The Trumpet 1945

THE SENIOR CLASS

OF

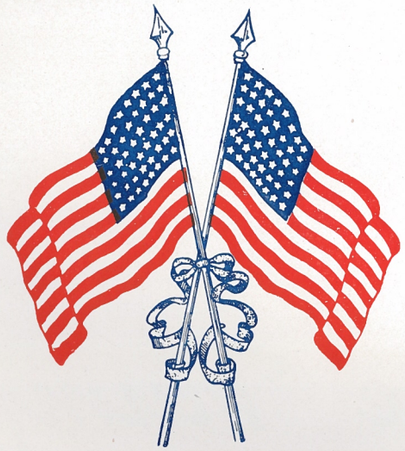
MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE

Presents

The Trumpet



1945



IN MEMORY OF THOSE GRADUATES OF M. C. I. WHO
HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES FOR FREEDOM'S CAUSE.

Look, God, I have never spoken to You.
But now I want to say: "How do You do?"
You see, God, they told me You didn't exist—
And like a fool I believed all this.
Last night from a shell hole I saw Your sky
And figured right then they told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see things You made,
I'd known they weren't calling a spade a spade.
I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand.
Somehow I feel that You'll understand.
Funny I had to come to this hellish place,
Before I had time to see Your face.
Well, I guess there isn't much more to say;
But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today.
I guess the zero hour will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid, since I know You're here.
The signal! Well, God, I'll have to go—
I like You lots, this I want You to know.
Look now! This will be a horrible fight;
Who knows, I may come to Your house tonight.
Tho' I wasn't friendly to You before,
I wonder, God, if You'd wait at Your door?
Look, I'm crying—me shedding tears!
I wish I had known You these many years.
Well, God, I have to go now—good bye—
Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die.

—Miss Frances Angermayer

FOREWORD

The joy that blooms from
Yesterday's remembrance
The peace that surpasses
Those days' understanding
The hope that springs from
Confidence in tomorrow.

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JUNIOR SECTION

SOPHOMORE SECTION

FRESHMAN SECTION

DEDICATION

Miss White



RUTH E. WHITE, B.A.
Colby College

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO THE ONE WHO HAS STRIVEN THAT WE MIGHT
HAVE THE FULLEST, THE HAPPIEST AND THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
SCHOOLDAYS, WHO HAS AIDED US IN OUR
DIFFICULTIES AND SHARED OUR
JOY AND SORROW.

ADMINISTRATION



HOWARD WASHBURN, A.B., M.A., M.Ed.
Trinity College and
University of New Hampshire
Acting Principal



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



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



MYRTLE SHERMAN, B.A.
Colby College
French
Latin



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

Helen E. Jenison



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



PAUL LEGGE, B.S.
University of Illinois
Science and Athletic Coach

Coach Paul Legge



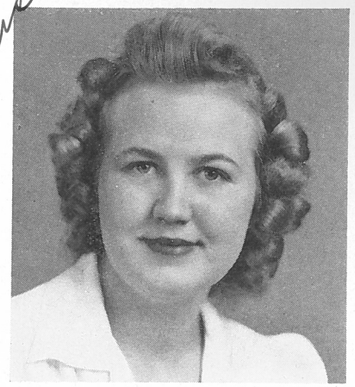
BETTE MORSE
Bates College, B.A.
World History

Bette Morse



NORBERT YOUNG
Gorham Normal School
Shopwork

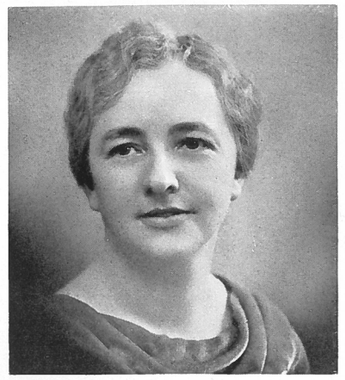
Best wishes
Arline Adams



ARLINE ADAMS, B.S.
Farmington Normal School
Home Economics



FLORAINE CORNFORTH
Gray's Business College
Typing Assistant



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



ESTELLE B. HABENICHT
New England Conservatory of Music
Violin

HONOR PARTS

Valedictorian	Evelyn Webendorfer
Salutatorian	Arline Barker
First Honor Essay	Lorraine Ward
Second Honor Essay	Virginia Foster
Third Honor Essay	Hazel Dunton

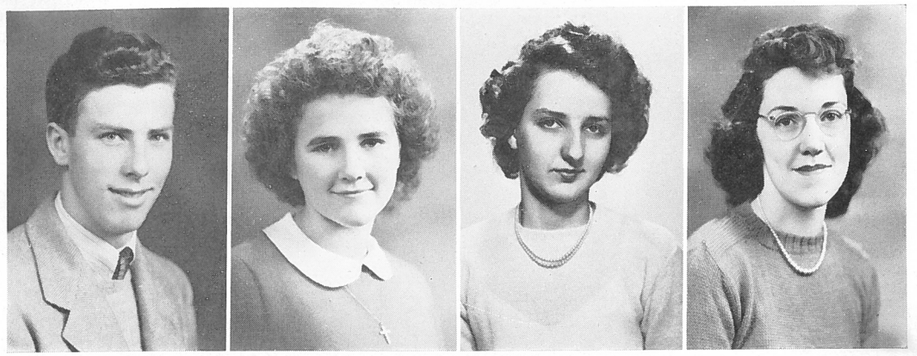
CLASS DAY PARTS

Address to Undergraduates	Wayne Susi
Oration	Marjorie Vaughan
Class Prophecy	Dorothy Austin Robert Chandler
Class Will	Nedra Hammond
Class Gifts	Nena Emery Stanley Ames
Class History	Mary Crawford
Class Chaplain	Richard Whalen
Class Marshals	Nena Emery Wayne Susi
Class Flower	Red and White Roses
Class Motto	Night Brings Out the Stars
Graduation Theme	A New World

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Senior Last Chapel	Wednesday, June 6
Class Day Exercises	Saturday, June 9
Baccalaureate Service	Sunday, June 10
Graduation	Sunday, June 10

SENIOR



PHILIP PARSONS MARJORIE VAUGHAN VIRGINIA FOSTER ARLINE BARKER

CLASS OFFICERS

Philip Parsons	*President*
Marjorie Vaughan	*Vice President*
Virginia Foster	*Secretary*
Arline Barker	*Treasurer*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

Regena Conroy	Lorraine Ward
Charles Pease	Anita Jacobs

Class Advisors
Miss White and Mr. Legge

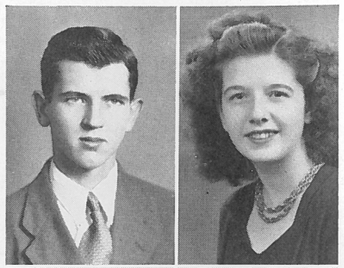
Stanley E. Ames "Stan"
Pittsfield, Maine
Prize Speaking (1); *Orchestra* (1, 2); *Manson Prize Speaking alternate* (3); *Football* (4); *"M" Club* (4).
Stan is our country lad who always has a ready smile for everyone. This reveals a friendly disposition along with his quiet manners.
We know your friendly ways will carry you far in life.

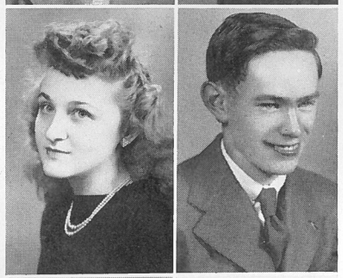
Dorothy E. Austin "Dottie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4); *Glee Club* (2); *Girls' Chorus* (4); *Secretary* (2); *Girls' Athletic Council* (2, 3, 4); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Publicity Manager of Athletic Council* (4); *Chapel Board* (4); *Chairman of Assembly Programs* (4); *"M" Club* (4); *Editorial Board* (4).
It's Dottie who makes life worth living, with her ready smile and witty remarks. We hope you'll be as successful all through life as you are in imitating Costello! Good luck to you, Dottie.

Arline V. Barker "Barker"
Pittsfield, Maine
Ricker Classical Institute (1); *Manson Prize Speaking* (3); *Class Treasurer* (4); TRUMPET *Board* (4); *Senior Play* (4); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Chapel Board* (4).
"Do unto others as you wish others to do unto you" is Arline's motto. We wish you the best in life and we know you'll get it.

Norma A. Booth
Pittsfield, Maine "Boothbee"
M. C. I. (1, 3, 4); *Cape Elizabeth High* (2); *Girl Reserves* (1, 4); *Girls' Athletics* (4).
We wonder. Norma spends so much time in Newport. There must be some attraction there. We hear you want to be a nurse. Best of luck!

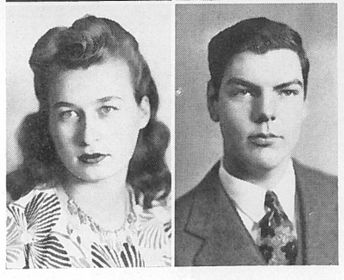
Beverly B. Bradbury "Bub"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 4); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2, 3, 4).
Beverly is one of the quiet members of our class, but we know she has a lot of determination. Here's wishing you success.











Nancy L. Brooks "Rabbit"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 3, 4); *Pop Concert* (1, 2).
We have been lucky to have your friendly smile these four years. May success be yours, Nancy.

Robert F. Chandler "Bob"
Pittsfield, Maine
Mexico High School (1, 2, 3, 4); *Orchestra* (4); *Senior Play* (4); *Basketball Manager* (4); TRUMPET *Board* (4); *"M" Club* (4).
Good luck to the boy with the friendly smile. What ever happened to that Dramatic Club, Bob?

Regena F. Conroy "Reggie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking (1); *Alumni Prize Speaking* (2); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Archery* (1); *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4); *M. C. I. Ensemble* (1); *Pop Concert* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girls' Athletics* (1); *Glee Club* (2); *Editorial Board* (2); *Girls' Chorus* (4); *Executive Committee* (4).
Success to the girl who never lacks a date. We wonder why Reggie is partial to liquid brown eyes and long dark lashes!

Mary L. Crawford
Pittsfield, Maine
Speaking (1, 2, 3); *Athletics* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Senior Play* (4); *Chapel Board* (3); *Editorial Board* (2, *Assistant*, 3, *Assistant*, 4, *Editor-in-Chief*); *Class Officer* (1, *Secretary*; 2, *Business Manager*; 3, *Vice President*; 4, *Business Manager*); *Girls' Chorus* (4); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Treasurer* (3), *President* (4); *National Honor Society* (3); *M. C. I. Ensemble* (1).
She's the willing worker of our class who can always lend a helping hand. Someday perhaps the world will know her as well as we. Best of luck!

William W. Daily "Bill"
Pittsfield, Maine
Intramural Basketball (1); *Track* (1); *Hi-Y* (2, 3).
Who is Pittsfield's tallest mailman? Who's the good hearted giant around M. C. I.? Everybody knows that it's Bill Daily. Good Luck!

Hazel A. Dunton "Dunt"
Pittsfield, Maine
Glee Club (4); *Girl Reserves* (4).
To Hazel with her super-personality we wish the best of everything.

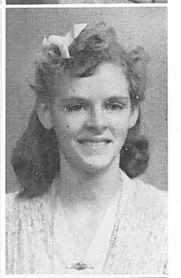
Eleanor G. Emery
Pittsfield, Maine
Carmel High (1, 2); *Girls' Athletics* (4).
We are very glad to have you in our class, Eleanor, though it has only been for two years. Your friendly personality makes you welcome anywhere.

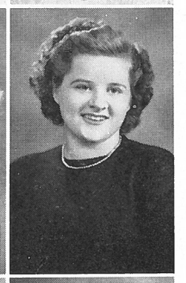
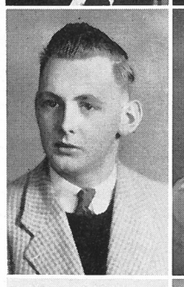
Nena A. Emery "Queenie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Vice President (2); *Glee Club* (2); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girls' Chorus* (4); *Athletic Council* (3, 4); *Cheerleader* (4); *Editorial Board* (4); *"M" Club* (3, 4); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4).
Nena's hobby seems to be collecting hearts. How about it, Nena? M. C. I. will miss its star athlete. Best of luck to you.

Lewis R. Fitts, Jr.
Pittsfield, Maine "Doc"
Vice President (1) *Football* (1-*Captain* 4); *Basketball* (2, 4); *Pop Concert* (1, 2, 4); *Baseball* (1, 2, 4); *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Freshman Day Committee* (2); *Hi-y Club* (2, 3); *Cross Country* (2); *Cook Music Prize* (3); *Intramural Basketball* (1); *"M" Club* (4).
Here's to the progressive athlete in our class. We'll leave it to "Doc" to have the (W)right slant on life. Best of luck to you.

Virginia M. Foster "Ginny"
Pittsfield, Maine
Bangor High School (1, 2); *Orchestra* (3, 4); *Girl Reserves* (3, 4); *Editorial Board* (3); *Manson Prize Speaking* (3); *Class Secretary* (4); *Girls' Chorus* (4); *Girls' Athletics* (3, 4); *Publicity Committee Senior Play* (4).
Someone to put on a committee? Just call on Ginny; that's her specialty. Always dependable—she won't let you down.






Nedra L. Hammond "Ned"
Girls' Athletics (1, 2, 3, 4); *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Glee Club* (1); *Senior Play* (4); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4), *Vice President* (4); *Athletic Council* (3, 4); *Editorial Board* (3); *Prize Speaking* (2).
To the "Champion of Arguments" in Social Problems Class. May you be as happy in life as you are when arguing.

Maxine D. Higgins "Max"
Troy, Maine
To the lady with the sweet smile and quiet way we willingly admit that we never could have managed without her. May all the success and happiness be hers in the future.

Anita B. Jacobs "Nita"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Glee Club* (1); *Pop Concert* (1); *Executive Board* (4); *Executive Board, Girl Reserves* (4).
"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is Anita's motto. Hang on to it, Nita. The best of everything to a grand person.

Muriel B. Kenniston "Kenny"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (4); *Girls' Athletics* (3, 4); *Girls' Glee Club* (2); *Pop Concert Committee* (1, 2); *Girls' Chorus* (4).
Here's to the quiet member of our class, or maybe we just don't know her! We know you'll succeed in whatever you attempt, Muriel, with that winning smile to help you.

Joan E. LaForge "Joanie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Athletics (4); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Bangor High School* (1, 2).
She came to us as a junior and has become a well liked classmate. Those light brown tresses and fetching blue eyes belong to none other than our "Joanie".

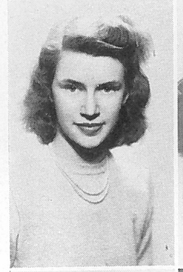
Anita M. Langley "Nita"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girls' Athletics (4); *Senior Play Publicity Board* (4); *Pop Concert Committee* (2).
Nita is one of the members in our class that we don't know very much about. She has been a helpful and cooperative member in class activities and we wish you the best in life, Nita.



Marion L. Luce
Troy, Maine
Unity High (2, 3).
Though Marion has only been our classmate during our Freshman and Senior years, we're proud to have her with us, and we sincerely hope that the best of everything will be hers.



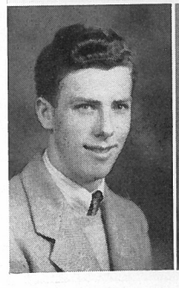
Elizabeth B. Marden "Liz"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girls' Athletics (1, 2, 3, 4); *Glee Club* (1, 2); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4).
"Not that I love study less, but that I love fun more" might apply to Liz. Just keep "joking", Liz, and you'll get by.



Helen E. McGibney
Pittsfield, Maine
Unity High (1, 2); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Girls' Athletics* (4).
Helen always has a smile for everybody. Watch that smile—it will take her places.



Philip H. Parsons "Phil"
New Portland, Maine
Central High (New Portland) (1, 2, 3); *Chapel Board* (4); *Orchestra* (4); *Class President* (4); *Senior Play* (4).
Though you have been with us only a year, Phil, we depend on you for help in our activities. We wish you best of luck and we know you'll get by with the "help" you have in New Portland!



Charles L. Pease "Charlie"
Troy, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking (1); TRUMPET *Board* (1); *Manson Prize Speaking* (3).
We don't see much of Charlie after school. He's too busy putting together an engine that nobody believes will run. Anyway, we hope it does, Charlie. Good luck!



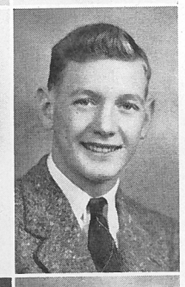
Elizabeth C. Plummer
Pittsfield, Maine "Betty"
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2. 3, 4), *Senior Play* (4); *Cheerleader* (4); *Glee Club* (2); *Pop Concert* (1, 2); *Girls' Chorus* (4); *Freshman Day Committee* (2).
To the girl with the long blond hair we wish every success. Here's to Betty; she's true blue, (Navy blue).



Barbara E. Small "Barb"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girls' Athletics (1, 2); *Pop Concert* (2).
Barb is our red-headed siren from the metropolis of West Pittsfield. Her collection of snap-shots is something to see! May you always be as successful in your collections.

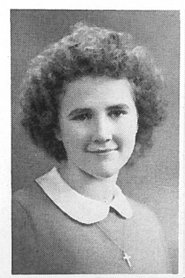


Wayne E. Susi "Sus"
Pittsfield, Maine
Football (1, 4); *Track* (1); *Prize Speaking* (1, 2, 3); *Hi-y* (2, 3); *Business Manager* (1); *Basketball Manager* (1); *Intramural Basketball* (1); *"M" Club* (4); *Senior Play* (3).
Oh, that handsome boy! How he loves to tease the girls. Best luck, Sus!



Christine L. Twitchell
Detroit, Maine "Chris"
Girl Reserves (3); *Pop Concert* (2); *Girls' Athletics* (1).
Christine's hearty laugh can be heard echoing through the halls almost any time. Maybe it's the Detroit air that makes her that way. Keep it up. Christine, and you'll do alright.

Marjorie B. Vaughan
Burnham, Maine "Margie"
Girls' Athletics (3, 4); *Editorial Board* (4); *Vice President* (4); *Girls' Athletic Council* (4); *Girls' Chorus* (4).
With those pretty blue eyes and your sparkling smile, the patients aren't going to want to get well when they have you for a nurse, Margie.



Lorraine V. Ward "Wardie"
Thorndike, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4); *Chaplain* (3); *Treasurer* (4); *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Secretary* (3); *Executive Board* (4); *Chapel Board* (3, 4); *Chairman of Chapel Program* (4); *Senior Play* (4); *Girls' Chorus* (4); *National Honor Society* (3, 4); *Manson Prize Speaking* (3); *Editorial Board* (3, 4).
"Wardie" is the "all-around" girl of our class—always capable of accomplishing whatever is required of her. We know you'll be successful in all your attempts. Best of luck, "Wardie".



Evelyn J. Webendorfer
Pittsfield, Maine "Widdle"
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Freshman Prize Speaking* (1); *Alumni Prize Speaking* (2); *Manson Prize Speaking* (3); *Editorial Board* (1, 2, 4); *Pop Concert* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Archery* (1); *M. C. I. Ensemble* (1); *Glee Club* (2); *George M. Parks Junior Scholarship* (3); *Girls' Chorus* (4); *Chapel Board* (4); *Senior Play* (4).
She not only has a way with the books, but also a way with the men. It must be those brown eyes that gets 'em. Best of luck!



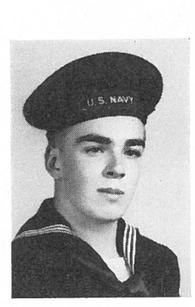
Richard B. Whalen "Dick"
Pittsfield, Maine
Prize Speaking (1, 2, 3); *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Class Treasurer* (3); *Chapel Board* (3); *Editorial Board* (4); *Executive Board* (4).
Dick is torn between two ambitions—one, to be a second Harry James, and two—to have the sailors' proverbial "girl in every port". We hope that you can accomplish both, Dick.

Best of Luck
Dick





PVT. CHARLES A. BARRETT



ROGER B. PERCIVAL F 2/c

During their Senior year at M. C. I. two class members were called into the service—Roger Percival to the Navy and Charles Barrett to the Army Air Force. It was thought fitting to include their pictures, as ultimately both boys will receive an M. C. I. diploma.

CLASS ODE

(Tune: *At Dawning*)

Now the hour has come to say,
Fond Farewell;
And with saddened hearts today,
We remember;
Plans we've made, our joys, our tears
Striving through four happy years
From dawn 'till dusk we'll ever cherish,
These memories ne'er perish.
Within your walls the lessons taught,
Through the years;
Will guide us as life paths are sought,
Ever onward;
Toward this goal we've built our way,
When good-byes we'd have to say,
To M. C. I. our Alma Mater,
We're loyal forever.

Regena Conroy

★ ★ ★

CLASS POEM

Behind our smiles there are tears
And in our laughter, a sigh
As time brings to an end
Our four years at M. C. I.

Carefully locked in our hearts
Are memories precious and dear
Of teachers, classrooms, and friends
And the joys we've shared here.

It is the small things we love—
That will live in our memory,
Laughter ringing in your halls,
Gloriously young and free.

The smile of a well-loved friend,
Rain on a window pane,
Familiar things in a room,
Always in memory the same.

Nor time, nor distance of years
Can dim our burning desire
To live by the high ideals
That in our lives you inspire.

Evelyn Webendorfer

SENIOR PLAY

A three-act comedy, "Miss Jimmy", was presented by the Senior Class December 20, 1944. Gales of laughter filled Powers Hall while the audience followed the predicament of a college fellow, Jimmy, as he tried to fulfill the requirements for membership to his school fraternity. In trying to steal a dress from the dormitory of Brier Mountain College for Girls, he is discovered and held for ransom. The girls held him because they needed men for their Senior Prom. This play, all of which took place in the girls' rooms, ended happily as Jimmy, finally released, promised to bring a good supply of partners for the dance.

Charles Barrett, who was to play the part of Jimmy, left for the service before the play was produced. Durward Emery, a Junior, willingly filled the role of leading man.

Cast of Characters

(In the order of their appearance)

Louise	Mary Crawford
Florence	Elizabeth Plummer
Catherine	Nedra Hammond
Doris	Lorraine Ward
Harriet	Evelyn Webendorfer
Droopy	Robert Chandler
Miss Watkins	Arline Barker
Jimmy	Durward Emery, '46
Prof. Frazier	Philip Parsons



SENIOR PLAY CAST



CHAPEL BOARD

THE CHAPEL BOARD

Our first presentation of programs was introduced by Mary Crawford under the direction of Miss Lucile de Reynolds. The newly organized Chapel Committee was divided into two parts: the Chapel Programs held on Tuesdays with Chairmen Lorraine Ward and Evelyn Webendorfer, and the Assembly Programs held on Thursdays with Chairmen Dorothy Austin and Philip Parsons. The board, composed of members selected from all classes, included the following: Charles Barrett, Arline Barker, Dorothy Maynard, Paul Susi, Alice Craig, Joan Tinkham, Loretta White, and Charles London.

They have attempted throughout the year to present programs displaying as much school talent as possible.

On these programs they have also introduced some outside talent, consisting of piano, violin, and vocal solos, as well as speakers.

The Senior Class takes pleasure in including a group picture of the Chapel Board in order to give just recognition to a group of students who have worked faithfully and skilfully to bring to the student body good entertainment. It is hoped that the Chapel Board will become a strong school institution.

ORCHESTRA

If on Thursday night at seven o'clock, you should hear weird noises coming from Powers Hall, don't be alarmed. It is only the M. C. I. orchestra being tuned for the weekly rehearsal under the capable direction of Mrs. Ruth Cook. This year's orchestra contains fourteen violins, four cellos, two saxophones, two clarinets, one trombone, eight trumpets and seven pianists. The orchestra performs in Chapel, at Prize Speaking and Senior Play, and at several town affairs. The main performance of the year is the Pop Concert. The orchestra "M" letters are awarded during Commencement Exercises to those students who have had good attendance and have shown conscientiousness in their work.



ORCHESTRA



GIRL RESERVES

GIRL RESERVES

The Girl Reserves of M. C. I. meet every other Tuesday. True to traditions, the officers and advisor of the club have brought to the members of the club many topics of wide interest and guest speakers who have given the girls many new ideas. The girls are doing their part in helping to win the war by volunteering to roll bandages for the Red Cross. The club has also sponsored parties and dances.

Officers

President	Mary Crawford
Vice President	Nedra Hammond
Secretary	Jane Reed
Treasurer	Lorraine Ward
Chaplain	Ruth Shaw

GIRLS' CHORUS

Unable to have a Glee Club this year, the girls were very happy when Miss Reynolds offered her assistance in forming a chorus. We began by having all girls who were interested in singing meet once a week for rehearsal. The attendance varied each week, and in order to accomplish our purpose, we made a rule that if a girl missed three practices, she was dropped from the Chorus.

This Girls' Chorus was formed for our enjoyment. We did, however, sing in Chapel and at a few assembly programs. The girls have enjoyed singing and do appreciate the interest that Miss Reynolds has shown in directing us. We hope that the existence of such a chorus will become a school institution.

The girls in the Chorus are:

Seniors
Dorothy Austin
Regena Conroy
Mary Crawford
Nena Emery
Virginia Foster
Betty Plummer
Marjorie Vaughan
Lorraine Ward
Evelyn Webendorfer

Sophomores
Alice Craig
Marilyn Cianchette
Phyllis Frederick
Pauline Spencer
Margaret Webb

Juniors
Joyce Almonte
Evelyn Frederick
Doris Goodrich
Barbara Humphrey
Evelene Lancaster
Dorothy Maynard
Jacklyn Richards
Doris Swift
Jeannette Webb

Freshmen
Marguerite Coolbroth
Shirley Dunham
Ruth Percival
Theresa Sirois
Loretta White



GIRLS' CHORUS



GIRLS' ATHLETIC COUNCIL

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Athletic Council, with the aid of Miss Morse, has set up a new athletic system. The idea of this system is to introduce more sports. Our program consists of basketball, volley ball, badminton, dancing, marching, skating, skiing, hiking, hockey, archery, and soft ball.

When a girl is a freshman, she may earn her numerals if she participates in enough sports to receive 50 points. The next year she may work for her symbol, which takes 100 points. When she is a junior, she starts working for her letter. If she succeeds in getting 150 points her junior year, she will be awarded her "M" letter. The senior year an award, such as an M. C. I. jacket, is given to the outstanding girl in athletics. This system gives the girls a chance to work for an award each year.

A point is given to each girl who spends one hour in some sport.

All students who go on the bus or work may go out for sports the seventh period each day. In this way they have an opportunity to get in their required hours.

This athletic system has proved itself popular in many schools, and a very enthusiastic group has participated.

The Athletic Council is the head of the Girls' Athletics, and the girls are selected to represent each class. The officers include the following:

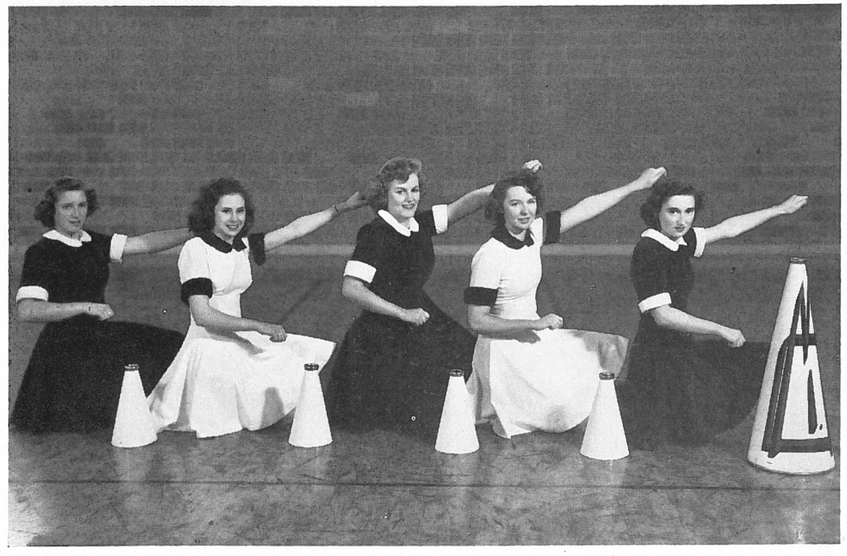
President	Nena Emery
Secretary	Jeannette Webb
Publicity Manager	Dorothy Austin

The rest of the girls who make up the council are: Nedra Hammond, Marjorie Vaughan, Ruth Shaw, Joyce Almonte, Margaret Webb, Alice Wright and Theresa Sirois.

CHEER LEADERS

During the football season, M. C. I. had twelve cheer leaders. All twelve girls enjoyed working together under the supervision of Miss Adams. When the basketball season opened, it was impossible to have such a large group of leaders; therefore, five regular leaders with two substitutes were chosen. These girls enjoyed leading the student body and have attended many out-of-town games where their spirit and enthusiasm have helped to build up the final score. Much of the success of the cheerleaders should be given to Miss Adams for her tireless efforts to develop the M. C. I. cheer leaders into an outstanding group that any school would be proud to claim as its own. The cheer leaders are as follows:

Nena Emery, *Leader*	Alice Wright
Jeannette Webb	*Substitutes*
Jacklyn Richards	Ruth Shaw
Margaret Webb	Alice Craig



CHEERLEADERS



FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL

After two years of absence from gridiron warfare, M. C. I. came back this year with a smashing attack to conquer all Preparatory school opponents and win the Maine Preparatory School Football Championship for 1944.

Coach Paul Legge, a graduate of the University of Illinois, came to M. C. I. this year with high hopes of a football team, but after the first two or three practices, without question he must have thought that he was coaching a hopeless squad. Yet Coach Legge is never one to admit defeat, and backed by a group of fellows who believed nothing to be impossible, they continued to "stick" to the football practice field five nights a week from four o'clock until six-thirty. The result of this hard struggle was a victorious team and the championship.

The original schedule for the season was ten games, two of which were cancelled. The games and scores as they were played are as follows:

Madison—20	M. C. I.— 0
Brewer— 0	M. C. I.— 0
Waterville—47	M. C. I.—18
Dover-Foxcroft— 0	M. C. I.—26
Dexter— 0	M. C. I.— 9
Mexico— 0	M. C. I.— 0
Higgins— 6	M. C. I.— 7
Kents Hill— 7	M. C. I.—41

The players who received their letter this year were: Post Graduate: Eugene Hamilton. Seniors: Captain Lewis Fitts, Stanley Ames, Wayne Susi. Juniors: Stanley Wyman, Wayne Varnum, Basil Heffren, Melvin Havey, Durward Emery, Robert Sirois, and Manager Richard Sirois. Sophomores: Gerald Fitts, Harvey Varney.

BASKETBALL

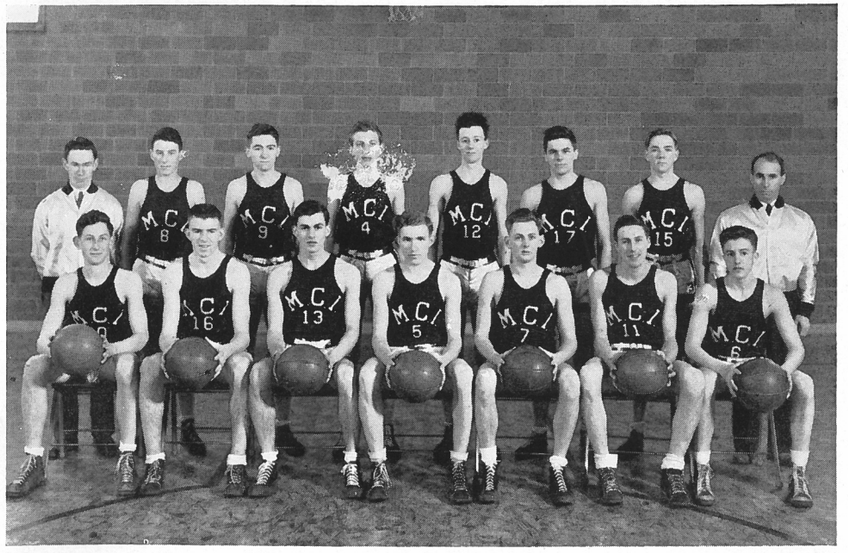
Along with other sports at M. C. I. basketball was reorganized this year. Under the able supervision of Coach Paul Legge the Garnet and Black Hoopsters had a very successful season winning 15 of a difficult 23 game schedule. This year's squad boasts twin wins over Skowhegan, Winslow, and Hartland and single wins over Wilton, Gardiner, Fairfield, Dexter, Clinton, Ricker Classical Institute, Colby, Coburn, and Higgins.

The members of the squad are Richard Sirois, Harvey Varney, Captain Stanley Wyman, Lewis Fitts, Wayne Varnum, Gerald Fitts, Eugene Hamilton, Paul Brooks, and Merlon Tilton.

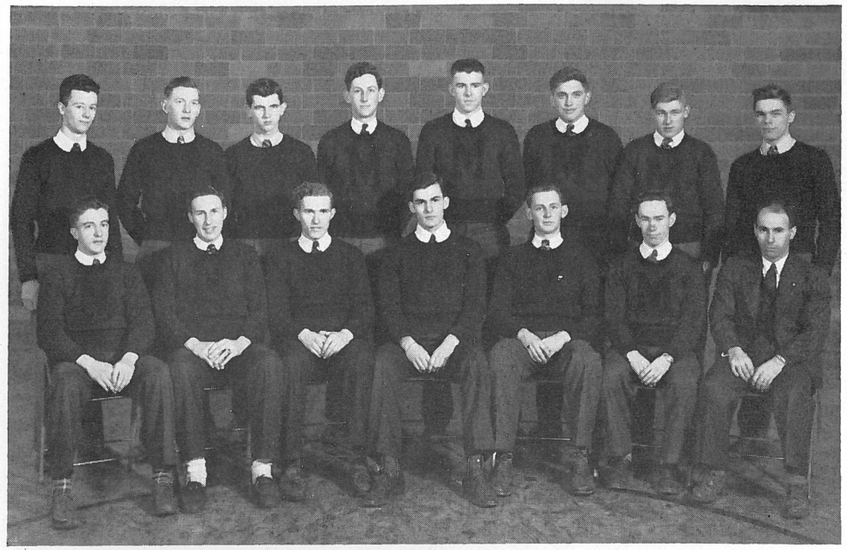
Schedule

Dec. 1	Clinton	18	M. C. I. 43	At Home
Dec. 9	Bangor	55	M. C. I. 31	Bangor
Dec. 15	Wilton Academy	27	M. C. I. 49	At Home
Dec. 19	John Bapst	58	M. C. I. 29	Bangor
Dec. 22	Skowhegan	20	M. C. I. 47	At Home
Dec. 27	Hartland	19	M. C. I. 39	At Hartland
Dec. 29	Wilton Academy	24	M. C. I. 19	Wilton
Jan. 2	John Bapst	31	M. C. I. 26	At Home
Jan. 5	Cony	48	M. C. I. 27	Augusta
Jan. 9	Colby	66	M. C. I. 46	Waterville
Jan. 12	Winslow	32	M. C. I. 33	At Home
Jan. 16	Gardiner	42	M. C. I. 43	At Home
Jan. 19	Fairfield	24	M. C. I. 29	At Home
Jan. 23	Winslow	26	M. C. I. 34	Winslow
Jan. 30	Skowhegan	35	M. C. I. 38	Skowhegan
Feb. 1	Hartland	20	M. C. I. 84	At Home
Feb. 3	Dexter	19	M. C. I. 43	At Home
Feb. 6	Lawrence	28	M. C. I. 24	Fairfield
Feb. 8	Ricker Classical Institute	39	M. C. I. 65	At Home
Feb. 13	Bangor High	35	M. C. I. 39	At Home
Feb. 16	Colby	38	M. C. I. 42	At Home
Feb. 19	Coburn	21	M. C. I. 36	At Home
Feb. 23	Higgins	29	M. C. I. 36	At Home

PREPARATORY SCHOOL CHAMPIONS



BASKETBALL



"M" CLUB

"M" CLUB

The varsity "M" Club has been reorganized this year under the guidance of Coach Paul Legge. This is the first year of club activity since the 1941-42 term. The club consists of twelve lettermen and one senior manager. There are only two lettermen in school who received their letter in years previous to this one. All the lettermen members received their right to wear the school letter during the football season, and there may be a few new members added after the basketball and baseball seasons have ended.

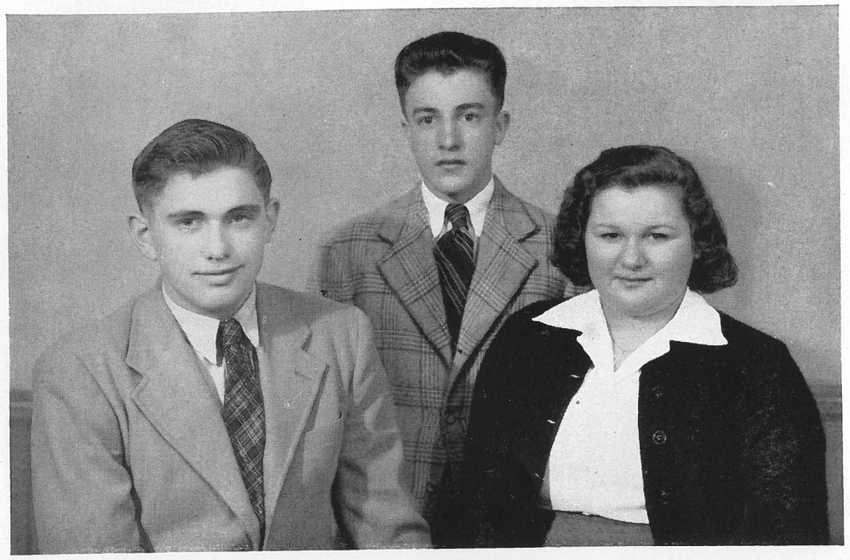
The club elected each of its three officers from different classes. They are:

President	Gene Hamilton, P.G.
Vice President	Lewis Fitts '45
Secretary-Treasurer	Stanley Wyman '46



SENIOR CANDID

JUNIOR



JUNIOR OFFICERS

CLASS OFFICERS

(President Absent)

President . . . . . Floyd Temple
Vice President . . . . . Richard Sirois
Secretary . . . . . Evelyn Frederick
Treasurer . . . . . Basil Heffren

Class Advisors
Mrs. Sherman
Miss Adams

JUNIOR EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief
Stanley Wyman

Assistant Editor
Ruth Shaw

Business Manager
Durward Emery

Literary Editors
Donna Hodgins
Blair Libby

Activity Editors
Kenneth Tibbetts
Doris Goodrich

Girls' Joke Editors
Evelene Lancaster
Jeannette Webb

Boys' Joke Editors
Basil Heffren
Wayne Varnum

Athletics
Joyce Almonte
Walter Kennedy

★ ★ ★

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Almonte, Joyce
Bickford, Philip
Danielson, Olivia
Deraps, Ernest
Dunphy, Richard
Emery, Durward
Foster, Kathleen
Frederick, Evelyn
Getchell, Eileen
Gibbs, Elaine
Goodrich, Doris
Graham, Edna
Grignon, Lorraine
Havey, Melvin
Heffren, Basil
Hodgins, Donna
Holt, Shirley
Shuman, Sidney
Sirois, Richard
Sirois, Robert
Spencer, Muriel
Stewart, Marion
Susi, Paul
Swift, Doris
Humphrey, Barbara
Hunt, Betty
Karam, Lorraine
Lancaster, Evelene
Langley, Thelma
Libby, Blair
Maynard, Dorothy
Mitchell, Alton
Mitchell, Arland
Moore, Barbara
Morrell, Susan
Nason, Wilson
Reed, Jane
Richards, Jacklyn
Schissler, Mary
Shaw, Ruth
Temple, Floyd
Tibbetts, Kenneth
Webb, Jeannette
Webber, Roland
Withee, Beverly
White, Geneva
Wyman, Stanley

JUNIORS PARTICIPATE IN SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Orchestra

Our class is proud of its representation in the orchestra. This is an activity which begins early in the fall and continues until the annual commencement exercises in the spring. The orchestra plays each week in chapel and at the various school functions throughout the year. The following juniors are orchestra members:

Robert Sirois
Barbara Moore
Evelyn Frederick
Doris Goodrich
Richard Sirois
Durward Emery
Sidney Shuman
Barbara Humphrey
Evelene Lancaster
Dorothy Maynard

Chapel Board

Dorothy Maynard and Paul Susi deserve praise for their part of the work that the Chapel Board is doing to entertain us twice a week. The many varied programs are greatly appreciated by us all.

Girls' Chorus

This year at M. C. I. a Girls' Chorus has been organized under the leadership of Miss Lucille de Reynolds. The group meets on Monday afternoon to rehearse the various selections which are sung in chapel once a month. Although it is a new organization, it is fast becoming a popular one with the student body. Junior girls who belong to this group are:

Evelene Lancaster
Evelyn Frederick
Doris Goodrich
Barbara Humphrey
Jacklyn Richards
Jeannette Webb
Joyce Almonte
Dorothy Maynard

Girl Reserves

One of the largest organizations in the history of the school is the Girl Reserves. Keen interest from the members of the Junior class is shown by the large attendance at the meetings, which are held every two weeks.

Jane Reed, a member of the Junior class, is secretary of this organization. Other members from the Junior class are:

Joyce Almonte
Donna Hodgins
Jeannette Webb
Evelene Lancaster
Ruth Shaw
Evelyn Frederick
Doris Swift
Barbara Humphrey
Doris Goodrich
Betty Hunt
Marion Stewart
Shirley Holt
Lorraine Karam
Jacklyn Richards
Kathleen Foster
Edna Graham

Cheerleaders

This year at M.C.I. a splendid cheering section, under the careful guidance of Miss Adams, has been developed. The group made its appearance at the first football game. Jeannette Webb and Jacklyn Richards are the two varsity cheerleaders from the Junior class.

Substitute cheerleaders from the Junior class for football were: Donna Hodgins, Joyce Almonte, Evelene Lancaster, and Ruth Shaw. Substitute cheerleader for basketball is Ruth Shaw.

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THE JUNIOR BOYS' PARTICIPATION IN ATHLETICS

The Junior Class was well represented on the 1945 State Prep School Championship football team. From a group of twelve players to receive their "M" for participation in football, six were Juniors. There were five linemen and one backfield man.

Right end was very capably handled by Wayne Varnum who was high scorer for the team with a total of twenty-five points. He was outstanding as a pass receiver and also was a strong cog on the defense.

Gigantic Basil Heffren, our one hundred and ninety-five pound right tackle, proved a menace to the opposition. They found it hard to open "holes" through his side of the line.

At right guard was Durward Emery, who won state-wide acclaim as one of the best school boy linemen in Maine. He was in on every play and stopped many plays behind the line of scrimmage.

At left tackle was hard-hitting "Mel" Havey, who worked his way up from the J. V. squad. He was one of the most aggressive men on the team.

"Bob" Sirois did an outstanding job at left end. He was the smallest man on the team, tipping the scales at only a hundred and twenty-eight pounds, but he did a great job at knocking down the interference around his end.

The Juniors were represented in the backfield by "Stan" Wyman who played quarterback and called plays for the M. C. I. Eleven.

Richard Sirois also received his letter in football. "Dick" started this fall with intentions of gaining a position as player on the squad, but, in the first official practice session, he broke his collar bone. Thus the squad lost some potential football material, but, in return, was rewarded by a very capable and valuable manager.

Other Juniors who received credit as members of the state championship squad are:

Walter Kennedy
Philip Bickford
Sidney Shuman
Blair Libby
Wilson Nason

JUNIOR GIRLS' ATHLETICS

For the first time since 1942 Girls' Athletics are being directed by a school coach, Miss Bette Morse.

Under her able direction, there promises to be a full schedule of sports of a greater variety than ever before.

Sports for the winter season will be: basketball, volley ball, badminton, modern dancing, skiing, and skating.

This year the girls are working under a new point system which was introduced by Miss Morse.

Under this system appears a greater variety of sports and numerals which gradually advance to an "M" letter. This elevates the point goal, but is more interesting for the girls as it provides more competition.

We are looking forward to more girls taking part in sports this year and to a greater number receiving numerals and "M's".

The Junior girls participating are: Evelyn Frederick, Doris Goodrich, Barbara Humphrey, Joyce Almonte, Evelene Lancaster, Jeannette Webb, Kathleen Foster, Doris Swift, Jacklyn Richards, Ruth Shaw, Donna Hodgins.

Joyce Almonte, Ruth Shaw and Jeannette Webb have already earned their "M's".

★ ★ ★

THE OLD MAN'S TALKING DOG

The two men, both about forty, were on a grouse hunting trip in the northern part of Maine. They had started out early one morning and trudged through several good covers without starting a bird. About noon they stopped for lunch near a shabby old farmhouse.

"Any luck, fellows?" a voice said suddenly.

The two men looked around. There was no living thing in sight except a skinny, bedraggled setter dog that had emerged from the woods near by.

"I swear I heard someone speak", said the first man, looking around in a puzzled way.

"I did, too," agreed the other.

"Of course you did", the voice continued. "It was I."

They spun around, more puzzled than ever. Still there was no person in sight except the dog.

One man clutched the other's arms. "So help me", he said, "that voice came from *that dog*."

They both stood there, amazement written over both faces. A talking dog!

"Aw, that's nothing", the setter said, scratching a flea; "back in '38 I won three field trials in a row."

Now they were really excited. "Look", one whispered, "if we buy that pooch we can make a fortune. Let's try it anyway". He turned to the dog and asked in an awed voice "Who-er-who owns you?"

"Fella lives in the shack."

The men both trotted over to the shabby little house. A long, lanky character, as hard as a pine-knot, answered their knock.

"Do you own that little dog?" they asked.

"Yep."

"Will you sell him?"

The man closed his eyes and considered, and then, "Ten dollars."

"Sold," they both blurted.

After they started back, a feeling of guilt swept over them.

"Look", one finally said, "we will make a fortune with that dog, and we only paid ten dollars for him."

"You're right," said the other; "let's go back and give the 'fella' five dollars more."

So they marched back to the shack.

"We felt sort of guilty", they told the old man. "We want to give you five more dollars. Evidently, you did not know that this dog could talk."

The native leaned against the rickety, old door frame and looked mournfully at the extended bill.

"I shore could use it, but 'twouldn't be fair," he explained. "I know that dog can talk, all right. But it shore looks like he hooked you two fellows good and proper with that story about winning them three field trials."

Joyce Almonte

★ ★ ★

THE HITCHHIKER'S LIFE

Nine months a year and twice a day must I chance my way to school and home again. It is seven miles from Burnham to Pittsfield, and many mornings I am up at six o'clock and on the road at seven o'clock. Some mornings I get a ride very early and other days I must stand in the cold a long, long time before some kind man stops and says, "How far are you going, kid?"

It is especially hard in the winter time to secure a ride. In the summer it is very easy, but in the winter when the snow is falling fast, the wind is blowing a gale, and the roads are icy there aren't many cars on the road. Standing first on one foot and then on the other with sleet cutting your face and blowing into your eyes, you wonder if you are ever going to get a ride. Some days in winter, I have not reached Pittsfield until noon because the bus didn't get through for hours. Of course, living so many miles away from school I am barred from many school sports, because after practice is over, it is very difficult to get a ride after dark.

Hiking home after school isn't so difficult because I am not limited as to time, but many nights I am quite late for supper, and how I do hate to eat a cold supper, especially where there is nothing left but the leavings. Many mornings I try to get out a little earlier because I know that on that day a certain truck goes through at a certain time, driven by a fellow with whom I have ridden before, and who I know will pick me up.

Some days I get a ride with a fellow who is only going a little way; then I am left stranded half way between Burnham and Pittsfield. One night I started home, and I received a total of four rides and walked a mile besides, before I reached home. Several nights so far this year a fellow hitch-hiker and I have walked two and three miles to make it. In one instance we ran two and one-half miles because we wanted to get home early for a Boy Scout meeting.

Yes, it's truly not much fun,
But after all it must be done.
'Cause if I weren't a hiking fool,
How would I ever get to school?

Richard Dunphy

A SHORT STORY

It was in the early evening of a day not very long after the freeing of Paris from the Germans. As I walked down the streets of the city, everywhere were flags and people dressed in gay but threadbare clothes. The city did not show very many signs of having been occupied by the Germans. The buildings were still there, the streets were clean, and everywhere there were people hurrying up and down the street, the only thing lacking was food in the store windows. As I walked along, I thought how peaceful it was; it seemed almost impossible that there had been fighting going on there not long ago.

It began to grow dark, and I noticed that there were very few people now on the streets. Not many lights could be seen; perhaps the people had become so accustomed to going home and turning off the lights at night that they still did it. As I walked along, I was aware of someone following me, and just as I was about to turn around, an old man came up to me and took me by the arm; he was most repulsive looking, dressed in dirty clothes. He said to me, "Follow me"; and started down a dark alley. I did not know what to do, but as he came back and took me by the arm, there was nothing I could do but go with him. He took me down one dark alley after another, every one becoming more desolate looking than the one before.

Then suddenly the moon came up over the buildings, and its yellow rays seemed to fill every nook and corner. For a second I was glad, until I saw what kind of place I was in. The old stone buildings rose up in the air for hundreds of feet on both sides of me; I could not return the way that I had come because I had definitely lost my way, and I did not know what lay before me.

Then, as quickly as it had come out, the moon went under a cloud, and it became so dark you couldn't see your hand before your face; the wind had risen and was softly whispering around the buildings; you could hear rats running to their holes as we walked along. I began to grow frightened, and my mind went over the stories I had heard of murders and robberies. The wind was rising still more now, and out of the darkness in front of me, a huge building arose. And then it happened! I saw a tall figure in a German helmet detach itself from the darkness; my heart just about stopped as the figure said, "Hello, Bill, I am sorry to bother you, but I have lost the key to our room and couldn't get in so I sent the gardener for you. And say, look at the German helmet I found to take home with me." I couldn't say a word.

DURWARD EMERY

★ ★ ★

TALES IN A FRUIT DISH

"Well", said an Orange gazing about him, "it looks as if this is going to be a very nice dinner party. I've been served for dessert three nights in succession, and so far this is the finest thing in dinners I have seen. I don't think I should mind being eaten at a party of this kind, I really don't."

"My dear fellow", said a Cherry from another dish, "you make a great mistake if you think that you will enjoy being eaten at a refined dinner party. I have seen a great deal of life, and I assure you that there is nothing more terrible for an Orange, or a Pear, or an Apple, than to be eaten at a gentleman's dinner table."

A shudder ran through all the other fruit dishes.

"You see", said the Cherry, "refined people eat Oranges with knives!

They peel you, scrape you, cut you up bit by bit, and then chew you to death. How different when a child gets hold of you! He makes only a tiny hole through your peel, pushes in a lump of sugar, and then sucks you gently and sweetly out of life. I declare that is a delicious death. But a knife—horrible! Oh, how grateful I am that I was born a Cherry."

"You should be grateful. You are dainty, red, and delicious to suck, but I am a hard, wrinkled up old Walnut. Everybody that comes along takes a crack at me and if they can't crack my old skull they take another whack. Just look at my head! It's got a gash so deep you can nearly see my brains. The next crack will be the end of me," sighed the old nut.

"You're lucky to be here at all", put in old sour Lemon. "If you could have seen what they did to my brother yesterday, you'd thank your lucky stars you're only cracked. Why, they took him and laid him on a board and rolled and squeezed him 'til they knocked the wind out of him. Then they put him on a merry-go-round and whirled him 'til his insides fell out. Next, what should they do but slice him into pieces and mix him in a jug of water and sugar. They even went so far as to steal his name and call this mess lemonade."

"I can tell one just as good as that", grunted Mr. Crab Apple. "It's about my cousin MacIntosh. He was living a nice rosy life until one day the cook came and scooped him up in her apron amongst a lot of little half breeds. She took him into the kitchen and skinned him alive; then she cut him up into quarters and dumped him into a kettle of hot water to boil. About this time he started to put up a fight and pushed the cover off. Then what should the cook do but dump a lot of sugar on top of him, mix it in, and slam the cover on again. Poor MacIntosh ended up in apple-sauce."

"Well", sighed Miss Date, "I guess we're lucky. We're all dated up, but for the time being all we've got to do is sit in this fruit bowl and wait for those civilized cannibals to get up another appetite."

LORRAINE KARAM

★ ★ ★

WHY EAGLES FLY

da Vinci was a brilliant man
And could answer every "Why"
Except the greatest "Why" of all,
That's why the eagles fly.

But da Vinci's not the only one
'Cause others wonder too,
I've seen men crane their necks to watch
The eagles soaring in the blue.

And watching men, I have to laugh,
'Cause they're such stupid things,
Why, even I can answer why
They fly, "'cause they've got wings!"

RUTH SHAW

Irene -
Hope you
always have the
best of every thing
Shirley

A SOLDIER

A bullet whistled over head
The sky was dark and gray;
A youth lay as if he were dead
As though it was his last day.
He thought of his home so far away
Of mother sweet and dear;
The things he thought are hard to say,
He wished his mother near.
As he lay there his shoulder began to bleed,
He prayed someone would come;
He thought of all of his misdeeds;
But list—he hears strange hums.
It seemed to be music low and sweet
That came from far away;
Then he saw a wide open street
Where things were bright and gay,
Someone reached out a helping hand,
And pulled him to his feet,
He found that he could stand
Alone—on the golden street,
All thoughts were driven from his mind
His head began to nod,
And everything was left behind
For he was now with God.

SHIRLEY HOLT

★ ★ ★

TO A ROSE

I saw you in the morning wet with dew.
And in the noon sun, bending
Your head because you were tired.
And in the evening, stretching
Toward the last rays of twilight.
And again at midnight, unaware of a moon.

I've watched you bending freely in a breeze,
I've sensed your fragrance 'round me like a fog.
I've seen you braided into smooth dark hair,
And placed in heaps above an open grave.

I found you in the bud, watched you
Bloom, then fade, then die.
I saw your petals shrivel and drop to earth.
Then I turned and stepped into the future
Carrying your beauty locked deep within my heart.

RUTH SHAW

"IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO"

Bobby Hallet was a typical boy of any Hometown, America. He had joined the army on his eighteenth birthday, but he looked and acted more like sixteen. The other fellows in his barracks had nicknamed him the "Kid".

Now as he was standing by, before going ashore, many thoughts passed through his mind. Would he come out alive? What does it feel like to be wounded? Questions like these passed through his mind.

The big guns of surrounding warships were hammering away at enemy installations on the island. The order, after what seemed hours of waiting, was finally given to climb into the landing craft. Bobby along with his buddies climbed down the ropes to the landing craft. The small boats, after being loaded with men, shoved off and headed for shore. The men in the boats were very quiet, and all eyes were on the beach. Bobby's boat was one of the first to hit the beach. The men leaped from the boat and swarmed up the beach. The enemy machine guns began chattering. Men began falling. The man next to Bobby fell. Then, suddenly, the machine gun nest seemed to explode. Somebody had thrown a grenade.

They advanced onward into the jungle. It seemed quiet now. Where was the enemy? They had met hardly any opposition since leaving the beach.

Suddenly about twenty yards ahead, an enemy pillbox began spitting machine gun fire. The soldiers scampered for cover. They started to return rifle fire, but the pillbox couldn't be silenced. This pillbox was holding up the advance. Bobby saw this and got a grenade ready. He dropped his rifle, took off his helmet, and peeled off his shirt. The man next to him saw him and knew what he was going to do. He yelled to Bobby and told him to wait. Word could be sent back for a flame thrower. Bobby said the war couldn't wait for a flame thrower. He got up and started running toward the pillbox. The machine gun fire was now concentrated on Bobby. He ran as fast as his legs could carry him, and, within a few yards of the pillbox, he let the grenade fly. It entered the pillbox and exploded. It was now silent, but Bobby was lying on the ground very still. He had been hit by machine gun bullets. Blood was running down his young face. Word was sent back for a stretcher.

A few minutes later, a bearer stopped by Bobby and took him back to the hospital, which was only a tent. Bobby had to have blood, but there was no blood plasma. A short time later Bobby breathed no more.

Many more boys are dying every day because some American hasn't given his pint of blood—boys just like Bobby. I think every patriotic American who is able should give a pint of blood as often as possible. It is the least we can do.

BLAIR LIBBY

★ ★ ★

A TYPING DILEMMA

Has your imagination ever played tricks on you, made even small fancies seem terrifyingly real?

I was seated at my typewriter that afternoon (I was a second-year student and had extra work to do); it was only about 4:30 but a strange quiet had settled over the building. From a distance I could hear a strange rustling, probably the cleaning lady. As I sat there the room seemed to change: each typewriter took on a menacing look; chairs began to careen and tip, almost crashing to the floor; my typewriter seemed as large as a tractor, and perched precariously on the keys were little folk with pointed caps and red shoes with curled-up toes. They seemed to be laughing hilariously at me, and some of them put paper in the machine and by hopping on the keys wrote tediously some of my lesson making strike-overs, omitting commas, forgetting to hyphenate and doing everything carelessly and wrong. I seemed to be helpless to stop them, and as I watched they proceeded to check the work I had completed and finding errors made large red circles with little crayons tied on ribbons around their necks. Suddenly there came a swishing sound as of little voices whispering, and as it grew louder, all the little figures seemed to rise and come at me, their smiles fading and fiendish looks appearing on their faces.

My typewriter tipped up crazily and seemed about to crash on the floor and I felt myself FALLING. . . . .falling . . . . . falling . . .

The cleaning lady never yet has quite figured out, as she helped me up from the floor, why I asked her how much a typewriter cost if you had to buy one for the school! Oh, well, it was only a dream and "What's in a dream?"

JACKLYN RICHARDS

★ ★ ★

THOUGHTS IN DE CLINK

I gut a goil on toity toid street,
And believe me chum, is dat dame sweet.
She'll come to see me soon, I tink
Cus she knows why I'm in de clink.

Oh, what a temper dat dame possesses,
But does she look smooth in slinky dresses.
De last time I see her, she had red hair
When she walks by, how the wolves do stare.

D'ya know why I'm in de jug?
Her old man said I was a lug.
I let im have it in de chops
And who walks up but a coupla cops.

Some day, me babe an me agree,
We'll both go straight—when I am free,
And she's 'oined enough to keep us fed
Dat's de day me babe an me will wed.

MARION STEWART

IN MEMORIAM

He stood in the middle of the room, his large blue eyes staring wonderingly at his new home. Watching this little, short-haired, gray kitten with the white bib and four white paws, as he lifted his little feet high into the air and pranced over to a bright object lying on the floor, I knew that he had already stolen my heart.

We named him Captain, but called him Cappie. Not a more suitable name could have been found, since all his life he was a fearless, mischievous, loving little show-off.

At the same time we had Cappie, we also had a tomcat named Pug. Afraid that Pug might kill him, we separated them for the first few weeks. Then came the morning when they met. Hearing a terrific noise in the parlor, we rushed in to collect the remains of our poor, dear kitten. But that was not the case. Instead, we found Pug, in the shape of a half moon, perched upon the piano with Cappie below, trying frantically to follow.

In about a month they became friends; or perhaps I should say that since Pug was conquered, he had to submit to the conqueror.

Yes, Pug lived a "heck of a life", but he loved it. His master, greeting him at the door, would chase him through the house, wash his ears and then bite them, eat the larger part of their food, jump from a chair onto his back and then curl up against him and fall sound asleep.

But Pug wasn't alone. Cappie was waiting behind the hall door for me every morning. When I wouldn't run, he would chew my stockings until I had to give in. Then away we would go. If I stopped, he would pounce on me. My only rescue was to climb onto the back of the stove and remain there until he had found something else to amuse him.

Mother also suffered. Becoming hungry, he would trot into the kitchen and sit directly behind her. If she wouldn't pay any attention to him, he would cuff her ankles. If that didn't work, he would bite her, which brought results. Cappie was fed.

Yet, everyone loved him. Even Dad would pick him up and talk baby talk to him. Perhaps if we hadn't thought so much of him, God would have let us keep him, but God is funny like that.

Early this year he died. He wasn't quite a year old.

Days afterwards Pug would creep through door-ways, wondering why he wasn't pounced upon. While eating he would look up constantly, wondering where that little rogue was who used to crowd him away from the dish.

Now the family's interest is in another pet. They have forgotten about Cappie.

But Pug and I won't forget him. How could we? We loved him so.

RUTH SHAW

★ ★ ★

MY LUCKY DAY

Saturday morning (November 18, 1944) I started on a hunting expedition. Shotgun in hand and my lunch in my coat pocket, I headed towards the Peltoma bridge. While walking by the cemetery, another hunter picked me up and gave me a ride to the first house which is about a half mile on the other side of Peltoma bridge.

I walked from the road to a logging trail in the woods. Here the land was really a swamp. I followed the trail until I came to a little clearing in the swamp. Sitting on an old fallen log, I waited for a deer to appear. After an hour's wait, I pushed on. Walking quietly along, I came upon a ridge about a hundred yards wide rising from the swamp. On the ridge there was a small grove of pine and hemlock trees. It was an ideal hunting spot. I had a clear view for thirty-five or forty yards, but not a deer in my view. So I continued my journey following the ridge farther into the swamp. Walking on the fallen leaves made too much noise so I decided to go back to the pine grove.

As I neared the pine grove, I saw a large buck galloping along. In my excitement I fired wild and off he went down the trail. Watching that buck disappear was a sad moment for me. I then loaded my shotgun and sat beside a tall pine. I had heard stories of deer circling and coming back to the same place, so I waited patiently still feeling down-hearted.

A half-hour later, a pair of antlers appeared over a group of bushes thirty-five yards away. I rose slowly, and with my gun in readiness I waited for him to appear in full view. Presently he walked out from behind the bushes. I took careful aim and fired. I downed him in his tracks. Then, putting another shell in my gun, I walked towards him. He was still alive but he couldn't get up so I shot him again. I then bled and dressed him as best I could because this was my first deer, and I had never done this before.

I wish I could tell you how I felt when I looked at that deer, but it is a hard feeling to express. I kept saying over and over in my mind, "I've shot a deer. I've shot a deer." I could not really believe that I had accomplished this. I was weak from excitement and stayed so until I got my deer safely home and had gone to bed for a good night's rest after "My Lucky Day."

ROBERT SIROIS

★ ★ ★

DO THEY UNDERSTAND?

Early in the morning
The sun in golden glow
Shines earthward from the Heavens
On a fawn—a little doe.

She awakens in the morning
The day, her life to chance
But careless for a moment
She takes time out to prance.

Then from the bush behind
A hunter sees his chance;
He aims . . . . . then fires,
To end that sprightly dance.

The mother in fixed horror
Stands glued to her spot
Then dashes to the woods again;
Her fawn had just been shot.

"Don't those hunters know . . .
That we have feelings too?
I'm sure if they understood,
Such things they wouldn't do."

BARBARA HUMPHREY

★ ★ ★

AUTUMN

Joyce Kilmer once said in his memorable poem, "Trees", "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree". I think I shall never see anything, anywhere, as lovely as trees garnished in all their glorious autumnal colors. They seem to be making their one last fling of gaiety at the world showing forth such a variety of changing reds, yellows, and oranges that no human being has ever been able to catch their contrasting beauty long enough to transfer it to canvas. It's a work of "Mother Nature's" that can't be outdone by man.

Yes, it's God's work, and we mortals are very rich indeed just to be able to drink our fill of nature at work, during our season known as Autumn. Autumn! What is this season known as Autumn? It's the death of one season blending into the birth of another, and to me it stands for every thing beautiful. For a few short weeks we can go about our daily tasks surrounded by nature's colorful gowns. Then before we know it, Autumn has faded, and the trees lose their magic attires. They fall to the earth leaving just the bare, lank skeletons of trees. This autumnal season might even be called a land of heavenly magic. We awake one morning, and the trees are blooming in all their glory. For all too short a time we enjoy it; then, behold! We awake another morning and the reds and golds are all gone! Suddenly the glory has passed on as quietly as it arrived. All we have left is a few colorful memories that we carry in our minds, just waiting for next year to repeat her little trick of nature.

Have you ever tried to capture the colors of Autumn and place them on paper or cloth? Artists, down through the ages, have tried in vain to capture her unique trick of color blending. It has yet to be done by man as nature does it!

It's one of the most glorious seasons of the year, and its beauty is for both rich and poor alike. We all can enrich our lives by just stopping along the way and looking at the gorgeous scene flung before our eyes.

Yes, only God can make a tree and only God can dress His trees. So why, when we have the greatest picture ever painted by the Creator from his own design dipped into the paint-box from above, don't we stop and appreciate what we have? There are very few scenes on earth as beautiful as that painted by Autumn.

DOROTHY MAYNARD

RETURNING

Ellery leaned back in his pullman seat and relaxed. He closed his eyes and sighed. Home! How good the word sounded! After two long years of death and destruction, two long years of dreaming about this very time when he would be speeding his way along the Maine coast toward home and all that that word represented. As these thoughts ran through his mind, he drifted off to sleep. But he couldn't forget the war, for he had a wound in his leg. This wound would take months to heal, and now as he slept, his position caused it to ache. These pains going through his leg took him back to those thoughtful and dangerous days and nights when he was back there in Italy. He was again sitting in the small smoke-filled room at headquarters, playing chess with his buddies, when the door opened and a tall, dark-haired man with two silver bars on his shoulders entered. Immediately there arose in the room a feeling which cannot be described. The atmosphere was tense and there was an air of expectancy throughout. He stood to one side for a moment, and then motioned to Ellery and five other pilots. They all moved toward him; then they went into an adjoining room where they gathered about a large map. Here they received orders as to their flight. The Captain then gave them a "pep talk", wished them the best of luck, and then left the room. Each looked from one to the other with a look in his eyes that said plainer than words, "Well, it's here; the big day has arrived". They bade each other a solemn good night and walked away to their respective quarters with a grave and thoughtful look in their young faces.

Ellery went into his room and walked over to his make-shift desk. He took from it a picture—a picture of a beautiful girl with long black hair and dark eyes. He looked at it for a long time with tear-filled eyes. He then seated himself at the desk and pulled forward a tablet and pen. He wrote thoughtfully for twenty minutes. Then with another glance at the photograph, he put the letter in an envelope and wrote on the outside: Miss Linda Bradbourne, 8 Edgar Terrace, Brunswick, Maine. He then walked from the room into the darkness, carrying the letter. He made his way to another building and walked into a low room lighted only by a single candle. There he greeted his best friend with, "Hi, Charlie." His friend looked up at him for a moment, then said, "What's the trouble, Kid?" Ellery walked up to him and handed him the letter. "The big day is tomorrow; mail it just in case." Charlie took the envelope, read the address, then looked at Ellery and said, "I'll attend to it, Ellery."

Ellery just smiled at him and walked out into the darkness. He returned to his quarters and lay down on his bunk; but sleep would not come easily. He kept thinking of tomorrow. The time had been set for 6:22 a.m.

Shortly after dawn cast its rays through the East, Ellery and his companions were winging their way toward their goal—Berlin. The whole squadron was tense and watchful as they flew along through the morning.

At 9:30 the target was sighted. The planes came in from the sun so they could not easily be spotted. Every one in Ellery's plane was on the lookout for enemy craft. Very soon an enemy plane was sighted, diving toward the rear of the plane. A burst of flame and a terrible metal rending sound warned them that the Nazi fighter was getting closer. A second burst seemed to fairly shake the plane, and one of the gunners slumped to the floor unconscious. Ellery and one of the other fellows were also struck. Ellery tried to stay conscious, but the increasing pain in his leg caused all the worries of the past two years to drift away, and he soon was dead to the world in a state of unconsciousness. The co-pilot immediately took over, and saved the day for all aboard.

When Ellery finally awoke, he was in a field hospital in Southern Italy. His leg was in a cast, and he had a bandage on his right hand and arm where some flying shrapnel had struck him. He was told that all planes had returned, but three men had lost their lives—one of them being the gunner on his own ship. The fighter that first attacked his plane caught fire and went down in a screaming dive. The mission was accomplished.

For a month Ellery lay in his hospital bed, thinking about the trip that would be his in a while. He hated to leave his buddies who had stuck by him through thick and thin. But his knee would take a long while to heal and would always be slightly stiff. So he was given an honorable discharge from the Army Air Corps. He was assured a job in the U. S. as a flight chief. He could then help train boys who would help finish what he had been doing.

. . . . . .

Brunswick! Brunswick! All out for Brunswick! Ellery opened his eyes and suddenly remembered. His leg didn't seem to ache now at all. He was home! He looked out the windows as the train came to a halt. There on the platform stood his mother and father. How dear they looked after so long. Now his attention was attracted to some one who was standing by his mother's side. A grand someone to his mind. A someone whom he had intentions of marrying soon. There dressed in blue, her dark eyes sparkling, stood——Linda.

ARLAND MITCHELL

★ ★ ★

MORNING RUSH

Hurry breakfast; Hurry, Ma;
I've to scamper very far
To a schoolhouse on the hill,
Daily duties there to fill.

Skip the coffee; pass the milk,
Comb my hair as smooth as silk;
Pass my luncheon; hold my coat;
Gosh, these lessons get my goat!

Up at six; school at eight;
Heaven help if you are late;
Check your baggage; get to class;
Hoping, praying that you pass.

Answer questions; toe the mark;
Fret and worry—dawn till dark.
When will teachers ever learn
To give us what we *think* we earn?

DORIS GOODRICH

ADOPTED SAILOR

It was a quiet Sunday evening in early December. Everything was quiet when suddenly the telephone rang sharply, waking the dog, who was sleeping peacefully on the rug before the fireplace in the parlor of Mr. and Mrs. John Shakespeare of Masefield, Illinois. Mrs. Shakespeare rose from her chair in the corner and hurried to answer the repeated ring. "Who could be calling this late?" she mused as she picked up the receiver.

"Hello! Yes, this is Mrs. Shakespeare. Oh, hello Mr. Allen—what? There is! We'll be right down. Thank you. Good-bye." She put down the receiver and rushed to the top of the stairs leading down to the cellar. "John, Mr. Allen just called from the station and said there was a young sailor there asking for us. Hurry! I told him we would be right down."

Partly closing the door, she went to the kitchen where Buddy and Susan, her two youngest children, were getting a lunch before going to bed. Susan was sixteen and Buddy was almost fourteen. There was another boy in the family. Bill, who was nineteen, was in the Navy and was now somewhere in the Pacific area.

As their mother entered the room both of the children looked up. Buddy was holding a chicken sandwich in one hand, a glass of milk in the other and a guilty grin on his freckled face. "Greetings from Number Two Son", he said as he hastily thrust the platter of barren chicken bones back into the refrigerator. "Who just buzzed the buzzer?"

"It was Mr. Allen calling to say that a young sailor was waiting for us at the station."

"A sailor"! blurted Susan, staring at her mother wide eyed. "Didn't he say who it was? Do you suppose he is Bill's buddy? I wonder what he looks like! Say, aren't we going to the station to find out who he is?"

"That's what I came to tell you, but what chance have I got to say anything when you are shooting questions like that? Get your coats, both of you, and we'll go. Dad is waiting for us in the car now."

Arriving at the station, everybody got out of the car except Susan. She perched on her knees in the front seat and looked into the mirror to see if she looked all right. Finally convinced by Buddy that her efforts were of no avail, she climbed out and followed her father into the station.

There stood a tall dark-haired fellow in a navy blue uniform. His eyes sparkled and as he smiled, his teeth shone brightly in sharp contrast to his sun-tanned face. When he saw them he came forward holding out his hand to Mr. Shakespeare and smiling warmly. As he walked toward them, he limped every time his right foot went down.

"You're Bill's folks, aren't you"? he asked in a rather slow manner. "I'm Paul Creighton. Bill and I were together out in the Pacific. I've heard a lot about you. That's about all Bill ever talked about when we were together. He made me promise that I'd come to see you if I got a leave, so here I am."

"We're very glad you're here", said Mrs. Shakespeare. "Wouldn't you like to get back to the house and have something to eat? You must be half-starved and tired, too. Come on. Let's go home. You can tell us all about your trip on the way."

They left the station and started home. Paul carried on a one-sided conversation. It seemed that he and Bill had been separated when he was wounded by a piece of shrapnel which had struck him in the right leg, just below his knee. He had been sent back to the States to recuperate and was given a fifteen day leave.

Thus since he had no family of his own, Bill had made him promise to go to see his folks if it were possible. That's why he was here. He told them all about Bill and in answer to Buddy's incessant questions, he told them about a few incidents which happened at sea.

When they got home Mrs. Shakespeare hurried around and got a lunch for Paul while he cleaned up and got his things settled in his room.

After he had eaten the lunch, everyone went into the parlor and listened to some more interesting tales about Paul's and Bill's travels. Paul said he could only stay four days because he had to report back to the base hospital in Los Angeles for a physical check-up.

It was after midnight when they all went to bed.

The next day Buddy, Paul and Susan made a tour of the town. Paul already knew almost every important landmark and also several people who were friends of the Shakespeare family. He even knew where the drug store was. It was there that they spent most of their time, meeting Buddy's and Susan's friends and also those of Bill's, who happened to be home at that time.

By that night Paul seemed like one of the family. He asked Mrs. Shakespeare if he might call her "Mom" to which she readily consented. It was as though he had known these people all his life, but for some reason had never seen them. Now he knew why Bill talked about his home so much. He also knew what he had missed by being an orphan all his life. He hoped that this family would accept him as part of it because these were the first people who had ever really cared for him.

Then came the time for him to leave. Secretly he had been dreading this moment for three days. Mom had packed a lunch for him to take along, and Susan had made him some fudge which, even though it had sugared slightly, he wouldn't have exchanged for all the fudge in the world.

They all went down to the station, even Toby, the curly black cocker spaniel who by now was one of Paul's closest friends. A few of the kids he had met were there, too. Everyone who had met him liked his slow, quiet manner, his spontaneous smile and his interesting stories of Navy life.

When the train whistled in, Paul kissed Susan and Mom good-bye and shook hands with Buddy and Dad. As he boarded the train, a big lump came into his throat. This was his home town now, and these people were his friends. He had so much to be thankful for, and he knew he would count the days until his return.

Four weeks later a long letter came addressed to Mom and Dad Shakespeare. It was from Paul. He had passed his physical check-up and had shipped out again. By some good fortune he had rejoined his company at some island base and was once more on the same ship with Bill. What more could a fellow want except to come home again?

This wish was never fulfilled. Tuesday, January 23, a letter came from the Navy Department saying that their ship had been sunk in one of the major sea battles and no survivors had been picked up.

That night Mom and Dad Shakespeare lit two candles at the little church around the corner for their boys who they knew would come home again someday.

This is the way they would have wanted it.

JEANNETTE WEBB

WHITE DEATH

The cold north wind swept down across the barren hillside into a farming town named Vologda, blowing both leaves and dust back and forth across the market place. No life was to be seen except an occasional person scurrying around a corner only to be lost in the mass of dirty grey huts. The place was like a ghost town, inhabited only by windblown memories.

It was only four o'clock, but night was coming early. All day the leaden sky had hovered above like a crouching lion ready to spring. And the Russians were praying, praying that the lion would strike.

From over the hill could be seen flashes of cannon in the dusk, playing like northern lights against the horizon. It was beautiful; death is always beautiful.

Then darkness fell, and, as it fell, doors began to open and forms could be seen hurrying through the bitter cold towards a low-roofed building at the end of the square. Through the sharp night air a bell pealed. More doors opened; more people came. Here they knelt and, as if one, prayed for strength, for courage and for "It" to strike.

The night wore on; the wind grew bitter; the cold was hardly endurable, and the cannon flashes were brighter.

The walking wounded arrived, being announced by a pack of stray hounds, growing mad over the smell of blood. All night they came, staggering, limping and crawling over the frozen earth.

One could smell the battle now, and occasionally an overshot cannon ball would fall into a field near the village.

Fear dominated. It seemed that only the worst could be expected, but when twelve o'clock came, with it was a white flake and by one o'clock the front was lost in an Arctic blizzard.

The Russians understood this friend, but the enemy didn't. While the Russians took advantage, the enemy fell like petrified mummies at the touch of "White Death"—their cannons silenced, their banner buried, their objective lost. The town has been saved; the prayers are answered.

Now laughter is heard in the square. Hope has arisen as the cannon booms grow distant and are finally lost in the wind.

Dawn breaks, and the sun discovers a white world.

RUTH SHAW

★ ★ ★

JOKES

The other day the four joke editors were standing in the corridor talking, planning, and worrying what we were ever going to have for our section of the TRUMPET. We were really quite worried, but as fate would have it we happened to overhear Sidney Shuman telling Paul Susi of a dream which he had. It seems that he dreamed that he saw several students from M. C. I. on the covers of some magazines he was sorting for his father. They were as follows:

MAGAZINE CLASS OF '46

American	Basil Heffren
Charm	Edna Graham (for Greeley)
Children's Activities	Sidney Shuman
Country Gentleman	Malcolm Tibbetts
Country Gentlewoman	Eileen Getchell
Farmer's Wife	Jeannette Webb (she hopes)
Glamour	Shirley Holt
Ladies Home (Journal)	Ruth Shaw
Laughs	Joyce Almonte
Liberty	Stanley Wyman
Life—"what a"	Roland Webber
Look	Durward Emery
Seventeen	Donna Hodgins (that will be the day)
Mademoiselle	Marion Stewart
Movie Mirror	Geneva White
Reader's Digest	Arland Mitchell
Redbook	Kathleen Foster
Scholastic	Lorraine Grignon
The American Home	Evelyn Frederick
Time	Wayne Varnum
What's Cooking?	Muriel Spencer
Yoo-Hoo	Doris Goodrich
Our Dumb Animals	Physics Class
Calling All Girls	Mike Tweedie
Aviation	Robert Sirois
Popular Mechanics	Paul Susi
Open Road for Boys	Somerset Avenue
Jack and Jill	Lorraine Karam and Blair Libby
Field and Stream	Walter Kennedy
News Week	Jackie Richards
Screen Test	Manson Essays
Sports	Richard Sirois
Peek	Dorothy Maynard
Saturday Evening Post	Beverly Withee (Bob)
The American Girl	Elaine Gibbs
Travel	Philip Bickford
Good Housekeeping	Rebecca Morrell
True Comics	Floyd Temple
Power-Plus	Paul Susi
Secrets	Junior Girls
Gags	Wilson Nason
The Homemaker	Robert Sirois

Miss Reynolds: Give me a sentence using the word "bewitches".
Sidney Shuman: Go ahead, fellows, I'll "bewitches" in a minute.

Evelene Lancaster: What have you for a lover's Valentine?
Clerk: Well, we have some very pretty ones saying "To My Valentine—the only boy I ever loved."
Evelene: Good, give me six.

Doctor: How did you happen to drink this? Can't you read the poison label on the bottle?
Shuman: Yes, I read it, but right underneath is another label that says "Lye".

Temple: What kind of dog have you?
Varnum: His father was an airedale but his mother was a female, so I really don't know.

Bob Sirois to his girl friend: I have an uncomfortable feeling we're not being followed.

Photographer taking a picture of Ruth Shaw: All right, now; let go of your face.

Blair Libby: I have $35 saved towards a cow instead of a bicycle.
Bob Libby: Won't you look cute riding a cow?
Blair Libby: Wouldn't I look cute milking a bicycle?

Miss Reynolds: Name two pronouns, Mr. Tweedie.
Mike: Who, me?
Miss Reynolds: That's correct.

Mr. Legge: Where is the center of gravity, Melvin?
Mel Havey: At the point of the letter V.

Bob Sirois (in physics class): Mr. Legge, would it be possible to find the amount of horse-power which I possess?
Mr. Legge: Yes, run upstairs as fast as you can and be sure to take your time.

Times certainly have changed since Little Red Riding Hood's day. Imagine a modern wolf dressing up to look like Grandma.

Dottie Austin: If you ask me, I'd say lovemaking is just the same as it always was.
Clair: How do you know?
Dottie: I just read about a Greek maiden, and it says she sat and listened to a lyre all evening.

"I'm no wolf," insists Stan Wyman; "I just have an unusual way of saying 'Hello-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-'."

Just to prove there are still some honest fellows around these days:
Mrs. Jenison: Why aren't you working, Temple?
Floyd Temple: I didn't see you coming.

Philip Bickford: Every time I take a bath I sing just as loud as I can.

P. T. Varnum: It must make you happy to bathe.
Bickford: No, but there isn't any lock on the bathroom door.

Merlon Tilton: There's my girl; what do you think of her?
Bob Sirois: Can't say.
Tilton: Why not?
Sirois: Because she's your girl.

★ ★ ★

What Would Happen If????

Ruth Shaw wasn't studying.
Sidney Shuman was on time.
"Mike" Tweedie would leave the girls alone.
Jackie Richards wasn't saying, "Seen Stan?"
Joyce Almonte would kindly be quiet just half the time.
Jeannette didn't have to go home and get supper.
Wayne Varnum wasn't showing off his great musical talent.
Lorraine Grignon couldn't type.
Marion and Shirley weren't together.
"Bloody" Emery missed a day of school (ask the girls!)
Walter Kennedy had some gas.
Evelyn Frederick wasn't good natured.
Doris Goodrich didn't have that mischievous look in her eye.

The following is a sign which Joyce Almonte hung up in Berry's Drug Store: "Try Dr. Shiner's Cough Cure. It's the best. You'll never get better."



JUNIOR CANDID

SOPHOMORE



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Tilton, Merlon
Tilton, Winfield
Tinkham, Joan
Tweedie, Raymond
Varney, Harvey
Webb, Margaret
White, Leonard
Whitman, Marilyn
Wiley, Gloria
Worster, Grace
Wright, Alice
Wright, Russell

SPORTS

After two years' absence from football, M. C. I. came back with a bang. There were many boys in the Sophomore class who fought night after night on the practice field for a position on the first team.

However, there were only two boys who achieved this goal, Harvey Varney and Gerald Fitts.

Varney, after a year's absence from school, came back as a Sophomore. He missed the first three games, but with only two days' practice, went into the Foxcroft game as fullback and put on a great exhibition of football. Shifting from fullback to left half, he finished the season with flying colors.

Fitts started the season as first-string left tackle. Later he was shifted into fullback, in which position he proved that when he "hit um" they stayed "hit".

Varney and Fitts were awarded their letters in football.

Other Sophomores on the squad were Lendal Dahlgren, David Macken, Russell Wright, Theodore Ingraham, Merlon Tilton, and Raymond Tweedie.

The Sophomores also held their places in basketball. The same two, Harvey Varney and Gerald Fitts, who starred in football, were in the limelight in basketball.

Other Sophomores who played a lot of basketball were: David Macken, Russell Wright, Martin Nason, Lendal Dahlgren, Winfield Tilton, Raymond Tweedie, and Merlon Tilton. With the experience these boys gained, we know they will play Varsity basketball next year.

★ ★ ★

WORK TOGETHER

If they took the men who make the wars
And put them out to fight,
The meddlers would be scarcer
With each person more polite.

We would learn to love our neighbor,
We'd respect each other more.
A fellowship would be obtained,
As never seen before.

It takes two people everytime
To start a fight, you know,
So let us cheer for wars to stop
As on through life we go.

But cheering alone won't do the trick,
So let's try to work a plan.
And if everyone will aid us
There'll be no more wars with man.

EVA JOHNSON

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIES

I guess the first plane ride I ever took was the most exciting thing I ever did. In fact I enjoyed it immensely, but my instructor, well, he's in the home for the feeble-minded now. Funny thing, but he went there right after the ride we took! Well, to get on with the ride.

We climbed into the plane and the pilot said he would take 'er up and let me take the "stick" (I still don't see why he didn't call it a steering wheel) after we flew awhile. It was quite cold that day and I couldn't figure what that big fan up front was on for. Finally, I got up courage and asked the pilot. He just gritted his teeth and didn't answer—can you imagine!

I let that pass by because I decided it was purely ignorance (on his part, of course). We were up rather high now and I became jittery as to how we were going down. I was just getting ready to ask the pilot about this matter when the plane hit a terrible bump!

This did not calm my fears any and I inquired, very pleasantly of course, to the pilot, "Can't you avoid the rough spots?"

Not answering my question, he replied, "That was an air pocket we hit."

"Well, why don't they keep them buttoned up?" I asked rather curtly. He dropped the subject there.

By now I had begun to get accustomed to the high elevation. I sat back to enjoy the scenery; only, there wasn't much of it.

Suddenly a question popped into my mind and I put it before the pilot.

"Why don't we just float along up here?" I asked.

Rather irritably he snapped, "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, aren't there air 'waves' up here?" I promptly came back with. He looked downright flabbergasted and weakly muttered, "For the sake of humanity, I don't think you ought to take the controls." Thinking the plane would go faster, I pushed the stick way forward and the plane, much to my surprise, started straight down. Closer and closer the ground rushed at us!

Suddenly, the pilot shouted, "Pull 'er up"!

We were very close to the ground now and going straight down; I answered, "I want to see if the brakes work!"

"Oh!" he groaned.

Somehow I pulled the nose up and landed, rather roughly. Coming to a stop, I turned around and stared in amazement. The pilot had fainted!

WINFIELD TILTON

★ ★ ★

PEOPLE

Let me introduce myself. I'm Leo, the lion, and this is my brother, George. We live at the zoo in Silvertown.

I wouldn't change my profession for anybody. Drop by the zoo sometime between 2 and 5 P.M. and you'll see what I mean.

Take yesterday for instance. George and I had a wonderful time watching the people go by. I'll tell you about it.

First, a newly-wed couple came up to our cage and started staring at us. I don't know what the girl saw in him. He was 6 feet 5 if he was an inch, thin as a bean pole and homely as Ichabod Crane. He made a useless attempt to keep his trousers in press and they came just below his knees. George said "Hello" to him and he fell over backward. So you see it didn't take much to flatten him.

The girl was all right, though nothing elaborate, but she'd pass in a crowd, if everyone was going in the same direction. As I said before, I don't see what she saw in him, but George says it's the manpower shortage.

After they went, Mrs. Van Stout came along and George had to hold me up. She certainly looked a sight. Why, I bet she could turn a ghost green with envy, judging from the way people fainted about her. I guess it's her face and that perfume of hers—Purple Roses is the name of it, I think. George says she went to a Hallowe'en Party given by Mrs. DeCross and never returned her mask. But I know better; that's her *actual* face.

Mrs. Mac Gossip came by just then, and they started on the neighbors. I always knew she made a mistake when she had her face lifted—not that it looked any better before.

After they went, Mr. and Mrs. De Angelus came along. If he isn't a hen-pecked husband, I never saw one. Why Percival, that's my cousin over in the next cage, says he can't even step out of the house to get the morning paper with his trousers on—she's so afraid he'll run away from home.

Anyway, yesterday I put my hand out to take Mr. De Angelus's hat as he tipped it to Mrs. De Whiten, and she turned around. I decided I would like to have her hat. I took it. The only trouble is I got all her hair with it. Boy! Was I surprised! I never knew she wore a wig. She was surprised, too. She put her hat on and ran out of the park as fast as she could go.

George ate the wig, though, and he was so sick that the keeper had to sit up with him all last night. He told me this morning that he got a hair pin caught in his throat.

I wonder what will happen today.

I just bet Percy a dollar that we won't see Mrs. De Angelus for a long, long time. What do you think?

MARY ACKROYD

★ ★ ★

I'VE MET FRANK SINATRA

Am I the envy of the "Voice's" fans! I've really and truly met him. It was positively thrilling. Here is how it happened.

During my summer vacation I went to New York to visit my aunt and uncle. When my aunt found out that I was a Sinatra fan she persuaded Uncle Tom, who is a close friend of Frankie's father, to ask them over for dinner some evening. They accepted the invitation.

At last the evening came. I was scared stiff, afraid he would be bored. If only he would sing for us. At last they arrived. Did he look handsome in his tuxedo. Gee! Aunt Jane introduced us. I was shaking all over and my knees were knocking terribly. Somehow I managed to stutter, "How do you do."

Then he said in that "voice" of his, "Delighted, I'm sure."

Wow!! That did it. My knees made all the more noise. I just prayed he wouldn't hear them.

After dinner we all went into the sewing room. I played the piano while he sang. Later we played the phonograph. He tried to show me the way they dance in California. I had an awful lot of fun. I really think he enjoyed himself, too.

Much too soon the evening came to an end. He said he was sorry he had to leave, and he wished he could see me again. I told him maybe the next time I came to New York I'd stay longer and we could see each other oftener.

The next day he took a plane to Hollywood, and I took one to Maine.

I have told all my friends about my meeting Frank Sinatra and what good friends we became during one evening. The trouble is—no one believes me. Do you??

GLORIA WILEY

★ ★ ★

NATURE

Nature brings us such wonderful things;
Bees that hum and birds that sing;
Water that flows from here to there,
Hastening on, not caring where;
Trees that bud in early spring,
Make more beautiful this world of things.
Clouds that float so slowly by
White and fluffy in the sky;
Dew in the morning upon each grass blade
Sparkles and dries—then finally fades;
Flowers so beautiful, visit awhile,
They are so glorious—much like a smile.
The moon and the stars in the heavens shine down
Providing the earth with a beautiful crown.
The sun in the daytime provides us with light,
But sometimes the clouds come and hide it from sight;
Nature isn't something that everyone buys,
All you have to do is open your eyes.

ARLENE F. DUNTON

★ ★ ★

AS OTHERS DID

We love and respect the red, white and blue.
Oh, long may it wave o'er the land!
A symbol of freedom and righteousness;
Peace and good will toward man.

We love every thread in that grand old flag;
Every color that glows in the sun.
We will fight to the end to defend it,
Until the great victory is won.

Everyone of us here will protect it.
We will stand by the flag, very strong,
Just as a soldier in battle
We'll never allow any wrong.

We, like the people before us,
Who died to keep the land free,
They died for a code democratic,
The flag should remind you and me.

Will we let it fall? No, never!
We will do as the people before.
We will fight till we win for Old Glory.
And pray for peace to remain evermore.

EVA JOHNSON

★ ★ ★

THE FUTURE OF ELECTRONICS

During the present conflict remarkable results which have tremendous peacetime possibilities have been achieved in the many fields of electronics.

Probably the electronic development which is greatest is radar. This device makes it possible to spot ships or planes at night or in a fog many miles away. After the war it might be used by ships and planes to avoid collisions.

Another comparatively new and great field of electronics is radio television. It seems impossible to sit quietly at home and see something which is taking place thousands of miles away, but it is not only possible, it is a reality, for there are now several television sending stations in the United States. One company estimates that the cost of a television receiving set after the war will be only about two hundred dollars.

Because of the need of warmer clothing for fliers who flew at high altitudes, electrically heated clothing was developed. So instead of heavy clothing after the war, we may wear light-weight garments which are heated by an electric current from a small battery. Such clothing will keep us warm even on the coldest days.

Frequency modulation, which insured better tone of radios, and a portable radio, which recharges itself as it plays and never needs battery replacement, are two more advancements made in electronics during the war.

These, with scores of other great achievements, show that the expanding field of electronics will go far after the peace is won.

CECIL MCLAGGAN

★ ★ ★

BILL

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

He couldn't help thinking of these words now. He remembered when he had recited them in high school. He had never thought that this crazy thing could happen to him of all people. Well, he just had to face facts. Here he was in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, on a rubber raft, with provisions for about two more days. After that——.

Oh, God, he didn't want to die; he had too much to live for, his wife, his kids. Please God!

His ship, the "U. S. S. Newton", had sunk when it had been unmercifully torpedoed by a Japanese submarine. As far as he knew, he was the only survivor.

The sun was beginning to scorch. He decided he could afford it. He reached for his flask; he groped again; it was gone. Gone? It couldn't be. It had to be there, but it wasn't. It must have fallen overboard during the night. He felt surely his end had come. The next step he already knew—

"Water, water, every where
Nor any drop to drink."

He tried to forget where he was, to think of Sally. Sally. He only wanted to see her again. He remembered the day he had met her. Somebody, he couldn't remember who, had introduced them at a party. He knew she was the only one from the moment he saw her. Three months later they were married. That was in '38. Now he saw the twins. They had been born in the winter of '39. He knew then that his life was complete. Then it happened on December 7, 1941.

He had enlisted the next day in the Navy. He'd been out before. Oh, sure, he had begun to lose the first thrill of being out. Then this; well, there was nothing he could do now. Just wait.

The hours slowly passed.

Darkness approached and that was all. Ten days later his body was washed up on the shore of a small island.

This was what one war had done to one man.

PAULINE SPENCER

★ ★ ★

FIRST DAY AT M. C. I.

Today was my first day at M. C. I. and am I glad it is over with. Whew!

First thing this morning I hunted up my room. My card said 3 so I went all through the building, up stairs and down, and just as I was about to give up I found it. I took a seat beside a cute little blond and gazed about the room. Finally the other kids came in and a bell rang. Class had begun. The teacher started talking about x and y. I don't know whom he meant, but he didn't need to be so secret about it. Finally the bell rang again. I jumped up from my seat and followed the cute little blond out the door. We went across the corridor into another room. I took a seat and settled down for another gruesome study. The teacher smiled and then spoke. I couldn't make heads or tails out of what she was saying so I got up and walked out. I came to another room. This one was long and had many more seats in it. I took a back seat and wondered what would happen here. No one spoke. Only the rustling of books and papers could be heard. The teacher walked about the room looking at everyone. Again the bell rang. I liked the quiet of this room so I spent another period here. The next period I spent going in and out of various rooms. Nothing seemed interesting. When the bell finally rang I didn't know where to go. I noticed everyone

was going upstairs so I followed. I went into a large room with a stage. A man was standing on the stage watching the kids enter. I found out later he was the Principal. Well, he jabbered on for a while. I was almost asleep when someone gave me a dig in the ribs. This surprised me so that I hollered right out. Everyone turned to look at me and was my face red! When the Principal finished speaking everyone got up and went out. I went downstairs into another room. It was the English room, though you never would have known it to listen to the kids.

Finally it got to the last period, and I was back in the big room downstairs. I saw the cute little blonde across the room, and when she turned around to look my way, I winked. She turned away quickly and took a seat near the front. I sat in the back by the window so I could watch the cars whiz by. I fixed a nice spitball and threw it at the blonde. Unfortunately, however, the teacher passed her desk just then and got the full benefit of the ball in the eye. She certainly was angry. After she found out I did it, she made me go to the office when school closed and stay there one-half hour after the other kids had left.

Now the day is over and I am safely home abed. Tomorrow I will do better, I hope, for I know the rooms, I think. Oh, well, I'll find out tomorrow, and I'll see that cute little blonde, too. Hmm-mm.

HAZEL HAMMOND

★ ★ ★

JOKES

Action

The Sophomore class was asked to write a four-line verse that showed action. McLaggan wrote:

"A boy walked down a railroad track,
A train was coming fast,
A boy jumped off the railroad track
To let the train go past."

Miss White said the verse did not show enough action, so McLaggan revised it as follows:

"A boy walked down a railroad track,
A train was coming fast,
The train jumped off the railroad track
To let the boy go past."
The lad was dull at school you see,
His dad took things to heart.
He took the lad across his knee
And there he made him smart!

"Risky Business"

Wiley: Is it dangerous to drive with one hand?
Frederick: You bet. More than one fellow has run into a church doing it.

With Syrup

Tweedie: What would you say, darling, if I told you I pushed my dog team 1000 miles through ice and snow to tell you I love you?
F. Hamilton: I'd say that was a lot of mush.

Same Thing

Freshman: I don't know.
Sophomore: I'm not prepared.
Junior: I don't remember.
Senior: I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said.

Definitions

Glamour: When the value of the package exceeds that of the contents.

Lorgnette: French name for a dirty look you can hold in your hand.
Confirmed Bachelor: One who thinks that the only thoroughly justified marriage was the one that produced him.
Housewarming: The last call for wedding presents.
Sanitarium: A place where people wind up when they are run down.

Mr. Legge: Mr. Wright, I want you to explain this examination paper. Why do you have all your answers in quotation marks?
Buddy Wright: Just a bit of courtesy to the man seated at my left.

A new pupil entered Study Hall. After getting seated she asked another pupil how many pupils studied in the Study Hall. Mary Ackroyd answered, "About half of them."

Vengeance

Miss White (15 years later) was stopped in Detroit for driving through a stop sign and was given a ticket calling for her presence in traffic court the following Monday. She went at once to the judge, told him that she had to be at her classes then and asked for immediate disposal of her case.

(David Macken appears as judge.) "So", said Judge Macken sternly, "you're Miss White. That's fine. Now", he thundered, "you sit right down at that table over there and write 'I went through a stop sign' 500 times."

The Good Old Days

Ingraham:

Here's to the ships of our Navy,
Here's to the girls of our land.
May the former be always well-rigged
And the latter always well manned.

Mr. Legge (In Biology): These things are hard to understand but knowing the brain as you should, having had it two or three days, I think you can understand it.

Fitts: I can't hear myself think.
Varney: Cheer up—you're not missing much.

E. Lancaster: Don't you think sheep are the dumbest animals?
L. Dahlgren: Yes, my lamb.

Mr. Legge: What is it that forms a dense white cloud?
Miss Webb: The dropping of a compact.



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FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

Adley, Jacqueline
Baker, Fred
Beattie, Joyce
Beattie, Robert
Bradbury, Colleen
Braley, Norman
Brooks, Bruce
Brooks, Malcolm
Brooks, Marjorie
Bryant, Arey
Buker, Martha
Cianchette, Alton
Coolbroth, Marguerite
Coolidge, Elizabeth
Crowell, Yvonne
Doherty, Hollis
Doncet, Alice
Dorrian, Maynard
Dunham, Shirley
Dunton, Arlene
Esty, Helen
Field, Patricia
Foster, Gloria
Garnett, Lawrence
Greeley, Carolyn
Hatch, William
Huff, Charles
Huff, Manley
Hunt, Alton
Jones, Edward
Kenniston, Pauline
Lancaster, Leigh
Lawrence, Joan
Libby, Robert
London, Charles
McLaggan, Colleen
Madore, Gerald
Millett, Thomas
Ouellette, Nelson
Pearl, Marjorie
Pease, Lester
Percival, Ruth
Pinkham, Leroy
Reed, Edwin
Rolfe, Maribelle
Seekins, Virginia
Shatney, Carolyn
Shaw, Alice
Sirois, Theresa
Starbird, Marie
Steen, Pauline
Stewart, Frederick
Susi, Emma
Swift, Joyce
Towle, John
Tucker, Mina
Tweedie, Mildred
Vroom, Elizabeth
Weeks, Keith
Weeks, Robert
White, Loretta
Willey, Marilyn
Withee, Arthur
Wright, Neal
Wyman, Richard
Young, Doris

FRESHMAN GIRLS' ATHLETICS

News of athletics for girls was received wholeheartedly this year by the Freshmen. As yet we are inexperienced, but with the aid of Miss Morse, we hope to have improved by the end of the year.

A new system for the earning of the "M" letter has been established by the Girls' Athletic Council. Under this plan the goal of the Freshman girls, this year, is to earn a symbol of the Girls' Athletic Association. To get this symbol we must earn 50 points which are obtained by going to 50 meetings.

The next step towards the "M" is a numeral which is obtained by 50 more points. After these have been secured the "M" letter may be ours with 50 points making a total of 150 points. This is a rather stiff plan, but with the spirit of the Freshmen girls it doesn't seem too difficult.

Basketball was the first sport this year. At the sound of the whistle about twenty girls stepped forward with eager enthusiasm. Practice is the item most needed, for many of the girls have never played previously.

In addition to the regular nights in the gym, we are planning skiing, skating, hockey, and other outdoor games when the weather permits.

With many interesting games ahead, we, the Freshman girls, are striving to reach our goal.

LORETTA WHITE

★ ★ ★

FRESHMAN BOYS' ATHLETICS

This fall with the beginning of football, the Freshmen really "turned out". Among the boys with a year's credit are: Edwin Reed, John Towle, Charles London, Keith Weeks and Assistant Manager, Leigh Lancaster. Other boys who came out, but were unable to complete the season were: Malcolm Brooks, Alton Cianchette, William Hatch, Alton Hunt, Robert Libby, Thomas Millett, Robert Weeks and Neal Wright.

Most of these boys saw action against opposing elevens, while everyone at some time or other, met the forward wall of the "Prep Champs" in scrimmage.

Three of the boys, Reed, Towle and London, were on the second team. These three along with the rest of the second stringers were hitting on all cylinders. Though the seconds were beaten in all the games they played, the opposing teams never left the field without realizing they had been playing football.

To Manager Lancaster goes credit for lining the field, carrying water, boosting the team's morale by allowing himself to be mascot and administering a few well-placed kicks to let the player so treated realize there is still a game to be won.

At the close of football, interest was turned to basketball. Among those out were Neal Wright, William Hatch, Robert Libby, Charles London, Arey Bryant, Edwin Reed and Leigh Lancaster. These boys are getting a good start toward basketball in future years. Who knows? Maybe some day one of these fellows may have to fill Wyman's, Fitts' or Varnum's boots. Come on, Freshmen! Can we do it?

Baseball, just around the corner, is being eagerly awaited by many.

The National sport promises to bring more Freshmen than ever to the diamond this coming season. If anyone can win games, the Freshmen can. We have three years yet!

CHARLES LONDON

FRESHMAN PRIZE SPEAKING

Tryouts for Freshman Prize Speaking were held on Tuesday, January 9th. There were five girls and five boys chosen with an alternate for both. They will be coached by Miss Reynolds. Those chosen and their pieces are:

The Vintage	Marjorie Brooks
Second Trial	Colleen McLaggan
Little Fellow	Marjorie Pearl
Mary Elizabeth	Theresa Sirois
A Runt of a Horse	Loretta White
Robert Lee the Man	Arey Bryant
A Model Letter to a Friend	William Hatch
Eulogy to Will Rogers	Robert Libby
Salvage	Thomas Millet
A Yankee in Love	Leroy Pinkham

The Alternates are:

Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts	Charles London
Sure Cure for Rheumatism	Doris Young

★ ★ ★

STUDYING

I've finally finished my algebra
And got that out of the way.
Now to tackle my Latin,
Gosh! That's hard! I'll say!

We have to know the tenses
And three of the declensions.
And what we're going to have to know
I won't even start to mention.

For English we have to write a poem
Or compose a bit of prose.
And I'm so very very sleepy,
All I see is the end of my nose.

I wish I had that poem all done
I wish with all my might.
Say! Look, what I've already written!
It's done! Oh boy! Good night!

THERESA SIROIS

LIMERICKS

There was a black cat who did ride
By a wicked old witch's right side.
When asked why so black,
The witch answered back
It's only because he is dyed.

LORETTA WHITE

A hermit who lived in the hills
Though he suffered from frost bites and chills.
When asked why he stayed,
This reply then he made
I don't have to pay any bills.

LORETTA WHITE

Fight on, my lads—was the people's cry
We must not let our courage die,
We fight today
For the U. S. A.
With banners flying high.

WILLIAM HATCH

There was a young man named Dave
Who lived all his life like a knave,
While living he lied
And he lied when he died,
And now he's lying still in his grave.

JOHN TOWLE

There was an old grandfather clock
And all it could do was "tock",
One day it went "tick"
And broke the stick
And that was the end of the clock.

ALTON CIANCHETTE

★ ★ ★

A CHRISTMAS FOR TWO

Standing amid the horror and chaos of the battle fields of Belgium stands P.F.C. John Stevens of the United States Army Infantry Corps. Joe, as most people called him back home, was seeing visions of his last Christmas at home and the dazzling Christmas tree laden with presents. Dad, Mom and Janet, his little sister, were there just as they were that very day.

It didn't look as if Joe would have much Christmas, except a lull between the firing of the 80 millimeter guns or a two hour cat-nap in one of the dugouts.

Their objective was Dresden, a small town about two miles east. As the sun rose over the horizon, orders were given to advance. The Yanks had full possession of the town by two o'clock, and all inhabitants still alive were taken care of by the Red Cross.

Joe had made a victory of his own while on the way to the town. He had picked up a small, weeping girl trudging along all alone. She was a beautiful child. She said her name was Karan, and that she was six years old. Six, that's Janet's age, and from that moment Joe could see how much he had to fight for. With loving hands he carried Karan to a kind-faced Army nurse at the refugee hut.

A few Christmas packages had succeeded in reaching the men. Sarge Mallory stood by the jeep and called off the names. Joe passed back and forth restlessly as the names rolled by.

"James Twain, Thomas Sanders, William Spencer, Joseph Stevens,—" continued the voice. "Joseph Stevens! Joseph Stevens! That's me, gosh"! shouted Joe.

A package wrapped firmly but with badly tattered paper was handed to Joe. Horror and sadness flew from his heart at the touch of this magic parcel.

Now Karan could have a Christmas and such a Christmas would she have! Hurriedly he ran for the hut. Scooping the little girl into his arms he carried her to the hill in back of the hut. Seating themselves on a grassy knoll together they opened that wonderful package. An odd combination—a small Belgian girl and an American Yank? No, just a happy radiant Christmas for two.

LORETTA WHITE

★ ★ ★

THE FRESHMAN PARADE

Lo and Behold! what a sight!
Here's the Freshman Parade in all its might.
There are many funny sights to see
Everyone's dressed up foolishly—
Girls as boys and boys as girls,
One has a wig with great long curls.
Oh! there's a baby in a cart
Pulled by its mother who's eating a tart.
The parade is led by a bride and groom
It's a wonder there isn't a witch on a broom.
The sophomores are running along by their side
While the poor little freshmen are trying to hide.
There they go, down on their knees
Saying a prayer to their enemies.
Here is the end; I guess this is all,
But there'll be another again next fall.

MARGUERITE COOLBROTH

Millet: I paid five hundred dollars for my dog.
K. Weeks: What kind?
Millet: Part bull and part collie.
K. Weeks: What part is bull?
Millet: The part about paying five hundred dollars for him.

Nelson: Would you love me just as much if I told you I was broke?
Gloria: You aren't, are you?
Nelson: No.
Gloria: Certainly, I would, darling.

Freddie: Hi! Making your own cigarettes?
Johnny: Yeah; doctor says I need to get more exercise.

Miss White: Mr. Reed, what do you think is the ideal marriage?
Reed: When the wife is the treasurer and the husband is the treasury.

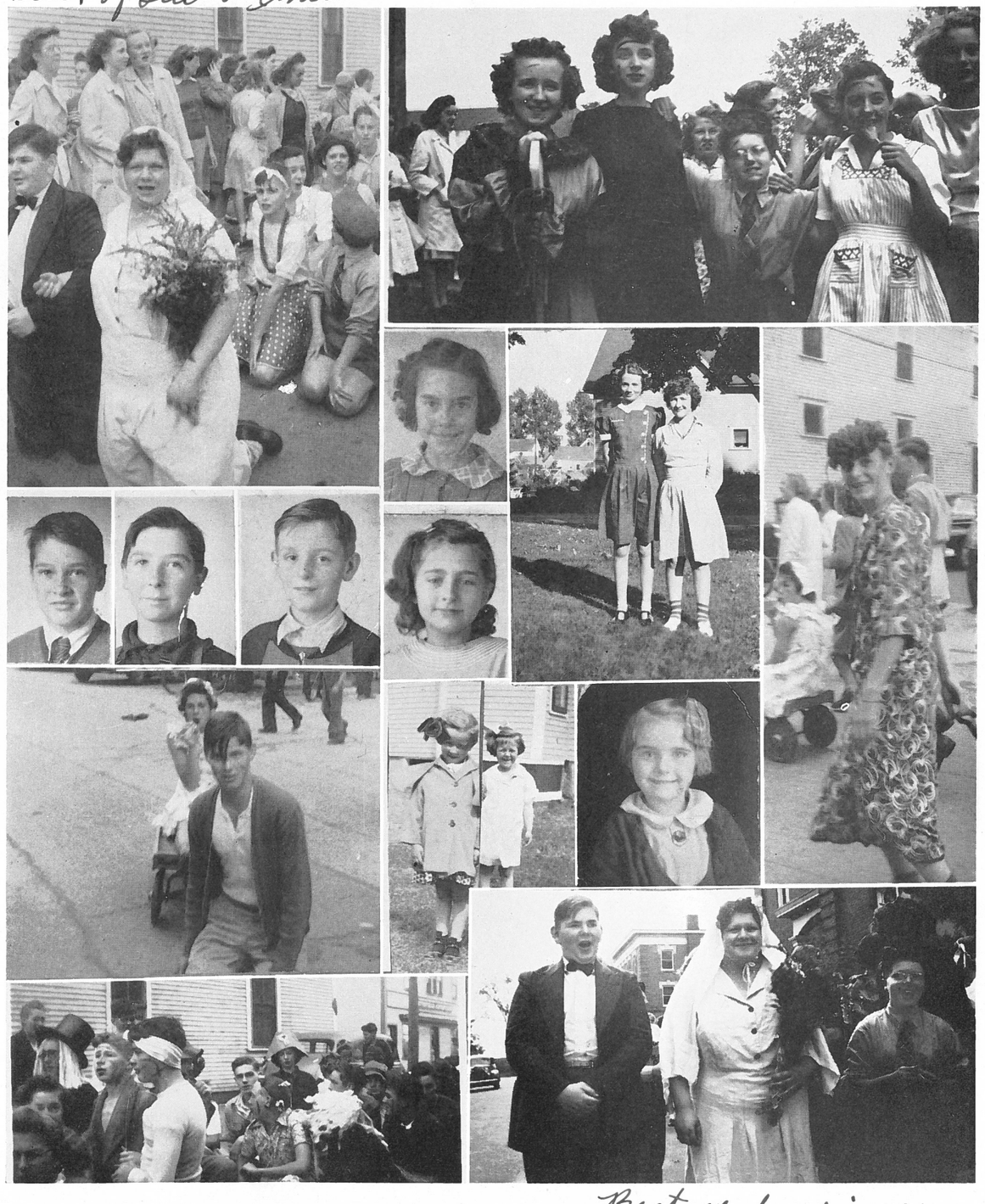
Leroy: Father, one of the boys in my class said I looked like you?
Father: What did you say?
Leroy: Nothing! he was bigger than I.

★ ★

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may 16, 1945

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Doris Young "Dot"
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Best of luck - maibelle Rolfe (Mary)
Yvonne Crowell (Your classmate) 4/16/46
Jacqueline Adley (Jackie)
Deanna "Good Luck"
Remember M. C. L. Eileen Getchell
Marjorie Vaughan "Getch."
(Don't ever forget those times in Study Hall) (I won't)
Best of luck to you, Marie
Glo Wiley '47
Tommy Millett.