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THE Screech Owl

December 1950

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MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL



The Screech Owl

PUBLISHED BY THE PUPILS OF MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL, MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

DECEMBER 1950

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Editorials

Help Wanted

"Every time our publication goes to press we are confronted with a lack of material. Students and outsiders have that misconstrued idea that the staff of our periodical only should submit material for publication. The writing of a school magazine is not limited to the staff but all members of the student body should take an active part.

"Although one drop of water does not make a river, every little drop counts. The same is true of our publication; one or two articles do not make up an issue, but if many articles are submitted we are better able to select the best."

Was this editorial written by your present editor? No! It was written by Editor Waino Sjoblom in November, 1928. Today, 22 years later, the same problem is confronting us. Don't forget that this is not just a staff magazine, but a school magazine. Let's not leave making up our magazine to the few, but let's all do our part!

FRANK SOTRINES, '51

* * *

If Maynard High Could Speak

Could you imagine what those long, somber corridors and small square rooms of M. H. S. would say if they could speak? Let us journey into the land of pretense and see.

As we walk in the front door we hear echoing from every corner a happy humming sound. This startles us for a moment, but then we feel better when

we hear a gentle voice say, "Hello, you look like a freshman. New class, aren't you?"

"Yes, we are."

"That's fine; why don't we sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk. You know that you are joining a long line of older brothers whose spirit and zest have made me proud to have sheltered them during their years of higher learning. If you are to become one of my numerous classes you must help to uphold the reputation that these classes before you have established. It is with their cooperation that I have become the ambitious, well-mannered, and respectable high school that I am today.

"I'm ambitious, not only in one field but in every field. Many of your classmates may excel either in scholastic or in extra-curricular activities, but in order for your class to shine in the future years you must work for a combination of scholastic, athletic, and social talents.

"In years gone by my athletics have been supported not by small groups, but by the *entire* student body. My social functions have thrived on the support of all, not just a few faithful friends. Will you continue that tradition?

"Not only must you work for these characteristics which I have mentioned, but you must also think of my appearance. My corridors and class-rooms have always been kept neat and clean. My former pupils have endeavored to act dignified and keep commotion to a minimum.

"I like to hear the sound of your voices in my corridors, the happy sound of voices engaged in friendly talk. I like to feel you above me walking with your companions from class to class. But I shiver whenever I hear voices raised in anger or unnecessary outbursts. With your interest at heart, I am happy to watch you observe the rules of courtesy to your classmates and your teachers. Good manners are the mark of the well-educated, well-rounded, socially adapted person I want you to be.

"Please do not let me down *now!* Make me feel as proud of you as I am of your older brothers who have passed through my corridors since 1916."

Slowly the voice dies away. We tiptoe out, the words lingering in our minds as we resolve to pass along to you what we heard from the spirit of M. H. S.

FRANK SOTRINES, 51

MARIE SAWYER, 51

Literary

An October's Nightmare

The sun was setting on one of those cool, clear October days as Martin Garnet, an industrious farmer, was plodding home from a hard day's work in his fields.

Though he longed for that comfortable easy chair beside the fireplace he paused a moment or two to enjoy the beauty of nature which surrounded him. He was spellbound by the beautiful color blendings of the trees.

As nightfall approached, Martin, while securing his supply of water for the night, suddenly perceived a streak of light flash in the sky and land in one of his fields. Thinking it a small meteorite of some kind he advanced quickly towards it. It ejected such a bright ray of light that he was compelled to close his eyes for a few moments. When he opened them again the light had disappeared, and what he beheld was terrifying! It did not appear to be a meteorite, but rather an unearthly type of living creature.

It was living, for he heard the heavy thumping of a heart. It was of spherical shape with one weird, piercing, green eye at the top, and its color was a pearl-white. Since it weighed approximately thirty pounds and was composed of a jelly-like substance, Martin had a difficult task in bringing it home. Thinking it too late to notify the police of his strange discovery, he carefully placed the weird being in his barn for the night.

The next morning, completely forgetting about this creature, he was horrified when he read the following newspaper article:

"Five persons were mysteriously murdered last night. Officials were unable to determine the cause. The victim's arms and legs were torn to shreds, and their eyes . . ."

Martin stopped abruptly, for he instantly thought of his eerie discovery. Dashing frantically to the old barn he found it gone! Searching everywhere he was unable to detect any trace of the formidable thing.

Returning to the barn again he suddenly noticed a piece of parchment in the place where it had been. Picking the paper up nervously, he turned white with fear as he read the following passage in a strange and peculiar handwriting:

"We, the people of Mars, have been constantly sending soldiers down to earth for the past hundred years in preparation for the invasion which will soon occur. What you saw last night was one of those soldiers. You will completely forget this incident and reveal nothing, for if you do you will only be thought insane. There are others in the same situation as you, so have no fear."

Who knows, dear reader, but that you may be one of those unfortunate individuals!

RICHARD TURNER, '51

Sweet Sixteen

The date was December 3, but nobody seemed to realize that it was anything more than just another day except Penny Morris. Even her parents had forgotten. She could excuse her friends, but not her parents. You see, today was Penny's sixteenth birthday, an event which she had waited for all her life, a day which she had thought would be filled with happiness and pleasant memories. But instead of that, nobody besides Penny even remembered it was her birthday, not even Joan, her best friend or Buzz, her one and only. It wasn't that she had expected much, just a few friendly "Happy Birthdays" from the gang, a few cards, a few inexpensive presents, and that gray fleece coat which she had dreamed and prayed her parents would buy her. But now it didn't look as if she was getting anything from anybody.

When she got up that morning her father as usual kissed her affectionately and her mother talked as she did every morning, about nonsensical, meaningless things. When nothing was said about the birthday Penny decided they had forgotten, and so she dropped a hint or two.

"Does anybody know the date?" she began innocently.

"Why yes, dear. It's December 3," her mother answered.

"Is it any special day, I mean holiday or . . . or somebody's birthday?" There it was out! Penny had spoken her piece and if they didn't remember now, well . . .

Her mother thought for a few minutes and then said, "No, dear, I'm sure it's no holiday and I don't think it's anyone's birthday."

At that her father broke in and when he said, "Wait a minute, Margaret. Of course, it's her birthday," Penny almost jumped for joy. But her joy was taken back when her father continued, "My mother's cousin Lucy celebrates today. I believe she will be 80. Margaret, you'd better go out and get something nice for her."

Penny could listen to no more, choked back the tears, muttered an excuse, and left for school.

They hadn't remembered. Here she had given them the best years of her life and they couldn't even remember when her birthday came. They could remember some old lady's birthday, but not their own daughter's. Oh, no! Penny's one consolation was that at least her friends at school would remember. But things were no better at school. She tried the "What's the date?" hint on several of her friends, but to no avail. Buzz, the old faithful, seemed cool all day and didn't offer to take her to the "Hamburger Hive" after school as he usually did every day. She flunked an Algebra test, and was given detention for talking in Study Hall. So this was what it was like to be sixteen!

After Penny got out of school she decided to go to the "Hamburger Hive" by herself. It was so late nobody would be there and besides she wanted to be alone. She ordered two hamburgers, a coke, and a banana split for a starter and afterwards she ordered a Happy Birthday Cake for herself and ate it piece by piece until she could eat no more, choking on the last piece. By the time the cake was eaten she felt sick. The birthday nobody had remembered, the detention, Buzz's coolness, and the food had begun to take effect. She trudged home through the snow-laden streets until she came to her own darkened house, black against the bright lights from the other houses. This was the last straw. The least her parents could have done was to stay home. Penny opened the door — a shout of "Surprise" arose and the lights went on. They hadn't forgotten after all! They were all there, her mother and father. A cake with "Happy Birthday Penny" on it was in a prominent place on the table and there were food and presents everywhere, including the gray coat which she had wanted so badly. Penny was so happy and surprised she had to squeeze back tears. Her friends explained everything. They had been planning the party for weeks and nobody was supposed to say anything about her birthday so that it would be more of a surprise. And Buzz wasn't mad; he had been cool because he knew if they got to talking he would spill the beans. The party was in full swing with dancing, games, and especially food.

This day which had started out to be a dismal flop turned into a glorious whirl of sunshine, happiness and gaiety.

Penny was now "sweet sixteen and never been . . ." Oops, Buzz is trying to prove I'm a liar.

JANICE MORGAN, '52

A Change of Heart

Janie Marsh's slumber party was in full swing. The girls were in Janie's bedroom discussing the Christmas formal. Of the five girls, only Janie hadn't been invited yet. The girls, trying to be helpful, were figuring out whom Janie could go with. Susan was naming boys which the others eliminated in rapid succession. "There's Joe Nolan, Peter Frazer, Johnny Davids, and Bill Carey. They haven't asked anyone yet."

"But Joe's hair is red and Janie's gown is pink, so he's out," said Linda.

"And," continued Marilyn, "Pete isn't too good a dancer. Why he doesn't know the difference between the dance floor and your toes!"

"Johnny's too bashful," remarked Brenda. "You'd have just as much fun with him as if you went with your kid brother. I think he's even afraid to hold hands with a girl."

"Well, that leaves Bill," said Susan, "and he's too short for Janie."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Janie. "I guess I'll just have to sit home with a good book."

"Don't say such a thing, Janie!" exclaimed Linda. "You simply can't miss the formal!"

"Don't worry," said Brenda. "We'll get you there yet."

"I could go with Allen," ventured Janie. "After all, he did ask me."

"Allen Hill!" exclaimed the girls.

"Janie, are you out of your mind?" asked Marilyn.

"That's a fate worse than death," added Susan.

"What's wrong with Allen?" demanded Janie. "At least he's a date, and he is a man."

"If you want to call him that," remarked Brenda.

"There's really nothing wrong with him," said Linda, "nothing much. It's just that he's so — so — brilliant. What will you two talk about all night? You won't even be able to talk or understand his language."

"And you must admit he isn't the handsomest male in school," added Marilyn. "Those glasses of his certainly don't add to his looks."

"So?" asked Janie. "It's still better than staying home."

"I suppose you're right," answered Susan. "You might as well go with him, especially since there's no one else you can go with," she added frankly.

And so the next day when Allen timidly asked Janie if she had made up her mind yet, she replied, "Oh, yes! I'd love to go with you, Allen! I wouldn't dream of going with anyone else. I just know we'll have a wonderful time, we were made for each other!"

BARBARA MITZCAVITCH, '52

Algebra Test

I think that I shall never see,
An Algebra test come easy to me.
When tests come 'round I cram and cram,
And hope and pray I'll pass that exam.
I plug for hours until the day grows old
And learn that Algebra right down cold.
Then eager next day I go to school,
And enter class so calm and cool,
So confident that I will pass,
Sure I'll be called a smart I'll lass.
The papers are passed without delay
Ah, here's my 100 in Algebra today!
I rush through the fractions, oh they're a cinch!
But factoring comes harder; I begin to wince.
At the end of the test I feel, oh, so sick.
Wishing I'd stuck to plain 'Rithmetic.
I stagger out quite pale and white,
Few were the answers I got right.
Then next day we get our marks —
Highest ones first, oh, gee, what sharks.
Then he reads mine. What? 43!
Oh gosh, oh gee, oh my, oh me.
Now I'm sure I'll never pass,
An Algebra test, in Algebra class!

JANICE MORGAN, '52

Fair Exchange

"Mugsy" Phelps, one of the United States' cleverest crooks settled himself comfortably in his pullman chair and gazed about.

"This car will certainly make a good place for a haul," he reflected, a smile lighting up his rather serious young face, for in spite of his skill, he was scarcely twenty-five.

As the train slid out of the station he opened his magazine and settled back with the bored air of a

seasoned traveler. At Sun River several people entered the car, among them a fragile girl of about twenty. As the sun was pouring through the window on her face, "Mugsy" arose and offered to lower the shade. This she permitted, thanking him timidly. When dinner was announced "Mugsy" escorted her. Later in the afternoon she left him to freshen her appearance and "Mugsy", habit stronger than affection, searched her luggage. When Miss Woodard, as she had introduced herself, returned, he greeted her with such a smile that no one would have imagined that all her jewelry was in his pocket.

When the train pulled into the station, he hastened uptown to a friend of his who received the gems without much question as to their source. Imagine his surprise when he was informed that they were undeniably paste. Imagine also his surprise when he found that his innocent and fragile little flower had ransacked his luggage and had taken every cent that was in his clothes. He was reconciled to this last, however, as he smilingly reflected that she'd probably be taken in if she tried to pass any of that counterfeit money.

JEANNE JOKISAARI, '53

Coward

It was about 9:30 on Sunday morning. Officer O'Riley was standing in the middle of Main and Brown Street directing traffic. All at once he looked to the side of the street and saw a familiar sight — little blind Cathy Gooding and her seeing eye dog, Coward. Cathy had been blind from birth and Coward had been a present to her from the police force on her fourth birthday. Coward was a big German shepherd trained accurately to give Cathy his protection. Coward was well named, for although being perfectly trained in all other phases, he was very much afraid of cars.

Officer O'Riley held up his hand and signaled for the traffic to stop, then called to Cathy, "All right, honey, you can come across now." Cathy nudged Coward and they went across the street into the little white church just two houses down.

About one-half hour later they appeared again after going to Sunday School. Officer O'Riley put up his hand to stop the traffic and called to Cathy to come across. Just as they stepped off the curb, Officer O'Riley noticed a car coming toward them which seemed to be out of control. It couldn't stop. O'Riley yelled, because knowing that Coward was afraid of cars he was sure the dog would pull Cathy right into

its path. But instead Coward lunged back and knocked her down just as the car hit.

O'Riley ran to Cathy and picked her up. "Are you all right, honey?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Cathy crying a little, as she said, "There was a car. Coward doesn't like cars. Is he afraid?"

Officer O'Riley stooped down patting the big dog and whispered, "No, Cathy, he won't ever be afraid again."

Coward was dead.

LEE ELEY, '53

Tie Game

Barbara Lane and Albert Jones were sitting in a booth at Pop's Soda Fountain. Albert was in one of his moods and just the day of the Junior Prom! He had already purchased the corsage but he could not, no matter how hard he tried, raise the money for their tickets. This was mostly Barb's fault because she loved strawberry sodas and two a day, her average, meant forty cents out of poor Albert's allowance!

Albert was sort of an "Archie" if you know what I mean! He got into so much trouble with his teacher, Mrs. Brandy, and principal, Mr. Leatherbee. I don't think they'll ever forgive him! It was just this morning that Albert had been told to turn in his football uniform, for Mrs. Brandy had found him smoking Mr. Leatherbee's pipe in the English class.

It was while they were discussing the heartbreaking ticket situation, that Barb's brother "Spidel" came running into the store all excited. Spidel pretended he didn't hear his "goofy" admirer Flo yelling to him in her squeaky voice. But the looks of her enormous figure sent him out of the store faster than he had come in. It scared him to think of all the money *he* had spent to buy *her* sodas! Why, he had overdrawn his allowance four months in advance already, because of Flo's big appetite!

When a dejected Barb and Albert left Pop's, they met Spidel around the corner. Excusing himself, Spidel took Albert aside and asked him if he could stay at his house that night, because Flo would be expecting him to take her to the Prom and she must never know where he was hanging out!

The last time Spidel had taken Flo dancing she wasn't half so fat, but he still ended up with three broken toes, or anyway, that's how it felt to Spidel! — and besides he'd had to buy himself another pair of shoes!

Albert, whispering, said he'd give his consent on one condition — Spidel must first get him the money for the Prom tickets. The matter settled, Albert went off to meet Barb, but Spidel went straight home. He was the type of guy, who, no matter what the consequences, did as he pleased. Suddenly an idea came across Spidel's mind. Because tomorrow was Dad's birthday, Barb had just purchased him a nice tie. Spidel would take his own moth-eaten cravat and put it in the box which he would then very carefully wrap and leave in the exact place he had found it in Barb's closet. He would do this so that if Barb ever picked it up again the package would weigh the same, almost! But what, thought Spidel, is a couple of ounces? She'd never guess that he had returned the tie to the store and received a three dollar refund. Spidel would never say anything and he was quite sure Pop would understand when he explained it was for Barb's own good. Men would stick together, and furthermore Barb was Dad's favorite and he did everything he could to please her!

That night Barb was just coming down the stairs in her gown, wondering why she had wasted the time to dress, when the doorbell rang. She ran to the door, and there stood Albert in his tuxedo; in one hand was the corsage, a beautiful one of yellow roses — and in his other were the tickets!

Barb was so pleased she kissed Albert right on the cheek! I'm sure he didn't mind, because he kissed her right back.

The Prom over, Barb and Albert returned to find Spidel waiting for a report of the evening. The first thing they did was tell Spidel that Flo had missed him. Spidel said he didn't care, but you could tell by looking at him that he was troubled.

Then his face lighted up again as he told Barb a big white lie. He said that Dad had stumbled across the gift on her bureau and noticed it was addressed to him. "He didn't think you'd care so he opened it up," went on Spidel. (Dad winked at Albert) — "Then," he continued, "he was so overjoyed about the tie, he wrapped it up again to give to his boss, who has a collection of rare and expensive ties."

Dad got up and gave Barb the money to buy him another one just like it. Spidel felt pleased to think that Dad had liked his exaggerated description of the tie.

There will always be a doubt in Barb's mind as to how Dad happened to find the package, but she never mentioned it to him because the doubt was overshadowed by three other happier memories — the lovely evening at the Prom she'd never forget, the look of pleasure on Dad's face as Spidel "related"

the story of the tie, and the very thought of Albert purchasing the tickets, which she thought, could have been brought about only by the genius that was her He-Man.

Little did she realize how much her good time had been tied up with a tie.

BARBARA CROTTY, '54

Lines Written In 1975

I wish that I was young again,
Back in my early teens,
Wearing campus jackets,
And faded rolled up jeans.
I wish that I was young again,
And back to school I'd go;
I'd like to see the gang again,
Walking the halls so slow.
I'd like to hear the schoolbell ring,
Miss Colburn's Friday classes sing,
Miss Collin's girls at a basketball game;
I'd cheer them on to victory and fame.
I'd like to see Mr. Wassel's pen,
Worn out drawing plays for the football men;
I'd like to see Miss Leadbetter's book,
At Julius Caesar I might take a look.
Did history classes ever get new books?
They needed new ones by the looks.
I wonder if Miss Hogarty knew
I looked at the book and the keyboard too?
I wonder if the kids will remember,
That hated day back in September?
Will they remember the joy at noon,
The last one I mean, the one in June?
I wonder if they'll ever recall,
The unpracticed rule about study hall?
Sure we had homework, that is true,
But think of all the fun we had too.
Boy, I'd like to be young again,
And go to school once more.
I'd love that childhood door.
If only God would let me go,
Back to the days that I love so,
I'd never feel downhearted then,
If I were only young again!

GEORGIA HATCH, '53

Hero or Heel

It was the opening game of the "Small World Series". The Springfield Cubs were playing host to the Branford Hornets at Cross Field in New Haven.

In the first frame the Hornets picked up a single run on a walk and a brace of flukey base hits, but in the bottom half of the same inning Jack White slammed a tremendous drive into the upper deck of the right center field stands, 425 feet from the plate, to tie up the game.

Neither team was able to score until the last of the fourth when Jack White again blasted the ball into the lower deck in right field to make it 2-1 in favor of the home team's ace hurler, Joe Conwell.

The fifth inning brought about a three run rally for the visiting Hornets. An error was followed by a single and a base on balls. The next two batters went down swinging and a third lifted a soft fly ball to slugger Jack White in short center field. Jack came in too close and then made a drive backward. The ball struck his glove, and then bounced through to allow all three runners to score, putting Branford on top 4-2.

It was a dejected Jack White who removed his favorite willow from the bat rack and assumed his place in the batters' box in the seventh inning, but Jack came through in great fashion, belting out his third home run of the day.

That ended the scoring until the ninth when the Cubs, with two men retired, started to rally. A pair of singles and a base on balls loaded the sacks and brought to the plate Jack White who had already smashed out three roundtrippers in three tries. The Hornets all grouped around their pitcher giving him a few words of advice before he pitched. White watched a fast ball and a curve miss the plate and he had the pitcher in a hole. Another fast one cut the heart of the plate before a drop was too low. White swung on the three and one pitch and drove the ball far out of sight in right field, foul by inches. Then, on the three and two count, White swung again, but this time the ball was not lost somewhere in the stands; it had nestled into the catcher's glove and the game was over. Branford had won the first game of the series by a 4-3 score, and then went on to cop the series in four straight games, all because of a center fielder whose three run error couldn't be offset by his three homers.

ROBERT LARSON, '51

Paul Coolidge, Police Detective

Paul Coolidge of the fifth precinct had made his grade and had become a detective. Since he had not been assigned to any specific cases he loafed and played gin rummy with Mulrooney, the desk sergeant. The telephone which the sergeant disliked intensely

began to ring fiercely. Mulrooney lazily picked up the receiver and listened.

"Yes — sure — O. K. — I'll send someone over right away," Mulrooney said.

"What's up?" said Paul.

"Another crackpot claimin' there's a ghost haunting her joint. The address is 67 153rd Street. Just drive over there and see what's stirrin' up the old biddy," answered Mulrooney.

Detective Coolidge drove to the address, found the house, and parked in the driveway. The house, a typical Victorian mansion, stood bleak and dreary in the gathering dusk. The darkness gave it a more eery look. Paul climbed the rickety stairs, went to the door, released the knocker and waited. The knocker made a noise, a hollow sound, which re-echoed when the massive oaken door swung open. A little old lady answered his knock, wearing clothes common fifty to seventy-five years ago.

"Good evening, I'm Detective Coolidge from headquarters," he said, producing his wallet which contained his badge. "I've come to pursue the ghost and maybe seize him."

"That satisfies me greatly," replied the woman in a sweet but mysterious tone. "Won't you come in?"

Paul stepped inside, his eyes adjusting themselves to the dark. Turning around to speak to the woman he was amazed to find her gone. Noticing a staircase and remembering that ghosts usually hang out in attics, he decided to look there first. Strolling along the upper gallery he did not notice the clutching hand reach for him!

"What strange adventure has Paul Coolidge walked into now? Listen in tomorrow for the second exciting episode of Paul Coolidge, Police, Detective, brought to you by Sudsy the so . . ." Click!

Mother, is supper ready yet?

PHILIP MURPHY, '53

Dora's Diary

Januery — Yesterday wuz my birfday party. I bloo out all the 8 candels on my cake. The kids had a good time at my party accept today we wuz all sick and week and deleerius with a dredful diseese called the Mumps. I think it shoold be called the Bumps cuz that is what I got under my chin. I look jest like the fat lady at the circus only she had bumps in lots of places.

Feberary — Washintons berfday is today and mama thinks I shoold see him as a xample. I can't cuz I got a ax but aint got a cheery tree to chop down. There

wuz lots of snow but Mama dont want no snow balls throne. What good is snow? I staid in and lissen to the radio. A man sang a song called SOAP GETS IN YOUR EYES. I dont see how he felt like singing with soap in his eyes. It was a love song. Now I no what papa meens when he sez love is blind.

March — Tabby died today and papa woodnt let me berry him cuz the ground was frozen. Papa took Tabby away and I cood not have a fooneral for my poor cat. I cried. I think of Massa in the cold, cold ground and hope Papa berried him near Massa so they can warm each other up.

Aprel — Rain today all day long. Papa sez the rain falls an Thajust Thunjist and it rains on all of us in Maynard even if we don't desurve it. I wish Thajust and Thunjist wood move away so it would stop raining.

May — Got a May baskit today full of candy but Mama made me give bruther sum. She said it is more blessed to give then receive. I think she meens it is better to give a pest some then to have him take it.

June — Grampa came today to visit. Grampa is a old old man. He needs a stick to hold him up wen he walks. He has got cobwebs all over his face cuz he is so old. Nora my best girl fren came wen Grampa wuz here and we talked about Grampas face. Nora sed her mama had dimples on her face. I sed thats nothing my mamas got pimples on her face. That Nora makes me sick, allways boasting.

July — I went pickin blue berryes today but the cows looked at me. Such awful big eyes. I got scared and dropt my pale. I went over the stone wall and sat down on a nice pile of sand. Pritty soon I got up fast cuz I was bit. I guess the ants got mad cuz I sat on there home. I wuz mad too cuz I had to sit on a piller the rest of the day.

August — Today wuz a terrible day. Broke Mamas yellor vase and I new she wood be mad so I washed the kitchin floor for her but she wuz madder when she got home cuz I used the face cloth to scrub the floor. Mama told me to put a egg on the stove to boil but I didn't put water in the pan. Mama wuz mad again cuz the egg was busted and burnt and the pan had a big hole in it. It sound like pop corn. I spraid parfume around the house to make it smell elagent but Mama got awful mad cuz I took her French Parfume. I wuz sent to my room jest like a prizner.

September — Didnt have enuf room to rite all the things for Awgust so had to use the September page for that. Nothin in September anyways only school.

Oktober — Today I sat on a chair nex to the stove and the seat was awful hot. Mama wuz mad cuz she had taken the rolls out of the oven and put them on the chair and covered them up with a cloth to keep them hot. I didnt no they wuz there. We had them for super and they looked like pan cakes. Papa lafed and sed "she who sits on red hot rolls shall rise again. Mama sed it wasnt funny.

November — Thanksgiven turkey was good. Papa got a leg and bruther got a leg. I don't understan why turkeys dont have enuf legs so Mama and me cood have one. Nora my girl fren wuz sick. Her Mama sed she made a pig of herself. I went over to see her but she looked the same and she didnt say Oink, Oink like other pigs.

Desember — All I want from Santa Claus is a new diry that has pages for every day so that I can rite lost more.

Here ends the pages of my life. Next yeer I will rite lodes of stuff. Dora D.

HELEN STOKES, '51

The United Nations Flag

The United Nations Flag was the brain child of Albert Johnston, Publicity Director of the National Grange, who suggested that women make and present this flag to every community in the nation.

So for the past few months modern Betsy Rosses have gathered that they might express in a tangible way to America and the United Nations their efforts to establish peace in the world.

The flag is designed with a field of blue, centered with a map of the world enclosed with a white wreath, blue for truth and white for purity, representing the sincerity of the 26 nations who believe and practice "Peace on earth, good will to men."

These flags are all hand sewn. The workmanship may not always be expert, but the sincerity behind it is one hundred percent.

Long may the United Nations flag wave to the left of our familiar and beloved red, white, and blue.

MARGARET JONES, '52

I Pledge Allegiance

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America." How often have you stood, your hand over your heart, and said these words? Most of us have said them many times, every school day of our life, repeating them after our teacher in the first grade until we had learned this pledge by heart. But just how often have you said these immortal

words with the true meaning of them ringing in your heart. Most of us, I'm sure, are just repeating words with no thought to what is behind them at all. To us they are just phrases we rise to repeat every morning because we have to. But sometime stop to think these words over. You are pledging allegiance, your loyalty, to these United States of America, to your own free country.

But our country was not always free. We had to fight and strive for our independence from other domineering countries. Germany and Japan tried their hand at crushing the free world to a state of complete submission to their dictatorship but were defeated by the strength and fortitude of the American people and their allies. We acquired our freedom but the price was high in the cost of lives. Again history repeats itself as Russia, through its satellite country, has attacked Korea, indirectly endangering the freedom of the whole world as once again American citizens are aroused from the tranquility of their home life and sent to meet the threat of these aggressors.

Will such attacks on the peace and freedom of the world continue? It is up to each one of us to make it our responsibility to do our part in obtaining a free, democratic world. We are only high school students now, but we are tomorrow's citizens. Let's make ourselves good citizens realizing that now's the time to start. Each morning when we rise and salute the flag, think of what we are saying and determine in our hearts to follow this pledge, for only through the loyalty of each child, each adult, can we stand as one compact nation ready to meet threat to the peace and freedom of the whole world.

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America."

BARBARA THUMITH, '52

Stage Coach Rescue

The day was bright. The sun glared on the plains and I had to blink twice to believe it. The sun hadn't shown like that for two weeks, two full weeks today. Made a body feel good, it did. The rain-soaked roads and fields sparkled like diamonds. But then came a horrifying scream from Mrs. Perkins. Us cowhands came arunning to meet her at the foot of the stairs.

"Well, I knew that would get you all up in a hurry, you lazy galoots. I've been calling you for a half-hour."

Mrs. Perkins always had a way. Dog-gone her, anyway! Might as well eat some breakfast afore the

others finish dressing. But Bill Canton came in then and everythin' was forgotten with the words he spoke. The Gray Speed Express couldn't get through to us at Hollow Creek! It seems the mud was acting like quick sand. The bridge supports weren't holding. The mail and two nieces of Schoolmaster Merrill were on the express. That Express must come through. Anyway, pretty girls weren't seen very often out here in Arizona and these ladies were straightways from Boston. Not that I give a hoot for gals. They sure'll rip a skirt or somethin' on a door. But right now I feel I might like to see a pretty gal full of manners.

I rode out with 'bout five others to view the situation. It was pretty bad. No heavy coach would make it over that there bridge. It was rotten even before the rains.

Then we saw the coach acoming past Pete's Turn. Tom Haley coaxed his steed into the water and swam across. The current was strong and they went along down-stream. Joe caught Tom there by forcing his own horse out to a rock. He got hold of Tom by an arm. But the horse couldn't keep a steady footing and went directly over the falls. I don't think it got hurt bad-like, but we all knew the swirling rapids below made short work of him. Sure was a beautiful horse.

This time Jed and Carl went out keeping their horses together with a rope tied in an' out of their saddle straps. Joe and I busy bringing life back to Tom missed the action, but shouts told us that Jed and Carl had made it. They clambered up the bank and mounted their horses. The coach, meanwhile, had gotten stuck a quarter of a mile up Pete's Turn. The boys rode up and soon were pushing and hauling the Express.

Tom came out of his unconsciousness but we knew he needed a doc. Tim said he'd take Tom back to town, so that only left five of us to get the stagecoach across that foaming mass of water.

John and I went to the bridge, selecting the largest planks of wood and called the other three to come and help get them down to the bank. We sent Jim Perkins to get help at a neighboring ranch and by the time help came, we had over half a raft built. With this new strength in manpower we felt less exhausted and kept working. Jim told me a party was going to be held at the Grange Hall in town in honor of the schoolmaster's nieces. Now I knew we'd all be working like crazy to get to the girls first as rescuers. I guessed right. We had the raft ready in ten minutes. We put two horses on the side of the

raft nearest the falls. They would keep the raft from floating toward the falls anyway.

I stayed behind to act as a welcoming party with a couple of others. They made it! The current wasn't too strong! Now, too bad I couldn't be over there. I'd a-liked to see what we were fighting for at least. Well, what-do-ya-know, they're gonna get the stagecoach on the water and fix it up like a raft. Looks like they're really gonna get it done. Here they come! Yahoo! They made it!

Aw, shucks, the old lady who's come with 'em won't let 'em out in this mud. I should a known. Hey! She's changed her mind! The girls are coming out! Oh, I guess the old lady has brought her two kids along too.

"Hey, where's the Merrill nieces? We want to see the girls!" and then we all shut up. Oh, no, it can't be! They can't be! but they are. The Merrill nieces are cute, sure they are, but I'll make a bet with you that they aren't any older than ten, nor younger than eight years. Besides that, they've got big ears. Well, I can't say I ever had a liking for girls anyway —.

SYLVIA HILL, '53

My Dream Man

I often wonder if God above,
Will create my dream man for me to love.
Just a someone with purplish eyes,
So I can look at him with heavy sighs,
Hoping that he'll have natural straight hair
Contrasting with his nose that fell somewhere;
Dimples that are shaped in a triangle,
Supposing that his ears do curl and dangle!
Just a someone who dresses in style,
Although he may wear shoes once in a while;
Colorful socks that scare you at sight,
Pants that are baggy from left to right;
His long-sleeved shirt, checked or plaid,
And his bright tie, cheerful, not sad;
One tall hat with a rusty buckle,
When you think of him, don't you chuckle?
Although I think he'll be just my meat,
I want him made well-mannered and neat.
He may have a temper and scorn and yell.
But everytime he'll ring the bell.
Please God, send him down to me,
I'd be the happiest girl there ever could be.
I won't mind if he's tall and lanky,
Just so I can call him "my Frankie."

VIRGINIA VAN VORSE, '53



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



11



12



10



13

1. Georgia Peach
 2. Struttin' Hi!
 3. Miss America of 1900
 4. Sophistication
 5. Chosen Few

6. Honor Society Officers
 7. Science Club
 8. Men of Science
 9. Melodears
 10. Science Club Leaders

11. Guess Who?
 12. Show-offs
 13. Blondie

Activities

Football Rally

The first football rally of the year was held on September 29

It was the day of the Hudson game. Of course, if there was anything the team and students wanted, it was to win this game with the team guided by our former coach. Therefore the enthusiasm and spirit shown by the students was outstanding. Since this was an informal assembly the only speakers were Mr. Albert Lerer and Head Coach Wassel. The cheerleaders and students then gave a few cheers which we hoped would help lead the team to victory. And while the cheers did not lead to victory, they must have helped the team which was winning until the last few minutes of the game.

On October 7 the students were called into the auditorium to encourage our team before it met the 42 game winner, Concord.

There were speeches given by Mr. Wassel, our coach; Mr. Mattioli, Faculty Advisor! and our Co-Captains John Tomy and William Howes. As usual, there were cheers led by the cheerleaders. There must have been many sore throats after that rally! Now all we need is to have that enthusiasm carried up to the football field.

Junior Women's Club

The Junior Women's Club held their first meeting on October 11, 1950.

The highlight of the afternoon was the initiation of the Freshmen. Each girl had been instructed to wear a ridiculous costume, and good sports that they are, each freshman came in outlandish dress. They also performed, doing stunts under the direction of the program committee. These Freshmen are a lively group and will be a welcome addition to the club.

The officers for 1950-1951 are:

PresidentBarbara Manchester
Vice-PresidentPatricia O'Clair
SecretaryGertrude Cuddy
TreasurerElizabeth Byrne
Program Committee ChairmanMary Labowicz

Program Committee:

Barbara Krysielni
Barbara Thumith Irene Mariani

Senior Dance

The first dance of the year was held on Friday, October 20, 1950. The Senior Class, under the supervision of Mrs. Clair, was the sponsor.

The hall was decorated in Hallowe'en motif with pumpkins and bats draped over the lights.

There was a variety of dances. A new dance was introduced, a potato dance which was very successful. It was won by Ralph Smith and Margie Crowe.

The Committee:

Gertrude Cuddy	Henry Nowick
Doris Sims	Raymond Connors
Helen Stokes	John Doran
Barbara Castrilli	William Molloy
Marie Sawyer	George Anelons
Angie Greeno	James Cutter

Also the class officers:

PresidentThomas Cocco
Vice PresidentBarbara Manchester
SecretaryVeronica Janulewicz
TreasurerWilliam Howes

The smooth danceable music of Chuck DeGrappa's orchestra added to the evening's pleasure.

Assembly

On October 24, 1950, we were called together to observe United Nations Day. The Proclamation was read and the assembly listened to the voice of General Clay in Germany as he spoke on this fifth anniversary of the United Nations Organization. After chimes were heard over the radio, all school bells were rung in honor of the day.

Opening PrayerMr. Mantv
Lord's Prayer
Flag Salute
Star Spangled BannerAssembly
ProclamationThomas Cocco

But this was not the only reason we were assembled. October is a month of many observances as the master of ceremonies told us — Letter Writing Week, Doughnut Week, Hat Week, and Automobile Dealers Week, among the many. Several of the October holidays were commemorated in the following program:

October Program

- Oct. 9 "Fire Prevention WeekRonald Kangas
Oct. 12 "Ferdinand Columbus' Account"
Barbara Krysieneil
Oct. 16 John Brown's Raid
"Battle Hymn of the Republic"
Senior Group
Oct. 24 "United Nations and Youth"
Mary Labowicz
Oct. 25 "Indian Summer"Senior Group
Oct. 28 Dedication of Statue of Liberty
"Liberty Enlightening the World"
Barbara Castrilli
School HymnAssembly

The assembly was under the direction of Miss Marsden. The Senior Chorus was comprised of the following: Mary Labowicz, Veronica Janulewicz, Barbara Castrilli, Gertrude Cuddy, Angie Greeno, John Doran, Robert Larsen, Vincent Jarmulowicz, William Howes, James Cutter and Edward D'Amico.

Honor Society

Parents, friends, and students were assembled in the auditorium Thursday, November 9, 1950 at 10:00 A. M. for a very impressive induction ceremony of the National Honor Society.

The program was put on by the four members under the supervision of Miss Sawutz, their sponsor, in a dim hall lighted only by the footlights and spotlights.

The auditorium hushed as Mr. Lerer announced the new senior members to be Mary Labowicz, Veronica Janulewicz, Marion Weir, Doris Sims, Minnie Toretzky, and Thomas Cocco.

The program was as follows:

- Scripture ReadingAlbert Lerer, Principal
Salute to the FlagAssembly
Chorus "The Lord's Prayer"
A. H. Malotte
IntroductionFrank Sotrine, President
Interpretations
CharacterCarol Novick
ScholarshipMarie Sawyer
Piano Duet "Liberty Bell" Sousa
P. Dawson, J. Morgan
LeadershipBarbara Manchester
ServiceFrank Sotrine
Announcement of students elected to the Society
Albert Lerer

Creed of the Society and recital of the Pledge

Frank Sotrine

Chorus "Thanks Be To God" Dickson

Presentation of pins and membership cards

Evelyn Sawutz, Sponsor

Message of Congratulations

Mary A. Doyle, Superintendent

Maynard High School HymnAssembly

After the ceremony a reception was held for the new members with parents, teachers, and friends offering their congratulations.

Junior Women's Club

The second meeting of the Junior Women's Club was held on November 15, 1950

At this meeting it was decided that the Junior Women's Club Dance would be held on Friday, December 1, 1950. Various committees from each class were chosen to make decorations, dance and refreshments plans.

After the close of the business meeting a short play, "When Young Ladies Meet," was presented by the junior class members of the club. The play was a take off on a girls' club meeting and we all enjoyed seeing ourselves as others might see us. Some of the lines were good! Janice Morgan had an especially difficult part — one line.

The cast included: Barbara Prosper, Barbara Thumith, Janice Morgan, Patricia Meister, Joan Sokolowski, Pat Wehkoja, Kay Higgins, Loretta Ianerelli, Janet Gentsch. Irene Mariani directed the play.

Career Talk

The first career talk of the year was held in the high school auditorium on Thursday, November 16, 1950. Miss Barre introduced Mrs. Edith T. Hughes of the Fisher School in Boston.

The talk was on "Secretaryship and Its Opportunities." Specialized fields of secretarial training were discussed.

After the talk any senior girls who were interested in Secretarial work were invited to the guidance room to discuss the career of a secretary further with Mrs. Hughes and Miss Barre.

Junior Dance

On Friday, November 17, 1950 the Junior Class held their first dance.

One of the many novelty dances, the elimination dance, was won by Christine Lampinen and Ronald Kangas.

The lights were adorned in soft yellow with matching tassels.

The event for which everyone waited was the awarding of a door prize which was won by Angie Greeno.

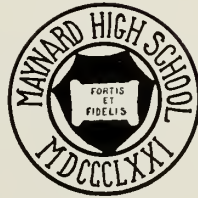
The committee, under the supervision of Mrs. Clair was Nancy Bain, Adam Mancini, Helen Johnson, Ann Spurrell, Patricia Dawson, Barbara Thumith and the class officers.

Science Club

The Freshman Class has organized a Science Club, under the direction of Mr. Lawrence Lerer. They chose the following officers: President, Ronald Kangas; Vice President, Roger Murray; Secretary, Joanne Sylvia.

On Thursday afternoon from 2:30 to 4:00 o'clock fifteen students return to the laboratory to work on projects. Ronald Kangas is working on model airplanes, Roger Murray on photography, and Joanne Sylvia on plastic flowers. Others are working on model boats, telescope, and radios.

In the future they plan to visit different museums and factories.



HONOR ROLL

Because we feel that these pupils deserve credit for the A's and B's they receive, we are printing your Honor Roll for the first time in the Screech Owl. Let it be an inspiration to you. May we see your name here in June.

SEPTEMBER — OCTOBER

1950

SENIORS

High Honor

Carol Novick

Honor

Elizabeth Byrne
Veronica Janulewicz
Mary Labowicz
Barbara Manchester
Marie Sawyer
Helen Stokes
Richard Turner
Marian Weir

JUNIORS

High Honor

Patricia Meister
Barbara Mitzcavitch
Bonnie Lee Smith

Honor

Catherine Higgins
Margaret Jones
Barbara Thumith

SOPHOMORES

High Honor

Lois Bain
Fay Saarela
Helen Sczerzen

Honor

Leontine Eley
Barbara Krysieniel
Christine Lampinen
Russell Manchester
Mary Sweeney
Roger Weaving

FRESHMEN

High Honor

Sandra Stammers
Virginia Sulkala
Margaret Sweeney
Joanne Sylvia
Alma Bowse

Honor

Barbara Crotty
Elizabeth Jarmulowicz
Peter Kallio
Ronald Kangas



In Memoriam

Leo C. White

School Custodian

1930 - 1950

When the pupils of Maynard High returned to class Monday, October 30, 1950, they were shocked to learn that Mr. White, school custodian since 1930, had left the school for the last time.

After nobly serving our country's Navy in World War I, Mr White became a very loyal school custodian.

A keen student himself, especially of our Town's history, Mr. White always had an active interest in education.

During twenty years of service at M. H. S. he was a great help and friend to all students and faculty.

The Screech Owl Staff wishes to express the sorrow felt by the whole school in his passing.

*"He calleth them in from their labors
Ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them
He giveth his loved ones sleep."*

Sophomore Superlatives

	<i>Boy</i>	<i>Girl</i>
Most Argumentative	Michael Sharpe	Ann Bondelevitch
Breeziest	Oiva Kalio	Jean Jokisaari
Most Popular	Robert Viola	Joanna Kangas
Best All Around	Albie Alexanian	Alice Spurrell
Best Dancer	Phillip Murphy	Lois Bain
Most Serious	Roger Weaving Eddie Gallagher	Kathleen O'Donnell Barbara Krysiel
Most Loquacious	Phillip Murphy	Helen King
Most Literary	Roger Weaving	Mary Sweeney
Intellectual	Russell Manchester	Lois Bain
Most Dignified	Gordon Nelson	Shirley Palmaccio
Wittiest	Oiva Kallio	Helen King
Class Musician	Paul Nelson	Shirley Palmaccio
Most Absent Minded	John Finan	Evelyn Beford
Friendliest	Albie Alexanian	Alice Spurrell Georgia Hatch
Most Ladylike		Shirley Palmaccio
Most Gentlemanly	Albie Alexanian	
Most Athletic	Robert Viola	Joanna Kangas
Most Sophisticated	Fred Johnson	Joanne Tucker
Most Likely to Succeed	Roger Weaving	Lois Bain
Class Artist	John Crotty	Sylvia Hill
Class Dreamer	Michael Barilone	June O'Toole
Radio Program		Boston Ballroom
Actor		Farley Granger
Actress		June Allyson
Sport		Football
Crooner		Perry Como
Dance		Waltz
Song		Tennessee Waltz
Orchestra		Guy Lombardo

Freshman Fancies

Boy

Girl

Most Argumentative	Teddy Clancy	Josephine Porazzo
Breeziest	William Lucia	Barbara Crotty
Most Serious	Alfred Zanelli	Shirley Linteri
Class Dreamer	Paul Duggan	Betty Duckworth
Best Dancer	Teddy Clark	Margaret Sweeney
Most Loquacious	George Shaw	Barbara Crotty
Most Literary	Fred Zanelli	Barbara Crotty
Most Intellectual	Fred Zanelli	Virginia Sulkala
Most Dignified	Bruce Stalker	Sandra Stammers
Wittiest	Gerald Connors	Madeline Salamone
Class Musician	Dominic Barbuto	Alice Boeske
Best All Around	Leonard Massarelli	Margaret Sweeney
Most Absent Minded	Teddy Clancy	Betty Duckworth
Friendliest	Lawrence Tower	Mary Cantino
Most Ladylike		Joanne Sylvia
Most Gentlemanly	Leonard Masciarelli	
Most Athletic	Leonard Masciarelli	Alice Boeske
Most Sophisticated	Bruce Stalker	Sandra Stammers
Most Popular	Leonard Masciarelli	Margaret Sweeney
Most Likely to Succeed	Fred Zanelli	Virginia Sulkala
Class Artist	Mark Kelly	Sandra Stammers

Favorite Radio Program	Million Dollar Ballroom
Actor	Clark Gable
Actress	Esther Williams
Sport	Football and Baseball
Dance	Waltz
Song	Good Night Irene
Crooner	Perry Como
Orchestra	Guy Lombardo

Introducing . . .

Our New
Faculty Members



Seated — Miss Mary Shine, Mr. Albert Smith, Miss Joan Leadbetter.
Standing — Miss Margaret Hogarty, Miss Mary Barre.



INTERVIEWS

with New Students of Maynard High

The Newcomers to Maynard High were interviewed in order to introduce them to the student body and faculty.

Norma Jean Puckett of Tennessee was the only addition to the Freshman class. The Johnson City Junior High, which Norma attended previously was considerably larger than Maynard High. Norma likes Maynard High better because the students are friendlier, but she thinks the teachers give too much homework. What she misses most in our school, however, is the five minutes between periods that she was allowed in Johnson City.

Verna Mary Dunnigan is one of our new Sophomores. Verna went to the Mary E. Curley Junior High School in Jamaica Plain. The school was enormous, as you can judge from the fact that Verna's class had 300 students. Verna likes Maynard High better for the same reason Norma does, because the students are friendlier.

Ray Lyon is the other new Sophomore. Maynard High is quite different from the one room country school he went to in New Canada, Nova Scotia. In

spite of the fact that we get more homework, he likes Maynard High a lot better. He likes changing rooms. He thinks our teachers are better prepared and we progress much faster.

Bonnie Lee Smith is a new Junior, from not so far away Hudson High. Bonnie Lee liked the Student Faculty Advisory Committee in Hudson. She also thinks the teachers were harder markers and there was more student cooperation. She doesn't know, yet, whether she likes Maynard High better, but she doesn't think we have much school spirit.

William Pierce, Jr. is another new Junior. Even though he came from the huge Melrose High School, he likes Maynard High better, mainly because you get to know more of the students.

Despite the danger of sounding like a mutual admiration society, we're glad our five new students like us, because we're happy to have them in our classes. We know Maynard High has benefited by their enrollment.

JANICE MORGAN and
BARBARA MITZCAVITCH, '52



SOUTHERN SCHOOLS DIFFER

In Tennessee as well as North Carolina the schools are quite different from the northern schools.

For instance, the southern scholars are required to buy their own books, paper, and anything else needed. Nothing is furnished.

But you may ask — what about the taxpayers? Don't they pay for the school supplies? No, the southern taxes pay the teachers, but that is as far as they go.

Our high school was made up only of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades, the ninth being in the junior high. Our classes lasted until three-thirty!

We had a school paper which came out once a month, which carried the news of interest to all the school and to people of the city who took part in the school affairs.

Most all the sports are the same except field hockey, which I had never heard of until I came up here.

Now you are going to say you wouldn't like to go to a southern school, but I can assure you southern schools are good ones.

NORMA JEAN PUCKETT, '54

The Mailman

This fall the exchange editors mailed letters along with copies of our magazine to many of the editors of surrounding high school magazines asking for information about their papers. We hoped to get suggestions that we might use in adding to our own school publication, particularly the yearbook. Although we are still waiting for replies from some of the editors, we have received quite a few magazines and have several suggestions to make our yearbook the best yet. The copies of magazines from the schools mentioned below are on file in the Screech Owl office, Room 22½. Look them over and see how favorably our magazine compares with them.

What We Think of Others:

The Blue and White, Methuen High School — Our compliments for a well planned book. Your idea of "Nosey Nook" is good. Attractive set-up of the Athletics.

The Argus, Gardner High School — An interesting and enjoyable book to read and look at. A very good idea of having the baby pictures.

Bromfield Beacon, Harvard High School — We think your "School Calendar" is a wonderful idea. It must bring back many fond memories.

Spion Kop, British Columbia — We like your arrangement of the "Annual Staff." Your idea of assigning the different grades names is good. Congratulations!

The Scientist, St. Joseph's High School, Manchester, New Hampshire — Your stories and write ups are excellent. Kathy's Korner is a grand idea.

Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon High School — You seem to have very interesting activities from your descriptions, but how about showing us some pictures of them. Congratulations to Carol I. Bullock, on her poem "Success and Failure."

The Salemica, New Salem Academy, Orange, Mass. — Orchids to your cartoonist for her wonderful work. She should go far. Good stories.

S. M. S. S., S. Middlesex, Secretarial School, Framingham, Massachusetts — Your Class Will was enjoyable and interesting. Your "Remember When" column gave us a good laugh.

The Oak, Lily, and Ivy, Milford High School — Congratulations on a wonderful year book! It rates among the top few in every field.

The Pine Tree, Bethesda Chevy Chase High School — You have one of the best year books we have ever seen. You should be very proud of it.

The Twig, Meridith College — Your "Day Doins by Dottie," is very good.

The Voice, Concord High School — We like your idea of "Happy Birthday." Your "Senior Special" was very amusing.

What Others Think of Us:

The staff of the Spion Kop congratulates you on your very nice annual.

SPION KOP

Ladysmith High School
Ladysmith, B. C.

It is hard for us to choose any section of your magazine, "The Screech Owl," as outstanding in as much as we thought the whole magazine excellent. However, we would like to comment on your photography and very excellent cover.

MURDOCK MURMURS,
Murdock High School,
Winchendon, Massachusetts

Latin Class:

Grace Stratford: "Give me a double banana split, and put some whipped cream and hot fudge on it, too."

Clerk: "And a cherry?"

Grace Stratford: "No thanks, I'm on a diet."

Thanks to the

SALEMICA,
New Salem Academy
New Salem, Mass.

Warning To Female Admirers

Say it with flowers,

Say it with sweets

Say it with kisses

Say it with eats

Say it with jewelry

Say it with drinks

But always be smart, boys,

Never say it with ink.

Thanks to the Exchange Column of the "Blue and White."

BEVERLY PRICE, '51
PAT WEHKOJA, '52

Alumni

Former Editors

The Screech Owl was first published in 1927 with Harold Glickman as editor. Beginning with Harold the magazine has been entrusted to editors both male and female, Jean Lynch breaking the tradition of male editors in 1942. An editor of any magazine must be person who can assume responsibility, who has imagination and/or business sense, who has the ability to organize; therefore we were interested to see how our previous editors have fared after leaving high school. As you read the list of our editors and their accomplishments you will agree that the various Staffs of the Screech Owl throughout the last twenty-three years have used good judgment in electing their editors.

1927 — Harold Glickman was first editor of the Screech Owl. He graduated from Dartmouth College and now owns a chain of furniture stores. He and his family live in Newton.

1928 — Leo Mullin is in the automobile business. He graduated from Fordham with an A.B. degree and has Master's degrees from Boston College and Harvard. He is active in town affairs.

1929 — Waino Sjoblom is employed by Texaco Oil Company, Boston.

1930 — Mark Kelly upon graduation entered a textile school and later an art school. He is now employed as superintendent in a Norwich, Connecticut Woolen Mill. His son Mark is a member of the present freshman class.

1931 — Philip Wilson, editor in 1931, entered Dartmouth College and after graduating from Dartmouth went to Boston University. He is a lawyer and has his own practice in Maynard. He is also affiliated with the Utica Insurance Company of Concord.

1932 — William Ledgard entered Harvard College where he received his A.B. and M.A. degrees. He taught for one year at Mount Hermon School. Then he served in the Navy for six years, later working for the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington. He is now working with his father.

1933 — Paul Wilson, a graduate of the Massachusetts School of Art, is the Director of Cambridge School of Design. As a first lieutenant he served

in the European Theatre as a bombardier. He was a German prisoner of war for eighteen months.

1934 — Walter Sweeney is the head of a military academy for boys in New Jersey. He is married and has one daughter. He is a graduate of Fordham University, where he belonged to R. O. T. C. He served in Australia and the South Pacific during the war.

1935 — Elmer Salenius entered Boston University College of Liberal Arts where he received his A.B. degree in 1939, later receiving his Master of Arts from Harvard College. He served in the Army from October 1941 until January 1946. He is an instructor of English and liberal arts at Boston University.

1936 — Louis Bachrach, a doctor in Brunswick, Maine, is married and has three children. He attended Harvard College and Long Island School of Medicine in New York. He served in Alaska as a lieutenant in the Army.

1937 — In 1937 William F. Palmer became editor of the Screech Owl. After graduating from M. H. S. he entered the Vesper George School of Art, and after graduation from Art school he joined the infantry. "Billy" was killed in action at Guadalcanal.

1938 — Albert Bachrach is now in business in Maynard with his brother.

1939 — Daniel O'Leary, a graduate of Tufts College, served four and a half years in the Army, and is now a salesman in the Cape area. He is married, living in Natick with his wife and twins, a boy and girl.

1940 — Bennie Gudzinowicz graduated from Clark University in Worcester, served in the air force for three years, and has re-enlisted. He is now a first lieutenant in the Air Corps, stationed in Virginia. He is married and has one son.

1941 — William Lesage was employed for six years in the machine shop in the mill. Married, he is now employed at McGillroy Manufacturing Co. in Littleton.

1942 — Jean Lynch graduated from Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and attended classes at Boston University and William and Mary in Virginia. She was appointed chemist for E. L. Patch and Co. in Stoneham, and soon became a pharmacist at Massa-

chusetts General Hospital. In May 1948 she was the only woman ever to be appointed lieutenant of the U. S. Public Health Service in the Regular Corps. She served in the Marine Hospitals in both Norfolk, Virginia, and Chicago, Illinois. She is married to Eugene F. Kelly who is stationed on the U. S. S. Missouri now in Korea.

1943 — Marion Sheridan, now Mrs. Donald F. Hanson, a graduate of Bently School of Accounting, worked for Public Accounting in Boston. Her home is now in Washington, D. C.

1944 — Roy Helander graduated from B. U. majoring in English. He is now attending Boston University for his master's degree in music.

1945 — James Killoran served in the Navy and later worked for General Motors. He is now married

and living in Greenfield where he is a state policeman.

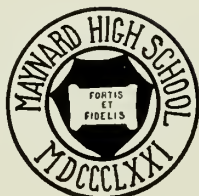
1946 — Paul Stein graduated from Harvard, majoring in History. He is employed at Technical Products in Acton.

1947 — Elinor Case went one year to the Chandler Secretarial School. She worked for the Collateral Loan Co. in Boston, and is now attending Massachusetts State College in Amherst.

1948 — Alice Koskela is in training at the Mount Auburn Hospital in Cambridge.

1949 — James Duckworth went one year to Lowell Textile and is now employed at the First National in Maynard.

1950 — Ann Freeman, last year's editor, is at home for the present.



S P O R T S



FOOTBALL TEAM

1st Row, L. to R.—Manager L. Tower, B. Roche, V. Jarmulowicz, Co-captains W. Howes and J. Tomyl, H. Nowick, F. Sottrines, Manager J. Connors.

2nd Row, L. to R.—Assistant Coach Lawson, J. MacDonald, R. Viola, W. Freeman, J. Korsman, F. White, A. Beshta, A. Mancini, Coach Wassel.

3rd Row, L. to R.—A. Kulevich, L. Massarelli, M. Sharpe, E. Cuddy, F. Mariani, T. Clark, A. Alexanian, T. Clancy.



1. The Varsity.
2. We got him smothered.

3. Lemme show ya!
4. Defensive Platoon.

Football...

The football season opened officially September 16, but the team had been practicing since August 16, — and if you remember, many of those days were hot, many rainy. But the boys hung on and readied themselves for a season they knew would be a difficult one, since only seven lettermen were available. Co-Captains John Tomyl and Billy Howes headed the squad, both dependable players with plenty of spirit. Managers Larry Tower and Jerry Connors and their junior high assistants took care of the necessary jobs about the clubhouse and on the field.

Coach Wassel and Coach Lawson have worked long hours with a squad which appreciates their labors, while Mr. Mattioli done his part in trying to keep finances in good order.

The squad was invited to see the B. C. — Georgetown game and the B. U. — Idaho game, and several of the players took advantage of this opportunity.

The season closes December 6 with a banquet at Russo's where the teams are to be honored and at which the annual award will be given to the most valuable player.

Punchard 13 — Maynard 6

September 16

Maynard opened the 1950 football season by losing to a fast Punchard eleven at Andover. There were a lot of fumbles perhaps caused by the fact that this was our first game. In the first half Punchard started a headlong drive that won them a touchdown. At the half Maynard left the field trailing 6 to 0. The third period was evenly fought, neither team able to score. In the last period Maynard started rolling. Co-Captain Tomyl plunging over, fumbled, but Eddie Cuddy recovered for the T. D. Maynard missed the extra point. In the dying moments of the game Punchard pushed over another score and a point after. The game was hard and evenly fought most of the way.

St. Mary's 6 — Maynard 0

September 24

Maynard opened their home season at Alumni Field losing to St. Mary's of Brookline, 0 to 6. The game was rough and hard fought all the way through. Maynard threatened in the first quarter but was held on about the ten yard line. After this both teams battled evenly until the last quarter. St. Mary's started a drive which was climaxed by McNamara plunging over for a touchdown. Co-Captain Tomyl

and Vin Jarmulowicz were stand-outs for the Orange and Black.

Maynard 6 — Hudson 6

September 29

Maynard played favored Hudson to a standstill at Riverside Park, Hudson. In the first half each team looked good both on offense and defense with Maynard having an edge. At the end of the half there was no score because of the intensity of the battle.

In the second half Maynard started to drive on the passing of Hank Nowick and the brilliant runs of Co-Captain John Tomyl. This drive was climaxed by Tomyl bucking off tackle for a touchdown. A pitch-out failed to gain the extra point.

At the beginning of the last quarter Maynard was still in command. Another drive was started that brought the Orange and Black down to the one yard line. Captain Tomyl again plunged over but Hudson recovered the ball for a touchback. Hudson took it out on the 20 yard line but soon Maynard again had the ball. With two minutes to go Nowick passed down the middle. Dick Lyons of the Night Hawks intercepted and with fine blocking went 90 yards for a T. D. The try for the extra point failed. The Orange and Black line played a great game with Co-Captain Howes, Korsman, and Cuddy standing out. Tomyl and Nowick were unsurpassed in the backfield.

Concord 49 — Maynard 0

October 7

Maynard played its rival Concord at Alumni Field and the Red and White eleven promptly made it 42 straight games without a defeat. After Maynard kicked off to open the game Concord started a march which ended in a T. D. The extra point was missed. A few minutes later the Minutemen were again knocking at the door as Maynard had fumbled the kick off and Concord recovered. Gower then swept his own left end for the score. At half time the Red and White were leading 24 to 0. Concord came back in the second half with 4 more to complete the rout. The Minutemen showed their class as they out-played the Orange and Black eleven from start to finish in spite of Maynard's determined playing.

Milford 34 — Maynard 0

October 14

In Maynard's first league game at home the Orange and Black bowed to Milford, 0-34. The first half was evenly fought until Milford pushed across a



1



2



3



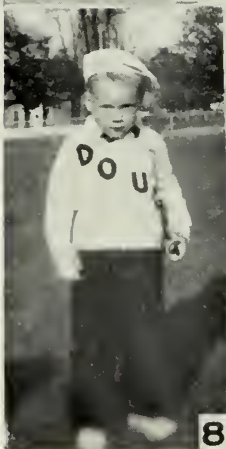
4



6



5



8



7



9

1. Us Boys
2. Glamour on the Gridiron
3. Ambidextrous, Hank?

4. Watch it, Rab!
5. My aching back.
6. In case of emergency.

7. Nowick to Howes
8. Come on, gals!
9. Gotcha!

touchdown and the extra point midway in the second period. After the half time intermission the Red and White team opened fast, scoring on a reverse from about the 15 yard line. Near the end of the third quarter, Castiglione broke through the Maynard line to romp 73 yards for a score. In the last quarter Captain Joe Stoico scored twice on runs of 53 and 38 yards. Maynard showed to better advantage than the previous week with Bill Freeman running smoothly on offense and Co-Captains Tomyl and Howes highlighting the defense.

Methuen 26 — Maynard 0 **October 28**

Methuen's big Blue team romped over the Orange and Black on a cool afternoon at Alumni Field. Early in the first period big Gil O'Neil, Methuen halfback, raced 45 yards for the opening score.

The extra point was missed. Billy Freeman took the ensuing kickoff 30 yards to the 50, and with one more block, might have gone all the way. Here, Lady Luck shone on Methuen as Tomyl's pass to Howes bounced off Billy's fingertips and into the hands of backer-up Huston, who rambled 56 yards for a touchdown. After the kickoff Maynard started its best offensive drive of the afternoon. With Billy Freeman and Franny White carrying, the pigskin was brought down to the Methuen 15. But here the Blue team braced to take over on downs. After exchange of goals O'Neil ripped off forty yards to the Owls' 30. A few plays later, however, Freeman recovered a fumble and another march was stalled. At the half the score was 13-0 in Methuen's favor.

After intermission the Blue team started another drive which ended in a T.D. This time Huston bucked over. After Maynard lost the ball Methuen drove for another score on a long pass and subsequent ground plays. In the last period Methuen's pass-lateral plays were working well, but two drives were stopped when Kulevich tackled Ball for a loss on fourth down, and later when MacDonald intercepted a pass on Maynard's 30.

Howe 40 — Maynard 6 **November 4**

In a very rough game Howe High romped over Maynard at Billerica. With a good running attack the Green and White team scored 4 touchdowns in the first half. After intermission Maynard started a successful attack which was climaxed by a 30 yard Nowick to Howes T. D. After this Maynard failed to score again, but Howe High came back and scored

two more times to clinch the game. The game was marked by many penalties most of which were incurred by the victors. For the first time this year Coach Wassel used the entire bench to try to pull this game out.

Marlboro 14 — Maynard 0 **November 11**

Maynard and Marlboro battled evenly before a good Armistice Day crowd at Ward Six Playground, Marlboro. Maynard received its first break on the first play from scrimmage when Vin Jarmulowicz recovered a Marlboro fumble on the Marlboro 45. Unfortunately, soon afterwards Maynard lost the ball. Near the end of the period Marlboro started two drives, one of which resulted in a score. The Panthers were stopped on the 16 yard line when Maynard held for downs. However, on the second play, the Owls fumbled and Marlboro took over as the period ended. Here came one of the plays of the game. Co-Captain Jack Tomyl stole the ball on the Maynard 1 yard line to give the Owls possession. After being stopped on the ground, Co-Captain Howes punted to the 35.

The Panthers started a scoring drive from there with Borella going over from the 10. Borella also bucked over for the extra point. Nearing the end of the period Marlboro marched 65 yards for their second tally. This time LaFreniere took it over from the 5. Borella again plunged for the extra point.

In the fourth quarter the Owls opened their best offensive move of the game when successive passes from Hank Nowick to Andre Beshta and Billy Howes brought the ball down to the Marlboro 15 yard line, but there the drive stalled.

Outstanding players for Maynard were Co-Captains Billy Howes and Jack Tomyl, Tommy Cocco, Alec Kulevich, and Andre Beshta. It was a clean, hard fought game all the way except for a minor incident in the last quarter.

ROGER WEAVING, '53

Cheerleaders...

The cheerleaders this year have helped greatly in backing up our team at the football games. Their hard work at their many practice sessions certainly showed up because they are one of the best groups ever to represent the school. Headed by Patricia O'Clair, they are as follows: Angie Greeno, Carol Clark, Carole Whitney, Catherine Higgins, Janice Morgan, Irene Mariani, Lois Bain, Alice Spurrell, and Joanna Kangas.



FIELD HOCKEY FIRST TEAM

Front Row, L. to R.—M. Labowicz, A. Tower, P. O'Clair, B. Price, J. Kangas, P. Wehkoja.
 2nd Row, L. to R.—Coach, Miss Collins; B. Prosper, I. Mariani, C. Kopp, D. Statkus, Manager E. Byrne.



FIELD HOCKEY SQUAD

Front Row, L. to R.—I. Mariani, B. Prosper, M. Labowicz, A. Tower, P. O'Clair, B. Price, J. Kangas, P. Wehkoja, D. Statkus, Manager E. Byrne.
 2nd Row, L. to R.—J. Porrazzo, J. Martino, B. Jarmulowicz, H. Whitney, M. Sweeney, N. Puckett, Coach: Miss Collins.
 3rd Row, L. to R.—N. Bain, H. McPhee, M. Sweeney, J. Tucker, C. Kopp, F. Maria, J. O'Toole, L. Bain, B. Mitzcavitch, J. Morgan.

Field Hockey...

Field Hockey began a few days after school started. Nearly 50 girls signed up for practice and very few dropped out. Practice was held almost every afternoon for six weeks and the girls untiringly worked until our teams were as good as we could possibly make them. The A. A. voted to buy new sticks and uniforms and we certainly looked trim. We had our choice of color for the uniforms and the girls voted for Maroon. I don't know if it was the sticks and the uniforms that spurred us on to victory or not, but something did, for we had a very successful season. Both of our teams were undefeated and the second team was also unscored upon. This is the first time this has happened in many years and we are justly proud of ourselves.

On behalf of the field hockey players, I thank Miss Collins for all she has done for us. She certainly deserves a lot of credit and praise.

This year's schedule was as follows:

Sudbury at Maynard

October 17

Maynard 2 — Sudbury 0
Maynard 1 — Sudbury 0

The first field hockey game of the season was played on Tuesday, October 17, between Maynard and Sudbury. Sudbury had a four game advantage over us but nevertheless we were confident of victory. Our first team showed great teamwork, sportsmanship, and speed and won by a 2-0 score. Center Angie Greeno and Joanna Kangas were the scorers of the goals. The second team was also victorious and they won 1-0. Janice Morgan scored the lone tally against Sudbury's previously undefeated team. Both Maynard teams played excellent games and certainly deserved to win.

Sudbury at Maynard

October 19

Maynard 2 — Sudbury 0
Maynard 4 — Sudbury 0

Sudbury played a return game with Maynard on Thursday, October 19. Our girls again triumphed over Sudbury and continued their winning streak. The first team's score was again 2-0 with goals made by Captain Pat O'Clair and Angie Greeno. Our second team game ended in a smashing victory. All 11 members of the team played an outstanding game, and we won by a 4-0 score. Three of the four goals

were made by Janice Morgan and the remaining one by June O'Toole.

Maynard at Ashland

October 24

Maynard 4 — Ashland 1
Maynard 3 — Ashland 0

On Tuesday, October 24, we played at Ashland. We were handicapped by playing on a strange field, by a damp, raw day, and the fact that Ashland had been undefeated. But nevertheless we were enthusiastic and confident of a victory. At the end of the half the first team score was 1-0 in favor of Ashland. But did this dampen the spirit of our girls? No-siree! They buckled down with grimness and won by the astonishing score of 4-1. Angie Greeno scored 3 points, and Joanne Kangas 1. The unscored upon second team kept the banners flying for dear old M. H. S. continuing their excellent work. They played a good, all-around game. Lois Bain scored two goals and Janice Morgan one.

A return game with Ashland was scheduled for Tuesday, October 31, but the Ashland coach cancelled the game. This game was automatically accredited to us by default.

Maynard at Acton

Thursday, October 26

Maynard 4 — Acton 0
Maynard 3 — Acton 0

On Thursday, October 26, a confident busload of M. H. S. girls journeyed to Acton to play their fourth game of the season. The first team played a sensational game and the final outcome was 4-0. Both Angie Greeno and Captain Pat O'Clair played a good game and scored two goals each. Good work! The second team also came out on top and defeated the Acton seconds, 3-0, Lois Bain scoring the three goals.

Acton at Maynard

Thursday, November 2

Maynard 1 — Acton 1
Maynard 1 — Acton 0

A return game was played with Acton on Thursday, November 2. The first team game was a see-saw contest until the very end. The game ended in a 1-1 tie, Joanna Kangas scoring for Maynard. Our second team was again victorious in a bitterly fought game, but we edged out the Acton girls 1-0 as Lois Bain scored for M. H. S.

Concord at Maynard

Monday, November 6

Maynard 0 — Concord 0

Maynard 0 — Concord 0

On Monday, November 6, we played Concord, our annual rivals. The Concord girls came to Maynard expecting a victory, but had to be content with a tie. The highlight of the first team game occurred when the Concord forward and our goalie, Pat Wehkoja, had a five yard bully. The crowd was breathless, but due to the expertness of Pat and our team, Concord was unable to make a goal and the game ended in a scoreless tie. Our second team was also unable to score and the game ended 0-0.

This year's teams were as follows:

First Team

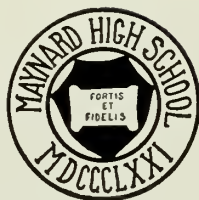
Alda Tower	L.W.
Joanna Kangas	L.I.
Angie Greeno	C.F.
Dorothy Statkus	R.W.

Patricia O'Clair, Captain	R.I.
Madeline Terrasi	L.H.
Irene Mariani	C.H.
Beverly Price	R.H.
Mary Labowicz	L.F.
Barbara Prosper	R.F.
Patricia Wehkoja	G.

Second Team

Mary Sweeney	L.W.
Janice Morgan	L.I.
Lois Bain	C.F.
Helen McPhee	R.W.
June O'Toole	R.I.
Lorrain Campbell	L.H.
Joanne Tucker	C.H.
Nancy Bain, Captain	R.H.
Frances Maria	L.F.
Barbara Mitzcavitch	R.F.
Carol Kopp	G.
Elizabeth Byrne	Manager
Elizabeth Musgrave	Assistant Manager

JANICE MORGAN, '52





The Wise Old Owl Would Like To Know:

- What makes Joanna Kangas so "Sharpe."
- What's so attractive about Barbara T's wallet.
- Why Billy Pierce is always trying to keep up with the Joneses.
- If Eddie Cuddy has a toni or a rayve.
- "Howes" Gert these days.
- Who Pat O'Clair's flame is this week.
- Why Miss Collins always complains about the trees in Maynard being planted out in the middle of the road.
- Why Ann Spurrell is always looking at the "Moon."
- Why Carol C. likes "Vic's" cough drops.
- Which Sweeney owns Lenny M. now.
- Why Joanne Tucker likes to go up to Gert's house.
- Why Priscilla Hoffman doesn't take up modeling after winning first prize in the J.W.C. beauty contest.
- If Mr. Mattioli will put B.C. on our football schedule next fall.
- If drinking and gasoline are good together: "Dawson" and "Jenney" seem to get along pretty well.
- If Barb Castrilli's favorite color is Brown.
- If Mr. Wassel has really got "the thing" in his desk drawer.
- If the senior girls go to Hudson for the bowling.
- If Jimmy Cutter's dancing ability has improved since he's been attending the Stow dances.

Jokes

Magician: (to small boy whom he had just called up onto the stage) Now young man you have never seen me before, have you?
 Small boy: No, Daddy!

Hair's a mess
 Skirt just hangs
 Posture looks like
 A boomerang's
 Fingernails chewed
 Oh what a sight
 Feet black and blued
 Prom was last night.

"Exasper 8"

James M.: What model is your car?
 Pete S.: It isn't a model. It's a horrible example!

Traffic Troubles

In Maynard, Mass., a traffic officer followed a woman motorist, who, hand out for a turn, had driven past him, and, hand still out, kept on going for the next two intersections.

The policeman pulled up alongside her and asked, "Well, Mary, what's the big idea?"

Mary explained, "I'm just drying my nail *polish*."

He: Please?

She: No.

He: Aw, please?

She: No!

He: Even if I tell you I love you more than anybody else in the world?

She: Positively no!

He: Aw, but mother, all the other freshmen stay out after ten!

In a Push

Robert K.: I saw you pushing your bicycle to work.
 George V. S.: Yes, I was so late I didn't have time to get on.

Other Cheek

Lennie: I think you have on too much rouge.

Mary: That's not rouge. I'm just healthy.

Lennie: Then your left cheek is healthier than your right.

Daffynitions

Synonym — The word you use when you don't know how to spell the one you want to use.

Trousers — An uncommon noun, singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

Untimely Death

And then there was the sad case of the English literature professor who received a theme with no punctuation marks and died trying to hold his breath till the last page.

Maggie: Sorry I'm late. I'll be dressed in a moment.

Tommie: No hurry now. I'll have to go home and shave again.

Songs of M. H. S.

Lucky In LoveBarbara and Donnie
 Sentimental MeJoanne Tucker
 Who Do You LovePaul Murphy
 It's You or No One For MeJohn Doran to Connie
 Goodnight IreneDickie K. to Irene
 Beloved Be FaithfulLeo to Faith
 I'll Never Be FreeOwen to Kay
 Pistol Packin' MamaDot Statkus
 Please Don't Say NoJ.W.C. Members to Boys
 I Wonder WhyReporting Back at 2:30
 PatriciaDick to Pat
 An Hour Never PassesSeventh Period
 Tennessee WaltzNorma Jean
 At LastGraduation
 MaggieTommy C. to Maggie

Trinitrotoluene

What would you do if you had some trinitrotoluene? This question was asked to the Juniors whom we consider so (ahem) smart. Incidentally trinitrotoluene is a high explosive. The best answers received were:

Barbara ProsperBite it!
 Janet GentschPut it on
 Miriam SalmiTake some kind of medicine
 Jackie MacDonaldGive it to my dog

Janet GouldJoin the Spars.
 Irene MarianiIt sounds delicious. I'd drink it.
 Ann SpurrellBeats me!
 Mary CirinoFight with it!

Sights We Hope To See at M. H. S.

Free taxi service to and from school.
 Glass walls so we are able to converse with our friends in the next class.
 Elevator service taking the place of stairs.
 Electric eye doors to prevent any hard labor of opening doors.
 Adding machines in every Math class.
 Fifteen minutes between each period to rest our weary brains.
 Mirrors in the girls' basement that makes us look better than we really are.

Lost and Found Department

Lost:

One picture of Farley Granger. Finder please return to F. McCarthy. Huge reward.
 One piece of slightly chewed bubble gum. Please return to Jeannie Jokisaari.
 One fender from Mary Labowicz's car. Believed to be on a tree or telephone pole between Summer and Main Street.
 One Superboy comic book. Finder please return to Ralph Cantino.

Found:

One grey fender found on a Florida Court telephone pole. In good condition except for a few minor dents. Claim at town dump.
 Twenty-six freckles. Will M. Lydon, C. Higgins or F. McCarthy please claim them.
 One trace of lipstick on B. Freeman's cheek.

Candy Sold at M. H. S.

Tootsie RollTootsie Nelson
 Bit-O-HoneyJeanna Kangas
 Oh HenryAngie to Henry
 Three MusketeersLarry, Lenny and Jerry
 Luncheon10:45
 Planter's PeanutsFreshmen
 Clark BarLeo and Teddy
 Life SaverLong Neck in Test

Quotable Quotes

Speeches cannot be made long enough for the speaker, nor short enough for the hearer—Janet G.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead
— Mary, Liz and Pat, remember that!

No man can be wise on an empty stomach. 4th
period.

Hi-School Senior — A young fellow with a huge
topcoat and a baseball cap. He likes flashy tie, loud
suits and letters with x's.

Memory, the wonder of the brain — B. Manchester
Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune;
but great minds rise above it. (Senior boy to fresh-
man)

A careful driver is the fellow who has made the
last payment on his car — R. Mullin.

Quoted by Eddie Murphy from experience: When
a woman motorist holds out her hand, you can be
certain that she is going to the right, left, or stop.

The Night Before Tuesday

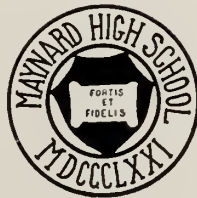
T'was the night before Tuesday and all through the
house,

Every person was waiting to see Mickey Mouse.
The story had stung with suspense and conniving,
So we knew that the neighbors would soon be arriving
The children should really have been in their beds,
But visions of telescreens danced in their heads.
And Mamma in her armchair, with Dad at her right,
Had just settled down for a long hour's delight.

Then from the front door came loud knocks resound-
ing,

I jumped from my chair to see who was pounding.
Away to the window I flew like a bang,
Tore open the window and gazed at the gang.
The moon on our aerial up in the skies,
That we owned a television did well advertise.
I sighed rather loudly — Not one was a stranger,
They were here, I well knew, to see the Lone Ranger.
More rapid than eagles our neighbors now came,
With excuses and pretexts and more of the same.
They packed in the living room, filled up the hall.
Now be quiet, be quiet, BE QUIET ALL.
We knew at mechanics Old Coop was a master,
But why was he bent on courting disaster.
Up to the set his swift fingers flew.
With words full of bragging about what he knew.
He said in a twinkling he'd have on the screen,
A different channel from that which we'd seen.
When he lifted his head and was turning around,
The pictures remained there, but where was the sound.
Oh Cooper, oh Cooper, return, fix our set.
How madly fantastic can these pictures get?
But Baby Sue, flashing her smile full of charm,
Brought back the sound with a flick of her arm.
When TV finally went off for the night,
Our neighbors, the spongers, departed from sight.

Quoted from the Literary Cavalcade



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