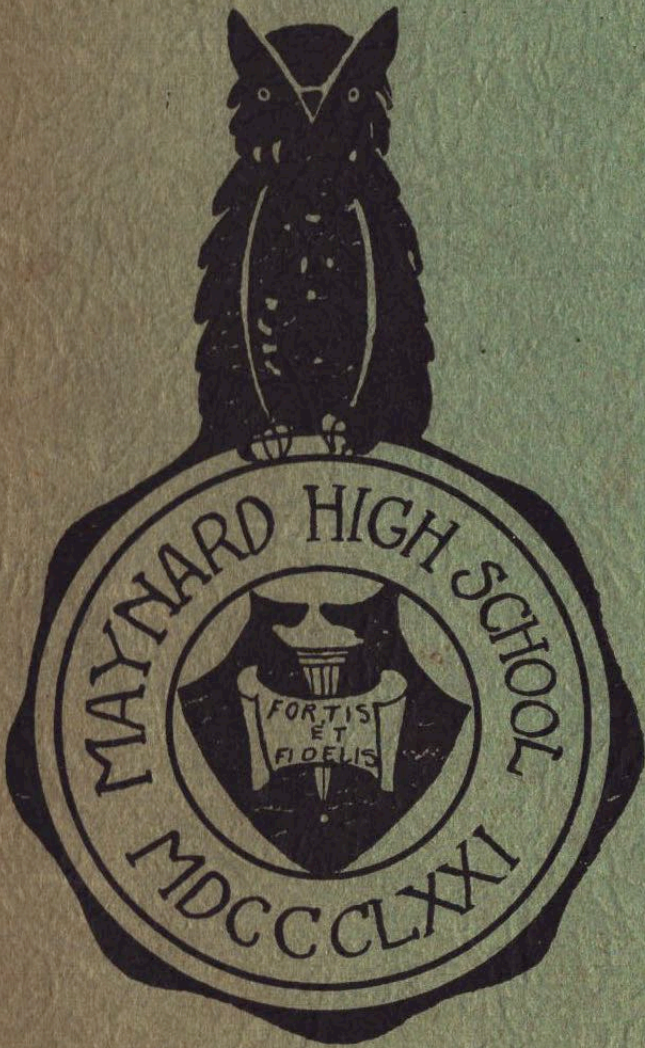


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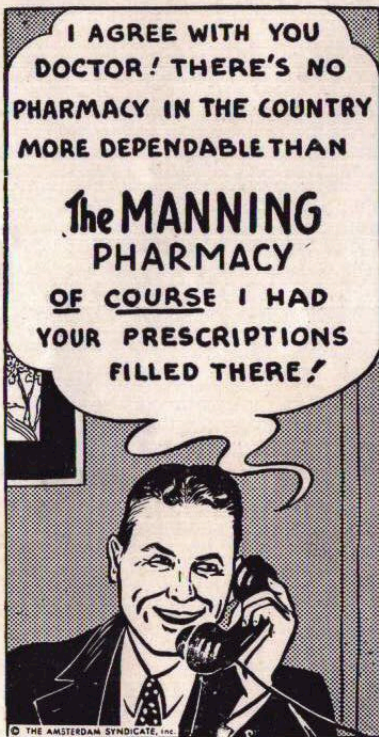
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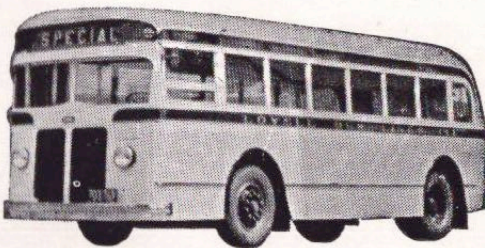


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THE SCREECH OWL

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

PRICE, 25 CENTS

DECEMBER, 1941

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Picture — Officers of the Class of 1945	6
Editorials	7
Literary	10
Alumni Notes	16
Athletics	19
Pictures — Football and Field Hockey Teams	21
Exchanges	24
On the Spot (Activities)	25
Wise Old Owl	27
Jokes	28

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WE, the Staff of *The Screech Owl*, being of un-
 sound minds, with tongues in our cheeks,
 and chips on our shoulders . . . hereby dedicate this
 issue to the *Class of 1945*.



PRESIDENT — ALBERT CROWLEY

Our President sometimes gets away from his executive duties by running down a marked field. After this run the score was — Maynard 6 - Marlboro 0.



VICE-PRESIDENT — ANN FLAHERTY

We know that the Vice-President's job in any organization is the easiest. This is a picture of Ann hard at work.



TREASURER — WILLIAM TITUS

The man with the "You-owe-me-something" look is on his way to collect. He should be in a hurry because the Freshman Class balance today is \$00.00.



SECRETARY — BARBARA GIBNEY

"Gib" would be an acceptable secretary in any office, but she is tied up now as the right hand woman of President Al. In the background we see chartered the ups and downs of the Freshman Class.

EDITORIALS

Co-operation

Co-operation! My dear Freshmen, do you know the meaning of that very important word? Do you realize that the success or failure of practically everything you undertake rests upon it? Whether it be at home, on the football field, or in the classroom, Co-operation is the key to Victory

Wouldn't it be fine to see eleven stalwart men on the gridiron, all fighting to carry the ball over for a touchdown and glory? In addition to these men, the men behind the lines should receive much credit.

I suppose when you see a play, you judge the success of the performance on the abilities of the actors and actresses themselves. Did you ever stop to think of the property managers, scenery hands, prompters, directors, and technicians? So you see, once again, it is the man behind the scenes, the man that knows the true meaning of Co-operation, who determines the outcome of everything.

And this holds true in the classroom. Teachers and pupils must work hand in hand in order to maintain a fine reputation for the school. You want to be proud of your Alma Mater, don't you, Class of '45? You have four more years to spend in good old Maynard High. It is up

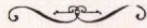
to you to take the responsibility to make this honorable institution better for the future. So — write your names in kindness and love on the hearts of those with whom you come in contact day by day, and you will never be forgotten. Your names and your good deeds will shine as the stars. The next time your spirits urge you to cut up in class, remember these words:

You may dream great dreams of the future
You may fashion and scheme and plan



But you'll never see your dreams come true
Unless you work with your fellow-man.

JEAN M. LYNCH, '42.
Editor.



Are There Any Gentlemen Today?

Are there any gentlemen today? To answer that question you first have to decide on the definition of a gentlemen.

Numerous articles have been written in vain attempts to define the word. As it is mostly a matter of opinion, they all differ. Some people think that a gentleman should have a nice personality, others think he should be a good conversationalist, and others demand naturalness. Perhaps the easiest way to define a gentleman is to list some of the things he shouldn't be or shouldn't do.

A gentleman is never inattentive; he never monopolizes the conversation; he is never deliberately disagreeable. He doesn't make witty or catty remarks at another's expense whether the object of his scorn be present or not. He never honks the horn of his car in front of his girl friend's door, and he never leaves his partner in the center of the floor at the end of a dance. He never "boos" at any sports events, and he is a strong supporter of his school. His elbows are not used in the school corridor, nor is he ever inconsiderate of a performer at any kind of assembly or program. A gentleman is very seldom conceited, but if he is he should be able to conceal it. Above all, he is always respectful to his elders.

Those whom we speak of as "born gentlemen" have a certain quality about them that sets them apart from others who are "book gentlemen." By "book gentlemen" I mean those who learned their manners from a book.

Now, can you answer my question, "Are There Any Gentlemen Today?"

ELEANOR DIMERY, '44.



Spirit!

It's not *what* you do, it's the *way* that you do it!—Could anything be truer? Any action, no matter how trivial it may be, is practically worthless if there is no spirit involved! To prove this point, can you—the average American student—honestly remember any instance when a successful outcome resulted—without spirit?

Take a social, for example. When a *successful* social committee meets, the first thing one notices is the enthusiastic spirit of the members. They are worrying about how much money they are going to make, and how they are going to obtain it, instead of sitting around saying that they just "dread to tackle the decorating," and that it will be "almost impossible to finish on time!" They not only know that their work will be completed in ample time, and that they will make as much money as ever (or more), but also, that they can assure everyone of an enjoyable time. This and only this indomitable spirit combined with a little work is what makes not only themselves but everyone else confident of their success.

In addition, these enthusiastic people, nine times out of ten, are the supporters of a successful football, hockey, or basketball team. An encouraging, cooperative group that implant in their players that desire to win the hard way—honestly!

Well, what are WE, the students of Maynard High going to do in regard to this "SPIRIT"? Before we decide, we should realize that any spirit that we put into a thing will not pass unnoticed. Who can forget what the Spirit of Notre Dame did for football, what the Spirit of '76 did for our country, and what the Spirit of Christmas Time did, and is doing, for mankind? Then why, fellow students, can't we be so inspired by these examples that sometime in the near future, we, too, shall be widely acclaimed for our own—"Spirit of Maynard High!"?

MARY ELLEN PUNCH, '42,
Assistant Editor.



Oral Compositions

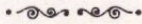
I wonder why it is that we all dread and fear getting up before the class and giving an oral composition. (We all do, don't we?) Is it bashfulness, lack of confidence, or is it just the natural dislike of being the center of attraction?

From my own experience I know what a strain it is before my turn comes to deliver an oral composition. I don't know just how to describe the funny sensations that seems to pass through me. For days ahead I read, study, and learn the composition until you would think that I could get up before a crowd of thousands and hold their attention for hours. Yet what happens? The fatal day arrives. It is my turn to recite and by the time I have

walked to the front of the class from my seat, I can feel my knees shaking, my hands perspiring, and my throat tightening. The first few words of the speech are very soft, and by the perplexed looks upon the faces of my audience, I realize that they can scarcely hear me. So I speak louder and with more and more confidence, until soon I am beginning to enjoy the whole idea. However, when the next time to recite comes, I go through torture once again.

I realize what a wonderful asset it is to be able to stand before a group and speak with ease and confidence on any subject, and for this reason, I ask you, if there is anyone who may happen to read this article, who enjoys giving an oral composition, will you please tell me, "HOW DO YOU DO IT?"

HELEN W. NOWICK, '42,
Assistant Editor.



Let's Call An End to Fear Stories and Act

Each and every one of us has encountered a fear at some time during our past lives. Per-

haps the feeling occurred when we were very young; nevertheless at one time or another, we all have felt the sensation of facing something that we were actually afraid of. We shall take for an example the fear of entering a room at bedtime without some indication of illumination. Or probably *your* pet fear was the neighborhood bully who tormented you when you passed by his house. Whatever you dreaded in your early childhood finally was outgrown, but there is one fear which has existed with most of us for eight or eleven years. It is the well known report card fear. Do I hear someone deny this? Well, if I do, I shall not be alarmed as it is only human to deny statements which we know are true, because they hurt our pride. It is probably that some students might say, "I never think of report card," and undoubtedly their teachers would agree with them. True, many students do not think of report cards until a few days before marks close, but I disagree with the fact that a report card *never* enters the minds of students. It seems to me that we have all at one time or another been affected by the embarrassment of displaying our report cards before our parents, and have been more than embarrassed by the procedure which followed. We have been downright afraid.

Now the problem in my mind is how to eliminate this fear. Of course, we could abolish report cards, but since that might be a little difficult to arrange, why don't we "catch the train" which is on the track in the direction of a *good* report card, and while we are doing so, make early connections with the "conductor" of good marks? Then none of us will be puffing and panting at the last minute and be placed in a rear seat of the train in the minds of our teachers and parents when report cards are due.

MARY MOYNIHAN, '45.





I Can Still Live

By EDITH SWARTZ, '42

A young girl, violin case in hand, made her way through the seething mass of humanity. Halfway across the street, she saw a car rushing madly toward her. She became paralyzed with fear. A blinding flash, a deafening crash—then the car sped on leaving in its wake—a crumpled heap.

Jane awoke one sunny morning with a terrific headache. To her surprise she discovered herself in a vault-like room. No, not a prison, but the private room of a hospital.

"How do you feel now?" asked a kindly nurse who had just glided in.

"I don't know," said Jane, "I—what am I doing here anyway?"

Then came the story of Jane's accident. As the nurse unraveled the tale, the horror of those terrible moments came upon Jane with blinding clarity. Having no idea of the extent of her injuries, Jane was stupified to learn that only a miracle could make it possible for her to walk again.

A bitter disillusioned Jane lay in a wheel chair a few months later. Her mind was thrashing around like a wild thing. What was the use of living? What was the use of anything without one's legs? She was a cripple, a person to be pitied, treated with deference. Oh, how she hated everybody. How she hated the person who had caused her to be in this condition. How she wished she could die. Death would be sweet compared to this living torture. She could no longer take part in the sports that she revelled in. The day was bleak, but no bleaker than Jane's mind.

"Jane, snap out of it. You've been brooding for the last ten or fifteen minutes."

"I can brood if I want to," snapped she. "Anyway, I didn't ask you to come."

"Jane, what's happened to you? What's happened to my cheerful little Jane?"

"Please go away, Jim, I can't stand any of your sympathy now."

"But, Jane, I didn't come to give you any sympathy. I—"

"Don't try to explain—and please GO."

Perplexed, Jim weakly shook his head and big good-bye to Jane. A very muffled "bye" came from the bed. Jim surveyed the girl for a moment longer, and then slowly went from the room.

She's sent him away, but that didn't make her feel any better. Jim had been her best friend, her old standby, since she could remember. What demon had taken possession of her brain to cause her to act like this to Jim of all people? Why couldn't she get this thing that was eating and gnawing at her all the time out of her system?

Days passed; Jane's state of mind grew more morbid. One day, Jane fell prey to the well known idea of ending her life. Jane grew happier, for in her mind's eye, she saw herself a heroine. After she was dead, people would remember her as the girl who ended her life so as not to be a burden on others. Jane shed a few tears of self-pity, or rather the thought of people crying and weeping for her took hold of her, and the tears were for the other people. She felt sad, but no longer morbid.

"I think the patient in Room 42 has taken something. It appears to be some poison," cried an agitated nurse. "She is in a coma, with convulsions coming every few minutes." The patient was rushed to the emergency ward. Dr. Ross applied the antidote and the stomach pump. And finally, life came back to Jane. Dr. Ross's skillful first aid treatment brought back to life a subdued and thoroughly chastened girl.

"Jane."

"Yes, Dr. Ross?"

"Why did you try to commit suicide?"

"What's the use of my living?"

"Have you no family, no friends?"

"I have a mother, father, and brother, and Jim."

"Who is Jim?"

"Who is Jim? The man I was engaged to."

"Are you being fair to Jim?"

"Do you think I'd tie him down to a crippled wife all his life? Do you actually believe that

I'd be selfish enough to do that to a man I loved?"

"I see," mused the doctor. "Jane, I'm going to tell you a story. You must listen very carefully, for I think that it will help you."

"Once there was a girl. She must have been about nineteen years old. She was a very spirited creature, always ready for fun. She lived for the pure joy of living. One day she was hurt quite badly. She could neither walk nor see after the accident. The accident had destroyed her optic nerve, and injured her spinal column.

"A young man was very much in love with this girl. What did it matter to him if she never walked or saw again? But nothing could make her see this. She wanted no pity from him or anybody else. She sent the young man away, and he, like a fool, went. The next day she was found dead. She committed suicide as the easiest way out.

"By taking her life, this girl broke her lover's heart. If she had lived, his love for her would have grown, not decreased, for her affliction would have made her dearer to him. But the girl did not know that. Some people said that she had done right. I could never believe that. God puts all people on this earth for a purpose. It is not for them to say whether they shall live or die. Fate has decreed their sentence." The doctor grew passionate, but stopping himself with great effort, asked —

"Do I bore you, Jane?" You see how your case is parallel to hers. You are one up on this girl, for you have your sight. Now you will have a much better chance to practice your violin. Yes, I know you have dreamed of being a great violinist. Dreams can come true, Jane. Look at all the time you will have—no outside activities to interfere. Try for my sake, Jim's sake, and your parent's sake. You won't be sorry, I promise you."

Dr. Ross went out, leaving a quiet girl, who knew instinctively that he was the young man of his story. How he must have suffered. A light came into Jane's eyes. Her violin — she hadn't thought of it before. Why—why—Dr. Ross was right. She did have something to live for, something to strive and dream for.

Two years later, sitting in a wheel chair upon a stage and looking down on a vast audience, Jane played for her first concert. After every number, the auditorium reverberated with applause, and when she had played her simple finale, the audience stood and shouted her name. Could she really believe that *she*, poor Jane, was the recipient of these cheers?

Astir with an emotion that she had never before felt or imagined, she sought a friendly face in the audience. In the front row, she found Dr. Ross — and recalling in an instant that he had made this great moment possible for her, she wanted to reach him, to tell him that this was his success, not hers. She put her violin on the table beside her, she placed her hands on the arms of her chair, she stood, and then she stepped toward him. The audience practically stampeded the hall with delight, for their future idol had walked — had really walked. Amazed and frightened, she sank back into the chair. Her love and faith for all mankind grew as she experienced not one, but two great victories.

* * *

Wanderer's Justice

By LEO E. WIRKKANEN

It had been twenty years since he had been there, twenty years which he had spent buried in the dark, gloomy prison. Now he was going back. He was no longer a young man, he was forty-five years old, a bitter, hard, old man. He, Gregory MacLane, had killed a man who was one of the lowest specimens of the human race, a man who had robbed and killed wanderers and prospectors on the desert until finally Gregory had knifed him in a fight. Then the law, which was composed by the chief's friends, convicted him to twenty years in prison.

He was back on the desert. He had bought food, equipment, and supplies, and had filled his flasks with precious water, and had set out to punish the men who had imprisoned him.

Under the scorching sun he walked on and on, with an eager gleam brightening his formerly steady unemotional eyes as they recognized familiar landmarks unchanged by the shifting sands.

Off in the distance he saw a speck which, as he rapidly approached, turned into two men partly covered with sand and apparently lifeless. Their horribly swollen lips and blackened tongues showed that they had suffered severely from thirst. After he had nursed them for days, they were able to speak so that they could be understood. They said that they were John Black and Henry Stone, and that they had lost their way and run out of water.

The names seared through Gregory's mind like fire. Here were the two scoundrels who had put him into the jail where for twenty

years he had seen no one but the keepers. His suppressed rage smouldered within him, drawing beads of cold sweat to his brow and causing his face to pale. He now could avenge his long term of suffering, for the two men were quite helpless.

He drew his gun and aimed, but he paused; his hand trembled. Lowering the weapon, he sat down and lapsed into deep retrospective thought. For a long time he sat there struggling with the conflicting ideas which entered his mind, but finally he arose. His eyes no longer held that fanatical gleam; they were clear and quiet.

He went to his burro, took food and two flasks of water, left them beside the men, and trudged off into the dusk muttering, "God, what a fool I've been."

* * *

Freshmen

By BARBARA MARCHANT, '45

We Freshmen don't fit here at all.
The Seniors really have such gall.
They think they own this school of ours.
They sit and tease us by the hours.
They think we are a lot of babies
When really we're young men and ladies.
We know that some of us are small,
In three more years, we will be tall.
They have no right to make such fuss
'Cause they were Freshmen long 'fore us!

* * *

The Operation

By ESTHER MARK, '42

The siren of the City Hospital ambulance rang out through the crowded streets of the metropolis. Inside of the car was a victim of a hit-and-run driver.

Efficiency reigned in the hospital. In no time at all the patient was lying unconscious in a white bed while doctors conferred outside her door.

"We'll have to amputate," solemnly announced Dr. Willoby, head surgeon. "Her fingers are entirely crushed."

"But to take away her fingers, the way she most likely makes her livelihood!" answered Dr. Harrison.

Dr. Arnof broke in — "What can we do? Who she is we have no way of knowing. We cannot get in touch with her relations. Is the

hospital going to assume the responsibility? Another thing I want to know is how long can we wait?"

"It may be days before she regains consciousness. It's now or never," replied Willoby.

Dr. Caldwell had an idea which he expressed to his colleagues. "Why not substitute her toes for her fingers as we did in that case of the patient who caught his fingers in the pressing machine? That man is now happy. He is still able to work at his former job; there is no noticeable disfigurement on his hands, and no one but his family ever sees his toes. Don't you think this plan would be better?"

"Why didn't I think of that before?" exclaimed Willoby. "We'll do it. Now all we need is the permission of Bloomingthal, since he is head of the hospital."

So it was done. New fingers had the beautiful brunette patient but at the expense of her toes. Nothing had been learned of her identity, and for five days after the operation she was unaware of all that had happened to her.

Upon regaining consciousness, she inquired in a voice of authority, "What has happened? Where am I? I demand to know!" She spoke with a European accent.

Doctor Willoby began to tell her of her accident. When he came to the part of substituting her toes for her fingers, the eyes of the patient opened wide with horror as she screamed. The doctors, needless to say, were puzzled over her reaction.

"What is the matter? Would you not rather have your hands and fingers than your toes?" they asked while consoling her.

Finally between chokes and sobs, they heard her story.

She was Pavlowa, the famous toe dancer.

* * *

The Last Patrol

By FRANK FINIZIO, '43

On May 24, 1940, the sky over London was grey with anti-aircraft fire. British warplanes successfully breaking up a formation of Nazi bombers, swarmed through the sky. Looking out from an air raid shelter were Jimmy Parsons and his six buddies, pilots in the Lucky Seven Squadron of the R. A. F.

"Boy I'd like to be up there getting a crack at those 'Jerries,'" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Don't worry," answered Bob Martland, "we're all back on duty next week, and then

we'll show them it isn't healthy to pick a fight with an Englishman and furthermore—."

Just then Bob was interrupted by shouts from Arnold Davidson.

"Look! It's plane coming down in flames, it looks like one of ours. Yes, it is one of ours! It's going to crack up in that field. Let's go!"

The boys climbed out from the shelter and ran to the scene of the tragedy. When they reached the plane, it was a burning mass of flames. Arthur Winters found the pilot lying about twenty feet from the plane.

"He's still breathing," shouted Arthur.

Jimmy ran over to Arthur and the pilot, and in a few seconds they had taken off his helmet and loosened his flying suit.

"Will you look who it is!" exclaimed Arthur. "It's Captain Hamilton — our commander."

"Don't make any noise you fellows," said Jimmy, "He's trying to say something."

Captain Hamilton opened his eyes, took a breath and murmured, "Von Riechoff—," and then fell into a deep sleep from which he was never to awaken.

"Did you hear that fellows," exclaimed Jimmy. "It was Von Riechoff. I'll get that swine if it takes my whole lifetime to do it."

A week passed by, and at 6:48 A.M. on this particular day, the Lucky Seven Squadron were warming up their motors. They were ready for a hard day of patrolling. At 7:12 they took off. They flew around for two hours and were ready to give up. Suddenly roaring through the sky, a formation of enemy bombers were spotted flying toward London. Quickly the British planes climbed for altitude. When they were directly over the formation, they dived, pouring white hot lead at them. One Nazi plane was hit, and it went screaming to the earth in a mass of flames. The Nazi fighter planes were climbing for altitude now, and just then Jimmy spotted Von Riechoff and two other planes blasting Bob Martland with cannon shot and machine gun bullets. Jimmy dived his plane down to help Bob. He got a Nazi ship in his gun sights and let the lead fly. The plane went down, spinning to the earth out of control. Jimmy was about to go after Von Riechoff when he saw Bob's plane go into a tailspin. He followed his plane down and landed in a pasture. He ran to Bob's plane and found it a twisted mass of steel. He started walking back to his plane and saw Von Riechoff diving at him with machine guns blazing. Jimmy crumbled to the ground, shot in cold blood by Von Riechoff. Three days

later he opened his eyes in a field hospital. The doctor was standing over him taking his temperature.

"You had a narrow escape," said the doctor. "You had three bullets in your chest."

"When can I get out of here doc?" Jimmy whispered in a pitiful tone.

"You're a pretty sick man," said the doctor. "You won't be able to see action for at least a year."

A year later on June 3, 1941, Jimmy was allowed to go to the air field. There he saw Arthur Winters adjust his flying suit. Arthur was getting ready to climb into his Spitfire when he spotted Jimmy and quickly ran toward him.

"Why you old son-of-a-gun!" shouted Arthur. "Where have you been all these months?"

"I was in the hospital for seven months and took it easy for five. But I'm ready for action now. Where are the other fellows?"

Arthur's face grew sad and long. "Von Riechoff got them. He and that squadron of his have been doing an awful lot of damage around here."

"I vowed I'd get him, and I will," said Jimmy in a very bitter tone. "I have a plan that I think will click, if you'll help me."

"Why, sure I will, I'll do anything to get that blasted Riechoff," answered Arthur. "What's your plan?"

"It's sure death," replied Jimmy. "Do you still want to help?"

"Don't ask such silly questions," answered Arthur.

"O. K. then. Tomorrow morning about 4 A.M., we'll load up two Spitfires and strap some medium bombs to the wings, fly across the channel, and pay a little visit to our friend Von Riechoff."

"Oh, I get it," exclaimed Arthur.

The next morning two planes took off on a one-way trip. They were the two remaining boys from the Lucky Seven Squadron who were going to avenge the death of their squadron. At seven A. M. they reached Riechoff's air drome in Occupied France and started dropping bombs. Jimmy hit the hangers where the bombers were kept. Arthur was concentrating on the barracks and the anti-aircraft guns. They bombed and machine gunned everything in sight until there wasn't a shack standing.

They started toward home, feeling pleased at the destruction they had done, when they sighted eight fighter planes from a different air

drome. They climbed for altitude but too late, the Nazi planes were already on them. Arthur was defenseless. His ammunition had given out. A minute later Arthur was down in flames. Jimmy had only a hundred rounds of ammunition left and he dove at Arthur's foe. He sighted him and let him have every last bullet that was left. Jimmy knew the end had come, but he didn't care. This was his last patrol. He and Arthur had destroyed Von Riechoff, and now he was the last one of the Lucky Seven Squadron. They were not to get Jimmy without a fight. He climbed for altitude and dived on a Nazi ship. Coming down at 500 M.P.H. he rammed into it. Both planes went down in a twisted mass of flames, and with them was recorded the end of Lucky Seven Squadron and Von Riechoff.

* * *

Mistaken Identity

By MARY SHARPE, '43

Miss Abigail Shaw, prim and fortyish, had just returned from Parsons' Meat Market, with a week's supply of meat, as well as all the latest gossip. Abbie did her shopping on Wednesday, so that when the Nifty Knitters met on Wednesday night, she would be prepared to dish out the latest doings of the town. Tonight she could hardly wait for the meeting time to come around. She had just heard that the couple who had moved to town a few weeks ago had quarreled.

Now, young Mrs. Martin was Abbie's pet peeve. When she first came to Thompsonville, Abbie immediately paid her a visit (out of curiosity) to ask her to join the "Knitters." She had politely refused. Mrs. Martin told Abbie she wanted to get settled before she took part in any activities. But long-nosed Abigail didn't take it very well. From then on, Alice Martin was a social outcast as far as Abbie and her friends were concerned.

Abbie took off her hat which had reposed squarely on top of her stiff, almost bristly, graying pug. Getting the old feather duster, she set about putting the antique-like room in order. Looking at the clock which had hung on the wall at same rakish angle for twenty-three years, she saw that it was almost six-twenty. In ten minutes the knitting club would begin the fifty-seventh of their weekly meetings.

Just at this moment, the telephone which was on a party line, rang. Abbie jumped with

surprising agility. Holding the receiver close to her, so as not to miss any of the conversation, she stood rigid. One of the voices was that of Mrs. Turner, who had befriended Alice Martin. Abbie was sure of that. Hadn't she been listening in on the Turner telephone conversations for the last ten years? Then she recognized the other voice as belonging to Alice Martin. They seemed to be discussing something of importance. Abbie couldn't tell just what.

"I'll call you at eight o'clock and tell you how it worked out, Mrs. Turner."

"I'll be waiting, Alice. Be careful how you handle it. Good-bye."

Disappointed, Abigail put the telephone back on its hook. Eight o'clock, eight o'clock—the words kept turning over and over in her mind. She vowed to listen at the appointed hour. I wonder what she means by, "tell you how it worked out," mused Abbie.

At this moment, the shrill ringing of the doorbell broke in on her jumbled thoughts. Pressing a few strands of disorderly hair in place, she regained her composure and opened the front door.

It was now seven-thirty, and for one hour Abbie had sat on the edge of her chair waiting for eight o'clock to come around. The other busy bodies knew that something was amiss, and they questioned her. Sharp-tongued Abbie didn't need much persuasion to divulge her secret. Clarabelle, Lucy, Martha, Jennifer, and old Mrs. Hopkins twittered and buzzed with anticipation at this new bit of gossip.

Usually the club broke up at eight o'clock sharp, because: Jennifer had to see that her children went to bed, Clarabelle took her "New Outlook on Life" medicine at that time, and old Mrs. Hopkins' asthma started bothering her about that time in the evening.

The sudden ringing of the telephone brought on a silence unusual for these gossip mongers. With trembling fingers Abigail Shaw picked up the instrument which had kept her well informed of her neighbors' doing for years.

"Hello, Mrs. Turner? I poisoned him!"

With gaping mouth and wide-eyed terror, Abigail dropped the phone! She remembered about the argument between Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

The "Nifty Knitters" had heard every word, and in the ensuing excitement, they were helpless. Only Abigail seemed capable of carrying out what seemed to be her duty. Not knowing how long the telephone line would be busy, she grabbed her hat and started off on the run for

the police station. What a comical sight! Abigail Shaw, long legs fairly flying in the air, was racing down the street, with the Nifty Knitters close behind. However, this was no time for comedy. Breathless and speaking incoherently, Abbie fairly flew in upon the red-faced, bulbous-nosed police chief! After obtaining a clear view of what had happened, Chief McCarthy called upon his homicide squad, and away they went. Somehow they had managed to crowd all of the "Knitters" into the police wagon.

Sirens screaming, they careened from one side of the street to the other, arriving with an abrupt stop in front of the Martin home! McCarthy ran up the front steps and pounded on the door, yelling with an officious air, "Open the door in the name of the law!"

With a puzzled look on her pretty face, Alice Martin opened the door.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Alice.

"You're under arrest for the murder of your husband! Mrs. Turner will be seized as an accomplice!" replied the chief.

"For the murder of whom?" asked smiling Tom Martin, as he appeared in the doorway!"

The Knitters shrieked, and the chief stutered.

"Explain the meaning of this Abigail Shaw!" bellowed McCarthy. "You've made fools of me and my squad!"

"But I heard her say on the telephone that she poisoned him!" muttered the dazed woman.

"Please, let me explain," said Alice. "We've been troubled with a mouse lately, and Mrs. Turner suggested I use poison on him. I called her up to tell her that it worked."

Upon hearing this, the group turned accusingly to Abbie, but Abigail Shaw had quietly and unceremoniously fainted.

* * *

"The Pleasures of Being Sixteen"

By E. A. KING, '42

Diana had always wanted to attend the Christmas Festival held annually by the elders of her community. As long as she could remember, it was a greatly talked of event, and she could hardly wait for the day when she would be old enough to go. Children had never been allowed to attend, and everyone went in groups of four or eight. It was now two weeks before Christmas, and the time was drawing near. Diana and her girl friend, Marge, having both turned sixteen, would be

allowed to go, but as yet they hadn't been invited. At this present moment they were discussing the festival.

Diana was speaking excitedly to Marge. "Well then, how about Reddy White? Maybe he'll ask you to go."

"Not that sissy," replied Marge. "I wouldn't go with him, and anyway, his mother will pick out some demure girl for him to take."

Both seemed in deep thought as they tried to solve their problem of finding some eligibles, and then Diana said, "Oh gee!! and Mary Hamilton told me that besides the old-fashioned dance and huskying bee that if it snows, there will be a sleigh ride first — I guess it's no use though. It doesn't look as though we'll go."

"None of the boys around here are any good anyway. I wouldn't go if any of them asked me," replied Marge, more or less defending their apparent unpopularity.

From the hallway where Diana's mother had been talking with someone, she entered the living-room where the girls sat drooped over the chairs, pouting, and wishing they were dead.

"Why whatever is the matter with you two girls? You look as though you had lost your best friend." Diana's mother paused a moment and then continued, "No, don't answer, I know what the matter is and it is all solved. Diana, you remember Dad's old college friend, John Peabody? Well, he is coming to take Dad to their class reunion which is the week-end of the festival. He is going to leave his wife and two sons here while he's gone. The boys are sixteen and seventeen. I told Mrs. Peabody all about the big festival, and the boys said they wanted to go——. Now run along and tell your friends about your invitation to attend, and I don't have to explain to you how to tell your story, as I'm sure you'll make it a good one."

* * *

Suffering For Wisdom

By VIRGINIA EDWARDS, '42

Have you ever in past experiences, felt that you'd like to quietly murder the person or poet who chimed in with "Isn't nature wonderful?"

Personally, I've always agreed with him until a week or so ago, when I found myself

(Continued on page 32)



ALUMNI NEWS



Maynard High is proud of its alumni who are taking an active part in our armed forces. Below we present a partial list of those who have recently entered the service of our country. We do not guarantee that this list is complete.

1929

Howard Littlefield King

1932

William H. Ledgard

1933

Joseph Henry Schnair
Joseph John Trebendis
Charles Arvo Sirvio
Michael Ignachuk
John F. Thompson

1934

Joseph White
Joseph D. Rakiey
Theodore Nathan Bachrach
James Rodger Fraser
Benny Michael Sofka

1935

Joseph John Lickorai
Robert Benedict Duggan
Elmer William Salenius
Roy Gordon Lent
Charles Olavi Sulkala
Vincent Peter Labowicz

1936

Penti J. Hakala
Bronislaw R. Mikutajcis
Joseph W. Petrowski
Weikko A. Reini
Benjamin Pakus
Charles Felix Kulevich
Nicholas Paul Kavalchuk
Reino Arthur Tumanen
Nicholas Demitri Rudziak
Felix Paul Lickorai
George Richard Swanson

1937

Eino Everett Raikunen
Howard Everett Boeske
John Kuchun
William Frederick Palmer
Edward Joseph Boltrukiewciz
John Girdziewski

1938

Lauri Pekkala
Francis Bradford Parker
Frank Mikolajczyk

1939

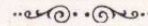
Lauri E. Toivonen
Guissepe Catania

1940

John Edward Miller
Frank Novick

1941

Guy Vernon Emro



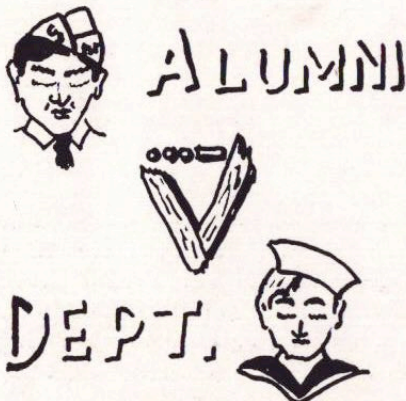
Oct. 31, 1941
Fort Bragg, N. C.

Dear Editor:

Having been in the National Guard before, I found most of the Army stuff was old at the beginning of my year's service. Since then, I have learned plenty. My preliminary training of 13 weeks started on March 14 and ended in June. During that time I learned to march, handle a rifle, pistol, machine gun, and mortar. Each day I went to the Firing Range to improve my marksmanship. Even though I didn't win any prizes, I had a lot of fun. During all this time I was being toughened up, living under Army conditions and eating their food.

Life was pretty good, getting through work at 4:30 each day, every night to myself, going home week-ends, until we started to go out on problems. These problems were the test. Could I put into practice what I had learned or couldn't I? I soon found out that I had to know plenty and endure certain hardships — nights without sleep and days of marching to a point where I was dead tired and ready to quit.

The schedule called for a month's maneuvers at Camp Devens. Here I began to see what real conditions during war could be like. We ate out of mess kits every day and slept in



tents that were plenty ventilated. No more dishes for a long time.

It was in Devens that I became a Corporal. My worries began. I not only had to keep myself on the ball, but I had 6 other men to take charge of. These 6 men and myself comprised a gun crew for a 81MM Mortar. We were the 1st Squad of the 4th platoon in Co. M, 181st Inf., 26th Division.

Soon October came and I found myself on my way to North Carolina for two months' maneuvers. Let me tell you now—this is real tough. Here, I sleep on the ground, no such thing as a bed or a cot. There is no time to relax or loaf with the exception of week-ends. Convoys are arranged each week-end to take a certain number of men to the nearest city to stay with people in their private homes. I can't tell you in words how wonderful these people have been and how they have gone out of their way to entertain us.

In the last few weeks that I have gone out on problems, I have actually wished that I had never seen the Army. There have been times when I haven't seen food for 27 hours and sleep for 3 days. I had to wade through muddy rivers and go through woods that were like the Florida Everglades. Snakes galore.

All this is forgotten when you return to base camp and get a shower (in ice cold water) and get a beef stew in your stomach. All these hardships are just something of the past. In about an hour from now the 181st Combat Team will go out on a problem that will take us up to next Friday. Yes, it will be tough, but Friday is Pay-Day and that makes it easier.

Sincerely,

CORP. CHARLES KULEVICH.
Headquarters Dept., C.A.S.C.

* * *

Fort H. G. Wright, N. Y.
October 27, 1941

Dear Editor:

It was indeed a surprise to hear from you. Glad to be of some help to the good 'ole Screech Owl, not forgetting a line from the School Song — "we will give you the best that is in us."

My life in the Army resembles a "World Wide Class Play Competition" and I have a small part in one of the greatest dramas ever produced.

Try outs for different parts—Recruit Reception Centers. Rehearsals, day after day for the part selected. Stage fright, mistakes and misunderstandings are also found in the Army — human nature no doubt.

Anyone familiar with producing a play knows that during the preparation comes hard work and perhaps another play within a play. Scenes which are real and only known to the actors. Some may be tragic, others may be humorous—those, we have in Army, too.

We are still in rehearsal, but the Stage is ready for the "opening night." The equipment and "prop" are all set. Critics, as usual, are casting their opinions before hand—praising or condemning it. The date has not been announced—it may come on short notice and then again, the Producers may decide not to put it on after all. Some of the Cast are cool, others nervous. As for the public, some are anxious and interested — others don't care.

There is only one Critic that knows the qualities and the winner of the Plays which are entered in this imaginary "Class Play Competition" and only He knows whether or not there will be an "opening night."

As one of the "bit" players, I'm proud of have a part in Uncle Sam's contribution to the Contest. With the valuable experience, which is not all adventure and the cooperation of the cheering audience — we can win.

Sincerely yours,

CORP. BENNY SOFKA,
Class of '34.

* * *

Fort Strong, Mass.
October 31, 1941

Dear Editor:

As many of you already know, I enlisted in the Coast Artillery Corps of the United States Army about a year ago. After my allotted time in recruit training, the process by which a civilian with his peculiar habits is changed into a soldier or at least something resembling one, I found myself attached to Battery "A" of the

9th Coast Artillery Corps. I am still attached to that battery and now hold the rank of Corporal.

Battery "A" is designated as a mine laying battery which means that our function in the defense of our harbors is to lay a barrage of mines across the navigable entries to the port. Many of you probably had the impression that such a project was undertaken by the Navy, but this is not true, as the greater portion of mines within the range of the huge guns defending our coast are laid by the Army.

It is a particularly hazardous and interesting branch of the service — much more fun than the humdrum life of the foot soldier. My particular assignment during the laying down of a field of mines is that of Chief of Side. In the course of this project, several boats are used, the largest actually dropping the mines overboard, half from one side, half from the other. Whence comes my title. In other words, I am in charge of the crew engaged in dropping the mines from the port side and as such am responsible for their safety and for seeing the work is done correctly in order that the mines will function properly.

In closing, and with justifiable pride, may I state that we are the best mine planting battery in the world and as such have been commended by some of the highest ranking Generals in the Army and by the Official Coast Artillery Journal.

Yours for the duration,

PENTTI J. HAKALA, '36.

* * *

8 Months Later
By Candle Light
Nov. 6, 1941

Dear Editor:

On March 5, 1941, I found myself tossed, with hundreds of other bewildered souls, into Uncle Sam's new army of selectees, at Camp Edwards. There followed for the next few months the seemingly endless, and to me, tireless and tedious task of basic training; marching, rifle schools, first aid, and all phases of infantry field work such as scouting, patrols, cover, and concealment. Words which to the average civilian mean little.

Life in the barracks was much like home except the food. You get up at 5:30 a. m. (they were lucky to roll me out by 5:55), have breakfast, go to work, have dinner, then more work, training, and then supper. The difference between army life and civilian life was that the pay was little and the freedom less.

Maneuvers are interesting and here one soon learns to appreciate the minor luxuries of life. It's not always easy to make a canteen of water do for drinking, washing, and shaving. One of the three must be done away with, and oh! how nice on a cold, rainy, night to crawl into a soft warm bed instead of flopping down under a Carolina pine with the rain forming puddles under your back and a tin helmet for a pillow!

All in all though, I believe that at the end of my year, (I hope) I will look back on many pleasant memories, although they will be far out numbered by ones I'd rather forget.

If and when I return to civilian life, I'll be good for only two things: either a mailman (who said the modern infantry was mechanized), or I'll take in washing!

In closing, I'd like to add that the best times I ever had while in the Army were from 12 noon Saturday till 12 Midnite Sunday — the extent of a week-end home.

Sincerely,

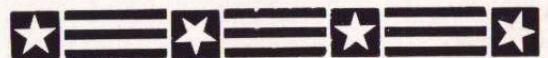
WILLIAM PALMER.



FOR DEFENSE . . .

BUY

United States
Savings Stamps





September 27 Belmont 7 - Maynard 0

The first game of the season found Maynard at the short end of a 7 to 0 score. When one compares the size of the Belmont team with the lighter Maynard team, he finds that the Maynard eleven made a very good first impression.

The usual fumbles, passes, long runs, and towering kicks were witnessed by a large opening game crowd. Franny Crowley made the longest run of the game. Phil Buscemi threw the passes to our ends. On the defense, Walt Higgins and Vic Kizik showed up very well in backing the line. The line men who were Molloy, Gruber, Wallack, Tomyle, Greeno, and Dudzinski, did their job in breaking through for the tackles. Maynard went down in defeat, but Belmont knew they had met a tough, game-worthy foe.

Capt. Caskie of Belmont tallied the lone score on a 12 yard jaunt off tackle. Belmont converted the point. Final score 7-0.

October 4 Maynard 8 - Natick 7

Maynard's inexperienced team defeated Natick at Alumni Field by the small margin of one point. It was one of the hardest fought battles ever seen at Alumni Field. The initial score came in the first quarter when Maynard's quarter back, Phil Buscemi, took the ball over for a touchdown after the team making a gain on every play had marched right up the field without stopping. Maynard missed the point after the touchdown when the kick was blocked by a Natick linesman.

In the second quarter, Maynard was on Natick's *two* yard line. Natick tried an end run when Waluck, Maynard's left tackle, "nailed" him behind the goal line for a touch-back, which made the score 8-0 in favor of Maynard.

In the third quarter Natick scored after a brilliant run by their full-back. They threw a short pass over the line for the extra point, making the score 8-7 in favor of the "orange and black".

October 13 Hudson 7 - Maynard 0

Hudson defeated Maynard on Alumni Field on October 13, by seven points. Hudson was outplayed three-quarters of the game, but that one quarter was all they needed. They began a 76 yard march which ended with a touchdown. The touchdown occurred when Videto, the Hudson quarter-back threw a pass to Coolidge, the right end. The extra point was kicked by Joe Rezo, the Hudson fullback. Maynard on two different occasions marched down the field making gain after gain but were stopped by the *powerful* Hudson team. We'll try again next year.

October 18 Concord 7 - Maynard 6

Concord defeated Maynard for the first time in four years. Their team was heavier than usual, and under their new coach's supervision, they played good football.

Maynard's touchdown occurred when Albert Crowley ran through the center of the line, 30 yards, for a touchdown.

Monduole brought the ball over for Concord in the first quarter. The Concordites made their point after the touchdown when they passed instead of kicked.

The Maynard defense was very strong with Walt Higgins and Vic Kizik backing up the line. Maynard was down in the Concord territory several times but couldn't score. A good game and a good score—at least for Concord.

October 25 Winchester 27 - Maynard 0

The heavier and more experienced Winchester team defeated Maynard at Winchester by a large margin.

Captain Provonsano starred for Winchester with his long runs, while Buscemi and Flaherty took the ball to make most of the gains for Maynard. Provonsano made two of the touchdowns for Winchester, while West made the other two. Jackson kicked the points. The

second team for Winchester saw plenty of action.

November 11 Maynard 6 - Marlboro 0

Maynard defeated Marlboro in an unexpected victory at Alumni Field on Armistice Day. Maynard was the underdog but came out the victors. The victors were outplayed from the start to the finish. The first quarter resulted in Maynard taking the ball right up the field making gain after gain, but the Mill Towners were stopped when Maynard fumbled and Marlboro recovered.

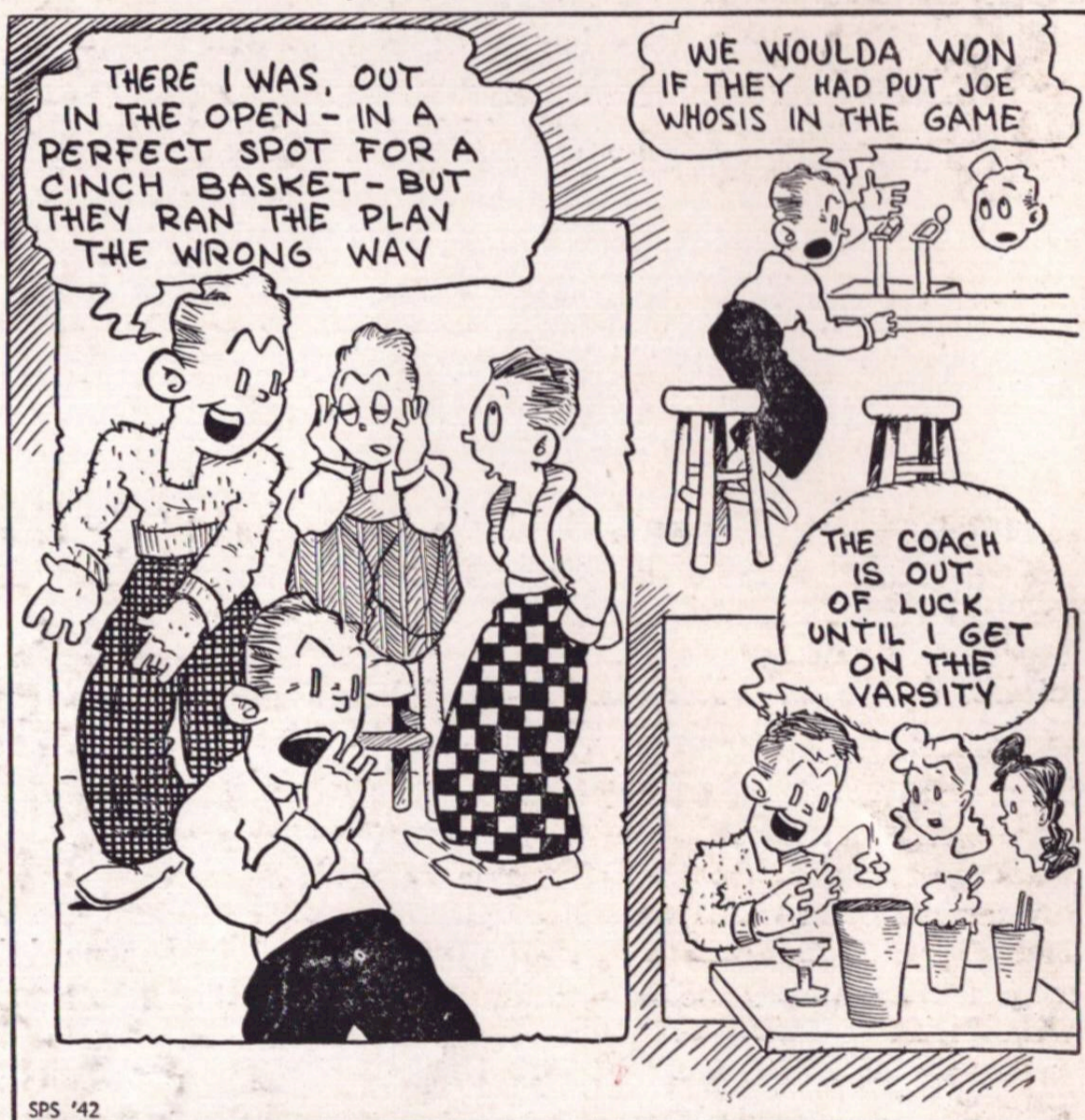
Maynard's score came in the third quarter, when Al Crowley, freshman fullback, took the ball off tackle, stumbled, regained his balance, and ran forty yards for a touchdown. Maynard smashed Marlboro's offense with a four-man line and with four men backing-up the line. Everyone played a good game with Baker, Kizik, Buscemi, Kugima, and Crowley in the backfield. Buscemi did the passing and kicking for the team. Captain Higgins, Molloy, Gruber, Tomy, Walluck, Dudzinski, and Greeno made up the line and were the unseen heroes of the game.

Buscemi threw a pass to Greeno, left end. The second score for Maynard came in the third period when Baker, fullback, took the ball through center for six points. A pass, thrown in an attempt for the point was knocked down.

Milford's score came in the fourth period when Oats took the ball on a quarter-back sneak play right through center. Oats attempted to convert for the point, but his kick was low. Too bad!!

November 20 Clinton 26 - Maynard 0

The Stalwart Sons of the Orange and Black journeyed to Clinton on November 20,



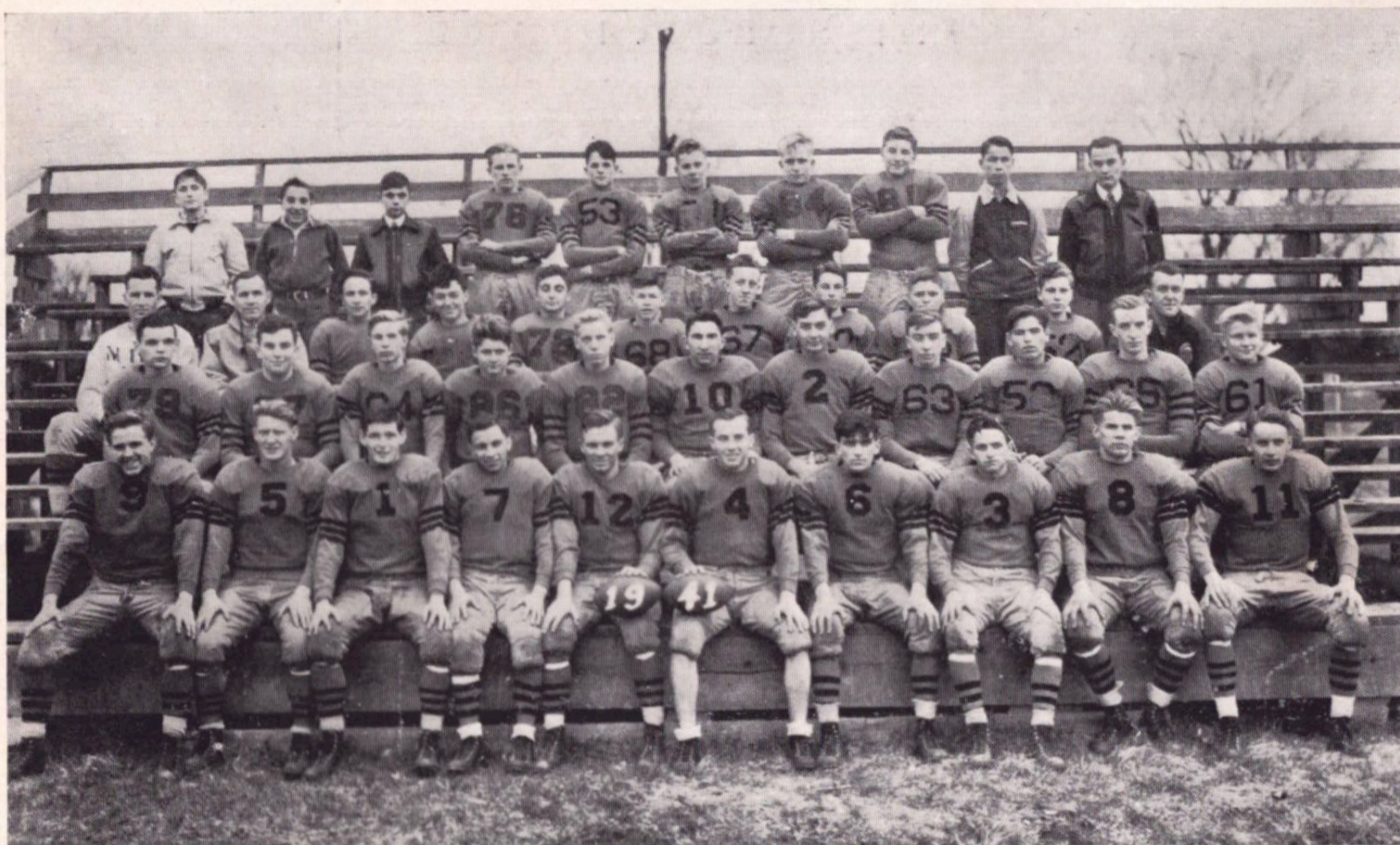
November 15 Maynard 13 - Milford 6

On November 15, Maynard scored another victory in the Midland league which gave them a record of three wins and one loss, with one game to go. The Clinton Maynard game was to decide the championship of the league.

The Milford boys were big. Oats was their star player. Maynard's first score came in the first period when Buscemi ran off tackle for a touchdown. The point was made when Bus-

Buscemi threw a pass to Greeno, left end. The second score for Maynard came in the third period when Baker, fullback, took the ball through center for six points. A pass, thrown in an attempt for the point was knocked down. Milford's score came in the fourth period when Oats took the ball on a quarter-back sneak play right through center. Oats attempted to convert for the point, but his kick was low. Too bad!!

Thanksgiving morning, and received a thorough trouncing at the hands of the green shirted boys of Clinton. Maynard showed considerable first-half strength and managed to keep the score down to 6-0. The second half was all Turkey for Clinton, as they scored around the ends, through the middle, and through the air. The many injuries which hindered Maynard throughout the season, enabled the Clinton team to filter through the jagged line of defense to make their many



FOOTBALL SQUAD

First Row: Left to right, V. Kizik, H. Tomy, M. Molloy, P. Buscemi, Capt. Higgins, Capt. Crowley, A. Greeno, A. Kugima, A. Baker, D. Dudzinski; Second Row: G. Nowick, J. Segal, F. Spence, E. Hooper, D. Hanson, M. Gruber, S. Waluck, A. Crowley, T. Carey, R. Flaherty, A. Maki; Third Row: Ass't Coach O'Donnell, Coach Sawyer, P. Rich, F. DiGrappa, F. Finizio, J. Emro, A. LeSage, H. Richardson, A. Poulson, A. Morrill, Head Coach Vodoklys; Fourth Row: Ass't Managers H. King, L. Buscemi, R. Dawson, F. Esalonis, H. Lyons, G. Larson, J. Tobin, A. Taryma, Ass't Manager A. Twombly, Manager G. Doel.



FIELD HOCKEY SQUAD

First Row: Left to right, E. Russo, R. Garside, R. Croft, K. Crotty, T. Mariano, A. Hamlin, E. Swartz, H. Smaha, E. Perry, M. Schwenke; Second Row: Ass't Manager D. Newman, E. Burgess, M. Smith, O. Kuchun, M. Lawler, S. Piecewicz, Coach Mahoney, D. Fayton, E. King, E. Greeno, A. White, Manager V. Edwards; Third Row: B. Murphy, J. Palaima, H. Whalen, H. Lynch, A. Brown, A. Walls, G. Hinds, P. Louka, S. Koskinen, V. Whitney, N. Mikolayczyk; Fourth Row: R. Hanson, B. Marchant, B. Croft, S. Bain, S. Babb, A. Syvanen, M. Hanson, B. McLane, J. Crowdle, V. Carey, M. Terrasi, N. Loughlin, E. Hekkala.



“Listen my children . . .”

scores. When the whistle blew the Maynard boys found themselves on the short end of a powerful score, and were more than glad to go home to the consolation of a good turkey feed.

Field Hockey Team



As another football season rolls into History, we wish to say that we are proud of Coach Vodokleys, who welded a good team out of limited material.

A short cheer for Coach Vodokleys and his assistants, Coach Sawyer and Eddie O'Donnell!

Late flash! All the letter men of the football team met in solemn conclave on December 2 and cast their votes for 1941's leader. The winner—Victor Kizik. V for victory in 1942.

Football Letter Men 1941

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| F. Crowley | V. Kizik |
| W. Higgins | D. Dudzinski |
| M. Molloy | A. Maki |
| S. Woluck | A. Crowley |
| A. Kugima | J. Tobin |
| A. Greeno | M. Gruber |
| J. Tomyl | R. Flaherty |
| P. Buscemi | G. Doel, Mgr. |
| A. Baker | |

<i>FIRST TEAM</i>	<i>POSITION</i>
Elvira Greeno	left wing
Mary Lawler	left inner
Kathleen Crotty	center forward
Theresa Mariano, Captain.....	right inner
Olga Kuchun	right wing
Elizabeth King	left half
Sophie Pieciewicz	center half
Helen Smaha	right half
Dorothy Fayton	left back
Elsie Burgess	right back
Ester Hekkala	goal keeper

<i>SECOND TEAM</i>	<i>POSITION</i>
Eileen Perry	left wing
Ruth Garside	left inner
Ann Hamlin, captain	center forward
Ruth Croft	right inner
Marion Smith	right wing
Jennie Denisevich	left half
Nellie Mikolajczyk	center half
Edith Swartz	right half
Jean Lynch	left back
Virginia Whitney	right back
Sirkka Koskinen	goal keeper

Acton at Maynard

Oct. 6, 1941

Maynard's field hockey team opened the season with a smashing double victory. The first team won by a score of 4-0 and the second team was victorious by a score of 3-1.

The goals of the first team were made by Captain Theresa Mariano and Elvira Greeno.

The goals of the second team were made by Ruth Croft and Captain Ann Hamlin.

Maynard at Ashland Oct. 9, 1941

Maynard's first victory was overshadowed by her first loss. The final score was 3-1, the only Maynard goal being made by Elizabeth King.

The second team came through with flying colors with a final score of 1-0. The goal was made by Ruth Croft.

Weston at Maynard Oct. 21, 1941

The girls of Maynard played a hard fought game showing great sportsmanship and teamwork, but to the team's great disappointment, they lost to Weston; the final score was 2-0.

Again the second team came through for dear old M. H. S. with a 4-0 victory. The goals were made by Ann Hamlin, Marion Smith, Nellie Mikolajczyk and Alice Brown.

Maynard at Acton Oct. 22, 1941

A beautiful October day and a happy, confident busload of girls; what could be more promising?

Acton, having scored a point in the first period, dampened the spirits of our girls, but in the second period Elizabeth King made, amidst cheering voices, the much wanted goal, tying the score 1-1.

The second team again won with a victory of 1-0, the goal having been made by Mary Lawler.

Maynard at Concord Oct. 24, 1941

Another cold day for the meeting between Maynard and the undefeated Concord team! The first team held them gloriously, and the score was 0-0 at the end of the game.

The second team was not quite so successful but held the score at a 1-0 victory for Concord.

Maynard at Shrewsbury Oct. 28, 1941

A cold spicy day dawned for the combat between Maynard and Shrewsbury. Despite the bitter weather, the hard hitting Shrewsbury squad ended the game with a double victory. Both first and second teams won with a final score of 2-0.

Tough luck, Maynard!

Maynard at Weston Oct. 29, 1941

Sportsmanship and team work showed strongly in Maynard's match with Weston. Although the girls worked hard, the opposing team overscored them with a 3-0 victory.

The second team kept the banners flying for M. H. S., as they rose to arms (and goals) making the score 3-0, in favor of our alma mata. Good work, Seconds!

The goals were made by Ruth Croft, Nellie Mikolajczyk, Marion Smith.

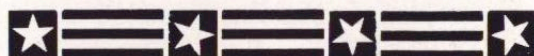


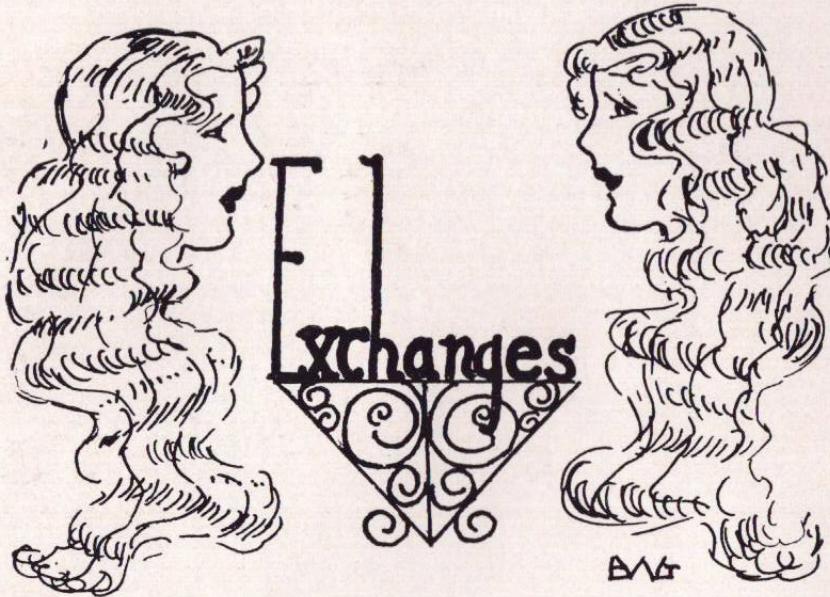
For Defense



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By MARY SHARPE

The Record
English High, Boston

Congratulations on a very well written magazine. Your editorials and literary contributions are first rate. Original cover design and illustrations add much to the "Record." Your jokes were so good that I borrowed the following:

1. Dear Professor,
What is a snuff manufacturer?
Just-A-Pinch
Dear Just-A-Pinch,
A snuff manufacturer is a man who goes around putting his business in other people's noses.
2. Book of the month: "Over the Cliff", by Oliver Sudden.
3. A ghost is alleged to have appeared at the banquet held recently in New York, but disappeared again almost at once.
Unaccustomed as it was to public spooking!
4. He: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes."
She: "You've never stayed so late before."
5. Johnny: My father is a bookkeeper.
Joey: Yes, I know. He's keeping several he borrowed from my father.
6. Teacher: I hope I didn't see you looking at Fred's book, Tommy.
Student: I hope you didn't too, sir.

"The Hottentot"
Cambridge, Mass.

I was disappointed in your paper. There was too much about the summer vacations of

your teachers, and not enough news of your student body. A joke and gossip column would be spicy additions to your magazine. I think an exchange column would be an interesting addition.

"The Lookout"
Wakefield, Mass.

Your paper is one of the many which is without gossip, joke, or exchange columns. However, the following bit of humor that I took from your column of "Quotable Quotes," I condensed and thought worthy of reprint.

Pres. Roosevelt—"It got to the point where I had to get a haircut or a violin."

Fred Neher—"Economy, son, is something or anything your mother wants to buy."

Helen Anderson, contrasting the internal and external sides of one woman—"She is vogue on the outside and vague on the inside."

A bit of safety advice—"Just because you see its tracks is no sign a train has passed."

Newsprint misprint—"The automobile approached the coroner at 60 miles per hour."

Mark Twain—"Inseparable as a pair of pants."

A study of homonyms—"The moon affects the tide and the untied."

Interpretation of a subway motto—"The public be jammed."

A safety campaign in Louisville, Ky.—
"Slow down before you become a statistic."

An unusual simile of Walter Winchell's—
"As non-political as a pair of socks—neither left nor right."



Social Activities

Victory Social

The Seniors introduced the social season with a dance held on September 26. The decorations were patriotic and "in keeping with the times" with large V's for Victory. The Class of '42, in the last four years, has had quite a reputation for holding successful socials, and this one was certainly up to standard. Just about everyone was there, especially the Freshmen, some of whom were even found to be jitterbugs. Buddy Boyce and his orchestra furnished the music. Patrons and patronesses were Mr. Vodoklys, Miss Mahoney, Miss Wilson, and Class Advisor, Miss Field. The committee consisted of the Class Officers and Anne Perillo, Annie Columbo, Beverly Denniston, Irma Koivu, Helen Nowick, Morgan Molloy, Warlaw Lankiewicz, Daniel Dudzinski, and John Stewart.

Autumn Frolic

The Student Council held a dance on October 10, the proceeds of which are to be used for the General Fund (lecturers and motion pictures at school assemblies). Argeo Cellucci and his orchestra provided the music, and every one seemed to have a good time. Patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Mullin, Miss Mahoney, and Miss Wilson. The committee consisted of the whole Student Council headed by its officers.

Hallowe'en Social

A most successful dance was held on October 24 by the Junior Class. The decorations were orange and black with plenty of witches

and black cats. Henry Armour and his orchestra furnished the music, and everyone enjoyed the novelty dances, such as the John Paul Jones, Boomps-A-Daisy, and Polka. Patronesses were Miss Mahoney, Miss Bradley, and Class Advisor, Miss Wilson. The committee consisted of Victor Kizik, Marion Smith, Marion Sheridan, Marion Brown, Marie Olsen, Frank Spence, James Richardson, Mary Sharpe, Elsie Burgess, James Gibney, Richard Flaherty, Doris Newman, Joseph Wojtkiewicz, and Stephen Staszewski.

Field Hockey Social

A dance was held on November 7 for the benefit of the Field Hockey Squad, the proceeds of which are to be used for new equipment. The decorations were pictures of girls in uniform with their hockey sticks. Henry Armour and his orchestra again furnished the music. Miss Mahoney was presented with a gift from the girls as a token of their appreciation for the work she had done. Patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Mullin, Miss Wilson, Mr. Vodoklys, and Field Hockey Coach, Miss Mahoney. The committee consisted of all the Field Hockey Girls.

Senior Social

The Seniors held their second social on November 28. Will Tolman and his orchestra provided the music. Since the social didn't come near any special holiday, the Seniors were "stumped" for a while as to what to use for the decorations, but finally they decided to call it the "Dance of the Year". On each light was placed a picture depicting some holiday for each month. The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Mullin, Miss Wilson, and

Class Advisor, Miss Field. The committee consisted of the Class Officers and Anne Perillo, Irma Koivu, Beverly Denniston, Annie Columbo, Morgan Molloy, Daniel Dudzinski, Colbert Sewall, and Phillip Buscemi.

"Macbeth"

On Tuesday evening, November 4, three busloads of Juniors and Seniors attended *Macbeth* at the Colonial Theater in Boston. From all the talk that circulated around the trip, I would say that every popular song printed in the last few years and a good many older ones were recalled and sung in the busses that night. The students and teachers enjoyed the play immensely. On the way home everyone was complaining of starvation, but it was impossible to be accommodated in one place because the crowd was so large, so each busload went to a different place to eat. We agreed the next day that "Macbeth doth murder sleep," but it certainly was worth it. Chaperons were Miss Bradley, Miss Wilson, Miss Field, Mr. Reynolds, Miss Mahoney, and Miss McCarn.

Navy Day

Navy day was observed with an assembly. Mr. Lerer introduced Edward Johnson, commander of the Frank J. Demars Post, American Legion, and after a brief talk, Mr. Johnson presented Chief E. H. Walker of the Navy Recruiting Station in Framingham as guest speaker. Four reels of movies of the U. S. Navy in action were shown. Students taking part in the program were Francis Crowley, Mary Punch, Marion Brown, Helen Nowick, Wal-

ter Johnson, Ruth Croft, Jean Lynch, and the high school orchestra.

Armistice Day

Armistice Day was also observed with an assembly. Edward Johnson was guest speaker, and students taking part were Irma Koivu, Francis Crowley, Marian Sheridan, Fiorentino DiGrappa, Beverly Denniston, Elizabeth King, Marion Brown, Ruth Croft, and the orchestra.

Thanksgiving Assembly

We had an assembly on Wednesday morning before Thanksgiving. Pupils taking part were Mary Schnair, Victor Kizik, Pauline Poulson, Mildred Mallinson, Roy Helander, and Helen Kuprianchik.

"Hamlet"

On Thursday night, November 27, two busloads of Juniors and Seniors went to Clark University in Worcester to see *Hamlet*. We all enjoyed the play, especially the graveyard scene (no reflection on our character, I hope). Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Mullin each chaperoned a bus, and we had a good deal of fun trying to see which section of each bus could drown out all the others with sour notes. We stopped to eat on the way home, and from all outward appearances, I would say that most of us had been starving ourselves for weeks. Although it was pretty late when we got home, we all had a "swell" time.

PRISCILLA MARCHANT, '42.

Freshman Superlatives

Best All Around
Most Popular
Most Athletic
Most Bashful
Wittiest
Friendliest
Best Dressed
Quietest
Class Genius

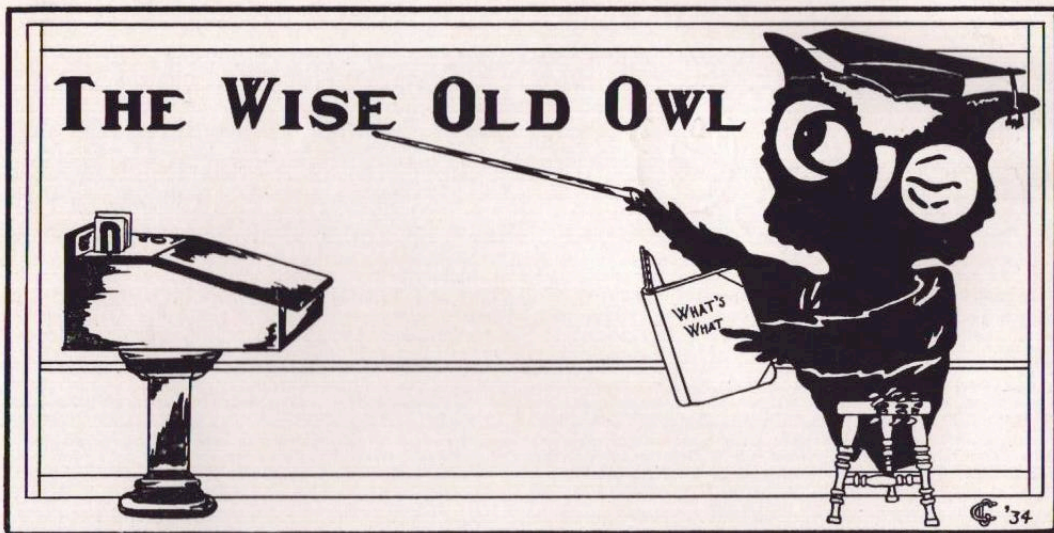
Albert Crowley
Albert Crowley
Albert Crowley
William Titus
Richard White
Albert Paulson
Arthur Morrill
Roland Meister
Walter Johnson

Ann Flaherty
Ann Flaherty
Rose D'Agata
Mary Arcieri
Shirley Bain
Katherine Louka
Nancy Loughlin
Mary Arcieri
Mary Moynihan

Freshman Favorites

Song
Radio Program
Dance
Senior Boy
Senior Girl

Concerto B Flat Minor
9:20 Club
Waltz
Francis Crowley
Jean Lynch



We Can't Imagine

1. Barbara Murphy and Janice Crowdle keeping quiet.
2. Ann Flaherty with her glasses on.
3. Concord beating Maynard, (but they did!!)
4. Murray Warner getting a medal from the Public Safety Commission for good driving.
5. Crowley and Buscemi passing a speed drill in typing.
6. Jackie Stewart getting a record for perfect attendance.
7. Doel's car with undented fenders.
8. Mr. Mullin's board being erased.
9. The Senior Class being bankrupt.

Song Titles

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. It Makes No Difference Now—Muggsie Molloy. 2. That Certain Age—Freshman Girls. 3. Undecided—Eleanor Dimery. 4. We Ought To Do This More Often—Homework. 5. He's in the Army Now—Irma Koivu. 6. High On A Windy Hill—Anne Perillo. 7. It's A Sin To Tell A Lie—Janice to Muggsie. 8. You Couldn't Be Cuter—Anne Flaherty. 9. Billy Boy—Barbara Gibney | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 10. Why Couldn't It Last—Ruth Garside. 11. You're The Greatest Discovery—Walt to Anne F. 12. Did You Ever See a Dream Walking—Senior Boys to Freshman Girls. 13. Especially For You—Arthur LeSage. 14. Are You Having Any Fun—Senior Girls to Senior Boys. 15. Please Come Out of My Dreams—Eddie Hooper. 16. We've Come A Long Way Together—Anne and Ruth. 17. You're A Sweet Little Headache—Janice C. 18. I Always Dream of Bill — Bernice Greenaway. 19. I Only Want A Buddy Not A Sweetheart—Experienced Scholar. 20. You And Me That Used To Be—Muggsie and Anne. 21. You've Got To Be A Football Hero—Maynard Football Players. 22. Ma, He's Making Eyes At Me—Freshman Girls. 23. Jungle Drums—Chickie Lyons. 24. Ten Pretty Girls (Saucy Redhead)—Danny Dudzinski 25. Jim—Elsie Burgess. 26. I Don't Know How To Cry—J. Lynch. 27. Deep Purple—When Nancy Sealey blushes. 28. I Won't Dance—Danny D. |
|---|---|

GLOOM CHASERS

T. Carey: "I spent last summer in a very pretty city in Switzerland."
 F. De Grappo: "Berne?"
 T. Carey: "No, I almost froze."

* * *

"When I arose to speak," related the martyred statesman, "someone threw a base, cowardly egg at me."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" Asked an attentive listener.
 "A base, cowardly egg," exclaimed the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."

* * *

A. White: "I'll bet you anything you like that I will never marry."
 G. Sawutz: "I'll take you."
 A. White: "Will you really? Then I need not bet at all."

* * *

Mr. Reynolds: "Gibney, what is the difference between a Scotchman and a canoe?"
 Gibney: "A canoe tips."

* * *

J. Richardson: "You used to say there was something about me you loved."
 N. B. Sealey: "Yes, but that's all spent now."

* * *

An affectionate couple disregarded the parking sign on a side street. An officer accosted them with "Don't you see that sign, 'Fine, for parking'?"

"Yes, officer," replied Gibney, "I see it and heartily agree with it."

* * *

"With a single stroke of the brush," said the school teacher taking his class around the National Gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face to a frowning one."

"So can my mother," said Joseph Segal.

* * *

The teacher was instructing the grammar class in the conjugation of the verb "to love."
 "Richardson", she said, "please tell me what it is when I say I love, you love, he loves."
 "That," said up-to-date Jimmy, is one of them triangles where somebody gets shot.



A Convenient Age

"How old are you Billie?" asked the caller.
 "Well, said Billie, "When I'm home I'm five, when I'm in school I'm six, and when I'm on a street car I'm four."

One of the questions in physics exam was: "What is the difference between lightning and electricity?"

"You don't have to pay for lightning," answered Lankewicz on his paper.



"My girl had her nose broken in three places," said Donald Thompson.

"Well," advised Sewall, "why don't you keep her out of those places."

* * *

"Officer," said Miss Sharpe, "I left my car parked here a few minutes ago and now it is gone."

"It must have been stolen, Miss," said the officer.

"Oh, no it couldn't be that," explained Mary, "it was insured for theft."

* * *

Labor Lost

During her mother's absence little Polly had refused to wash her face.

Her grandmother had reproved her saying, "When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

"Yes," said Polly, "and now look at it."

* * *

B. Denniston: Say, are you going to let that red-head walk away with your boyfriend.
 B. Greenaway: No, I'd rather dye first.

Luxury Tax

"While Deacon Brown passes de plate," announced Parson Black, "de choir will sing Salvation am Free."

"But please remember dab whale salvation am free, we has to pay de choir for singing about it."

* * *

Well son what did you learn in Sunday School today

A cross eyed bear named Gladly
 About a what

We learned a song about Gladly the Cross
 I'd Bear.

* * *

Time Marches On

Philosopher: In olden days Greek maidens were content to sit all evening listening to a lyre.

Nowadays, many modern maidens do the same thing.

A boy and his mother stood looking at a dentist's showcase. "If I had to have false teeth, mother, I'd have that pair," said the small boy, pointing.

"Hush, James," said his mother quickly shaking his arm, "Haven't I told you not to pick your teeth in public."

* * *

"I want some consecrated lye," said the customer to the druggist.

"You mean concentrated lye."

"It does nutmeg any difference," the man retorted. "That's what I camphor. How much does it sulphur?"

"Fifteen scents. Bright fellow, aren't you. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

"Well I should myrrh-myrrh. And as yet ammonia a beginner."

* * *

"Who was the first man, Tobin?" said Mr. Manty.

"George Washington, sir. He was first in war, first in——"

"No, no, Adam was the first man," said Mr. Manty.

"Oh," said Tobin, "I didn't know you were speaking of foreigners."

* * *

It Wasn't a Derby

Teacher (to young hopeful): How do you define "black as your hat?"

Student (after deliberate thought): Darkness that may be felt.

* * *

A Sole for Music

Quite a pile of shoes surrounded the customer, and the assistant was looking worried. So the manager called him aside.

"What's the trouble?" he snapped. "Can't you satisfy the customer?"

"No sir," said the assistant sadly. "He's trying to find a pair of shoes which squeak in the same key."

* * *

"What a boy you are for asking questions," said the father. "I'd like to know what would have happened if I'd asked as many questions when I was a boy."

"Perhaps," suggested the young hopeful, "you'd have been able to answer some of mine."

P. Buscemi: "Jack was held up on the way home last night."

A. Greeno: "Yeh, that's the only way he could have got home."

* * *

"Some time ago," the doctor said, "when I started the practice of medicine, I was very poor. I used to sit in my office day after day waiting for patients. I sat like Patience on a monument."

"And now," said the young doctor, "you have monuments on all of your patients."

* * *

A quack doctor was holding forth about his famous herb tonic to a rural audience. "Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold this tonic for over twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now what does that prove?"

From a voice in the crowd came, "That dead men tell no tales."

* * *

"Pardon me for a moment please," said the dentist to G. Taylor, "but before beginning this work I must have my drill."

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed Taylor. "Can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

* * *

S. Sewall: "How did you like the date I dug up for you?"

W. Morrill: "Terrible! Throw her back and start digging some place else."

* * *

"I hope you are not afraid of microbes," apologized the paying-teller as he cashed Mr. Mullin's check with solid currency."

"Don't worry," said Mr. Mullin, "I could never catch a disease in the short time I have the money."

* * *

B. Croft: "What is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy school boy?"

"B. Marchant: "One baits his hook and the other hates his book."

F. Finizio: "Tom has dyed his hair black. But don't say I told you."

W. Byrnes: "Why?"

Finizio: "He wants to keep it dark."

* * *

Parson: "Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?"

H. King: "Yep; up the alley."

* * *

M. Sharpe: "What is the difference between a frozen Irishman and a Scotch Highlander?"

F. Spence: "One is kilt with the cold and the other is cold with the kilt."

* * *

D. Thompson: "The automobile has made us a very profane nation."

M. Smith: "Why do you say that?"

Thompson: "Because, everyone that I bump into with my car swears terribly."

* * *

Pastviews of the Current Movies

— Sun. —

"Hold Back the *Don!*"
featuring Ann Hamlin

— Mon. —

"Smiling Through"
starring Ethel Burgess

— Tues. —

"Daughter of the Regiment"
with Marion Brown

— Wed. —

"Blues in the Night"
featuring that glamorous quartet
Bernice, Jean, Ruth and Anne

— Thurs. —

"Our Wife"
starring the two Jims

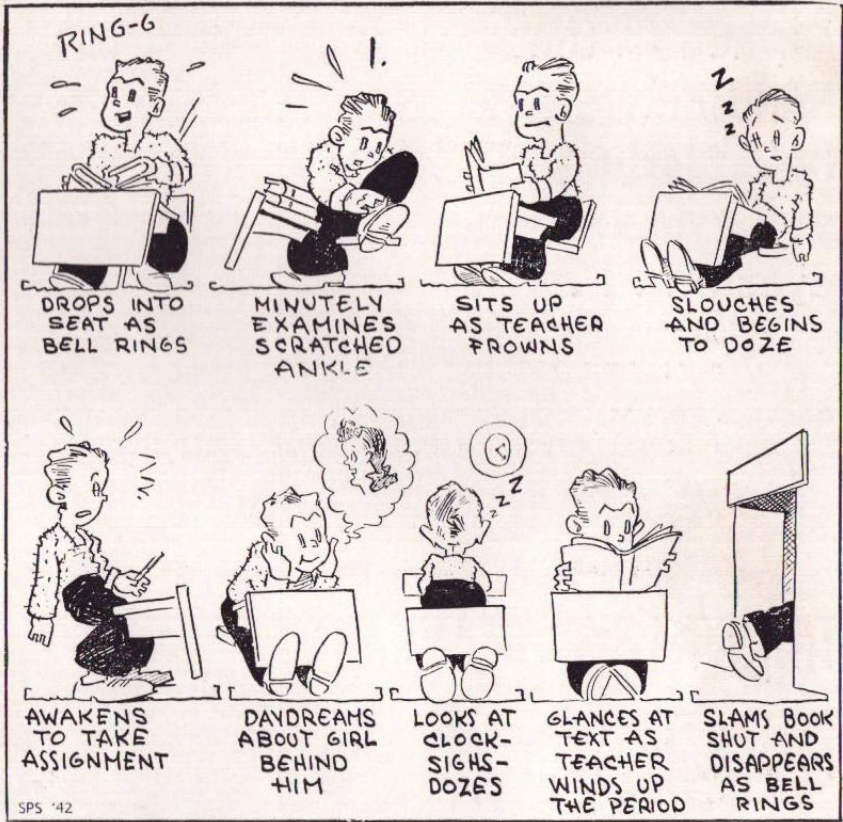
— Fri. —

"Ball of Fire"
with Phyllis Merrick

— Sat. —

That Super - Duper - Killer - Diller -
Chiller - Thriller

"Bring 'Em Back Alive"
featuring The Wolfe Patrol



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MAYNARD

Literary

(Continued from page 15)

practically surrounded by great pain. Naturally I couldn't understand this, for after all, I'm almost grown-up and I've always thought that when you get to be a senior you're all through with all the childish ailments, but I guess I'm wrong.

And nature isn't kind even one bit, for she figures that I need more than enough of this wisdom-building ailment, and so she is giving it to me practically in bunches; and in the bargain, I feel exactly like a tiny baby seven months old does when in this same predicament. Poor thing! Poor me!

First, it throbs a little, then it grows a little bolder, then finally, I feel just like an East Indian fakir whose bed of nails has turned against him.

Yes, friends, I must confess, I'm getting my wisdom teeth, and if you think nature has spared me one bit, you're mistaken, for dog-gone it all, I'm getting *two* teeth at once!

* * *

Horrors of Geometry

By RUTH CROFT, '42

I hate to do geometry,
It seems to be so queer;
But when it comes to algebra
I have no dreadful fear.

The theorems are so difficult,
I study half the night,
And yet my efforts are in vain;
I still am in a plight.

I dream of angles A and B.
They never let me rest;
And every month my blood runs cold,
When teacher says, "A test."

Oh, who the deuce invented it?
I'm sure he must be queer.
Had I the chance to meet him now,
I'd run away in fear.

* * *

The Art of Washing the Face

By EDITH SWARTZ, '42

A famous man (or maybe I) once said everything you do well is an art. Accordingly, face-washing can be classified as map restoration.

First, there is the baby. He gets his face washed very well because mother can't feel it, but she usually hears about it.

Then comes Junior from the ages of six to ten. He edges into the bathroom, turns the water on at a slow trickle. The bowl fills, and he amuses himself by sailing whatever will float — preferably soap. When called to make it snappy, Junior puts his forefinger into the water, rubs a bit of soap on it, and wets the part of his face that will hurt the least. He ends by vigorously scrubbing his visage with a towel.

Next is the face scourer. This type is the direct opposite to Junior. With no hesitation, this person pours the water, soap, and anything else he may have on hand upon his face, not caring for consequences. He emerges beaming and shining like something new.

Then, of course, there is the vain personage. She stands before the mirror peering at her face. Ah, a blackhead! Out come the cream, masks and other beauty aids. Plain soap and water will never do for her truly delicate skin. Ha-ha. She now has glamour.

Remember washing the face should be a habit like eating and sleeping. Make your life a three stop cycle—sleep, eat, wash, wash, eat, sleep — phooey!

* * *

Sunrise

By MARY ZANIEWSKI, '42

Across the sky are fingers of gray;
 Proclaiming the dawn of a new born day.
 In the heavens are ribbons of satiny green,
 Valleys and ghost-like woods can be seen.
 From out of the green, come threads of blue,
 Fields and snow-capped hills peek through.
 A ball of fire rolls 'cross the sky,
 And birds raise their voices, singing on high.
 The sparkle of water is seen in the springs,
 The tireless farmer at his duties sings,
 And windows shine like plates of gold,
 Sunrise, oh, what a sight to behold!

* * *

Maynard 37 — Concord 6

By FRANK SPENCE, '43

You remember that game don't you? Of course you do! It was a cold, blustery fall day. The stands were packed with people almost too cold, too excited, and too over-joyed to move, and where was I? I was sitting on

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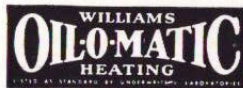
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the bench along with the rest of the third team.

Maynard's second team had just scored again when Mr. Vodoklys, our coach, said, "Bull's team line up." I nearly fell over for I never expected to get into a varsity game. I lined up in my guard position and then, realizing I still had my coat on, I took it off and nearly ripped it to pieces in the process. I wasn't the only one who had made this mistake, so I didn't feel bad. We lined up again so the coach could see if we had a whole team, and then he said, "Okay go in, but if they make a touchdown you'd better not show up for practice any more." We assured him that if anybody made a touchdown it would be we.

We ran out on the field amid cheers. It was wonderful! What a thrill passes through you! We lined up for the kick. How often we did it in practice, but I was never so nervous as I was then. Emro, our kicker, started to run toward the ball and the whistle blew. I don't know why he stopped or what the blowing of the whistle meant but he stopped, and so did we; but Concord didn't. They were down on us, or rather, on Larson who was holding the ball. They argued with the referee that it should be their ball right there, but the referee said, "Kick over." This time it was a long high one, sailing deep into their territory. A huge back snatched it, started lumbering toward us, and then wham! I don't think there was a boy that wasn't in on that tackle. The referee took the ball from the astonished back and laid it on the ground and yelled, "First down, ten yards to go." They came out of the huddle bragging how they'd go through us, and then to their surprise, the carrier was down on the line of scrimmage. The next play Concord was off side, and they were penalized five yards. So it was second down, fifteen yards to go. Both teams were off side, and the play was called back. On the next play, charging with all my might, I broke through, and to my surprise, I saw the back who was carrying the ball coming toward me. I honestly didn't know whether to tackle him or let him go by. I dove at him and grabbed his legs. The referee pulled me off, and only then did I realize I had made a tackle. On last down they chose to run instead of kick. They came charging through center, and I was scared stiff, but I shut my eyes and grabbed legs. There was a huge pile up! The referee pulled off player after player, and there on the bottom were Maxie Gruber and I, madly hanging on to those legs we had grabbed. The rest of the

team was cheering, and I surmised the game had ended. We ran into the clubhouse amid pats on the back from the first and second teams. We were heroes. I didn't even take a shower, but rushed home to tell my father and mother.

The only thing that kept it from being the most perfect day in my life was that the camera man went home in the third quarter.

* * *

1942 - 1992

My Expectations for Mary Ellen Punch

By HELEN W. NOWICK, '42

(Permitted and Censored by Mary Ellen Punch)

Walking home from school one day in 1942, Mary Ellen Punch, named after her grandmother, got the brilliant idea of improving the living conditions of Maynard. She immediately started with her own back yard, where the Assabet River, bordered with gigantic redwood trees, created such a striking appearance in her mind that she began to work at once. Years of hard and heavy work followed. In 1990, the banks of the Assabet became the playground of Massachusetts, the Mecca of America, surpassed only by the Riviera of Europe. In place of endless rows of trees, there were log cabins; instead of rocky shores there was a beautiful stretch of sand; and instead of the muddy waters, there was a crystal clear swimming pool. It became the haven of tired business men, teachers, and mill operators and their families. Tourists flocked to this vacation spot. At last Maynard was the center of attraction! The population increased rapidly.

In 1991, to reward her kindness and generosity, the people of Maynard unanimously nominated her the Mayor. (That is, with the exception of an old school rival who failed to cast a vote.) I was still her best friend, so she let me count the votes. It was a gala occasion! Was she elected? Guess? She immediately set to work on the town and its inhabitants. (And how!!) Taxes went sky high—Mary bought a new car. Food and rent prices were doubled—Mary bought a new house. Just to make people see that she was all for them and that there was no graft, she made me a mere City Councillor. I did all the work. She got all the money and fame.

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Then followed the unforgettable depression of 1992. People began to realize that their idol, Mary Ellen Punch, was nothing more than a cheap, low-down, good for nothing racketeer. People clamored in the market place for her oustment from City Hall. Seeing that the town was against her, she took to violence. She became the Big Boss of City Hall. No one dared to get in her way. The mention of her name caused the people to tremble and seek shelter under a pile of tax bills. No longer was she the benevolent benefactress, but she was better known as "Minnie The Miser." She took all the people had and even tried to get more. Her greed increased with every passing day. Finally, the people aroused by her cruelty, and shamed with the disgrace she had caused them, decided to run her out of town. (Maynard's hit parade song list consisted of one song—"Get Out of Town.")

Alas! She grew old and wicked with her misery and downfall. She became friendless and miserable. Nowhere to turn! The townspeople began to feel sorry for her. Remembering all that she had done for them in the previous years, they were liberal with their judgment and decided to punish her by forcing her to live the life of a hermit in a tumble-down shack on Assabet Beach that she had created. People gathered to watch her as she combed the beach picking up shells which she sold to tourists. She hoarded every penny. (Including the roll of bills she managed to sneak out of the City Hall after her "resignation.")

Secretly she planned to gain revenge on the people, who she believed had mistreated her. Her cunning mind labored day and night. She trusted no one. (Not even me.) One night, all alone (and lonely) she decided her plan was ready to try out. She set out to rob the bank. Everything went along smoothly, until the miser went back to get a *nickel* she had dropped in her hurry to get out. Then came the police. (How fortunate she would have been if she had favored the police force when she was Mayor.) However, she hadn't, so she now had to face the consequences. The people no longer sympathized with her. She was sent to the State Penitentiary to serve a long term.

NOTE: I am writing this now as "Minnie" and I sit counting our pennies in a padded cell. The sun is shining brightly and beams fall on her still red hair. We sit here reminiscing. Ah! If we had only done things differently!

MORAL: CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!

1942 - 1992
**My Expectations for
 Helen W. Nowick**

By MARY ELLEN PUNCH, '42

(Permitted and Censored by Helen W. Nowick)

As the rusty old bell of City Hall peals forth the hour of 2:00 A. M. in early spring-time of 1992, the great iron gate of the State Penitentiary swings open and a gangly, weasled-looking old cmony leaps out. Today Lulu the Loon (better known as Helen Nowick) experiences freedom for the first time in 50 years. Tripping gaily down 6th Ave., Lulu giggles loudly at all passers-by and swings her old shillalah at them significantly. "Hoorah, for my old Maynard High," she cackles—but people never having heard tell of her old alma mater only eye her with deepest compassion. Changing her gait, she falls into a conga and proceeds in this manner down to the end of the block, where all her old buddies are bursting forth with the new tune—*Lulu's Back In Town*.

Ah! Today is Lulu's red-letter day, all right. But time has done much to old Lulu—her views and ambitions have changed and she is no longer content to be Chief of the Mob. No Sir! Lulu is going to stage a great come-back! With a shrill, excited whistle she calls her old mare, "Porky" to her, mounts him with a running jump and leap, gives him the whip and—she's off!!!! Lickety split, lickety split—ah the sound of the horses feet does something to Lulu's mind, her beady eyes glitter, the blood in her veins curdles as on and on she gallops. Mercilessly, she tramples over all those in her path—leaving a street full of mangled, lifeless figures strewn everywhere. Suddenly, "Porky" halts, throwing Lulu from his back, and she falls into a dark aperture. Gaining her wits (not much of a gain) she rubs her scrawny hand across her drooping lids, and—with a cry of recognition she yells—"Why it's Maynard!" Yes, Lulu is home again.

But what had come over the old town? Certainly something had. At a second glance, she sees a beautiful summer resort bordering a sea-green lake. This was never the Assabet River transformed? And who is that? she mutters to herself. Just then, I, the Mayor of Maynard, turned around, recognized her as my old chum, and gallantly embraced her. (That was the noblest feat of my life.) Instantly I made her the sole member of the City Council, where she proceeded to rake in a tidy little sum for

herself. Lulu, however, was not content to be second in power. She attempted on several occasions to take my life. Secretly, Lulu had rounded up all guns, bullets, pitchforks, knives, and other war-faring equipment in the town and was waiting for her great chance—to seize me by force and become Mayor. Every day she could be seen practicing on her target range, in her back yard, trying to shoot straight despite the loss of one eye. Then one night as I sat in my own luxurious dining-hall, counting my own money, honestly earned, a bullet whizzed by me, knocking my prized red wig from my head and making it curl. Running out, I caught a glimpse of my would-be assassin—LULU THE LOON. As the Chief of Police I arrested her and took her money and added it to the money that I had honestly earned. One Eye Lulu was sent to the Pen where after many years she became captain of the rifle team.

NOTE: Today Lulu and I are reunited again. Nothing can separate us. We even share the same room—due to crowded conditions in the building.

MORAL: CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!!

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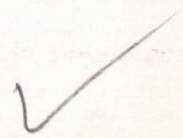
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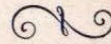
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