

# The SCREECH OWL

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SENIOR NUMBER ☆ 1943

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CLASS OF 1943

# THE SCREECH OWL

PUBLISHED THREE TIMES A YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL

MAY, 1943

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# ☆ Editorials ☆

## Goodbye to Maynard High School

It was only a few months ago that I found myself extending a welcome to the Freshman Class from the students of Maynard High, and now here I am deeply engrossed in writing '43's farewell to that self-same school. How the time has flown since that never-to-be-forgotten day in September, 1939, when we, as Freshmen, entered high school! During our Freshman and Sophomore years it was difficult to get along at first, but soon we began to take an active part in things, attending all socials and athletic events. When these two years ended, we found ourselves anxious to go on to our last two years—to us, the most important of all. Just the thought of them brought to mind what was ahead. In our Junior year the Prom and class rings were foremost in those somewhat silly heads of ours, but like other things they now are only memories.

Then came the year 1943. To the Seniors it had only one meaning—graduation. Now as the day draws nearer we begin to realize its full significance. It's not just dances, an outing, and a banquet, but the time when we shall depart and bid farewell to our classmates and teachers. Each one will go his own way; the boys no doubt will join the ranks of those already in the service of their country and the girls will assume a greater responsibility than ever before filling the vacancies in business or industry.

We must thank the faculty and especially Miss Wilson, our class adviser, for their willingness to help us. We realize we have been difficult to manage at times, but, nevertheless, everything turned out all right in the end. And so, with always a thought for the days gone by, the class of '43 bids farewell to its alma mater, dear old Maynard High.

—Editor.

\* \* \*

## Unconquerable Spirit

How many of you have realized that China, our ally, has been fighting the Japs for more

than five years? The Chinese have no modern equipment to speak of, yet they have held back the barbarous peoples with whom we are at war. How do they do it? It is their unconquerable spirit.

Even the children have joined in this struggle for freedom. At the beginning of the "incident" between China and Japan, the Chinese guerillas needed time to remove valuable machinery out of Shanghai; so the Japs had to be delayed. The children of a little village organized themselves as the "Little Devils," and ranged from five years old up. They barricaded the town walls, and the Japs, thinking there was an army behind them, were delayed three days. On the fourth, they decided to storm the walls. The children went over the top and threw all the hand grenades they had. When the village was finally taken, not one of the hundred children was alive. However, they did not die in vain. All the able-bodied men had left the village, and the Japs had been detained long enough for the guerillas to get away.

That is just one example of the fighting Chinese. Put yourself in the place of one of those children and ask yourself if you would die such a horrible death for your country? Would you? You bet you would, and so would every other red-blooded American youth. But why don't you show your love for your country by buying bonds, planting a Victory Garden, collecting scrap, and giving up just a few of your expensive hobbies? Yes, some of you will do this, but we'll need everybody's full cooperation if we're going to beat those "Axis Rats!"

SHIRLEY WECKSTROM, '46.

\* \* \*

## Compulsory Farm Labor

One day last week, while I was scanning the daily newspaper, an article headed "Compulsory Farm Labor for High School Students Considered" caught my eye. After glancing through it, I thought no more about it until just a few days ago, when I overheard the conversation of two young high school girls.

"Did you hear that they are going to make us work on farms this summer? I, for one, shan't, anyhow!"

"Me neither, I'm not going to sweat in any hot field for anybody and maybe get sunstroke. Nothing doing!"

At first I agreed with them most heartily, but the more I pondered the question, the more doubtful I became. Soon I came to the conclusion that those girls and I typically were thinking only of our own side, ignoring completely that of the farmer and consumer. We all agree that because of the rationing of canned foods, housewives are turning more and more to fresh fruits and vegetables, which as yet have not been rationed. Should they, however, become scarce, they would soon be subject to rationing. This misfortune can only happen when the farmers, because of lack of farm help, must leave their crops in the fields to rot. This is a tremendous loss to the farmer, not only financially, but because he realizes that he has failed in his duty to supply food for our people and allies in ravaged Europe, China, and Africa. This fact causes many small farmers to close up and seek work elsewhere, a calamity which must be avoided. Therefore, because of the shortage of manpower, it falls upon us, the students, to assume responsibility in such a crisis.

Girls may speak of spoiling their complexions in hot fields, but I can say from personal experience that the fresh air, sunlight, and exercise derived from working outdoors in summer play an important role in keeping one healthy throughout the year.

So when the question of farm labor arises, let us be prepared to go and say in unison "We're ready!"

SIRKKA KOSKINEN, '44.

\* \* \*

## Warriors of Today — Builders of Tomorrow

The United States Army, Navy, and Marine Corps are made up of men and boys—yes, I said boys, for seventeen and eighteen-year-olds are not men—from all over the United States of America. Among them can be found almost every kind of race, every form of human nature,

and every religion that exists. To every single one of them, the life in the service is hard, more so to some than to others. To him who has had to do no work in his life, who has had to face no hardships, it is most difficult; while to the one who has slaved to earn his living, who has worked hard, it is fairly easy. But all, weaklings as well as he-men, will come out of the service better men than when they went in. The process of changing from a frail, frightened boy to a strong and daring man is extremely difficult, but it is well worth the effort when we analyze what the soldier of today will be in the post-war world. We all realize that the war must end sooner or later, and that when it does the present large Army of the United States must dwindle down to a smaller fighting force. What will all these ex-soldiers do? They will become private citizens, leading a quiet life, just as their parents were before this war. Only they will become better citizens than their forefathers, because the present United States fighting forces are not only being trained to become fighters, defending their country from the grasp of the dictators, but also to be good, plain, honest citizens. In the Army, Navy, and Marines there is no such word as "can't" and consequently, when the men leave these branches of the service, there will also be no "can't" in their civilian lives. Thus, when some great national crisis arises, the men now being trained how to meet every emergency will settle it with less difficulty than in the past. Therefore, when you next see a soldier, don't think of him only as a fighter but as "THE BUILDER OF TOMORROW."

ROY HELANDER, '44.

\* \* \*

## Thanks!

To the business men, who, by their advertisements in the pages of the Screech Owl, have enabled us to publish without interruption for the past sixteen years, we extend our heartiest thanks.

To the teachers and students we also express appreciation for their co-operation in the furnishing of material and in the sale of the magazine. Their comments and suggestions have been of the utmost help to us.

—Staff



## Seven\*

By MARY E. WHITE, '43

1

Not thirty-six can the answer be  
When seven are taken from '43.  
Gone to fight for the freedoms four,  
Into the conflicts unceasing roar,  
Into the battle for you and me,  
Are seven members of '43.

2

Each heard the clash of the battle din;  
Each answered the call as it come to him.  
Services different, but objects the same,  
To the rolls was added each student's name.  
In the air, on the land, and on the sea  
Are the young recruits of '43.

3

No, not thirty-six can the answer be  
When seven are taken from '43,  
But the war must be won,  
And the strength of our young  
Will bring us the VICTORY!

---

\*At the time this poem was written there were seven boys of the Senior class in the service.

\* \* \*

## Sails

The sun rose lazily from the calm sea and looked down upon the tiny village snuggled in the cove. Gradually the village seemed to come to life as the sun climbed higher and higher into the sky.

From a small white cottage there appeared a young girl about sixteen years old, in blue dungarees. She stretched her arms and took a deep breath of the salty air and a feeling twinged through her body—a feeling that made her glad to be alive in such a beautiful world. Boots then walked down to the shore and gazed across

the cove. A slight breeze arose and made ripples on the blue surface.

Today was the big day for the young mariners of Dover and surrounding seacoast towns. Every year the Workshire Boat Club held a sailboat race amongst the boys and girls of Workshire County. The race started at the harbor of Dover. Salem Sands, twenty miles down the coast, was the destination.

This was Boots' first year of competing. Her brother, Bing, had won the cup last year, and now Boots was to be his assistant, to have the thrill of the cold, salty spray on her face, the wind through her hair, and to see the sails above her swelling in the breeze.

She sauntered back into the house, where her brother was eating breakfast.

"You'd better hurry, Bing," said Boots. "We've only got four hours before the race begins and we've still a lot of work to do."

"Yeh, and if the breeze doesn't grow stronger, we'll probably be stuck in the harbor for four more hours," grunted Bing.

At last he finished his oatmeal and they started off to the harbor. Already there was much activity on the small sailboats that dotted the bay. Boots and Bind boarded the "Elizabeth," christened that after their mother who had died the year Bing's father bought the boat for him.

"Hi ya, Lucky!" called Bing to a fellow across the way. "You're going to need plenty of your name to beat the 'Elizabeth'."

"Aw, you don't know what competition is until you've been up against 'The Spray'," yelled back Lucky.

Boots and Bing set to work preparing the "Elizabeth" and were ready just in time for the starting signal.

The sails filled and they started out the harbor. Boots could hardly believe that she was really here beside her brother at the wheel.

"Look, Bing, the sky is clouding up and the wind is so much stronger!"

They had been so busy working that they had not noticed the sudden change of weather.



Bing looked down at the once blue water, which was now black and rough. If it was like this here near the coast, what was it like out in the open sea? With a worried look and a scowl on his brow, he looked ahead at the dark, swirling water.

"Be prepared for anything now, Boots," warned Bing.

Boots knew by the sound of her brother's voice that all wasn't pleasant ahead, and the race might even turn out to be disastrous.

She looked around and saw the other boats tossing about on the waves. They were third in the race, but if a storm were coming up, would they even be able to make Salem Sands?

A drop of rain—and another and another. The rain came pelting down and a gust of wind nearly swept Boots off her feet.

"Boots, take the wheel and hold her steady!" yelled Bing through the howling wind. "I'm going to lower the sails."

The other boats could not be seen through the down-pour of rain. The sea rolled and waves lashed against the sides of the boat. The "Elizabeth" was taking her beating with the sturdiness and vigor of an old time warrior.

They just had to pull through the storm and reach the harbor first. To win the cup two years in succession meant so much to Bing.

"Boots, Boots! Help!"

Fear gripped her heart.

She turned around just in time to see a wave wash Bing over the side of the boat into the swirling black waters. She let go the wheel and rushed to the place where she had last seen Bing. Oh, why wasn't there someone else on board? She could see his head rise and sink. There was the life belt. With the ship tossing and rolling so, could she throw it to him? She must hurry! A wave came rolling over the deck of the boat. It knocked Boots off her feet, and she slid dangerously close to the edge. She grabbed the rail and raised herself, gasping for breath. Now another wave came higher and higher and crashed down on the deck. A blast of wind ripped off the top of the mast and Boots leaped aside as it fell to the deck.

Bing was now quite a distance from the boat. Boots grabbed the life preserver and with all her strength flung it over the side. Her brother's head went under and then rose again. He clung to the preserver. Boots began tugging. How she ever managed to get him aboard without falling into the foamy brine herself, she

never really knew. It must have been the hand of Providence.

Bing was in no condition to sail the boat. She must carry on the rest of the way alone.

Thank heavens! The rain had ceased, but the wind still blew strong. She took the wheel again. They had gone quite a way off their course. It was no use trying to win now. No boats were in sight. Probably all were now safe in the harbor. If only there hadn't been a storm. The "Elizabeth" was a speedy, sturdy sailboat and Bing was a great sailor. She could picture Bing and herself standing there on the shore with the golden cup in their hands—but it was only a dream.

There was Salem Sands ahead. The sun with its warmth shone again on the blue sea. The shore was crowded with people cheering and waving their arms.

Why were the people waving at them? Oh, why hope? It couldn't be—but it was! They had won!

The next day, sprawled in a soft, comfy arm chair with her legs flung over the sides, sat Boots. She was engrossed, gazing at a picture of a smiling young girl.

"Bing, they should have let me comb my hair first before they snapped my picture," said Boots smiling.

ANN HAMLIN, '44.

\* \* \*

## Nightmare

Last night I dreamed I went back to Fabre Heights. The rain pelted relentlessly down on the long and steep private road that led to the mansion. The fabulous brick house had seen many such storms in its youth, but still it stood on the rocky cliff high above the churning sea. I hunched over the steering wheel of my coupe and pressed my foot down harder on the accelerator. To add to my tension, I could hear the waves breaking against the foot of the cliff.

I left my car a short way down the road as Boyd had ordered me to and dashed for the gate. From a cottage on the other side came Josh, the gate-keeper. Dressed in an ancient raincoat, he stood motionless for a long moment. The corners of his eyes formed crow's feet as he squinted through the rain. With a toothless grin he opened the gate to admit me. As the door of the house opened, a stream of eerie yellowish-green light showed on the wet path.

Boyd's voice had sounded so urgent over the phone that I was almost afraid of what might be wrong. I knew that the thing I feared most had happened when I heard the continuous hysterical screaming. No one but Boyd and myself knew about Kathy's fierce, violent insanity on stormy nights like this. I was mounting the stairs two at a time when the shot was fired. I stood frozen on the eighth step, the silence broken only by the moaning wind outside. Somewhere a door slammed, then Boyd's tortured voice was calling Kathy.

We met at the top of the stair case and entered Kathy's room together. She lay on her bed, the gun clenched in her hand and a hideous red spot staining her white gown. Both Boyd and I had heard Kathy talk of suicide on a night like this and both doubted her. The look on her face, so white and young, was not a look of horror or terror, but one of peace and contentment. Even Boyd thought that his sister's death had brought her the peace she never could have had otherwise, and with her death went her secret, for it was safe with Boyd and me.

JENNIE DENISEWICH, '44.

\* \* \*

## My Brother Was Born, or It Could Happen to Anyone

*Editor's Note: If you have read the "Life of Jefferson," which is now a best-seller, you will realize how great a contribution to modern biography we make when we publish the famous Wuorio's "Life of Wuorio."*

By HERBERT C. WUORIO

Now that you are here I shall tell you more about life; that is, my brother's life.

Let us turn back the pages of his career. (Editor's note: Please turn the pages carefully, for they are flimsy and the ink doesn't hold together so well). On the first page we see the year 1927. All that night of March 4th his future family was patiently waiting the arrival of the stork—and him. (He went along for the ride) Especially patient was his elder brother, hiding behind the sofa with a gun, ready to shoot the stork for his next day's share of meatless Tuesday. My brother's father was hopeful that night. He's apologized to my father many times since.

When Raymond's father first came face to face with Raymond, he turned to mother and

said, "Cheer up, dear. Maybe it'll go away."

The next day his picture was in the newspaper—in Ripley's section, to be more exact.

Three years later a memorable event took place. My brother spoke his first words and got his first punishment. All he said was, "XXX!!"

When he was four he was admitted into his elder brother's club. There he learned the famous Indiana Hog-Call. Since then he has never failed in getting his elder brother home to dinner on time.

At the age of six he met education. Education was the only friend he couldn't trust. While in grade school he learned to hate all forms of education. Teachers tried to pound it into his head day after day. It must have been painful, for the hammer they used was very hard. If you doubt me, look at the shape of his head.

I'll always remember his first class picture. He was the third from the left in the rear row. He would have been down front except for the fact that the rest drew long straws and he drew a short one; so he did not get a mask.

While in the second grade our family migrated to the West End of town. That is where he first learned that his head was given brains so as to keep the hollow noise out. I'll always remember the day he entered his new school on Main Street. They had recently installed a new ventilating system to take out the foul air from the room. My brother was out of school for two weeks.

Soon afterward he entered the junior high school. That was when he realized why the auditorium separates it from the high school.

He's also the founder of the school paper called "The Owllet." After the first copies were sold he reached a conclusion as to why no one else wanted to be editor besides himself. The "Owlet," by the way, was one of the eggs laid by the "Screech Owl."

He and his classmates soon graduated from the junior high school amid cheers from the teachers.

When he entered high school, girls began running after him. One finally cornered him, but R. T. White, a classmate, saved him. (Now Dick's going with her.)

Through all this his talents have survived and always will. Some day he'll be President of the United States.

Now that I have finished his life story, I hope you will be kind enough to go up and see him on some "Visitor's Day."

## My Brother Was Born, or It Could Happen to Anyone

By RAYMOND WUORIO

Man's best friend is his dog. Therefore, I write this stirring tribute to my brother, Herbert, dedicated to brotherhood and manhood, the latter of which is connected in no way with my brother.

To begin this tale we look back on The Wistful Wuorio Mansion on 1 Elm Street in Maynard, Massachusetts. To this humble home would soon come the stork on his bombing raid. My brother was one of the duds.

It was the morning of June 17 and I lay in my bed sleeping. I was suddenly awakened by the dull thud of a baseball bat behind my left ear. When completely awake, I was told by my elder brother of the birth of Herbert. Softly the two of us crept to the door of my mother's room to get a peek at the new arrival.

He was lying in my mother's arms, serenely aiming a shotgun at my father. At that moment my elder brother, Olavi, and I, christened him "One-third of the Unholy Three."

One evening, a few years later, we had guests at our Wistful Mansion. After a friendly argument, which my father lost, they decided to stay at our home over night. Where were they to sleep? It was my father who made the decision. After a twenty-five-cent bribe, maneuvered by my brothers, he decided to have me vacate my bedroom. I started for my brother Herbert's room. I looked in, and there he was, lying in his cradle, peacefully snoring like a buzz saw. I carefully put my bottle beside him and climbed in for a night's sleep. I was thrown out on my ear immediately, minus the bottle. The cute little rascal was muscular!

At the age of six Herbert entered school. Although he was well taught, he spent three-fourths of the school year in the principal's office and the other one-fourth going to and from it. He also wore the "Dunce's Hat" so much his head grew in a cone shape.

We then moved to our new home on Main Street. You should have seen our moving day procession. My father led with the bedroom set. He was followed by my mother, who had the kitchen table. Then came my elder brother with the dining room furniture. I tagged along after him with the parlor sofa, and my brother, Herbert, brought up in the rear, carrying the bills, mortgage, and family cat.

While living at this residence, we two broke our "Peace Agreement." Nearly every day we had a fight. I had pity on him, however. I felt sorry. How he must have suffered while lovingly beating my brains out!

It was here, also, that he learned to swim. One day, while swimming in "Rockies" (Editor's note: "Rockies" is the name given to a swimming pool in the Assabet River with the capacity of ten swimmers of average size, and one dog.) that I challenged him to a swimming race. I started off slowly. He, however, got a quick start and was sure to slow down. He swam three laps after I had won the race and gone home.

I remember one of the fights he had with gloves on. He danced out to the center of the ring. The bell rang and he was carried out. The bell rang again, and he danced out to the center of the ring. The bell rang and they carried him out. The bell rang again and we carried him to the center of the ring.

He finally got into the high school, a Fat, Full-Fledged, Freshman Flop. During this time the nation observed Scrap Collection Week. Three times that week I had to go to the Scrap Collection Depot to identify him.

He also has been turned in at four Waste Fat Collection Depots.

I must now end my biography of my brother, Herbert Christian Wuorio, for I see that old gleam in his eye.

Finis

\* \* \*

## Hester Joins the WAACS

1

A gaudy banner, a roll of drums, and feminine hopes are high.

The streets are crowded to the curb as the WAACS go marching by.

Amid the throng a scrawny figure is captured by the spell;

'Tis none other than Hester, the daughter of Farmer Snell.

2

She turned to her sire and said, "There's something this outfit lacks.

I wonder if it could be me? I'm going to join the WAACS."

So we find Hester at the recruiting center, very much a-fluster,

For to make such important decisions took all the courage she could muster.

3

At length the trial was over and Hester, with a grin,  
 Walked to her anxious father and said, "Well,  
 I guess I'm in."  
 And so began for Hester a busy and hectic  
 career,  
 And she soon began to wonder just what made  
 her volunteer.

4

But this was no time for brooding, misgivings,  
 or regrets,  
 For most of her time was taken up in trying to  
 learn her steps;  
 Till one proud day when through the streets her  
 regiment marched back,  
 And way down deep within her, Hester knew  
 she was a WAAC!

ETHEL SALONEN, '46.

\* \* \*

### Abolition of Bo-Jo

No doubt you'll read this "aah-er" story and then toss it aside in disbelief, but by the seventh son of a seventh son it is the honest truth.

To begin with, this is the story of a cat—a wild buccaneer of feline—and to top it all off—a black one! Bo-Jo had a reputation as black as his glossy fur and a temper to boot. He had shown up one winter's day in the Maine logging camp with trouble swinging on his whiskers. The cook hadn't the heart, big, broad Swede that he was, to thrust him out; so Bo-Jo lingered on. During the winter he made a pest of himself, getting in everyone's way, and by the spring thaw was pretty well disliked.

Finally the loggers decided to get rid of him but—ohh—they hadn't reckoned with Bo-Jo who was no ordinary cat. They tried chloroforming, choking, drowning, but it was soon discovered that Bo-Jo had no intention of leaving this earth and still had a few of his lives left. The summer came, and Bo-Jo was still getting underfoot, depositing snakes, toads, and eels in various bunks, raiding the icebox, taking whatever struck his fancy, and keeping the hard working loggers awake at night with his eerie yowls.

The week before the Fourth of July one of the loggers got an idea. The men began grinning and whispering to each other, and soon word was spread throughout the settlement of a

grand celebration on the Fourth. The Great Day came and oh, what a feast was spread! Wrestling matches, races, etc., provided the amusement. Meanwhile Bo-Jo rested on his laurels, feasting on choice tidbits from the table, enduring all sorts of petting, and having a whale of a time. But all this was just a prelude to the climaxing event. At sundown two of the loggers carried Bo-Jo to the center of the field and announced the Abolition of Bo-Jo! A stick of dynamite was tied to his quivering tail and the fuse lighted. The two men started to run, but Bo-Jo had no intention of allowing them to desert him, and, thinking it all a game, ran after them. The crowd scattered, and Bo-Jo streaked through the camp, the fuse sizzling away. What a predicament!! Then, as they circled a group of deserted shacks, one of the men stopped, grabbed Bo-Jo, flung him through the door of one of the sheds, slammed the door, and kept on running. He was ten feet from the spot when a violent explosion threw him to the ground, and when he dared peek, all that remained of the shack was a few splinters. Watchers, however, will swear to the fact that, arising from the ashes, a strange form was seen. Yes, it was Bo-Jo, his glossy fur now white. His ninth life gone, he was gently ascending toward a Cat's Happy Hunting Ground, well populated with snakes and toads. As he passed slowly out of sight, the rough loggers silently removed their caps. Bo-Jo had been a worthy opponent.

HELEN KETOLA, '46.

\* \* \*

### Our Hearts Were Young and Gay

By CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER  
 and EMILY KIMBROUGH

This story took place about 1920 and the book was published in 1942.

The action occurs in Canada, on the Atlantic, in England, and in France.

Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough weren't quite in their twenties, when they undertook a voyage to Europe, unchaperoned.

First of all, the "Montcalm," their ship, ran aground, but after a slight struggle they secured two passports on "The Empress of France." Here they had many hilarious adventures, beginning with Emily's deck tennis. In this uproarious game she achieved nothing except to hit an English nobleman in the face.

Finally their voyage across the ocean nearly at its end, Cornelia developed a case of measles, but with the help of Paul White and Joseph Aub, now distinguished Boston doctors, she was smuggled past the health examiners into England.

In London they roomed at a place where you had to put copper coins into the hot water tank before you could get water. Poor Cornelia almost froze to death waiting for her friend to secure more coins for it. Also, their rabbit skin coats, voluminous enough to fit three people, created quite a riot at the "Trocadero."

After that they left for France. Their first night there was restful, but in the morning they were astonished by a window washer, who kept poking his head in their window from time to time.

At the station, Emily dropped her pocket-book down under the rails. The porter, supposedly risking his life procuring the things, was tipped by Emily generously. The only thing he couldn't get from the rails was a fifty-franc note. After the train left he climbed down and got it for himself.

Many other interesting and funny things happened, including tango and dramatic lessons, and bedbug bites before an important date. Finally, after visits to the Ritz Bar, Notre Dame, and other places, this entertaining voyage came to an end.

"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" is the most hilarious book I've ever read. It would be the ideal story to recommend to a person in a solemn mood, for it would quickly bring smiles to his face. The peculiar happenings of the voyage blended with the wit of the author make a book well worth reading.

Reviewed by ALICE SYRANEN, '45.

\* \* \*

## Behind the Counter

(Whew! One minute of four! Boy, was that close! Am I dumb! I rush around trying to get to work at four and everyone else just takes his time—even if it means getting in late!)

May I help you? A large tube of Ipana tooth paste is thirty-nine cents . . . Have you an old tube? . . . I'm sorry, but I can't sell you any toothpaste without getting an empty tube in return; government regulations, you know.

(I'll bet she's got two of three in her purse. Some people must think that we salesgirls are

stupid—maybe we are—who knows? I wonder if that lady down at the end wants anything.)

May I help you? . . . A yellow rose bush? There isn't one up here, but I'll go down stairs and look.

(Why doesn't she take a red one? It's just as pretty. Would I like to sit down on these stairs for a while! I don't know why I wore high heels. My feet are always ready to fall off by nine o'clock.)

Yes, I found a yellow one for you . . . They're only thirty-nine cents . . . Do you want me to wrap it up for you? . . . You're just waiting for your husband? Oh, I'm sorry I bothered you. I thought you wanted to buy one.

(Well of all the (#\$\$&\*)' # people! What a nerve! As if I had time to waste on her! Next time she comes I won't wait on her. No sireeee!)

May I help you? . . . That's twenty-eight cents all together . . . There's a 10% government tax on all cosmetics . . . No, ten percent of twenty-five is two and one-half cents, which becomes three cents . . . Yes, I know. With taxes, points, and all that we'll all be crazy.

(Mh-h-h-h. Quarter past eight. Just think. In an hour, maybe, I'll be dancing with ——. Oh, I can hardly wait. I think this is going to be a nice social. Well, it should be; my class is running it. Oh dear, another customer!)

PATRICIA LOUKA, '44.

\* \* \*

## Do You Know?

What is so attractive about that creature that girls for months have been hunting? You know, that gruesome, slightly human animal called the male. Is it that "German haircut" he has broken out with recently? Or perhaps the voice which can soar from a twittering soprano to a deep bass in the same sentence? Then there's another possibility—the uniform? Whatever the reason, the quiver that goes through a female at the sight of a handsome man in uniform is indescribable.

The best example is Gracie Allen's "Beverly Hills Uplift Society Cheer," which consists of a deep sigh when a man comes in view. Disillusionment is no obstacle. The girl seems to feel it is her heritage to carry on. The fact that defeat has been received at the hands of one is no reason to stop the attempts. (And we are

called the weaker sex!) Perhaps these men cast a spell. I really don't know, but in my opinion girls are just aping their elders, who, recognizing the scarcity of an article, immediately try to hoard.

(Signed)

DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE, '44.

\* \* \*

### Nonsensia

I had a dream the other night,  
 The queerest dream on earth.  
 Some creatures from another world  
 Had filled my upper berth.  
 The monotonous clack of the wheels  
 As they ran along the rails  
 Soon brought visions of pink elephants  
 With polka-dotted tails!  
 But let us not stop here,  
 For I have more to tell—  
 I was a prisoner in my dreams  
 Enclosed in a rainbow cell.  
 My jailor was a hippopotamus,  
 A big and burly brute.  
 He was dressed in cap and gloves  
 And a pretty sailor suit.  
 The judge was a majestic lion  
 With tail and mane of red.  
 A stove-pipe hat was perkily perched  
 Upon his massive head.  
 He held the Book of Justice  
 Between his giant paws,  
 A most impressive figure  
 With his complicated laws.  
 The juror was a timid soul  
 With arms and legs askew,  
 But where on earth he got them all  
 I'll leave that up to you.  
 He had an elephantus trunk  
 And a giagraffus neck.  
 Oh! On my soul the poor old juror  
 Really was a wreck!  
 I didn't want to offend him,  
 For on him rested my fate.  
 Then the judge, the juror, and the jailor  
 Went into a dark debate.  
 I quivered and I shook  
 As I sat awaiting my doom,  
 For whatever they were planning  
 Was bound to happen soon.  
 Then at last it happened,  
 The door was opened wide,

And as the lion came charging toward me  
 I searched for a place to hide.  
 Then suddenly I awoke from my dream  
 And heard the clack of the rails.  
 Never again did I see those pink elephants  
 With their polka-dotted tails!

NANCY WHITNEY and  
 ETHEL SALONEN, '46.

\* \* \*

### Friendship Links Two Peoples

Our American troops always receive a warm welcome in the British Isles. British housewives greet them with loud cheers, and even before the troops land, they can see the people waving sheets, towels, and probably pillow cases from their windows.

Perhaps the most difficult thing for the boys to get used to is the English manner of speaking.

If they went into a tea shop and asked the waitress for crackers they would be given biscuits. If they asked her for cookies they would get crackers, and their damson tarts would turn out to be plum pie. They may ask a red-capped military policeman to carry their baggage, and when they book a hotel room on the second floor, the "lift" boy explains that it is the first floor, in England. They may not be sure what a "bobbie" means by the "top of the road" when no hill is evident, or just how fast "dead slow" is in reference to traffic, why balcony seats at the "cinema" are the most expensive, why the word "clerk" is pronounced as "clark," or why people occasionally say "thank you" if you bump them in a crowd.

However, all American soldiers gradually learn to refer to ankle-high shoes as "boots," to regard chocolate and candy as two different things, and to "queue up" instead of "line up" where the bus "halts."

They have much to learn during their sojourn in that friendly country, where citizens are known as "subjects," bicycles have handbrakes, robins are the size of sparrows, and telephone operators say, "You're through," before you begin speaking.

But a good thing for them to keep in mind is the advice a Navago Indian Chief once gave a man: "It's never wise to regard people as curiosities in their own land."

GLADYS FRASER, '43.

## Food or Fight?

Hello neighbor, what's that you say?  
 You couldn't buy any butter today?  
 Your tea can is empty and that isn't enough,  
 Jam's gone for the duration? Well, that cer-  
 tainly is tough.  
 You wanted pot roast and you had to take lamb?  
 You're short of sugar, you can't get ham?  
 Well, dear neighbor, you *are* in a jam.  
 You say there is plenty only a mile away  
 And you ran out of gas stamps just today?  
 Your sixteen points have all been used,  
 And you think that you are being abused?  
 I say there, neighbor, you'd better relax  
 And go home and figure your income tax.  
 But listen here, neighbor, how would it be  
 If all law and order should suddenly cease  
 And a tyrant's demands be the price of your  
 peace?  
 There's more to consider than food you can't  
 buy—  
 In this land of plenty you won't starve, nor I.  
 When we're in a war, you should readily see  
 Our job on the home front is to work unself-  
 ishly.

MARY MOYNIHAN, '45.

\* \* \*

## Thoughts of a Fortress Gunner

In a few minutes we'll be over the Nether-  
 lands. There is the Zuider Zee below. Wonder  
 how Ma and all the folks are. Wish I was  
 back home in that easy chair in the parlor. The  
 stars and moon are shining tonight. It ought to  
 be easy to drop our load on the target. Almost  
 in Germany now—there are the lights. The  
 Nazis are sending up plenty of ack ack—they've  
 hit one of our motors—the ship is vibrating.  
 Here comes a flight of Messerschmidt 109's.  
 They've shot off the tail controls! The ship is  
 hard to manage. Here's another—right in my  
 sights! There he goes—down in flames! *He*  
 won't be back very soon. The tail gunner just  
 got one—it's trailing fire like a comet. Now  
 for the load of eggs—the target's gone up in  
 a cloud of smoke. Time to start on our way  
 home now, out over the channel. The cliffs of  
 Dover are right ahead. We'll be over the field  
 in two or three minutes. We're coming down  
 now—the wheels just touched—we come to a  
 stop. Well, Ma, back from another raid and  
 raring to go again!

ALBERT HODGESS, '46.

## We of Today

We are the men and women of today,  
 To us has fallen the task to free the slaved,  
 And new ways and constitutions of peace to lay,  
 To defeat all the falsehood evil tyranny spread,  
 To build new worlds and freedom for those it  
 led.

We are the men and women of today,  
 Who not so long ago with pretty toys did play,  
 Thrilled when shining planes passed in flight;  
 We, who dreamt of glorious fame and dresses of  
 lace,

Why must we, the untried, be chosen to-morrow  
 to face?

We are the men and women of today,  
 Who behind must leave what youth bestowed,  
 And prepare ourselves for to-morrow's load.  
 We must the pleasant yesterdays gently fold,  
 March and strike a blow for all that we hold.

We are the men and women of today,  
 Who dare say we are unprepared, breed cow-  
 ardice?

We are strong! And shining youth our virtue!  
 These our youthful untried hands we shall lend  
 To help our shores and beloved country defend.

We are the men and women of today,  
 And we, the present, for ourselves do not care,  
 But to those to come, must we always be fair.  
 We, in full strength, will the world with free-  
 dom seed,

And with confidence in truth, forever in justice  
 lead.

A. CHODNICKY, '44.

\* \* \*

## To Whom It May Concern

Yes, I am a very well known person. Every  
 man, woman, and child knows my name and  
 those of my colleagues.

I am the man who has laid thousands of miles  
 in ruins. I have destroyed homes, factories,  
 schools, and churches. I was the man who in-  
 vaded Poland and Czechoslovakia and killed  
 innocent women and children. I was the man  
 who terrorized some of these people into sub-  
 mission, but I was also the man who roused the  
 fighting spirit of others of these people and  
 who caused to be born the underground socie-  
 ties. I am the man who invaded Norway after  
 giving my word that I would not—Norway, who  
 sheltered the evacuated children from Germany  
 after the war, and I invaded her and slaughtered

more helpless women and children. I also am the man who gave to the world its most useful invention, the dive bomber, which can rain death down upon anything or anyone. I am the fellow who undermined the French government and people until they were in the right condition for me to take over. I am the man who has had thousands of stories written and told about him. I am the man who swears he will conquer England, but to whom the English swear equally as hard that they will *never* submit. I am the man who will subjugate them. I am the man whom people admired because so far I have done everything I said I would, but also the same man that these identical people have vowed to wipe from the face of the earth.

Yes, I am that man and more. I am the fellow who has one of his colleagues scared even to draw a breath without asking him. One of my comrades played a very neat trick on a former friend of his, America by name. He sneaked up from behind and consequently was met with but very little resistance. My comrade has taken several bad beatings from America. He was the one who really aroused the fighting spirit of the United States and now he is having his hands full.

I am the man who is going to conquer the world. I shall be the supreme power, even over God.

Respectfully submitted,

ADOLPH

ELEANOR DIMERY, '44.

\* \* \*

## Ideal Manners for High School Students

1. While in assembly, be sure to squirm around in your seat just as much as you possibly can. The speaker will know you are interested.

2. When in the classroom always slide way down in your seat. You look very attractive that way.

3. Be sure to mark up desks and walls. "Fools' names and fools' faces always appear in public places."

4. Have ambition? Don't! Caesar was killed because of his.

5. Girls, when coming down the stairs at dismissal, embrace each other. Affection is a grand thing to have.

6. The best place in the school to have a talk with your date is on the stairs. Always do this when the stairs are especially crowded.

7. Always rush and crowd around the candy counter. It shows what a good appetite you have.

8. Boys, don't under any circumstances wear a necktie. Who knows? Maybe it will get caught on something and hang you.

9. Hold the door open for a person coming next? Never on any condition! He needs the exercise as much as you do.

10. Be sure to destroy pages in books and waste paper. This will increase the paper business.

If you follow these few suggestions I am sure your high school career will be a short, but a merry one.

REGINA HINDS, '45.

\* \* \*

## Our Job

By VIRGINIA WHITNEY

1

Why should our spirits be less gay  
When peace seems very far away?  
Must we sit and fret and pine,  
Because the world is far from fine?

2

We've bonds to buy and scrap to save,  
Gardens to dig and flags to wave.  
Our cheery smiles will keep up morale  
Both for ourselves and a soldier pal.

3

So let us at home do our best  
To bring our country through this test,  
For fearless heart and willing hand  
Will keep the enemy from this land.



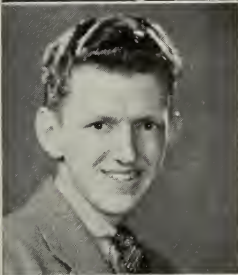
# SENIOR CLASS ROLL



## Mildred Babb

Senior Girls' Chorus (4).

Mildred is one of the quiet and mysterious girls of the class. However, it is reported by her friends that she is full of fun and likes a good time. We wonder why the teachers usually give her a front seat in her study periods.



## John Barnes

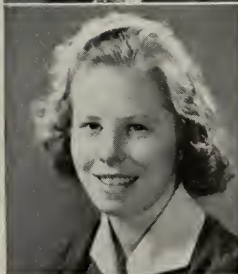
Vantine took the pictures this year, John, but we know you'll be taking them sometime in the future. Developer, fixer, etc., that's what he likes to talk about. John runs the school movie projector this year and we hope he does as good a job in whatever he does in later life.



## Theodore Batulin

Baseball (2, 3, 4), Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Doc" is one of the quiet boys of the class. His basketball playing is equalled only by Hank Luisetti. Say, girls, you'd better look at "Doc" twice, for he's an excellent cook, as any patron of Hansen's Diner will attest. Here's a good chance to get a husband who can cook as well as woo.



## Marion Boothroyd

Senior Girls' Chorus (4).

Marian appears to be very quiet, but her mischievous blue eyes betray her. When she becomes a nurse, the number of Newton Hospital patients will increase alarmingly.



## Marion Brown

All Social Committees (1, 2, 3, 4), Junior Prom Committee (3), Junior Women's Club (3, 4), General Committee (4).

Tall, dark, and mysterious fits Marion to a T. She is well known for her originality in drawing, as well as for her lovely voice. If it weren't for her the Seniors would have been lost in making posters and decorations for their dances. Now she is working at Samuel's Studio, using her ability again. She deserves the highest praise from the Class of '43.



### Elsie Burgess

Field Hockey (1, 2, 3), Captain (4), Basketball (1, 2, 3), Screech Owl (4), Junior Women's Club (2, 3, 4), Social Committees (1, 2, 3, 4), Dramatic Club (2, 3, 4), General Committee (4), Class Secretary (1), Ring Committee (3), Junior Prom Committee (3), Cheer Leader (1, 3).

Tall and pretty, that's Elsie, who has been one of the most popular girls of the class. Elsie plans to take up nursing as a career. She is also quite interested in a certain fellow in Uncle Sam's Navy. Need we mention who the lucky sailor is?



### William Byrne

Football (3, 4), Track (1, 2, 3), Manager (2, 3), All Dance Committees (1, 2, 3, 4), Junior Prom Committee (3), General Committee (4), Aviation Club (4).

"Bill" is one of the best natured boys in our class. He is always up to something and ready for a laugh. Bill's ambition is to be an aeronautical engineer. With his knowledge and interest in planes we know he'll succeed.



### James Cannella

"Jimmy" was one of the first of our classmates to lay aside his books when he heard the "Call to Arms." To Jim, from all his classmates, we send wishes for the best of luck.



### Leonard Carbary

Football (2), Track (2), Student Council (2), Dramatic Club (3), Basketball (4).

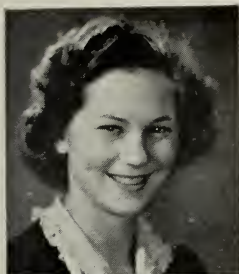
Lenny is a short, well built fellow with a dynamic personality. He was one of the strongest points of attack on the football team. He now scorches hamburgers (real meat) at the Victory Diner.



### George Crotty

Basketball (1, 4).

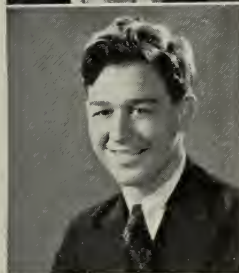
Without a doubt George is the class Casanova. George's witty remarks and captivating smile have made him one of the best liked boys in the school. With the fine qualities George has he is sure to go a long way.



### Lois Dawson

Basketball (1, 2, 3), Junior Women's Club (3, 4), Screech Owl (3), 4), Dramatic Club (3), Screech Owl Dance Committee (3), Dance Committees (2, 3), Junior Prom Committee (3), General Committee (4), Girls' Special Chorus (4).

Popular, petite, and pretty, that's Lois, who, by the way, seems quite interested in Newport, Rhode Island, for some reason or other. We hope the ration board will allow Lois enough gas to visit her interest. "I only want a BUDDY for a sweetheart" seems to be her favorite song.



### Frank DiGrappa

Graduation Speaker (4), Dramatic Club (3, 4), Craft Club (2, 3, 4), Aviation Club (4), General Committee (4), Screech Owl (3, 4).

Pepsi-cola hits the spot, but Frank insists it's Maydale. Very clever and very cynical, Frank's chief interest is math. We hope his geometry helps him as he flies the skies for the Navy.



### Dorothy Fayton

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4), Field Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4), Junior Women's Club (2, 3, 4), Junior Women's Club Play (2), Student Council (1), A. A. Social Committees (1, 3), General Committee (4).

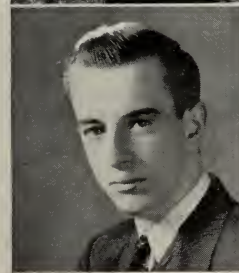
"Dot," with her charming personality, has won the hearts of all her fellow classmates, and many others besides. She is very good in sports and enjoys the reputation of being a "good sport," too.



### Frank Finizio

Class gifts (4), General Committee (4), Football (3).

Frank has ambitions to become a mechanic in the air force ground crew, and at the rate he is going down at Tannuzzo's filling station, he'll be a captain as soon as he enlists. Frank has a certain some one on Great Road, and it's easy to explain to the gang that he's going up to Erickson's for ice cream.



### Richard Flaherty

All Social Committees (1, 2, 3, 4), Junior Prom Committee (3), Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4), Football (1, 2, 3, 4), Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4), Baseball Captain (4), General Committee (4).

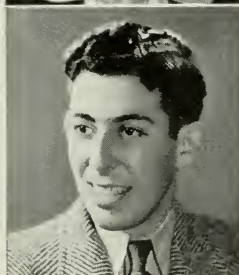
Dick is going into the Marines after he graduates, and we know that he will be an outstanding "leatherneck." He has shown his physical prowess by his performances on the gridiron and the baseball diamond. A certain Junior girl is going to miss him, but we'll try to make reparation.



### Gladys Fraser

Screech Owl 4), Honorary Member of the Women's Club (4), Graduation Speaker (4), Senior Girls' Chorus.

Efficiency in its fullest is exemplified by Gladys. A few years from now you may hear about this little "Miss from Maynard High" being in Washington helping to pass some laws. With her ability, how can she help doing well?



### Arthur Gilman

Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4), Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4), Aviation Club (4), Commencement Speaker (4).

"Art" is a great scholar and has a fine personality. He is a whiz in all his classes and plans to enter Harvard. Bet he will get all A's, too!



### Frances Graceffa

Senior Girls' Chorus.

Frances has everything a good secretary needs. She is always well dressed and her work is always done neatly. We envy her her pleasant personality.



### Elvira Greeno

Basketball (1, 2, 3), Field Hockey (2, 3, 4).

Elvira's wit and ready laughter make her popular throughout the class. There's never a dull moment in the Commercial Room and on the hockey field when she is around. We only hope she will never lose her youthful spirits.



### Bernice Greenaway

Field Hockey (1, 2), Student Council (2), Social Committees (2, 4), Dramatic Club (2, 3, 4), Screech Owl (3, 4), Junior Women's Club (3, 4), General Committee (4).

Bernice is a "femme" that everyone remembers, once they meet her. If there is a "lull in the air," just call on this attractive blonde and then things will start to happen. She is going to be a nurse, and there will be many who will not want to get well, once she comes to take care of them. Good luck in your profession, Bernice!



### Donald Hansen

Football (3, 4), Track (1, 2), Basketball (1, 2), Student Council (1, 4), Picture Committee (4), General Committee (4), Aviation Club (4), Slide Rule Club (4), Screech Owl (4), Class Night Speaker (4).

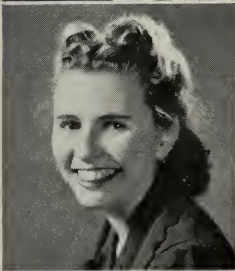
Without a doubt Donald is one of the most capable boys in the class, especially when it comes to a problem in physics or trig. It is a well known fact that women are positively "taboo" on his list; so he spends his spare time building model airplanes and taking pictures. He must be congratulated for his acceptance in the Navy Air Corps.



### Beatrice Hatch

Senior Girls' Chorus.

"Bea" is one of the prettiest and best-dressed girls of the class. When school ends she hopes to join her sister at that well-known defense plant in Waltham. At present her spare time is taken up by a tall, dark and handsome Junior.



### Margaret Hoffman

Student Council (1), Picture Committee (4), Graduation Speaker (4), Senior Girls' Chorus.

"Mergie" is a girl that everyone would appreciate having as a friend. She has one of the most pleasant personalities that anyone could hope to attain. We all know this when she flashes one of her gay smiles across the candy counter every day at recess.



### Leita Holly

All Dance Committees (1, 2, 3, 4), Junior Prom Committee (3), Dramatic Club (3, 4), Senior Girls' Chorus (4).

Leita, the future actress of the class, already spends her evenings answering fan mail. We'd like to have a peek at it some time.



### Bernice Koch

Senior Girls' Chorus.

Bernice is well liked by all her classmates. She wants to be a hairdresser, and we can see now that she has put in quite a few hours of practice on her own shining locks.



### John Kulik

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4)

John is one of those quiet boys who are always seen but never heard. We usually see him with a smile on his face. Keep your good humor and you'll do all right, John.



### Helen Kuprianchik

Dramatic Club (4), Screech Owl (4), Graduation Speaker (4).

The perfect commercial student! It is very seldom that we find Helen idle. Her ability and efficiency will surely carry her far in the business world. And, added to all her other accomplishments, she won the Valedictory!



### Wayne Lampila

Waino, the class baby, has the cutest dimples, and my, does he blush! His favorite hobby seems to be hunting—for what?



### Earl Le Moine

Baseball (1, 2, 3), Orchestra (1, 2, 3), Aviation Club (4), General Committee (4).

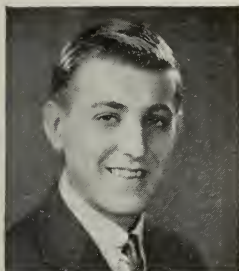
Earl is one of the quiet boys of the class—except at the hockey games. He plans to enter Northeastern University to be a chemical engineer. Next to his books come sports, for Earl is an ardent baseball and hockey fan.



### Ruth Liverman

Dramatic Club (4), Screech Owl (4), Senior Girls' Chorus.

Ruth is as "gay as a lark" at all times. Whenever you pass the Commercial Department and hear a contagious laugh, you can be sure it is Ruth. Her favorite pastime is dancing, in which she participates frequently, especially Wednesday nights. Her ambition is to be a secretary, and we know that she will make a good one.



### Luca Luhaink

"Luke" is a great hunter and fisherman. He has been seen angling for many a trout in one of the neighboring towns. Maybe it's the climate near Christofsen's or the trout, but at any rate he brings home beauties (two kinds).



### Carl Maki

Carlo is one of the Seniors soon to be wearing khaki. Although he is quiet in school, his spare moments are taken by a certain girl not residing in Maynard—yet.



### Mildred Maki

Junior Women's Club (1, 2, 3, 4), Graduation Speaker (4), Screech Owl (4), Senior Girls' Chorus (4).

Here we have one of the most intelligent students in the class. Mildred is quiet, but very capable, as many Seniors can tell you. We are certain that in the days to come Maynard High will be proud to claim her as an alumna.



### Nellie Maki

Basketball (1), Senior Girls' Chorus (4).

Nellie is a quiet, reserved girl in school, but enjoys trips to Devens. She hopes to be an artist, so don't be surprised if you see her masterpieces in the museums some day.



### Mildred Mallinson

Dramatic Club (4), Senior Girls' Chorus.

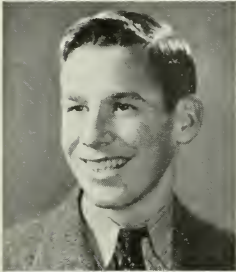
"Mil" is the ambitious type. She has already tried to obtain a position as a secretary. "Mil" is well-liked by her classmates and especially by a chap who hails from Gleasondale. His name couldn't be Charlie by any chance, or could it?



### Helen Mattson

Cheer Leader (2), Jr. Women's club (2), Junior Prom Committee (3), General Committee (4), Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4).

Helen's quiet unassuming manner has won her many a true friend. Helen is usually occupied in her spare time with a certain lad from Concord, but we wonder (now that Uncle Sam has called him to the front) just what Helen does with those few extra hours. Who knows, perhaps we will see Helen some day with the WAACS!



### Walter Moynihan

Class President (1), All Dance Committees (1, 2), Student Council (1, 2, 3), Junior Prom Committee (3), Aviation Club (4), General Committee (4).

"Walt" is a boy who has changed considerably since his Freshman days. In those days he preferred his books to girls. He has been "stepping out" lately, but we think girls can never take the place of those books.



### Richard Mulcahy

Tall, blonde, quiet, and often blushing is Richard. Although he has only been with us a year and a half, he has proved himself a real friend to his classmates. He is now employed at F. W. Woolworth's, but he'll probably be running for President in 1960—against Roosevelt.

### Doris Newman

Student Council (2, 3), Vice-President (4), Assistant Manager, Field Hockey (3), Manager (4), All Dance Committees (1, 2, 3, 4), Dramatic Club (3), Junior Prom Committee (3), Junior Women's Club, Program Committee (2), Program Committee, Chairman (3, 4), Screech Owl (2, 4), Picture Committee (4), Class Prophecy (4), Class Secretary (4).

Doris, one of the prettiest girls of the class, is known for her cheery smile and pleasing personality. She has already taken her first step to success by securing a position with the W. A. Freeman Company. If worse comes to worst, she'd certainly make a nice plumber. As a matter of fact, business will be booming!



### Marie Olsen

Field Hockey (1), Basketball (1), Class Secretary (2), Ring Committee (3), Vice-President of Class (3, 4), Junior Prom Committee (3), Picture Committee (4), Chorus (4), All Dance Committees (2, 3, 4), General Committee (4).

As the above activities prove just how popular this blonde and blue-eyed lassie is, need we say any more? Although she does appear very quiet in school, we understand that she is quite the opposite outside.







### Mary Pyszka

Senior Girls' Chorus.

Ah, here is the girl with the musical fingers, who can make the old M. H. S. Auditorium rock on its foundation while she entertains during an assembly. Though she has shown her ability to do commercial work, her real ambition is to go to New York Conservatory of Music. Your persistence and determination, Mary, are indications of future success.



### Ellen Quinn

Junior Women's Club (3, 4), Senior Girls' Chorus (4).

Ellen has a certain aura of mystery surrounding her, through which very few have been able to penetrate. However, those who know her well assure you that she makes a pleasant companion. Just one look at her picture proves that. We wonder what is behind that smile.



### James Richardson

Football (3), Baseball (3), Basketball (2, 3, 4), Student Council (1), All Dance Committees (1, 2, 3, 4), Class Treasurer (3), Junior Prom Committee (3), Ring Committee (3), Picture Committee (4), General Committee (4).

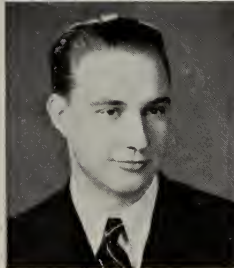
The "General" is one of the most popular boys in school. Aside from studying, Jim spends most of his time on Great Road. He can be very serious when he wants to, but why should he want to?



### Peter Salamone

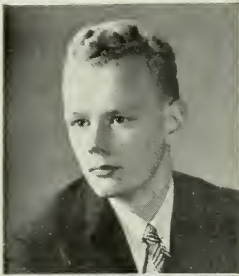
Picture Committee (4), Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Pete" is known to his classmates as the jazzin' jiver boy. He is not only talented in playing the clarinet, but he is also a fine basketball player. "Pete" will always be remembered as the "Romeo" of the shorthand class.



### Niilo Salmi

Niilo is tall, blonde, and easy on the eyes. All the girls are trying to persuade their mothers to trade at the Co-op so that they may see Niilo more often. He is one of the Co-op's super salesmen and also a truckdriver. Keep on the right and under 30. We'll be seeing a lot of you, Niilo.



### Edwin Sarvela

Football (2, 4), Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4), Student Council (2), Screech Owl (3), Dramatic Club (3), All Social Committees (1, 2, 3, 4), Junior Prom Committee (3), Senior General Committee (4).

This tall, blond, and goodlooking chap, "Sammy," can be seen every day driving one of the Co-op delivery trucks and at night can be found parked in front of a certain house on Concord Street. We know he'll always be on the "March-ant" ready to go.



### Nancy Sealey

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4), Cheer Leader (4), Junior Women's Club (2, 3, 4), Dramatic Club (2, 3, 4), Senior Girls' Chorus (4), Basketball (3).

In this little lady there can be found great talent. Her pals will tell you that when she lets herself go on the dance floor she is Astaire's equal, and by the use of a dishpan and a couple of sticks she becomes a second Gene Krupa.



### Marian Sheridan

Screech Owl (1, 2, 3, 4), Editor (4), Class Vice-President (2), Junior Women's Club (2, 3, 4); Dramatic Club (3, 4), Ring Committee (3), Junior Prom Committee (3), All Dance Committees (1, 2, 3, 4), Maynard Women's Club, Honorary Membership Award (4), Student Council (4), Picture Committee (4), General Committee (4), Graduation Speaker (4), Daughters of American Revolution, Good Citizenship Pilgrim (4).

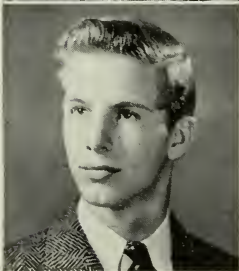
Marian, one of our most outstanding Seniors, excels not only in scholastic achievements but manages extra-curricular activities with dexterity. The Senior Class is proud of you, Marian!



### Marion Smith

Field Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4), Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4), Cheer Leader (2), Screech Owl (3, 4), Junior Prom Committee (3), Junior Women's Club, Secretary (2, 3), Junior Women's Club, Vice-President (4), Social Committee (1, 2, 3, 4), General Committee (4), Class Will (4).

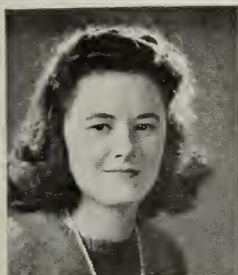
"Happy-go-lucky," that's Marion, who right now seems to be mortgaged by a certain Senior boy. Marion has proved to be one of our best athletes, and is also very good in her commercial studies. She'll make a perfect secretary to ornament some office.



### Frank Spence

Football (2, 3, 4), Basketball (1, 2), Track (4), All Dance Committee (1, 2, 3, 4), Ring Committee (3), Prom Committee (3), Picture Committee (4), General Committee (4), Class Night Speaker (4).

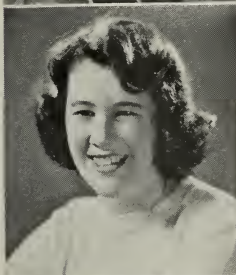
"Spin" is the Beau Brummel of the class. His modest ways and generous smile captivate the girls' hearts. Between school, M. I. T., and Edith, Frank is pretty busy. Here's hoping you succeed, Frank.



### Dorothea Spurrell

Senior Girls' Chorus.

Dottie, like "Mare", never discusses her private problems, but her main interests seem to be over at the Thursday night dances in Acton. Nice people also come from Woburn, she claims.



### Mary Spurrell

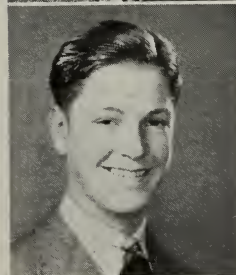
Senior Girls' Chorus.

Mary, better known as "Mare," is somewhat on the witty side, but despite this fact, she seldom reveals any of her personal affairs. We do know, however, that her chief interest lies in the army. You'd make a nice homemaker, "Mare."



### Edwin Taylor

Ed came to us in the middle of our Sophomore year, so we don't know too much about him. His cheerful disposition and willingness to help others have made him many friends here.



### Kenneth Tucker

Baseball (1), Dance Committee (1, 2, 3, 4), Junior Prom Committee (3), Student Council (4), Picture Committee (4), General Committee (4).

Ken is tall and terrific! He is one of the most popular boys of the class, as you can see by his activities. At present he is deeply interested in the Freshman Class. Just watch the way he "Spence" his time!



### Laura Wasiuk

Basketball (1, 2, 3), Class Treasurer (2), Social Committees (1, 2, 3, 4), Cheer Leader (3), Junior Prom Committee (3), Ring Committee (3), Junior Women's Club (3, 4), Dramatic Club (3, 4), Picture Committee (4), Screech Owl (3), Assistant Editor (4), Class Gifts (4), General Committee (4), Girls' Special Chorus (4).

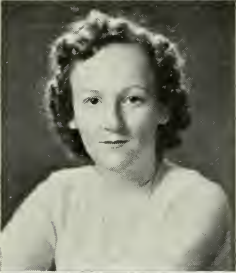
Laura, as you can see above, is one of the most popular girls in the class. She plans to make dental nursing a career, and we are willing to bet that a certain Junior will visit his dentist more than twice a year if Laura is the assistant.



### Joan Weir

Field Hockey (1, 2), Student Council (2), All Social Committees (1, 2, 3), Junior Prom Committee (3), Picture Committee (4), Graduation Speaker (4), Junior Women's Club (3, 4), Dramatic Club (2), Senior Girls' Chorus (4).

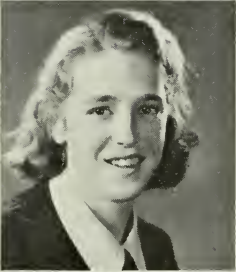
Joan is one of the few girls who ever tackled such subjects as chemistry and physics and really knew what they were all about. She has served on many committees and is well liked by all. At present she is employed at Newberry's, but her ambition is to become a dietitian.



### Marilyn Whalen

Senior Girls' Chorus.

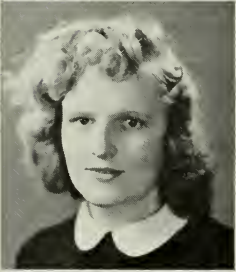
Smile and be happy, that's Marilyn's motto. You'll never make a mistake if you follow that rule, we can assure you. For four years now Marilyn has enjoyed a reputation for good humor. Maybe she'll give us a tip on how to win friends also.



### Virginia Whitney

Field Hockey (2, 3, 4), Senior Girls' Chorus (4).

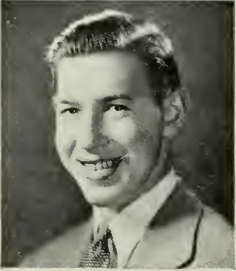
Virginia, or "Dickie" as she is called by her intimate friends, is another of the quiet members of the class. She is very good in her studies and excels also in such sports as field hockey, skiing, skating, and swimming. Her ambition is to become a nurse, and we are certain that she will make a good one.



### Sylvia Williams

Class Secretary (3), Junior Prom Committee (3), All Dance Committees (3), Senior Girls' Chorus (4).

Sylvi, who came to M. H. S. in her Junior year, is one of the nicest girls you can find. (Ask the U.S. Army). She plans to be a nurse, but at present spends her evenings "taking care of children."



### Joseph Woitiewicz

Class President (4), Dance Committees (3, 4), Track (1), Picture Committees (4), General Committee (4), Junior Prom Committee (3).

Joe's ideas are up in the clouds. He plans to take up aeronautical engineering, but he still has plenty of time to devote to the fairer sex.



**Miss Ruth Wilson**

To Miss Wilson, the Class of '43 extends its thanks in appreciation for all that she has done for us. During the past four years she has always been ready and willing to help us with all our problems. Her many kindnesses are never to be forgotten, and we thank her from the bottom of our hearts.

**James Rodway**

Jim is the dark, suave type, who makes a certain heart flutter. He should devote more of his time to her rather than working at White's Diner. He is a 1-A cook and 1-A in the draft, so neither the diner nor the girl will see Jim much longer.



## In the Service



**Glenn Dowen**

Glenn, now an army private, is one of the best-liked boys in the class. We'll never forget him in bookkeeping and secretarial training class. If you progress as rapidly in the army, Glenn, we are almost positive that you will soon be a general. We, the class of '43, wish you all the luck in the world, and we hope we'll meet you again soon.



**Victor Kizik**

The class of '43 will always remember Vic, who was one of its most popular members. President of his class and co-captain of football, he left many friends behind him who send him their best.



**William O'Connell**

Bill, like many other boys of the Senior Class, is patriotic, for he enlisted in the navy during his Junior year. We didn't like to see him go, but when it's a loss for us and a gain for Uncle Sam there's no complaining. The class of '43 wish you every success in the navy, Bill. Here's hoping we meet you and the rest of our boys very soon.



### Stanley Tomyl

We'll always remember Stanley for his good humor. No matter what happened, Stan always wore a grin. Now that he's in the Navy, we know he'll make good.

### Stephen Staszewski

"Steve" packed his books away one winter day and said farewell to Maynard High. The Navy was his goal, and from what we hear he certainly isn't sorry he joined. When you see one of those Jap subs, Steve, give it an extra torpedo just for us.

### Joseph Tomyl

If Joe ever gives his enemies the old football tackle and rush he used for M. H. S., there'll be quite a few more Japs missing when Hirohito calls the roll. Give the Navy everything you've got, Joe, and that will be plenty.

### James Cannella

"See page 16."

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE

**Maynard High School**

**Dramatic Club**



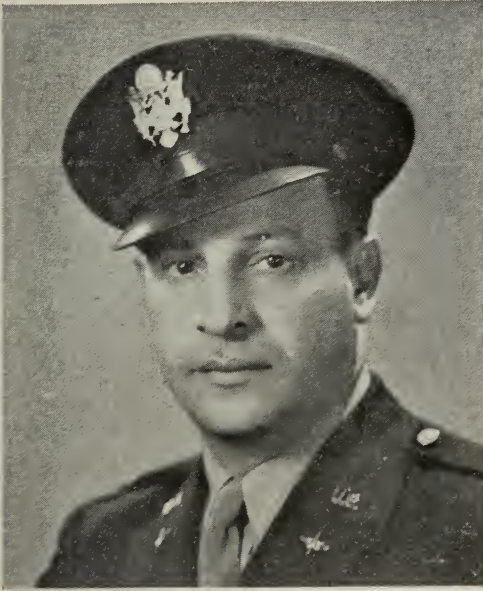
COMPLIMENTS OF

THE

**JUNIOR CLASS**



## Faculty



LT. ALBERT LERER

### Lt. Albert Lerer

Early in the year Principal Lerer left Maynard High to join the U. S. Air Corps. The students, to whom he was both a friend and a counsellor, remember with appreciation all that he did for them and for the school.

### Principal Leo F. Mullin

Succeeding Mr. Lerer as principal, Mr. Mullin has entered upon his new duties with the vigor and "pep" that made him a popular sub-master. The students who have heard his talks in assembly will not soon forget his good advice.



MR. LEO MULLIN, Principal

### NEW MEMBERS OF MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY



PRACTICAL ARTS  
Mr. Philip Newell      Miss Evelyn Sawutz



ATHLETIC DIRECTOR  
Mr. Richard Lawson



ACADEMIC  
Miss Josephine Zygala      Miss Honor McCarn      Miss Dorothy Marsden



COMMERCIAL  
Miss Marion Dempsey      Miss Dorothy Winchenbaugh





# Alumni News



## Alumni

The following letters relate how a few of our senior boys who have left us to enter the armed forces are progressing and what their reactions concerning the Army, Navy, or Marines are. We are very proud to say that we now have seven boys who were Seniors in the service. These are the letters received:

From: James Cannella  
Of the U. S. Navy

I personally don't think that there is anything better than the Navy. It is true that we don't obtain a leave until our boot training is over, but we have plenty of amusements here. Boot training, on the average, is about eight weeks.

The food is usually good, but, like every place, sometimes it is not as good as others. We get plenty of food that the civilians haven't seen for months.

You probably could not find Sampson on the map, but it is about thirteen miles away from Geneva. Seneca Lake is only one hundred yards from my barracks.

I was sworn into the Navy February 22 and was called for active duty March 4. The base here is divided into units and the units run in alphabetical order. I am in unit "G" and the base is not completed yet. They are now up to "I". Of course I know we have the best unit here. We also have the biggest auditorium in the country; it holds 2700 people. Lew Hearn, former Ziegfeld Follies comedian, said it is the finest theatre at any Army and Navy station in the country. This is where the U. S. O. shows are held.

Well, I guses I've told you about everything there is to tell about where I am at present stationed.

From: Glenn Downen  
Of the U. S. Army

I think that the army is really fine. There is nothing which I could complain about. A fellow in the service here leads a healthful life, but of course it is altogether different from home.

One thing is, we don't have to worry over gasoline problems. We have two feet and that is what they expect us to use when we go anywhere. The food here is good and I notice that everyone always eats everything that is on the table.

I am in the Engineer Amphibian Command at Fort Devens. This is a new outfit which was started in June, 1940. We are both land and sea soldiers, so you see Uncle Sam knew I was a sailor as well as a soldier. However, I, like a lot of the other fellows, was never out on the ocean very far, so I may become sea-sick. The reason why they placed me in this outfit is probably because I have been in a row boat two or three times.

There are six other Maynard boys here, including my brother Lloyd. Eddie Higgins is in the same barracks as I am.

We go to dances almost every week, but when we arrive there after riding in the back of those trucks we don't feel much like dancing.

I expect to be moved soon, as the WAAC'S are arriving here. They seem to enjoy army life, I am told.

If any of the Maynard boys are thinking of enlisting in the army I would like to give them some good advice: Fellows, get some training in the kitchen, as you will be there a good many hours doing kitchen police. I have had it five times and seventeen hours each time.

I would like to tell more about the outfit I am in, but I guess we will have to wait until the war is over.

From: Pvt. Stanley Tomyl  
Camp Croft, S. C.

I was glad you wrote to me, asking me if I had anything to put in the Screech Owl. I am sorry that I haven't much.

I am stationed in Camp Croft, S. C., at the present time. The Army is a good place to be in, but you haven't much time to yourself here.

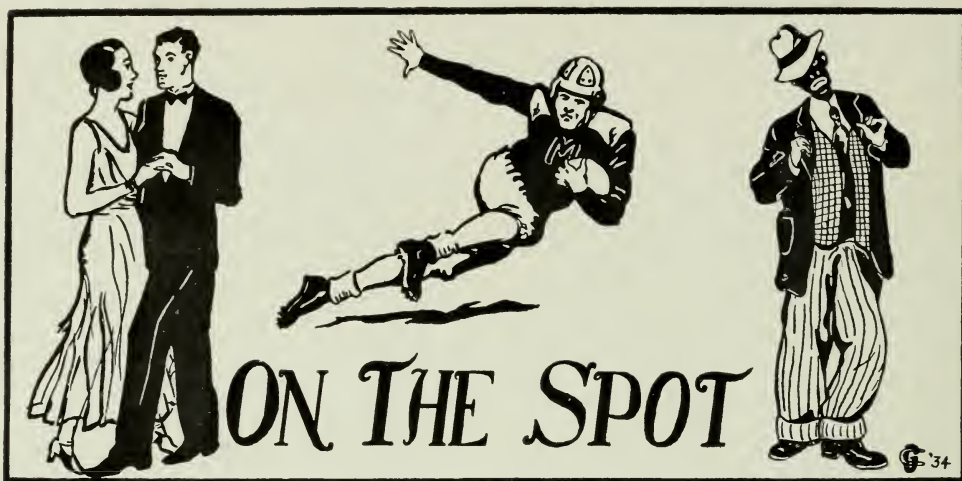
There is one thing I'd like to say to the boys who are old enough to be drafted, and that is, "Finish your education." Tell them I wish that I had finished school myself.

If you have a spare Screech Owl, please send it to me. I'll see you later!

\* \* \*

We regret to say that we could not obtain letters from the following boys in time to have them printed for the Screech Owl:

Joseph Tomyl, Stephen Stazewski, William O'Connell, and Victor Kizik.



## DANCES

### Junior Social

With Christmas only a week away, it was no surprise to see the Juniors running around in high spirits. They were celebrating the season with a gala dance on December 18. Jack Hennessey's Orchestra furnished lively music.

The hall was decorated in the traditional red, white, and green without which Christmas isn't Christmas. Many students home for the holidays helped to increase the merriment.

The dance was under the direction of Mr. Mullin and Miss Butterworth, Class Counsellors, assisted by the following committee: Albert Sullivan, Esther King, Eleanor Dimery, Arthur Le Sage, Barbara Murphy, Richard Trench, Mary Lawler, and Ann Hamlin.

### Student Council Social

On January 15 the Student Council held a social to help defray the expenses of the annual sweater awards to senior athletes.

Music was furnished by the Littleton Swingsters, who made a big hit with the crowd. Decorations were in the M. H. S. colors of orange and black.

The committee was composed of the officers and members of the Council.

### Valentine Social

Well, I think it's about time to chalk up another for the Seniors. This being the Seniors' last chance to hold a social, it was put over in a big way. The old auditorium rocked in rhythm to the Littleton Swingsters.

Hearts and other Valentine effects covered the lights and hung from the stage, keeping alive the spirit of the day.

The committee, supervised by Miss Wilson, was as follows: Marion Smith, Doris Newman, Marie Olsen, Laura Wasuik, Kenneth Tucker, James Richardson, Frank Spence, Joseph Wojtkiewicz, William Byrne, and Dick Flaherty.

### George Washington Social

On February 19, the Juniors held a patriotic social in honor of George Washington. The hall was decorated with silhouettes of Washington and "Abe" Lincoln on the lights.

The music was furnished by the Littleton Swingsters, and you should have seen them "jazz"! There were many novelty dances throughout the evening.

Tonic and cupcakes were served at intermission.

The committee, under the direction of Mr. Mullin, was as follows: Albert Sullivan, Esther King, Eleanor Dimery, Arthur Lesage, Alice Brown, Ann Hamlin, Mary Lawler, Richard Trench, and Harold Lyons.

### Freshman-Sophomore Social

The Freshmen and Sophomores of the high school have finally shown us that they are acquiring poise and dignity.

On March 5 a social was conducted by the two classes and was very successful.

The music was furnished by the Littleton Swingsters and refreshments were served at intermission. The hall was decorated with spring scenes on the front of the stage and silhouettes on the lights.

Miss McCarn and Miss Wilson, Class Counsellors, directed the joint committee made up of the following: Albert Crowley, Rita Boothroyd, Walter Johnson, Shirley Peterson, Rose Hanson, James Killoran, Frank Downen, Katherine Louka, Morgan Lydon, Paul Stein, Shirley Weckstrom, Albert Hodgess, Albert Rogers, Helen Ketola, and Marilyn Riley.

### Junior Prom

The Class of '44 held their annual Promenade on Friday evening, May 7, in the high school auditorium.

The idea of the Juniors was to make everyone forget world affairs, and they certainly did by their decorations, which featured a very attractive spring scene with dog-wood blossoms all around the auditorium. We are happy to say at this time the dog-wood blossoms left no ill effects with the merry crowd.

Whirling around amid the flowers, the girls, with their pastel gowns, gave the effect of a spring rainbow.

Music was furnished by Baron Hugo's well-known orchestra.

The committee, under the supervision of Mr. Mullin, was as follows: Albert Sullivan, Esther King, Eleanor Dimery, Arthur Lesage, Patricia Louka, Richard Trench, Ann Hamlin, Harold Lyons, Barbara Murphy, Roy Helander, and Edward Ledgard.

Patrons and Patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Donald A. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Leo F. Mullin, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. King, Mrs. Dimery, and Mrs. Lesage.

\* \* \*

### School Movies

A new movie machine was bought, as you all know by this time, but as to its effect on the school—who knows? The sighs of relief that come in unison from classes when movies are to be held during the period when that "terrible" exam was to be given make us wonder. Everybody's pile of books is a few pounds lighter that night because there really isn't any need to study "that chapter" until the following day.

After such a carefree night, we all arrive at school the next morning in much the same manner. However, our friends look so downcast. What can be the matter? The film hasn't arrived. At this time we learn the meaning of the word "cram" much better than the dictionary

could ever explain it. Yes, we certainly gain a great amount of knowledge in a surprisingly short length of time.

Seriously, these movies are a fine thing. The students seem to enjoy them very much.

Some of the movies have had a very great effect on most of the pupils. The one about digestion could not be erased from everybody's mind. In fact, there must have been a marked decrease in sales at the candy counter that day.

This machine is appreciated because of the great variety of subjects it does bring to light. We hope to see many more pictures in the future.

\* \* \*

### New Classes

Because of the war, new classes have been added to the curriculum of Mayr School. The Senior girls are studying chemistry and the boys, aviation math. These classes are of great aid to the pupils as they help them to do something to defend our country. The boys probably appreciate this even more than the girls because almost all of them will be of draft age this year.

Even if there wasn't a war, these classes would be of great benefit to the pupils. Many are interested in nursing and aviation and this would be of aid to them. In addition, the boys have a double period of gym. These classes should be continued after the war.

\* \* \*

### The Eight-Period Schedule

The new 8-period schedule is still confusing to some, although it has been in effect a few weeks. First the periods were 1, 7, 3, 8, 4, 5, 6, 2. Now they are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. If somebody tells you to do something fourth period, there is nothing to do but guess. You may be sure that if you are thinking of the new fourth period, he means the old one—or vice-versa.

It has its advantages, though. The morning passes more quickly and we have an extra study period. It was hard to remember which books to take along, to say nothing of trying to puzzle out which room to go to. After a while everything cleared up and classes are now going smoothly.



GRADUATION AND CLASS NIGHT SPEAKERS



## Your Job

You, as students should pull in your belts, draw a long breath, and prepare for an extensive period of hard and strenuous physical endeavor.

Boys between 14 and 18 years must realize there is a war to be won. Rationing may not be your only contribution to this effort because you may be called on in a year or two to make a personal sacrifice. You must be ready, physically, to do your share, and now is the time to begin, not the day you are called into service.

Stay on the beam—condition yourself—and make yourself tougher than you ever dreamed you could be. You must be able physically to protect yourself, and others, no matter what the opposition may be. Each boy should make it his duty to participate in the sport of his choice.

Maybe your one choice is swimming—learn to swim, not just to stay afloat, but to be an expert under all conditions.

THIS IS WAR—be ready!

\* \* \*

## Intra-mural Basketball

There was much doubt as to whether the school would have basketball because of the various other activities requiring the use of the gym. By extra effort on everybody's part the game was continued.

Mr. Lawson selected the captains, held a meeting to form teams, and the season was on. Captains were Sarvela, Flaherty, LeSage, Lyons, Lyden, and Stein. Team Four was disbanded, but the other five played out the schedule.

To sum up some of the thrills, I would place the game between Teams Two and Three at the head of the list. The score was tied when the game ended, but Larsen of Team Two had a free shot and sank it to win the game. Another thrill worth mentioning, and also the best shot of the season, came when Hodgess, standing on

the far side of the court, shot over his head for a perfect basket.

One of the greatest upsets occurred when the Freshman team, led by Stein, finished on top.

### Team Standings

Teams	Won	Lost
6	5	0
2	4	1
3	3	1
1	2	2
5	1	3

### Team Membership

1	3
Sarvela	Le Sage
Salamone	Hajduk
L. Carbery	Lehto
Ledgard	Sebastynowicz
Brown	Karpeichik
Lalli	W. Byrne
Emro	Brown
2	5
Flaherty	Lyons
Crowley	Lyden
Larson	Taryma
Pieciewicz	W. Aho
G. Crotty	Killoran
Gilman	Batulin
	Murray
	R. Byrne
	C. Higgins
6	
Stein	
Rogers	
W. Johnson	
Jones	
Hodgess	
Sironen	
W. Tobin	

### Girls' Basketball

This year, because of the fact that so many of the girls had obtained part-time positions in the afternoon, basketball did not seem to play as important a part as in other years. Those who did turn out had an opportunity to play in one game with Acton High.

On March 3, fifteen girls tripped to Acton. Although we did not expect a win, we still wanted to play our best. However, we blushed when the final score was announced—first team defeated 38-22, the second, 40-7. Nevertheless, we took it all in good part and said, "Better luck next year."

Girls who took part were:

- |                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Lois Dawson, Captain  | Shirley Bain      |
| Rose D'Agata, Captain | Olga Bobritsky    |
| Marion Smith          | Helen Ketola      |
| Elvira Greeno         | Kathleen Sawyer   |
| Ann Flaherty          | Nancy Gentsch     |
| Madeline Hanson       | Rita Schwenke     |
| Kathryn Louka         | Marilyn Riley     |
| Ethel Burgess         | Shirley Weckstrom |
| Mary Tobin            | Ethel Salomen     |
| Laura Stapell         |                   |

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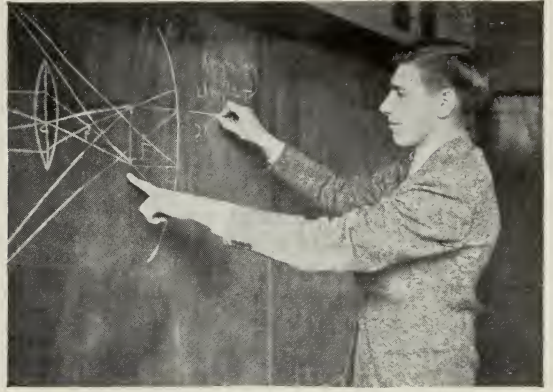
## Senior Superlatives

	<i>Boy</i>	<i>Girl</i>
Best All-Around	Richard Flaherty	{Doris Newman Marion Smith
Best Dressed	Earl LeMoine	Marion Smith
Best Dancer	Joseph Woijkiewicz	Laura Wasiuk
Best Looking	Kenneth Tucker	Doris Newman
Best Natured	Frank Spence	Dorothy Fayton
Best Singer	William Byrne	Marion Brown
Best Line	George Crotty	Marion Smith
Wittiest	Frank Finizio	Elvira Greeno
Cleverest	Frank DiGrappa	Marian Sheridan
Most Popular	Joseph Wojtkiewicz	{Elsie Burgess Doris Newman
Most Dignified	Edwin Taylor	Frances Graceffa
Most Intellectual	Arthur Gilman	Helen Kuprianchik
Most Artistic	Joseph Wojtkiewicz	Marion Brown
Most Musical	James Richardson	Mary Pyszka
Most Loquacious	Frank Spence	Nancy Sealey
Most Sophisticated	Richard Flaherty	Frances Graceffa
Most Unsophisticated	William Byrne	Elvira Greeno
Most Independent	Class of '43	Dorothy Fayton
Most Absent-Minded	Richard Mulcahy	Lois Dawson
Most Gentlemanly	Walter Moynihan	
Most Lady-Like		Gladys Fraser
Most Temperamental	Earl LeMoine	Lois Dawson
Class Athlete	Richard Flaherty	Elsie Burgess
Class Pessimist	Frank DiGrappa	Marilyn Whalen
Class Buff	Frank Spence	Leita Holly
Class Clown	Frank Finizio	Elvira Greeno
Done Most for Class	Frank DiGrappa	Marian Sheridan
Most Likely to Succeed	Donald Hanson	Helen Kuprianchik
Favorite Sport	Football	
Favorite Pastime	Bowling—Dancing	





Frank, Class Bluff, Most Independent, Most Loquacious, can't bluff with Elsie, Most Popular, Best Looking.



Joe, Best Dancer, Most Popular, Most Artistic, struggles with a math. problem.



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Only picture in existence of Don, Most Likely To Succeed, showing how he succeeds with the girls



Dick, Best All-around, Most Sophisticated, Best Athlete, strolls with Doris, Best All-around, Most Popular, Best Looking.



Frank, Cleverest, Class Pessimist, and One Who Did Most for His Class, wears that familiar grin.



Helen, Most Intellectual, Most Likely to Succeed, takes a well-earned rest here.



Gnat's Eye View of 1943 Football Team



Frank in his Easter Outfit



George, Best Line, here wears his Best Hat.



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 Helen Keirola Vice-President  
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1943 CLASS OFFICERS  
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 Marie Olsen Secretary  
 Doris Newman Vice-President  
 Frank Spence Treasurer



1945 CLASS OFFICERS  
 Robert Murray Treasurer  
 Rose Hanson Vice-President  
 Rita Boothroyd Secretary  
 Albert Crowley President



STUDENT COUNCIL



The Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know:

1. If Bill Tobin is beginning where Noofy left off.
2. What happened between A. C. and S. P. Is it the Navy.
3. Why someone doesn't turn a Flit gun on Ernie.
4. How many teeth there are on the gym floor after Commando Tactics.
5. Why the Junior Prom always causes more excitement than other dances.
6. Why the movies are always 4th period.
7. If any of the Junior Women's Club models have had an offer from M-G-M.
8. If Pat Louka really enjoyed that movie on "Digestion".
9. What Albert Murphy has that the girls go wild over. It isn't curls, is it?
10. Why R. B. lingers so long in a certain classroom each morning.
11. Why E. B. and S. B. stay home so often now-a-days. Could it be the Navy?
12. Why so many high school boys are trying to get jobs in the laundry.
13. Why the name "Al" cause Evi's heart to flutter.
14. Where the Freshmen get all the energy.
15. Whom J. W., a Senior, is escorting on May 7th. We're betting it's an out-of-towner, C. G.
16. How quiet the Commercial Room is without Tobin and Murphy first period.
17. If Sirkka is still loyal to the class of '42.
18. Why Polly Mark goes to New York so often.

19. If those "sham battles" Barbara M. gages in with (?) have a happy end
20. Who won the essay contest sponsore the F. B. I.
21. Why all the fellows prefer to go stag Proms.

\* \* \*

The Gestapo Reports:

Walter Moynihan has surprised us by extending a Prom invitation to Elaine. Perhaps, at long last, Walt has gotten over his bashfulness.

Don Hanson has actually let a Senior girl hold his hand. Could you tell us about it, Doris?

Spinny has disillusioned all M. H. S. femmes by deserting the home front for Concord. Give up hoping to catch his eye, girls. Edith has him securely hooked.

Laura, its' about time you gave in and told us who the lucky fellow is that dated you during his leave last vacation.

Margy Hoffman has kept us in the dark regarding her outside interests, but we think she's true to "Joe Puzzy" out in Arizona.

Flash! A new "find" for Harry James! If you have never heard any one get really "hot" on the trumpet, better listen to Jamey-boy.

Dot Spurrell has taken greater interest in the Thursday night dances in Acton since Johnny from Woburn put in an appearance.

Ken Tucker must be budgeting him time, for who else could work in the mill and escort Shirley so many hours without having a nervous breakdown?

We wish to report at this time that our spies have not yet located the spot at which Sammy S. always runs out of gas.

George Crotty has finally given up hope as far as a certain Maynard girl is concerned. He's now taking inventory of the possibilities in Acton.

If only Billy knew that a certain Sophomore is pining away, maybe he'd come to the rescue. We can't let R. suffer like that.

FOUND: One note in the upper corridor. After our censor finished with it, it reads as follows:

Dear XXXXXX

xxxx xxx xxxxxxxx xxx xxxxx xxxxxxx xxx  
xx xxxxxx.

(etc., etc.)

Love and kisses,

XXXXX.

(You may call at the office any time, Jim. We'll gladly return your note to you.)

You should see the collection of letters Nanny Belle has from Oliver. All tied up in pretty blue ribbon, too.

Now we have to sign off, for we are having a fitting for a bullet-proof suit.

\* \* \*

Did you hear about the moron who:

Thought a dry dock was a doctor who wouldn't give a prescription?

Returned the extra pair of pants that came with his two-pant suit because he had only two legs?

Got hungry in bed, so he took turnovers and a roll and went to the spring for a drink?

Brushed his cow's teeth? He thought she'd give dental cream.

Said to his mother: "It's a good thing you named me Charlie—that's what all the kids call me"?

Always walked backwards so he could see where he had been?

Wanted a light lunch? He ate a card of matches.

Thought a jeep was a female Jap?

Saluted the refrigerator because he thought it was General Electric?

Ate bullets so that her hair would grow in bangs?

Sat under a toadstool with his girl friend because he thought it was a mushroom?

When a customer asked for a pair of alligator shoes, asked her "What size shoes does your alligator wear?"

Believed a sit-down strike was a spanking?

Thought Sing-Sing was a Chinese lullaby?

Knocked himself out trying to beat his ear drums?

Didn't want to join the infantry because he didn't care for infants?

Put his money in the refrigerator so he'd have some cold cash?

Was afraid to go into his hen house—the hens were laying for him?

Wouldn't eat welsh rabbit because of the meat shortage?

Thought that fish nets were made of the holes of doughnuts, tied together with string?

Thought the locomotive whistled to keep up its courage?

When asked why he was digging a long trench, replied, "I'm going into the Army soon and I'm getting my fox hole ready to take with me."

\* \* \*

## Opening of New Theatre

Since our best known industry, the movies, is not overpopulated at present because of its stars' having tangled with the selective service, the OWI, the FBI, etc., the Screech Owl dedicates this column to the replacement of those stars by promising young starlets from Maynard High School.

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A biography of a famous night owl, the cast abounds with beautiful girls. The troubles and scrapes he gets into will bring tears of nostalgia to everyone's eyes.

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## FOR ME AND MY GAL

With America's glamour boy, Sammy Sarvela,  
and that tiny bit of loveliness, Barbara La  
Marche.

## SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU

An unusual adventure film with its climax a  
real-life scene of the candy-counter stampede.  
Several camera-men were crushed under foot in  
this drama of action.

\* \* \* \*

Freshman: "My sister's going to be a Wave."  
Murphy: "Good! I'll go down to the beach  
and watch her roll in."

\* \* \* \*

Finizio: "Ma, where's my shirt?"  
Mother: "I sent it to the laundry."  
Finizio: "I'm ruined! All the kings of Eng-  
land were on the cuffs."

\* \* \* \*

Policeman: "What are you doing prowling  
around here?"Lydon: "Why—er—the biology teacher told  
me I could look for flora and fauna."Policeman: "Well, move along, or I'll run  
you in—you and your girl friends, too."

\* \* \* \*

'43 Draftee: "I feel as though I'd like to  
punch that sergeant again."

Pal: "AGAIN?"

'43: "Yeh, I felt like it yesterday, too."

\* \* \* \*

*Definitions*Bigamist—One who makes the same mistake  
twice.Dromedary—An animal wearing a camel's hair  
zoot-zoot with a two-hump slump.Kiss—A noun, though often used as a conjunc-  
tion; it is never declined; it is more common  
than proper and is used in the plural and  
agrees with all genders.Forty—The age when a woman stops patting  
herself on the back and begins under the chin.A rich Englishman was standing in his library  
near the fireplace smoking his pipe when his  
best friend came in.

Friend—"I'm awfully sorry, old chap."

Englishman—"Sorry, old boy, for what?"

Friend—"Why, I heard you buried your wife  
last week."Englishman—"Oh, we had to, old boy. You  
see, she was dead."

\* \* \* \*

Customer (who has gone to the music depart-  
ment by mistake): "Do you have white thumb  
tacks?"New Clerk (after long search): "No, the  
nearest we have is "White Christmas," but if  
you'll tell us the composer, we'll order it."

\* \* \* \*

A stout lady boarding a trolley couldn't get  
through the door.A man getting off stopped and laughed at her  
efforts.Lady—"If you were half a man you would  
help me on."Man—"If you were half a woman you  
wouldn't need help."

\* \* \*

Dick White (at Observation Post): "Hey,  
Jim, report in this P-40!"Jim Killoran (picking up the phone): "Army  
flash—one—low—seen—"Dick: "Wait a minute! It just landed on the  
mill clock and cooed!"

\* \* \* \*

Ronald D: "I was going to Boston last week,  
but I dropped off at Waltham."Carbary: "Why didn't you go the rest of  
the way?"Ronald: "I couldn't hold on to the rods  
any longer."

\* \* \* \*

*Notice*We wish to announce that Mr. White has  
found a gremlin in the lower corridor at M. H.  
S. He's the one who holds on to the paper towels  
when you try to haul one out.

\* \* \* \*

"Mamma, don't men ever go to heaven?"  
asked the little girl.

"Of course they do! What makes you ask?"

"Well, I never saw any pictures of angels  
with whiskers.""Oh, that's because most men who go to  
heaven get there by a close shave."

G. Downen: "If you were to put on the lid, you wouldn't get so much dust in the soup."

Cook: "See here, me lad, your business is to serve the country."

G. Downen: "Yes, but not to eat it!"

\* \* \* \*

According to a writer in the Boston Globe a young prospect, taking his physical examina-

tion, was asked by the doctor if he could read the fourth line on the eye chart.

"Read it!" exclaimed the prospect. "Why, I know the guy personally. He played right guard for Fordham last fall."

\* \* \* \*

Teacher: "You can't sleep in my class."

Seniors: "We could if you didn't talk so loud."

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