURN,
B.A., M.A., M.Ed.
Trinity College and University of N. H.
Social Studies



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



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



ROGER D. LOWELL, A.B.
Bowdoin College
Mathematics



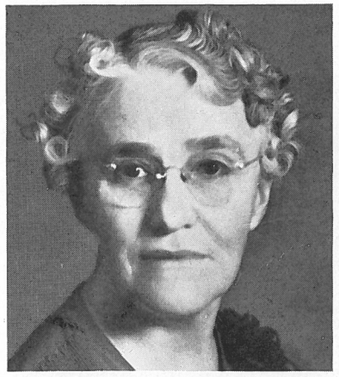
RUTH E. WHITE, B.A.
Colby College
English



MYRTLE SHERMAN, B.A.
Colby College
French
Latin



ALICE COOLIDGE, P.S.
New York University
Commercial Subjects

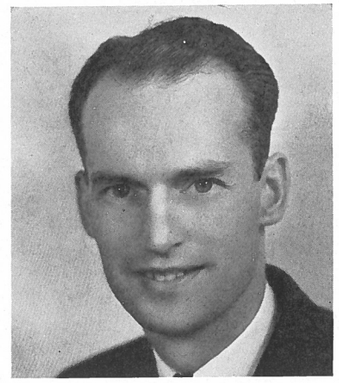


FLORAINE CORNFORTH
Gray's Pusiness College
Typing Assistant

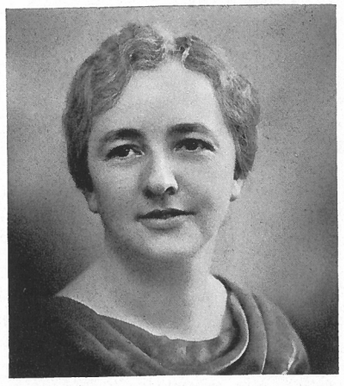
GEORGE F. L. BRYANT, B.S., M.S.
Colby College and University of Maine
Science



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



NORBERT YOUNG
Gorham Normal School
Shopwork



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



ESTELLE B. HABENICHT
New England Conservatory of Music
Violin



ROLL OF HONOR

Our hearts fill with pride as we pay tribute to members of our class who have left our ranks and are now serving with the United States Armed Forces.

We have attempted to obtain a complete list of them and as many pictures as possible.

Glen Bolwell, U.S.N.; Harry E. Bradbury, U.S.A.; Russell W. Bragg, U.S.N.; Wilton S. Buckley, U.S.A.; Richard O. Clark, U.S.A.; Peter J. Connolly, U.S.N.; Russell A. Craig, U.S.N.; Edward S. Hall, U.S.N.; Raymond C. Humphrey, U.S.N.; Herbert A. Ledin, U.S.A.; Ralph W. Mills, U.S.N.; Robert T. Waterman, U.S.A.; Robert L. Whitney, U.S.N.; Kenneth Varnum, U.S.A.

Class Superlatives . . .

	Boys	Girls
Best Looking	Eugene Hamilton	Virginia Stewart
Cutest	Charles Swift	Ruth McMann
Wittiest	Charles Swift	Ruth Libby
Nicest Smile	Marden Brooks	Joyce Palmer
Best Disposition	Clinton Piper	Terry Garcelon
Best Dressed	Eugene Hamilton	Eleanor Stafford
Friendliest	Ival Cianchette	Ruth Libby Hattie White
Best Actor	James Powell	Irene Furbush
Quietest	Albert Lander	Terry Garcelon
Noisiest	James Powell	Gloria Getchell
Best Dancer	James Powell	Helmi Paakki
Prettiest Hair	Ival Cianchette	Virginia Stewart
Most Temperamental	James Powell	Gloria Getchell
Prettiest Eyes	Marden Brooks	Hattie White
Nearest Ideal	Eugene Hamilton	Irene Furbush

TRUMPET BOARD

Editor-in-Chief

Hattie White

Associate Editors

Terry Garcelon

Joyce Palmer — Helmi Paakki

Ruth McMann — Charles Swift

Sports Editor

Irene Furbush

Business Managers

Ival Cianchette — Marden Brooks



Honor Parts

Valedictorian	Terry Garcelon
Salutatorian	Hattie White
First Honor Essay	Annie Bouchard
Second Honor Essay	Ruth McMann
Third Honor Essay	Louise White

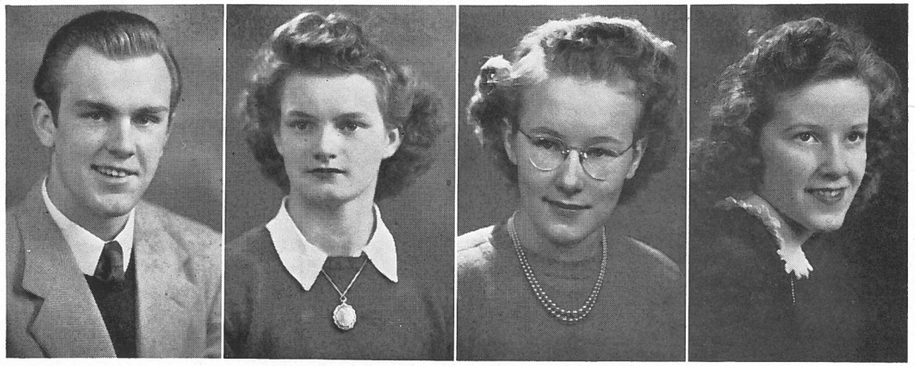
Class Day Parts

Address to Undergraduates	Charles Swift
Oration	Joyce Palmer
Class Prophecy	Ruth Libby Ival Cianchette
Class Will	Meredith Holt
Class Gifts	Irene Furbush
Class History	Dorothy Tweedie
Class Chaplain	Beatrice Wright
Class Marshals	Joyce Palmer James Powell
Class Flower	American Beauty Rose
Class Motto	Victory to the Valiant
Graduation Theme	Our Democratic Creed

Commencement Program

Senior Last Chapel	Wednesday, May 31
Class Day Exercises	Saturday, June 3
Baccalaureate Service	Sunday, June 4
Graduation	Sunday, June 4

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



James Powell | Terry Garcelon | Helmi Paakki | Meredith Holt

Class Officers

James Powell	*President*
Terry Garcelon	*Vice President*
Helmi Paakki	*Secretary*
Meredith Holt	*Treasurer*

Class Advisors

Mrs. Jenison and Mr. Lowell

Annie M. Bouchard
Pittsfield, Maine
Class Editor (3); Executive Committee (4); Senior Play; National Honor Society (4); First Honor Essay.
Here's to the whiz of the Social Problems' class. What would we have done without you.

R. Marden Brooks
Pittsfield, Maine
Class Editor (1, 3); Trumpet *Board (4); Basketball (3); Senior Play Stage Manager.*
The basketball player of our class. You're a great sport.

Ival R. Cianchette "Buddy"
Pittsfield, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking; Alumni Prize Speaking (2); Class Editorial Board (1, 2); Trumpet *Board (4); Hi-Y (1, 2, 3, 4), Vice President (3), President (4); Class Prophecy*
Buddy doesn't have much to say but that's the way we like them.

Irene B. Furbush "Blacky"
Palmyra, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking; Alumni Prize Speaking (2); Girls' Athletics (2, 3, 4) Manager (4); Girls' Athletic Council (2, 3, 4), President (4); "M" Club (2, 3, 4), Treasurer (3), President (4); Glee Club (1, 3); Class Editor (3); Trumpet *Board (4); Girl Reserves (3, 4); Senior Play; Class Gifts.*
This gal is a mixture.

Terry Garcelon "Teddy"
Troy, Maine
Class Secretary (1, 3); Freshman Prize Speaking; Glee Club (1); Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4), Secretary (3), President (4); Class Editor (2, 3); Trumpet *Board (4); Class Vice President (4); George M. Parks Junior Scholarship Prize; National Honor Society (3, 4); Valedictorian.*
We are proud to have had you as a member of our class. You are so modest about achievements.



Gloria Getchell "Getch"
Pittsfield, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking; Glee Club (1, 3); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Girls' Athletics (3, 4); Senior Play.
We wonder "Getch" why you're so partial to the Marines—could it be your father? May you find success and happiness in all your endeavors.

Eugene J. Hamilton
Pittsfield, Maine "Hammy"
Orchestra (1); Football (1, 2); Track (1, 2); Basketball (3); Cross Country Manager (3); Hi-Y (4); Senior Play Business Manager.
"Hammy" is the musician of the class. We like your drums and hope to hear more of them; with you, too, of course.

Meredith I. Holt "Dear"
Plymouth, Maine
Girls' Athletics (1, 2); Class Treasurer (1, 2, 4); Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (1); Senior Play; Class Will.
So this is the baby of the class, but "Dear" certainly gets around! Ain't it the truth? Keep "Win"ning through as always.

Mary H. Knowles
Newport, Maine "Frenchie"
Newport High School (1, 2, 3).
Did you ever hear of Sister "Kenny" or the "Buck"ing Broncos? Mary has both on her mind. When Mary came to M. C. I. she certainly brightened up the halls with her vivaciousness and laughter. We wish we had had you before.

Albert L. Lander "Al"
Pittsfield, Maine
Cross Country (3).
"Al" is the quiet one of our class. Little is known of him, but he's well liked by all. Good Luck!

Vivian I. Leighton "Lewy"
Troy, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3).
We hear you have an extensive correspondence, Vivian, and that "pin-up" collection of yours is absolutely A-1.

Ruth R. Libby "Ruthie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (4); Girls' Athletics (4); Senior Play (4); Class Prophecy.
Ah ha! There's mischief in this girl. M. C. I. will certainly miss your sunny smile and delightful disposition, "Ruthie."

Ruth K. McMann "Ruthie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking; Alumni Speaking (2); Manson Prize Speaking (3); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4), Secretary (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Chapel Board (4); Trumpet *Board (4); Senior Play (4); National Honor Society (4); Second Honor Essay.*
"Good things often come wrapped in small packages." Have patience, Ruthie, a few more years, another inch, and another pound are all that keep you from your goal. Meaning, of course, the feminine version of the Navy, because we know you already have a masculine interest.

M. Beverly McNally "Bev"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (4).
To all those who do not know her intimately, Beverly may seem quiet and unresponsive but to those who know her—well, let's ask a certain good-looking Navy Cadet about it!

Charlotte A. Mitchell
Burnham, Maine "Mitch"
This member of the class is seldom seen but often heard. Her resounding giggles will echo through the corridors of M. C. I. for many years to come. Burnham, you can well be proud of her.



Helmi V. Paakki "Micky"
Pittsfield, Maine
Maynard High School *(1, 2);* Girl Reserves *(3, 4); Girls' Athletics (3, 4); Manson Prize Speaking (3); Class Secretary (4); Senior Play;* Trumpet *Board (4); National Honor Society (4).*
Helmi has been with us only two years, but she's found a place in our activities and our hearts. If this is a sample, Maynard must be a nice place.

Joyce I. Palmer "J. P."
Pittsfield, Maine
Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4), Vice President (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Cheer Leader (1, 2, 3); Class Marshal (1, 2, 3, 4); Manson Prize Speaking (3); Class Editor (2, 3); Trumpet *Board (4); Class Oration.*
Joyce is the girl with many talents. An eager participant in all that moves. M. C. I. will miss you, Joyce, with that gay manner and super smile. Lots of Happiness.

Marion A. Pearl
Without you, Marion, the class of '44 would be minus a faithful member. Loyalty, dependability, and helpfulness are among your many virtues.

Clinton K. Fiper "Red"
Troy, Maine
Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Football (1); Hi-Y Club (2, 3, 4).
The lone genius of our English class. So you want to be a Marine? We hear that girls go for the uniform.

James F. Powell "Jimmy"
Vanceboro, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking; Alumni Prize Speaking (2); Football (1, 2); Track (1, 2); Baseball (3); Basketball (3); "M" Club (2, 3, 4); Class Marshal (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Editor (3); Class President (4); Senior Play.
The Casanova of the class. The most popular of the boys and the best athlete and a good actor, too. Tell us, how do you do it, Jim?

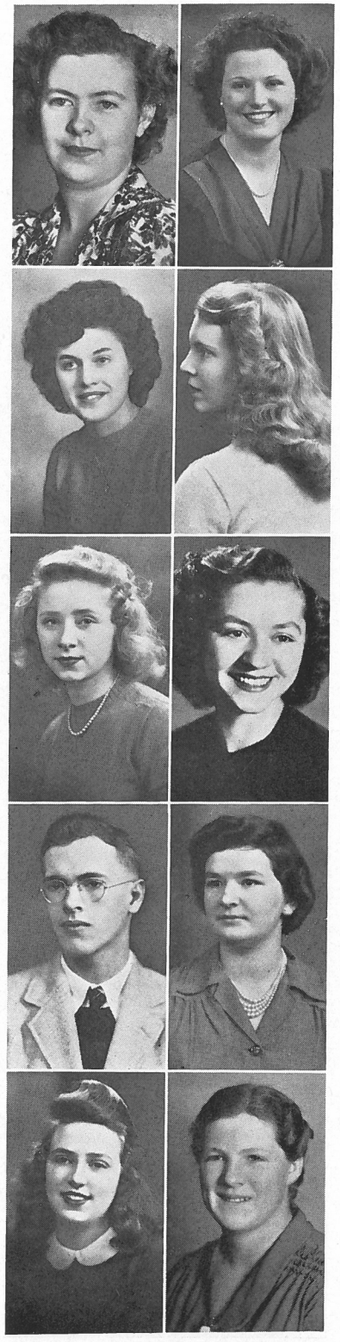
Beverley E. Small "Bev"
Pittsfield, Maine
Glee Club (1).
That's quite an assortment you have hidden in your billfold, Bev—and we weren't speaking of bills. Could it be that you are looking for another serviceman to add to your already famous collection?

Eleanor N. Stafford "Ellie"
Waterville, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Executive Committee (4).
To the quiet, but oh, so attractive young lady, we wish all the happiness that life can give her. With all her correspondence, Eleanor will find the right one someday.

Virginia M. Stewart "Ginny"
Pittsfield, Maine
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4).
"Ginny" is our lovely blonde. "Navy blue and gold" seems to appeal to her especially. Good Wishes, "Ginny," may you enjoy your trip to Cuba.

Charles A. Swift "Charlie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Baseball (1); Cross Country (3); Track (2); Manson Prize Speaking (3); Trumpet *Board (4); Senior Play; Address to Undergraduates.*
As a senior "Charlie" really came into his own. What an actor! This fellow will always have a "Mary" life, what with all those trips to Boston. All the best to someone nice to know.

Norma E. Turner "Sis"
Troy, Maine
Unity High (1, 2); Glee Club (3); Senior Play (4).
Norma is the girl who came to us from Uuity High and seems so quiet and shy. But to her intimate friends she is anything but. "Stan" up, Norma, and take a bow. Best of luck!



Dorothy L. Tweedie "Dottie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4); Orchestra (4); Senior Play; Class History.
Here's to "Dottie" the girl who has found her way into the hearts of many with her loyalty and that breath-taking smile.

Barbara L. White "Barb"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4).
"Barb" is our stately maiden with that unexpected interest in education, at least, her thoughts center around Colby.

Hattie D. White
Pittsfield, Maine
Class Editor (1); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Girls' Athletics (2, 3, 4); Girls' Athletic Council (2, 3, 4; "M" Club (4); Class Secretary (2); Alumni Prize Speaking (2); Girl Reserves (2, 3, 4); Class Treasurer (3); Manson Prize Speaking (3); Executive Committee (4); Chapel Board (4); Trumpet *Board (4); Senior Play; National Honor Society (3, 4); Salutatorian.*
Your sparkling wit and enthusiasm will take you far, Hattie, as it has in your four years at M. C. I. In anything our class has undertaken, you have taken an important part and been a willing leader. Best Wishes for Future Happiness.

Louise M. White
Pittsfield, Maine
Third Honor Essay.
Here's a girl with ambition. She wants to be another Florence Nightingale and from the way you juggle those chemicals, Louise, we know you'll be a success. Best of Luck.

Marian Wilber "Trish"
Detroit, Maine
Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass. (1).
Your dimples, red-er-auburn hair, and pleasing personality will long be remembered by your classmates at M. C. I. Here's a toast to our Detroit farmerette!

Shirley B. Wilcox "Cub"
Pittsfield, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking; Orchestra (1, 3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Executive Committee (4); Chapel Board (4); Senior Play.
To the girl with the smiling eyes! Hope the years will always keep "Bud"ding for you. It's a good thing Fairfield isn't too far away.



Beatrice M. Wright "Bea"
Pittsfield, Maine
Senior Play; Class Chaplain.
Here's a girl with fine ideals and lots of ambition. Here's all the best to a grand person.

Elaine M. Wiles "Pete"
Palmyra, Maine
Girls' Athletics (2, 3, 4); Girls' Athletic Council (3, 4); "M" Club (4).
Pete is the little member of our class. You know what they say, "Good things come in little packages." We can well believe that after having her in our class for four years. Loads of Happiness Always, Pete.

Class Ode

(Tune: *My Shining Hour*)

Dearest school, we leave thee here
And our paths will be new;
All the mem'ries we hold dear
They will bring us back to you.
Through the years with God to lead us—
And our faith in thee to speed us
Whene'er M.C.I., whene'er you need us
We shall ever be true.

Dearest friends, our parting nears
All too quickly, we sigh;
And our eyes may fill with tears
As we think of days gone by.
In the future dark before us
Friendships will be comfort for us.
With our faith and these before us—
We depart from thee.

Hattie D. White

Class Poem

For four long years you've harbored us
  Within your honored halls.
For four long years a counselor
  In answer to our calls.
'Tis nearly time to leave you,
  The end of schooling draws nigh.
I'm sure this class of '44
  Is proud of their M. C. I.

We shared all sorrow, grief and strife
  Contained in human heart.
We tried as our Great God did bid
  Always to do our part.
The years have passed too quickly,
  We've found that school was but play;
We're soon choosing a future,
  Let us wisely mark our way.

Ever "success" be our motto
  As in strange lands we stray;
Yet, in this word are ventures bold
  That have led friends away.
Let us on to far flung fields,
  Take part in our valiant role;
If we try, fail, try again,
  Winners to be we are told.

We'll find the course long and narrow.
  Master each task that comes.
We'll find paths rough and uncertain,
  But ne'er fear 'till race is won.
Let's solve problems with reason
  As those who have gone before,
May we be now as useful
  As our friends who are at war.

Elaine M. Wiles

Senior Play

This year a most ambitious Senior Class presented two Senior Plays in April, under the supervision of Miss Lucile de Reynolds. The presentations were: a one-act skit, "A Girl in Every Port;" and a three-act play, "Chintz Cottage."

Characters

"Chintz Cottage"		"A Girl in Every Port"	
Minty	Irene Furbush	*Marilyn*	Annie Bouchard
Fanny	Helmi Paakki	*Mary*	Meredith Holt
Grace	Ruth McMann	*Mimi*	Ruth Libby
Peter	Charles Swift	*Mandy Lou*	Beatrice Wright
Miss Tillingtop	Hattie White	*Maude*	Dorothy Tweedie
Mr. Kent	James Powell	*Tina*	Gloria Getchell
Mrs. Dean	Shirley Wilcox	*Miss Margrave*	Norma Turner
		Jim	Wayne Susi, '45



Girl Reserves

The Girl Reserve Club of M. C. I. is an organization for fellowship and good will and is open to any girl attending the school. The activities of this club are numerous. Taking the war seriously, the girls have contributed to the Red Cross and have volunteered to roll bandages. At the meetings, which are held every other Tuesday night, various topics are discussed, programs are put on and outside speakers are the guests of the organization. Parties and dances are among the social activities sponsored by the club.

President	Terry Garcelon
Vice President . . .	Joyce Palmer
Secretary	Ruth McMann
Treasurer	Mary Crawford
Chaplain	Lorraine Ward



Orchestra

Squeaks, toots and shouting greets anyone who may be loitering in the vicinity of Powers Hall on a Thursday night about seven o'clock, but there is no cause to be greatly alarmed for in a short time an orchestra rehearsal is in progress.

Many school activities would not seem complete without the willing appearance of the school orchestra. Under the capable supervision of Mrs. Ruth Cook, it has appeared at all important school functions such as the Speaking Contests and the Minstrel Show. At the Pop Concert, the "big event" of the school year, the orchestra is one of the most outstanding features. This group also plays at the Commencement Exercises.



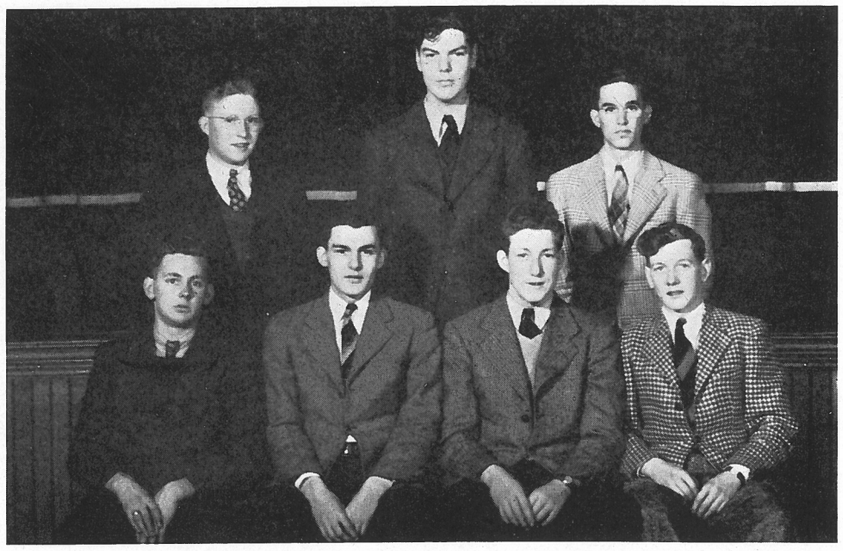
M. C. I. Hi-Y Club

Although membership in the club has fallen off, due to decrease of male students in the school, the remaining boys are "keeping the club alive."

The main event sponsored by the Hi-Y this year was the Hi-Y Dance in Powers Hall, which proved to be very successful.

Mr. Washburn has served as club adviser this year, and has done an excellent job in this capacity.

President	Ival Cianchette
Vice President . . .	Eugene Hamilton
Secretary	Wayne Susi
Treasurer	Lewis Fitts



The Chapel Board

The Wednesday before the Christmas holidays the curtains in Powers Hall opened on a program dedicated to the M. C. I. boys in the service. This was the first presentation of the newly organized chapel committee under the direction of Miss Lucile de Reynolds. This board composed of members selected from all classes includes the following: Ruth McMann, Joyce Palmer, Hattie White, Shirley Wilcox, Mary Crawford, Roger Percival, Lorraine Ward, Richard Whalen, Louise Morton, Floyd Temple, Jeannette Webb, Cecil McLaggan, and Eunice Soule.

They have strived throughout the year to present programs displaying as much school talent as possible. It is their hope that the work of the Chapel Board may be enlarged upon in the following year.

Girls' Athletics

Girls' Athletics proved to be popular again this year and a very enthusiastic group has participated. The first event was volley ball and 38 girls answered the call. They were divided into three groups and a tournament was held which ended in a tie. In the play-off, the "B" team won the honors and the members were:

Margaret Webb
Marjorie Vaughan
Elaine Wiles
Nancy Brooks
Ruth Shaw
Lorraine Karam
Frances Hamilton
Phyllis Frederick
Ruth Libby
Mary Crawford
Alice Craig
Elizabeth Plummer

The following girls received five points towards an "M" letter. To do this one must miss no more than two practices of volley ball.

Seniors
Helmi Paakki
Hattie White
Irene Furbush
Elaine Wiles

Juniors
Dorothy Austin
Mary Crawford
Nena Emery

Sophomores
Ruth Shaw
Ruth Doyle
Joyce Almonte
Jeanette Webb

Freshmen
Gloria Wiley
Elizabeth Merrithew
Marilyn Cianchette
Margaret Webb
Alice Craig
Phyllis Frederick
Frances Hamilton
Pauline Spencer

Hattie White received an "M" letter at the end of this season.

The girls were fortunate to have Mrs. Donald Reese take over the rest of their sports.

Basketball was the next activity and 29 girls reported. Teams were arranged according to classes. The Seniors won all their games in the tournament and emerged the victors. The Freshmen were the runners-up. The members of the winning team were:

Joyce Palmer
Elaine Wiles
Helmi Paakki
Gloria Getchell
Irene Furbush
Ruth Libby
Hattie White

The following girls received credit in this sport:

Seniors
Gloria Getchell
Hattie White
Helmi Paakki
Joyce Palmer
Ruth Libby
Elaine Wiles
Irene Furbush

Juniors
Dorothy Austin
Anita Jacobs
Nedra Hammond
Nena Emery
Nancy Brooks

Sophomore
Jeanette Webb
Joyce Almonte
Ruth Shaw
Ruth Doyle
Donna Hodgins
Doris Swift
Shirley Holt

Freshmen
Marilyn Cianchette
Mary Ackroyd
Margaret Webb
Alice Wright
Marilyn Whitman
Gloria Wiley
Pauline Spencer

Elaine Wiles, Dorothy Austin, and Nena Emery were presented with "M" letters at the close of this season.

Gymnastics was started with a turnout of 37 girls, and we hope to have an even larger number take part in spring sports.

Joyce Palmer received an "M" letter at the end of this season.





JUNIORS



Class Officers

President	Stanley Wyman
Vice President	Mary Crawford
Secretary	Lorraine Ward
Treasurer	Richard Whalen

Class Advisor

Miss White

JUNIOR EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Stanley Wyman
Assistant Editors . . . . . Mary Crawford
Nedra Hammond
Lorraine Ward
Virginia Foster
Lewis Fitts

Juniors

Stanley Ames
Dorothy Austin
Arline Barker
Norma Booth
Beverly Bradbury
Nancy Brooks
Paul Brooks
Dorothy Burch
Regena Conroy
Mary Crawford
William Daily
Eleanor Emery
Nena Emery
Carolyn Field
Lewis Fitts
Virginia Foster
Ray Gourley
Weldon Greeley
Nedra Hammond
Maxine Higgins
Donald Hughes
Anita Jacobs
Muriel Kenniston
Joan LaForge
Anita Langley
Elizabeth Marden
Helen McGibney
Charles Pease
Roger Percival
Elizabeth Plummer
Barbara Small
Wayne Susi
Christine Twitchell
Marjorie Vaughan
Lorraine Ward
Evelyn Webendorfer
Theresa Welch
Richard Whalen

Stanley Wyman

MANSON PRIZE SPEAKING

The semi-finals, to determine who the speakers in the final contest for the Manson Prize would be, were held March 27. The final contest was held in May.

The speakers and the titles of their essays are:

Girls

Arline Barker . . . . . *Winston Churchill*
Mary Crawford . . . . *Richard Halliburton*
Virginia Foster . . . . *Look into the Future*
Lorraine Ward . . . . *Madame Chiang Kai-shek*
Evelyn Webendorfer . . . *Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness*
Alternate—Nedra Hammond

Boys

Charles Pease . . . . *Blueprint For Tomorrow*
Roger Percival . . . . *Eddie Rickenbacker*
Wayne Susi . . . . *Teddy Roosevelt: Typical American Citizen*
Richard Whalen . . . *The Outstanding Campaign*
Stanley Wyman . . . . *Knute Rockne: All-American*
Alternate—Stanley Ames

Evelyn Webendorfer and Stanley Wyman were awarded the prizes.

THEATER IN THE BLUE

Last night I found a place to pray,
Just meant, it seems for close of day
And here beside my windowsill
My mystic fantasies are real.
A falling star slips through the blue.
Opening a curtain where God comes thru.
And all the shining crystals bright
Are footlights on the stage of night.

And now I wonder if that old full moon
Isn't a mirror in your dressing room,
And perhaps by looking carefully thru
Perhaps I'll see a reflection of you.

M. C.

"COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING FOR ALL"

One important thing that this War and the first World War have brought to light, is that in each case the United States has not been prepared. Not only a great deal of money has had to be expended, but also time has had to be spent in training the boys before they could engage in active combat.

One of the most efficient ways to remedy this situation is to have compulsory military training for all youths before they attain the draft age. Each youth shall receive one year of military training as is now being given under the Selective Service Act before he begins work or goes to college.

The youth would be taken into the army three or four months after his graduation from high school and trained until his 12-month period is up. After his year of training has been completed, he will be better prepared to meet his fellow men.

This system would not disrupt the youth's life a great deal. In the army he would learn the fundamentals of aviation, medicine, engineering, chemistry, radio, mechanics, or bookkeeping.

After the war is over, there will be the task of finding jobs for many of the doughboys who come back. There will also be thousands of army camps that will be falling into ruin.

The following plan may help relieve these conditions. Some of the doughboys will consent to train our teen-age boys. The army camps that are set up all over the country can be used as training centers. Unless it is absolutely necessary, none of the youths will be sent more than a few hundred miles away from his home town.

The program will cost the taxpayers little as the materials and training camps are on hand at the present time. All military leaders agree that time and money have been wasted because this country has not been prepared when emergencies arise. These leaders maintain that such a program would save this country millions of dollars because several months would not have to be taken to give the basic training to selectees in wartime.

Such an arrangement would improve the health of the nation. Many diseases that would otherwise go unchecked would be discovered and corrected.

It is for these reasons that I believe that military training for all able-bodied men before they attain the age of 20 should be compulsory in the United States.

C. T.

ATLANTIC DISASTER

Somewhere on the broad expanses of the great Atlantic Ocean, the Nazi terror struck and then retreated as silently as it had come. The submarine did its cruel duty, leaving behind it a sinking ship and both passengers and crew either drowned or huddled together in life boats. Three life boats escaped, 24 people! Among them they had food enough to last normally four days, but it would have to be stretched as far as possible.

Captain Sanders, a tall, gray haired man who had lived half a century and spent a good part of that time in the service of his country, made

their position clear to the rest, "You all know our chances of getting picked up are pretty slim, so we've got to face things as they are. No use getting panicky. We all want to live and our best chance is co-operation."

"Captain Sanders," began Janet Wayne, an attractive young girl with brown, curly hair and deep blue eyes who had been on her way to England as a Red Cross nurse, "just what are our chances?"

Chris Evans, the internationally famous reporter of the *New York Sun* shook his handsome head and interrupted, "I can tell you. These boats have to stick together. Our chances are small enough God knows, but alone they would be almost nothing."

Mrs. Morrison, a matronly woman of 40, looked around the group with her soft, gray eyes, smiled that peculiar smile of hers and began, "Well, we all know what's expected of us. We must keep calm and trust to the judgment of the Captain, and above all, not lose our self-control."

This group of survivors behaved admirably. They tried to smile even, and to carry on ordinary conversation. However, with the coming of dusk, their courage sank with the ball of fire in the West. The conversation became strained, with long intervals of silence. As the evening came and wore on, some of them, at Captain Sander's suggestion, tried to get some sleep. In another hour, all was quiet except for the muffled snoring from one of the boats and steady lapping of the cruel, green waves. All slept but the three men who had volunteered to keep the boats on their course which was due East. By means of a rope, the three boats were fastened securely together and through the night they silently drifted, carrying their human cargoes to either death or rescue.

With the coming of morning, their spirits rose somewhat. The food and water were rationed, and everyone was thankful for his share.

As the sun's long fingers stretched farther across the endless expanse of water, tenseness enveloped everyone and everything. There was no more laughing and little conversation. The day wore on and night came. Thus the second day passed . . . three days . . . four days . . . five days! The food was gone, and the water was very low. It was on the sixth day that a ship passed many miles to the West. Jon Bates, a sailor from the sunken ship, was taking his turn at rowing when he noticed the smoke curling near the horizon. Joyfully he cried, "A ship! See, a ship!" The members of the three boats turned eager eyes to the ship. They practically went wild with joy, but oh, how short lived it was! At too great a distance to see the tiny boats, the ship steamed by on its course and soon disappeared below the horizon.

Mr. Walkers, the first mate, sank to the floor of the boat and cried like a baby. After a while, he stood on his feet and looked around the group with strange, staring eyes. "We're done for, you fools! Can't you see! The food's gone!" he screamed as he picked up the bottle containing the few remaining drops of water. "I'll not dié of thirst. This is mine; don't come near me!"

He stepped backwards, lost his balance, and toppled into the water. Chris leaned over to help him back, but just then the water swirled with a body and the tell-tale, pointed fin cutting the waves showed that it was a shark! Walkers screamed horribly, then disappeared beneath the surface of the Atlantic.

The taut nerves of the survivors gave way. The women sobbed; the men looked blankly at one another, not comprehending. It was the Captain who returned things to order. Sharply he said, "We're all under a great strain; Walker couldn't stand it. He went crazy for the water, raving crazy. It's over now and couldn't be helped. Now Chris, if you'll fish the water bottle out, we'll see if the water is still fit to drink."

Having regained the precious bottle, Chris gave it to the Captain and inquired, "Do you think it's all right? If the salt water got in, it means death to drink it."

"I don't know, Chris. There's only one way to find out, though and that's for someone to test it!"

There was a tense silence so real one could almost touch it. Then Jon Bates volunteered to give his life, if need be, to save the others. He well knew that if it were salt water, his tongue would swell out of his mouth, choking him, but that was the chance he had to take. Once again there was that deathly silence, broken only by the evil lapping of the waves and the breathing of the survivors. Lifting the bottle, he swallowed some and then waited. . . . The minutes passed; nothing happened. It was all right; Jon had gambled and won! A sigh of relief passed as the wind through the leaves of a tree.

The bottle was passed around; it held a sip for everyone, no more, no less.

On the sixth day, the sun rose, a ball of flame in the East. Slowly its rays stretched across the sky, painting it a flaming red. There would be no water today, they well knew. Nor, in the face of death, was it easy to smile. No one seemed to care; they were in a drugged stupor. Even the Captain and Chris Evans seemed licked by this unseen enemy which was "lost hope."

The morning had stretched into afternoon when the British destroyer, sighting the helpless victims, sped to her rescue. There was no shouting this time. They could not believe it was actually happening though each person had acted and re-acted this rescue in his own mind many times. As the ship neared, they looked at one another unbelievingly as if asking for proof that someone else saw the welcome sight. . . . . .

Later, after good food and plenty of rest, it seemed unreal—those days and nights of facing death, starvation, and horror on the cruel seas.

E. W.

HAPPINESS

"He" descended the long stairway of the apartment building, walked out through the doorway, and proceeded down the street.

It had begun to snow. "He" knew it, for sudden gusts of wind hurled handfuls of big, wet, velvety flakes into his face. "He" tipped his hat at an angle so as to protect his face, turned his overcoat collar up at the back, and a bit on the sides; and with one glove-covered hand grasping tightly a large cloth-covered book, he made his way through the crowded street.

His companion walked silently beside him—patiently, quietly, never complaining because his pace was necessarily slow as compared with the swift steps of passers-by.

They were turning a corner now. The snow was falling faster and heavier, and "He" thought of what a beautiful morning it had been The sky had worn her heavenly blue gown which was ornamented with thin white clouds; but within a short hour had donned a cold, gray cloak and poured forth bales of downy white which forced branches of trees and bushes to bow reverently to the people of her world. How strange that so many dainty little masterpieces could come tumbling through the air from such a dull heaven and dress a world in such a luxurious coat. And "happiness seekers," rushing through the streets, pulled their coat collars closer around their faces, bent their heads downward, so unaware of the beauty that was falling all around them. How unfortunately so!

"Mr. Mackentice" informed him that they had reached their destination. "He" opened the door, on the window of which were the words "Howe's Library for the Blind," and allowed the dog to precede him.

R. C.

THE LAST STAND

In history you've heard of "Custer's last stand." It happened in this war. Not much has been known of what became of the two battalions of Rangers who set out on January 30 and were never heard of again until a recent release to the newspapers from the War Department. But let me introduce my friend, Sgt. Bill Marsh, who was one of the few who escaped. Let him tell you of the fierce, futile battle in which the two battalions were wiped out.

"Well, it can all be summed up in a few short lines. At 1 A.M. on January 30, our battalion of Rangers and another battalion were sent out on a routine assignment to raise havoc with the enemy in Cisterna Di Littoria. By noon of that day we were completely surrounded by German troops.

"But now let's take a few of the details. Before we left the importance of this assignment was impressed upon us by our C.O. It was the spearhead of an attack on Cisterna and was necessary to the successful advance of the Allied troops, still pushing forward on the beachhead with little opposition, in their attempt to reach Rome. We had to infiltrate behind the German lines at night and cause an upset in the German forces at dawn, when our infantry on each side would move into the town and join us.

"But that was the trouble; the infantry never arrived, and we had to make out as best we could. The Germans also had been on the move during that night. They had brought up reinforcement in front of Cisterna. The word spread rapidly—we were trapped. Now it was a matter of kill or be killed. At dawn we looked for a place to entrench ourselves. Just ahead of us, we saw one big building and trees all around it—the perfect spot for seclusion. Then we noticed that there was a tank behind us and thinking it was there to aid us, we cheered. My buddy's face lit up and relief seemed to surge through the company. Then in the next moment it opened fire against us. And we realized that it was the enemy. Unless you saw it yourself, you would never realize that the human race could be such cold-blooded killers. We were helpless.

"Soon after, the artillery began firing on us, and the German infantry closed in. We could handle them pretty well, but it was the tanks that

hurt us the most. They caught us in a field and seven moved in, firing with everything they had, shooting men down as though they were targets out on a gunnery range.

"At eight o'clock both of our battalions reported to headquarters by radio that we were surrounded. Already our commander had been killed, and the commander of the other battalion was severely wounded.

"We knew from the start that it was a fight against overwhelming odds, and that it would be a fight to the finish. We became scattered, and one by one all our guns and ammunition gave out. We could do nothing. At noon our radio went dead. Then a few minutes later, they said that the sergeant major of the other battalion was destroying his radio because they could no longer hold the command post.

"Then nothing was heard from us until a few of us escaped and after many hardships reached safety behind the Allied lines. Of course, the Allied statistics can not be given out. A German announcement said that about 950 had been taken prisoners. The Nazis said about 100 were killed and many more wounded.

"What's the whole story? As soon as I am able, I want to get back into the fight. When you see all your 'buddies' mowed down as they were defenseless, you don't forget it very soon. I never will. I'm going to give those Nazis everything they deserve."

Thanks, Bill, and you can be sure, we'll all be right back here, no matter what comes. V. F.

OLD-MAID AUNTS

Sometimes I wonder if I'm the only person that has trouble with old-maid aunts. I'm sure no one has two of them like Aunt Penelope and Aunt Suzanne.

I have never seen it fail, when they come to call, I always have to entertain them. Mother is usually out—especially if she knows they're coming (they're on my father's side.)

I shall try to portray a typical session with my aunts.

I was waiting for a certain Navy "guy" to call for me, on this particular night when they arrived.

"My goodness, child, where are you going—and with no stockings on? Why you'll catch your death," says Aunt Penelope with her eyebrows raised.

The fact that it is June and very warm just doesn't matter to Aunt "Pen."

Aunt Suzanne spies a picture of Greg (the Navy "guy") and me on the piano and she starts in.

"My land, does your Mother allow you to go out with servicemen and perfect strangers at that? I shall have to speak to her about this."

I hastily change the subject and am doing quite well, when suddenly the door-bell rings.

With a prayer in my heart that Aunt Penelope won't ask Greg his intentions, I go to answer the door.

As I leave the room, I hear Aunt Suzanne say to Aunt "Pen," "I don't believe that child gets enough to eat. She's as thin as a rail."

"Yes, and you would think her mother would cut her hair; why, it's away down on her shoulders."

Just when I was congratulating myself for not putting on weight and had my hair grown out so that it was nearly as long as Lana Turner's—Oh dear!!

Greg and I are no sooner back in the living-room than they both start in. But the Gods are good to me for once, because just then Mother arrives and Greg and I "scram."

Now, I ask you, have you two old-maid aunts that can compare with mine??? A. B.

SPIDER

It all started in "boot" camp. It was my first day and my nervousness was mounting high as I entered the "decision" room. Why "decision?" That was the name given to the room where you are assigned to your special type of work in "This Man's Army." I was soon put at ease. Then the officer started asking me all sorts of questions, about my education, family and church relationships, and then he asked about dogs.

"Do you like dogs?" he fired at me.

That question stumped me. I wanted to learn some kind of trade, and he asked me about dogs. I didn't quite know what to say.

"Yes, sir, I have always liked dogs," I answered.

"Did you ever own one?"

"Yes, sir, I had a pup when I was a boy."

"Did you train him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," he said, "I think I know the right place for you. We have just had some new recruits, and I want you to help train them. Take this card and give it to the Sergeant at Barracks 12."

"Yes, sir," I said happily, saluted, and marched away.

Well, I guess I must have said the right things to that officer. I guess he liked me or he wouldn't let me train enlistees. That was what I thought as I hurried over to Barracks 12. Other men were going toward the Barracks, too. Some of them looked very disgusted. At the moment, I thought perhaps I'd train them, but I found out differently when I handed the card to the Sergeant.

"Ah!" the Sergeant barked, "you look like an able-bodied man; just right for a trainer."

Of course, I swelled up like a turkey. He led me to a door and unlocked it. I never saw so many dogs! Dogs of all kinds, sizes, and colors. And the noise!

Well, that was my job, training dogs for the army. I was thoroughly disgusted at first, but I soon got over it. I didn't want to train dogs; I wanted to help win the war. We "fellas" worked with the dogs until we finished our own basic training. We hoped we'd be shipped across, but no such luck. More dogs came in and we stayed. We received orders to train these

dogs better than ever because they would be shipped overseas. In this bunch I trained a beautiful collie. We called him "Spider."

I trained "Spider" in all that was required—carrying messages, carrying ammunition, and carrying Red Cross kits. We grew to be great pals; we were always together when government regulations permitted. I never realized what a friend a dog could be.

Then the orders came. We were to be shipped to the Pacific battle area, and a few weeks later, we landed on an island. I was glad to be overseas and a bit scared, too. "Spider" didn't know what to make of it. We were assigned to combat duty with the Marines immediately. All the dogs proved helpful and especially "Spider." He could spot an unknown movement quicker than I, and between us we got along fine. Finally it was over; an occasional rifle shot was heard, but we were sure most of the Japs were gone.

"Spider" and I were assigned to patrol a road from the shore to camp, and it seemed like old times as we walked along the road in the quiet. Then the fatal day! We were nearly four miles from camp when the shot came. It had been fired by one of the very few remaining snipers. It was so unexpected that I didn't know what to do. We were in an opening and ahead there was a clump of bushes. "Spider" and I zigzagged toward them. Shots came in rapid succession, and I heard "Spider" groan. I looked back; he had been hit in the leg and couldn't get up. I started back, but was hit in the chest and then everything grew black.

. . . . . .

They told me the rest later. "Spider" had somehow, in spite of his injury, returned to camp. They tried to help him, but it was too late; he had lost too much blood. They knew something must have happened to me, and a Red Cross ambulance picked me up a while later. They were just in time, too. I'm afraid I wouldn't be telling you this now if it hadn't been for "Spider." He was the best friend a "fella" ever had. L. W.

OUR TOWN GOES TO WAR

The scene that unfolds before us is one of contentment. A sleepy mid-western town stirs in the rays of the morning sun. Birds chirp drowsily to their tree top neighbors as they flit to and fro in the leafy refuge of the aged maples.

A boy of perhaps 11 or 12 opens the front door of his home and starts on his way to school, followed by a shaggy, golden haired collie, who apparently doesn't remember that he will not be allowed to remain with his youthful master, but will be firmly persuaded to remain out-of-doors. Let us follow this boy to the school, and see the scenes of many of his carefree childhood days.

He skips merrily along, seeming to increase each moment in bubbling vitality which expresses itself in a song. At the corner he is joined by a friend. They hurry along, their childish voices mingling in an exciting discussion of the latest exploit of "Hop-along-Cassidy." Reaching school, they cease their discussion temporarily until recess.

Taking a seat beside our friend, we can see across the room, through the open window, a long sweep of gently sloping hills, cattle contentedly grazing in the sun, the deep green of the forest not far away, and the further deep blue of the horizon. To the right of the school lies the town, arranged in the quaint fashion of colonial times. There are many streets and lanes, bordered with white picket fences which are almost hidden by the gorgeous blossoms of scarlet and white pinks. If only Our Town could remain this way. It seems sinful to think that anything could mar such beauty and contentment.

Years passed. New ideas are born; inventions never before dreamed of now become a part of our every day living. New faces have appeared in Our Town; some of those we love are absent; their presence now only a cherished memory. Through all of this Our Town has remained the same in spirit.

Again we find ourselves in front of the boy's home. We see him come down the walk, an English book tucked under his arm, a frayed brown jacket slung carelessly over his shoulders. Upon reaching the corner, he gives a short shrill whistle, and soon is joined by his friend. This time they proceed more slowly; their conversation turns to the newest baseball sensation, the Civil War in far away Spain, China's latest battle with the Japanese, or to that crazy reporter who says that if we don't watch out, in a few years all the large nations of the world will be fighting one another. As if any country would dare to attack us! How soon though did we find out that we weren't so safe as we had thought, that the span of the great Atlantic, no longer was a barrier to enemy nations.

Again time passes—one year, two years, four years! They pass so quickly that we hardly miss them. New friends appear, and a new music called "Swing" is the sensation of the day.

This time it is not Our Town which we see. It is an army camp in a foreign land. The grayish brown of the tents is a strange contrast to the brilliant jungle foliage which surrounds them. Great ferns mingle with blossoms of unbelievable size and beauty. The tents of the younger men and boys are adorned with such signs as "The Plaza," "Men Exclusively," "The Mocambo," "Tobacco Road," and "Main Street."

A group of soldiers is seen emerging from the jungle on the far side of the camp. Their faces are streaked with mud and clay, fatigue making it an effort even to keep their eyes open. Reaching their huts, they drop their equipment; some try to remove a layer of the grime which covers them. One simply drops his field pack, and sinks down on his cot, sleep instantly claiming him. Another turns to him and removes his helmet, revealing an angry scarlet gash just over his right temple. Motioning to the doctor who has come immediately to their group, he gives short clipped facts on the cause of the wound. As he listens to the report, a look of admiration and respect crosses the face of the older man. Tenderly without disturbing the soldier's well earned sleep, he bathes and dresses the wound.

Who is this soldier who has performed some act of heroism? It is the boy from Our Town. He has just passed his 19th birthday, and is serving in the Army of the United States, in the jungles of Guadalcanal. The other lad is the friend from back home.

As one looks closely at the sleeping lads, he is surprised to find how much they have aged, but upon closer observation he notices how quickly their faces begin to relax. Perhaps they are dreaming of home, who knows?

Slowly the shades of night begin to blot out all forms of life, but the boys who lie sleeping in that jungle outpost, far from their homes, will always be "Boys of Our Town."

T. W.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE

After being away from Pittsfield for a period of 20 years, I returned one June day with the intention of seeing and talking with some of my old friends.

As I walked down the street, I met one of my closest friends, Stanley Wyman with his wife. Imagine! Wyman being married and running the drug store formerly owned by Donald Humphrey.

The next person I ran into was Paul Brooks, who at one time was a great athlete of M. C. I. and a great favorite among the girls. You would never believe it now though. Do you know what he is doing? He is working for Wayne Susi, who has developed a great lumber business in South Burnham.

Continuing my stroll, I walked up to the Institute, which I had attended. While crossing the campus, a great film seemed to unwind before my very eyes. There was a replica of Ray Gourley's old jalopy, known back in the year of 1944 as the best racer and gas user of any car parked before M. C. I. But as I looked closer, I saw it was Ray's old jalopy. I remembered its "ear marks." Imagine! still running after 20 years of travel. History again repeated itself for on this old jalopy were the boys of the Junior Class having their pictures taken for the *Trumpet*.

Ah, how well I remembered the year 1944! What changes had come about! That was the important year of the great World War. Tears blurred my vision for a few minutes as I recalled how many of my friends had failed to return. Joy and sadness! After all, life is made of these two moods.

W. F. G.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Spring at last is here. Bubbling Brooks are running through green Fields. Sweet Pease will soon be blossoming in the gardens. Who doesn't love sweet Pease?

A cute little blonde named Susi(e) was wandering through the Fields with her little dog which was quite a Barker. In fact, he barked at anything. Occasionally this little dog, whose name was Elmer, had Fitts, Small Fitts, of course, but Fitts nevertheless. These were caused by Elmer's Foster mother, who had frightened him when he was a puppy.

After a while these Fitts became so bad that Susi(e) has to send Elmer to a Dog Hospital where he was put in a Ward, because Susi(e) couldn't afford a private room. Here the little dog received Daily treatment and soon was cured of his Fitts.

As soon as Elmer returned home, Susi(e) took him for a walk to the place he loved most—a Burch grove. This made him very happy. After this lovely walk, she took him out to dinner at a restaurant where he had his favorite dish—stewed Pease. They sat together in a Booth eating their dinner, until Elmer, who if you remember is quite a Barker, saw a man coming in the door who had lots of tools with him. Elmer soon discovered it was his old friend, the Plummer, who was in love with Susi(e).

It seems this Plummer had just returned from the National Plummers' Convention in Austin, Texas. While he was there he realized that his Ames were two: he wanted to marry Susi(e), and now he decided to propose.

He walked over to the Booth where Susi(e) was eating and ordered Welch Rarebit. Between bites of this delicious food, sure enough he proposed to Susi(e).

Yes, you guess it; they were married and went Whalen on their honeymoon.

E. W.

JOKE SECTION

"Do you still want to go?" said Conscience (my good one of course).

"Certainly. Now hurry for there's work to be done."

So I scamper (?) up the rickety old ladder leading to an open trap door which faces a brilliant blue sky. Two more steps and here I am two inches from the edge. What a long way down! I feel sick. But, there's work to be done; I'm up here to patch a leaky old roof. It's some famous building, Maine's Colony for Imbeciles. What a job! I'll soak 'em for it. Why, who is up here? Someone is laughing. Well if it isn't Royal and Eddie swinging on the bell, and Royal is reading jokes. I sneak over and listen, and this is what I hear:

Nena Emery: How do you get so many boy friends?
Liz Marden: Oh! I just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief."

Cadet: Darling, I'm knee deep in love with you.
Betty Plummer: O.K. O.K. I'll put you on my wading list.

Miss White: Why, I've had this car for years and never had a wreck.

Charlie Pease: You mean you've had that wreck for years and never had a car.

Mr. Lowell: You work is absolutely wrong.
Lorraine Ward: That is absolutely right.
Mr. Lowell: My error.

Mrs. Coolidge: Can you type?
Eleanor Emery: Yes, I use the Columbus System.
Mrs. Coolidge: What's that?
Eleanor Emery: I discover the key, then I land on it.

Percival: "That's a good looking hat, Hughes.

Hughes: I bought it four years ago, had it cleaned three times, changed it twice in restaurants, and it's still as good as new.

Lewis Fitts: I'd like to kiss you until you hollered stop!
Alice Wright: Well, I guess you picked the wrong girl this time.
Fitts: You mean you wouldn't let me kiss you?
Wright: No, I mean I wouldn't holler stop!

Miss Reynolds (in English Class): I want your explanation and I want the truth.

Ray Gourley: Well, you can't have both.

Virginia Foster: You don't think I'm conceited about my brains do you?

Stanley Ames: No, I'm sure nothing of the sort ever entered your head.

State Police to Wayne Susi: Intoxicated driving, uncontrolled thumbing, and indiscriminate spooning are among the major menaces to our highway.

Susi: I get it. To be more brief, Hic, Hike, and Hug.

Overheard while the Washburns were going over the monthly budget book.

Mr. Washburn (reading one of the items): HOK $3, and another HOK $7, besides others scattered throughout the book. What are these HOK'S? he finally asked.

Mrs. Washburn: Heaven only knows.

Stanley Wyman: Oh! Greeley. I see you have on your winter underwear.

Greeley: Marvelous, Wyman, marvelous! How did you ever deduct that?

Wyman: You forgot your pants.

Joan La Forge: Have you discovered why you are so popular in the neighborhood?

Paul Brooks: No, except that I told the neighbors I always play the sax when I get lonely.

Miss Reynolds in English Class: Mr. Gourley, give me a sentence containing a word used incorrectly.
Gourley: I will see you in church.
Miss Reynolds: What does that mean?
Gourley: That I won't see you for a long time.

"She was only a photographer's daughter."
"Yes, she sits in a dark room and waits developments."
Miss Reynolds: Elizabeth, I'm surprised! Do you know any more jokes like that?
Elizabeth: Yes, Miss Reynolds.
Miss Reynolds: Well, stay after school.

DID SOMEBODY SAY MUSIC?

Come Down To Earth My Little Angel	Bill Daily
Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning	Students
How About A Cheer For The Navy	Russell Haynes
Oh, Johnny, Oh!	Mary Welch
My Hearts Tells Me	Carolyn Field
This Is A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening	Main Street Cafe
Beautiful Dreamer	Stanley Wyman in History Class
Let's Remember Pearl Harbor	M. C. I. boys in the Service
Oh, What A Beautiful Morning	High-honor Students
He's 1-A In The Army	Barbara Small
The Feminine Touch	Regena Conroy
Let's Get Away From It All	Final Exams
Taps Till Reveille	Norma Booth
Living, Loving, Laughing	Marjorie Vaughan
Better Late Than Never	Stanley Wyman and Donald Hughes
Marching Along Together	Nena Emery and Dottie Austin
I Only Want A Buddy Not A Sweetheart	Lorraine Ward
Will Somebody Take My Place	Ray Gourley in the office
Wonder When My Baby's Comin' Home	Muriel Kenniston
Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree	Virginia Foster

N. B.

HIS VISION

I can still see her standing there,
Her eyes were a lusty brown;
Her hair was long and golden,
Rosy were her cheeks and round.

That day was oh, so long ago,
Yet visions come back to me,
As I sit in solitude,
Long miles across the sea.

Beside her there stood another,
Her eyes were a lusty brown, too,
She looked so sad and lonely,
Dressed in that gown of blue.

I wonder if they will miss me,
If they long for me at night,
I wonder if they will be glad
When I come back from this fight.

Oh, how I would love to see them,
My darling daughter, and wife;
If I could only see them,
I'd gladly give my life. R. G.

JUNIOR GIRLS' ATHLETICS

In spite of the fact that it was necessary to curtail athletics somewhat, the girls have had a successful season.

The season started with volleyball in the fall. Those participating:

Dottie Austin	Mary Crawford
Nena Emery	Nancy Brooks
Joan LaForge	Marjorie Vaughan
Dorothy Burch	Nedra Hammond
Betty Plummer	

Under the capable instruction of Mrs. Reese basketball practices were held weekly. The girls learned the fundamentals of the games and when they were well prepared, an inter-class tournament was held. The Junior Girls were eliminated in the semi-finals. The scores of the games were:

Juniors vs. Sophomores	15–7
Juniors vs. Seniors	9–10
Juniors vs. Freshmen	26–28
Juniors vs. Seniors	12–15

The girls and the positions they played are:

Forwards	*Guards*
Nena Emery, *Cap ain*	Nedra Hammond
Dottie Austin	Virginia Foster
Elizabeth Marden	Anita Jacobs
Marjorie Vaughan	Nancy Brooks

Until the athletic field is in condition for either softbal or field hockey, Mrs. Reese is coaching the girls in calisthenics. A large number of the Junior girls have turned out. They are as follows:

Nena Emery	Nedra Hammond
Dottie Austin	Mary Crawford
Marjorie Vaughan	Betty Plummer
Evelyn Webendorfer	Nancy Brooks
Beverly Bradbury	Regena Conroy
Anita Jacobs	Muriel Kenniston

We feel certain that all of the girls have enjoyed the time spent on athletics this season. We also wish to extend our appreciation to Mrs. Reese for giving us her time and efforts.

N. H. and V.F.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Who's Mrs. Willey's favorite pin-up boy?
Who's Mrs. Willey's pride and joy?
Who keeps her company after school,
Cause by being late, he broke a rule?
He seems to think that being on time
Is too much trouble—being late suits him fine.
Or perhaps he knows Mrs. Willey is lonely
Passing the hours with her typewriter only.
He sits in the office, if merely to snooze,
You've guessed it by now—it's Donald Hughes. E. W.

HAT?

Someone may write a sonnet about your Easter bonnet,
But simple verse fits well all hats like these.
I fear your taste is putrid,
For frankly dear, it's stupid.
Looks like a halo with a few accessories.

So now I must acknowledge why I am soft as porridge
When you say "please" and give those little sighs,
Your countenance is beaming
With unfamiliar gleaming
It's worth five bucks to see it in your eyes.

M. C.

MY DREAM

The boys were all returning
From victory they had won,
And all our hearts were yearning
To see them one by one.

In my dream they all returned
The boys from distant shores—
Our brothers, sweethearts and wives
Were home together once more.

They didn't try to be heroes;
These brave Americans of the day;
They did it for us and their country
And to preserve the U. S. A.

They didn't brag of honors,
Or the brave deeds they had done
They didn't think of the medals
In the great war they had won.

I never wished my dreams true
But this one has caused a tear,
For I felt so sad and lonely
To awake, and the end wasn't here.

You may think me sentimental,
But someday this will end,
And those touches that are gentle
Will be just around the bend.

B. S.

ODE TO N'ABAGAIL

Oh Naba! What a sweet old car,
Her Chassis's been both near and far;
She has windows, lights, and fenders, too,
While her body's painted a dingy blue.

And when she rumbles down the street,
One hears the sound of fleeing feet.
They do have reason (that is no pun,)
Just ask our Mr. Purinton!

Her brakes are poor, her tires—alas!
You'd think the things were made of glass!
She leaks the cold, her heater's poor,
And she will only close one door.

She isn't licensed—it's the truth,
No tires inspected, gas coupons loose.
Hard to start—the battery's low
Her differential's full of snow.

Five gallons of gas gets 40 miles,
I step on the throttle—and she just smiles!
Her lights are gone and so's the horn,
And magic holds the fenders on.

In high her top speed's 60.
(That is only on a slant)
Cause on the level doing 30
Makes her puff and wheeze and pant.

The tires are mighty flimsy,
And at that there's only four,
But since she has that number wheels,
What use has she of more?

Whenever I want to go somewhere,
I get in N'aba with a confident air
But she sits there with a nasty leer,
And just refuses to go in gear.

Oh, she's a honey, that's no crack.
She'll take you there—and sometimes back.
In beautiful shape—she'll still go far—
. . . . . .
(Anybody want to buy a car!?!)

W. S.



SOPHOMORES



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Merlon Tilton
Raymond Tweedie
Jeannette Webb
Roland Webber
Geneva White
Beverly Withee

CAT KINGDOM

John and I had been working on that experiment for months. At last it was completed. We had finally found a serum to increase our size many times.

We drew straws to see which one the serum would be used on. I was the lucky one.

John cleaned my arm with alcohol and injected the serum into it. Almost immediately I began to feel queer. Suddenly everything turned black.

When I awoke, I could hear a noise like thunder, and I was sitting on something soft and warm. I couldn't quite make out where I was when suddenly there was a loud ringing noise. The thing I was sitting on moved, and I found myself on a hard, white, shiny, flat thing.

At last it dawned on me where I was. Something had gone wrong. I had shrunk instead of growing larger. I was on my laboratory table. The soft thing had been John's hand, and the thunder his voice. The ringing must have been the telephone, and John had gone to answer it.

Hearing a scratching sound behind me, I turned around to see Tabby, John's cat, bearing down on me. She spoke to me, and because of my size, I could understand her.

"You humans have kicked us poor cats around for centuries," she said to me. "Now we are going to show you what it is like."

"But, Tabby," I cried, "haven't I always been good to you?"

"Yes," replied Tabby, "but it is written in our books that many years ago you had a kitten which you made very miserable by putting clothes pins on her tail."

"But I was only a child," I argued, but to no avail, for she picked me up with her mouth and jumped from the table.

All my struggling was in vain. I couldn't get away from her, I remembered how cruel I had seen cats be to mice, tormenting them for hours before killing them.

She carried me out through a window, scaring the wits out of me as she dropped the four or five feet to the ground. She carried me to the outskirts of the city where there was an old deserted house. She looked around carefully and then made a rush for a cellar window.

In that house were cats of all descriptions—long cats, short cats, lean cats and fat cats, rich cats, poor cats, pretty cats and homely cats.

Tabby seemed to be their leader, for they all bowed down to her as she passed, and they followed along behind her as we continued.

Now I knew where I had been taken, I was in Cat Kingdom, a place seldom heard of after one has passed from childhood to manhood.

Tabby set me down, and two other cats, one a beautiful black Tom, tied me with some twine, leaving my legs free that I might walk. Then Tabby informed me that I was to see what no other human had seen, her kingdom. The first room she brought me into smelled strongly of catnip, and there were a few cats who had indulged a little too much. These were unable to follow the rest of the throng. The next room was filled with squealing mice in

little wire cages. Tabby informed me that they were the winter's supply. We passed through room after room of things to make a cat happy.

Finally we reached a door which was guarded by two of the fiercest cats I had ever seen. Here the majority of the cats left us and returned to their own rooms, leaving only Tabby, the big Black, and a selected few to enter the room.

It was a court room. They had taken me here to see what they were to do with me. It made me sick. What had I ever done to deserve such a fate! My very life depended on this handful of dumb cats. They weren't very long deciding. They were to have a celebration the next day. Fifteen mice and I were to be cooked in a stew.

They took me back to the room with the captive mice. There they put me in a cage with a little white mouse. The mouse spoke to me, for she was one of my own who had disappeared from my laboratory.

I spent the night racking my brain for a way to escape. I promised Miss Mouse I would save her, too, if I could, but I could see no way for either of us to escape.

Miss Mouse was talking to me when suddenly she began to shrink. I could no longer understand her. The cage was shrinking, too. At last I was saved! The serum had worn off, and I was growing. As my size increased the cage broke. I picked up Miss Mouse, put her in my pocket and left as fast as I could.

To this very day I have a distaste for all cats, and Miss Mouse still lives in luxury in my old slipper.

L. M.

ONCE I WAS HAPPY

I am now the very sad door-sill of a rather poorly furnished but neat little house, on just a plain, common street, in a very small town.

Up until yesterday I was one of the happiest door-sills in town. Laughing children tripped over me. There was a small boy and girl who often played about me. Besides those two, there was another slightly older little girl who was often near me, but was unable to run and play. Although she had to stay in her wheelchair, she often laughed with the other children. I have often wished that the day would come when she, too, might run over me and step upon me. Now I guess that day will never come.

Yes, I have also witnessed many sad moments. I have come to realize that life would be worthless without some disappointments. They sort of make you appreciate your happier moments more.

This is one of my saddest moments. I had never stopped to think that this might happen.

"Why are you so unhappy?" you ask. The reason is this. The family that I have grown to think so much of is now moving away. That is, all but one of them. Mr. Smith, the children's father, has quietly passed away. It was really quite a shocking surprise to all of us. Then, that telegram came from his mother asking the rest of the family to come and live with her.

Well, they're moving away forever. That's why I feel as I do. I am getting rather old and ricketty myself and expect to be destroyed or to fall apart most any day now, but as long as I do stay here, I shall remember only the pleasant things which I have encountered. The merry laughter of the children shall never vanish from my thoughts. M. S.

INTRODUCING MOSE MOUSE

Mose Mouse is, as you might expect, a mouse. He has a long tail, two eyes, two ears, a head and some whiskers. In fact Mose looks just like any mouse that your cat, Stinky, might catch, but of course he isn't. Mose has a brain, and, furthermore, he uses it.

One morning as Mose climbed out of his hole in the top of the piano, slid down the sheet music, and landed with a loud bang on "Middle C," I noticed a worried look in his eye.

While taking his morning exercise, riding from room to room on the top of the vacuum cleaner, I inquired what was the matter.

"Stubby," he said, for that's my name, "the world is beckoning me. I must seek my fortune on this war-torn earth. I am going to join the army."

"No, no," I screamed, "Mose, you can't! How will I ever get along without you? I can't bear it, Mose, I can't bear it."

The salt tears rolled down my cheeks and formed large drops on my chin where they slowly dripped down into Mose's open mouth.

Realizing that he hadn't had his breakfast, I hurried into the kitchen to scramble some fly's eggs and to squeeze some prune juice.

After eating, Mose rushed back to the parlor, climbed up the curtain, jumped, landed on the top of the piano and scurried down the hole. He closed up his house, packed his red flannels in the cedar chest away from Mildred Moth, donned his uniform and paraded back into the kitchen.

I had just finished packing his "K" rations which consisted of a dead grasshopper, three raisins, a tablespoon of flour and two ounces of cocoanut oil, when Mose again appeared in the doorway.

My heart skipped a beat. Donald Duck couldn't have looked a bit better in a uniform than my Mose. Yes, Mose would have even shown up his third cousin, Micky Mouse. Perhaps Clark Gable has a slight lead, but of course Clark Gable is an exception.

Yes, there he stood, a helmet (half of a walnut shell) on his head, a silk hankie tied on his back in case he should fall off a beam, and a toothpick, the most deadly of all weapons, slung over his shoulder.

Giving him his pack, I kissed him goodby and watched him march down the patch towards the barn.

And so, my friends, here we leave Private Mose Mouse on his way to fight the enemy, the rats in the barn.

How will Mose like the army and how will the Sergeant like his new recruit?

Be sure to read tomorrow's chapter of this exciting new serial entitled "Reveille." R. S.

HOME EC CLASS

In Home Ec class we are learning
To clean, to cook, to sew;
We make many different dishes
And we mix up fancy dough.

We can run an electric sewing machine,
An electric stove as well;
We can make a pair of pajamas
Almost good enough to sell.

We can sew on buttons like everything,
We can mend all tears and holes,
We can wash all kinds of dishes
Without breaking half the bowls.

We know how to sweep floors clean
And get up all the dirt and dust;
We have learned to do these things
Because Miss Brastow says we must.

When we girls are graduated
And leave this school for good,
We'll be able to keep a home—at least
Miss Brastow thinks we should! E. G.

GOSSIP

Most people think gossip is just gossip but it isn't. There are five different kinds of gossip.

The first is the goose type. This is the type that goes around gobbling up spicy bits of information about anyone or anything. You will find people of this type mostly on the streets and at drugstore fountains.

Next comes the mosquito gossips. These people are always buzzing in your ears unkind things about other people. They are always trying to make you bitter against other people.

Then comes the old hen type. This gossip is usually found when two women meet over the fence gate or while on their way shopping. They usually start pecking at someone and keep this up until they can't think of anything more to say.

Next comes the buzzard gossip. This type is a lowly person who watches you like a hawk, and when you do something wrong, he spreads it all over town making it much worse than it really is.

Last of all comes the snake type. He coils up along the roadside waiting for a victim to come along. When you arrive he strikes at you where it will hurt you the most. He sometimes ruins your reputation.

Perhaps, by these types of gossip you will remember and be more considerate of others when you feel inclined to say something about them.

Robt. S.

A PIONEER'S DEATH

Beneath the pines by the river wide,
The fire was burning low.
Old Pete lay by his arrows side,
Near his death bed was his bow.

For sixty years he had traveled afar,
And many a battle he'd seen
On his face were thousands of scars,
But his faded blue eyes were keen.

His gray hair ruffled in the breeze,
His clothes were tattered and torn
The setting sun that shone through the trees,
Showed up the clothes he had worn.

Pete had been shot and left to die,
And he knew his time had come
At last he heaved a mighty sigh,
And he could hear the angels hum.

At last it was over—Pete was dead—
A lovely way he had died
For the pines had made a sheltering bed,
Now he lay by God's own side.

S. H.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A HOME ECONOMICS COURSE

Although during the last few years more and more women are entering into the business world and defense work to show men that they are capable of holding positions, there are still many who prefer home making. To the person who intends to devote her life to home making, a course in Home Economics would probably be of more use than any other offered by the school. Even women who are in business or defense work do not often escape entirely from "household drudgery" and would find this course a great help.

Besides cooking and caring for the home, Home Economics also takes up the subject which is of utmost importance to every girl or woman, no matter what her life work may be. This subject is, of course, clothes. We are taught to consider the style, pattern, design, fabric and colors suited to our particular type. It also teaches us how to dress for business, for afternoon and for evening. All of these facts are necessary for every one to know and use if she wishes to become successful.

We have also been taught to do our work neatly and methodically. Everything that we have taken up, we feel sure will be useful to us at some future time.

E. G.

AVIATION

The dawn is just breaking as a group of men walk out to a long line of dark, sleek objects, still half invisible in the early morning light. They cast long shadows that create an eerie effect. As the sun's first rays break through, they disclose the long line of objects to be the mighty "Queens of the Sky," the B-17 Flying Fortresses.

A quick command breaks the early morning stillness. "Numbers 10, 14, 22, 18, 35, 16, warm up!" Farther down the line another command is given. Instantly red blasts leap out from exhausts as the mighty motors come to life.

After five minutes of warming up, an order comes to prepare for take-off. A final gunning of the motors and the giant birds start down the runway, leave the ground and climb to formation. Their noses are pointed toward Germany on a mission of destruction.

Noon finds 200 "Forts" slamming into a vital military artery in Germany. They encounter fighter opposition and anti-aircraft fire. A Fort on the tail wing of Flight 3 goes down, leaving a trail of black, swirling smoke, a grim reminder of the death around and below them. Terrific explosions rock the earth. Another deadly blow is delivered by a hard-hitting team of Forts.

Finally, all bomb-racks empty, the Forts head for home! With their guns the Forts spit death at their aerial opposition. The battle continues until they are well away from the target. At the first breathing opportunity, the voice of the Squadron commander is heard over the interplane phone. "Well, boys, that's that! What ya say we get home and get sumpin' to eat?"

At dusk a battered, battle-toughened force of bombers lay at rest at a base somewhere in England. They've had a tough day of it. Sure, the Jerries are tough, but "Forts" are tougher!

L. G.

SOPHOMORE GIRLS' SPORTS

Two sports have enthusiastically been battled out by the girls this year. The fall sport was volleyball while the highlights of the winter was intramural basketball.

The volleyball teams were made up of girls from all classes.

Members of the Sophomore class to receive credit towards their "M" letter were: Ruth Shaw, Jeanette Webb, Ruth Doyle and Joyce Almonte.

The basketball teams were divided according to the classes. During the last weeks of the season a tournament was held, from which the seniors emerged the victors.

The Sophomores first attempt against the Juniors was to no avail. They were defeated by a score of 15 to 7.

The Frosh also followed suit by a score of 37 to 5.

One more chance remained, the Seniors. Although the Sophomores held it to a tie of 6 to 6 until the first half, the battle was lost to the Seniors. The final score was 24 to 8.

Those from the Sophomore class receiving credit were: Donna Hodgins, Ruth Doyle, Joyce Almonte, Shirley Holt, Jeanette Webb, Ruth Shaw. Substitutes: Louise Morton, Doris Swift.

J. A.

JOKES

Evelyn Frederick was walking along the path, plucking flowers. y heart of a ladyslipper, she found a little brown bee. Her first o shake him out of his honeyed abode, but she looked at his velvety sorry for the bee—so she moved on, leaving him untouched. But away, thinking these pure, sweet thoughts, the darned thing stung

Mr. Lowell: Mr. Shuman, I guess I'll have to start giving you some problems.

Shuman: Why?

Mr. Lowell: So your father can do them better.

Ruth Shaw: Lorraine, what's worse than raining cats and dogs?

Lorraine: Hailing taxicabs.

Randolph: Don, who was that blonde I saw you with Saturday

Don: I don't know; when I took my bill fold out she popped up.

Mr. Bryant: What happens when the human body is completely water?

Sidney S.: The telephone rings.

Clerk: Well, young man, what will you have?

"Mike" T.: Aw, I can't remember what mother told me to get in

Clerk (looking over counter): What jug?

"Mike" T.: Well, what do you know, I forgot the jug.

Bob Sirois: A hundred years ago my ancestors were perfect savages.

Merlon Tilton: You wouldn't know it was as long as that.

Paul Susi: Would you like to see a model home?

Philip Bickford: Sure! What time does she quit work?

Mrs. Sherman: Richard, how do you make the smiling (i)?

Richard S.: All I have to do is think of a Jap and it's easy.

Names	Pastime	Likes	Favorite Saying	Nickname
J. Almonte	Trying to get a man	Tall, blond and nice	Raymond	Josey
P. Bickford	Fooling with the girls	Girls	How about tonite	Bick
E. Cole	Bowling	Bernic	Oh, shoot	Libby
R. Cook	Dancing	Girls	Where's Kathy	Cooky
O. Danielson	Going for walks	Charlie	Oh, stop Dottie	Citty
E. Deraps	Washing windows	Lancey House	Have you got your Algebra done	Peanut
R. Doyle	Screaming	Men	I loathe that	Dynamite Dole
R. Dunphy	Singing	Girls	I know a man in Burnham	Red
K. Foster	Dancing	Cook	Oh Devil	Kay
E. Frederick	Joking	Carl	Oh Yeah	Eva
E. Gibbs	Climbing trees	Al	Hi there	Gibbey
L. Giovannucci	Operating shovel	Girls	Pop, how's your car holding out	Loggy
D. Goodrich	Skating	Seldon	Heavenly days	Giggles
E. Graham	Dancing	Aulder	Gosh	Grammie
L. Grignon	Bowling	Sheldon	Consequently	Frenchie
B. Heffren	Washing Dishes	Marines	Oh how I hate to get up in the morning	Heff
D. Hodgins	Dancing	The guy that comes to church	Oh Ma! Gosh	Pudgy
B. Humphrey	Being with Doris and Phyllis	Boys??	Darn it	Humpy
B. Hunt	With Doris	Varnum	Come on	Hunt
L. Karam	Making Jane wait	Latin	Oh my gosh	Red
W. Kennedy	Playing pool	Chocolate milks	Oh, boy	Walt
E. Langley	With Thelma	Anonymous	Gee whiz	Ed
T. Langley	With Edna	Unknown	I think so	Ma
B. Libby	Working	Fishing	Hi	Lib
D. Maynard	Listening to music alone??	Cadets	Oh, Olivia	Dottie
R. Morrell	Coming from Detroit	Earl??	I don't know	Becky
L. Morton	Going to Portland	Dick, Red and Al??	Red's downstairs	Doc
W. Nason	Sneezing	Boogie-Woogie	Oh heck, Ma I don't wanna stay home	Henry
M. Peppard	Keeping quiet	We don't know	Have you done your Home Ec?	Marty
E. Ramsdell	Dreaming	Girls	O.K.	Jr.
D. Randall	Trumpeting	"Lizzie"	Oh how I hate to get up in the morning	Sleepy
P. Shaw	With Doris	Braun?	Yah	Phyll
R. Shaw	Working in library	Walking	Stinky	Smitty
J. Shorey	Farming	Dancing	Oh, yeah?	Jack
W. Short	Playing pool	Store keeping	Give me time	Puffy
S. Shuman	Dreaming	Junk	Why Hubby?	Bullet
Richard Sirois	Sports	Swimming	Whatsa matta	Rich
Robert Sirois	Fishing	Hunting	Hey	Bob
S. Spencer	We'd like to know	School	Sure	Spence
M. Stewart	In Newport	Newport	Gad Frey	Nicky
P. Susi	Driving truck	Contracting	All right	Buddy
D. Swift	With Betty	Mike	Holly Mike	Dolly
M. Tibbetts	Farming	Everything	Oh, yeah	Mac
M. Tilton	Dancing	Eating and sports	No kidding	Tilt
R. Tweedie	Kissing girls	Sports	Whatsa matta	Mike
J. Webb	With Irene	MacDonald	That's me	Webby
R. Webber	Bowling	Roller-skating	Oh, shut up	Cub
G. White	Being nice	Roller-skating	Yes	Ginger
B. Withee	Being with Bob	Bob	Oh, yeah	Bev.

JOKES

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L. Morton	Going to Portland	Dick, Red and Al??	Red's downstairs	Doc
W. Nason	Sneezing	Boogie-Woogie	Oh heck, Ma I don't wanna stay home	Henry
M. Peppard	Keeping quiet	We don't know	Have you done your Home Ec?	Marty
E. Ramsdell	Dreaming	Girls	O.K.	Jr.
D. Randall	Trumpeting	"Lizzie"	Oh how I hate to get up in the morning	Sleepy
P. Shaw	With Doris	Braun?	Yah	Phyll
R. Shaw	Working in library	Walking	Stinky	Smitty
J. Shorey	Farming	Dancing	Oh, yeah?	Jack
W. Short	Playing pool	Store keeping	Give me time	Puffy
S. Shuman	Dreaming	Junk	Why Hubby?	Bullet
Richard Sirois	Sports	Swimming	Whatsa matta	Rich
Robert Sirois	Fishing	Hunting	Hey	Bob
S. Spencer	We'd like to know	School	Sure	Spence
M. Stewart	In Newport	Newport	Gad Frey	Nicky
P. Susi	Driving truck	Contracting	All right	Buddy
D. Swift	With Betty	Mike	Holly Mike	Dolly
M. Tibbetts	Farming	Everything	Oh, yeah	Mac
M. Tilton	Dancing	Eating and sports	No kidding	Tilt
R. Tweedie	Kissing girls	Sports	Whatsa matta	Mike
J. Webb	With Irene	MacDonald	That's me	Webby
R. Webber	Bowling	Roller-skating	Oh, shut up	Cub
G. White	Being nice	Roller-skating	Yes	Ginger
B. Withee	Being with Bob	Bob	Oh, yeah	Bev.



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FRESHMAN PRIZE SPEAKING

The Freshman Prize Speaking Contest, one of the Freshman's most important events of the year, was held in Powers Hall on the evening of January 27, 1944. The speakers and their selections were as follows:

At the Swimming Pool . . . . . Joan Tinkham
How Jimmie Tended the Baby . . . . . Malcolm Rollins
The Little Minute Man . . . . . Gladys Morrell
Making a Man Out of the Boy . . . . . Paul Clark
The Death Disk . . . . . Barbara Bickford
His Christmas Gift . . . . . Gerald Fitts
Brother-in-Love . . . . . Maybelle Avery
The Creed of the Youthful Patriot . . . . . Cecil McLaggan
The Soft Spot in B606 . . . . . Gloria Wiley
"*Ain't No Deer*" . . . . . Winfield Tilton, Jr.

Alternate for the boys was Lendal Dahlgren.

First prize winners were Gloria Wiley and Cecil McLaggan. Second prize winners were Maybelle Avery and Gerald Fitts.

Coach
Miss Lucile de Reynolds

YOUTH IN A WORLD AT WAR

Youth in these abnormal war years is confronted with the following main problems: (1st) lack of school spirit and co-operation, (2nd) disrupted home life, (3d) increase of the number of strangers in towns and cities.

The lack of school spirit and co-operation are due partly to a feeling of insecurity because of the fact that boys know that upon reaching 18 they are ready for induction into some branch of the armed services. They seem to feel, "What's the use to study or co-operate in any way?" This is reflected in their attitudes daily. It is up to the serious minded youth of today to remind these short-sighted ones that there will be years of life after the war, and it is up to our generation to take up the reins of government, business and education; therefore, we must be preparing ourselves by studying these things as they are and as they should be.

Another cause for the lack of co-operation is due to the curtailment of school activities, caused by the shortage of teachers. Owing to this lack of school activities young people get into the habit of doing things which they in ordinary times wouldn't think of doing. A remedy for this is for Youth groups in churches to increase their efforts to interest all the young people. In our own town there is need for much more recreation. Because of the fuel shortage the church cannot be open to the young people as it should be. The construction of a good park, as is proposed, would furnish an excellent source of recreation.

A disrupted home life is caused by fathers and older brothers in the armed services, mothers and older sisters working and the younger ones left to run as they please. Churches and other organizations, in many places, have met this problem by establishing day nurseries which the young people

have helped to run and maintain. But it still leaves a teen-age group with nothing to do in its spare time.

The increase of the number of strangers in a community, bringing with them different ways of living and thinking causes conflict in young people's minds. To help settle this conflict of ideas these young strangers should be cordially invited to attend youth group meetings, thereby bringing about a better understanding of each other.

Here is an illustration of what I have been trying to say. A certain member of a young people's group came into his minister's study one day, after an absence of many months. He was at Pearl Harbor and since then had been in the South Pacific. The minister was glad to see him, for he wanted to know what, besides prayers and gifts and letters, people might do for this boy as well as others. The member of the young people's group didn't answer in words. He answered by handing the minister a large check for the church. A large check from a serviceman! What did he mean? His answer was unmistakable. He wants us to maintain a strong church. He wants the church here when he returns. The young people all over the United States are doing a fine job meeting and solving these problems, but they also need encouragement from the adults and co-operation from all the young people to keep on meeting and solving these problems as they appear. The young people can and will come through these abnormal war years keeping their high ideals, with the co-operation of all who have the interests of youth at heart. D. M.

PEARL HARBOR

On October 25, 1941, I left by steamer from San Francisco. It was a wonderful trip, and I enjoyed every minute of it. As we were relaxing on the deck, bathing in the sunshine, we never thought that within a few short months, we would be forced into a bloody war with "The Land of the Rising Sun."

A week later we sailed serenely into the calm waters of Pearl Harbor. There were many warships there, and among them I recognized the *Arizona* and the *Oklahoma*. As we drew up to the wharf, a Japanese cargo vessel drew my attention. It was just putting out to sea, and little yellow men could be seen scurrying about the decks.

After we landed, we went by taxi to Hickam Field and were taken to the C.O. As I was a steamshovel operator, I was put to work the next morning on the lower end of one of the landing strips. Fighter planes roared over continually, and it made me wonder whether there was any Air Force in the world as large as Uncle Sam's.

At lunch hour every day the workers and flyers all thronged to the shabby restaurant at the edge of the field. The proprietor was a little, buck-toothed Jap that I disliked from the start. He was too curious about "how our work was coming along" and "what those new planes were."

On that fateful Sunday, a friend of mine, a Lieutenant in the Marine Corps, inquired if I would like to accompany him on a patrol flight to the east of the Islands. I accepted immediately and at 8 A.M. we took off in a Grumman Avenger. As soon as we had risen into the sky, I began to get homesick for that Piper Cub I had left in the U. S. A. We went on a long flight around the eastern

part of the Islands with nothing unusual happening. Then as we were returning home, we noticed in the distance unusual, huge billows of smoke floating skyward. My friend told me to put on my earphones. I did, and to our amazement all we could hear was a jumble of monkey jabbering. My friend shouted, "Japs," and we knew something had happened. He pulled the throttle wide open and we headed toward the field. As we came over Pearl Harbor, we discovered much of the smoke was coming from there, and to our dismay we saw our huge warships toppled over on their sides and smoke pouring from them.

This sight made us very angry that those "dirty, yellow fishermen" could do this to us and we had not been there to do our part. Off toward Hickam Field we saw several squadrons of planes diving and circling like angry buzzards. It was then that the idea came into my head, that the sneaky Jap at the restaurant probably had a wireless set and that might be the reason for his disappearance this morning. As we neared the field, we found Jap planes smashed on the ground and others in dogfights with our planes that had managed to get off the ground without being bombed and strafed. Our planes were doing all right for themselves and many Zeros could be seen going down in flames. Unfortunately, our planes were far outnumbered so we immediately decided to get into the fray with myself as rear gunner. We had downed two Zeros when a bullet got my friend, rendering him unconscious. I pulled him out of his seat, took over the controls and landed the plane without mishap, dodging several bomb craters. An ambulance raced across the bomb-shattered field toward us. It was then I discovered I was bleeding and had taken a bullet through the shoulder. And then—I woke up! I found I had been dreaming, fell out of bed, and was still too young to join the Air Corps. W. T.

AN EVENTFUL DAY

Today is a new day. I wonder what I will find to interest me. You might not think that a little brown and white puppy like me would find anything of interest during the day, but you should hear.

For instance, there was yesterday. What a day! My mistress works in a defense plant and my master is a Marine, so I have from seven to three all to myself.

Yesterday my mistress overslept and was in such a hurry that she forgot to close the bedroom door to keep the little devil (me) out. No sooner had she closed the apartment door than I began to explore. Happily I hurried through the open bedroom door and found many things that would make an interesting day. I scampered to a chair and got a better look. There was another door just barely open. I jumped down and pattered over to it. With the help of my paw, I got it open enough for me to go through. I walked in to find a pair of slippers I had been forbidden to touch. I took one up and gave it a big shake. As I did I brushed against something soft and fuzzy. It was my mistress's evening cloak, but I didn't know that at the time. I dropped the slipper and turned on the big black thing. I leaped for it and began biting and growling. When I thought it had enough, I gave a savage growl and scampered back to the bedroom. I climbed up on a high desk and to my surprise found

another dog already on it. He looked friendly so I wagged my tail. It hit a lamp and knocked it to the floor. It broke. I looked at my friend and wanted him to come and play with me. He didn't want to come, I guess, for every time I turned to go, he turned the other way. I decided that if he wouldn't come with me I would go with him. I gave a big leap and the next thing I knew I was on the floor with bits of shiny stuff all around me. I got up and jumped back on the desk to see if my friend was all right. He had gone. That didn't worry me, and I looked for something else to interest me.

There were all sorts of smelly bottles on the desk, and if one didn't please me I knocked it to the floor. I came upon some powder, and as it smelled good I took a big sniff. It made me sneeze so much I got angry and knocked that off with the smelly stuff. I jumped down but unfortunately landed right in the middle of that terrible smell. Everywhere I went after that, the smell went too.

I then went into the living room and saw the piano. I got up on the seat and put my front feet on the white keys. A noise came out, but it wasn't loud enough for me so I got on it with all four feet. The music slid to the floor in a swirling arc. It was fun to watch. I went near the couch, for I was getting tired. There sat a big fat pillow. I didn't like the looks of it so I gave it a good teething. It began to tear and soft white cotton began to come out. When there was no more cotton in the pillow, I settled down to sleep.

Sometime later I heard my mistress come in, and I went to meet her. Was she surprised to see the living room! There were cotton and piano music all over everything. She started to scold me, but it wasn't until she went into the bedroom that she really got angry. The shiny material that had stunned me I found to be a mirror. The broken lamp added to the floor show. A slipper was peeking from behind the other door, and the smell was terrific. When she got through with me last night, I couldn't sit down, but I feel fine today. I wonder what will take place when she leaves this morning.

H. H.

CIVIC RESPONSIBILITY OF BOYS AND GIRLS

Acquiring an education is one of the most important things a boy or girl has to do. If a person expects to be a common laborer or go into the armed services, he should have at least a high school education. Education forms the basis of every person's life. A person applying for a position is asked the question, "How much education have you had?"

To acquire a strong body is a duty we owe to ourselves. It is possible to do this by exercising daily. For us who go to school, there are various kinds of sports which are good exercise. We owe a strong body to our country as well as to ourselves. What would we do now without the millions of strong men and women for our army, navy, and marines!

Good habits are also most important. Clean living is a habit which every one should have while at home, in sports, and in business. Thrift is an excellent habit to form while you are young. Start saving your dimes and quarters by investing in defense stamps. That's one way of helping our country and making a profit.

These few facts will help us to realize the duty we owe ourselves and our country.

M. C.

FORESTS

The forest paths are green and cool,
  The timber line unbroken,
The chipmunks chatter in their play
  This, is the forest's token.

Green leaves dancing in the sunlight,
  As it strives to shine between,
The matted tangle of forest growth,
  All this, and more I've seen.

One tree, the tall majestic pine,
  Seems to fill me with reverent awe.
Its stately boughs seem to dominate
  Like a magistrate of the law.

Its pine needles send a fragrance
  That is better by far, I know,
Than the costliest perfumes of Paris,
Where wine, like rivers flow.

The small brook seems to murmur
  A poem, as it softly flows
Through green pools lined with needles
  Then, onward, forever it goes.

Onward it flows, forever free,
  And then, as it tops the fall,
In mighty swirls it throws itself
  Down where the rapids call.

Leaping, twisting, swirling,
  Into every crevasse and pool,
And then, as peace reigns once more,
  Flows onward calm and cool.

Though chipmunks may leave us, and rivers go,
  The forests leave us? Never!
For something in their bearing tells me
  Forests remain forever.

E. S.

A TALE OF WOE

This is the tale of an Indian maid and relates why a beautiful lagoon deep in a dark forest is never visited by the wandering tribes of Indians.

Once this beautiful place was a scene of great activity; many Indian families lived on the shore. Living in this tribe was Red Wing, the most beautiful of all Indian maids, who married Strong Eagle, a handsome but lazy warrior. Red Wing soon regretted her marriage, for Strong Eagle would do nothing, not even hunt for food. So, every morning she arose with the sun, cleaned the tent, gathered food to last Strong Eagle all day and left for the fields of maize which must be tended very carefully all the time.

Soon she became very weary of the hard work she was doing and tried to reason with Strong Eagle, but to no avail. One night she came home from the fields feeling more depressed than ever. She decided to talk to the greatest seer in the tribe, the Chief.

The Chief was a very grave and stately man, and as Red Wing told him her pathetic tale he felt sorry for her but told Red Wing she must do as she thought best. That night when she arrived home, she found Strong Eagle sprawled on the floor, the smell of fire-water very heavy on his breath. She could not bear it any more. She left the tent and ran to a cliff over-hanging the deepest part of the lagoon. The longer she stood and looked into the deep shadowy water the more certain she became that this would be her grave. She plunged in and her body was never found.

Soon after, all the Indians moved away, and since then very few people have visited this beautiful place where Red Wing lies.

Who knows, if you visit it some dark night may be you will hear her mournful story.

P. S.

THE JOLLY GHOST

It was a cold night, well, not too cold, that is, not for a ghost. The castle looked dark and gloomy in the twilight. At a distance, if one listened, one could hear the moaning of the trees, swaying back and forth, as the wind played tag, rushing in and out among them. Or one could hear the hoot of an owl and other animals of the night, but let's venture along to the castle and see if there really is such a thing as a ghost, especially a jolly ghost. Of course, if you're afraid, you can pull the covers of the bed over you and you might—let us say, lie shivering, but of course you aren't afraid of ghosts when there aren't any, or are there? Let's see what happens to the people who only this afternoon were picnicking in the woods.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon when Mary Allen and her brother, Tom, were ready to go home, but as fate would have it, it started to rain. They ran for the path that would take them home. In their hurry, they took the wrong path, so instead of finding themselves nearer home, they were deeper in the woods. By this time it was getting so dark they could hardly see ahead of them, and then, their eyes popped open in wild surprise, for there, not forty yards before them, stood the castle of old John Fogg.

They had heard of this castle in these woods, but nobody ever dared to go near it. They were soaking wet and had to have shelter; so Tom, taking

his sister by the hand, started toward the castle. Suddenly! "A-who-oo-o-o-ooo!" Mary cried out and clung closer to her brother. Then her fear left her, for over the door stood an owl, watching her. Tom laughed at his sister when he saw the owl.

Then becoming sober, he looked at his sister and said, "Mary, do you think it's true what people say about this castle?"

"I-I don't kn-know. I heard some people tell about it the other day, and they said that John Fogg was working in the saw mill. He slipped and the saw went right through his neck, cutting his head off. We know that's true because we went to his funeral."

"Didn't he have some trouble with a relative of his?" Tommy interrupted.

"I think so; don't interrupt me. Now people that have come near here say they have heard moaning noises, and it is rumored that someone got into the castle and saw John Fogg walking around with his head in his hands. Nobody goes in there. Sh-should we go i-i-in?"

"I guess we'll have to; we can't stay here in the rain," Tom said. So the two walked to the door, opened it and went in.

Tom lit a match to find they were in a large room. He saw the fireplace, which was all ready to light, but when Tom struck another match and touched it to the kindling wood, the light went out! A blinding glare lighted up the wall in front of the fireplace. There, facing them, was John Fogg with his head in his hand. Mary screamed, then they backed to the door. They opened the door to find that it lead to another room instead of out of doors, a fact which they couldn't understand because they had distinctly come in through that door.

They saw another door in front of them; they ran and opened it, "Mary, look!" Tom gasped in surprise. Mary started to speak, but Tom interrupted her. "Be quiet, Mary. I see it all now. It wasn't John Fogg that we saw. It was only a moving-picture machine image which flashed it on the wall before us." They closed the door and listened.

"Ja, guess we got rid of them all right."

Tom looked through the key hole to see a man press a button which opened part of the wall. The man went down the steps leading into a cellar.

Tom and Mary went up to the wall. Tom pressed the button and the wall opened up. They stood at the head of the stairs and listened again. They heard the same voice.

"Ja, we get rid of them snoopers good. I think they'll be the last to come near here; better send this information out now. Here, Hans, Fritz, help him."

"Mary! good heavens! Germans! Things are beginning to come clear now. We came through a door but not that one. You see, he pushed a lever changing the room around, but he didn't do it intentionally. They think they've scared us out. Also, Mary, John Fogg was murdered. The Nazis wanted this castle because there's an Army Base near here. They can get information and give it to the Germans. They pushed Mr. Fogg into the saw. With the moving picture machine and records, they have scared people away by making them believe it's haunted. They made that flash of light with car lights. All

they had to do was press a button and flash Mr. Fogg's picture on the wall."

Tom and Mary rushed out of the castle, for they knew the way home from there. They called the police. The Nazis were put in jail to await trial.

Now that the mystery had been cleared up, Mary and Tom went back to the castle and went into the living room. They were laughing about the incident that had happened the night before. They thought how scared and silly they were to think there were any ghosts.

"Ha, ha, ha," a series of laughs was heard. "So you don't believe in ghosts?" They turned and there in the mirror they saw— Mary gasped, "John Fogg!"

Well, dear readers, they were out of there before you could count five. Now we know there are no such things as ghosts, don't we? Maybe—maybe—we're wrong—what do you think—ah! N. R.

SPORTS

This year the Freshman girls took an active part in athletics. We started the sport season with volley ball in the fall. The girls that earned points toward their letter were: Margaret Webb, Alice Craig, Phyllis Frederick, Frances Hamilton, Gloria Wiley, Betty Merrithew and Marilyn Cianchette.

After ending the volley ball season we started basketball. The first game of the tournament we played against the Seniors in which we lost by one basket, 14 to 12. Not discouraged we took on those husky Sophomores and won our first great victory with a score of 37 to 5. After winning that game we challenged the Juniors and defeated them 25 to 23. After winning two consecutive games we went back to our old rivals, the Seniors, and took a second defeat with a score which we are not proud of. Thus ended basketball. The girls who earned their points were: Marilyn Cianchette, Margaret Webb, Gloria Wiley, Alice Wright, Mary Ackroyd and Pauline Spencer.

We have now started calisthenics, and many Freshman girls have turned out for it. It was very difficult for us at first, but it is easier now.

As soon as the weather permits and the ground gets dry, we are going to start hockey and softball. A. W.

JOKES

An angry subscriber, who was having trouble with the telephone, bellowed at the operator, "Am I crazy, or are you?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the voice with a smile, "we do not have that information."

Mr. Lowell: Please follow the work on the board.
Hughes: Where's it going?

Miss White: Where did dramas originate?
Tilton: In Greece.
Ingraham (faint whisper): They must have had a slippery foundation.

Fitts: What has eighteen legs and catches flies?
Macken: A baseball team.

Mr. Bryant: I have some sandpaper, glue, tissue paper, and balsa. What am I going to make?
"Chink:" A mess.

Colleen F.: Is Eunice Soule an active member of your Home Ec. class?

Ethelyn G.: My goodness, No! She never has a word to say—just sits there and sews all the time.

Miss White: Miss Cianchette, can you tell me the difference between perseverance and obstinacy?

Marilyn C.: One is a strong will and the other is a strong won't.

MODERN VERSE

Mary had a little lamb—
Observe the tense, we pray—
For with the rationing of meat,
She has no lamb today.

Miss White: This piece of lace is over fifty years old.
Phyllis F.: Gosh, it's beautiful. Did you make it?

Gerald F.: What do you think would go best with my red, green, and purple golf socks?
Margie W.: Hip boots.

Mr. Washburn: Why are pheasants about extinct?
Bobby H. (thoughtfully): They taste too good.

Cecil: Do you know the post office people are awful dumb?
Paul: Why?
Cecil: I sent a letter to the dumbest boy in America, and it came back to me.

Buddy Wright (arrested for speeding, on the way to Plymouth): But, your honor, I'm an M. C. I. boy.
Judge: Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody.

IF

I wonder what would happen if:
Barbara were "Hot" instead of Cole, if
Colleen were a "Buick" instead of a Ford, if
Marjorie were "Hamlet" instead of Shakespeare, if
Shirley were "Rivers" instead of Brooks, if
Joan were "Pinkham" instead of Tinkham, if
Eunice were a "heart" instead of a Soule, if
Buddy were "Wrong" instead of Wright, if
Margaret were a "Spider" instead of a Webb, if
Alfred were a "Chefson" instead of a Cookson, if
John were "Seedy" instead of Reidy, if
Mary were a "Mastoid" instead of an Ackroyd, if
Gerald had "Spells" instead of Fitts, if
Pauline were "Tracy" instead of Spencer, if
Phyllis were "Slaw" instead of Shaw, if
Paul were a "Lark" instead of a Clark, if
Eva were a "Fredson" instead of Johnson, if
Leonard were "Black" instead of White, if
Doris were a "Postman" instead of a Mailman, if
Beverly were "Ravenson" instead of Robinson.

M. A.

Mr. Lowell: Are you finding the questions hard, my boy?

P. Clark: No, sir. It isn't the questions that are worrying me; it's the answers which are so elusive.

Richard Tibbetts looked long and thoughtfully at the second examination question, which read: "State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States in any given year." Then his brow cleared and he wrote: "1492—none."

Gloria: Give me a definition of space.

Polly: I can't define it, but I have it in my head.

Miss White: What's a saw horse?

Maynard C.: Past tense of sea horse, I should think.



WHO?

Who is the girl
With many a curl,
Who rolls up the score
On the basketball floor?
G. W.

Who is the ticket-seller
That has many a feller,
And writes to Peru
To a guy she once knew?
F. H.

Who's the cute, "little" boy
Who has great joy
In being a pest?
He's New York's best.
R. H.

You remember the guy?
Curly hair so high—
A permanent they say
Is what makes it stay.
G. F.

President of our class?
A very pretty lass.
She is a good leader
And oh! How we need her.
E. J.

p. F.

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