The Trumpet



1946

THE SENIOR CLASS

OF

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE

Presents

The Trumpet

1946

IN
MEMORY
OF A BELOVED FORMER TEACHER



THE REVEREND JOSEPHINE FOLSOM

WHO WITH UNSELFISH ENDEAVOR SOUGHT TO INSTILL IN OUR MINDS THE HIGHEST PRINCIPLES OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

FOREWORD

We, the members of the Senior Class, leave behind us in this book our young ideas and memories, which will, when experience has been ours, appear once more in a new edition revised and corrected by the Master hand.

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DEDICATION



ARLENE ADAMS, B.S.
Farmington Teacher's College

In appreciation of their many hours spent in helping us to achieve our goal, the Class of 1946 dedicates this Trumpet to its advisors.

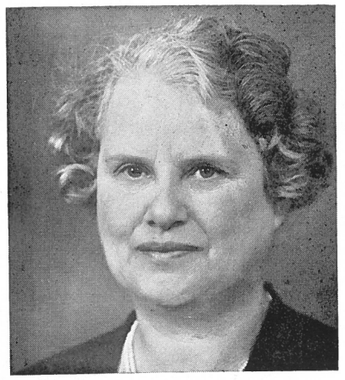


MAURICE EARLE, B.A., M.ED.
Bates College

ADMINISTRATION



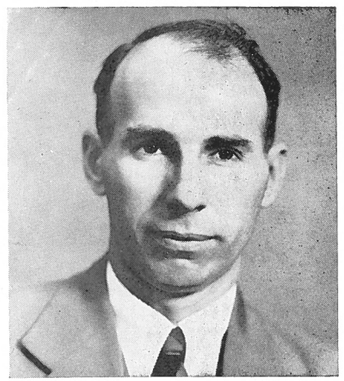
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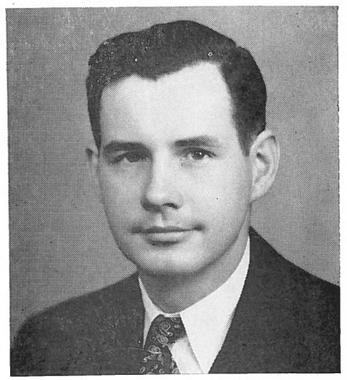
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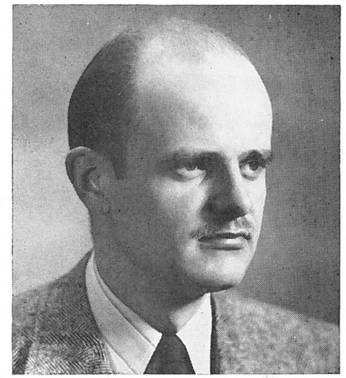
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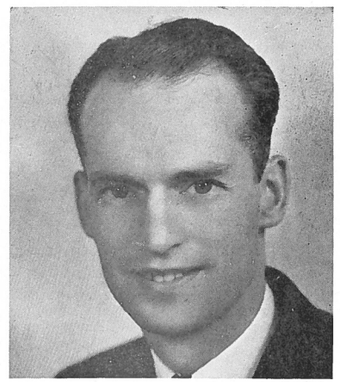
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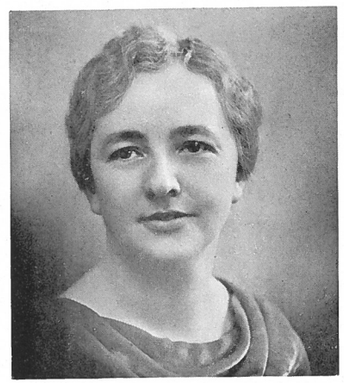
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Piano, Violin cello



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Violin



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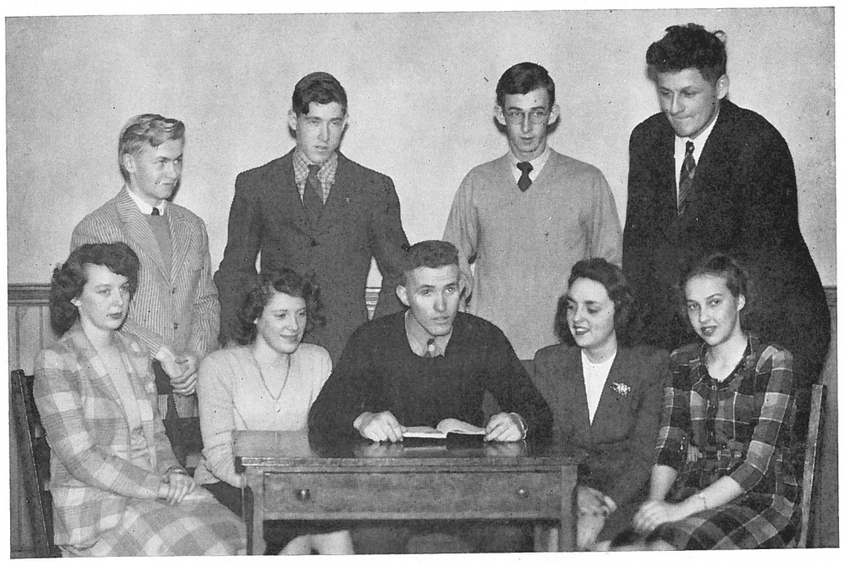
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CLASS POEM

Swiftly flies the time when all's content
And finds us four years older than four years ago
When first we stepped inside your doors
Seeking knowledge—knowing not, but wanting to know.

Swiftly passed the time and now we find
As we, like those before us, leave your sheltering halls,
That things we love aren't easily left behind—
Like happy moments spent 'neath your majestic walls.

But swiftly moves the time—we cannot linger.
To us is thrust wet clay of future generations
To mold as best we can. We must not fail
Peace must be shaped for us and all the nations.

Now time has gone, and so with it our schooldays,
Although we're sad our heads are still held high—
And with God's help we face mankind determined
To bring you glory, make you proud — Dear M. C. I.

Ruth Shaw

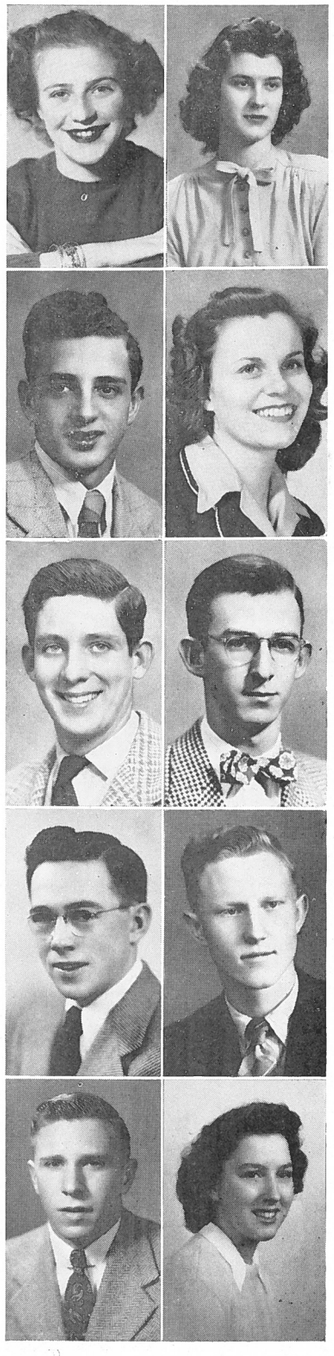
Joyce C. Almonte "Almooche"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girls' Athletic Council (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Trumpet Board, Editor-in-Chief* (1, 2), *Sports' Editor* (3), *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Sophomore Class President; Girls' Glee Club* (1, 3); *Outing Club* (4); *Senior Play; Debating, President; Girls "M" Club; Alumni Prize Speaking* (2); *Sophomore Minstrel Show.*
"Almooche", the good-natured
popular "gal"
Who likes them all but prefers
"one" pal.
Her ways are winning, her
manner is, too
Ask "Stan" and he'll tell you
'tis true.

Philip Bickford "Bick"
Detroit, Maine
Freshman Prize Speaking (1); *Football* (3); *Class Treasurer* (2); *Manson Prize Speaking, Alternate* (3).
"Women? Shucks;"
(That's what we heard Phil
say)
"To love more than one, isn't
done,
And I love my old model 'A'."

Hugh L. Bond, IV "Baldy"
Yarmouth, Maine
North Yarmouth Academy (1, 2, 3); *Hockey* (4); *Outing Club* (4).
Want a nickel? Want a coke?
Want advice or just a joke?
Go to "Baldy"; he's got lots to
spare,
Lots of everything—even hair.

Wilmot O. Briggs "Briggsie"
Monticello, Maine
Ricker Classical Institute (1, 2, 3); *Basketball* (4); Cross *Country, Captain* (4); *"M" Club* (4).
Captain Briggs of our Cross
Country team
Surely has a super scheme.
Last fall he ran around the
town
But now with Wiley he runs
around.

John W. Christie "Jack"
Ellsworth Falls, Maine
Ellsworth High School (1, 2, 3, 4); *Vice President* (4); *Football Varsity* (4); *Baseball* (4); *Basketball* (4); *Track* (4); *"M" Club* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *House Representative* (4).
Our office assistant is really
quite shy,
Perhaps that's the reason Fran
rates him so high.
But 'een though he doesn't put
up much fuss
With us and the coach he rates
A.



Caroline N. Colwell "Carol"
Hancock, Maine
Ellsworth High School (1, 2, 3); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Girls' Athletics* (4); *President of Girls Dorm* (4); *Outing Club* (4).
After taking over the dormitory
With the greatest of ease,
She turned to the rest of us,
Preferring Johnny, if you please.

Olivia Danielson "Livvy"
Pittsfield, Maine
Glee Club (1); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Pop Concert Committee* (2).
Olivia is a charming lady
Mysterious, yet so demure.
She's kept us guessing four
long years
But at last it's Hobbs for sure.

David E. Dexter "Dave"
Lewiston, Maine
Boys' High School, Atlanta, Georgia, (1, 2, 3); *Class President* (4); *Outing Club, President* (4); *Winter Carnival General Manager* (4); *Skiing* (4); *Trumpet Board* (4); *Senior Play* (4); *Track* (4).
We patiently thumbed the dictionary
From "A" right down to "Z"
But no word is quite as powerful
As little D. D. (T).

Richard Dunphy "Red"
Burnham, Maine
Baseball (1); *Hockey* (4); *Pop Concert* (2, 3, 4); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Manson Prize Speaking* (3).
Here's "The Voice" from Burnham.
And everytime he croons,
We declare he's as good as
Frankie,
Although only Virginia swoons.

Elizabeth L. Durgin "Lib"
Bingham, Maine
Bingham High School (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *Girls' Athletics* (4).
Because "Lib" is new here
We have not known her long;
But we think she's very wise
Investing in "Bond".

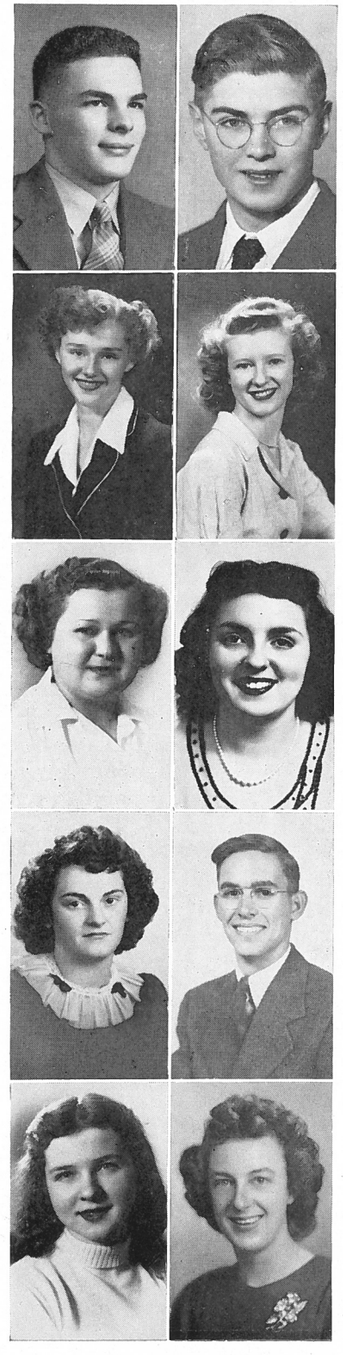
Durward A. Emery "Bloody"
Palmyra, Maine
Fort Fairfield High School (1, 2); *Football* (3, 4); *Captain* (4); *Basketball* (3); *Hockey* (4); *Track* (4); *Trumpet Staff* (3); *"M" Club* (3, 4); *President* (4); *Debate Club, Vice President* (4); *Class Treasurer* (4); *Senior Play* (3); *Outing Club* (4); *Alternate, Manson Prize Speaking* (3).
He's got a smile that makes us happy.
When ever we're feeling blue.
But the smile he gives to Margy,
He'll never give to you.

Kathleen D. Foster "Kay"
Pittsfield, Maine
Archery (1); *Basketball* (1, 2); *Girls' Chorus* (1); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2); *Minstrel Show* (2).
We like pretty Kitty
With her smiling eyes of blue.
And seeing her third finger,
We guess "Curly" likes her, too.

Evelyn Frederick "Fredie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); *Class Secretary* (1, 2, 3); *Girl Reserves* (3, 4); *Pop Concert* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girls' Chorus* (3); *Outing Club* (4); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Basketball* (3).
Here's a girl with talent.
We can put her in a jingle
By mentioning her ability
To make the ivories tingle.

Eileen E. Getchell "Getch"
Troy, Maine
To the girl whose biggest interest
Is far from M. C. I.
We predict success and happiness
In every thing you try.

Doris Goodrich "Goodie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Prize Speaking, Alternate (1); *Prize Speaking* (2); *Pop Concert,* (2, 4); *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girl Reserves* (3, 4); *Girls' Chorus* (3); *Glee Club* (1); *Trumpet Board* (3); *Basketball* (3); *Outing Club* (4).
"Miss Mischievous" we might call her,
And far from wrong we'd be.
That dimpled smile, her sweet beguile,
Fits her to a "T".



Norman D. Grass "Norm"
Monticello, Maine
Ricker (1); *Higgins* (2, 3); *Cross Country* (4); *Senior Play* (4).
The prep schools, he's tried them all
This bashful boy called "Norm"
But if you wish to visit him,
Go to suite No. 3—Boys' Dorm.

Edna Eleanor Graham
Pittsfield, Maine "Blondie"
Girl Reserves (1, 2); *Glee Club* (1); *Basketball* (1); *Orchestra* (4); *Minstrel Show* (2).
Here's the Goldilocks of our class.
She's really a dainty little lass.
She's young but is not fancy free.
Her heart belongs to "W. G."

Freda Gray "Fred"
West Sullivan, Maine
Sullivan High School (1, 2, 3); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Cheer Leading* (4); *Trumpet Board* (4); *Senior Play* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *Girls' Athletics* (4).
Hark, hark, the lark in heaven sings
Every single day.
But we don't listen to the lark
'Cause we got Freda Gray.

Weldon Frank Greeley
Pittsfield, Maine
Orchestra (2, 3, 4); *Hi-Y* (2, 3); *Pop Concert* (2).
Here's to the guy of whom we're fond,
Who likes his gals little and dainty and blonde;
Also farming, cause he knows just how.
We wish you luck with your gal and your plow.

Barbara Jean Hapworth
Vassalboro, Maine "Happy"
Westbrook High School (1); *Cony High School* (2, 3); *Orchestra* (4); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *J. V. Cheerleading* (4); *Girls' Athletics* (4) .
Happy's face is like a sundial,
Recording only pleasantness;
We predict your sunny future
Filled with laughter and success.

Basil Heffren "Heff"
Pittsfield, Maine
Football (3, 4); *Hockey* (4); *"M" Club* (3, 4); *Manson Prize Speaking* (3); *Trumpet Board* (1, 2, 4); *Track* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *Treasurer* (3).
Here's to "Heff" with his toothless grin,
He's big and rugged and determined to win.
With his sound constitution and his solid foundation,
The world waits for him with anticipation.

Donna Jean Hodgins
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (2, 3, 4); *Glee Club* (1, 2); *Freshman Prize Speaking* (1); *Alumni Prize Speaking, Alternate* (2); *Trumpet Board* (3); *Manson Prize Speaking* (3); *Pop Concert* (1, 2); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Football Cheerleader* (3); *Debating* (4); *Outing Club* (4).
So freckled, so friendly
So pleasing to know,
Glance above and we'll show
Why we all like her so.

Shirley Marie Holt "Squirt"
East Newport, Maine
Glee Club (1); *Trumpet Board* (1); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Pop Concert* (1).
"S" is for Shirley
We shake and we shiver
As she flutters toward us
In her '41 fliver.

Barbara Janie Humphrey
Pittsfield, Maine "Barb"
Glee Club (1); *Orchestra* (2, 3, 4); *Girls' Chorus* (3); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 3); *Girl Reserves* (3).
Here's a girl who's "kacki, whacki,"
But she's not dumb, we know;
For with "Ben" in uniform
Why shouldn't she be so?

Chesley Husson "Splinter"
Bangor, Maine
Bangor High School (1, 2, 3); *Cross Country* (4); *Ice Hockey* (4); *Baseball* (4).
Right from the city of Bangor
Comes Husson, if you please;
Chapel's dismaying without your playing,
How about "Kitten on the Keys"?



Ervin Ireland
Palmyra, Maine
Stearns High School, Millinocket (1, 2, 3).
Blarney and shamrocks?—We're not sure.
We think, by the way it looks,
We might get this information
From a sophomore — Margy Brooks.

Lorraine Karam "Red"
Pittsfield, Maine
Glee Club (1); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Athletics* (1, 2); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Senior Play; Outing Club* (4).
With her wit and humor
Lorraine will go far.
When speaking of values
Blair says she's above par.

Evelene Lancaster "Lanky"
Pittsfield, Maine
Livermore Falls High School (2); *Girl's Athletics* (1, 3); *Orchestra* (1, 3); *Glee Club* (1, 3, 4); *Pop Concert* (1); *Girl Reserves* (1, 3, 4); *Debating, Secretary* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *Trumpet Board* (3); *Senior Play; Freshman Prize Speaking; Manson Prize Speaking, Alternate; Girls' Chorus* (3, 4).
Here's to the girl who's never quiet or sad;
Whose heart is held by a Hartland lad.
She's full of the "dickens" and loves to grin,
With a spirit like that she's bound to win.

Thelma A. Langley "Dee"
Pittsfield, Maine
Minstrel Show (2).
Some say little with lots of words,
Some pause, and dally and diddle,
But Thelma's our girl,
We think she's a pearl
'Cause she says a lot with a little.

Blair Libby "Knobby"
Pittsfield, Maine
Prize Speaking (1, 2, 3); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Trumpet Board* (2, 4); *National Honor Society; Cross Country* (4); *Football* (3); *Senior Play; First Honor Essay.*
Wavy hair, light blue eyes,
Lots of brains, plenty wise,
Takes his time, but does it well,
Here's a guy that we think's swell.

Vaughn R. Martin "Mart"
Searsport, Maine
Fort Fairfield High School (1, 2); *Searsport High School* (3, 4); *Cross Country* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *Ice Hockey* (4); *Baseball* (4); *"M" Club* (4).
What's in our minds
May seem rather silly,
But we have heard rumors
About Mart and *Miss* Willey!

Dorothy Rose Maynard
Pittsfield, Maine "Dotty"
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girl Reserves* (1, 2, 3); *Freshman Prize Speaking; Manson Prize Speaking; Pop Concert* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Archery* (1); *Glee Club* (1, 2); *Girls' Chorus* (3); *Chapel Board* (2, 3); *Minstrel Show* (2).
Upon seeing Dotty,
The seniors have sworn.
That the most elegant lines
Are not written, but worn.

S. Rebecca Morrell "Beccy"
Detroit, Maine
Minstrel Show (2); *Girl Reserves* (2).
When school's out, "Beccy" hurries home
As fast as her bus will let her.
Why don't we see more of you
And get to know you better?

James D. Murtha "Bud"
Jackman, Maine
Jackman High School (1, 2, 3); *Manager of Football* (4); *Orchestra* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *Hockey* (4); *Baseball* (4); *Trumpet Board* (4); *"M" Club* (4); *Debating Club* (4).
Bud's the guy who plays a sax sweetly.
He likes gals from Burnham, tho' very descreetly.
With his sleek blond hair and his winning way,
We'll bet on him most any old day.

Henry Wilson Nason, Jr.
Pittsfield, Maine "Thrasher"
Pop Concert (1); *Orchestra* (1); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Alumni Prize Speaking* (2); *Football* (3); *Basketball* (1, 3); *Manson Prize Speaking; Cross Country* (4); *Debating* (4); *Senior Play; Hockey* (4); *Manager, Track* (4).
When it comes to "Boogie-Woogie"
To Thrasher we all go.
He surely can tickle the ivory
And is good in any show.



Ruth Marilyn Norwood
South Windham, Maine "Norwe"
North Yarmouth Academy (1, 2, 3); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Outing Club* (4).
So graceful and so charming
Guess we know full well,
With that sunny personality
Why Thompson thinks you're swell.

Zelda Leah Osiason "Ski"
Fall River, Mass. "Red"
Henry Lord (1); *B. M. C. Durfee High School* (2, 3); *Orchestra* (4); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *Debating* (4); *Girls' Athletics* (4).
We've got a gal by the name of "Ski",
Who is petite, sweet, and very carefree.
You'll always know when she's around,
'Cause it's always a smile and never a frown!

Raymond W. Penfold, Jr.
South Portland, Maine "Ray"
South Portland High School (1, 2, 3); *Football* (4); *Hockey* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *Baseball* (4); *Track* (4); *Ski Team* (4); *"M" Club* (4).
Since this fellow came here,
He has surely been doing things.
We call him Ray, but think of him
As our "Romeo with Wings."

Richard Powell "Red"
Pittsfield, Maine
Danforth High (3); *Football* (1, 4); *Track* (1, 4); *Basketball* (2, 4); *Baseball* (2, 4); *Freshman Prize Speaking; Class Treasurer* (1); *"M" Club* (4).
Dick Powell is our play boy
With his hair so red and fine;
And his beaming personality,
Sure keeps the girls in line.

Jane Reed
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4); *Secretary* (3), *Treasurer* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Honor Society* (3, 4); *D. A. R. Representative; Second Honor Essay.*
We point with pride to the Jane of our class
'Cause she has plenty of knowledge
And if she sticks to her fine ideals,
She'll "mow 'em down" at College.

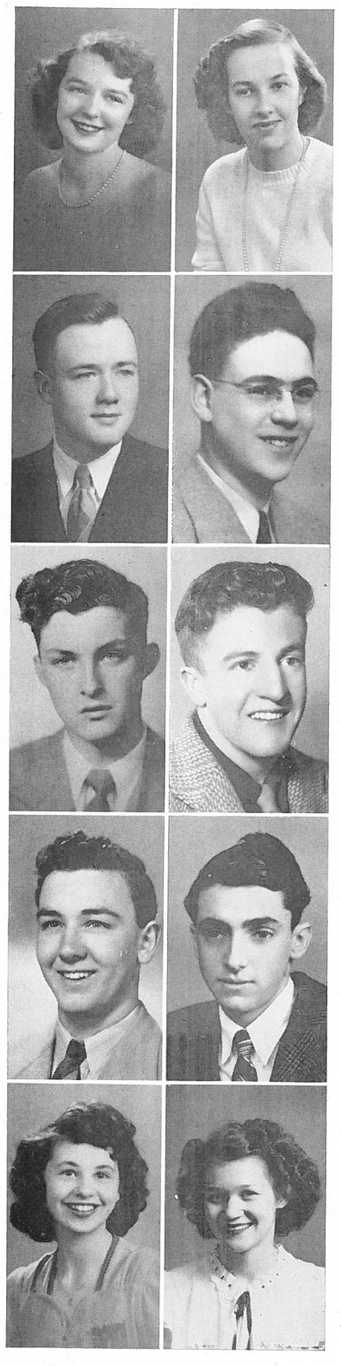
Jacklyn Richards 'Jigger"
Pittsfield, Maine
Rumford High School (1, 2); *Trumpet Board* (4); *Girl Reserves* (3); *Girl Reserves, Secretary* (4); *Cheer Leader* (3, 4); *Girls' Chorus* (3); *Orchestra* (4); *Girls' Athletics* (4); *Carnival Queen* (4); *Third Honor Essay.*
We read Jackie's tea leaves
And if what we saw is true,
There'll be a happy future
With a "fuller" life for two.

Lawrence James Riley
Bangor, Maine
John Bapst (1, 2, 3, 4); *Intramural Basketball* (4); *Baseball* (4).
Knock, knock—who's there?
Lawrence Riley so free of care.
We asked him how he stayed that way,
He keeps his problems for a "brainy" day.

Philip Riley "Phil"
Pittsfield, Maine
Sanford High School (3); *Orono High School* (1, 2); *Hockey* (4); *Baseball* (4); *Outing Club, Executive Committee* (4); *Debate Club* (4).
This lad is a brand new classmate this year,
He's well known and well liked by all of us here.
He's not very noisy, but then he's not shy,
In fact Jeannette and all think he's quite a guy.

James W. Robertson, Jr.
Portland, Maine "Robbie"
Deering High School (1, 2, 3, 4); *Football* (4); *Hockey* (4); *"M" Club* (4); *Intramural Basketball* (4); *Baseball* (4).
Here is Robertson
Cream of the crop,
He's got all that it takes
To come out on the top.

Mary Ann Schissler "Smokey"
Detroit, Maine
Plainville High School, Connecticut (1, 2).
Pretty Mary—not contrary,
With those sparkling eyes,
That raven hair, that smile—beware,
She'll always take the prize.



Ruth B. Shaw "Ruthie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4); *President* (4), *Chaplain* (3); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girls' Athletic Association* (3, 4); *Orchestra* (1); *Girl's "M" Club* (3, 4); *Cheer Leading* (3); *Trumpet Board* (1, 3, 4); *Debating* (4); *Sophomore Minstrel Show* (2); *Manson Prize Speaking; Pop Concert* (2); *Salutatorian.*
Ruthie, our scholar, our artist and friend,
She sees a job through and through to the end.
She is an expert in every art
And has a diamond along with Dick's heart.

Sidney Earle Shuman
Pittsfield, Maine
Basketball (1); *Orchestra* (2, 3, 4); *Football* (3); *Baseball Manager* (3); *"M" Club* (4).
Always smiling, yet so sedate
Sometimes early, usually late.
Good and healthy with curly hair
Just call on Sidney and he'll be there.

Richard Sirois "Dickie"
Pittsfield, Maine
Vice President (1, 3); *Secretary* (4); *Baseball* (3, 4); *Football Manager* (3); *Orchestra* (1, 2, 3, 4); *"M" Club* (3, 4); *Secretary-Treasurer* (4); *Cross Country* (1); *Basketball* (2, 3, 4); *Assistant Manager* (1); *Trumpet Board* (1, 2).
Although Richard's rather short,
And plays a clarinet;
He's always been our A-1 sport
And one we won't forget.

Lyle C. Small
Plymouth, Maine
Newport High School (1, 2, 3); *Outing Club* (4); *Baseball* (4).
A friendly smile is his sign of greeting
If some day you happen to meet him.
Not knowing him, he seems so quiet;
Get to know him and you'll deny it.

Muriel H. Spencer
Pittsfield, Maine
Old Town Junior High School (1); *Minstrel Show* (2).
We don't see much of Muriel
After school's adjourning.
She must spend her evenings
Keeping the home fires burning.

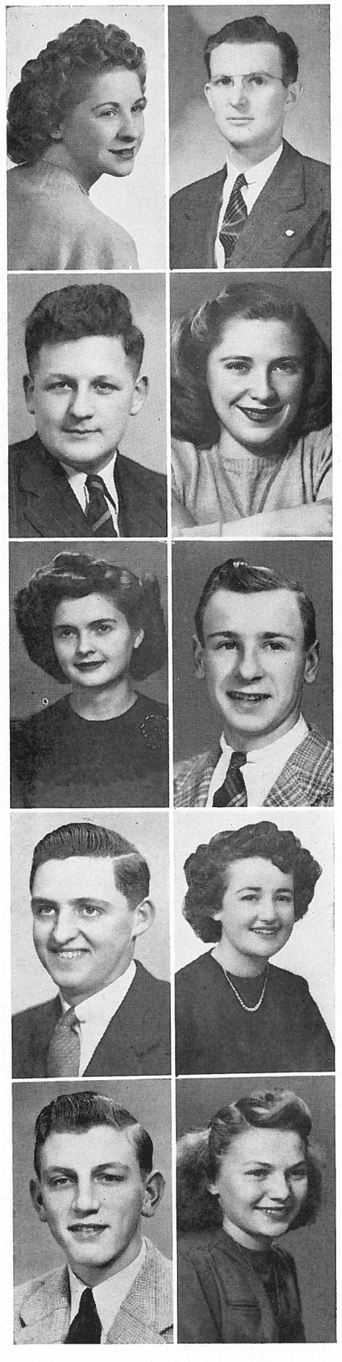
Marion Marie Stewart "Nicki"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3); *Freshman Prize Speaking Second Prize; Sophomore Prize Speaking* (2); *Manson Prize Speaking* (3); *Senior Play; Glee Club* (1); *Pop Concert* (1); *Pop Concert Decorating Committee* (2); *Valedictorian.*
Everytime the ranks come out
She's perched up there without a doubt,
We're not surprised when we are told
"Nicki's" tipped the high honor roll.

Paul E. Susi, Jr. "P. E."
Pittsfield, Maine
Hi-Y Club (1, 2); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Chapel Board* (3); *Trumpet Board* (4); *Senior Play.*
Paul will be our constructing man
And build bridges when no other can.
We're sure that the bridge which will span o'er his way
Will be strengthened by friendships, each passing day.

Doris Marilyn Swift "Dolly"
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3); *Glee Club* (1); *Girls' Chorus* (3); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Outing Club* (4); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2, 3).
With ambition, dreams and friendship,
Dolly does abound.
Yet her feet aren't planted in the clouds,
But firmly on the ground.

Kenneth Malcolm Tibbetts
Pittsfield, Maine "Mac"
Prize Speaking (1, 2); *Trumpet Board* (1, 4); *Minstrel Show* (2).
He's tall, dark, and handsome
At play he's a wow,
We hear he's an expect
At milking a cow.

Merlon Porter Tilton "Emmy"
Pittsfield, Maine
Orchestra (2, 3); *Minstrel Show* (2); *Basketball* (2, 3, 4); *"M" Club* (3, 4); *Cross Country* (4); *Outing Club* (4); *Track* (4); *Trumpet Board* (2); *Assistant Manager, Basketball* (1).
Here's "Emmy" the lad with dancing feet.
That and his sarcasm can't be beat.
Tho' he picks his gals with a critical eye,
We all think he's a pretty swell guy.



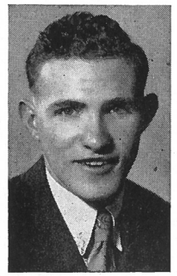
Kenton Lloyd Ward "Ken"
Pittsfield, Maine
St. Petersburg High School (1934, 1935); *U. S. Army* (Feb 24, 1941, Aug. 24, 1946); *Overseas* 34 *Months.*
Up and down and out and around
Everywhere he's been,
He's our four year soldier,
And we don't mean made of tin!

Jeannette Webb
Pittsfield, Maine
Girl Reserves (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girls' Athletics* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girls' "M" Club* (3, 4); *Girls' Athletic Council* (2, 3, 4); *Secretary* (3), *President* (4); *Cheerleader* (3, 4); *Manson Prize Speaking; Park's Junior Scholarship* (3); *Trumpet Board* (1, 2, 3, 4); *Glee Club* (3); *Senior Play; Minstrel Show* (2); *Chapel Board* (2); *Outing Club* (4); *Pop Concert Committee* (1, 2).
Here's luck to a gal of whom we think highly
She really leads the "life of Riley"
She's hitched her wagon to a star,
And its our guess that she'll go far.

Roland E. Webber "Gub"
Pittsfield, Maine
J. V. Football (3); *Baseball* (4).
Gub likes to fool Miss de Reynolds
She thinks he's not so bright—
But she should see Gub swingin' it
On a jukebox Saturday night.

Geneva Margaret White
Pittsfield, Maine "Ginger"
Ricker Classical Institute (1, 2).
Some say that Ginger snaps
But we know Ginger better.
The only time she (Stan)ds and stamps
Is when she doesn't get a letter.

Beverly G. Withee "Bev"
Pittsfield, Maine
Minstrel Show (2); *Girls' Athletics* (3, 4); *Outing Club* (4).
Here's our sunny farmerette
Who rises to greet the dawn.
School has been a happier place
Since you came along.



Stanley G. Wyman "Stan"
Pittsfield, Maine
Class President (1, 2); *Trumpet Board* (2, 3, 4); *Editor-in-Chief* (4); *Football* (3, 4); *Basketball* (1, 3, 4); *Captain* (3); *Baseball* (1, 3, 4); *"M" Club, Secretary, Treasurer* (3), *Vice-President* (4); *Senior Play; Manson Prize Winner* (3).
It's hard to find words good enough
To use on a pal like Stan.
But he's got everything that it takes
To become a super-man.

Wilton Buckley "Buck"
Pittsfield, Maine
Basketball (2, 3); *Baseball* (1, 2); *Hi-Y* (1, 2); *U. S. Army* (Feb. 2, 1944-Dec. 21, 1945).
Buck has been our pal for years
And then one day he went away;
But he didn't forget to come back to us,
We hope, this time to stay

Charles R. Mitchell "Mitch"
Brewer, Maine
Brewer High School (1940-1943); *U. S. Army Air Force* 28 months).
You've been in the Air Corps
And are sick of all routine,
Except those conversations
Held daily with Arlene.

Frank Walter Pilch "Footsie"
Lawrence, Massachusetts
Lawrence High School (1, 2, 3, 4); *Football* (4); *Basketball, Captain* (4); *Baseball* (4); *Track* (4); *"M" Club* (4).
Oh, you're a football hero,
And the girls all fall for you;
But alas, alas—like an incompleted pass,
Us Senior dames won't do.

John J. Redmond, Jr. "Jack"
Portland, Maine
Cheverus Classical High School (1, 2, 3); *Football* (4); *Basketball* (4); *Baseball* (4).
Most wolves whistle "woo-woo"
But Redmond's theme is "Betty-Lou";
And just to make his song complete,
He shoots his baskets plenty neat.

Betty Lou Wright "Lu Lu"
Skowhegan, Maine
Skowhegan High School (1, 2, 3, 4); *Girl Reserves* (4); *Cheer Leading* (4); *Outing Club* (4).
When the wolves go "woo-woo"
And the girls say "you'll do",
It's none other than Betty Lou.
She's our dish, and I don't mean stew.

HONOR PARTS

Valedictorian ..... Marion Stewart

Salutatorian ..... Ruth Shaw

First Honor Essay ..... Blair Libby

Second Honor Essay ..... June Reed

Third Honor Essay ..... Jacklyn Richards

CLASS DAY PARTS

Address to Undergraduates ..... Malcolm Tibbetts

Oration ..... Wilson Nason

Class Prophecy ..... Donna Hodgins

David Dexter

Class Will ..... Lorraine Karam

Class History ..... Paul Susi

Class Gifts ..... Joyce Almonte

Richard Powell

Class Chaplain ..... Frank Pilch

Class Marshalls ..... Jeannette Webb

James Murtha

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

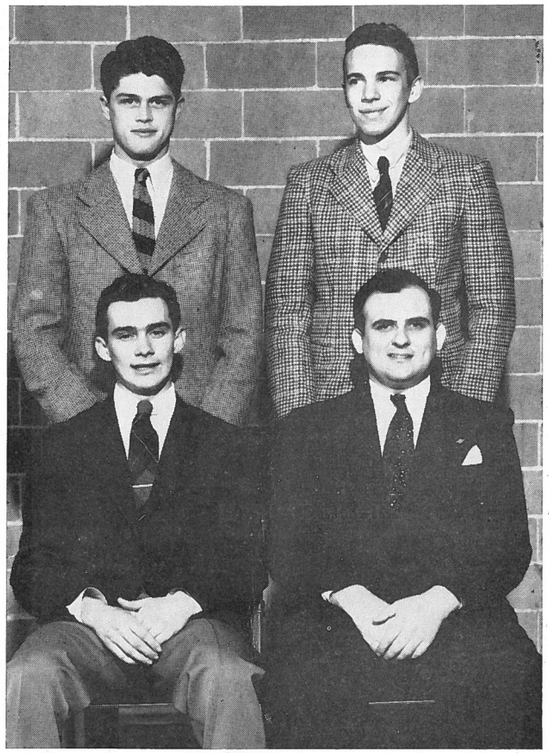
Senior Last Chapel ..... Wednesday, June 5

Class Day Exercises ..... Saturday, June 8

Baccalaureate Services ..... Sunday, June 9

Graduation ..... Sunday, June 9

JUNIOR



CLASS OFFICERS

Daniel Fillietaz ..... *President*

Desmond Fuller ..... *Vice-President*

Leon Fish ..... *Secretary*

Winfield Tilton ..... *Treasurer*

CLASS ADVISORS

Frances Bartlett Albert Grassie

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Ackroyd, Mary
Bickford, Barbara
Blair, Gloria
Bradbury, Shirley
Brooks, Shirley
Bunker, Irene
Burch, Dorothy
Burns, Joyce
Chapman, Vera
Cianchette, Marilyn
Clark, Paul
Cole, Barbara
Collamore, Maynard
Cookson, Alfred
Craig, Alice
Dahlgren, Lendal
Dahlgren, Rita
Dunton, Arlene
Dunton, Glenys
Fillietaz, Daniel
Fish, Leon
Fitts, Gerald
Folsom, Garth
Ford, Colleen
Frederick, Phyllis
Gallison, Mildred
Grindell, Ethelyn
Haggerty, John
Hamilton, Frances
Hammond, Hazel
Harris, Austin
Henderson, Eugene
Hill, Ardis
Hopkins, Thelma
Johnson, Eva
Jones, James
Kennedy, Barbara
Killam, Ernest
Macken, David
Manchester, Alvida
McLaggan, Cecil
Merrithew, Elizabeth
Miller, Gloria
Morrell, Gladys
Nason, Martin
Pye, Rhoda
Robinson, Beverley
Shorey, John
Short, Wallace
Small, Donald
Soule, Eunice
Spencer, Pauline
Tasker, Marie
Tibbetts, Richard
Tilton, Winfield
Tinkham, Joan
Webb, Margaret
Webster, Ethel
White, Leonard
Wiley, Gloria
Worster, Grace
Wright, Alice
Wright, Russell
Whitman, Marilyn

SOPHOMORE



CLASS OFFICERS

William Hatch ..... *President*
Doris Young ..... *Vice-President*
Joyce Beattie ..... *Secretary*
Robert Duplessie ..... *Treasurer*

CLASS ADVISORS

Kenneth Hesselberg Roderick Smith

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Beattie, Joyce
Beattie, Robert
Bradbury, Colleen
Braley, Norman
Brooks, Malcolm
Brooks, Marjorie
Brown, Roberta J.
Bryant, Arey
Bryant, Theo
Buker, Martha
Catlin, Louise
Cianchette, Alton
Coolbroth, Marguerite
Coolidge, Elizabeth
Crowell, Yvonne
Doherty, Hollis
Dorrian, Maynard
Dunham, Shirley
Duplessie, Robert
Esty, Helen
Fuller, Desmond
Greeley, Carolyn
Hatch, William R.
Huff, Manley
Hughes, Robert
Hunt, Alton
Jones, Edward
Kenniston, Pauline
Lancaster, Leigh
Lawrence, Joan
Libby, Robert
London, Charles
Madore, Gerald
McLaggan, Colleen
Millett, Thomas
Pearl, Marjorie
Pease, Lester
Percival, Ruth
Pinkham, Leroy
Reed, Edwin M.
Rolfe, Maribelle
Seekins, Virginia
Shatney, Carolyn
Shaw, Alice
Sirois, Theresa
Starbird, Marie
Stewart, Frederick
Susi, Emma
Tarbox, Dorothy
Towle, John
Tucker, Mina
Tweedie, Mildred
Vroom, Elizabeth
Webster, Theodore
Weeks, Keith
Weeks, Robert
White, Loretta
Willey, Marilyn
Withee, Arthur C.
Wright, Neal
Wyman, Richard
Young, Doris

FRESHMAN



CLASS OFFICERS

Joan Mills ..... *President*
Harriet Riley ..... *Vice-President*
Helen Crowell ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

CLASS ADVISORS

Esther Libby Paul Legge

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

Alexander, Reinald
Ames, Janet
Baker, Fred
Bartlett, Kenneth
Beebe, Jacqueline
Bickford, Elizabeth
Bishop, Marilyn
Bishop, Ralph
Boyington, James
Brackett, Eugenia
Brown, Leland
Brown, Patricia R.
Bubar, Richard
Burns, Robert
Carr, Nancy
Cole, Morris
Cookson, Joan
Cowan, Arnold
Crowell, Helen
Cunningham, Gloria
Dahlgren, Maynard E.
Davis, Chester
DeRaps, Antoninette
Dobson, Joyce
Dunphy, John
Edmunds, Marilyn
Farnsworth, Jean
Fernald, Floyd
Field, Maxine
Fowler, Marilyn
Friend, Sally
Graham, Pauline
Green, Murray
Hoskins, Harold
Havey, Peter
Higgins, Jeanette
Higgins, John
Huff, Levi
Ireland, Chadley
Jackson, Joyce
Jarvis, Flora
Jipson, Mary
Killam, Meredith
Killam, Oscar
Lawrence, Mildred
Lawrence, Ralph
McKenzie, Neal
Mailman, Clair
Matrangos, Thomas
McGibney, Ralph
Melvin, Roger
Mills, Joan
Mills, Joyce
Mitchell, Kathleen
O'Clair, Theresa
O'Reilly, Earl
Peterson, Priscilla
Pinciaro, Mary
Reidy, James
Riley, Harriet
Rogers, Arthur
Sanborn, Marie
Seekins, Helen
Shatney, Cecelia
Shaw, Donald
Shorey, Molly Jane
Short, Philip
Spencer, Bartlett
Stickney, Emmaleene
Susi, Robert
Tarbox, Nancy
Tasker, Basil
Tilton, Gladwin
Webb, Robert
Wentworth, John
Wentworth, Rodney
White, Marilyn
Withee, Joyce
Wyman, Bernes
Young, Ada

VETERANS AT M. C. I.

At the opening of the academic year 1945-46, it was not contemplated that M. C. I. would play any appreciable role in the education of veterans of World War II until the following year. Two veterans were enrolled as dormitory students and a few as day students when school opened in September. As the Armed Forces began to expediate demobilization, it became evident that the number of veterans interested in refresher courses, and credits toward secondary school diplomas, and certification grades in specific courses would far exceed the capacity of the school to absorb these students. By late February, Alumni Hall had received a full quota of veterans; an additional master was engaged to give full time to the needs of these men and the increased day school enrollment of veterans. Unlike the other preparatory schools in Maine, M. C. I. attempted to establish a special program, distinct from the regular curricula. Courses permitting veterans to obtain credit for a year's work in Algebra I, Plane Geometry, and English IV were inaugurated; dormitory regulations were drawn up in cognizance of the maturity, experience, and peculiar needs of these men. The school was pleased to be able to offer its facilities to this group.



VETERANS

2nd Row: J. Doucette, O. Mercier D. Fuller, F. Harding, A. Allen, T. Page, C. Mitchell, D. MacDonald, K. Ward, D. Gallups, Mr. Stanley.

1st Row: Mr. Hesselberg, Mr. Grassie, W. Buckley, L. Fish, G. Moore, R. Thompson, W. Eldridge, G. Ruman, R. Drinkwater, R. Haggerty.

ORGANIZATIONS

We are proud of our many organizations which have flourished at Maine Central Institute during the past year. Cooperation has made possible many active circles of companionship. It seems incredible that so much work has been accomplished by these clubs and so many friendships formed.

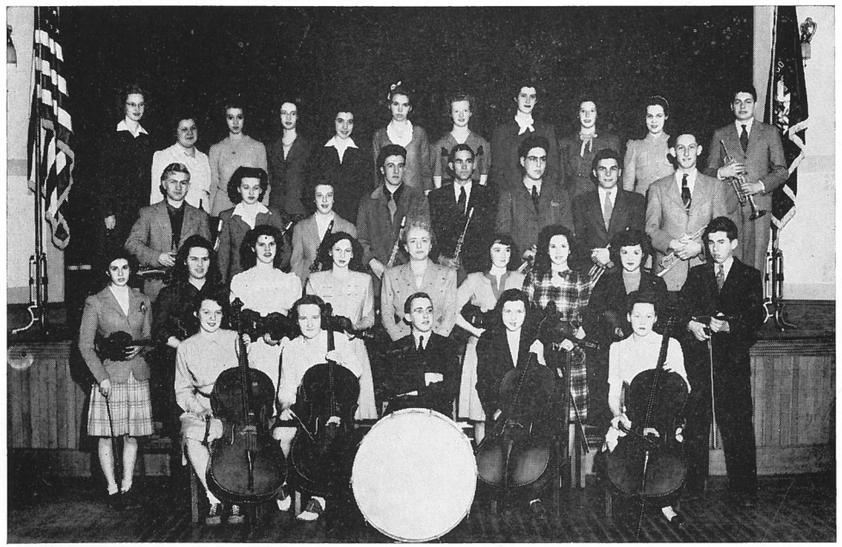
Every member of Maine Central Institute holds tender memories of one or many of the clubs in which he has participated.

ORCHESTRA

The M. C. I. orchestra is not a seasonal organization of the school but continues throughout the school year. Rehearsals are held every Thursday evening from seven o'clock to eight o'clock in Powers Hall under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Cook, who has been conductress for a number of years. During this time the orchestra has had between thirty and fortyfive members.

The orchestra is always ready to render its services for school events and town affairs. It frequently plays in chapel on Friday and at some of the outstanding events of the school such as: Prize Speaking, Senior Play, Commencement Exercises, and the Pop Concert.

This last entertainment is presented by the orchestra combined with the Freshman and Sophomore classes and has proved to be a very popular affair. The concert is styled after the famous Boston Symphony "Pops", the program of which consists of orchestra selections, solos, and ensemble numbers. Refreshments and dancing follow.



4th roy: J. Dobson, E. Frederick, C. Greeley, J. Cookson, T. Sirois, M. Tasker, E. Graham, C. Colwell, Z. Osiason, M. Bishop, J. Wentworth.
3rd row: J. Murtha, B. Humphrey, B. Hapworth, R. Sirois, W. Greeley, S. Shuman, D. Emery, G. Fitts.
2nd row: R. Percival, M. Willey, M. Brooks, E. Grindell, Mrs. Cook, M. Webb, A. Wright, G. Wiley, B. Spencer.
1st row: J. Richards, E. Vroom, M. Nason, D. Goodrich, D. Maynard.

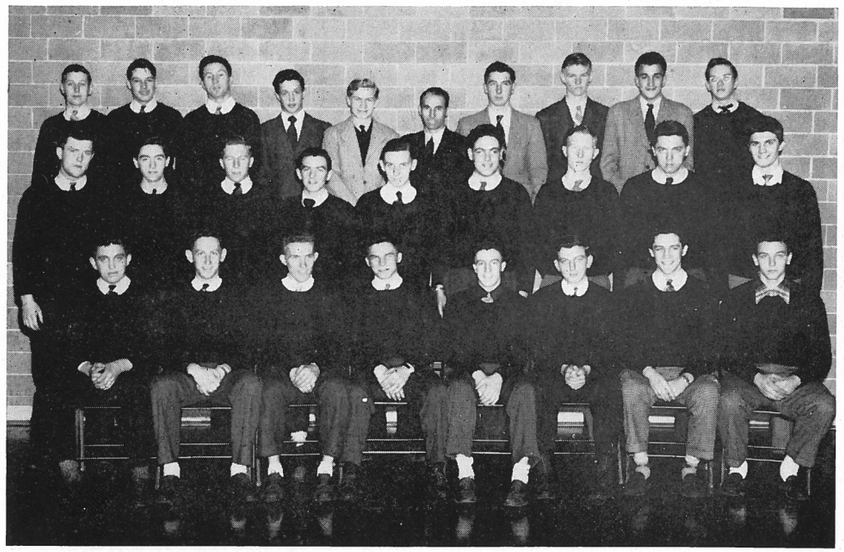
BOYS' "M" CLUB

The "M" Club has a larger membership this year than it has had for a number of years. The resumption of a large scale athletic program has boosted the number of lettermen to such an extent that the club membership is three times last year's enrollment.

Coach Legge has served as club advisor for the past two years

The officers of the club are as follows:

President ..... Durward Emery
Vice-President ..... Stan Wyman
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Richard Sirois



BOYS' "M" CLUB

3rd Row: W. Hatch, R. Libby, P. Almonte, R. Duplessie, J. Murtha, Coach Legge, J. Towle, B. Tasker, K. Weeks, R. Wright.

2nd Row: R. Powell, D. Macken, J. Christie, V. Martin, A. Bryant, S. Shuman, R. Dunphy, J. Shorey, G. Folsom.

1st Row: B. Heffren, G. Fitts, S. Wyman, D. Emery, R. Sirois M. Tilton, R. Penfold, J. Robertson.

GIRLS' "M" CLUB

For the past few years the Girls' "M" Club at M. C. I. hasn't been very active because of its few members. However, this year, with the addition of one new member, it is once more on the upward trend. The members at present are:

Joyce Almonte
Ruth Shaw
Jeannette Webb
Margaret Webb
Marilyn Cianchette

The club is hoping to see at least four new members added to its roster by the close of school this year.



J. Webb, M. Cianchette, M. Webb, J. Almonte, R. Shaw

OUTING CLUB

At the suggestion of our principal, Mr. Howard Washburn, the Outing Club was formed at M. C. I. At the first meeting "Bud" Dow, a well-known authority on winter sports, gave an interesting talk. The objective of Mr. Dow's address was to try to arouse interest in prospective members.

In the first meeting several committees were elected to get the organization in working order. The members drew up a charter for the organization of the club, the faculty advisors being Mr. Earle and Mr. Smith.

The club sponsored a Winter Carnival and a winter sports' team. One of the outstanding accomplishments of this team was the decisive victory over Hartland. The Carnival was climaxed by a Ball at which a Carnival Queen was chosen. Awards were also given to winners who took part in the afternoon events.

The Outing Club seems to have a bright outlook for another year.

OFFICERS



2nd Row: Mr. Smith, Mr. Earle.
1st Row: P. Riley, D. Dexter, J. Murtha.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC COUNCIL

This year a large, enthusiastic group of girls has turned out for girls' athletics. The council, under the supervision of Mr. Smith, has arranged a program in which all girls are eligible to take part and work toward receiving an "M" letter.

The members of this council are:

Jeannette Webb ..... *President*
Joyce Almonte ..... *Publicity Manager*
Margaret Webb ..... *Secretary*

Ruth Shaw — Alice Wright
Shirley Bradbury — Theresa Sirios
Ruth Percival — Joan Cookson

Donna Hodgins

The weather, as yet, hasn't been very good for the outdoor sports which we have listed. Although we can't be outdoors yet, we are very fortunate to have the gymnasium two nights a week for basketball. In the Senior and Sophomore groups we don't see many girls. What's the trouble?

The Athletic Council has had the privilege of awarding an "M" letter to Marilyn Cianchette this year. We hope there will be many more given out by the end of this school year.



2nd Row: R. Percival, T. Sirois, J. Cookson, S. Bradbury, R. Shaw
1st Row: J. Almonte, J. Webb, M. Webb

ACTIVITIES

All of the students of M. C. I. have some definite connection with activities. This year the activities have been broadened and enlarged upon a great deal.

There are so many out of town and dormitory students that definite measures have been taken to operate old activities and establish new ones in order to bring them in closer companionship with the town students.

The members of M. C. I. are very proud of the excellent leadership and membership of their Extra-Curricular Activities which have existed during the past

THE GET ACQUAINTED PARTY

Do you know that cute little blond that sits behind you in study hall? If you don't, you couldn't have attended our annual Get-Acquainted Party. This is one of the friendliest "get-togethers" of the year. All you have to do is step right up and introduce yourself, and it's just like back home. Apparently Elizabeth Coolidge is the friendliest of our friends this year; she got over a hundred names on her card. The prize was a cute little soldier boy—real?—no, just a miniature.

Miss Freda Gray got really sentimental with all her new chums and sang, "Why Don't You Fall in Love With Me(?)" and "If I Loved You." I wonder why she doesn't?

Mr. Richard Dunphy, our Sinatra, vowed: "He Was Going To Kiss That Girl Just Like She'd Never Been Kissed Before." We also found out what it might be like on a "Sentimental Journey," "Till The End of Time," with Dorothy Maynard.

To top this excellent program Miss Mary Crawford helped get us off to a good start by playing some "sweet stuff" on the old piano just as she used to do.

We danced and sang until the refreshments interrupted. I wonder why these always get first place at a party? Anyway everyone looked happy while sipping his punch and making eyes at newly found sweethearts. No, indeed, it certainly doesn't take long at M. C. I.! We're all one big family and this includes all you unfortunate ones who missed out on a "corking" good time.

FRESHMAN DAY

An unusual entertainment was given to the freshmen by their superiors, the sophomores, soon after school opened this fall. This was the well-known "Freshman Day." A committee of heartless, scheming sophomores was chosen by the class to draw up the plans which would belittle the large freshman class.

A prayer of respect and honor to the sophomores was memorized by all freshmen who were called on repeatedly to repeat it on bended knees.

Costumes of all sorts were seen on the joyless freshmen. A bride and groom led the parade which started at the campus and continued down Main Street, around by Pittsfield Grammar School, and back to the campus. This is indeed a gala occasion for the townspeople, but their presence only adds to the agony of the group of bizarre freshmen.

Girls wore fifteen pigtails with ribbons all different in color, tall rubber boots, a fragrant necklace of onions around their necks and men's pants and shirts back side to. The boys were stunning in dresses, high-heeled shoes, beribboned hair parted sharply in the middle; they really were made glamorous by rouge, powder, lipstick and fingernail polish. The corridors of Powers Hall were filled with kneeling freshmen. Three-thirty couldn't come soon enough for them. When this long waited-for-hour came, they fled from Powers Hall tired, happy that the day was over—and looking forward to next year's fun with the luckless freshmen when they would be mighty sophomores.

THE HARE AND HOUND CHASE

It was 3:45 on a warm autumn afternoon; the whole student body could be seen lounging around in front of the building waiting for the signal to start on the round-about trail to the town farm, for surely we would go there since all the students had for the past ten years. Tradition is tradition, you know. Already a few energetic Freshmen had followed their trail to the edge of the campus and had their eager noses pointed down the long stretch of Peltoma Avenue. (typical hounds.) Four o'clock and off they started—Freshmen and Juniors hot on the scent, while Sophomores and Seniors plodded along patiently toward the railroad tracks.

One and one half hours later a strong breeze sprang up, and a group of ferocious hounds sniffed out the scent of baked beans floating gently over the Waverly pinnacle. The ambitious youngsters went over the top and discovered the teachers building the fires and preparing to cook out on the other side.

Meanwhile, the Seniors and "Sophs" were still walking the track. But hearing the cry of the victors, (the wind had shifted) the lost "mutts" raced through surrounding fields and pastures and returned to the welcoming folds of M. C. I.

In this case to the victor did not belong the spoils, and a hearty supper of baked beans, weenies, doughnuts and milk was enjoyed by all.

The warmth of the campfires, the falling of dusk and the brisk feeling of the autumn air stirred our vocal chords. For another thirty minutes bubbling voices spilled forth their beauty.

As the last rays of twilight were disappearing in the west, Mr. Washburn reminded his pups that—

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a student mucher the wise."

We all picked up our dirty paper dishes, put out the campfires and trouped down Hartland Avenue toward home. Everyone slept soundly that night; not even one little woof-woof howled at the moon.

FRESHMAN PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual Freshman Prize Speaking contest was held February 14, in Powers Hall. Five girls and five boys made the finals. The following is a list of the speakers and their selections.

Nancy Carr ..... *"The Blessed Damsel."*
Joan Mills ..... *"Mary Stuart."*
Jacquelyn Beebe ..... *"Sister in the Back Seat."*
Glee Edmonds ..... *"The Boy Who Said G'Wan."*
Harriet Riley ..... *"The Death Disk."*
Chester Davis ..... *"David Harum's Horse Trade."*
Chadley Ireland ..... *"The Reconsidered Verdict."*
Peter Havey ..... *"Taxi, Sailor?"*
Reinald Alexander ..... *"A Southern Court Scene."*
Ralph McGibney ..... *"Unseen Witness."*

Prizes were awarded as follows: Girls, first prize, Joan Mills. Second prize, Nancy Carr. Boys, first prize, Peter Havey. Second prize was awarded jointly to Chadley Ireland and Chester Davis.

Miss Lucile de Reynolds served as dramatic coach, and Paul Legge, as class advisor, assisted with the program.

The M. C. I. Orchestra, under the direction of Ruth Plummer Cook, played several selections.

SOPHOMORE PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual Sophomore Prize Speaking Contest was held April 4 this year under the capable direction of Miss Lucile de Reynolds. Five girls and five boys were chosen to take part in the finals. The following is the list of speakers and their selections:

Marjorie Brooks ..... *"Honey"*
Marguerite Coolbroth ..... *"Gertrude, the Governess"*
Marjorie Pearl ..... *"Taking Joy Home"*
Theresa Sirois ..... *"White Lilacs"*
Loretta White ..... *"My Friend Flicka"*
William Hatch ..... *"Rediscovering America"*
Alton Hunt ..... *"The Soldier of the Empire"*
Robert Libby ..... *"I Am Innocent of This Blood"*
Thomas Millett ..... *"Enough of This"*
Leroy Pinkham ..... *"The School Program"*

ALTERNATES

Pauline Kenniston — Manley Huff

Prizes were awarded as follows:

Girls, first prize, Theresa Sirois; boys, first prize, Robert Libby.

MANSON PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual Manson Prize Speaking was held May 3, 1945 in Powers Hall.

At this time five girls and five boys who had been chosen on the basis of excellency of essays, written by all members of the Junior Class, presented their essays.

The prizes were given to Dorothy Maynard and to Wilson Nason.

The program was as follows:

Donna Hodgins ..... *"Will Rogers"*

Alton Mitchell ..... *"Post War Automobiles"*

Marion Stewart ..... *"William Allen White"*

Basil Heffren ..... *"The United States Marines"*

Dorothy Maynard ..... *"Plastic Surgery"*

Blair Libby ..... *"Lt. Gen. George S. Patten, Jr."*

Ruth Shaw ..... *"And One for Our Four-Footed Veterans"*

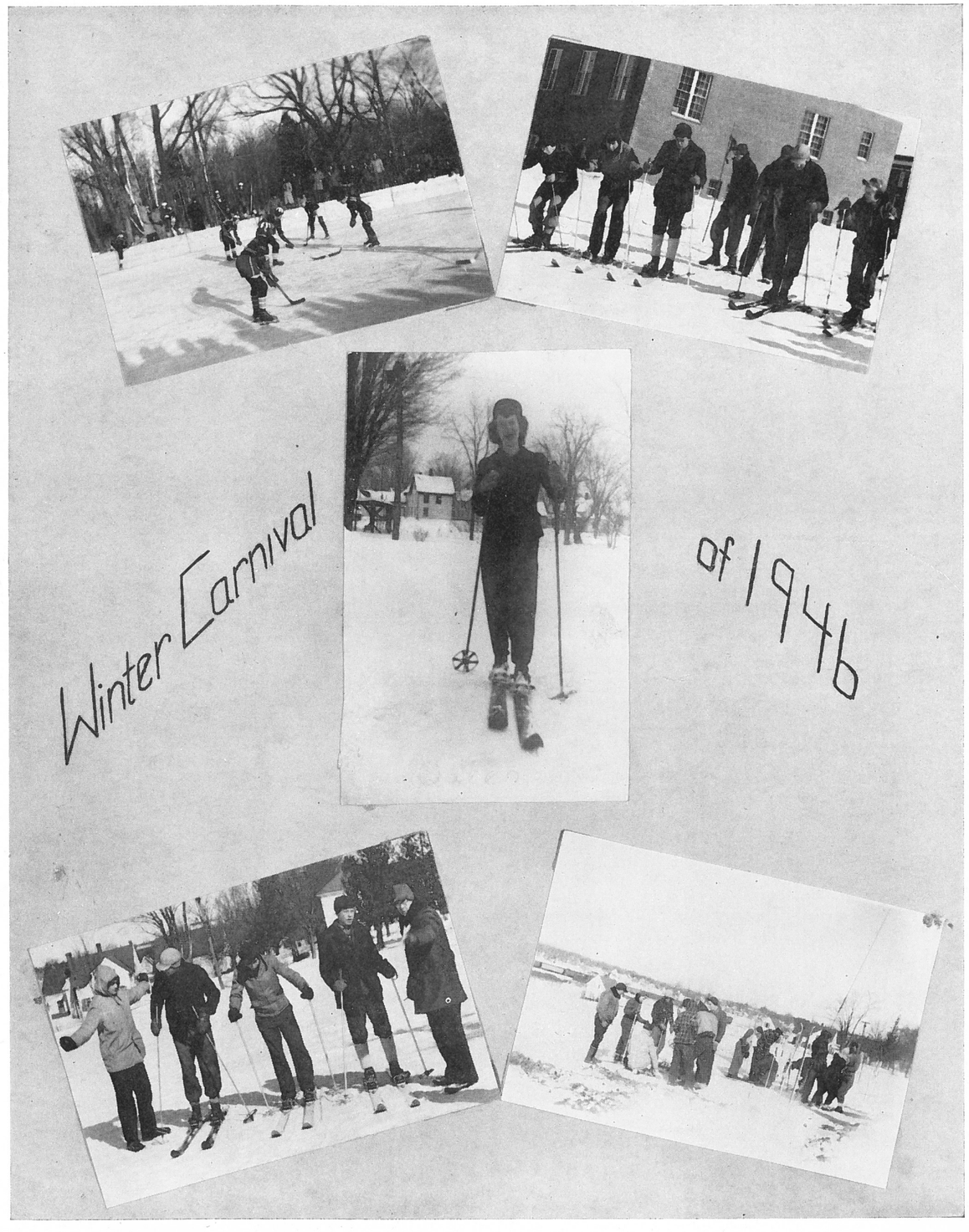
Wilson Nason ..... *"Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr."*

Jeannette Webb ..... *"Lady With Wings—Amelia Earhart"*

Richard Dunphy ..... *"General Grant'*

ALTERNATES

Evelene Lancaster — Durward Emery



WINTER CARNIVAL AND BALL

The Winter Carnival at M. C. I. was held Saturday, February 16. Despite unfavorable conditions the boys' events were held in the morning and the girls' events in the afternoon with teams from M. C. I. and Hartland Academy competing. The meet was won by M. C. I. The final score for boys was 25 to 19 and for the girls 32 to 12.

Also in the afternoon a hockey game was played between M. C. I. and Kents Hill on the local rink. M. C. I. looked as if it might win at the beginning, but something—or somebody—fell flat, and Kents Hill came out on top by a score of 7 to 2.

The climax of the day was the Coronation of the Carnival Queen at the ball held in Parks Gymnasium in the evening. For the two preceeding weeks, four candidates for this coveted honor held spirited campaigns. Signs and posters had appeared overnight in conspicuous places. Pink, yellow and white tickets were floating around—lacking the stubs on which the names of the four candidates were printed. Everybody had been discussing the possibilities—or impossibilities—of each prospective queen. These four girls were: Jacklyn Richards, Jeannette Webb, Alice Wright, and Irene Bunker.

In a very impressive ceremony, Jackie Richards was crowned queen by Mr. Sanger Cook. The other three girls made up her court.

Following the coronation, the queen awarded prizes to the winners of the days' activities.

The proceeds from the carnival were turned over to the Outing Club for new sports' equipment.

ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

The basketball team finished its season in a blaze of glory by defeating the two strongest prep school championship contenders at the annual University of Maine Prep School Championship Tournament. It was the first time in the history of the tournament that an M. C. I. team had copped top honors.

The hoop squad boasted one of the most enviable records in the annals of the school. The garnet and black registered twenty wins in twenty-six games and a total of 1362 points were scored.

Frank Pilch was chosen captain of the squad. "Footsy" hails from Lawrence, Mass., where he played at Lawrence High School. He served in the Merchant Marines before attending M. C. I.

Jack Christie and Stan Wyman were awarded trophies at the tournament for being selected on the prep school all-tournament team.

Because he was not in school long enough to earn a varsity "M", "Red" Noel was given a special award by the school for his excellent spirit and for the part which he played at the tournament.

The following boys received their varsity "M" in recognition of the completion of a year of basketball:

Captain Frank Pilch, Jack Christie, Jack Redmond, Gerald Fitts, Stanley Wyman, Richard Powell, Richard Sirois, John Shorey, Desmond Fuller, Merlon Tilton, Wilmot Briggs, Winfield Tilton, Manager.



3rd Row: Coach Legge, W. Briggs, J. Shorey, D. Fuller, W. Tilton.
2nd Row: M. Tilton, R. Powell, R. Noel, R. Sirois.
1st Row: J. Redmond, S. Wyman, F. Pilch, J. Christie, G. Fitts.

BASEBALL

In the spring of 1945 a small squad of young and inexperienced candidates reported for baseball. Out of the group Coach Legge molded an average team. The win-loss record was 7-7. The team finished its season triumphantly by winning the last four games in succession.

Harvey Varney was elected Captain and the team's backstop. Varney was also a star performer on the gridiron and the basketball court.

The leading hitters were Lew Fitts, 389, Stan Wyman, 373, and "Red" Dunphy, 360.

Letters were awarded to:

Captain Varney, c
Stan Wyman, p
Lewis Fitts, 1b
Arey Bryant, 2b
Gerald Fitts, 3b
Richard Sirois, ss
"Red" Dunphy, rf
David Macken, cf
Charles London, lf
Lendal Dahlgren, lf
Sidney Shuman, Manager



2nd Row: Coach Legge C. Lancaster, W. Hatch, L. Dahlgren, N. Wright, R. Libby, E. Killam, A. Hunt, Manager Shuman

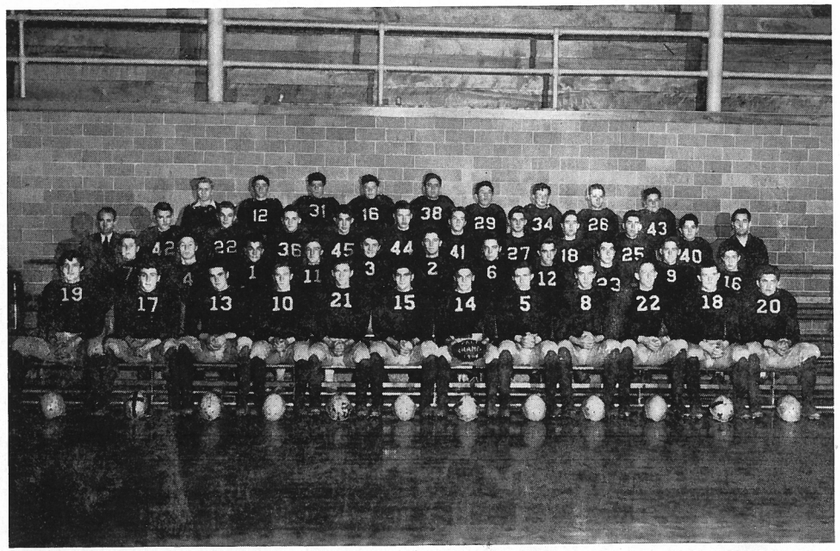
1st Row: C. London, R. Sirois, D. Macken, S. Wyman, H. Varney, L. Fitts, G. Fitts, R. Dunphy, A. Bryant

FOOTBALL

M. C. I. earned the title of State Prep School Champs for the second consecutive season. The Garnet and Black was unscored upon by Prep School rivals, and the season's record was seven wins, two losses, and one tie.

In the season's finale and play-off for the championship, M. C. I. routed an unbeaten, untied, unscored upon, Higgins team, 44-0. The starting lineup was: LE, Jack Redmond; LT, Ken Masse; LG, Gerald Fitts; C, "Red" Powell; RG, Durward Emery; RT, Basil Heffren; RE, Walter Kopack. In the backfield were: QB, Stan Wyman; LHB, Jack Christie; RHG, Phil Perrino; FB, Frank Pilch.

Durward Emery was elected captain. Emery played right guard for two years, being recognized as one of the outstanding linemen in the state.



4th Row: (L. to R.)—J. Murtha, Manager; R. Webb, T. Bryant, R. Lawrence, L. Pinkham, C. Ireland, C. Davis, C. Lancaster, E. O'Rielly.

3rd Row: (L. to R.)—Coach Legge, E. Killam, E. Jones, A. Bryant, T. Millett, E. Reed, R. Wright, E. Henderson, R. Weeks, B. Spencer, A. Cianchette, Assistant Coach Smith.

2nd Row: (L. to R.)—W. Hatch; P. Almonte, K. Weeks, R. Sirois, G. Folsom, R. Penfold, J. Shorey, C. London, J. Towle, L. Dahlgren, R. Duplessie.

1st Row: (L. to R.)—W. Kopack, J. Redmond, K. Masse, J. Christie, F. Pilch, P. Perrino, Captain, D. Emery; S. Wyman, J. Robertson, G. Fitts, R. Powell, B. Heffren.

CROSS COUNTRY

Cross Country was revived at M. C. I. this year after an absence of about four years from the athletic program. There were seven meets and M. C. I. came out on top in three of them. Although the won-lost record was not impressive, the team displayed good spirit and fine progressiveness. The end of the season found the squad well balanced as the boys were just beginning to click.

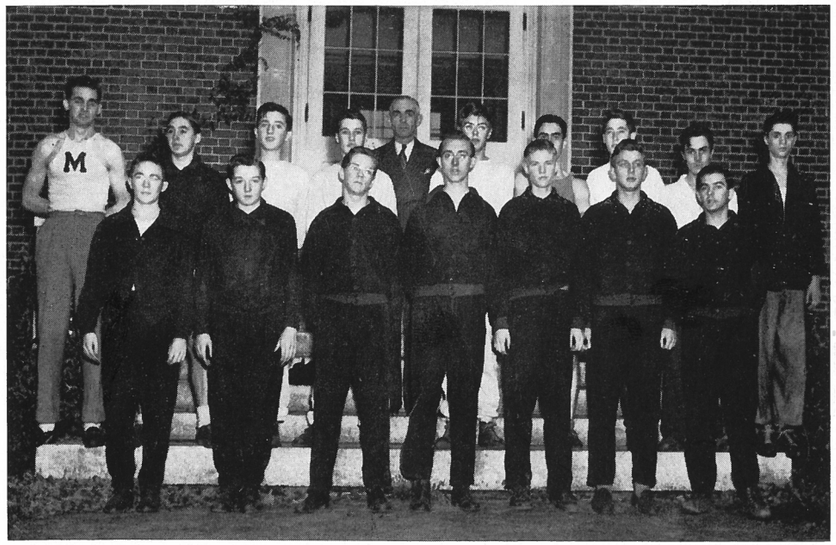
Coach Maurice Earle handled the team and did a superb job of moulding the team into a winning combination.

Wilmot Briggs was elected captain of the team. "Bill's" home town is Monticello and previous to his entrance into M. C. I. he had attended Ricker.

The following boys were awarded the varsity "M" for participation in cross country:

Captain Briggs
Russell Wright
Merlon Tilton
Ernest DeRaps
Robert Libby
Basil Tasker

Vaughn Martin



2nd Row: (L to R.)—W. Ranks, E. DeRaps, R. McGibney, R. Libby, Coach Earle, N. Grass, P. Griney, B. Libby, L. Garnett, C. Husson.

1st Row: (L. to R.)—W. Griggs, A. Hunt, R. Wright, W. Nason, B. Tasker, M. Tilton, V. Martin.

M. C. I. ICE HOCKEY

For the first time in the history of M. C. I. an Ice Hockey team was sponsored by the school. A large squad of thirty candidates reported, out of which an average team was molded by the end of the season. A sport schedule of only six games was played.

Coach Maurice Earle came to M. C. I. this year from Wilton, but found a difficult situation here as the M. C. I. boys had had little experience in ice hockey.

Basil Heffren was elected captain of the squad. Heffren, who was a standout gridiron performer, was the team's goalie and was backed capably by reserve Garth Folsom.

Durward Emery, Ken Masse, Lendal Dahlgren, and Vaughn Martin were the key defense men. Jim Robertson, David Macken, Bob Duplessie, Richard Dunphy, and Ray Penfold made up the leading front line.

Other members of the squad were: James Murtha, Hugh Bond, Wellington Ranks, Dan Fillietaz, Austin Harris, Edwin Reed, and Manager Wilson Nason.



2nd Row: Coach Earle, J. Murtha, V. Martin, E. Reed, H. Bond, W. Ranks, G. Folsom, K. Masse, R. Dunphy, A. Harris, W. Nason.

1st Row: R. Duplessie, D. Emery, D. Fillietaz, J. Robertson, B. Heffren, D. Macken, R. Penfold, R. Thompson.

M. C. I. CHEERLEADERS

This year the cheerleaders have done unusually good work in supporting our athletic squads. They have been present at all games when transportation was available, cheering our teams on to victory—in most cases.

They have been a tremendous aid in boosting student attendance at our games and rallies and have better acquainted the student body with the teams which represent the school.

Many thanks and heartiest congratulation to the unsung heroines of M. C. I.

From time to time we have seen another group of girls, The Junior Varsity Cheerleaders, who deserve commendation from us for their splendid spirit and cooperation.



2nd Row A. Wright, M. Webb, B. Wright, F. Gray. J. Richards

1st. Row: J. Webb, T. Sirois.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

With enthusiastic interest the M. C. I. girls entered sports this year. The choice between basketball and winter sports was offered for the winter term. Most of the girls chose basketball, but a few snow-lovers preferred the outdoor sports.

The winter sports include skiing, tobagganing, and skating. Since Old Man Winter hasn't favored us with much snow up to the present time, the supporters of these sports have been decidedly handicapped.

The basketball players throng to the "gym" every Tuesday and Friday afternoon for an hour of active scrimmage. With the help of Coach Smith, we hope to improve our playing. One of the points of interest for the girls was a scrimmage between a Newport girls' team and a team from our Junior and Senior classes. The result of this hard fought battle was a tie, 8-8.

The Freshman girls have organized a team and are planning a game with the Pittsfield Grammar School girls. The opposing grammar school team has made a strong showing, and the game promises to be a difficult one.

In the spring we hope to have a large turnout for archery. For the past few years this sport has not been as outstanding, but this year we hope to bring it back in its former interest.

The girls are working hard to secure their "M" letters. You receive five points for each sport you participate in, if you miss no more than two nights. A total of 40 points is necessary to win the "M". This means many nights of hard practice, but to us the "M" is worth it.

LITERARY

THE VETERAN HUNTERS

It was a dark, bleak morning when Jim and his friend Rusty, gathered their equipment and prepared themselves for a hunting journey. Although the start of the day promised that it would be dismal throughout, preparations had long been made for this excursion.

The beginning of the hike to their chosen hunting spot was crowded with a conversation which dealt with last minute details. The boys' plans had been made for ideal hunting weather so their discussion was on modifying their plans to cope with the type of day. Jim argued that, as there was no wind they should attack the yard of the deer over the hill barely visible through the cloudy mist, and come down on the deer from above. Many other ideas entered the minds of the inexperienced hunters; but finally they agreed on the one that I have described, as it would present no warning to the deer of their presence.

After having climbed the hill, they stood overlooking the much-used yard of the deer. When they had caught their breath, they fanned out and started to execute their plans for getting a prize deer. They were being very careful not to startle the deer.

Rusty worked his way with the utmost carefulness to the middle of the yard. Here he began to slice his way across through the thickets with just enough noise to disturb and not alarm his prey.

The deer were alert and did not jump or run at the first sounds. However, as the noise drew nearer, they pivoted in their tracks and ran some distance. Still they heard the persistent noise coming toward them. They hesitated, but finally they saw they had no choice but to leave the clearing.

They did not count on having Jim posted at the edge of the opening. Several deer came rushing out at once. Immediately Jim's eye caught sight of a beautiful specimen of the forest. He raised his gun when suddenly, out of the thicket came a thundering buck, running in bounds which were perfectly executed and timed He took careful aim and gently squeezed the trigger. By chance, he caught the buck in the middle of one of his leaps and instead of alighting on all fours, the deer's fore feet slipped from under him, and he landed in one massive heap.

Seconds later Rusty appeared and, not seeing any sign of Jim, started to hunt the surroundings for him. He saw Jim immediately, still standing at the edge of the clearing, dumbfounded, for apparently he still could not believe what had happened.

In a little while, Jim came back to earth. They examined the buck and found him to be a fine ten point buck, perfectly built in every way.

On the way home, Rusty concluded that, although he would like to have shot the deer, he could chalk up his day's work to experience.

So the boys trudged their way onward. Only that morning they had been green, inexperienced woodsmen, but now they termed themselves "veteran hunters."

Eugene Henderson, '47

ECONOMICS: NOW AND THEN

There are few people today, outside of the small business men, who realize the change that has taken place in the nature of economics and business in

America. Let us review the position of man through the ages in relation to his means of living.

In the earliest period, man killed wild animals and fished for a living. This man was his own boss and was equal to everyone else. He owed nothing to anyone, nor was anyone indebted to him. Later, he learned to make use of the vegetable kingdom and became more agricultural. After the period of this type of life, he became aggressive, and through wars the weaker people were enslaved.

The wealth of the world came into hands of a smaller and smaller number of people instead of being divided among all. Of course, someone had to do the work, so the slaves bore their masters' burdens as well as their own. This system, in which the powers and wealth were in the hands of few, did not last long.

The greatest empire in the world, the Roman Empire, was overrun by barbarians and its own slaves. The wealthy class was corrupted and degraded by luxurious living standards. After the fall of Rome, much of the European civilization reverted to primitive ways of living. The large tracts of land of the barons and lords were cultivated by the oppressed who received for their profits a meager supply of food; when the crop was poor, they starved.

Besides the serfs and nobles, there were two other distinct classes in the feudal age; one was the clergy, and about the twelfth century, there arose another class engaged in industry and trade. This was the beginning of our present-day wage-earning class.

After the Renaissance began, the stronger nobles gained more and more power until they became kings of national states. These national states later became our present European countries. The economic conditions in these countries prospered because of self-government.

When men began to settle in northern America, they set up a system in which each man began at the bottom and worked hard for himself. In the south, the old country custom prevailed and nobles owned plantations on which they imported slaves. Because of this, and climatic conditions, industry became concentrated in the north.

After a government was established, industry was governed to a small extent by taxes, but for a long time, few other restrictions were placed on it. For the first time, industry really had a chance to be expanded and gradually the one-man business became a company. But now, each man worked for a fair share of the profits, and he was free to work whenever he wished. Here was the perfect democratic economic system.

Could it last?

There are always and will be, as long as people live, those greedy for power and money who attempt to ruin all other systems. Those men organized into corporations and made agreements to ruin rivals and eliminate small businesses giving us large unemployment rates. They sent lobbyists to Washington to get laws passed in their favor. Were these men wrecking business by trying to get control of industry?

Now we face the problem of government regulation and management of big business. Will it give small business a chance, or consolidate further? Sixty per cent of the war contracts was given to six big companies. Are we failing through indifference to these affairs? It is the duty of all Americans to find out if this is the kind of government regulation we want; if not, our duty lies in finding ways and means to create a government acceptable to the best interests of all man.

Freda Gray, '46



MISSION TO KIEL

In the closing months of the European war, the German submarine fleet made a last all-out-assault against Allied shipping. To help counteract this assault, our bombardment group was ordered to participate in a bombing mission on the already, bomb-battered German naval base at Kiel.

The mission started at three o'clock one misty morning in early April. Our bombardment group, in southeastern England, awoke to the day's work with a noisy clamor of trucks, bicycles, and hurrying men. After a breakfast of fresh eggs, a delicacy served only on mission days, the combat crews assembled in the briefing building. Here we were briefed on the target to be bombed, radio codes to be used, formation to be flown, and were advised as to weather conditions we might encounter. After briefing, the crews went to their planes, and each member got his station ready for the flight. The engines had to be checked by the pilots, routes to and from the target carefully planned by the navigator, bombs and sight inspected by the bombardier, and guns installed by the gunners. After a final check of all equipment, the pilots started the engines, and soon our group of thirty-six planes were on the way to Kiel. On the way to and from the target, we had the protection of our own fighters, which flew several thousand feet above and below us.

The temperature was forty below zero, and our fighters left mile long trails of vapor behind them. These vapor trails were very reassuring when we later received the word the enemy fighters were approaching our area. Although one of the enemy planes got through to our bomber group, several were shot down by our fighter escort. We approached Kiel from twenty-nine thousand feet, and through the undercast got a quick look at the long canal and the shipyards, our target which lay between it and the city itself. When we were ten minutes from the target, black puffs of smoke began to blossom out around us as the German anti-aircraft guns began to open up. A plane just below us was hit and began to lag behind the formation. The flack was getting closer now, and pieces of steel tore through the wings and fuselage. At "Bombs Away" the formation turned as one to begin the trip back to the base.

Three hours later we sat down to discuss the mission over the dinner table.

Robert H. Thompson

Editor's Note: This is a true experience of Robert Thompson, who was a member of a Bombardment Group in southeastern England for many months.

INCREASE IN LIFE SPAN

What does the future hold? This is a question every science student might ask. In the last few years many strides have been made in medicine: sulpha drugs, penicillin and blood plasma have been discovered to have almost limitless powers in the medical field. And now ACS is going to make its debut.

ACS is a serum that is able to prolong life in order that we may have twice the life span of our grandfathers. The Russian Scientist Bogomolets was working on this serum in 1941 when we were busy learning the value of penicillin.

On the Russian medical front Alexander A. Bogomolets was perfecting a serum, the first one of its kind, that could stop the degenerating processes and accompanying chronic diseases that begin to appear in the middle of life.

A French naturalist showed that an animal's life exceeds the period of growth by a ratio of six to one. If this ratio could be applied to man, he would live perhaps to the ripe old age of 120 or 150.

A study of the descendants of Methuselah was made, and a revolutionary conclusion was advanced. The condition of the connective tissues in the body cells indicate how long you are likely to live. From this theory, Bogomolets proceeded to work. If the connective tissue present in the splean, bone marrow, and other organs could be kept active, the individual's resistence to infection could be continued, and the chronic diseases, such as hardening of the arteries, arthritis, degeneration of the kidneys and others could be stopped.

While he was experimenting, he made two other important discoveries: the first, that the wall between the blood and the cells was the central power station of life; there disease resistance is built and all biochemical activities for keeping the body young are located. The second discovery was that people grow old from gradual destruction of the mechanism that eliminates wastes.

Bogomolet's objective was to find a means to stimulate the connective tissue making it have the same characteristics it had had when it was young. If this were done, it would then be able to throw off its own waste, and to repair the wall between the blood and cells.

After many years of work, a serum, anti-reticular-cytotoxin or ACS was found that only stimulated the most active compartments of the connective-tissue system, namely the reticules or endothelial cells.

American scientists have now begun to work on this serum, and expect it to be ready for public use in two or three years. Who knows? We may live to be 150.

Jane Reed, '46

WORLD PEACE

The need for world peace today is something that can no longer be cast aside and ruled as an impossibility. During the course of this war ATOMIC power, a thing so devastating that all shudder at the thought of this great energy being used in destruction, has been realized. As time has progressed each war has included a larger portion of the world; more horrible weapons have been employed and, as a result, more people have been killed. It is rather obvious that unless we do something, and do it now, man will bring about his own downfall. It is strange that man, the "homo sapiens" of this universe, should be so small-minded as to consider destroying himself.

Why were men created? God grant that some day some soul be endowed with such ability as to solve this eternal question.

They seem so pitifully inconsequential—these wars that are fought so bitterly, and for what? Liberty, freedom, democracy, peace! Would that they were; but the very shallowness of using such words shows how little really is known! If only some shock could make us realize where we are heading. It was thought that ATOMIC power would bring this about, but even that has been accepted apathetically.

The future which appears so bright, must it be marred so quickly by people too complacent even to care what happens to them? Must we lose sight of the

star by grovelling in the depths? I pray to God for strength that will guide our leaders. Let the right way be made known to all so that we may have our everlasting peace.

Pauline Spencer '47

MEMORIES OF MY FIRST BASEBALL GAME

Several years ago my father decided it was time for me to learn some of the fine points of baseball. On Labor Day we were in Boston an went to Fenway Park, where my baseball education was to begin. The game was a double-header and there were about 20,000 people there, all excited and happy.

My father was very patient and pointed out all the things of interest to me. The "man with the cage on his face" interested me the most.

Then the game began and, simultaneously, I began asking questions. At first my father tried to explain things to me, but at last gave it up as hopeless. I came to the conclusion that the game wasn't very entertaining and began to look for other things to entertain me. I found several.

There were planes flying over the field writing advertisements for cigarettes in the sky, so I watched this for quite a while. Next, a woman in front of us caught my attention. She spent her time chewing gum and finding fault with the umpire, who, according to her, was a terrible man and should be thrown out of the game. Not too far away was a man who was intoxicated. He slept most of the time but occasionally would rise up and shout, "Hit that ball!", and then he would go back for another nap. I also had fun watching a sailor and his girl. I think they didn't like the game any more than I did, for they didn't watch much of it.

I loved the cheering! Every time something exciting happened, the whole crowd would stand up and cheer. None of them cheered any louder than I did even if I didn't know what for.

Well, at last the games were over! Boston won both of them. I left the game with a hoarse voice, no appetite, very little knowledge of baseball, and the realization that my father would never be a successful teacher.

Grace Worster, '47

THE SNOW STORM

The snow flakes came softly down
  And covered all the frozen ground,
So large and soft—all snowy white
  All through the cold and silent night.

With dawn the sun in glory rose
  And shone upon the sparkling snow,
Making a million diamonds glint
  In the sunlight's bright and rosy tint.

Covered with its blanket white
  The earth is a very pretty sight,
It seems a shame to mar its face
  With tracks across the unbroken space.

Ralph Lawrence, '49

SUMMER TWILIGHT

When twilight is near, and the
  Sun is sinking in the West,
Then comes the hour of a summer day
  Which I love the best.

When the lakes reflect the sun,
  An orange summer glow,
And through the trees near by
  Gentle breezes blow.

There comes a peace, and silence,
  So restful, sacred, sweet,
Coming at the end of a busy day,
  I am always glad to meet.

As the sun sinks lower, and
  Is hidden by the trees,
And birds are flitting here and there,
  Among the green-hued leaves.

It's then dear Lord, I'm thankful,
  Thankful for the night,
Thankful for the day, for life,
  And for a—Summer Twilight.

Glee Edmonds, '49

A BEAUTIFUL SCENE

On a warm, summer day I stood on a hilltop, admiring the view before me. The scene was, indeed, worth remembering.

At the foot of a high mountain lay a small village in the center of which rose the tall spire of the village church above the leafy green of the trees. Here and there could be seen neat, white houses with smoke curling lazily from their red brick chimneys. At the right lay a small blue lake, its water sparkling with myriads of twinkling diamonds.

My village lay nestled at the foot of the mountains as if seeking protection from the bitter storms of winter; moreover, the mountain towered above the little hamlet as if it felt a responsibility and meant to do its duty to the best of its ability.

As I stood on the hilltop, the sun slowly sank in a pool of molten gold behind the mountains—and I was suddenly filled with a wonderful feeling of peace.

Priscilla Peterson, '49

TEEN-AGE COURAGE

We have many problems to contend with while we are teen-agers. All of these take courage.

You will probably find that to do what you know is right while others are doing wrong takes the most courage.

There are three forces which guide people to do right. One of these is fear of punishment for doing wrong. Perhaps you would like to skip school, but you worry and fret because you fear the results and punishment of this escapade.

Another one is the desire to win the approval of others. You would enjoy going to a cheap dance hall with a boy or girl, but you don't want friends to think that you belong to a lower class so you refrain from going.

And finally, there is the will to do right because you know it's right. Your friends think you should smoke and drink with them because they are indulging in bad habits, but you refuse because you know it isn't right.

Many times we find it hard to decide which is right or wrong. In these times we have to seek the advice of our parents, teachers, and older friends whom we trust.

A good way to sum this all up is to use for a guide-post this famous quotation, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

Joyce Jackson, '49

FRESHIE'S FIRST PROM

Freshie has to get ready
  For the Prom tonight
She thinks her face is a mess
  And her hair is just a right.

Now what can a poor girl do
  With only minutes to spare,
To fix up a pimply face
  And unruly stubborn hair?

"I'll give myself a facial
  And use some of Ma's new cream,
I'll shampoo my hair in no time
  I'm not as bad as I seem"

With hair shampooed and up in curls
  A shower to refresh,
Ma wonders if the bathroom
  Is left in the usual mess.

She slaps hot towels on her face
  'Till tears are about to flow,
Then cream jars and powder boxes
  Soon make her face aglow.

She hunts for this, then hunts for that,
"Where did I put my locket?"
"Ma, do you know where it is?"
Ma finds it in Freshie's pocket.

With powdered face and pin curled hair
And painted nails so red,
At last she's ready for the Prom
And Ma is ready for bed.

Joan Cookson, '49

MEMORIES

When you are wrinkled and rather old
You'll think of your schooldays (so I am told.)

But what are the things you will think of most—
Will it be of your books or boy friends you'll boast?

Will you think of your teachers and of your best pals
Or as boys will your thoughts wander back to your gals?

As that's in the future, we don't know for sure
But I'll give you the lowdown on what I think's the score.

You'll remember the classes you cut to go skating
And 3:30 "after sessions" spent contemplating.

You'll think of assignments passed in not completed,
And tests that you flunked and of feeling defeated.

You'll count the receptions and proms and dances,
In one of your many backward glances.

Football games, Outdoor Clubs, and Winter Carnivals
Jitterbugs making like man-eating Cannibals,

All of these things and many more, too—
Are the things I'll remember—How about you?

Virginia Seekins, '48

A WOODLAND PATH

As I wander along the woodland path
that's been trodden by Nature's feet,
I never know what child of Nature
I'm next going to meet.
My most faithful friend is just ahead
to let me know what's there,
And when he barks, I can expect
to see some bird, deer, or hare.

I love the song that's there, if you
listen, in the whispering of pines;
And the murmurs of the children of
Nature like a rhapsody entwines.
The singing of a woodland brook
is rhythm in itself,
As one listens and lies beneath a
moss-downed rock, shaded by itself.

We might come upon the resting place
of some soft-eyed, graceful deer.
Gone now, but when night falls,
will come to rest in semi-fear.
We hear the chatter of the squirrel
and the magpies' warning cry,
Oh why must these creatures fear us so,
as though we would cause them to
die?

My friend would likely give a chase
but he would hurt them not,
I suppose it's the instinct of self-preser-
vation,
for which they have always fought.
I love these things that are in the woods—
some solemn, some carefree and gay,
And when we too, pals, are discontent
we will seek the Woodland way.

Louise Catlin, '46

RADIO

I love to hear the Radio
Better than anything I know.
I listen to my favorite band
Or a mystery by a turn of the hand.
Some of the advertising I enjoy
The singing of a girl and boy—
The "Hit Parade" of Lucky Strike
Bing Crosby or Dick Haymes before the
mike
Cowboy music, I like that too
Bob Hope, and Fibber McGee good
Programs too.
Charley McCarthy is a scream
Frank Sinatra sings like a dream
Grand Opera or a Gershwin tune
Television I hope for soon
The Radio I love to hear
Every day all through the year.

Dorothy Tarbox, '48

A LETTER TO MY ALARM CLOCK

My dear Alarm Clock,

You, my alarm clock, are my most precious and treasured. possession Believe that, can you? Yes, I know just what you would say if you could speak to me in my language. You'd say, "But you throw me on the floor, you take me apart you, you abuse me!" Ah, yes, most cherished one, but haven't you ever heard of this old expression, "I only do these things because I love you so." This applies to you.

You see, my precious alarm clock, I need my shut-eye. But, oh, no! You just couldn't let me have forty more winks. Oh, no, not you, dearest alarm clock.

My dear alarm clock, I've just come to the most aggravating conclusion. You have to be just like the other clocks; you couldn't afford to be different. You have to keep up with the familiar saying, "Time marches on!" And you keep right to the split second.

As you sit comfortably up on my night stand, thoughts run through my head. Why did you ever have to come into my possession? Why do I have to remember to wind you? Why don't you break when I drop you? Why don't you die of old age? The answers to all these thoughts are, just because you are mine, dearest alarm clock.

They say everything is for the best. They didn't have you in mind, I'm certain, when they said that.

Well, my dear alarm clock, don't forget that you are my most precious, treasured, and cherished possession

Your owner and most ardent admirer,

Roberta Brown, '48



BASKETBALL GAME

To basketball games I like to go,
To me they are better than any good show;
When our team appears, everyone is proud
Then the cheerleaders shout, which peps up the crowd.

The referee gives his whistle a blow,
And tosses the ball which is caught by Joe;
Joe throws it to his big friend Dick,
Although he is large, he's very quick.

But this proved to be a big mistake,
For a basket he did not quite make;
So now it's gone to the other team
I am afraid tonight we're off the beam.

Our opponents score by a long shot,
Now they've got two points, that's a lot!
Back comes Joe and pretty fast
He shoots and gets a basket at last.

At the half of the game, I am sorry to say,
They're ten points ahead, and it's a sad day;
Now the second half is about to begin
And that silver cup! How can we win?

Come on through there big M. C. I.
We've got to win! Oh me! Oh my!
What do you know! A basket we just got!
Another! Some more! That teams on the spot.

We are now five points or more ahead
And the other team appears heavy as lead;
The game is over and we have won
It was exciting and a grand job done.

Elizabeth Coolidge, '48

CORKEY GOES HUNTING

Now there is an object in taking dogs along when one ventures into the wilds of Nature, providing that the dog is a wise, intelligent, well-trained hunting dog—not a yapping Pekingese or an inquisitive Cocker Spaniel.

But to Mr. Davies, a dog is a dog, and a dog which will beg and roll over is good enough for anything.

And so, when this belated little huntsman stepped into a New York pet shop on his way to the wilds of Maine, Corkey immediately caught his eye. A few minutes later a proud little Cocker Spaniel strutted through the doorway on the leash of his new master.

Opening the car door, Mr. Davies let Corkey curl up in the car beside him, and off they started—a dog and his master, both quite well pleased with each other.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Davies to himself while glancing at the contentedly sleeping little pup beside him, "a pup's a pup, but I certainly have the best—such exquisite ears, such an intelligent head and those eyes, just like two little cushions of brown velvet. He's been sound asleep during all the trip and we're almost there. He'll have plenty of vitality for the big hunt tomorrow."

The cabin which Mr. Davies had reserved for himself wasn't very large—just a living room with a fireplace, a kitchenette and a bedroom. From any of the windows, all that one could see was the forest and the lake.

After eating his supper and feeding Corkey a disgusting meal of bread and warm milk, Mr. Davies retired to the living room to sit in front of the fireplace and clean his gun.

Corkey was envious; Corkey was jealous, "The very idea of his giving that old thing all the attention when I want to play. I'll show him that he can't give a sophisticated lady like me the brush off. Huh!" And with a few more exclamations which the author does not consider wise to translate from doggy language to English, the puppy lay down in front of the hearth to find consolation with the warm and crackling fire.

After a careful examination of his trusty firearm and careful consideration of his next day's plans, Mr. Davies stood up, stretched, yawned, and decided to retire to bed. "It will be better," he decided, "to let Corkey sleep out here in front of the warm fire;" but Corkey didn't think so.

A few minutes later when nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock and the heavy breathing of Mr. Davies, Corkey stood up and pattered silently over to the window. It was a beautiful, cold clear night and the moon, beaming down through the skeleton trees, stirred something within Corkey just as it had stirred something within Corkey's ancestors many, many years ago. A timber wolf called from somewhere in the distance. The dog's eyes were as large as pincushions, the hair on the back of her neck ruffled. She answered. Again the call, and again the answer.

Mr. Davies jumped out of bed, picked up the bewildered little animal and paced the floor back and forth, back and forth.

He heated milk, looked at her paws, fed her medicine for worms, and even examined her for fleas; but all was of no avail. Corkey was wide awake, and in a glorious mood.

She spoke, rolled over, begged and tried to play hide-and-seek with her master. Everytime the disgusted gentleman would start to retire to his room, Corkey would howl, bringing the frightened little man back to the shelter of the warm firelight. And so the night passed, leaving a tired master and a contented little pup. Just as gray streaks were beginning to show in the sky, Mr. Davies tucked the sleepy little mutt under the covers and wearily fell into bed.

The sun rose higher and higher, shining its beams down upon a lazy cabin, a sleeping dog, and a sleeping master.

Ruth Shaw, '43

TO THE FOOTBALL SQUAD OF '45

With all the entertainment that our football squad's provided,
The height and breadth of all our boys equally divided.
'Tis only fair we speak our praise and voice our satisfaction.
It's done us good, yes, lots of good to see our boys in action.

Meet Bloody Emery, the captain of this, our illustrious team;
Then there's that Redtop Powell who's always on the beam.
"Stuey" Heffren carries weight much needed in attack,
Accumulating honors for the Garnet and the Black.

One senior, Ken Masse, is MCI's best guard-ever,
New student here this year but effervescing with endeavor.
Tho' Jack Redmond's no light-weight, he's always on his toes,
And Kopackie's right behind him where ever Jackie goes.

And then there's "Footsie" Pilch who needs no reflected glory,
And of flashy Gerald Fitts, we'll tell the same bright story.
When Perino makes his tackle, you can never count a blunder.
They're down! Ball's dead! Now hear the bleachers thunder!

Our quarterback, Stan Wyman, is a Galahad, that's true,
But pass him out the pigskin, and he'll come flying through.
Ever faithful Christie has always rung the bell,
Just watch him on the football field, and he comes through as well.

Don't overlook young Murtha, the squad's own pride and joy,
With his trusty pail and dipper, our little water boy.
We could never do without him; he has no special station,
But rushes here, and dashes there, without a thought of ration.

For several years the Institute had nothing much to brag on,
'Til Coach Legge came on the scene and helped to slay the dragon.
Then slowly, surely up they climbed, they reached the top, the scamps,
And now they're styled, so the papers say, "Maine's Prep School
Football Champs!"

Donna Hodgins, '46

GONE—THE PAST

On the coldest and stormiest night of the year, the city street seemed deserted. Even the lights in the big apartment house on the corner were dark, except for a night light in the lobby and another high up in the pent house, for it was after midnight.

Only one human being was moving in that swirling, blinding storm. In a near-by vacant lot moved the bowed, frail figure of a woman. She gained the sidewalk finally and shuffled toward the street corner. The dull glow from the street lamp lent her some reality. Her scant hair, white with snow and age, whipped unfettered around a face ravaged and haggard. She wore a long flannel nightgown, a bathrobe, and a shawl, quite inadequate against the storm.

She dragged behind her an improvised sled which was nothing more than an open half of a large cardboard box. On it she had piled small sticks, twigs, and bits of broken packing cases.

She paused and hesitated a moment, as if not quite certain of her direction. As she did so, a voice shouted at her, unclearly, for the wind whipped the words away. Out of the storm a man emerged, running.

He was hatless, exhausted and impatient. He grasped the old lady's arm firmly, almost desperately, and began to hustle her along the street. She struggled feebly and pointed to the firewood she had gathered.

"Come along," he said. "You won't need that where we're going."

The old lady continued to defend herself, clinging stubbornly to the sled's cord. It dragged after them, all the way to the entrance of the big, luxurious apartment house.

Suddenly the man seized the cord and jerked it roughly out her hand. With a sob, he swept her up in his arms.

"Mamma," he said brokenly, "You shouldn't treat Olga and me like this. You're in America now—not on the other side. You're safe with us. We love you. You've got a warm home, a fur coat—you don't need to wear a shawl in this cold, or even gather firewood. Please, Mama."

As he carried her gently into the splendid lobby, she continued to mutter in a foreign tongue.

After a few minutes the night doorman emerged from the lobby. Surveying the remnants of wood strewn about the doorway, he quietly kicked them aside—into the gutter.

Gloria Wiley, '47

G. I. JOE

At first thought, Mr. and Mrs. America might think that a G. I. Joe might be just another attempt to sell war bonds or to arouse patriotism. But ask the mothers, sweethearts, and military leaders who G. I. Joe is.

G. I. Joe was bound to come out on top after his experience on the football field or baseball diamond. Now he has shown his skill in the greatest battle of all— the fight for self preservation. After the final victory, many will be praised for their great achievements and deeds, but no one can be praised more than

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he who made a supreme sacrifice; he, upon returning, will still possess the most thrilling whistle a girl ever heard—G. I. Joe's call.

G. I. Joe is the son, husband, or father who used to work behind your drug-store counter or bring the groceries to your house or wait on you in various stores. He wasn't in favor of getting into this war, but when Uncle Sam was hit below the belt at a place called Pearl Harbor, G. I. Joe, or as he was known then as just plain "Joe" dropped everything and went off to fight for the good old U. S. A. just as his father and his father's father did before him, leaving behind him his family, friends and even the old Model "T", in which, on a summer's eve he took the red headed girl next door.

G. I. Joe is any one individual who, through a hard and rugged training, turned from a nonchalant "guy" taking life as it comes, to a hardened soldier. He then became able to watch out for himself in the deep jungles and to protect himself against the enemy. He has given us the satisfaction that he can handle these Japs or Germans in a manner worthy of credit.

Since December 7, 1941, G. I. Joe has shown his ability in this great conflict. How do you suppose he felt while walking through the mud in the jungle carrying a "B 2" caliber or some other instrument of death? How do you suppose he felt while catching a few hours' sleep, the first in two or three days, in a damp foxhole? How do you suppose he felt while waiting for the "Zero" hour, not knowing whether his buddy would return or whether he himself would face the rising sun? Ten dollars to one he was thinking of home, of his mother, father, sweetheart, and friends with whom he chummed. He symbolizes the efforts and sacrifices of all the American tradition, the will to win in war and peace. So hats off to G.I. Joe—the messenger of freedom.

James Robertson, '46

BUCK FEVER

One day last October three friends and I decided to take a trip into the unknown parts of Burnham in quest of deer. This called for an early meal at Dan's Lunch, a rough ride out over country roads and then a walk of three miles into the swamp where we were to hunt. With me were Walt Kopack, Bob Duplessie, and Ken Masse, all so-called veteran hunters and old hands at this business of deer hunting which was very new to me. In fact I had practically no experience with firearms and even less with deer.

It was about daybreak when we hit the woods where we were to do our morning hunting. The air was cold and clear, and the sun was just coming up over the horizon. Bob, who is noted here at M.C.I. for his famous appetite, was munching on the last of his breakfast and the rest of us were "shooting the breeze" about how our luck would be and what time we would plan to meet at the car for our return to town.

We finally decided to go by pairs, and Walt and Ken immediately set out for the woods, leaving Bob and me to go together. Neither one of us knew where he was or had the slightest idea of how to get out, in case we failed to meet them, but without further hesitation, we set out for the densest part of the swamp via an old grown-up wood's road.

We hadn't gone far when Bob began to "sort of smell the situation over" and make signs that we were near deer. Every two or three steps he would get down and look for possible signs and then gaze around into all the possible places where deer were likely to be. It must have taken us an hour to move only a few hundred yards, and all this time Walt and Ken were no doubt taking life easy sitting under some tree waiting for the deer to come to them and here I was with Bob who every other breath would hiss "Shut up, you fool! You're scaring the deer." After about an hour of this, I began to get tired and wanted to sit down and rest, but Bob wouldn't listen to me, and he kept right on going while I sat down and took life easy. Boy, it certainly felt good to be able to have a smoke and rest my weary bones.

The sun was now well up, and the dew was beginning to disappear. The day was certainly perfect for hunting, but I was beginning to get a bit discouraged as all novices are apt to do on their first hunting day. Getting bored with the whole idea, I once more resumed my position and promptly went to sleep, or at least I dozed off enough to make me feel pretty lazy, and not at all in the mood for shooting any deer or even seeing one. I was just about to start dreaming when I heard a loud crashing to my left. I jumped up, gun in hand, and did the worst possible thing I could have done. I ran into a small clearing and started to look around. Shortly after, I heard the sound only much closer. I was beginning to get pretty nervous and was wondering what could possibly be making the sound. My thoughts raced; I thought of Walt and Ken, and then of Bob. It might be anyone of them and again it might be a deer or maybe two or three. My head was really in a whirl. I didn't know what to do. If it were a deer, I had my mind all made up to pick out the biggest one and drop him clean as the other fellows said they were going to do. If it turned out to be one of the party, I would certainly be glad to see him. Things were beginning to move faster now; at least that is how I felt, and every beat of my heart shook me all over. Every breath seemed to come harder than the last. Then suddenly it happened. A beautiful buck stepped into the opening at the further end of the clearing. My thoughts were all in a jumble; never before had I been confronted with a situation like this. There at one end of the clearing stood a deer just waiting to be shot, and here at this end stood the most scared hunter that ever lived. Scared of what I don't know, but I certainly was, and for all I cared about deer hunting I would have liked it much better if that deer hadn't showed up.

I don't know how long I stared at him before he moved; it seemed like an hour, but no doubt it wasn't more than a couple of minutes. My gun began to get heavy in my hand, and still I didn't make a move to shoot at the fleeting target. The blood turned cold in my veins; what a fool I had been to pass up a chance like that would make some former hunters turn over in their graves. But I had done it, and there wasn't a thing I could do about it now. What was I going to tell the fellows who were with me? To tell them my gun jammed would have been all right, but it was not a probable story to believe. What was I going to tell them? Then suddenly I had it. No member of the party could prove that I had seen a deer, so that was the way it was going to be settled. No one would ever find out. And to this day no one has ever had the slightest idea that I stood face to face with a splendid buck deer and failed to shoot it.

Let me warn you, fellow hunters, that if you are ever in a situation, such as I have just described, the only way out of a ribbing for the rest of your life is to try to get out of it by the simplest way possible, and that is to say the same words that I did, "Come on, you guys, let's get out of here and go where we can at least see some deer." By this method you are not lying or exactly telling the truth, but you fellows who have had buck fever will readily agree that this method is the best way yet of saving your face in front of the boys. Take this advice from one who knows, but better still, shoot the thing and be done with it.

Jack Redmond, '46

FARMING

The introduction of farm machinery on a large scale and increased adoption of scientific methods have made many changes in the method of farming today.

Years ago, the farmer had to plow and work the land with crude pieces of tools made of wood which were drawn by horses or oxen. This made his work very hard for him, and he was unable to raise a lot of crops because of the fact that he had no way to take care of them.

Today the modern way of farming is entirely different because of the great mechanical devices that have been invented to help the farmer in doing his work. Getting enough power to pull farm machinery was a problem previous to the appearance of the tractor. The introduction of the small-sized inexpensive tractor has caused a great revolution in agricultural development. After the tractor was found to be very successful, tractor companies started to build other machinery attachments to aid in the taking care of crops. There are many different kinds of machines used in planting, cultivating and harvesting.

Also, farming is becoming more of a problem on account of the different insects that are harmful to the crops. But again the farmer is not left to wage his battle single handed, for each season, there seem to be on the market, poisons that will eventually help in the destruction of these pests.

If the advancement of farming increases in the next fifty years as much as it has in the last fifty, a farmer's life will be a most enviable one.

Weldon Greeley, '46

A TOAST

Here's to:
Your vast and rugged wilderness,
Your trickling brooks and rapid streams
Filled with salmon, bass, and trout
To fill the most vast sportsman's dreams.
Here's to:
Katahdin's lofty wooded height
Which greets' the sun first every morn,
And Moosehead's cool and dim, deep depths
Where many a hunter's corpse sleeps on.
Here's to:
Your hidden trails well worn by deer,
With nature's will, no man can tame,
We'll drink to you and shout your praise,
Our Pine Tree State, our Mighty Maine.

R. Shaw, '46

THE FARM—MY HOME

On a black road, one-quarter of a mile from the main highway, a large building stands. This huge structure remains, and the many happy moments spent there will linger forever in the heart of everyone that dwelt within. Gone are the ones that made the house seem to talk to passers by. The Christmas wreaths, lights that shone miles down the road, neighbors coming and going, or the family going out to do their daily work, seem to have gone with the past.

I recall my childhood days there as being the happiest hours of my life. How I long for those thrilling moments we spent splashing in the water! How we loved to bend in the scorching sun and pick the plants loaded with bright red berries! Yes, and those out-of-door parties are treasured by all—I can still hear the fire as it crackled before our faces as we sat shaping sticks for our hotdogs and corn. Such happy recollections!

There is no one there this winter skiing on the hill across the road. The snow plow doesn't even clear the driveway any longer. There are no tracks of our annual sleigh rides, but I can still hear the bells pealing through the star-studded blackness of the night. No snow figures are seen standing where the children spent many hours of the day. Why, oh why, should such a happy place be now so quiet and deserted?

Each day, I now return to a place we call home. The word has such a different meaning from what it did a year ago. People say I'm just homesick and that I will get over it in time to come. I wish this were so; but, I know whenever I speak of home, it will always mean the farm.

E. Frederick, '46

A BRIEF SKETCH OF CHARLIE McCARTHY

I always was an admirer of Charlie McCarthy, and so one can't imagine how excited I was when my telephone rang early one morning, bringing a dinner invitation from Mr. McCarthy via a Mr. Bergen.

All day long, while having a wave, a manicure and pressing the wrinkles out of my best dinner dress, I was in a feverish state of excitement. At 7:30 precisely I arrived at the home of my host.

But Charlie was confined to his room for misbehavior, and the dinner certainly fell flat without him. After dinner Edgar took Charlie's lunch to his upstairs bedroom, and I was allowed to follow. My amazement knew no bounds when I stepped inside that room. It was filled with man-sized furniture of the latest mode with all the accessories. Charlie even has his own private bath!

In his closet hang forty-five suits of every description which cost about seventy five dollars each. His dresser is filled with silk monogrammed underwear and custom-made shirts.

But of course it was Charlie who interested me most. He is thirty-eight inches tall and weighs forty pounds with his new body which enables him to stand and walk. Many people believe his hair to be black, but it really is a rusty red.

Although I found my host very entertaining, I was impressed by his complete lack of modesty. He told me that he had several reserved heads which he used

for public appearances and for stand-ins when the studio lights might blister his complexion.

As the hours rolled by I was filled with admiration of his many accomplishments. For, indeed, who else has been appointed "International Fire Chief", has run San Francisco for a day, has dolls, toys and alarm clocks named after him, and has received a "Master of Innuendo and Snappy Comeback" degree from Northwestern University?

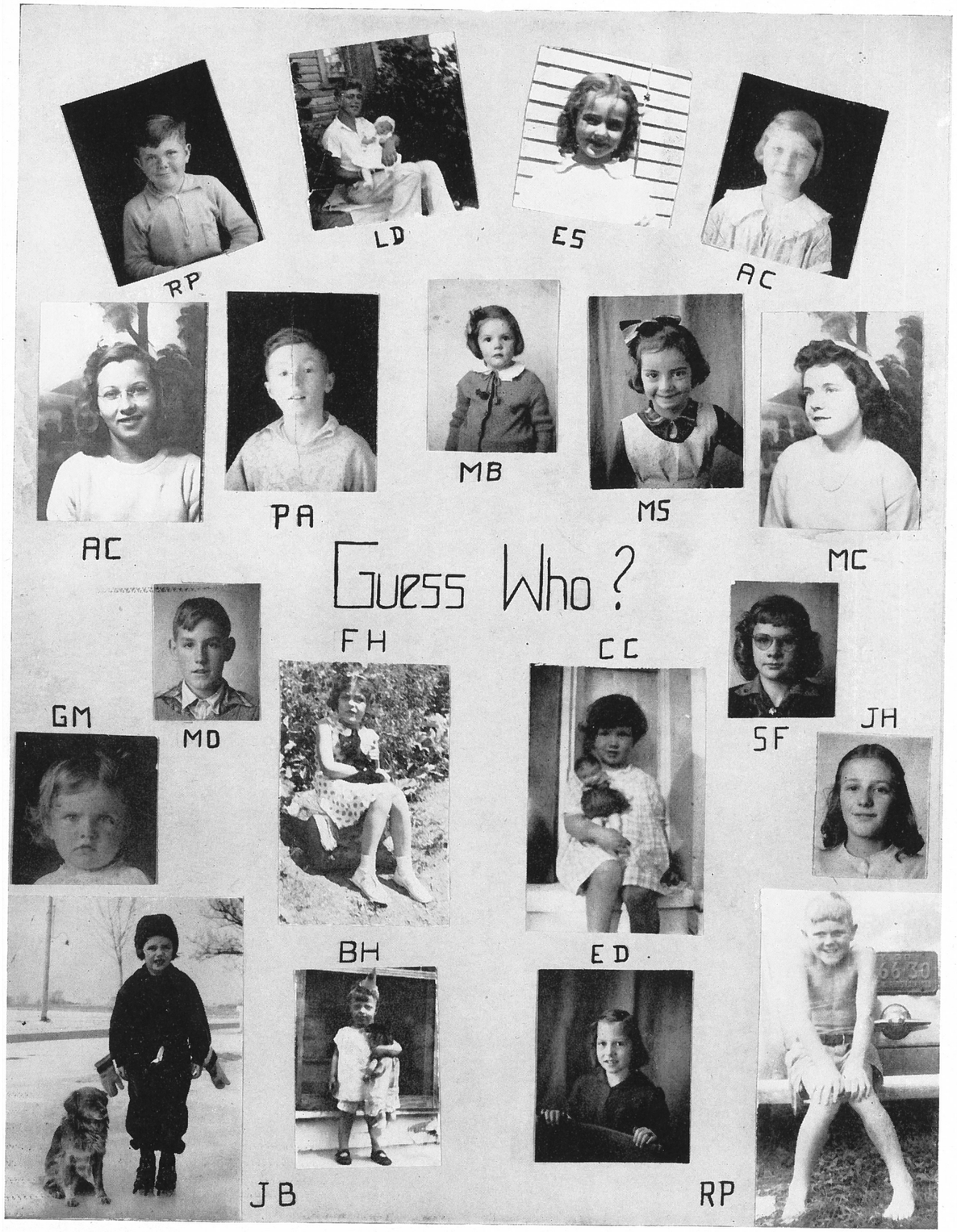
Perhaps I shouldn't pass by Charlie's degree without telling you more about it. Indeed the citation by Dean Dennis is very out of the ordinary———"....Prince of Parasites, violent in company, churlish in behavior, acid in conversation, wooden faced in all relationships, and thus in many respects a typical product of higher education in America."

After saying good night to my host, I stepped into my car and started homeward. But the farther I drove away from him, the more I realized that Charlie had captured my heart.

And so I say, for forty-one years, Charlie, you have made us laugh, and may we laugh with you for forty-one years more.

R. Shaw, '46

JOKES



ORCHIDS TO:

Miss de Reynolds for her fine character and her understanding of girls.
Mr. Legge for his coaching of wonderful teams this year.
Mr. Earle for his ice hockey and cross-country teams.
The staff of the Editorial Board.
Mrs. Willey for her office work.
The students who have taken an active part in school work.
Mrs. Cook for her directing of the orchestra.
Dave Dexter for the Outing Club.
Mr. Smith for the ski team and baseball club.
Miss Adams for helping the cheer leaders over the tough spots.
The football fellows for the title of state champs.
Mr. Washburn for everything that has made M. C. I. what it is today.
The lucky girls that are wearing the diamonds.
The Seniors who have worked hard to earn their diplomas.
Mrs. Bartlett for keeping us all so quiet in study hall.

WE HAVE IN THE SENIOR CLASS

The Dunce	Marion Stewart
The Student	Norman Grass
The Tall One	Geneva White
The Short One	Ray Penfold
The Ambitious	Phil Perino
The Lazy	Jackie Richards
The Fat One	Thelma Langley
The Slim One	Evelyn Frederick
The Noisy One	Roland Webber
The Quiet One	Shirley Holt
The Blonde	Mary Schissler
The Brunette	Edna Graham
The Athlete	Blair Libby
The Bachelor	Ken Masse
The Old Maid	Freda Gray
The Beautiful	Red Powell
The Homely	Marion Stewart

ESSAY ON MAN

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives, (more if they can get away with it), but never more than one collar or one idea at a time.

Making a husband out of a man is the highest plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity (especially charity).

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end; if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you belittle him in everything, you cease to charm him If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool; if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge, and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out; if you wear a brown hat and tailored suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at women with makeup and frilly clothes.

Try to read his mind! If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are modern, advanced, and independent, he doubts whether you have a heart.

If you are silly and talk like a baby, he longs for a brilliant mate. If you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with men, he's jealous; and if you're not, he hesitates to marry a wallflower. He wants what he can't get.

If you are always at home when he calls, he thinks no one will have you. If you are out, he thinks you are trifling with him . . . How can you please a man anyway. . . well, and after all, who cares? ? ? ?

WANTED

A muscle band for K. Masse and J. Redmond.
One more box of crackers for Jack Christie.
A quiet shy boy to accompany G. Wiley.
Pretty girls, in Latin I; the boys find the class uninteresting.
Late permission for Bob Duplessie in Pittsfield Saturday nights.
Information by M. Webb why a certain boy has to be so bashful.
To see the back of D. Powell's identification bracelet.
G. Fitts to be a Freshman again.
A sailor's return for Alice Wright.
Curtains for Mr. Grassie's room.
Reducing pills for Buttercup.
Candy from the Home Ec. girls.
By the town girls, late permissions for the dorm fellows; "It just ain't fair."
A double for P. Frederick so that she can entertain two at once.
Fewer arguments from Hugh Bond.
Megaphone for Mrs. Earle to compete with Miss Libby.

CLASS SUPERLATIVES

	Boy	*Girl*
Best Looking	Kenneth Masse	Olivia Danielson
Noisiest	Richard Powell	Evelene Lancaster
Most in Love	Kenneth Masse	Freda Gray
Best Athlete	Frank Pilch	Jeannette Webb
Most Likely to Succeed	Blair Libby	Ruth Shaw
Wittiest	David Dexter	Joyce Almonte
Cutest	Frank Pilch	Shirley Holt
Happiest	Basil Heffren	Lorraine Karam
Best Dressed	Weldon Greely	Edna Graham
Most Studious	Blair Libby	Jane Reed
Best Dancer	Roland Webber	Evelene Lancaster
Prettiest Eyes	Phil Perrino	Ruth Norwood
Best Actor and Actress	Malcolm Tibbetts	Jeannette Webb
Prettiest Hair	James Murtha	Edna Graham
Quietest	Blair Libby	Thelma Langley
Tallest	Paul Susi	Caroline Colwell
Shortest	Wilmot Briggs	Barbara Hapworth
Man and Woman Hater	Lawrence Riley	Jane Reed
Nicest Smile	Dorward Emery	Jeannette Webb

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said Mr. Grassie as he proceeded to carefully erase the board.

Paul Susi (Arrested for speeding): "But your honor, I'm an M. C. I. boy." Judge: "Ignorance doesn't excuse anyone."

J. Almonte: (As Stan makes some passes to her), "Kissing spreads disease."
Stan Wyman: "Kiss me quick, I'm vaccinated."

J. Redmond (To Betty Lou): "I've half a mind to kiss you."
B. Wright: "If you had a whole mind you'd have done it long ago."

P. Bickford: "Hello little girl! Want a ride?"
M. Stewart: "No thanks, I'm walking back from one now."

D. Fuller: "How do you like the date I dug up for you?"
R. Powell: "Rotten; throw her back and start digging some place else."

Mr. Hesselberg: "Mr. Emery, in your theme you rise to majestic heights."
D. Emery: "How come?"
Mr. Hesselberg: "Quite a tall bluff."

Mrs. Earle: "I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please, go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes."

Well Defined—

Miss de Reynolds: "Parse the word kiss."

Freda: "This word is a noun, but it is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined, and more common than proper. It is not very singular, in that it is usually used in the plural. It agrees with me."

Stan Wyman, draftee, called up for examination claimed exemption on the ground of poor eyesight—and brought Joyce along as proof.

Mrs. Bartlett had forbidden the chewing of gum during school time. One day she became suspicious of a lump in Irene Bunker's mouth.

"Irene, are you chewing gum?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, replied Bunker. "I am soaking a prune to eat at recess."

"Please, Miss Libby," said Penfold coming into class, "ought I to be punished for something I haven't done?"

"Of course not," said she kindly.

"Please then," said Penfold with a sigh of relief, "I haven't done my Business Training."

The following morons were caught in a revolving door and have been going around together ever since:

Irene Bunker ..... Frank Pilch
Phyllis Frederick ..... Frank Harding
Evelene Lancaster ..... Jimmie Robertson
Betty Lou Wright ..... Jack Redmond
Caroline Colwell ..... John Higgins
Elizabeth Durgin ..... Hugh Bond
Sally Friend ..... Gene Henderson
Jackie Beebe ..... Bob Duplessie
Virginia Seekins ..... Richard Dunphy
Freda Gray ..... Ken Masse
Gloria Wiley ..... Bill Briggs
Zelda Osiason ..... Harold Littlefield
Lorraine Karam ..... Blair Libby
Jeannette Webb ..... Gerald Fitts
Margie Webb ..... Durward Emery
Ruth Norwood ..... Bob Thompson
Helen Esty ..... Ray Penfold
Joyce Almonte ..... Stan Wyman
Frances Hamilton ..... Jack Christie
Mary Schissler ..... Chesley Husson
Jackie Richards ..... Desmond Fuller
Edna Graham ..... Weldon Greeley
Nancy Carr ..... Wellington Ranks
Theresa Sirois ..... "Chuckie" Cianchette
Gloria Blair ..... Danny Filliettaz
Gloria Miller ..... Dan MacDonald
Eva Johnson ..... Malcolm Tibbetts

ALL TIME ALL TIMERS "Campused" Kids

1. Dave Dexter	1. Gloria Blair
2. John Higgins	2. Gene Brackett
3. Bill Briggs	3. Marilyn Bishop

ALTERNATES

1. Zelda Osiason	1. Jack Christie

HOW TO COOK A BOY FRIEND

First you must catch him. This little task is not so difficult if you bait the trap with just enough honey and spices to arouse his curiosity. When you think he is ready to be caught do it with as little pain as possible if you wish him to be tender.

Many good boy friends are spoiled in the cooking. Some girls go about it as if men were fish, (suckers, no doubt) and pick out all of their backbone; others keep them in hot water; some smother them with sarcasm until they evaporate; and others keep them in a pickle all the time.

Now it cannot be supposed that boy friends will be sweet and good if managed in this way. But they are, on the contrary, very delicious if prepared as follows: Get a big jar called the jar of flattery (which all wise girls have on hand), place your boy friend in it and stir well. Cover him with affection, kindness, and understanding; garnish with modesty, pleasantry, and the spice of gaiety; sprinkle with kisses mixed with secrecy and a sufficient portion of moderation, blending lips well; pat him gently until he smiles with admiration.

Now place him in a pan greased well with sweet nothings and cook him in a fire of puppy love; above all let the heat be constant. If he seems too fresh, baste every so often. When he is half baked, pour on a thick layer of tongue sauce and a dash of powdered sugar. Finish baking, then let him cool. Serves one.

You will find, girls, that a boy friend is an admirable dish when properly cooked.

Lorraine Karam, '46

This my friends, as you will soon see,
Is the story, or letter or whatever it be,
Of one of the many dormitory "guys"
Who inhabit the Halls of M. C. I.

Time . . . . . Study Hours

Place . . . . . Boys' Dorm

Atmosphere . . Very quiet but for the exception of the mumblings of a lonely figure at a desk. Oh yes, it's Don Small, with a coke in one hand and a pen in the other, endeavoring to write a suitable letter home. Let's wander in and take a glance at his hard work.

Boys' Dormitory
Suite 2

Dear Mother and Dad:

I have got a few minats so I tought I would drop you a line. I am having a wonderful time except for an awful sore toe. It all happened when I was down in the pool room. My friend and fellow companyen, Larry Reilly, and I were having a hot game of pool. We were both shooting for the last ball when I missed an easy shot and got so mad that I slammed the pool stick down and hit my toe. I think I have broken it, but the nourse keeps boiling it in hot whater.

I received the new suit and was very pleased with it. I tought I wood try it out out-of-doors and so, I took a walk down town. Much to my surprise, I bumped into a very charming girl. I excerted her to the town drug store where we indulged in a soda. We later went to the show where we seen too, yes too, feetures. Boy, going out with women sure is expenstive business! Will you ask Dad to send me a little more money?

Whoops, there goes the intumission bell.

Well, here I am back again after a delitful "Lucky Strike." Boy, what a mad rush for the pool room when that bell rings. All is quiet and then there's a loud racket of feet going down the stairs. Just like mice abanding a ship. The guy on the third floor don't stand a chance.

One of the fellows jest scared the life out of me. You see, this is supposed to be study hours and when I hurd the footsteps, I tought it was mr. Earle. Boy, I'll fool him the next time. Oh, oh, here he comes again. Pardon me a minat while I get the broom ready for him.

Well, I'm back again and it don't look like I'll be able to get home this week-end for those "beans" as I'm required to appere on campuss this week-end. You see, those were really mr. Earle's footsteps, and if he had had a nose like Pilch or Perrino's, (too contestants for "biggest nose" contest) it wood have been flattened by the broom. But I was lucky enuff not to hit him.

They had to call in too detektives the other nite in order to stop a conispondence that was going on between the boys and girls dormitorys. I tink there names were Madam Reynolds and Monseiur Earle; why he must be some relation to our housemaster. I guess they put a stop to it because some of the boys seem to be sighing and gabbing about there women.

I guess that's all for now folkses. I'll rite agin as soon as my studies will let me.

Your loving son,
Donald

P. S. Please don't forget the money.

P. P. S. This is the pome. I writed for mis Earle, my english teacher. She sed that if it rimed, it might be good.

I set and set and set,
I thought, and thought, and thought,
I decided that I was a flop
And had better stop.

P. P. P. S. Mis Shevlet, the dietisient, garanteed me "beans" this coming satiday.

Editors' note . . . . . Please don't blame us for the spelling.

An air blase

A careless walk

Much savoir faire

A lot of talk

A dancing fool

An athlete fine

A lot of girls

A good strong line;

Smokes all the time

Late now and then

An all round man

With girls and men.

Broke off and on

With bills galore

And yet he doesn't

Look quite poor,

Four button suits

Black brogues or tan

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