

The Screech Owl



Senior Number : : 1944

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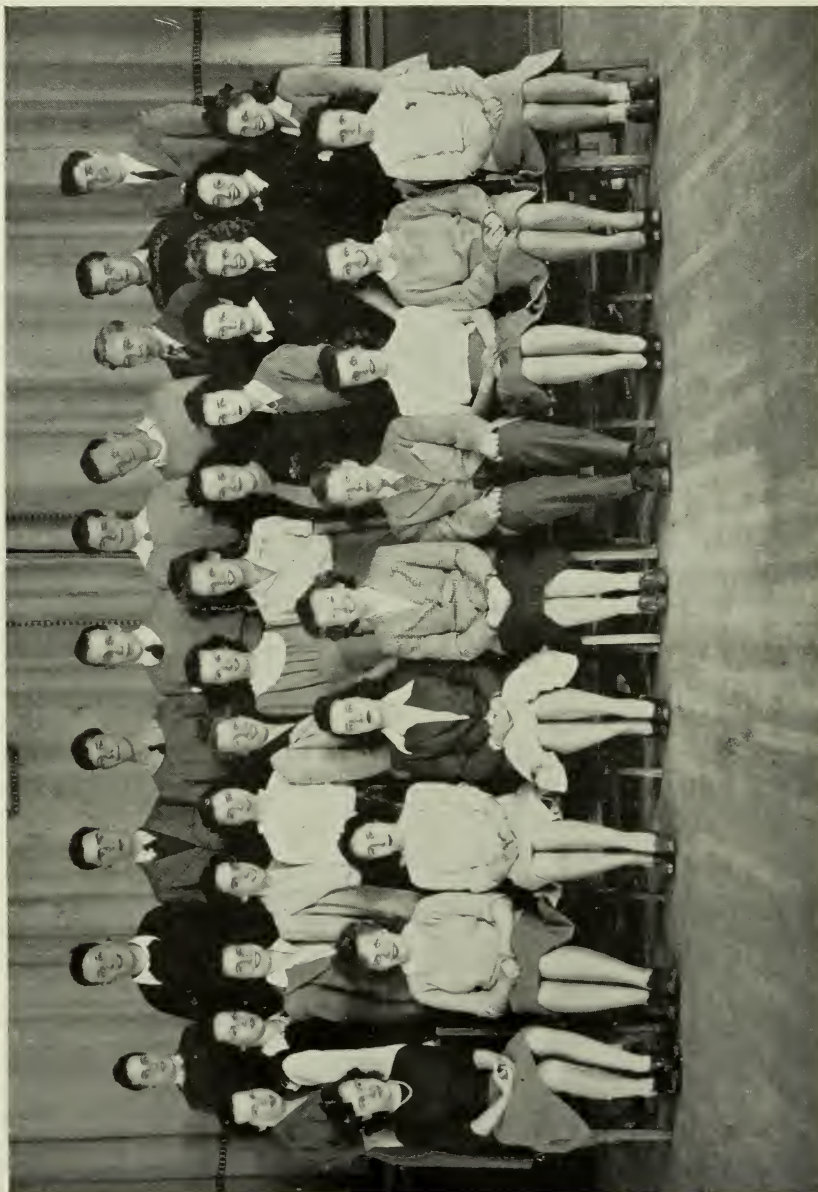
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SCREECH OWL STAFF

THE SCREECH OWL

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

JUNE, 1944

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..Editorials..

To the Seniors:

The Omega of your school days and the Alpha of your life is at hand. You are to be the men and women of tomorrow. In your hands America lays her stars and stripes. She looks to you for the ultimate issues of all the vital things which are her life. Slight not your birthright, and go forth from the portals of Maynard High School with the resolution to work well and to persevere in spite of all adversaries and apparent failure.

The world owes you nothing, but you owe much to many in it. Your first great debt is to your parents or guardians. They have tenderly watched you through infancy, cared for your every want in childhood, and encouraged you in every worthy endeavor. They have been the ones who have made the sacrifices; they are the ones to be your first concern.

You are going into a unit of democracy in which you will have duties, privileges, and responsibilities, but where you must learn to share, to help and serve and respect the rights and privileges of others.

Never in the history of the world was there a greater need for self-control and discipline. It is crude discipline where "might makes right." Too vast an extent of the world is suffering today from the crushing might of the dictators.

Be loyal to your country, flag, and the religious belief in which you have been reared and to which your country gives full sanction. Be tolerant of the beliefs of others. The world has turned too long to materialism and for years has been reaping the results of its false doctrines.

"You cannot all be heroes and thrill a hemisphere,

With some great daring venture, some deed that mocks at fear,
But you can fill a lifetime with kindly acts and true.

There's always noble service for noble hearts to do."

MARY A. DOYLE,
Superintendent of Schools.

* * *

Keep Maynard Clean

The natural reaction for anyone when he sees a dirty-looking individual or an untidy house is to try to avoid that person and to keep from going to that house. So it is with a town which has streets littered with paper, yards full of rubbish, and buildings sooty and dirty.

Just as a man is judged by his outward appearance, so also is this true of a community. If the town is clean, it gives a visitor the desire to come and pay a visit more often, but if it is filthy, the guest will undoubtedly leave as quickly as possible and never return.

Not only is cleanliness beneficial for appearance but it is one of the main ways that we have for fighting disease. If streets, alleys, and backyards were kept clean, there would be fewer places for germs to develop.

Of course, I do not for one moment mean that the town officials of Maynard are not doing their best, for they undoubtedly are. But I feel that in these times it is impossible for them to scour the town, owing to the lack of manpower. Therefore, it is the duty of every man, woman, and child to do all they can to keep Maynard clean. Not only the streets and backyards should be kept clear of rubbish, but the empty lots as well. So from now on, let us all try to keep our community clean and thereby make it a more attractive place in which to live.

EDITOR.

* * *

On Education

So you think you're smart! So your education is just so much homework and bother. As far as you can see, it's all useless. There's big money in defense work and clever you has to quit school to get into the "big money."

Someday, perhaps sooner than you expect,

you will want a position. The reply will be a pleasant "Sorry, Miss, but we want a high school graduate, a college graduate, if possible." The young man who found homework and school such a bother will perhaps apply for some specialized work in the service. A hope will collapse with a curt, "I'm sorry, Son, but we want boys with as much education as possible. Time is short and we need trained men in a hurry. It takes brains, too, to win a war."

So you thought you were smart! Because education was free and cost you nothing, you threw it away. You threw away your own chances and never stopped to think about it.

This havoc will not last forever. It will be for us, the young, to uphold and preserve the ideals our brothers fought for. Wars cannot be won without defense workers, but peace cannot be preserved without education.

Those who are yet in school have a duty to themselves and to their country. That duty is to continue their education and go on to college, if possible.

It will be a pity if you throw away your chances to fit yourself for a place in the post-war world. You have the opportunity now; make the most of it.

ANNE CHODYNICKY, '44.

* * *

Our Fine Assemblies

My purpose in writing this editorial is not to review the monthly assemblies that we have had the pleasure of enjoying, as that is done in another section of this magazine, but to give credit for them where it is due, and that certainly is mainly to the teachers.

In past years when no one person was in complete charge of each program, students were chosen more or less haphazardly to take part. The resulting performance many times was not properly coordinated, not woven into one unified whole. The present system of having one teacher produce a program each month has certainly proved to be worthwhile, for the test of a high school assembly is the attentiveness of the young audience.

The teachers, becoming acquainted with the abilities of those in their classes, have discovered some hidden talents and brought them out into the open. Mingled with a bit of seriousness, these musicians, singers, and speakers have come forth to make assemblies very interesting.

Another fine aspect of this system is the variety it provides. This year we have had a little of practically everything, from "Shoo, Shoo, Baby" in Spanish to Truth and Consequences; from an amateur program to a harmonious Christmas choir.

We have indeed been fortunate in having these fine programs. Therefore let us raise our hats to the teachers who directed and the pupils who participated in them.

EDITOR.

* * *

And Now To-morrow

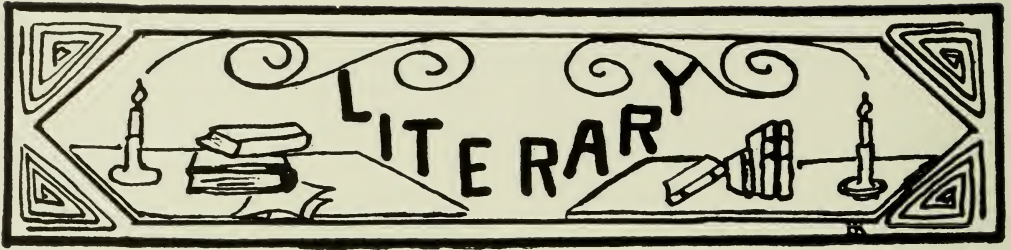
It seems only yesterday that we entered high school, now so familiar, with uncertain step and shy, suspicious glances. Today we find ourselves leaving high school, daring to invade the unknown called life with only the pleasant memories of yesterday to comfort us.

To-morrow! What hopes we entrust to it! Yet, that very to-morrow is destined to shower some of us with disappointment, others with great reward.

To-morrow! We must be brave! To find to-morrow we must venture along a new path. In this path will lie the shadow of darkness and the light of dawn, floods to sweep us astray and the calm to lead us aright, the weariness of labor and then the glorious reward of success. All these remain to be encountered. However, at the end of every road there awaits a valley of contentment where horizons are bright and happiness is master. All these are a part of life as the sun is a part of day.

To-morrow will find us well prepared. We shall "seize the opportunity." We shall all wear an armor of faith, and no problem will prove itself too great.

ANNE CHODYNICKY, '44.



The Conductor

Jonathan Bug was a lightning fiend. When I say fiend, I don't mean that he was crazy or addicted to murder, but that he had one obsession—lightning.

At the early age of six, he had seen all the livestock on the farm on which he lived wiped out completely by what seemed to be a concentrated electrical storm. The horses, cows, pigs, and chickens went, along with his father, who had been hurrying to get the cattle into the barn. He vaguely remembered hearing what seemed to be a derisive laugh above the howling wind, just before his father had been struck down. Three years later his mother had been killed by a bolt of lightning during a quick-breaking thunderstorm in which they had no time to seek cover. Although he had been knocked flat, Jonathan was unharmed. Again he had heard the howl of laughter, and from then on he was deathly afraid of lightning because he believed it was out to "get" him next.

The farm was now abandoned, Jonathan being shipped off to the state orphanage, where he spent the next three years of his life seeking cover from thunderstorms in the darkest corners of the cellar in the institution. Finally he ran away to a part of the country where electrical storms were less frequent, and there studied lightning and various ways to stop or arrest it. When he came of age, the farm became his, and he moved back, his strategy planned to outwit the lightning menace.

The lightning god, high up in his clouds, chuckled to himself as he saw Jonathan feverishly erecting lightning rods on his house. Such a display of rods you never saw before in your life: small ones, large fancy ones, all grounded by a maze of wires running into the

earth. Thus began the colorful but brief career of Jonathan.

The god of lightning saw Jonathan proudly surveying his work, and, gathering the black ominous clouds into a thunderstorm, struck with blazing fury at the house. Jonathan saw the tempest coming and, ducking into the house, laughed at the furious efforts of the lightning to penetrate his elaborate defense of lightning rods. The lightning god at first shrieked with anger, but he soon calmed down and withdrew laughing into his clouds. Since he had been pestering the people of the earth for over a million years, he could afford to wait until Jonathan would slip up.

Although Jonathan was highly pleased with his results, he soon became afraid that the rods weren't enough and he set to work to build more protection. He insulated one room completely, walls, floor, everything with rubber (this, of course, was before the rubber shortage) even to having a rubber curtain to fasten over the windows. He went so far as to wear rubber soled shoes all the time. One day he started thinking that he might be caught out in the fields; so he built a number of shacks about the size of a telephone booth, spacing them at intervals easily accessible from any part of the fields. These also were insulated with rubber and were topped by a large lightning rod. At the first sign of a storm he dashed for a booth and stayed there until it was over.

One day Jonathan became too engrossed in the farm work and didn't notice a storm sneaking upon him until almost too late. He had no sooner reached a shelter than a terrific bolt of lightning struck where he had been an instant before.

That incident irritated Jonathan, and for

days he dwelt upon the subject of an arrangement by which he could walk around in safety. He thought so intently and so hard that one day something snapped in his mind. Suddenly he jumped up to set madly to work on a complicated device. It wasn't long before he had it finished completely enough to walk out to the fields safely (or so he thought.)

High up in his haven the god of lightning laughed louder than he had in a long time when he saw Jonathan strut forth to the fields. Bug saw the dark, menacing clouds roll up and he shouted, "Come and get me if you can!"

The lightning god gathered himself together and with a hissing roar struck with all the blazing fury of hell. He withdrew gloating while Jonathan lay stretched out, dead as a salted herring. Now the lightning god could be happy for another million years, content only to damage property and pester people.

When the neighbors found Jonathan, whom they had always regarded as a harmless idiot, they saw on him a complex maze of belts and wires which led to two cables that dragged along the ground. He must have sought to ground himself like a lightning rod, but in his mentally unbalanced state he had forgotten that the lightning in passing through his body to the ground would kill him. So ended the saga of Jonathan Bug.

EDWARD LEDGARD, '44.

School in May

"In the merry merry month of May." This is a familiar line, but does it signify any cause for merriment to us in Maynard High? With every coming day the boiling mercury climbs skyward to add blistering heat to our dreamy minds. We ask permission for a sip of water for our parched throats, but are definitely discouraged by the teacher's favorite reply, "NO."

Our minds are constantly wandering off to the old swimming hole and the cool, bubbling brooks in vacation land. Illustrations in the magazines of Room Twenty carry our thoughts to cool breezes and refreshing ocean sprays.

We open our algebra books and the numbers

and symbols are transformed into illustrations before our dreaming eyes—illustrations of amusement parks at beaches, cool soft drinks, and a dip in the ocean water.

Truly, the month of May is devoted to dreaming and not to efficiency at work.

J. ZANCEUWICZ, '47.

* * *

We Freshmen

Down in the corridor of Maynard High
We Freshmen all trooped together;
Every one of us shook in our shoes
Despite the warm fall weather.

A Senior who was passing by
Looked at us and said,
"Don't worry too much today, you know,
There are many more days ahead."

One room was here, another there;
We thought we would never remember.
We finally got it all straightened out—
By this time 'twas November.

The days passed quickly after that,
With homework and sports and tests,
And we began to love our school
As well as did the rest.

Although we were frightened on that first day,
And thought that we would die,
We all are full-fledged high-schoolers now
As we cheer for Maynard High.

ANN MARIE MORTON, '47.

* * *

One Came Back

Moral: Davey wasn't much on killing and robbing. He just wanted to be honest, but sometimes honesty can get a fellow in trouble, and sometimes it can keep him out.

.....

"Just sit tight, Davey," came the little man's low words. "I'll have that dough out here before you know it. And when you see me coming outa that doorway, get ready to scoot, fast!"

Davey took his hands from the wheel and wiped the sweat on his pants. His face was white. Davey had innocently got himself involved in this, without knowing what Smokey was up to. He knew now! And he also knew that if he started the car and fled, Smokey would probably shoot him down.

Smokey had done this thing in twelve states before, and this was the thirteenth. Poor Davey was sick at heart and mostly frightened. "The thirteenth," Davey suddenly thought with alarm. "Wonder if that means bad luck."

The heavy bark of an automatic broke the silence. One, two, three, maybe four shots. Davey wasn't too sure. Then running footsteps approached the car. He glanced through the darkness to see Smokey's fat frame waddling to him, and in his hand was a small black bag. The other hand held an automatic and that's what made Davey slink in his seat. Smokey pushed the gun in the back of his neck and slammed the rear door.

"Get outa here!" came his tense words. "We gotta scam outa here—had to bump that dumb flatfoot off!" Davey's foot grew heavy on the accelerator, and gears rattled as the big sedan raced through the night. He glanced through the rear-view mirror. Smokey was counting a heap of green bills. "One thousand, two thousand, three, four, five thousand bucks!" exclaimed Smokey. "Some haul, eh, kid? Just play along with me and life suddenly looks green, like money! Ain't you glad I made ya come along?"

Smokey hesitated a moment and no answer from the front was heard. Maybe Davey was too interested in his driving, or maybe he hadn't heard the remark.

"What's the matter, kid?" Smokey asked. "Lost yer voice?" Davey's answer was slow but packed a wallop that Smokey couldn't mistake.

"Did you have to kill the policeman, Smokey? Did you have to shoot him like you did? Maybe he's got a wife, a kid."

"Cut out that sob stuff!" broke in Smokey's

hard voice. "You'd think coppers were good guys to hear you talk."

Smokey leaned closer to Davey. He stopped chewing on his cigar and slid his hand into his coat pocket. Smokey's face was red, except for the scar across his face. That scar was white with anger. "Listen to me, Davey," he went on, "and don't get me wrong. You can make money if you string along wit' me. And if you ever cross me, you make nothin' but the East River—savvy?"

He settled back, stuffed the five grand into the bag, and continued smoking the cigar.

"Now get driving for those mountains. We gotta reach the state line before morning. And don't forget this gun is aimed at your lousy head."

Davey's foot pressed harder on the gas pedal. The engine whirled like an airplane and raced up the winding road. Tires screeched shrilly as they rounded sharp banks on the mountain. Color hadn't come back to the kid's face.

He could still hear the death chatter of Smokey's automatic, the running feet. He could still see a cop sprawled flat on the pavement, maybe with his chest torn open by hot lead. Davey shouted, "Look, Smokey!" He seemed to be choosing his words carefully. "I—" he blundered for a second—"I think they fry you in this state for murder. I didn't know what you hired me for. I don't like it. I'm getting out. You drive the car."

Again he glanced through the mirror. The scar on Smokey's face stood out like a piece of iron being smelted. The cigar had fallen from Smokey's open mouth, and his dark eyes reflected murder.

"Get this straight, you dumb cluck," stammered Smokey. "In the first place a witness saw me kill the copper, and my name's mud if they ever catch me. And I don't do this for fun. I've got five grand, see, and I'm keeping it. Except, of course, the cut you get for the chauffeur's job!" He laughed as he sputtered the word "chauffeur."

Davey said nothing. He was thinking how

he had been tricked into a job driving the killer.

Smokey was thinking too. Thinking of five grand in one man's pocket. It would be simple to do away with the kid. Already night shadows had come down and the higher they got, the foggier it became. He'd ask Davey to stop the car for awhile, then when Davey wasn't looking—blam! Smokey would have the five grand to himself, and no worries.

"When you get to the top of the mountain, stop and I'll give ya your share," Smokey said, with this thought in his mind.

But Davey appeared too dejected to read the grim meaning behind Smokey's little speech. "It's a good spot to ditch this hot gun," Smokey explained to calm the kid's fears. The fog was so thick now that Davey's headlights were useless. He slowed down and pulled the heavy overcoat about his neck.

"We must be getting near the top," he said. "It's getting kind of cold up here, and I can hardly see the road in front of me. Gosh! What a blanket of fog we rolled into!"

Smokey gripped the automatic in his pocket. A light shone in his eyes, and the scarred mouth looked ugly as he smiled. He tapped Davey's shoulder.

"Maybe we better stop, kid," Smokey said, half wondering if Davey had guessed his intentions. "Once we get our bearings, we can start again. Maybe we're half off the road right now, and besides, we should be near the top."

What next? It would be best if they were out of the car so that no signs of the murder would be left.

He could ask Davey to look around the rear of the car, while he took the front. He could explain that this was to see how close they were to the edge of the mountainous road. Yes, he pondered, that would send Davey to the rear, then when his back was turned—!

Smokey felt the cold steel of his revolver and grinned. It was only about three miles to the state line and Smokey wasn't a bad driver.

There was no sense in paying the kid anything. Besides, the kid might well be waiting for a chance to turn him over to the cops.

"Okay, kid," he said, we'd better get out and see where we are. If the fog gets any thicker, we're going to have to camp here till morning." Smokey heard Davey stumble out. He couldn't see him too well. He couldn't see his own hand in front of his face. "Careful, Smokey," he heard the kid say. "Don't stumble over any of those rocks. One slip up here and it's a long way down.

Smokey looked toward the source of the voice. Ah! there he was! The killer could barely make out Davey's tall figure.

The soup was thick. Suppose he missed? Suppose Davey made a rush for him and recovered the gun?

He was only a kid but strong as a bull.

"First I'll act like I'm looking around," snorted the killer to himself. "Can't let him get suspicious of me. He might jump me, but he'd have to be next to me to get this gun. Well, I'll try up here fast."

"Wish I could see better!" He raised his voice then. "Hey kid, how does it look? Are we near the edge?"

Since he couldn't see Dave, he'd get him to speak and then aim at the voice.

"Looks as if we're pretty close," Dave replied, and his voice seemed right behind Smokey.

Smokey lifted his gun, whirled around, and stepped forward thinking he had Davey trapped, but no shot sounded, only a long death wail!

"Smokey!" Dave yelled and raced to the front of the sedan.

"Smokey!" No answer. He shouted again and again.

He inched his way down, stumbling once or twice. Then he got to his knees and felt his way with his hands. A shiny blue object lay before him.

He touched it! It was cold and damp!

He leaned against the front tire, swung his

legs around, and touched empty space. Dave's breath stopped for a second and his heart pounded.

The car had stopped no more than two inches from a cliff's edge!

His eyes strained as he looked down. He could see nothing but emptiness. He guessed the cavern must be hundreds of feet below. He had killed a man, but it was his life or Smokey's! He stumbled back in a cold sweat. He could not think of anything but a crushed body lying far below. And a little black bag that had to be returned.

When he returned to the metropolis and restored it, he would explain how he had become entangled in the crime, how he was suspicious of Smokey when he ordered him to stop the car, and when he had answered Smokey he had thrown his voice as he had done so often when learning ventriloquism as a child.

Maybe, he thought, the cops would give him a job on the force. Who knows?

MAX GRUBER, '44.

* * *

Freedom or Death

Solitary confinement in a French dungeon during the rule of King Karloff was probably the worst mental and physical torture humanly conceivable. To escape from the "Tombs," as they were ominously called, was unheard of. If a man were sent there, he was never heard from again. Nobody knew exactly what it was like, but plenty of wild guesses were made. No fear is so great as the fear of something you know nothing about. This prison was at Ville de la Morte!

This was Pierre Roche's fate. For simply not getting hysterical with joy over a speech of the king's condemning fifty Germans to the "Tombs," he himself had been sent there immediately. At first he did not believe it possible! With each and every step down into the Tombs the seriousness of his plight doubled and redoubled.

He must have lost consciousness, for when he awoke he was lying down. His body was

terribly bruised, probably from being rolled, dragged, or kicked, or perhaps thrown down stairs.

It was many hours, possibly a few days, before he got his wits about him enough to arise from the cot. For many days he did nothing but brood over his misfortune. He found that his cell was about eight by six by six. At the door there was a small slit underneath, through which food was pushed on a paper plate once a day. The food was dirty, old, and evil smelling; but it was nourishing, and after a few weeks his strength was restored and he began to think of escape.

Constantly he had heard a sort of brushing or dragging noise like the wind in the trees or water in a stream. Perhaps there was an underground river. Frantically searching every inch of the cell, he found one brick loose. After hours of clawing, his hands almost unrecognizable as such, he tore the stone out. Looking down, he saw something gleaming white. Then he realized that someone, trying to escape, had dug himself into the river and couldn't get up out of the steep hole after it had caved in. Beside the scattered bones he saw a small spade, which had probably been smuggled in at a great price by some crooked guard. But it was deep in the hole; if he went down after the spade, his would be the same fate as his predecessor. All he owned was a jackknife. His eyes fell upon the cot. The sideboard might be long enough. He ripped it off and shoved it down the hole. By hanging by his waist down into the hole itself, the board would just reach the handle of the shovel. He climbed out of the hole and, having pulled the board up, he started to whittle a hook into the end of it. With much difficulty he succeeded in hauling the spade up. Figuring the course of the brook, he went to the other side of the dungeon where he thought that the river would not be. He loosened another rock and dug down about six feet, which took about two days. All the dirt he carried and dropped down into the small stream. Then he dug at

right angles to the river. It was slow, hard, back-breaking work. The farther he dug the farther he had to drag the sand back to put it in the stream.

His hands were bruised and deeply scarred, and the constant darkness has almost completely taken his sight. For two terrible years he dug. In that time he aged as a man would in fifty. He was no longer the young, handsome, athletic man that he had been.

He went ahead at a pace of about fifty yards a year. Then suddenly, after twenty-four tedious months, the digging became much easier, almost a soft mud. Perhaps he was at the banks of a stream or swamp. As he burrowed upward frantically, the mud caved in, pinning him in up to his chest. He was partially free! If he could only get clear of the vise-like grip of the mud. He lay there struggling to no avail. He could see the mud moving slowly in front of him. He could not make out what it was, perhaps a frog or a turtle. As the mud cleared and he heard a horrible bellow, he realized that he had come out in a pit of crocodiles.

Later, when the head jailer's pets were being fed, the guards saw some clothes in the pit. Immediately they discovered that Pierre was not in his cell, and found the tunnel. If he had gone eight feet more, he would have come up outside the wall.

JOSEPH WALSH, '44.

* * *

The Three Bears

Once upon a time there were three bears, and they all lived together in a little house on the outskirts of a little town. One bear was a brunette and she worked on the day shift at Lockheed. One bear was a blonde, and she worked on the swing shift at Lockheed. The third bear was a redhead, but she kept house and did Red Cross work.

One day they happened to be eating their dinner together, but it was so hot they couldn't eat it. The Bears decided they would go for

a walk while their food cooled off. Now the plot begins to thicken!

While they were gone, a lady burglar named Goldilocks jimmied a window open and got in. Now Goldilocks had lost her ration book and hadn't had anything to eat for three days; so the dinner on the table was a great temptation. She gave in and gobbled it up in two shakes of a lamb's tail. Then she sat down in an easy-chair to smoke a cigarette and look at a magazine. Slowly, slowly her eyes closed; slowly, slowly her hand dropped. All of a sudden Goldilocks jumped up—she had set fire to the chair with her cigarette! Like a demon she worked putting out the fire and she succeeded! The frame of the chair still stood, blackened and charred. Goldilocks, exhausted after this excitement, went upstairs to take a nap.

Meanwhile the Bears came home from their walk. They opened the door and walked in. The dining room window was open and a bag of burglar's tools was underneath it! There wasn't any dinner on the table! In the living room they saw the burnt frame of the chair! They stared openmouthed at each other.

"Upstairs!" cried the Bears in one voice.

The Three Bears raced upstairs. There on one of the beds lay Goldilocks, sound asleep. She hadn't even bothered to take off her shoes. Slowly and quietly the Bears surrounded the bed. On the count of three they jumped at Goldilocks and tied her up. While one phoned for the police the other two sat on Goldilocks. The police came up on the street to the bears' house and took Goldilocks away to jail.

The moral of the story is "Never go to sleep while you're robbing houses."

BARBARA PARKER, '47.

* * *

Two Choices

You get your assignment,
 You have two choices:
 You can do your homework;
 Or you cannot do your homework;
 If you do not do your homework,
 You still have two choices:

You can make an excuse
 Or you cannot make an excuse;
 If you make an excuse,
 You still have two choices:
 You can make it good
 Or you cannot make it good;
 If you do not make it good,
 You still have two choices:
 You can go to the office
 Or you cannot go to the office;
 If you go to the office,
 You still have two choices:
 You can be scolded
 Or you cannot be scolded;
 If you are scolded,
 You still have two choices:
 You can make up the work
 Or you cannot make up the work;
 If you do not make up the work,
 You still have two choices:
 You can be expelled
 Or you cannot be expelled;
 If you are expelled,
 You still have two choices:
 You can be sad
 Or you cannot be sad;
 If you are sad,
 You still have two choices:
 You can commit suicide
 Or you cannot commit suicide;
 If you commit suicide,
 You still have two choices.

HELEN KETOLA, '46.

* * *

My Dream Boy

Tall gruesome, with so very touseled locks,
 Baggy pants and wrinkled gaudy socks,
 Oversized jacket with shoulders thickly padded,
 Topped off with a large bow tie, flowered or
 plaided.
 Posture is atrocious—he's very thin-looking,
 With quizzical looks as if to say, "What's
 cooking?"

But all of this is soon forgotten when he croons
 a tune

I simply drop everything and swoon and swoon
 and swoon.

Some scoff and call him a passing fad;

When I hear this I feel quite sad,

For even though he's run-down and lanky

I still think there is no one like "Frankie."

SHIRLEY BAIN, '45.

* * *

Shoes

Much has been written about the hats that
 the fair ladies of today wear. They have been
 laughed at, scoffed at, and criticized. But
 now would you be kind enough to stop staring
 at the odd creations on their heads and take a
 glance at what is on their feet?

In his time Mr. Webster's definition of a
 shoe was a low covering for the foot, usually
 made of leather. If he only knew how wrong
 he is today!

Last week I happened to enter a shoe store
 to purchase a pair of men's brown shoes, the
 same style I have worn for the last twenty-five
 years. The shop was quite crowded, so it was
 some time before I was waited on.

The clerk was speaking to the young lady
 next to me. "May I help you?"

"I'd like to see a few of your styles please,"
 she answered sweetly.

The salesman left and returned with these
 results—red ones, green ones, purple ones, blue
 ones, and brown ones. There were empty toes
 and heels, no straps, low straps, high straps,
 no sides, high heels, low heels, Cuban heels,
 French heels, baby toes, square toes, Dutch-
 toes, high insteps, low insteps, laced, or not.
 They were trimmed with bows, buckles, French
 pompoms, artificial fruit, vegetables and flowers,
 sequins, dishes, tassels. Loafers, oxfords,
 pumps, spectators, saddles, sandals, and wedgies
 were set before her.

After considerable scrutinizing, I was horri-
 fied to see her choose a pair of red lizard shoes
 with an enormous bow.

Finally the clerk came to me, looking exhausted after the ordeal.

"Cheer up, old man, I just want a pair of plain brown shoes in a size ten. I have been wearing that same style for twenty-five years."

With a sigh of relief and thankfulness in his eyes, he left to get them.

MARIAN BELL, '45.

* * *

Hard-Boiled

He made a forlorn figure standing there in the grey twilight. He paused wearily, looking back along the deserted road for signs of a car. His features lighted as the faint headlights of an approaching auto cut a golden swath into the fast-darkening night. Stepping into the road, he waved his thumb in the direction in which he had been walking. The car slid to a stop beside him and a voice asked, "Going my way, bud?"

"Yeah," he answered, and in response to an invitation to hop in, he slid casually across the seat and slammed the door shut. The car started with a smooth whine of power and they rode in silence for about half a mile.

The driver examined the expressionless face of his new-found companion in the light of the dash. He noted the worn garments, the shabby but clean shirt. He thought with amusement that somehow the hiker did not seem to wear his clothes but looked as though he were hiding in them, they were so large. A look at the face of the hitchhiker restrained him from mentioning it. The driver decided to try another track.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Marquissville." The hiker spoke without turning his head.

"Next town, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

Not very communicative, the driver thought.

"Have much trouble getting rides?"

The passenger turned and looked at him.

"Yeah. Most guys are kinda leary of picking up hitchhikers. Scared they'll get robbed."

"Something to that. I'm usually pretty careful, but you looked okay."

"Can't tell by looks." Calmly. "'Course we usually pick out some guy with a swell buggy. In heaps like these there usually isn't enough dough to make it worth while."

"Say, you sound like you go in for that sort of thing. I'm telling you now, I haven't got enough cash on me to make it worth while. I'm just hardly getting along myself."

The hiker looked at him insolently.

"Take it easy, bud. Stickups aren't my racket."

The driver breathed somewhat easier again.

"Er—what is your racket?"

The calm blue eyes looked at him again.

"Questions like that ain't exactly healthy, bud," with accent on the next to the last word, "but you look like a right guy, so I'll tell you if you can keep your lip buttoned."

Having been assured of this last statement, he went on.

"My name's Reilly, Black Mike Reilly. I'm one of the Notlad boys."

"No." The driver breathed his awe. "I've heard of you."

"Yes," the hiker expanded, "We're the toughest mob east of Denver. We don't bother honest guys, though. We make our money from crooked politicians and racketeers who don't dare squeal to the police."

"Sort of like Robin Hood?" the driver cut in.

"Robin Hood! That guy was a sap. Running around with bows and arrows. Strictly small time. We've got a paralysis ray that's quicker and easier."

"A paralysis ray," the driver said. "Why, with that you could go in any bank."

"I said we don't bother honest people. Right now we're doing a little job with the F. B. I. We're cleanin' up sabatoors and spies. There's a fifth columnist by the name of Curt Heydrich in Washington right now. He's trying to overthrow the government. Masquerades as a big business man, but actually he's an inter-

national spy-leader. He won't last long with us on his tail."

Silence as the night deepened.

"What are you doing so far out in the country at a little town like Marquisville?" the driver wanted to know.

The hiker answered, "The government's building a big new ammunition dump near there and I'm one of the boys sent down to keep an eye on it. There's been a hint that Heydrich wants it blown up. There's nothin' worse than a skunk like that."

They were nearing the outskirts of Marquisville now. There was a small scattering of houses which thickened as they went on. As they approached a corner with a light on it, the hiker leaned forward to stare at the figure of a woman who was standing in the light anxiously looking for someone.

"Let me out here," was the request.

The car stopped and Mike Reilly got out and walked over toward the woman. She hurried to him, relief on her face. They joined hands and turned to go when the driver of the car called, "Goodbye, Mike Reilly!"

The woman hurried to the car. "Do you know him?" she asked.

The answer was, "Yes, Mike has told me quite a bit about himself."

She smiled. "Mike is really a good boy and he usually doesn't stay out this late. I think he reads too many of those detective comics for a boy of twelve. Thank you for bringing him home safely."

RICHARD TRENCH, '44.

* * *

Home Is Where You Hang Your Hat

Since Ooley had a way of digging into papers and eating up news, it wasn't very amazing that before long he had learned that the Capitol was now the trysting place of the highly educated and learned. Partly to be conventional, but mostly to satisfy his roving foot, he began to make plans (secretly, of course) to go. Se-

cretly, because any deviation from family traditions would only incite cries of protest, and from the origin of his genealogical tree to the present time the Ooley homestead had revolved about Twin Orchards (now playfully dubbed the Ooley "Family Trees.")

Thus when Ezra, the elderly and only hired man, was making preparations to set out for the daily mail, Ooley climbed into the market wagon (patriotically substituted for the former station wagon) and crawled under the heap of tarpaulin which had been placed there for a protection against sudden cloudbursts. Per custom, Ezra left the wagon just beyond the depot in the empty lot and began his errands. Ooley's withdrawal from under his covering was slow and deliberate because he believed that discovery at this point would almost mean annihilation and he most certainly did not want his plans stamped out. Hence, Ooley fairly oozed from under the covering and made his way hurriedly to the express train at the depot. As the conductor's back was turned, he stowed away in the baggage car, for he had previously planned to save his resources for the future. There the possibility of discovery was slight, as it was simple to move from behind one piece of luggage to another in case of intrusion.

When the train arrived in Washington the next day, Ooley managed to creep off unseen and thanked Providence that his trip had been fairly successful, with merely the usual number of baggage disposals.

In his search for temporary residence, his experiences were varied. At one time a checked cab passed a hair's breadth away and the crowd so jostled him that he wriggled closer to the sides of the buildings and continued his quest in his unobtrusive manner. His hunger was satisfied at the push carts, an apple here, a peach there, a plum, etc.

Along the way he saw that all rooming-houses and hotels had signs to the effect that there were no empty rooms. But then in an out-of-the-way district he found an ideal home. It was in an empty alley, away from the danger

of traffic. It was red, and Ooley had a secret passion for red. There was no front door step, but then, who cares when one is searching for a room in the Capitol?

Ooley immediately established squatter's rights and burrowed his way to a bed-room. "If some people," he mumbled, "can live on a shoestring, why can't I live in an apple? Everybody's got to have a home—and a worm is no exception."

RUTH PEKKALA, '44.

* * *

A Day of Drudgery

Here are the seven phases of my school day:

Arriving at school, I hang my coat in the hall and dash into my homeroom on the double without a minute to spare. When the bell rings I go to my first class by way of the lower corridor, which is like trying to get through Grand Central Station during the rush hour. In Pre-nursing I learn how to apply a splint, revive a dead person, and mend a leg broken in fifteen places.

After first period I return to the library, which is generally like a refrigerator, and proceed to do the homework I should have done the night before. They claim the period is forty minutes long, but I have concluded that a gremlin pushes the hands around so that the forty minutes breaks down into fifteen, five of which I work and the rest of which I talk, or should I say converse?

Third period I have a study also, and since there are only a few people in the room and no one is close enough so that I can carry on a conversation, I am able to settle down to work after five or six minutes of gaping around.

Fourth period—"Si, senorita." You have guessed: I have Spanish. There are only a few in the class and therefore you just have to do your homework as you're sure to be called on. At the end of the period the teacher

allows me to get ready for the dash to the candy counter. With a nickel clutched tightly in my hand I leap with the rest of my starving companions toward the candy table. Finally, getting close to the counter, I reach out and grab something and give the nickel to the girl. Struggling, I turn this way and that to get out of the crowd, and when I finally do I discover I have purchased a bar of Tasty Yeast, which is in the first place too small, second, not worth the effort, and third, just not tasty. I guess it will have to do, and with one gulp it's gone. Then the bell rings and I go to fifth period.

In Latin I say, "Porto, portas, portat" until I nearly go mad and then the teacher announces that we are about to begin a new and much more interesting phase of Latin. This new pleasure comes in the form of "Duco, ducis, ducit," and believe me it's no pleasure. Then we are assigned our homework, which consists of ten oral sentences, twenty written ones, a reading lesson, two vocabularies, and a new declension.

After this, anything would be a pleasure, anything but algebra. Math is so much fun if you can do it, but for poor unfortunates like me to whom "X" doesn't mean anything but what is put in at the end of a love letter, this class is a menace to human society. But with my knowledge I manage to struggle through forty minutes of $x-2x+4=0$.

After algebra comes English, the final period of the day, and by this time I am so completely frazzled that I don't know a noun from a verb. The time passes quickly and the bell rings at one o'clock, announcing the end of school. I return to my homeroom only to learn that I must come to school at a quarter to eight the next morning because I was two-sixtieths of a minute late this morning. So ends the day!

NANCY WHITNEY, '46.

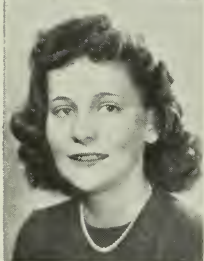
SENIOR CLASS ROLL



Constance Ayotte

Dramatic Club 1; Nature Club 1; Senior Chorus 4.

Inquisitive and loquacious, "Connie" is one of the best liked girls in the class. Her friendly manner and winning smile are sure to give her a good start along the road to fortune and success. Although she is mysterious about her outside activities, we have learned that bowling and roller-skating are among her favorite pastimes. We wonder if they are her only diversions. Hm?



Claire Beford

Class Secretary 4; Social Committee 4; Picture Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4; Senior Activities Committee 4.

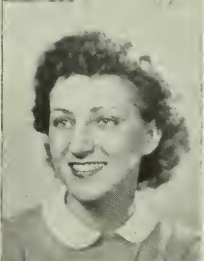
Clairebell is Peoples Theatre's pretty cashier, whose wit and smile help boost the ticket sales. Efficient and polite, she has won many friends. Clairebell takes life as it comes and is doing all right. We hope you always find it easy-going.



Thelma Bourne

Screech Owl 1; Jr. Women's Club 2, 3, 4; Social Committees 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Sun Light Hop Committee 4; Senior Girls' Chorus 4.

Whenever any artistic ability is required, we have been fortunate to have stately Thelma in our midst, always ready to oblige with the paint and brush. No wonder our social affairs have been such successes. Keep up the work and we'll surely be hearing more of you.



Alice Brown

Class Vice President 1; Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2; Field Hockey Team 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Captain 2; Cheer Leader 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; *Screech Owl* 1, 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4.

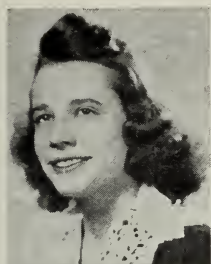
"Here come the Marines," and oh, how Alice would like to be in their ranks! But until she adds a few more years on to her present 17, she will have to be satisfied with the life of a secretary. A friend to all and what a lovely friend! May that which you desire be yours someday soon.



Jennie Chernak

Dramatic Club 1; Senior Chorus 4; *Screech Owl* 4.

With such a pleasing personality and unusual ability, Jen will be tops in secretarial work. She hopes to enter business school in the fall. Jen's sincere smile and twinkling eyes will brighten any office and help promote good business.



Anne Chodnicky

Screech Owl Club 3, 4; Assistant Editor 4; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Chorus 4; Girls' Glee Club 4.

Ann, the journalist? Ann, the actress? Which will it be? Judging from the many poems and stories she has written for our enjoyment and her stage performances, either choice would insure her success. Surely the school of journalism or dramatics will gain a valuable addition in clever Anne.



Mary Cutaia

Senior Chorus 4.

Courteous Mary is the quietest girl in our class. Any study period will find her bent over her studies, drinking in all the knowledge possible. Hard work pays big dividends, Mary, and you will do all right for yourself.



Helen D'Amico

Social Committee 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Senior Chorus 4.

Whenever you hear a contagious giggle running up and down the scale, you'll know this tiny bit of humanity (?) is around. Her favorite pastime in school is making up excuses and alibis, and outside of school she spends her afternoons causing all the "shrinkage" at J. J's. Mico's keen sense of humor and friendliness make her so well liked by all.



Jennie Denisewich

Class Secretary 2; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Jr. Women's Club 2, 3, 4; Social Committees 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Sunlight Hop Committees 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Senior Girls' Chorus 4.

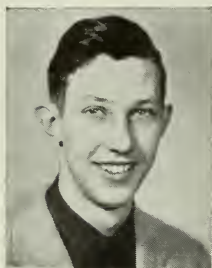
Jennie is a quiet, unobtrusive young lady whose very silence carries weight. Jennie's going to be a Cadet Nurse, and we're sure that this is one uniform the boys will really enjoy whistling at.



Eleanor Dimery

Dramatic Club 1, 2; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Art Club 1; Field Hockey 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2; Cheerleader 1, 2, 3; *Screech Owl* 2, 3, 4; Freshman-Sophomore Social 2; Class Secretary 3; All Social Committees 3; Ring Committee 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Autumn Social 4; Student Council (Secretary) 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4.

"Dim," as she is known to her friends, is one of the more quiet (?) members of our Senior clan. In the future she will undoubtedly cheer the patients at St. Elizabeth's as much as she has the customers at Manning's Pharmacy.



Joseph Dutkowski

Social Committee 3, 4; Basketball 1, 4; Dramatic Club 1; Craft Club 1, 2, 3; 4-H Club 1; Track 2; Hobby Nobby Club 1; Gym Exhibition 3; Senior Chorus 4; *Screech Owl* Staff 4.

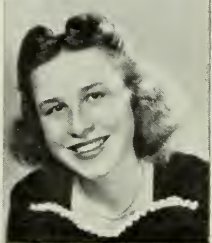
Joe's one of the easiest kids in the senior class to get along with, and his witty sayings will be long remembered. He is one of our sportsmen and is very much interested in guns. Joe's going into the Navy. Joe is also one of our home defenders over in Acton. During the summer he can be seen whizzing around the floor up at Lake Boone. Keep rolling, Dut.



Shirley Garlick

Junior Women's Club 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4.

Since Shirley is the mystery woman of the Senior Class, little can be said about her, but the bit that is known is favorable. The quality of her lunches is well-known, and not many senior boys can deny that the reason they hurry to a certain room in M. H. S. at recess is to enjoy a sandwich. Her ability in the classrooms (especially in chemistry) could easily make her a career woman, but for the distracting existence of a certain friend "Nickie."



Helen Girdziewski

Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain of the Second Team 3; Basketball 1, 2; Senior Chorus 4; Junior Women's Club 3, 4; *Screech Owl*.

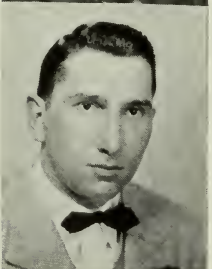
Blond and blushing,—yet spirited, that's Helen. Wouldn't we all like to waltz around the floor with this smooth dancer! Her immediate ambition is to become a secretary. What a lovely decoration she'll make for any office! What a lovely secretary she'll make for any boss!



Natalie Goodwin

Social Committee 4; Student Council 4; Student Council Social Committee 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4; *Screech Owl* 4.

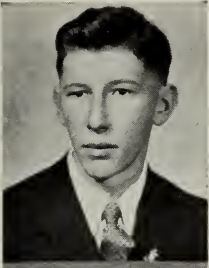
What's behind those sparkling brown eyes? Friendliness, sweetness, and certainly ability. All who know Nat have come under the spell of those dark eyes and that pleasing personality. Lucky be the boss who holds her to a contract.



Maxwell Gruber

All Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-captain 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1; Senior Activities Committee 4; *Screech Owl* 1; Aviation Club 2; Senior Hops 4; Senior Chorus 4; Athletic Association Tag Day 2; Athletic Association Dance Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Ring Committee 3; Gym exhibition 4; Track Manager 2.

Athletic, sociable, polite, and cooperative, those are the adjectives that best describe "Maxie." He will undoubtedly make a fine midshipman at the Massachusetts Naval Academy, where he plans to go.



Stanley Hajduk

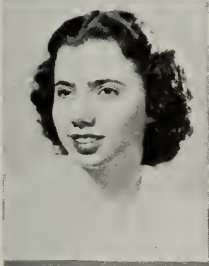
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Social Committees 4; Senior Chorus 4.

Stanley, or "Ace," as he is known among his friends, is another of the quiet members of the class. His cheerful disposition and congenial manner are always shown wherever you may find him. His ambition is to dictate the peace terms in Tokyo.

Ann Hamlin

Field Hockey Team 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain of Second Hockey Team 2; Basketball 1, 2; Student Council 1, 2, 3; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Women's Club Vice President 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Class Ring Committee 3; Senior Activities Committee 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Dramatic Club 1, 4; Hobby Knobby Club 1; Cheer Leader 2, 3, 4; Head Cheer Leader 3; Maynard Women's Club Honorary Membership Award 4; Prize in Treasury Department Contest 3; Senior Chorus 4; Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Usher at Graduation 3; Graduation Speaker 4.

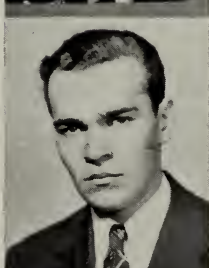
Quality plus—that describes Ann. The high esteem with which all regard her is proof of her present popularity and future success. Not only the Senior Class respect Ann, for she also has a substantial sophomore following. Ah-men!



Laurine Haskins

Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4.

Penny is one of the class mystery girls. No one knows much about her activities, except that she reserves dates for a certain young army officer. Penn's future is assured. She will take a position as time-keeper at Raytheon. We know she will make good.



Fred Hekkala

Craft Club 2; Social Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4.

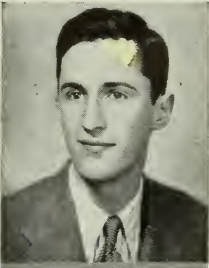
Fred's one of the quiet boys of our class, but some of us have our doubts about those Canadian "Fishing Trips." When he gets into the Army, no doubt he will be able to show the instructor a few tricks about rifles. Keep shooting, Fred.



Roy Helander

Social Committees 3, 4; Student Council 4; Boys' Cooking Club 1; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer of Dramatic Club; "Meet the Family" 2; "Wurzel Flummery" 4; *Screech Owl* 2, 3, 4; Editor, *Screech Owl* 4; Orchestra 2, 3; Chorus Accompaniment 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Ring Committee 3; Class Night Speaker 4.

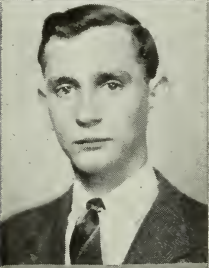
" . . . pictures need cutting," " . . . we're short, Roy," " . . . not until June 18," are calls of distress which are directed mainly toward the "end man" of the Senior class. Roy has had to use unique prowess in solving the *Screech Owl's* problems, but the S. O., in turn, has given him excellent training in patience for his future profession as a teacher.



Leonard Kaplan

Senior Valentine Dance Committee 4; Intramural Basketball 4; Aviation Club 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3; Senior Chorus 4.

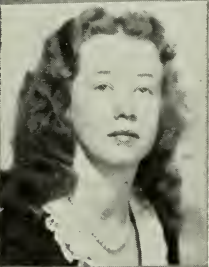
Perhaps one of the greatest business men of the future will be our classmate, Leonard, for he is attending the College of Business Administration at Boston University. We are sure that he will make a good one, as he indeed has all the qualities which go to make a good businessman: honesty, good judgment, and a remarkable personality.



Edward Karpeichik

Football 1, Track 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Dance Committees 4; Senior Chorus 4.

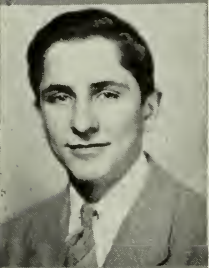
"Karp" is one of the quiet and mysterious boys of the class. His popularity is known throughout the school, especially at Senior Class meetings. He has a certain someone in Clinton and many are still trying to find out who it is. Best of luck for your life in the service.



Esther King

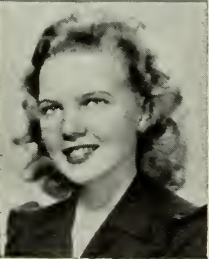
Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Vice-President 3; Ring Committee 3; Radio Club 1; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Chorus 4; Picture Committee 4; Class Night Speaker 4.

Esther is a tall, terrific red-head. Wherever you see "Red," you will also see a large number of the opposite sex. Her ambition is to be a secretary, but we're afraid she'll upset the whole office routine for a month the day she is hired. Her personality and sense of humor will never be out of place. All kidding aside, lots of luck, Esther.



Howard King

"Sailing, sailing over the Bounding Main." Call him "Coogie," "Kingie," or "Knifer," he's a swell guy. We're sure that the Navy got the best of the deal. He may not have been six feet tall, but he had a lot more fun than some of our so-called "Romeos." We're sorry we couldn't get a list of his countless activities.



Sirkka Koskinen

Class Vice President 1, 4; Class Secretary 2; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Junior Women's Club 2, 3, 4; *Screech Owl* 4; All Social Committees 1, 2, 4; Senior Activities Committees 4; Senior Chorus 4; Picture Committee 4; Graduation Honor Speaker 4.

This tall, slim girl has a medley of qualities and, in the bargain, is a *distractingly* blond young lady. Into the mixing pot were thrown determination, ambition, co-operativeness, the aforesaid blond hair, gaiety, argumentativeness, perseverance, studiousness, but, instead of the compound, out bubbled Sirkka. She has her eye on the title of R. N., but if you question her, you find she has another eye—only this one's on a prefix.



Helmi Kulmala

Social Committee 4; *Screech Owl* 2, 3, 4; Junior Women's Club 2, 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4; Graduation Honor Speaker 4.

This little lady may be small in size, but judging from her entire school record she has a large mental capacity. Not a single mark lower than an "A" has stained her record! A wonderful start for a successful commercial career unless a certain soldier down Africa way changes her mind.



Mary Lawler

Social Committees 2, 3, 4; Field Hockey Team 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain of Team 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Junior Women's Club 3, 4; Cheer Leader 3, 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4.

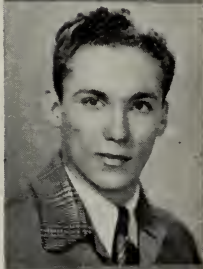
Give a big cheer for Mel, whose ambition is to become an angel of mercy. We're not sure about the angel part, but mercy will certainly be needed for her patients—'cause we know she will keep them in "stitches." Best of luck to a future Florence Nightingale from the class of '44.



Edward Ledgard

Class President 4; Football 3, 4; Track 2; Basketball 3, 4; Radio Club 1, 2, 3; Aviation Club 3; Student Council 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Picture Committee 4; Dance Committee 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4; A. A. Dance Committee 4; Graduation Honor Speaker 4.

Eddie's the president of our class, and I'm sure we couldn't have picked a better one. In the gym or on the football field, he'll hold his own against anyone. A good dancer, swimmer, and golfer, he's a real sport. His chief interest seems to be up near the cemetery. Perhaps he knows a couple of corpses. What say, Ed?



Milton Lehto

Football 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Baseball Captain 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Social Committees 2, 3, 4; Aviation Club; Craft Club; Senior Chorus 4.

"Miller," good looking, curly haired, is seemingly quiet but his friends know differently. His athletic abilities range far and wide, from a fast, hard-to-stop seat back to a top-notch outfielder. He hopes the airplane he's going to fly some day doesn't go as slow as his car. Keep going, "Miller," ceiling unlimited.



Arthur LeSage

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President 1; Class Treasurer 3; *Screech Owl* Staff 2, 3, 4; Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Ring Committee 3; Senior Activities Committees 4; Senior Picture Committee 4; Student Council 1, 2; Senior Chorus 4.

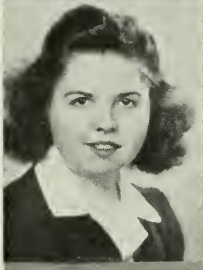
Carefree "Lefty" is one of the hard working boys at the First National. His athletic abilities include being a first class end and a fancy first baseman. One of his interests is dancing, where he steps with the best. Keep the ball rolling, "Lefty," you can't fail.



Kaarin Lilja

Social Committee 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Senior Chorus 4; Graduation Honor Speaker 4.

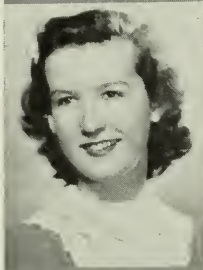
"Lil's" ready wit has made her a popular member of the commercial class. She has changed quite a bit from the quiet and serious girl she was on first entering Maynard High. With her winning personality and ability she would be a good secretary, but her interests seem to be elsewhere. We all wonder why she is interested in mechanics (? ?) At present, though, she is a clerk at Arthur's Store, and he is very "Gladky" to have such an *efficient* helper.



Zena Loiko

Senior Chorus 4.

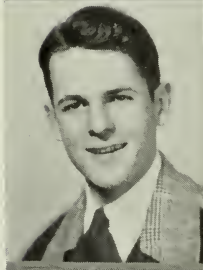
There is a bit of mystery surrounding Zena and few have been able to penetrate it. However, her closest friends assure us that she makes a most pleasant companion. Her ambition is still unknown. Many wishes for success are mingled with our good-byes.



Patricia Louka

Field Hockey 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader 2, 3, 4; Head Cheer Leader 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club Vice President 3; "Meet the Family" 2; "Wurzel-Flummery" 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Women's Club President 4; Maynard Women's Club Honorary Membership Award 4; Daughters of the Revolution Good Citizenship Award; Junior Prom Committee 3; Junior Ring Committee 3; Senior Picture Committee 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4; Social Committees 3, 4; Graduation Speaker 4.

Dependable, Desirable, Definite, and De-lovely — all describe Pat. Her accomplishments throughout her high school career have been many, and we are confident that her success will come quickly. The class of '44 will ever be proud of Pat.



Harold Lyons

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-Captain 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President 2; Class Treasurer 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Activities 4; All Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2; Picture Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4; A. A. Dance Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Night Speaker 4.

"Chick" is going into the Army Air Corps after graduation, and we know he will be an outstanding pilot! His bowling is something to write home about — and he had very excellent managerial qualities. His performance on the gridiron and basketball court also show a fine example of leadership.



Doris McIntosh

Social Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4; *Screech Owl* Staff 4.

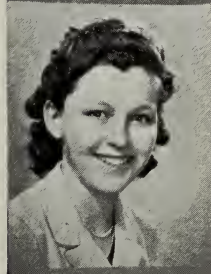
"Dot" or "Irish," the younger of the two McIntosh sisters, is about the most pleasant person we know. She is never too busy to help a friend. Tall and decidedly brunette, she makes herself most popular, especially at the Acton dances. We wish her the best of luck in her ambition to be one of Uncle Sam's Cadet Nurses.



Hazel McIntosh

Screech Owl Staff 4; Senior Chorus 4.

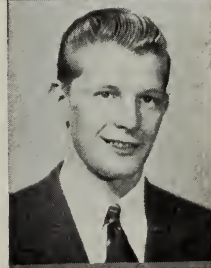
The next time you pick up the phone, don't be surprised if the voice that says, "Number, please," is that of Hazel. You see, that's her one ambition—to be a telephone operator. She surely has "The voice with a smile." What has Woburn got that Maynard hasn't? Well, Hazel, how about it?



Barbara McLane

Field Hockey 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2; Junior Women's Club 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4; Cheer Leader 2, 3.

In the past few years many new customers have wandered into the Bell Shop, if only for the sight of Barbara's beautiful smile. Just what lies behind it no one really knows, but rumor has it that the Coast Guard has a special place.



Allan Maki

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3, 4; Baseball 2; Track 1; Gym Exhibition 3; Code Club 2, 3; Craft Club 3; A. T. Tag Days 2; All Dance Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4; Cooking Club 1; Senior Activities Committee 4.

Just a glance at his activities and you realize that Mac hasn't been sleeping for the last four years. He can be seen flying around in the Co-op truck almost any afternoon. Pokey Hall is one of his favorite haunts when he is not over in Acton at the State Guard. He certainly enlivened the physics class.



Thomas Marcelonis

Dramatic Club 1, 2; Social Committees 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 4; Football 4.

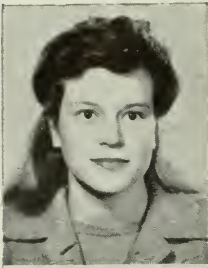
Tom, tall, suave, easy going, can be seen almost anytime strolling down Main Street with a cheery "How are ya?" on his lips. Many a hardy batter has quivered in his tracks when Marcy's lanky figure loomed before him on the mound. Keep pitching, Marcy!



Pauline Mark

Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Senior Chorus 4.

Pauline is a mixture of gayety and modesty, which, of course, are displayed at the correct moments. Pauline's future lies in the world of nursing, unless some sailor influences her to change it. Either way, we know she'll make some one happy.



Leita Mason

Senior Chorus 4.

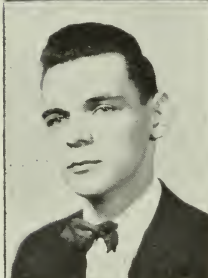
Leita is one of our quiet classmates, but her pleasant personality and friendliness has won for her many friends. At present she is employed as a window-designer at Woolworth's, but her ambition is to attend Wilfred Academy to study hairdressing. Her evenings are "engaged" with Johnny and in skating and bowling.



Barbara Murphy

Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1; Class Treasurer 1, Field Hockey 1, 2; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club Vice-President 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Basketball 2, 3; Senior Chorus; Ring Committee 3.

"Red" is the sales boon down at Anderson's. She's one of the most independent, happy-go-lucky girls in M. H. S. "Murph" is always ready to laugh with everyone, and her own humor and wit draw all the kids to her.



George Novick

Football 1, 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 4; Class Treasurer 2; Dance Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4; Tag Day 2; A. A. Social Committees 1, 2, 4.

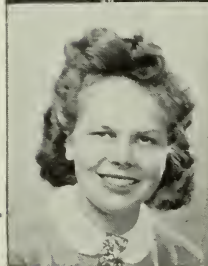
"Nick" is one of the best-natured boys in our class. His dynamic personality rates high among his fellow classmates, who classify him as another Sinatra. His captivating smile makes him many friends.



Peter Oskirka

Social Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4.

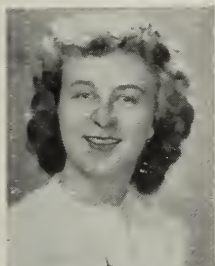
Pete, one of the shop boys, is a member of the State Guard. We're sure that if this country is attacked, he will not be slow on the draw. He was also an intra-mural sharpshooter. An able hunter and trapper, Pete will always manage to get along.



Ruth Pekkala

Social Committee 4; Field Hockey 1; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Senior Chorus 4; Junior Women's Club 2, 3, 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Class Night Speaker 4.

"It's a wonderful world!" sings gay Ruthy as she floats blissfully along life's merry way. Under all her gayety, however, there is a very sober side, a glimpse of which even her most intimate friends seldom see. Surely everyone agrees that any patient under her wing need never suffer loneliness or boredom.



Miriam Pinolehto

Social Committee 4; Dramatic Club 1; Junior Women's Club 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4.

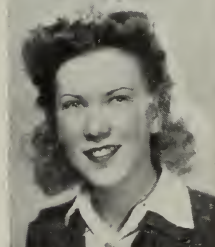
A cute little blond, full of vim, vigor and vitality, that's Mimi! She plans to follow a commercial career, in which we wish her success, but confidentially, we suspect that there is another career much more domestic which also interests her at present. Best of luck in whichever one you choose.



Lillian Reid

Student Council 2; Senior Chorus 4; Social Committee 4.

"Lil," Phil's pin-up girl, is one of the nicest girls in the whole Senior class as well as in the Commercial Department. Her personality, which matches her good looks, makes all the kids want to be her friend. "Lil" wants to get a job in the city where she will make some executive proud, but the boss' wife will probably turn green. Anyway, the best word to describe her is — swell!



Elsie Rissanen

Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Art 3, 4.

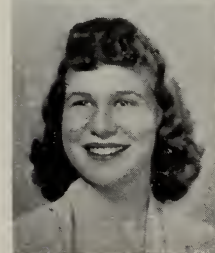
"Blondie" is M. H. S.' best navy morale builder — ask Mike! Her sense of humor, easy friendliness, and readiness to help make her a friend to all. When she wants female company, she can be seen with "Lil"—both always looking as if they're enjoying life. Elsie is a wonderful sport, and whenever she is around, everyone is having a good time.



John Sebastynowicz

A. A. Dance Committees 4; Social Committee 4; Craft Club 2; Football 4; Baseball 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4; Gym Exhibition 4; Aviation Club 3.

"Busty" will always be remembered for his good humor. His cheerful disposition has won the admiration of his classmates. John's interests are many, and he exhibits great enthusiasm and efficiency in whatever he plans to do. We know that this will help him in his endeavor to become an officer in the United States Coast Guard.



Doris Seder

Junior Women's Club 1, 3, 4; Chairman of Programs of Junior Women's Club 4; Dramatic Club 1, 3, 4; Secretary of Dramatic Club 3; Maynard Women's Club Honorary Membership Award 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Chorus 1; Senior Chorus 4; Prize in Treasury Department Contest 3; Usher at Graduation 3; Cheerleader 3, 4; Class Night Speaker 4.

Witty, genial, ambitious, and sparkling seems to describe our Doris perfectly. With her lovely personality and brilliant mind, she will go far on the road to success.



Helen Spurrell

Social Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4.

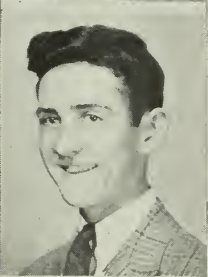
"Spur's" major concern is the morale of defense workers. As a result, all of her time that isn't taken up by school or the gas man at Nell's is dedicated to Nichol's chief assembly line whiz. Formerly, she used to aid him in his air raid duties, but they soon found out that Great Road didn't come under his assigned vicinity.



Laura Stapell

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Senior Chorus 4.

An aura of mystery seems to surround Laura while in school, but we have a suspicion that this attitude vanishes after school is out. Right now, she is keeping an eye on the South Pacific and spends her leisure time writing V-mail. In the immediate future she will become one of Uncle Sam's war workers. Keep em rolling, and no "Duds," please.



Albert Sullivan

Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President of Dramatic Club 3, 4; *Screech Owl* 1, 2, 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; Ring Committee 3; Senior Chorus 4; Nature Club 1; "Haunted Hotel" 1; "Meet the Family" 2; "Wurzel-Flummery" 4; "Nobody Sleeps" 4; Class Night Speaker 4.

"Sully's" winning smile will undoubtedly be one of the things which will help make him a success. For this witty member of our class desires to become an actor. We are sure he will make a fine one from what we have seen of him in Maynard High School plays and assemblies.



Anthony Taryma

Football 1, 2; Basketball 1, 4; Baseball 1, 4; Craft Club 1, 2; Aviation Club 3; Senior Chorus 4.

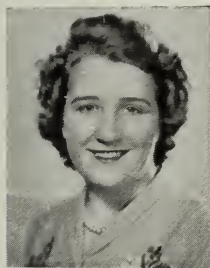
This member of the Sebastianowicz-Taryma-Hajduk trio is one of the jolliest members of our class. He will certainly make Uncle Sam a very good sailor. Best wishes for your naval career.



Alice Thane

Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3; *Screech Owl* Staff 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4.

Alice is one of our most outstanding commercial students. She has all the qualities necessary to make her an efficient secretary. With her ability, she is sure to succeed in all she undertakes, and we know she will be an asset to any office. She has already acquired much experience from her job at Martin's Insurance Agency, where she is now working part time.



Mary Tobin

Dramatic Club 1; Nature Club 1; Senior Chorus 4; Social Committee 4; Field Hockey Social 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4.

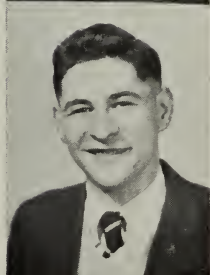
As you can see by the list of activities, "Toby" has been a busy person around the school in the past four years. With a reputation of always being a "happy-go-lucky" sort of person, it is hard to believe that she can really be in "Earnest" when the conversation turns to West Acton. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" seems to be her motto and one we hope she never loses.



Richard Trench

Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 4; Football 1, 2; *Screech Owl* Staff 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Ring Committee 3; Picture Committee 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Radio Club 3; Aviation Club 3; Senior Chorus 4; A. A. Dance Committee 1, 2, 4; Gym Exhibition 3, 4; Graduation Honor Speaker 4.

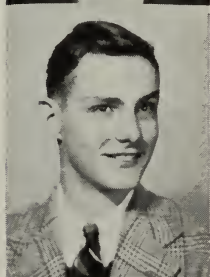
Tall, blonde, and definitely handsome, Dick is rather quiet with people he doesn't know very well, but his friends will tell you that when he is in good company he is right on the proverbial ball. Ask any girl whether he can dance or not.



John Usher

Football 1, 2; Baseball 2, 4; Dance Committee 4.

Ush's cheerful disposition has earned him many friends among his classmates during his high school career. With such unflinching interest and enthusiasm in everything he undertakes, we predict a great future for John. Keep smiling.



Leonard Van Vorse

Radio Club 1, 2, 3; Craft Club 2; Track Team 2; Football Manager 2; Aviation Club 3; Dramatic Club 3; Senior Chorus 4.

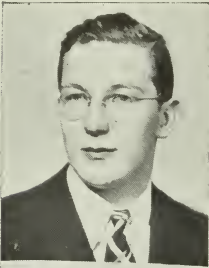
More of certain chemicals plus the right formulas equal no more lab. Van, the scientist of all the classes, has a chief ambition to get into the Navy, but his arches will not permit. Keep up the spark, Van, it shall not fade.



Ann Walls

Field Hockey 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2; Senior Chorus 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Field Hockey Social 2.

Wally cashiers at Colonial Theatre and is one of Clairebell's best friends. Wally plans on being a nurse and took her exam recently. The nursing profession will gain a fine personality and devoted worker. We know that she will brighten the wards with her humor and we wish her luck.



Joseph Walsh

Football 1, 4; Dance Committees 4; Basketball 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3; "Meet the Family" 3; Aviation Club 3; Senior Activities Committee 4; Class Night Speaker 4; Gym Exhibition 3, 4; Code Club 3; Class Writeups 4; A. A. Dance 4

Joe's exploits are known far and wide. One of his chief interests, besides dancing, is the State Guard, in which he is a first-rate sharp-shooter. His dives and dips in the gym have yet to be equaled. He is seen in Parker's, dishing out hardware when he is not whizzing around in the truck. Don't take any lead nickels, Joe.



Helen Whalen

Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Nature Club 1; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Senior Chorus 4.

Helen's genial manner and pleasing personality are ever apparent. She has proven herself capable on the hockey field as well as on the basketball court. She hasn't quite made up her mind, yet, as to what her life's work will be, but we feel certain that her quick thinking and strong determination, as shown by her record in athletics, will determine her future success.



Anne White

Screech Owl 1, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; "Nobody Sleeps" 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Women's Club Secretary 3, 4; Junior Women's Club Treasurer 2; Field Hockey 1, 2; Field Hockey Manager 4; Christmas Social Committee 4; Senior Activities 4; Senior Chorus 4; Honorary Membership Maynard Women's Club 4; Class Night Speaker 4.

Any news today? No "Enterprise" is required when Anne is around. She wants to be a secretary, and the boss will only have to go to her for the needed information; so best wishes for success go to a grand member of the class of '44.



Miss Marion F. Dempsey, Class Adviser

To Miss Dempsey, we wish to extend our heart-felt thanks for all she has done for us. Her tireless efforts and her willingness to help us have really been appreciated. The Class of '44 is grateful to you, Miss Dempsey, and wishes you success and happiness in all you do.

All Photographs in This Issue by . . .

PURDY

160 Tremont Street

Boston, Mass.



Intra-Mural Basketball

Our intra-mural basketball during the winter proved to be the center of attraction for some fifty or sixty boys.

A league consisting of six teams was formed, playing two days a week. Some close and hard-fought games were to follow.

The boys selected names for their respective teams and the season was on. The "Wilson Scrapers," led by Albie Rogers, proved to be the champs before the season was over, but not without having to put up a fight in every game they played. The "Polish Eagles," led by Capt. "Busty," were a tough crew to handle. In every game every team they played knew they had been in a good scrap before the final whistle had blown. Capt. "Mouse" Hajduk's "Spiders," who finished second in league standing, were a continuous threat throughout the entire schedule. Capt. Hajduk, a splendid floorman, kept his team in the thick of things and they proved to be a five-man team that had to be watched throughout.

The rest of the teams, Maki's "Stars," Gruber's "Cavaliers," and Ledgard's "Wolves," while not finishing in the upper half of the league, never gave up, and displayed the same fight until the end of the schedule. Many of the games lost by these three teams were decided by the smallest of margins. The respective captains and their teams let the other teams know they had always been in a battle, regardless of win or loss.

A few individual stars appeared before the season was over, but the domination of team play was ever present.

It was a great fight all the way, and when the

final whistle had been blown of the last game, the Scrapers emerged the victors.

A team of All-Stars was selected from the rest of the league to play the Scrapers in the championship. Again the Scrapers won, becoming the champs of basketball for 1944.

League Standing

Wilson Scrapers	9 - 1
Spiders	7 - 3
Eagles	6 - 4
Wolves	4 - 6
Stars	2 - 8
Cavaliers	2 - 8

* * * *

Midget League

As there always are a few of the smaller boys who have a hard time making the teams on which the larger boys play, a league was formed of the smaller boys, four teams in all.

With such muscle men as Allard, Carew, Kopanen, Gruber, and dozens of others of like stature, they played a schedule of real rough and tumble basketball, with Team I emerging the victor.

For thrills and fight the large teams had nothing on these mighty midgets. Team play here dominated, as is evidenced by the many small scores.

<i>Team</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>
I	5	3
II	4	4
III	4	4
IV	3	5

Big League

<i>Scrappers</i>	<i>Eagles</i>
Capt Rogers	Capt. Sebastynowicz
Stein	Wasiluck
Dutkowski	Taryma
Compton	Wuorio, R.
Johnson	Oskirka
Wuorio, H.	Tomyl
Bain	

<i>Stars</i>	<i>Spiders</i>
Capt. Maki	Capt. Hajduk
Trench	Marcelonis
Walsh	Lalli, E.
King	Torppa
Belida	Cutaia
LeSage	Brown, D.
Murray	Brown, H.

<i>Wolves</i>	<i>Cavaliers</i>
Capt. Ledgard	Capt. Gruber
Usher	Karpechuck
Novick	Lydon
Jones	Crowley
Howes	Lehto
Poulson	

Midget League

<i>Team I</i>	<i>Team II</i>
Oskirka	Yanchewski
Gruber, W.	O'Leary
Carew, J.	Luker
Barilone	Linteri
Tomyl	Kopanen
	Holly

<i>Team III</i>	<i>Team IV</i>
Allard	Zancewicz
Freeman	Russo
Spurrell	Burgess
Wehkoja	Messier
MaCarthy	Wolik
McIntosh	
Lidell	
Arcieri	

Varsity Basketball

For the first time in some ten or twelve years Maynard High was represented by a varsity basketball team. Undertaking a schedule of nine games, all of which were to be played away from home, the team made a fair showing, winning three of the nine played.

Without a regulation court to practice on, which accounted for all games' being played away, the boys had difficulty in adjusting their play to the larger courts of other schools.

The showing of the team led us to believe that in the years to come Maynard High can hold its own with any of the schools around, and given a place to practice and play in, they would give a splendid account of themselves.

It was strictly a five-man team when they were on the floor, with no dominating star, so we include the names of members of the squad:

Hajduk	Novick
Rogers	Jones
Marcelonis	Johnson
Ledgard	Trench
Sebastynowicz	Taryma
LeSage	Hodgess
Lyons	

Baseball

The 1944 baseball season opened, finding Maynard once again a member of the Midland League. With a schedule of twelve games, the squad can look forward to a busy season, as the last game is played June 3.

With a few veterans and some Seniors that have not played ball before, a fair team resulted, which shows a record of three wins and three defeats as of to date.

The opening game:

CLINTON 10—MAYNARD 3

Lack of experience and confidence sent Maynard down to defeat in its opener. Not a hit was made by Maynard's Sluggers until the eighth inning, while Clinton teed off on the offerings of Marcelonis and Rogers. Capt. Mil-

ler and LeSage were the only Maynard players able to do anything with the Clinton pitcher.

MAYNARD 6—WESTON 4

Maynard came into the win column behind the good left arm of John Usher. John kept hits well scattered until he tired in the last two innings, when Marcelonis took over and finished the game in good relief style. Busty and LeSage hit well for Maynard, as did Albie Rogers, who came through with a timely single to score two runs and put Maynard out in front.

HUDSON 6—MAYNARD 4

Our arch rivals from Hudson pulled one out of the bag, scoring three runs without a hit to win a hard fought game. Lefty LeSage, pitching his first game, kept hits well scattered, and if it hadn't been for a slight case of jitters in that one inning, Maynard might have come off with the victory.

Mike Johnson with 3-5, including a homer, and Fritz Wasiluk's triple were the outstanding contributions to Maynard's four runs.

The team looked well after a game or two, and the hitting power that the Coach expects is beginning to come out.

MAYNARD 12—MILFORD 9

Maynard's first league win over a strong Milford nine gave our boys the boost and confidence they needed to go on to win more games.

Hitting power came out on top, with Maynard's Sluggers gathering thirteen hits. Paced by Hajduk, Jones, and Rogers, who gathered 3 hits apiece, Maynard won a well-earned victory. Marcelonis pitched all the way for Maynard.

MAYNARD 16—WAYLAND 4

An easy score and Maynard won going away. Hits rang out to all fields.

Usher again held out well until he was relieved by Busty, who finished up in big league style in spite of its being his first game on the mound.

LeSage and Lehto hit well for Maynard.

CONCORD 6—MAYNARD 5

The wealthy towners dood it again. Their lucky charm still holds good over Maynard. As a result, we came off the field with defeat instead of victory. Maynard outhit and outplayed, but did not outscore their rivals from Concord. Concord's pitchers had Maynard's batters fanning the breezes when base hits would have spelled victory.

Three men on, no outs, next three batters foul, Maynard's murderer row had failed.

The Schedule

		May. Opp.
Apr. 22	Maynard at Clinton	3 10
Apr. 25	Maynard at Weston	6 4
Apr. 29	Hudson at Maynard	4 6
May 3	Milford at Maynard	12 9
May 5	Maynard at Wayland	16 4
May 6	Concord at Maynard	5 6
May 13	Maynard at Marlboro	11 12
May 17	Maynard at Milford	12 9
May 19	Weston at Maynard	5 3
May 20	Clinton at Maynard	4 11
May 24	Maynard at Hudson	1 12
May 26	Wayland at Maynard	9 3
May 30	Maynard at Concord	2 1
June 3	Marlboro at Maynard	

* * *

Girls' Basketball 1944

The Girls' Basketball Season has come and gone. Although their victories were few, the girls who went out for this sport played hard and well. To them, we extend a word of praise and thanks.

Girls' Basketball 1944

Intra-Mural

High Scorer: Roberta Carlson—32 points
 Second: Ann Flaherty—27 points

TEAM 1

Kathryn Louka—Captain
 Ann Flaherty Ann Maria Morton
 Teresa White Eileen Bell
 Barbara Gibney Nancy Gentsh
 Rose D'Agata

Games won: 1 Games lost: 1

TEAM 2

Judy Wehkoja—Captain
 Kathleen Sawyer Julia Palaima
 Helen Ketola Florence Croft
 Mary Lawler Shirley Spence
 Jean Erickson

Games won: 0 Games lost: 2

TEAM 3

Laura Stapell—Captain
 Elizabeth Jones Sylvia DiGrappa
 Constance Whitney Joyce Hinds
 Arlene Howard

Games won: 1 Games lost: 1

TEAM 4

Barbara Grigas—Captain
 Agnes Finocchi Charlotte Lehto
 Roberta Carlson Irene Bakum
 Antonette Mariano Doris Dionne
 Bernice Hamilton

Games won: 3 Games lost: 0

* * * *

Girls' Basketball Team Games

TEAM 2

Maynard Concord
 Ann Flaherty—Captain

The final score was 28-4 in favor of Concord.

Ann Flaherty and Helen Ketola scored the only baskets for Maynard.

TEAM 1

Maynard Concord
 Rose D'Agata—Captain
 The game ended with the score 35-11, with Concord victorious.

TEAM 2

Maynard Acton
 Ann Flaherty—Captain
 The score at the end of the game was 28-5, the winners, Acton.
 Ann Flaherty and Teresa White scored for Maynard.

TEAM 1

Maynard Acton
 Ethel Burgess—Acting Captain
 Final score was in favor of Acton 64-19.
 Ethel Burgess and Laura Stapell scored for Maynard.

TEAM 2

Maynard Weston
 Ann Flaherty—Captain
 The game ended with the score 35-23 in favor of Weston.
 Ann Flaherty, Helen Ketola, and Teresa White scored for Maynard.

TEAM 1

Maynard Weston
 Rose D'Agata—Captain
 The final score was Weston 37 and Maynard 23.
 Maynard scorers were Rose D'Agata, Laura Stapell, and Ethel Burgess.



BASKETBALL TEAM

...Activities...

Christmas Assembly

At this festive time of the year we were entertained at a very colorful Yuletide assembly which was under the supervision of Miss Dempsey. The master of ceremonies, Albert Sullivan, led the school in a salute to the flag and in the singing of The Star Spangled Banner. " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas" was then recited by Barbara Marchant, which put us into an extremely merry mood.

Then came the Commercial Choristers, attired in vestments, to sing a medley of carols. The members are Helen D'Amico, Esther King, Alice Brown, Barbara Murphy, Helen Spurrell, George Novick, Richard Higgins, Charles Higgins, Albert Crowley, Stanley Kulik, Robert Lalli, Hazel McIntosh, and Doris McIntosh.

Seriousness again reverted to laughter when Barbara Murphy recited "Santa Goes Commercial." When the chorus came out the second time, we heard popular tunes. Musical selections by Kathryn Louka, Roger Compton and Frank Downen followed. We listeners in the assembly were given a chance to sing carols after this last number.

During the interim between the first and second halves of the program Miss Dempsey was presented with a corsage from her home-room by the master of ceremonies.

The second half of this Christmas Assembly was a play with Helen D'Amico, Roy Helander, Alice Brown, Albert Sullivan, Jennie Denise-wich, and Joseph Walsh as the characters. It was greatly enjoyed by all.

The assembly was a great success and sent us off in blithe spirits for the coming vacation.

* * *

January Assembly

"Truth or Consequences" was the very original program chosen for the month of January by Miss Winchenbaugh, the supervisor, as there were no holidays to commemorate during this time. This lively program was begun by Al-

bert Sullivan, the master of ceremonies, whose wit has aided many of our monthly assemblies. He was assisted by Roy Helander, the time-keeper.

Hilarious were the consequences paid by the contestants, who were Mary Lawler, Max Gruber, James Killoran, Shirley Peterson, Charles Higgins, Barbara Murphy, Roger Compton, Roberta Carlson, Howard King, Albert Crowley, Thomas Marcelonis, George Novick, and Rita Boothroyd.

Among the most fascinating of these consequences were the marshmallow stunt by Shirley Peterson and James Killoran, the proposal by Roberta Carlson to Roger Compton, and the imitation of Frank Sinatra by George Novick, to name only a few.

The property assistants, Alice Syvanen and Harold Lyons, also greatly aided in the success of this highly entertaining program.

With such an assembly, we began the year smiling, as is right.

* * *

February Assembly

With the birthdays of two of our presidents, Washington and Lincoln, coming in February, we had plenty of reason to have an assembly. This patriotic program was under the supervision of Miss McCarn.

Patricia Louka was the mistress of ceremonies, who introduced to us the following speakers: Ruth Pekkala, Pauline Mark, Roy Helander, Anne Chodynicky, and Shirley Bain, who proved to us that two of our greatest leaders were just normal children, not child prodigies after all.

The second half of the program was comprised of a short play written by a classmate of ours, Raymond Wuorio. This humorous one-act play portrayed the afterlife of our presidents and the many surprises which they were dealt when some of our World War II heroes joined them. Their misunderstanding of modern terms brought no end of laughter. The actors

in this skit were William Aho, Raymond Wuorio, Albert Rogers, Edward Allard, and Herbert Wuorio.

We left with a feeling of satisfaction, after having seen another worthwhile and very entertaining program.

* * *

A. A. Social

The greatest success of the year and the envy of all the classes was the social held by the Athletic Association of Maynard High School. The decorations covering the lights were figures of athletes surrounded by the names of participants in all sports at M. H. S. On the stage, playing a brilliant game, was a miniature football team made of cardboard.

The refreshments served at intermission were enjoyed after the lively music, which was furnished by the Cavaliers.

The patrons and patronesses at this dance were Mr. and Mrs. Mullin, Miss Winchenbaugh, Miss Dempsey, Miss McCarn, Miss Pasakarnis, and Mr. Lawson.

The committee was made up of our M. H. S. football team, who took top honors for having a social such as this.

* * *

Valentine Social

Although this senior social was a trifle late for Valentine's Day, it was a great success. A perfect setting was laid for the dance by the attractive decorations. However, we are still wondering whom that question mark was intended for beneath "Karp" on the covering of one light.

Music was furnished for this occasion by the Littleton Swing Band, which was enjoyed by all.

Patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Mullin, Miss Dempsey, Miss Winchenbaugh, and Miss Wilson.

The committee members were Natalie Goodwin, Fred Hekkala, Stanley Hajduk, Leonard Kaplan, Kaarin, Lilja, Peter Oskirka, Ruth Pek-

kala, John Sebastynowicz, Helen Spurrell, Mary Tobin, Edward Ledgard, Sirkka Koskinen, Claire Beford, and Harold Lyons.

March Assembly

The four great subjects—Chemistry, Physics, Science, and Code—presented Prof. Neale's original "hamateur" hour for our March Assembly. After a few jokes and commercials, the Master of Ceremonies, Raymond Wuorio, presented the contestants. Everyone was so "good" that no one received the "gong." Wuorio's capable assistants, Max Gruber and Allen Maki, added much life to the show with their signs reading "Silence," "Applause," "Swoon," "Quiet," etc. A contestant was to be chosen from the audience, but since the time was short this feature was omitted. The two most popular acts were Herbert Wuorio's autobiography on the clarinet and the "corny" duet by Walter Johnson and Roger Compton.

Those participating in the assembly were Raymond Wuorio, Vincent Russo, Edgar Olsen, William Bain, Thelma Nelson, Nancy Whitney, Jean Erickson, Albert Rogers, Walter Johnson, Roger Compton, Leo Linteri, Paul Stein, and Herbert Wuorio.

* * *

April Assembly

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled
There once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Emerson

The last line of this famous verse was used as the motif of the April 19th Assembly. Four countries—France, South America, Poland, and Finland—were chosen in particular and the language and music of these countries were presented. The most popular were the Finnish Folk Dances, "Vaya, Vaya, Muchachita" ("Shoo, Shoo, Baby" in Spanish) and "Finlandia," played by Roy Helander. This assembly, presented by Miss Wilson, was very unusual and was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

Those taking part in the program were Ann

Hamlin, Doris Seder, Anne White, Mary Lawler, Patricia Louka, Roy Helander, Roger Compton, Nancy Gentsch, Helen Ketola, Eileen Bell, usual and was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

Ethel Burgess, Yolanda DiGrappa, Julia Palaima, Nancy Whitney, Ethel Salonen, Louise Dwinell, Nancy Novick, Marion Bell, Albert Sullivan, Sirkka Koskinen, Rose Hansen, Eileen Fairbanks, Agnes Finocchi, Shirley Weckstrom, Walter Johnson, Albert Rogers, Paul Stein, Charles Higgins, Jennie Denisewich, Kathryn Louka, and Helen Mikkonen.

* * *

Student Council Social

Probably no one in Maynard High School has ever witnessed a Mardi Gras, but the atmosphere of one was presented to us at the Student Council Social held April 14th. Fringe and tassels in all colors of the rainbow were hung around the hall and the lights were particularly unusual.

"The Cavaliers" from New Hampshire furnished the music—mostly polkas—and everyone seemed to enjoy himself.

Mr. Mullin and Miss Pasakarnis were the faculty advisers and were assisted by all the members of the Student Council.

* * *

Freshmen-Sophomore Social

"There are many flags of many lands,
There are flags of every hue—"

The flags of the United Nations were used as decorations for the Freshmen-Sophomore Social, held February 4. This theme was truly fitting at this time when unity is so greatly stressed.

The committee under the supervision of the class advisers, Miss Marsden and Miss Winchenbaugh, was as follows: Robert Jones, Albert Rogers, Mildred Mark, Shirley Weckstrom, Shirley Spence, Leo Linteri, William Aho, John Zancewicz, Doris Dionne, Barbara Grigas, Robert Burgess, Ardelle Kane, Elizabeth Jones and Fred Wasliuk.

Junior Social

Take some chicken wire, tinsel, and white crepe paper and what do you have? Nothing, as far as most people are concerned, but the clever Juniors used this "nothing" and made very attractive decorations for their mid-winter dance given January 7, with music by the Littleton Swing Band.

The committee, under the supervision of Miss Wilson, the class adviser, was as follows: Albert Crowley, Walter Johnson, James Killoran, Gregory Turner, Frank Downen, Richard Higgins, Morgan Lydon, Barbara Marchant, Shirley Peterson, Rose Hansen, Kathryn Louka, Louise Dwinell, Ann Flaherty, Barbara Gibney, and Regina Hinds.

* * *

Junior Prom

The Junior class held its Promenade Friday, April 28, at the high school auditorium. The hall was attractively and unusually decorated with streamers of the class colors, maroon and aqua.

Music was furnished by Ken Reeves' well-known orchestra, and many novelty dances were introduced in the course of the evening. However, comparatively few people took advantage of the good music since the majority had left soon after intermission. (They'll do it every time!)

The patronesses for the Prom were Miss Doyle, Mrs. Mullin, Mrs. Crowley, Mrs. Hansen, Miss Louka, and Mrs. Laughton.

Miss Wilson and the committee must be commended for their tireless efforts to make the Prom the great success that it was. The committee was as follows: Albert Crowley, Rose Hansen, Kathryn Louka, James Killoran, Walter Johnson, Rita Boothroyd, Frank Downen, Shirley Peterson, Richard White, Barbara Marchant, Louise Dwinell, Regina Hinds, Barbara Gibney, Richard Higgins, and Raymond Wuorio.

Senior Social

The Seniors held a social May 12 for the purpose of raising money for their activities fund. Each Senior was asked to sell five tickets, thus insuring financial success. The dance was under the direction of Miss Dempsey, the class adviser, and the Senior General Committee.

* * *

Junior Woman's Club

The May meeting of the Junior Woman's

Club took place Tuesday evening, May 2, and was in the form of a supper. The meal, prepared by club members under the supervision of Miss Sawutz, was enjoyable to all.

The evening's entertainment consisted of a monologue, "Boy Crazy"—by Patricia Louka, and a very enjoyable talk by Mrs. Mary Carr Baker, one of our favorite speakers.

The guests were Miss Doyle, Mrs. Mullin, Mrs. Baker, and the women teachers of the high school.

Exchanges

THE RED AND BLACK

Rogers High School
Newport, R. I.

Your cartoons with the editorials are well done and interesting. The letters received from service men regarding the Red and Black are also worth special attention.

RECORD

The English High School
Boston, Massachusetts

Your book has some fine write-ups regarding sports. The illustrations of your jokes are different and amusing.

THE ARGUS

Gardner High School
Gardner, Massachusetts

I would like to compliment you on your Literary Department especially "The American Spirit" written by Gerard Martel.

CANARY AND BLUE

Allentown, Pennsylvania

We liked the Christmas Prayer poem so well, that we regret we cannot reprint it in this issue. (June, you know)

Selections from Exchanges

Joe—Why weren't you at 28th Street as I told you to be?

Paul—The train I was on didn't stop at 28th Street so I got off at 14th Street twice.

George—Do you see anything funny in this hat?

Tom—Yes, you.

"It's great, speeding along this way. Makes you glad you're alive."

"Glad? I'm amazed."

Gob: "Did you ever run across a man who at the slightest touch caused you to thrill and tremble all over?"

Girl: "Yes, the dentist."

Mrs.: "When you wait on the guests at dinner, Mandy, try not to spill anything."

Nora: "No, ma'am. I won't say a word."

Peanuts

The sarge was eatin' peanuts

And I was passin' by

"Look out for that shell, you dope!"

Was what I heard him cry.

At first I did not answer

Or make the least reply.

To think he'd worry 'bout peanut shells!

I couldn't savvy why.

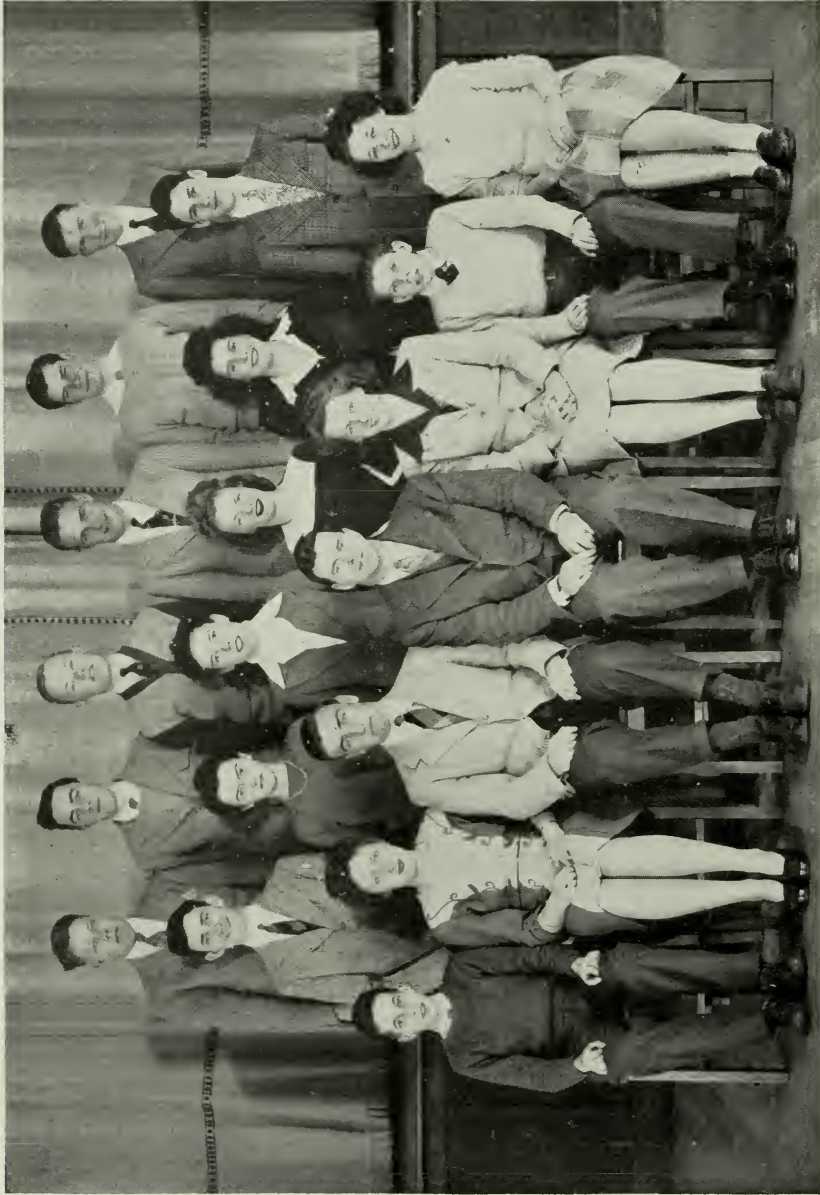
This is being written for me

By a sweet young nurse in white.

Sarge didn't mean a peanut shell.

'Twas a 55 he meant—Goodnight!

ROBERT SHEA '45.



STUDENT COUNCIL



..Alumni News..



The Alumni Department has collected a few letters from some of the alumni of Maynard High School. Most of these fellows have seen some action or have been on foreign soil. In fact, Gerald Foley has received the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with Oak-leaf Clusters for having completed 56 missions over Germany. One of our letters is from Gerald Larson, who would have graduated with the class of '44 if he had not joined his country's service. Gerald explains how he would like to see his class graduate.

We would have liked to print the complete letters, but these brief excerpts are all we had room for this time.

We invite every reader of the Screech Owl to write to the boys, whose correct addresses are given with the letters.

MARY LAWLER, '44
MARY MOYHINAN, '45.

* * *

T/Sgt. G. M. Foley
45 Academic Sqdn.
Truax Field, Wis.

At the present time I am in Wisconsin at Truax Field. There are two other fellows with me, stationed here to explain to the soldier trainees the experiences we had while overseas. The purpose of this is that the majority of the fellows here are intending to be radio crewmen; that is the reason they should get an idea of what is ahead of them. They should also realize the importance and seriousness of their job. One of the fellows with me had his missions in the Pacific, whereas I had my 56 missions in Europe.

Some of the planes I came in contact with were: Stukas, Heinkels, Messerschmidts, and Italian Macchias. We met most of these planes in bombing missions over Greece, Naples, Yugoslavia, Messina, and Rome. Besides be-

coming acquainted with these planes, we had the pleasure of knocking down our share of them.

I served as waist gunner and radio maintenance man on the plane "The Terrible Texan." While I was with this plane we were able to be in the first raid on Rome and then prepare for the Salerno Beachhead attack.

We arrived in Tunisia on February 23, 1943.

I guess the toughest mission I was on was when my plane was separated from the flight, and then it was attacked by German Messerschmidts. This took place over an airfield in Sicily. The other boys may have found some of the other missions more exciting, but I can assure you that that was my toughest one.

Pvt. Gerald Larson (31429533)
Co. E-210 Bn. 65 Regt.
Camp Blanding, Fla.

I think I shall begin this letter by explaining about my training. It is hard, as all infantry training is. I have had the occasion to use my feet more than I ever expected to. They give us two hours a day of physical training so we can endure such physical hardships if we have to.

I also had to shoot the M Rifle until I qualified as a marksman. I believe I have now shot every weapon that a heavy company uses, and I am proud to say I have qualified in four of them.

We have marches at least 3 nights a week. We also have speed marches, which consist of one minute marching and two minutes of double time. If you are in condition it does not bother you much, but if you aren't, God help you. We have been carrying heavy field packs since we arrived here and if you have it (your pack) made correctly it isn't too hard to carry. The toughest part of our training is bayonet practice. We have to have it every day because it

may mean either our lives are saved or they are not some day.

I have taken and passed my overseas physical, and I am ready to go across after six more weeks of training. Before I go over I may get a furlough though. I expect it will be a ten-day one. If I am lucky enough to have it, I want to be home in time to see my class's graduation.

I have not had time to complete my schooling here as almost every night I have to have marches and compass courses. I am going to try and finish when I get across.

Steve Staszewski S 1/c
U. S. Navy s/s Finley Dune
c/o F. P. O.
New Orleans, La.

I haven't written for quite awhile, but it was no fault of mine. Right now I am aboard ship and a long way from home. I do know where we are headed for though. When I get there I will send some kerchiefs and also some souvenirs of other types such as tablecloths to show where I am.

You should see me now, boy, what a tan I have, and I haven't had a haircut for 6 weeks. If I were home I can imagine what I would have to say if I ever went that long without one.

The juke boxes here keep us pretty well entertained, but you know they are nothing like what we'd have home.

We get plenty of exercise every morning except Saturday and Sunday. Of course we need this exercise to keep us in good shape. On my watch one morning at 2:30 A. M. I saw a rainbow, the beginning of which was a mile away from us, and it seemed to start in the water. Gee, that was a pretty sight!

While on this trip we have learned how to make picture frames out of two pieces of cardboard and thread. It looks real neat. When I get home I will show all the kids how to make cheap picture frames.

Sgt. Ralph W. Richardson
A S N 11088049
318 F. C. A. P. O. 959
c/o P. M. San Francisco
California

Although we have a few exciting times here such as the fellows field stripping their rifles and having springs fly past one's head as I just had now, it seems rather monotonous after a while here like every where else.

What are some of the movies playing around Maynard now? We usually can depend upon seeing one movie a week, but they are often old and sometimes repeated ones of quite a ways back. Nevertheless, when we are able to attend them often enough and free of charge, why should we kick?

So far my part in the war hasn't been as great as I would like it to be, but I have seen a good many places. I know that I will see a great many more places before this is over too. That is one reason why it wouldn't do much good in saying where I am because I expect a change in my address very soon.

The weather here is pretty hot at times, but I have been accustomed to it so I don't mind it any now. In fact, I bet a summer in Massachusetts would seem cold to me.

* * * *

Excerpts from letters written by Maynard High School Alumni:

Sgt. Fiorentino J. DiGrappa
40th Repln. Bn.
c/o Fleet Post Office
1st M. A. C. Trans. Center
San Francisco, California

"I can't tell you where I am but it is 'The Southwest Pacific'. The island is very pretty in scenery. The wooded mountain and the scene out to sea are beautiful. The natives here are the first that I have seen with blonde and red hair. I think that they are a mixture of French and native . . . I went to church Sunday at a Mission Church with a native village before it. It is cute in an ugly sort of way. While swim-

ming the other day we came upon lemon trees, orange trees, and lime bushes.”

Pfc. Stanley Tomyl 31260610
Co. "L" 17th Infantry A. P. O. No. 7
U.S. Army c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California

"I'll tell you the first night I spent with the Japs was very bad. I couldn't sleep for fear of Jap snipers. They were firing all night long. The first night I was almost asleep when it started to rain and then I thought the whole Jap Army would sneak up on us. After it was over I sure was glad. The next night I got ready to go to bed when it was just about dark and suddenly three shells hit within ten or twelve feet of me. I got so scared that I was afraid to move more than three feet all the rest of the night. Just about the time I would close my eyes the Jap snipers would open up and wake me up. I was never so happy to see the sun rising."

Cpl. Charles A. Hekkala ASN 311887376
Trans. Sec., Hqs., MBS
APO 600 c/o Postmaster
New York City, New York
(Somewhere in North Africa)

"It was a novel sight at first to see an Arab in his flowing garments plodding along on his burro. One of the noticeable things is that the men ride and the women follow on foot wearing sheets over their clothes and covering their faces. The hooded garments of the men are called burnouses. . . . I visited the home of the Foreign Legion. The men are not allowed to communicate with the visitors but I managed to talk with one of them and he had traveled all over the world, had escaped from Germany, and somehow found his way into this organization."

S/Sgt. David Bachrach 31072368
491st Bomb Sqdn. A. P. O. 627
c/o P.M. New York, New York

"One of our planes left for the states on a

war bond tour. The plane is known as "Old 59." I know it safe now for me to write this for we have received word that the plane has arrived and has already begun its tour. If you get a chance, go out and see it. . . . By the way if you look close enough and provided they didn't paint over it, you might see my name in two places."

M. LAWLER, '44.

The following have left high school since December 7, 1941, to enter the Armed Forces. We cannot guarantee the list to be complete:

Honor Roll

Class of 1944

Beane, Stanton	Navy
Belli, Antonio	Army
Breschia, Joseph	Army
Castrichini, Benny	Army
Croft, Orrel	Navy
Edwards, George	Navy
Emro, John	Navy
Greenaway, Gilbert	Navy
Kane, Robert	Navy
King, Howard	Navy
Larson, Gerald	Army
MacDonald, Roland	Army
Marchant, Donald	Navy
Mehegan, William	Navy
Mulcahy, Edwin	Navy
Pyrro, William	Navy
Rich, Philip	Army
Taylor, Gordon	Army
Tobin, John	Navy
Trebendis, John	Merchant Marine

Class of 1945

Aalto, Frank	Navy
Costanza, Nicholas	Army
Eslonis, Frank	Marine Corps
French, Charles	Merchant Marine
Higgins, Richard	Navy
Holly, William	Navy
Johnson, Richard	Navy
Kujima, Walter	Marine Corps
Murray, Robert	Navy

Class Superlatives

Best All Round	P. Louka	E. Ledgard
Best Dressed	H. Girdziewski	H. Lyons
Best Dancer	A. Brown	A. LeSage
Best Looking	C. Beford	H. Lyons
Best Natured	S. Koskinen	E. Karpeichik
Best Singer	B. Murphy	G. Novick
Best Line	E. Dimery	T. Marcelonis
Best Personality	S. Koskinen	A. Sullivan
Most Popular	B. Murphy	M. Gruber
Most Dignified	N. Goodwin	R. Helander
Most Intellectual	H. Kulmala	R. Helander
Most Loquacious	M. Lawler	J. Sebastynowicz
Most Sophisticated	L. Haskins	R. Trench
Most Unsophisticated	H. D'Amico	J. Usher
Most Independent	A. Thane	R. Trench
Most Absent-Minded	A. Chodnicki	L. Van Vorse
Most Gentlemenly		L. Kaplan
Most Ladylike	N. Goodwin	
Most Temperamental	H. McIntosh	J. Walsh
Most Likely To Succeed	P. Louka	E. Ledgard
Most Versatile	A. Hamlin	A. Sullivan
Most Efficient	H. Kulmala	R. Helander
Wittiest	M. Lawler	A. Sullivan
Cleverest	A. Hamlin	R. Trench
Class Athlete	M. Lawler	M. Gruber
Class Pessimist	E. Dimery	J. Sebastynowicz
Class Artist	T. Bourne	A. Maki
Class Musician	A. Hamlin	R. Helander



Marcy tries "best line" on Esther, giver of Class Gifts.



Sirka's "best personality" registers with Leonard, "most gentlemanly."



Eddie and Dick took first honors for boys as well as several "bests."

Maxie, "most popular," doesn't mind the gas shortage.

Last minute rush for seniors and Crowley's dog.





Honor Speakers won't look so happy on June 18.



Doris, Class Prophet, displays results of fishing trip.



"Oscar" models suit soon to be worn by rest of boys in '44.

Class-night Speakers look forward to the morning after the banquet.

"Best-dressed" Helen tries to outdo Doris as fisherman.





"Most popular"
Barb poses with
Claire.



"Chickie,"
Helen, and
"Pat" make a
happy trio of
"bests."



Ann, "cleverest,"
"most versatile,"
wears the smile
that slew a
sophomore.

Claire,
"best-looking,"
didn't know it
was such a
warm day.

Sully and Mary
mingle loquacity
and wit.



Jest In Fun

"Will I ever find the girl on my mind,
The one who is my ideal?"

The Ideal Girl

By the Senior Boys

If anyone knows where we can find a girl who answers this description, please leave her name with the *Screech Owl*, for we all want to meet her.

1. She must not talk endlessly.
2. She must not be a dunce.
3. She should dance well, but need not be an expert.
4. She must have plenty of energy.
5. She must not be a dilly (that is, afraid to ride on roller coasters or to go out in a sailboat).
6. She must be neat.
7. When asked what she wants to eat, she should be able to make up her mind in less than five minutes.
8. She must be able to talk intelligently on current events.
9. She must not be demanding.
10. She should be able to write a letter that *says something*.
11. When she discovers a run in her stockings she must not go into a tantrum. (We realize that good rayons are hard to get but her companion must be shown some consideration).
12. She will *not* talk about clothes.
13. She will not, on being late for a date, rush up and exclaim, "Oh! Did I keep you waiting?"
14. She will not swoon over Frank Sinatra.
15. When she invites you to her house, she will not feed you dry cake. (It runs up the water bills).
16. She must be good-looking, though she need not rival Hedy Lamarr.
17. On double dates she will pay attention to her own escort and not whisper or giggle all evening with the other girl.
18. She must not wear cheap perfume.
19. She must not be prudish, and yet she should not be "fast."
20. She must never answer a question with the single word "because."
21. She will avoid using pet names.
22. She should have a pleasant, agreeable disposition.
23. She must not use violent shades of nail polish.
24. She should wear conservative clothes, preferably sport dresses.
25. She will not expect a boy to spend *all* his money on her.
26. She should not act as though she *owned* the boy because he takes her out once or twice.

"Maybe he's a dream, and yet he may be
Just around the corner waiting for me."

The Ideal Boy

By the Senior Girls

We know it's asking too much of any boy to live up to more than three of these ideal qualities, but we'll never give up hoping.

1. He must be "square" in his treatment of other boys as well as girls.
2. He must be well-liked by boys.
3. He must be reasonably popular with girls.
4. He should like music.
5. He should be ambitious.
6. His clothes must always be neat.
7. His manners should be good, but not showy.
8. He should be generous and thoughtful. (A box of candy is a nice gift.)
9. He should not try to make a girl stay out beyond the hour she is supposed to be home.
10. He should not talk about himself all the time. (We suppose this is asking too much.)
11. He should never break a date, no matter how tempting that other invitation may be.
12. He will not brag about what a "he-man" he is.
13. He must never talk or boast about the other girls he has taken out.
14. He should have a good sense of humor.
15. He should live cleanly.
16. When on a date he must "watch his language." Sometimes we seem to be amused, but we aren't.
17. He must not be a snob.
18. He must treat older people with respect.
19. He must have confidence in himself.
20. He must be a good dancer.
21. He must be energetic.
22. He must be a good loser.
23. His word of honor must be important to him.
24. He must be reasonably studious (but not too much so).
25. He should drive a car well.
26. He should always remember that, though there is a man shortage, we *can* get along without him.

Class Will 1944

We of the class of '44, being slap-happy and broke, do leave the following bequests to all those under-classmen who are much worse off than we were. Any similarity to persons living or dead (and there are some dead ones) is purely intentional. Please address all complaints to Miss Marion F. Dempsey, Slap Happy Asylum, Ward 1734 HV 3IID, padded cell number 68B437/8, driven there by the class of '44.

Seriously, we leave Miss Doyle, Mr. Mullin, Miss Butterworth, and the entire staff our sincerest gratitude for their invaluable guidance and untiring efforts to see us through. We should like to thank Miss Dempsey particularly, whose task as our senior adviser has been far from easy.

Constance Ayotte and Anne White leave a score of deaf right ears.

Barbara Murphy bequeaths her bouncing energy and pep to Stella Stazewski.

John Usher's happy-go-lucky mood is left to George Wheeler.

We pass on Novick's ability to sing "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey" to Frank Sinatra.

We bestow upon James Killoran a pair of glasses to prevent eyestrain from turning sideways (to gaze at the opposite sex)

Van Vorse's chemical genius we hand over to Mr. Neale.

To Frank Downen we give Trench's and Ledgard's gymnastic ability.

Joseph Walsh leaves his enthusiasm for drama—legitimate and illeg. (whoops)—to Dick White.

We bequeath Taryma's weight lifting ability to Irene Bakun.

We're sure that the Supreme Court will be glad to receive Leonard Kaplan's argumentative powers.

We give Shirley Peterson and her host of glamour pusses a nickel—call us up sometime, chillun.

We leave Ledgard to Rose Hanson, Mary Lawler to Dick White, Ann Hamlin to Al Rogers, Arthur LeSage to Rita Boothroyd.

To Tess White we give Ann Walls' curiosity.

We pass on Allen Maki's muscles to Eddie Allard.

To Herbert Wuorio we relinquish Roy Helander's musical ability.

Ledgard abandons Sebastynowicz to the Juniors—you try.

Joe Dutkowski and Fred Hekkala leave all their hunting and fishing ability to Albert Poulson.

To Al Crowley we bequeath Maki's weight, Miller's ability to dodge, Sebastynowicz's speed, Taryma's muscles so that he can lick the H—out of Concord and Hudson next year.

Laurine Haskins passes on a bit of her height to Helen Arcisz—Maybe she'll come up in the world.

We bestow the perfect co-ordination and co-operation of the senior class upon the Japs!!!

Helen Girdziewski leaves the male population of M. H. S. sighing.

We're allowing Pat Louka to take with her her poise and personality—there's none worthy of leaving it to.

To the Junior girls we relinquish Elsie Rissanen's and Pauline Mark's popularity with servicemen.

Sirkka Koskinen bestows her photogenic face and charming personality upon Mildred Mark.

We relinquish Mimi Pinolehto's wings (if she will part with them) to the first robin of spring.

To Barbara Marchant we give Ruth Pekala's wit and jolly good nature.

We pass on E. Karpeichik's love affairs to Jimmie Lent.

We bequeath Kaaren Lilja's and Helen D'Amico's Washington ambitions to anyone who has the courage to compete with F. D. R.

To Louise Dwinell we leave Thelma Bourne's trips to Boston.

We pass on Chickie Lyons' face and physique to Mike Johnson.

We leave Lillian Reid's engagement rings to

the girl who is always a bridesmaid, but never a bride.

We relinquish Leita Mason's and Zena Loiko's absence records for the truant officer to deal with.

We leave Alice Brown in the midst of the Sullivan Brothers.

On Raymond Wuorio we bestow Anne Chodynicky's journalistic ability.

We give Stanley Hadjuk's history class giggles to "Liz" Jones.

Doris and Hazel McIntosh, Mary Tobin, and Laura Stapell depart without having given the Maynard boys a chance.

We pass on Barbara McLane's inexhaustible supply of jokes—cute, corny, and—! to the *Screech Owl*—poor, censored thing!

We bestow Shirley Garlick's lunches upon those who reach the candy counter too late.

To the Domestic Arts girls we give Peter Oskirka's cooking ability.

We bequeath Thomas Marcelonis' super-duper line and broken heart to Paul Stein.

We leave Alice Thane's happy-go-lucky and jolly manner to Judy Wehkoja.

We give Max Gruber's vocabulary to the M. H. S. teaching staff.

We leave for the assembly programs this set of motion pictures.

1. They Died With Their Boots On

Starring the spectacular 12 of the M.H.S. football team.

2. To Be or Not To Be

With the Japs.

3. The Underground

Photographed from depths of the mats down in the gym.

4. Our Gang

With an all-star cast headed by Sebastynowicz, Taryma, Hajduk, Karpechick, Gruber, Usher, Novick, and Maki.

5. The Shadow

The ever-popular Mr. Mullin.

6. Ladies in the Dark

Starring those Delectable, Delicious usherettes Clare Bedford, A. Chodynicky, A. Walls.

We leave Eleanor Dimery still searching for the perfect drug store cowboy.

Mary Cutaia passes on her quietness as a model for the study hall pupils.

We give Helen Whalen's good-natured manner to Alice Syvanen.

We leave Esther King's little red book of telephone numbers and addresses to Mae West. Maybe they'll come up and see her sometime.

We relinquish Jennie Denisevich's beauty of face and form to Shirley Bain.

We give Jennie Chernak's quietness and dependability to Yolanda D'Grappa.

We bequeath Rita Boothroyd Natalie Goodwin's unruffled dignity.

Helmi Kumala's intellect is left to the entire new freshman class coming in. (There's enough for all of them)

We give Helen Spurrell to Danny Barilone.

We leave Doris Seder's poise to the Junior Class.

We pass on all the senior boys to the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.

Upon the Dramatic Club we bestow Sullivan's dramatic ability and ease on the stage.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE have subscribed our names on the seventh day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and forty-four.

DORIS SEDER, '44

JOSEPH WALSH, '44

WITNESSES:

John Doe

Julius Caesar

FLATTOP

Superman

The Perfect Senior Girl

(By Two Junior Boys)

Hair	Esther King
Eyes	Eleanor Dimery
Eyelashes	Claire Beford
Nose	Jennie Denisewich
Teeth	Ann Hamlin
Mouth	Barbara Murphy
Complexion	Eleanor Dimery
Hands	Natalie Goodwin
Poise	Claire Beford
Clothes	Helen Girdzkiewski
Vivacity	Helen D'Amico
Voice	Helen Spurrell
Smile	Mary Lawler
Personality	Ann Hamlin
Humor	Barbara McLane
Courtesy	Natalie Goodwin
Dancer	Alice Brown
Ability	Patricia Louka
Glamour	Helen Girdzkiewski
Friendliness	Alice Brown

* * *

The Perfect Senior Boy

Hair	Harold Lyons
Eyes	George Novick
Eyelashes	George Novick
Nose	Milton Lehto
Teeth	Edward Ledgard
Mouth	Harold Lyons
Complexion	Edward Ledgard
Hands	Richard Trench
Physique	Allan Maki
Clothes	Harold Lyons
Energy	Harold Lyons
Voice	George Novick
Smile	Joseph Walsh
Personality	Albert Sullivan
Humor	Albert Sullivan
Courtesy	Leonard Kaplan
Dancer	Arthur LeSage
Ability	Edward Ledgard
Glamour	Thomas Marcelonis
Friendliness	Albert Sullivan

The Wolf

Plaid Sox	Rolled Down
Bright Shirt	Like Clown
Short Pants	Turned Up
Brim of Hat	Like Cup
Grin on Puss	Like Cat
Some Nose	Someone Sat
Some Physique	Like Bean
What Eyes	Bright Green
Watch Step	Pass By
Keep Away	Evil Eye

MARY E. WHITE, '46.

* * *

E. Olsen—"Why did you leave your last job?"

L. Beford—"Illness."

E. Olsen—"What kind of illness?"

L. Beford—"My boss got sick of me."

* * *

Joanne C.—"I want to rent a horse."

Livery Stable Prop.—"How long?"

Joanne C.—"The longest you have. Five of us are going."

* * *

A. Brown—"Don't you cut yourself pretty often with that straight-edge razor?"

A. Sullivan—"Naw. I've been shaving for two years now and I haven't cut myself either time."

* * *

Higgins—"Strange that dog snarls and growls at everyone else but he always licks my hands."

Crowley—"If you'd eat with your knife and fork he wouldn't be so friendly!"

* * *

A. Carbery—(at C.A.P.C. Headquarters)—"Halt, Who goes there?"

Sironen—"American."

A. Carbery—"Advance and sing the second verse of the 'Star Spangled Banner'."

Sironen—"I don't know it."

Carbery—"Proceed, American."

* * *

Bob Hope tells of the girl with a one track mind, but there's always a troop train on it.

Beford—"How old are you now, Hartford?"
Hartford—"Oh, I don't know; it keeps changing every year."

* * *

M. Lawler—"Pete bought me some new perfume called Lofty Paradise."

P. Louka—"Lofty Paradise?"

M. Lawler—"Yeah, when you squirt it on you, you smell to high heaven."

* * *

L. Linteri—"Last night I kissed my girl while we were out in a canoe."

P. Stein—"What happened?"

L. Linteri—"I was never so upset before in my life."

* * *

M. Pinolehto—"Aren't you one of the three men to whom I gave my home-made muffins the other day?"

Tramp—"Yes, lady, the sole survivor."

* * *

Tony—(in awe): "That big fellow broke three records last week."

Doris K.: "I wouldn't let him near *my* Victrola."

* * *

Roy—"Have you submitted these poems anywhere else first?"

Poet—"No, Sir."

Roy—"Then, where did you get that black eye?"

* * *

John—Can you give me something for my head?

Eddie—I wouldn't take it as a gift!

* * *

Ella—"What's a home without parents?"

Stella—"A good place for a date."

* * *

Rookië—"Say this knife isn't clean."

Mess Sarge—"It ought to be! the last thing I cut was a cake of soap."

Mr. Gruber—"Did you hear they are going to fight the Battle of Bunker Hill all over again?"

Teacher—"No, why is that?"

M. Gruber—"Because it wasn't on the level."

* * *

Rogers—"Do short skirts make women look shorter?"

Sharpe—"No, they make men look longer."

* * *

Messier—"Who was the last man to box John L. Sullivan?"

Sharpe—"The undertaker."

* * *

"What are you doing, Alby?"

"I'm writing a letter to my brother, Sergeant."

"But I thought you didn't know how to write."

"I don't, but my brother doesn't know how to read either!"

* * *

Three Canadian soldiers sleeping in a tent in an English camp were awakened by a terrific crash not far away.

"What was that—thunder or bombs?" asked one of them.

"Bombs," was the answer.

"Thank heaven for that!" chimed in the third, "I thought we were going to have more rain!"

* * *

One man who has been a sergeant in the army for more than a year was challenged by a friend, who demanded to know why he had not become a second lieutenant.

The sergeant smiled.

"Remember the last war?" asked the sergeant. The other did.

"Remember Sergeant York?" asked the sergeant. The other man nodded.

"Chum," said the sergeant, "just name me one of the second lieutenants in that war."

Mary—"What is the Mason-Dixon line?"
 Larry—"It's the division between 'you all' and 'youse guys'!"

* * *

Two privates were in the guardhouse for slugging a major. When asked what their reason was the first private replied, "Someone stepped on my corn, so I turned around and slugged him. When I looked up I saw it was a major."

The second private replied, "I saw a private slug a major, so I figured the war was over and I joined in."

Then there's the sophomore who certainly knew his definitions.

"The Emperor of Japan is called the Mikado, but no one has seen him since the Middle Ages."

"False doctrine means giving people the wrong medicine."

"Average means something that hens lay eggs on."

"An Indian reservation consists of a mile of land for every five square Indians."

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