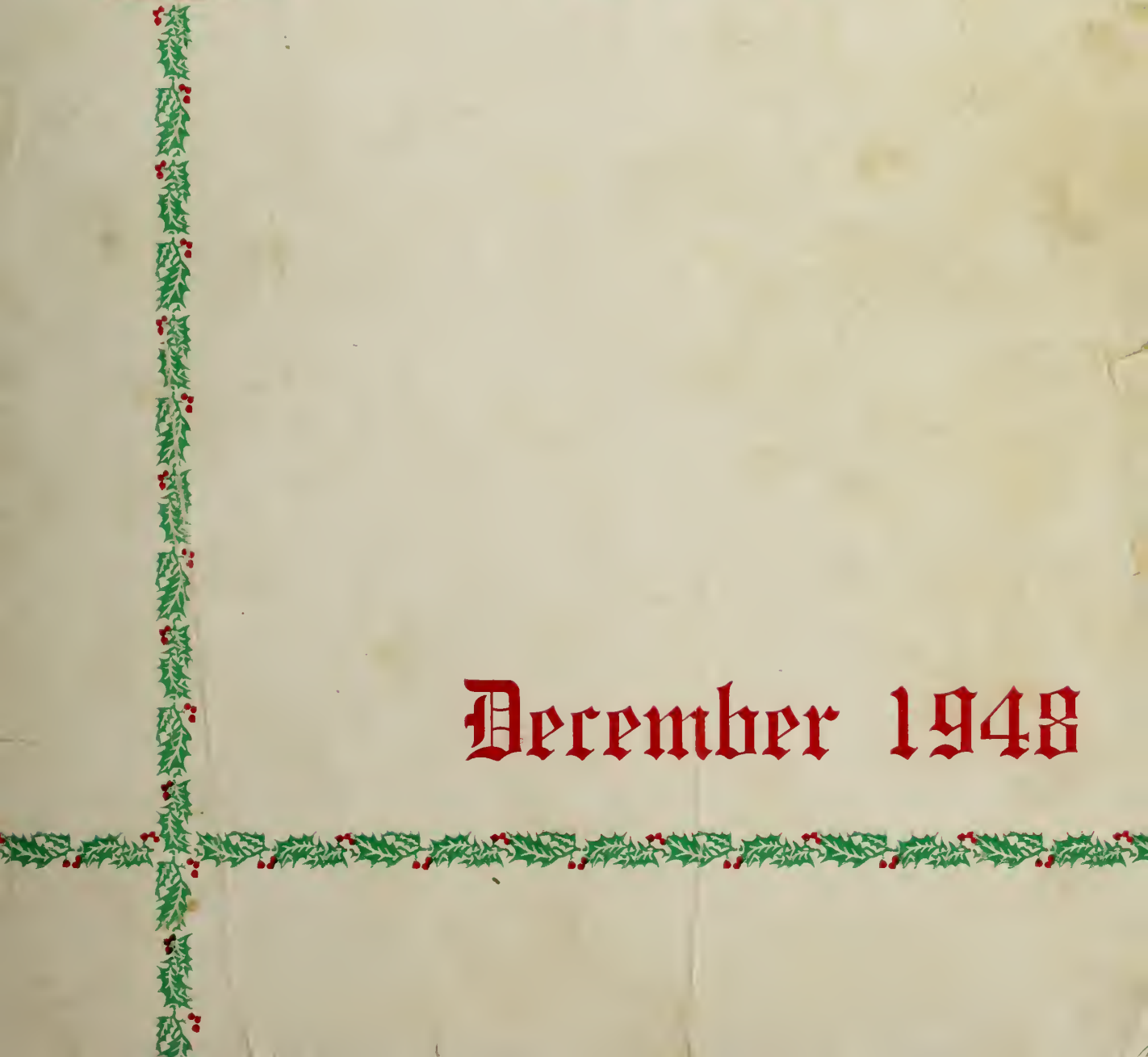




# THE Screech Owl

December 1948









# The Screech Owl

PUBLISHED TWICE A YEAR BY THE PUPILS OF MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL

## DECEMBER 1948

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# Dedication



R. Keto

To the members of the classes of '51 and '52 - to you who have been with us a year, and to those of you who newly arrived, we dedicate this December, 1948 issue of *The Screech Owl*.

# Editorials

## Cleanse Your Speech

Do you ever stop and listen to yourself talk? Well, you ought to try it once in a while and I'm sure you would hear yourself using such expressions as you was, she don't, this here book, them books, me and him, you must learn him, he ain't, we can't find no place to live, we done it, I seen him. Now check down this list and see if we're not correct. If you use one of these expressions in all probability you use them all or most of them, for they are typical of the speaker who is unwilling to observe the accepted conventions of speech.

Now we shall give you some examples of how we, the people in general, murder the English language. For example, when you say Ainya, did you know the word is of Siamese origin, and pronounced as spelled, means "Ain't you?," modern version of "Are you not?"

D'jhu comes from early Semitic, is pronounced "Ju," and means "Did you?"

Gotta, probably low Dutch, is pronounced as it looks, meaning "Have you a . . . ?" or "I must."

Harrya, from the Comanche, is a form of salutation meaning "How are you?"

Jeet, possibly Hungarian, is a modern interrogation as "Jeet yet?" meaning "Did you eat yet?"

K'min comes from Indo-Chinese and is pronounced as "Kuh-min," invitational form meaning "Come in," or "Enter."

Aynet, of Tibetan origin, is frequently used in everyday conversation as "Aynet hot?" much simpler than its forebear, "Is it not?" but means the same.

Swati, of obscure origin, is pronounced "Swat-eye," modern condensation of "That is what I . . ." as "Swati thought" and "Swati told you."

These sayings are very popular in the United States and they enter, in all probability, in your everyday conversation. If you want to improve your diction, stop and check yourself frequently until you have successfully mastered the English language.

NANCY STALKER, '49  
JAMES DUCKWORTH, 49

## Leadership

Just what is leadership? It is the art of directing others in conduct and achievement to obtain a position of influence and power over the lives of others. It is the ambition of many, but few there are who reach the heights of true greatness in that field. That is what is lacking in Maynard High. The students leave everything up to a certain few and never do anything about being leaders themselves. The individual thinks that he or she could never be a leader, for the simple reason that he is actually afraid to attempt to attaining the objective. A true leader, above all, must have confidence in himself; if he doesn't, who will? Look what Napoleon's unsurpassed confidence got him.

Some students do not try to be leaders because they have no sense of responsibility, but if they tried to take charge of some affair or take part in different activities, such as socials, football games, sports, dramatics, they would soon find themselves getting good practice in leadership.

Another virtue that is derived from leadership is personality. It forms one's character to a great extent. It teaches one to be at all times alert, sincere, honest, efficient, loyal, and self-sacrificing. How true is the proverb: "He who has strength of character develops personality, which is the motive force of leadership."

Not only is it true in Maynard High but it holds true for all Alma-Maters, that most of the students, do comparatively little thinking for themselves but in principle and counsel follow their more aggressive companions.

If you really try, you too can be a leader like any other individual and you will find true that the power to lead others in the way of better things is a wonderful gift, and to the one who uses it well, the world gives full measure of honor and glory.

Come on students of Maynard High — be aggressive — be a leader.

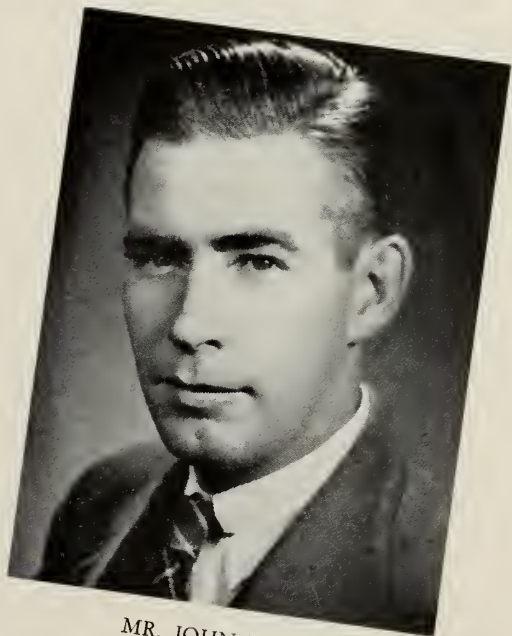
NANCY STALKER, 49

# Introducing . . .

## Our New Faculty Members



MISS MARY COLLINS  
Commercial Department



MR. JOHN LARKIN  
Director of Guidance

# Our New Arrivals

## BOYS

2nd Row: G. Van Son, J. Bowse, J. Conly

1st Row: R. Preston, J. Doran



## GIRLS

B. Stowe, B. Rich, B. Doran





# Activities

## Football Rally September 17, 1948

Maynard's orange and black opened its season with Chelmsford by a rip-roaring send off from all the students. The rally was as follows:

Introduction .....Mr. A. Lerer  
Pep Talk .....Mr. Mattioli  
Cheer for Mr. Mattioli  
Maynard High School Song  
Pep Talk .....Mr. Lawson  
Cheer for Coach Lawson  
Captain Case, Captain Robinson  
Cheer for Football Captains  
Cheer for the Team  
Song ..... "As the Backs Go Tearing By"  
Pep Talk .....Mr. Bondelevitch  
Cheer for Coach Bondelevitch

The Maynard High School Hymn closed the program.

It was grand to see the enthusiasm shown at this rally as school spirit is half the job.

\* \* \*

## Welcome Dance September 24, 1948

Where were You on the evening of September 24? Why of course, you were at the Senior Social to welcome the freshmen into high school. The auditorium was gayly decorated in green which was significant.

At first, it seemed the boys were shy, but soon everyone was dancing to the music of Salamone's orchestra. At intermission, refreshments were served in the gym by the seniors.

An enjoyable evening under the direction of Miss Tierney and the Committee members came to a close at eleven-thirty.

\* \* \*

## Junior Social October 11, 1948

"It certainly was wonderful." That is what everyone said about the Junior Hallowe'en Dance. A large crowd was present to enjoy the smooth music and talented vocalist of Johnny Arena's orchestra. One

of the features of the evening was an Elimination Dance in which everyone participated, the winners being Harold Holoppa and his partner, Angie Greeno, who were presented with cash prizes.

Refreshments were served at Intermission followed by an hour's dancing and it was with regret that everyone heard the last dance announced.

We are grateful to Miss Collins and the Committee members for an enjoyable evening.

\* \* \*

## Football Rally October 7, 1948

No matter how big, no matter how small, Maynard is followed by the best of them all. Yes, Maynard is proud of its loyal fans among the student body.

This spirit was shown when Maynard was to meet Concord. An excited group cheered at the following program:

Introduction .....Mr. A. Lerer  
Pep Talk .....Mr. Mattioli  
Cheer for Mr. Mattioli  
Pep Talk .....Mr. Lawson  
Cheer for Coach Lawson  
Speakers .....K. Dwinell, G. Robinson  
Cheers for K. Dwinell, G. Robinson  
Cheer for the Team  
Song ..... "As the Backs Go Tearing By"  
Pep Talk .....Mr. Bondelevitch  
Cheer for Coach Bondelevitch  
Maynard High School Hymn

"Our loyalty to Maynard High is like a flame that will not die."

\* \* \*

## Fire Prevention Assembly October 15, 1948

Fire Prevention Week is known throughout many states for the protection of our homes, forests, and everything and everyone dear to us. It was during this week that the classes were summoned into the auditorium where Mr. Lerer introduced Chief Wilson, who spoke briefly to us about the hazards of fire. The stage was equipped to display on a small scale just what happens when people are careless. After

this, an amusing cartoon on fire was shown, followed by a film on the nature of fire. This all proved to be very interesting and I'm sure put all of us on the alert.

\* \* \*

### Assembly

October 15, 1948

A very entertaining assembly was given under the direction of Miss Wilson. Yes, those Sophomores really have talent. The program was as follows:

Introduction .....Barbara Manchester  
 Reading — "Look What You Did, Christopher"  
     O. Nash. Robert Larson, Henry Nowick  
 Trumpet Solo — "Stardust" .....Edward D'Amico  
 A Skit ..... "The Study Hour"

#### CAST

Mr. Parent .....Frank Sottrines  
 Mrs. Parent .....Marian Weir  
 Gertrude Parent .....Mary Labowicz  
 Gerry Parent .....George Anelons  
 Dan .....Paul Murphy  
 Catherine .....Angelina Greeno  
 Russell Carlisle .....John Taylor  
 Ethel Carlisle .....Carol Novick  
 Margaret .....Gertrude Cuddy  
 Carl .....Thomas Cocco  
 Trumpet Solo — "Birth of the Blues"

Edward D'Amico

As you can see from the above cast this assembly was one of the finest.

\* \* \*

### National Education Week

A fine assembly was held in the Auditorium under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Clair. Each student participating represented a different nationality. The program was as follows:

Selections .....Orchestra  
 Pledge to the Flag .....Audience  
 Star Spangled Banner .....Audience  
 Master of Ceremonies .....George Van Son  
 Land of Hope and Glory .....Chorus  
 Freedom of Worship .....Barbara Mitzcavitch  
 Ich Leebe Dick .....Barbara Doran  
 Centennial of the Swedish Pioneer ....Patricia Meister  
 Romance (Sibelius) .....Rachel Keto  
 Between Two Loves .....Rose Terrasi  
 Loch Lomond .....Chorus

Danny Boy .....Barbara Doran  
 Polonaise (Chopin) .....William Sarvela  
 Selections .....Orchestra  
 Music Director .....Miss E. Colburn

And thus came to a close another assembly of which we can be justly proud.

\* \* \*

### National Honor Society Assembly

Friday, November 12, 1948

A very impressive assembly was held to welcome new members into the Maynard Chapter of the National Honor Society. The program was as follows:

Selections .....M. H. S. Orchestra  
 Scripture Reading .....A. Lerer, Principal  
 Salute to the Flag .....Assembly  
 Chorus ..... "Lord's Prayer"  
 Introduction .....John Porazzo, President  
 Interpretations:  
     Character .....Rose Terrasi  
     Scholarship .....William Sarvela  
     Leadership .....Nancy Stalker  
     Service .....Viola Heckala  
 Chorus ..... "Down South"  
 Announcement of new members ....A. Lerer, Principal  
 Accordion Selections .....Albert Mariani  
 Presentation of Pens .....Ruth I. Wilson, Sponsor  
 Congratulations .....Mary A. Doyle

The assembly was brought to a close by the singing of the Maynard High School Hymn.

Following this, a reception was held for the members and their parents and friends.

The purchase of the National Honor Society pins was made possible through the contribution of the Maynard Lodge of Elks.

\* \* \*

### Senior Social

November 12, 1948

Again Maynard High had people coming from everywhere to attend one of the senior dances. This time celebrating Armistice Day, the auditorium was decorated in red, white, and blue. The feature of the evening was two door prizes which were won by Herbert Mallinson and Barbara Mitzcavitch. The mellow music was provided by Johnny Arena's orchestra and refreshments were served in the gym during intermission. Eleven-thirty brought to a close an evening which was enjoyed by all.

# Literary

## What A Day

With low funds in the treasury, the M. H. S. field hockey team was unable to hire a bus for the trip to Framingham.

The only alternative was to go by car. Miss Tierney volunteered hers and Helen Sebastianowicz was also willing. Last, but not least, I was called on to supply Pop's limousine. But since it was in use for that day, Joan (Torppa) volunteered to get Tony's.

Then the fun began. Joan got in one side and slammed the door. When she slammed her side, my side sprang and vice versa. We solved that by tying them shut with a pair of shin-guards.

Finally, after stopping for some players, we took off. We had a vague idea that we were going to Framingham, but we didn't know how to get there.

With Miss Tierney in the lead and Helen following, things looked all right as we went through town and into Sudbury.

Rolling along, everything looked rosy UNTIL we came to a steep hill.

Joan, my assistant, shifted the car into second. It still wouldn't work so I shifted the car into first. Then out of a clear sky the lovely, (heh, heh), lovely car stalled.

There we were, helpless (hmmm) in the Hills of Sudbury.

Some kind-hearted soul with a nice Buick convertible came roaring along and in answer to our frantic pleas stopped and pushed Tony's lovely heap until it started.

By then smoke was pouring up through the floor boards. We merely opened the window to let out the smoke and FROZE, and that is no lie.

We weren't discouraged, OH NO, I should say not. Not us. Not M. H. S. girls.

To prove it we went out and beat the Framingham team by a score of 9 to 0.

The trip home was much easier than the ride over. Though we were subject to laughter of the rest of the gang we would do it again to get another victory like that.

I'm also sure that we will never forget that trip to Framingham in that gorgeous refugee from the scrap heap.

NANCY STALKER, '49

## At The Movies

The line is getting longer  
The people push and shove,  
The whole town always shows up  
To see the stars they love.

Of course, You could have guessed it  
The group is mostly girls,  
Who stand and stare or giggle,  
Each one is in a whirl.

At last they all get seated  
But we know that won't last;  
The days when girls sat quietly  
Have long been gone, and past.

Of course they each need popcorn  
And so they stumble out.  
Now You, perhaps think that's bad  
Until they start to shout.

Again they're in their places  
The show's about to start,  
And when the actor's name comes  
Each one controls her heart.

Alas, they're very thirsty  
And out again they go,  
If this keeps up much longer  
They'll never see the show.

But now the place is quiet  
They're ready for a shock,  
And sure enough it happens,  
The killer's in the clock.

The crowd goes wild and hollers  
The captives start to run,  
Right now, they think it's over  
But no, the hero comes.

Ah Yes, it all ends happy,  
Now down the aisles they file;  
I guess that it was worth it,  
As each one has a smile.

CAROL LEE DOWNEY, '49

\* \* \*

## The Winner

There were two boys. The first was a kind, courteous boy named Paul, who was a hard working music student. After he got through all his odd jobs and



his homework, he would practice at every chance he found. After ten years of steady practice he became an accomplished pianist.

Now to turn to the rich boy, named Richard. He played the piano, but only when he wasn't going out with girls in one of his cars his father gave him. And after ten years he could play the piano too; not bad, but not very good either.

One day he saw Paul with a beautiful blonde named Regina, and naturally he wanted her, the villain; the only trouble was that she liked Paul.

Richard decided to duel with Paul, the prize, of course, being Regina. They arranged to have the duel on a talent program with both competing on the pianos. Richard played and the people were polite, so they clapped a little. Then Paul played, and he played so well that the people stopped the show by their applause.

So it's obvious who won, isn't it?

Paul committed suicide. Richard won. How could he lose?

His father owned the network, and he was also sponsor of the talent show. However, the final decision was up to an impartial judge, who was Richard's father.

There isn't anything that's a sure bet.

WARREN GARLICK, '49

\* \* \*

## The Dream That Came True

"Well, Jean, it looks as if you'll have to attend classes this summer so that you'll be able to go into your second year of high school next September. I hope by now that you'll know better than to be thinking about those silly old horses all the time instead of doing your work."

The eyes of the young girl filled with tears as an elderly man said these words, after glancing from the report card he held in his hand into her pleading face.

She thought of the many times she had visited her uncle's horse ranch, located about five miles from her home. How weary she became and how long that road seemed to be, but she plodded along, feet burning and tired muscles aching. In her heart she was not tired, but very happy, for she knew each step carried her closer to the large ranch with its rambling buildings and spacious stable.

She could hardly refrain from running when she came in sight of the large farm, its buildings gleaming and shining, resplendent in the bright morning sunlight. The brood mares with their foals and colts

were contentedly grazing while a few playful ones would nip and kick their mothers and fellow playmates. All the while the magnificent stallion, Firefly, would watch over his herd of mares and colts as a shepherd watches over his flock, his proud head set on a beautifully crested neck, always alert, always searching, for the dangers which lurk on the plains and in the hills are many.

All these things filled Jean's heart full of happiness and joy, and the many miles of walking would soon be forgotten. She would sit on the gate and watch the frisky little colts galloping around and around the field. A certain little chestnut colt, whom Jean had grown to love from the first time she had ever seen him, would always be far ahead of the others in their wild races around the pasture. He would gallop as fast as the wind across the field, jump the wide stream at the end which flowed merrily down from the nearby hills, and return to where he had started long before the others had even gone half way.

To Jean, sitting on the fence, he was a dream come true. How often she had sat in school dreaming of having a horse like this one! But to dream about something and have that dream come true are two entirely different things, and when she had first seen Goldy, as she had named him, she knew he was her dream in reality, although it seemed impossible for her to have anything as wonderful as this.

Every day Jean perched on the gate and whistled for Goldy, and the little colt, hearing the familiar call, would trot over to the fence. There was always a large lump of sugar and a sweet carrot waiting for him. Many times he would impatiently stamp his tiny hoofs and give Jean a friendly nip. It didn't take long for these two, a young girl and a little chestnut colt, to become very attached to each other. Goldy would follow Jean wherever she went, even braving high fences to be with his mistress.

Then one day, as usual, Jean ran over to the fence and whistled for Goldy. She listened intently for the shrill whinny the little colt always had for her. But there was no answer today. She whistled again, this time a little more impatiently. Still no answer. She closely scrutinized the herd of horses, but nowhere could she see the glossy brown coat and flashy white stockings which identified the frisky little chestnut. The bright, sunny day suddenly became very cold and gloomy to the young girl standing at the gate. Shep, the ranch watchdog, walked over to her side and understandingly placed his paw upon her arm. Jean pushed him gently aside and ran in search of her uncle. When she found him, he was seated on the top rail of the corral watching a young colt being



broken. She choked back her sobs and was just about to tell her uncle the entire story when a flash of white caught her eye. Peering through a small space between the bars, the sight she saw caused her heart to skip a beat. There in the corral, almost hidden by the clouds of dust he was kicking up, was her beloved horse, pitching, bucking, and kicking, his beautiful chestnut coat covered with sweat and streaked with dark red stains. Jean recognized the man on his back as Jed Steele, the toughest and meanest cowboy on the ranch. He drove his spurs into Goldy's heaving sides and cruelly whipped the horse until large welts appeared. All the helpless animal could do was to try to throw this merciless person off his back. But it was no use, for the ruthless cowboy was just as determined as the unharnessed spirit beneath him.

When at last Jed dismounted and unsaddled the horse, Jean strode bravely over to the gate and waited for the cowhand to approach. When he did, she told him that it was not necessary to handle Goldy as he had done, but the proud cowboy just sneered and told her to mind her own business.

Soon the hands left the corral, for it was time to go out on the range and round up the wild horses. Only Jean and her uncle remained. She remarked on the way Jed had ridden the young horse and her uncle replied by saying that he liked it no more than she, but because he was the best bronc buster of them all, he had been chosen to do the task, although it was far from finished.

Finally her uncle also left to join his men and supervise the roundup, and Jean was left alone with Goldy. She whistled softly to him. He acted as though he did not hear her, and it was not until she whistled a second time and held out an appetizing sugar lump that he pricked up his ears and walked hesitantly over to the fence, stretching out his neck for the dainty tidbit. He nudged her for another sugar lump, and even though she had none, stayed close beside her.

Suddenly a cry of pain swept through the sultry summer air! Quickly Jean ran into the ranchhouse and found her aunt awkwardly slumped in a chair, her face contorted with pain. She thought quickly. There were no telephones within walking or riding distance, and even if there were, there were no horses at the ranch, except Goldy, who was not saddle broken. The nearest doctor was in town, ten miles away. She commenced to call for help but hesitated, suddenly remembering that everyone was out on the range. What was she to do? In that one moment the final decision was made. She walked resolutely over to

the corral and whistled softly. Goldy, upon whose speed and co-operation depended a matter of life or death, answered that whistle and stood quietly while she saddled him up — a job that four men had barely accomplished less than one half an hour before! Then, praying for the best, she mounted him and off they went. The horse which a grown man could not conquer by force was conquered with love and understanding by a young girl!

Goldy's smooth, evenly cadenced canter fairly ate up the ground and in no time they had reached town and the doctor had been summoned.

Just as Jean was walking Goldy in through the main gate of the ranch, her uncle and the cowhands rode up. Their faces expressed more surprise than any amount of words ever could hope to do when they saw this young girl fearlessly riding "the bronc."

Simultaneously Jean's father rode in, and upon hearing the entire story, told his daughter that if she would study especially hard at the beginning of next year, she would not have to go to school this summer after all.

Then Jean's uncle, saying that he had a little bit to add, told his niece that he was presenting her with the horse she had always wanted. Everyone rejoiced at this wholehearted presentation, and Goldy seemed to understand, too, for he pressed his cold muzzle gently against the cheek of his mistress. To Jean, clinging tightly to Goldy's soft neck, this certainly was *The Dream That Came True!*

NORMA MARTINSEN, '50

\* \* \*

## Out of My Depth

While ordinarily, I am able to grasp at least the basic fundamentals of a conversation, I always am far over my depth when the conversation swings to that favorite topic of American Youth: generally cars, more specifically "hot rods."

Though I do not consider myself a complete idiot, that seems to be the opinion formulated by my automotive knowledge. And because I don't light cigarettes with spark plugs, or use motor oil for sun tan cream, I become classed as that lowest of the low, that untouchable miscreant, the pedestrian. ..

Oddly enough, however, the conversation starts off with almost a semblance of sanity, which disproves even more what is to follow. Generally it starts with a simple innocent question such as "Whose car were you in last night?", "Who owns that black Ford?" or some similar seemingly innocent question.

Then however, the diabolical hold which the automobile possesses and easily maintains on the minds

of youth asserts itself, generally in the form of demoniacal, incoherent ravings of and about strange unheard of objects, seemingly from another land. Fiendish enough names they are too, outstanding among them being such insane phrases as "straight pipes," "cut outs," "high compression heads," "dual intakes," and so forth.

Blood boils like a hot radiator, exhaust smoke probably inhaled while puttering amid four-wheeled pets courses forth from nostrils, and the pungent odor of gasoline vapor saturates the air. When my tortured ears can no longer stand this ceaseless babble, nor my nose the stench, I unobtrusively slip away, a misfit of the mechanical age, a poorer (in health) but wiser man, humbly acknowledging the automobile as my master.

GERALD KAVANAGH, '49

\* \* \*

### A Visitor

The wind shrieks — the windows rattle incessantly,  
The loose boards creak and groan, throwing  
A haunted effect over all.  
How dark the night, how pale the light,  
Cast from this crescent moon.  
But hark! A tap, tap is heard at the door. Hear it?  
It is distinguished clearly from the whistle of the wind  
through the leafless trees.  
And a voice we now hear moans,  
"Open up, open up! I am the coming of winter."

FRANCES D'AMICO, '49

\* \* \*

### A Man Can't Win

The town clock had just struck five, and Richard Bartlet, with his coat-collar turned up and his hands dug deep in the pockets of his tweed trousers, was going home to supper. He had had a hard day at the office and was still trying to figure a way of posing the question to his wife. Should he *tell* her frankly, or *ask* her nicely? Of course she would be disappointed, perhaps even angry.

He crossed the street, kicked at a small stone, and continued on his way. Richard was a man nearing his forties, but because of long years of hard work in order to keep up to the extravagant demands of his wife, one could easily mistake him for fifty. Indeed, his hair had long passed the greying stage,

and now it was thinning out around his ears. He was tall, heavily built, and one might even call him handsome, if one quick look was all that was given. However, he must have possessed some charming qualities in order to claim a wife like Emily.

Emily was likewise tall, dark, and extremely graceful. Black hair and green eyes seem to be a dangerous combination. If one did not know her, they would expect her to be shy, calm, and queenly. But to Richard, who had known her for the past eight years, her ability to wrap him around her little finger, slightly irritated him.

Richard wanted a vacation. Florida. For many years now, he had wanted to visit there, and now a group of men from the office were going and had invited him along. All he had to do was ask his wife.

He snapped his fingers and said aloud:

"Darn it! Why should she mind? How many times has she gone on vacations? - - - two, three, and four weeks at a time? Why, she's been to New York, Maine, Canada, and California during the past year. Well, now it's my turn. I'll just tell her frankly that I think I need a vacation. After all, a man has to have some fun once in a while."

He walked up Bradd Street, took the corner at Elm, and headed for his house, with renewed courage.

Emily had lit the fire when he arrived, and its flames cast weird shadows on the walls. Sitting in his favorite armchair, slowly smoking a pipe, a gift from Emily on his last birthday, Richard finally accumulated enough courage to say,

"You know Em, I've been thinking."

Emily raised an eyebrow and threw a glance in his direction.

"Oh?"

"You know, I think I need a vacation. We both have worked very hard these past few months and I think a change would do us both a lot of good."

He breathed more freely now that the worst part was over. He was able to elaborate now. Leaning back in his chair, he sighed heavily.

"Florida is wonderful at this time of year Emily. Ah - - - I can see it all now . . . palm trees, blue skies, peace and quiet . . . yes, it's wonderful . . . well hon, what do you say?"

Before he could finish, Emily had bounded over to him, threw her arms around his neck and cooed,

"Oh Rich darling, I think that's a wonderful idea, - - but gee, do you think you'll be able to take care of the house while I'm gone?"

FRANCES D'AMICO, '49

## The Drip

The first time I saw him was on the night that father brought him home for supper. It was cold that night — cold and rainy, with the wind moaning around the house.

I was getting the coffee ready ahead of time to save Mother the trouble when she got home. I heard the car pull in and a few minutes later Dad and Mother came in.

Dad said, "Look what I brought home to help with supper." I looked at the short crooked arm that my father held. I looked again and to my surprise, saw that the arm had no hand attached. How could father hold his arm like that? Why didn't he hold out the other — I looked again. Why, this newcomer had only one arm! He had a short, fat, body, which reminded me of a barrel.

He was completely bald and had a glassy stare which haunted me wherever I went. I knew that he didn't like me and the feeling was mutual.

I can see him now; watching, watching, never missing a thing.

He never spoke to me all the time I knew him. That wasn't very long, for the next day when I came home, he was sitting in the middle of the kitchen staring at me.

"Why do you always stare at me? Why can't you stare at someone else?"

Why? Why? Why?

I lunged at him. He fell against the stove and spilled the coffee all over the place.

His little body was smashed in a thousand pieces and I was glad.

Now I could use our old aluminum percolator instead of the new silex with its glassy stare.

NORMA O'NEIL, '49

\* \* \*

## The Green Years

This year while no one was looking sixty-eight little creatures stole into the high school. All were a bit green and were very much lost. These were the freshmen.

There were thirty-five girls and thirty-three boys. Among the girls there were seven stunning brunettes, nineteen beautiful brown mops, and nine lovely blondes.

The boys were as follows: Six rather bewildered black, curly heads, fourteen brown cowlicks, eleven blondes and two fugitives from a carrot patch.

You may think the freshmen are small. They are. But a few are exceptions. Take for instance John Korsman and Leland Davis.

Most of the girls are small or medium sized, but look at Irene Mariani and Patricia Meister.

There were six much needed additions to the football team, including such stars as Adam Mancini and Jackie MacDonald.

Six girls went out for field hockey and we have potential stars in Irene Mariani and Barbara Mitcavitch.

I think that if we add the giants and midgets, athletes and non-athletes, black-haired, brunettes, blondes, and redheads all together, we'll have a freshman class that Maynard High can be proud of.

"NORM," '49

\* \* \*

## Mask-Making

Everyone loves to masquerade — to disguise, even for a short time, his everyday appearance — and live in another role. This explains the popularity of Halloween, and masquerade parties.

In theatres and for decorative purposes masks are used frequently. The first step in the process of making a mask is to model the mask in clay. To do this, we need a flat board about twelve inches long and six inches wide. This serves as a guide for the mask model. A long nose and drooping mouth give that sour look or discontent. Broad, flat noses and thick lips are used to make the faces look better and funnier. When the final touches have been applied to the model, then it is set aside to dry naturally.

Mask-making is simple once you start. For various occasions different masks are needed and if you don't want to fashion them out of clay the only materials you need are some paper and varnish to make it hard. Then cut holes for the eyes, mouth, and nose. To make the mask look better I use different colors.

One day I was invited to a masquerade and not having a mask I decided to make one. I studied my face in the mirror for a while. Then I decided to make my forehead slant the wrong way, so I put a large bump in the middle. The eyebrows were made bushy and the eyes were cut in a slanting way. The cheeks I puffed out. High cheek bones were put on with red and blue colors. I used a long nose and a drooping mouth. Everyone was amazed at my mask and when they asked me where I got it and I told them I made it, they immediately asked



me to make some for them. After I had made two or three more, I decided mask modeling would be a good hobby and I have enjoyed every minute of making them. Most of the mask-making requires imagination to get real ideas for awful looking masks.

HELEN SHYMONOWICZ, '51

\* \* \*

### My Hobby and Its Meaning

In my spare time I am an amateur photographer. I find it very interesting and in my basement I have built a darkroom. It consists of two tables, and a printing, developing, and supply box where I keep acids and paper.

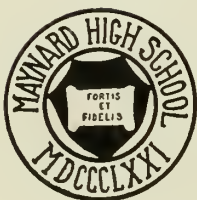
Photography is interesting in the way that it has helped in the scientific field to fight disease. In the war it made possible the mapping out of enemy territory without taking days of laborious handwork. In sports it has helped players find out their mistakes and to better themselves. In football it helps the coach find out the best man for the job and to benefit from past mistakes and to better themselves. In football it helps the coach find out the best man for the job and to benefit from past mistakes. Everyday crime is being defeated by photography by certain evidence that Charlie and Mike were robbing the city bank instead of being home in bed. If it weren't for photography we wouldn't have the movies, a common source of entertainment. More than thousands of the people of the United States wouldn't know what the President looks like without photography. Photography increases a person's knowledge by showing the size and shapes of different things. Because I know what photography does, I like it and have it for a hobby.

JAMES CUTTER, '51

### My Hobby

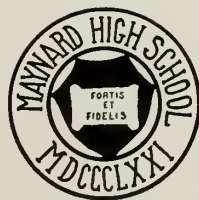
When I was just a little girl,  
Not more than eight or nine,  
My spelling marks were dropping  
Way below the passing line.  
So very many things  
I couldn't understand,  
As how to spell such words,  
As band and sand and land.  
And spelling them was tough  
Because to me they looked the same;  
And the more I learned to say  
The harder the spelling became.  
I couldn't understand  
Why lame and came and aim,  
Were all spelled different  
But sounded most the same.  
So to the teacher I went  
My problem to report  
She told me how to use these words,  
And helped me out, in short.  
She fixed up all these words,  
Such as cad and lad and bad,  
She put them into sentences,  
And a little poem I had.  
But with this little poem,  
I wasn't very pleased;  
'Till I made a bigger one,  
My mind was not at ease.  
Yes, now I am really interested,  
In those words I used to hate,  
For writing poems as a hobby,  
Turned out to be my fate.

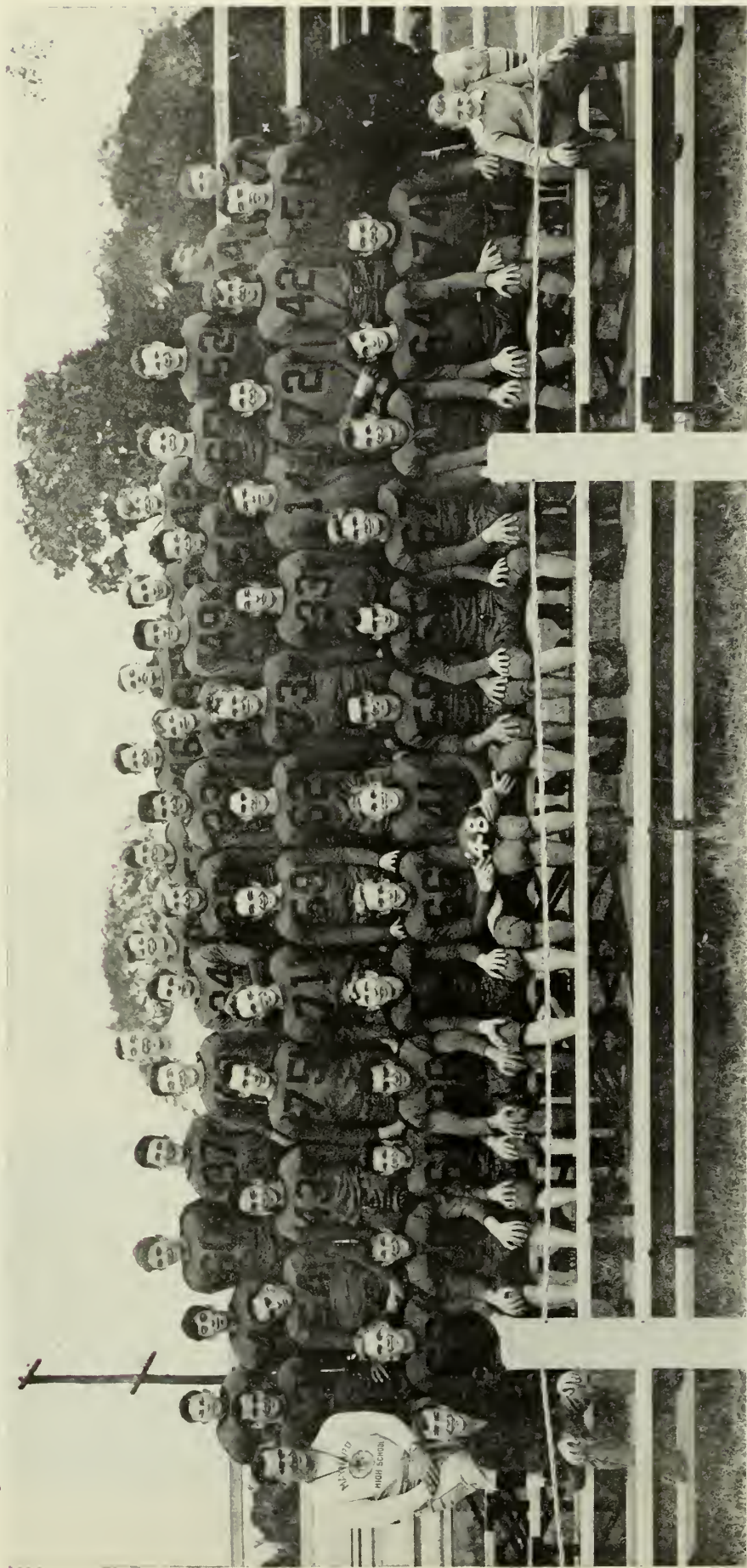
BARBARA THUMITH, '52





# S P O R T S





## M. H. S. HEROES OF '48'

*Front Row:* L. O'Clair, *Manager*; G. Robinson, J. McDonald, W. Peniman, G. Ferrera, V. Tomy, R. Case, *Co-Captain*; J. Robinson, *Co-Captain*; P. Greeno, G. O'Clair, P. Kivikoske, D. Higgins, K. Dwinnell, A. Milak, T. O'Toole, *Assistant Manager*.

*Second Row:* S. Bondelevitch, *Coach*; W. O'Toole, R. Holly, F. Case, R. Alberi, J. Cocoran, J. Porrazzo, F. Rogers, A. Terrasi, J. Howes, C. Cutaia, M. Slabyz, J. Tierney, R. Larson, *Assistant Coach*.

*Back Row:* T. Eley, A. Mancini, E. Romanowski, J. Cutter, W. White, W. Skirton, *Assistant Manager*; D. Dintino, W. Freeman, J. Tomy, J. Taylor, J. Perillo, W. Malloy, C. Wattu, J. Korsman, W. Howes, R. Watjus, P. Murphy, B. Tomy, F. Sotrines, V. Jarmulowicz, T. Cocco, J. McDonald.



## Football '48

In mid August a group of sixty hopeful boys reported to Head Coach Stan Bondelevitch to try out for the football squad. Out of these sixty boys there were somewhere in the vicinity of forty-five remaining as the first game approached.

In order to give the smaller boys a chance once more Coach Bondelevitch split the team into two sections — the Varsity and the Junior Varsity. The Firestone and New Idea Stores continued contributing \$5.00 worth of merchandise weekly to the outstanding lineman and back of the team. The coaching staff again consisted of only two men, Head Coach Stan Bondelevitch and his able assistant, Richard Lawson. Both these men are well known, liked and appreciated by every member of the student body. The managers headed by Lennie O'Clair do a fine job. The squad looks set for a fine season, facing several mighty teams as Concord, Natick, and Clinton, while the others are not pushovers. The students are behind you, fellows, so let's really mop up the schedule.

### Maynard 12 — Chelmsford 0

September 18

Maynard lifted the cover off its 1948 football campaign by beating a sturdy Chelmsford team 12-0. It was Scoop Viola who scored the first tally of the season as he smashed his way over from the three-yard line standing up in the second period, after Maynard scoring threats had been denied in the first period. A few minutes after the first touchdown, Pat Greeno recovered a fumble on the Chelmsford 41-yard line. A few plays later Jerry Robinson ripped around the left side on a reverse and tore 35 yards to a touchdown.

Maynard had many more chances to score but every time they would begin to roll a fumble, penalty, or interception would put a halt to the surge. Patsy Greeno, recovering two fumbles and smearing red and white uniforms all over the landscape, together with the speedy Jerry Robinson combined for the one-two punch needed.

### Maynard 26 — St. Charles (Waltham) 0

September 26

Maynard annexed its second consecutive victory of the young season by walloping a scrappy Waltham

outfit by a score of 26-0. Jerry Robinson scored first when he gathered in a heave by Ed Romanowski.

In the second period after having two 15-yard penalties racked up against them, Kevin "Galloping Ghost" Dwinell skirted 71 yards for another Orange and Black tally. Before the first half ended, Dickie Alberi intercepted a forward pass and went unmolested 45 yards to hit pay dirt. At half time the Bondelevitch Bombers were out in front 20-0, as Joe Corcoran and Billy O'Toole each converted once.

In the second half the game evened off a bit and Maynard scored but once, that in just two plays. After St. Charles put the ball on the line, Kev Dwinell snared a Waltham pass in mid-air and returned it to the Maynard 40. Jerry Robinson then sped 60 yards for the final TD of the afternoon. It would be too much to name the outstanding players of the afternoon as Maynard has a very well balanced team, and looks headed for a successful season.

### Maynard 13 — Hudson 0

October 1

Maynard remained unbeaten, untied, and unscored upon by trouncing a fast moving Hudson team 13-0. In the second period, following a long run by Scoop Viola, Jerry Robinson romped 35 yards for the opening tally. Hudson came back many times but the sturdy forward wall of the Orange and Black help each time. In the fourth period, Maynard, capitalizing on breaks, scored once more as Viola smashed through from the 5-yard line, and Joe Corcoran made it 13-0 on his try for the conversion. Pat Greeno played his usual standout game while Viola, Jerry and Gene Robinson and Vic Tomyl also played good ball. Many of the underclassmen got into the game and some show great possibilities such as Tom Cocco with his bone-crushing tackle, Vin Jarmulowicz at end and hard charging Lippy Murphy.

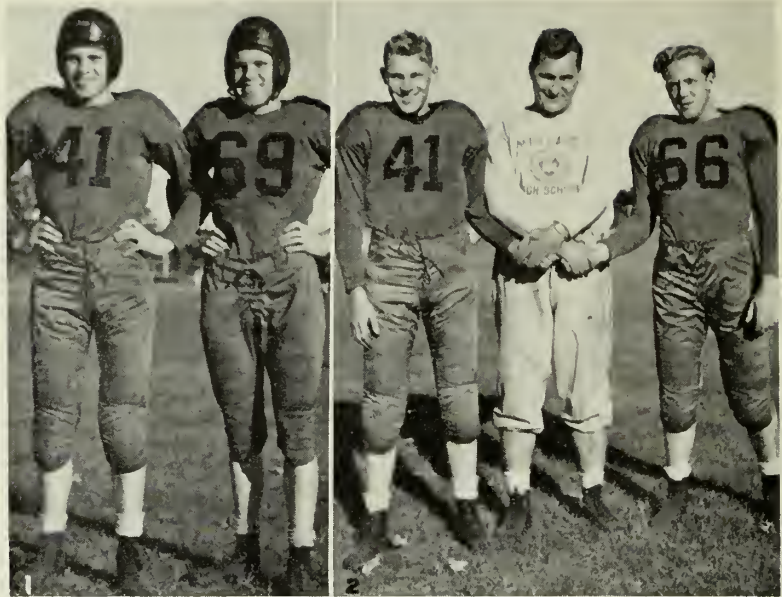
### Concord 20 — Maynard 6

October 9

Rival Concord snapped whatever dreams Maynard had of an unbeaten, untied, and unscored upon season by handing them their first setback 20-6, after Maynard's three consecutive shutout victories. The Maynard hopes of victory ran high in the game with their arch-enemies but the team failed to capitalize on breaks. The Maynardites often outplayed their opponents, but long runs kept them from the "Glory

# Our World in Sports

1. Which is Jerry — or maybe Gene?
2. Our Leaders!



3. The Big Wheels



4. Did they Get Him?



Road." Early in the first period Maynard had a chance to score but missed when a pass from Ed Romanowski, intended for Gene Robinson, was intercepted.

The start of the second period saw them on Concord's ten, but once more they failed to come across, and Concord took over to march 88 yards to a score, highlighted by the running of Dick Finan. A forward pass gave Concord the point after touchdown and a 7-0 lead. Maynard once more lost the ball, this time on a fumble and it led to a 21-yard jaunt by Basile for touchdown number two.

At half time Concord led 14-0. Maynard was next to score as Jerry Robinson went wide, making a 23-yard jaunt that was by far the classiest run of the day. This T D came after Maynard had twice been stopped on the twenty. The conversion failed and the score stood 14-6. The scoring was climaxed in the fourth period when Tony Basile smashed over from the four. After he crossed the goal he fumbled but a teammate recovered and Concord was the victor 20-6. Basile, Pearson and Dick Finan were outstanding for Concord, while Ed Romanowski played good ball, returning to the quarterback slot after an injury to his back. Jerry "Perpetual Motion" Robinson, scoring Maynard's only touchdown, was the highlight in the defeat.

## **Maynard 13 — Wayland 0**

**October 16**

Maynard got back in the win column with a resounding 13-0 victory over Wayland at the latter's field. It was Maynard's fourth victory against one defeat, all four victories coming by the shutout route. Maynard tallied their first touchdown in the opening period when Ed Romanowski hurled to Bill Howes, who flipped the pig skin to Scoop Viola for the score. In the second period Dickie Alberi twisted and turned his way through the Wayland team to score standing up. Joe Corcoran finished the day's scoring by splitting the uprights for the point after, making it Maynard 13 Wayland 0. From this point on it was a see-saw battle all the way, with the Maynard line tightening up in the clinch. Jerry Robinson romped 55 long yards in the last period for what would have been touchdown number three for the day, but it was nullified on a penalty. The game ended with the Orange and Black knocking on the door once more, with the Robinson twins, Gene and Jerry, along with Scoop Viola, Tom Cocco, Pat Greeno and

Bill Howes turning in nice work for their Alma Mater.

## **Maynard 38 — Ashland 0**

**October 23**

The Maynard High gridders ran up their highest score of the season by shellacking a not-too-strong Ashland team 38-6. Jerry Robinson started the ball rolling when he galloped sixty-three yards to register. The conversion missed, but it looked as though Maynard wouldn't have to convert all day. Scoop Viola scored on a four-yard smash but it was called back and Maynard was penalized. In the second period Maynard made it 12-0 as Scoop Viola scored on a short buck. Ashland was next to score as Dick Sheun ran through the team seventy yards for the tally. This made the score Maynard 12, Ashland 6.

The Orange and Black tallied once more before the half ended as Jerry Robinson, the unstoppable lad, went over unscathed. Maynard pulled even further ahead in the second half as Gene Robinson went up in the air to make a spectacular catch. This time the point was good. Scoop Viola tallied his second of the day on a 2-yard buck and the point was again added. Dave Higgins ended the scoring for the day by going over for the touchdown from the three. Maynard's line and backs really had a day of it and the standouts from the Bombers were everyone who played.

## **Natick 20 — Maynard 13**

**October 30**

A highly favored Natick eleven edged the greatest Maynard team I have watched this season. Old Lady Luck once more snubbed the Owls who really played their hearts out. Natick drew first blood after a scoreless first period when Dick Clasby drove over from the three. Montgomery converted. After a thrilling first half Natick had a 7-0 lead. Maynard came back on the field full of inspiration and shocked the Natick partisans by marching downfield to a touchdown. Scoop "Terror" Viola climaxed this drive by scoring from the five. The all-important conversion missed and Natick led 7-6.

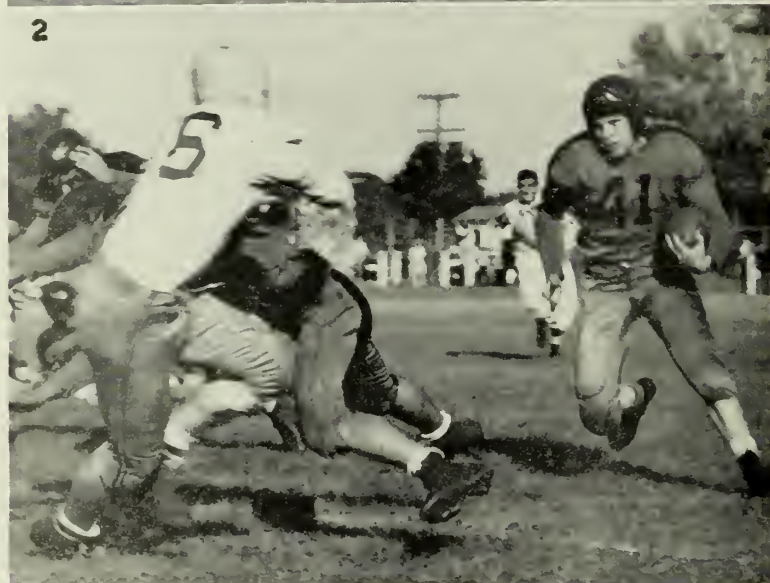
The Natick cog started clicking and the team that has been together for three years scored again. This time it was on a Clasby to Montgomery aerial; Montgomery missed the conversion. In the last period a march downfield by Maynard, mostly on the parts

# Our World in Sports

1. The Maynard Maulers



2. Carrying The Mail



3. Gaining?



of Alberi and Jerry "Perpetual Motion" Robinson, who ran Natick's ends ragged, ended when Scoop went over from the six. Joe Corcoran's conversion was perfect and Maynard had twice rallied to tie the score.

With the ball in Natick's possession at midfield and 45 seconds remaining (the longest 45 seconds in history), the score stood 13-13. After a few vain plays a pass put the ball on the Maynard three. Jumping Joe Kane then hurdled the line and Montgomery converted. That was the story of Maynard's first Midland League defeat. The Maynard team played such a wonderful game, it would take too much space to write of the individual standouts.

### Maynard 14 — Marlboro 6 November 11

A hard fighting Maynard eleven trailing at half time 6-2, came roaring back to its second Midland League victory and their sixth of the year 14-6. After a struggling, battling first period, Marlboro's Don Jolie broke into the clear and raced 73 yards before being downed on the Maynard five-yard line by Scoop Viola.

Marlboro gained only four yards in three plays, but on fourth down Billy Donahue drove over from the one. Later on in the period, Gene Robinson broke through the Marlboro line and blocked a kick. The ball was recovered by Marlboro in the end zone and the score stood Marlboro 6, Maynard 2.

Coach Bondelevitch must have given the team a real pep talk during the half for when the Bombers came back on the field they instantly started rolling. Sparked by a twenty-yard run by Gene Robinson, Maynard took the lead as Jerry Robinson went over from the two-yard line. In the final period, Scoop Viola intercepted a Marlboro pass and raced 25 yards to score, between beautiful blocking.

Gene Robinson, Scoop Viola, and Jerry Robinson were outstanding for the Orange and Black from Maynard, while Billy Donahue was Marlboro's best of the afternoon.

ROBERT LARSON, '51

\* \* \*

### High School Bowling

A few boys from the high school started a Bowling League that consisted of six boys from each class.

The boys pay \$.15 dues per week and this gives them something to do.

The boys in the league are as follows:

#### Seniors

J. Robinson	G. Robinson
Joe MacDonald	Jack Howes
Dwinell	Laskowski
Billy Penniman	Duckworth

#### Juniors

Perillo	Slabyz
Holly	Dintino
Romanowski	Rogers
Cutaia	Viola

#### Sophomores

Zelukiewicz	Jarmulowicz
Bill Howes	Piecewicz
Molloy	Rabs Tomyl

#### Freshmen

Cantino	Mancini
Tourville	Stewart
Jack MacDonald	Mullin
Watjus	Alving

The first night the Seniors edged the Sophomore class by four pins in each of the two strings. The Juniors also won over the Freshmen but it was far from close. The next week the Seniors and Juniors maintained their perfect records by stumping the Freshmen and Sophomores. Th next week, which brings it up to date for the sports deadline, the Seniors defeated the Juniors in the first string, but they were deadlocked in the second. The sophomores picked up their first points of the year by slamming the Freshmen. The Seniors lead the league with the Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen following in that order.

The leading eight bowlers in the league and their averages are listed below:

Chris Cutaia .....	98.6
Tookie Laskowski .....	92.5
Jerry Robinson .....	85.4
Kevin Dwinell .....	84.5
Gene Robinson .....	84.3
Danny Dintino .....	84.3
Walter Zelukiewicz .....	82.
Milton Slabyz .....	81.7

ROBERT LARSON, '51



# Field Hockey

## Maynard 1 — Acton 1

September 28, 1948

The Maynard High School field hockey team traveled to Acton to play its first game of the season. The teams were evenly matched, as was the 1-1 tie score. The lone tally for Maynard was made by Angie Greeno, a first team substitute, while Acton's only goal was scored by Marilyn Clark.

The second team also came out with a tie score — this time 0-0. Neither team was able to score. The girls fought hard and well, and tried their best to win.

## Maynard 2 — Ashland 1

September 30, 1948

The Ashlandites came to Maynard to play the girls in their first home game. After their tie score with Acton, the girls put all they had into the game, and came up with a 2-1 victory. The two goals for Maynard were made by Nancy Stalker and Ann Hinds.

The second team couldn't shake the Ashland girls, however, and they were defeated with a 1-0 score.

## Maynard 3 — Acton 0

October 6, 1948

The Maynard girls played a return game with Acton at Maynard making up for their first tie with a 3-0 win. Nancy Stalker scored the first goal in less than one minute of play. Ann Hinds scored the two remaining goals.

The second team was really out to win this game because of one tie, one loss and no wins to their credit. They came through the game with flying colors, and a 2-0 win. The goals were scored by Angie Greeno and Sara Boeske.

## Maynard 1 — Weston 0

October 14, 1948

The Cambridge School of Weston came to Maynard to see if they could break Maynard's winning streak, but found they could not, with Maynard winning by a score of 1-0. The lone tally of the game was made by Ann Hinds.

The second team was again held to a scoreless tie. Although the girls played their hardest they could not break through Weston's strong defense.

## Maynard 1 — Ashland 0

October 21, 1948

The Maynard girls traveled to Ashland to play a return game with the girls there. Ashland was really out to get hem because of their first loss, but the Maynard girls took them again, with a 1-0 victory. The girls played five games up to this point, and were undefeated.

The second team made a comeback by defeating the Ashland girls second team 1-0. The girls fought their hardest, with Pat O'Clair scoring the only goal.

## Maynard 4 — Dean 0

October 27, 1948

Because of bad weather, the Dean game was postponed from October 25, to October 27. When the girls from Dean Academy came to play Maynard, the girls were undefeated — and remained so through a hard, fast game. The first team goals were made by Nancy Stalker (1), Helen Nee (1), and Ann Hinds (2).

The second team also came out victorious, with Marjorie O'Connell, second team captain, scoring the lone goal for the second team.

## Maynard 9 — Framingham 0

October 29, 1948

The Maynard girls traveled to Framingham to play the girls of Framingham High School. They came out on top with the biggest score of the season — 9-0. The Framingham girls were well trained but despite this advantage they could not shake the Maynard girls, whose passwork is of the best. The goals were made by Nancy Stalker (5), Helen Nee (2) and Ann Hinds (2).

Because of lack of transportation the second team was not able to play this game.



## Maynard 0 — Concord 1

November 1, 1948

Up until the game with Concord High School, the Maynard girls were undefeated. But when, on November 1, the Concord girls came to Maynard, they lost their fine record. In the first half the Concord girls scored the lone tally of the game. The girls fought desperately to score, but the Concord defense was strong, and it was to no avail.

The second team, however, held the Concord girls to a 1-1 tie. The lone goal of the game was made by Claire Tourville, second team forward.

The girls had one of the best seasons Maynard High has seen for a long time, and they also had one of the best coaches. Miss Tierney had to give up a great deal of her own time to train the team, as did her assistant, Miss Mary Collins. The girls would like to thank them for their splendid coaching and sincere friendship.

ANN HINDS, '49



### FIELD HOCKEY SQUAD

*Front Row* — H. Nee N. Stalker, A. Lucker, H. Sebastianowicz, C. Tourville, M. Terrasi, A. Tower, A. Greeno, M. O'Connell

*Second Row* — J. Bumpus, *Mgr.*; Miss Collins, *Asst. Coach*; B. Priest, V. Hakala, E. Boulden, A. Belli, A. Hinds, F. Maria, D. Statkus, P. O'Clair, S. Boeske, D. Tierney, *Coach*

*Back Row* — J. Paananen, M. Sullivan, J. Torppa, A. Thompson, M. Lehto, D. King, I. Mariani, B. Prosper, P. Wehkojah, B. Mitzcavitch, N. Boothroyd, N. O'Neil, C. Clark, J. Statkus, B. Price, M. Veracka, A. Kaplan, *Asst. Mgr.*

# The Mailman

Magazines received at Maynard High School since last June.

Argus — Gardner High School, Gardner, Massachusetts

Salemica — New Salem Academy, New Salem, Massachusetts

The Thurberettes — South Middlesex Secretarial School, Framingham, Massachusetts

The Unquity Echo — Milton High School, Milton, Massachusetts

Murdock Murmurs — Murdock High School, Winchendon, Massachusetts

We are looking forward to receiving the following magazines:

Bernardine Bulletin — St. Bernard's High School, West Newton, Mass.

The Ray — Salem High School, Salem Depot, New Hampshire

Dovertones — Dover High School, Dover, Massachusetts

What We Think of Others:

Argus: Very good editorials. Your "Beautiful Baby Contest" is a wonderful idea. You certainly have some beautiful babies.

Murdock Murmurs — Enjoyed reading your literary section. Your "Daily Doings" could have been taken from Maynard High School, they are so like us.

Unquity Echo — The "Alumni Column" is very good and shows plenty of originality. We would like to see more pictures.

The Thurberettes — Writers of the Class Will and Prophecy should get laurels for their efforts. We thought they were quite humorous.

Salemica — The sports writeups were complete and detailed which is what students need to remember a game.

What Others Think of Us:

Salemica — *The Screech Owl* has many interesting snapshots and a large sports department.

How about it, fellow High Schools? Tell us what your opinion is of *The Screech Owl*.

\* \* \*

## EXCERPTS

"Injury," said the workman.

"Inattention," said the boss.

"Inflammation," said the doctor.

"Incurable," said the hospital.

"Incredible," said the coroners.

"Interred," said the mortician.

"In peace," said the headstone.

"Insurance?" asked the neighbors.

Thanks to Argus

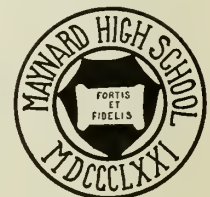
## CHAFF

Teachers' jokes aren't very funny,  
But they help our marks — they're better than money.

With the band rehearsing  
Next door to us,  
During a test, we'd like to cuss.

Thanks to Murdock Murmurs

NORMA O'NEILL



# Looking Back

Have you ever wondered about that pretty blonde or that handsome football player who used to sit beside you in study hall last year? Well, read on and discover what has happened to the graduates of '47 and '48.

## Class of 1947

Marcella Dintino .....	Utica Mutual Insurance
Mildred Hill .....	Prudential Insurance, Calif.
Julie D'Amico .....	Middlesex Insurance
Mary Hogan .....	St. Elizabeth's Hospital
Elizabeth Jones .....	Mt. Auburn Hospital
Luda Chutoransky .....	Emerson Hospital
Isabel Koski .....	Emerson Hospital
Francis McCarthy .....	U. S. Navy
Victor Oskirka .....	U. S. Navy
Robert Liddell .....	U. S. Navy
Patricia Higgins .....	Emerson Dramatic School
Ardelle Kane .....	Fisher School
Charlotte Lehto .....	New England School of Art
George Luker .....	Boston University
Ann Marie Morton .....	Boston University
Edith Nilges .....	Hairdressing School
Barbara Parker .....	Boston University
William Wehkoja .....	Worcester Trade
Constance Whitney .....	University of Massachusetts
Helen Arcisz .....	Fisher School
William Bain .....	Boston University
Elinor Case .....	University of Massachusetts
Albert Goodrich .....	Boston University
William Gruber .....	Michigan State College
John Zancewicz .....	Boston College
Mary Buscemi .....	Windsor Secretarial School
Doris Kytola .....	Chandler School
Marie Porazzo .....	Simmons
James Howe .....	First National
Stella Slabysz .....	Obergs
Olga Castrechini .....	J. J. Newberry
Florence Graham .....	Maynard Cleaners
Alfons Krysieniel .....	A&P
Lena Messier .....	Messier's Studio
Mary Schwenke .....	Messier's Studio
Barbara Grigas .....	Married
Roberta Carlson .....	Married
Edgar Olsen .....	E. C. Cross Construction
Raymond Sheridan .....	Contracting



Charles Spurrell .....	Construction Work
Raymond Sheridan .....	Contracting Work
Ann Sharpe .....	Raytheon
Victor Colombo .....	Allen Chair Corporation
Bernice Hamilton .....	Marlboro Raytheon
Frank Verracka .....	American Woolen Company
Fred Wasiluk .....	Chicago White Sox
Gordon Priest .....	Mechanic
Herbert Torppa .....	Co-op Garage
William Tobin .....	Concord Highway Department
Irene Bakun .....	Town House
Mary McCarthy .....	Middlesex County National Bank
Margaret Stewart .....	H. H. Brown Shoe Factory
Stanley Yancheuski .....	Hudson Shoe Factory
Peter Belida .....	At home
Horace Goodrich .....	Goodrich Cleaners
Dorothy Ayotte .....	Telephone Operator
Dorothy Boothroyd .....	Telephone Operator
Joseph Carew .....	Mill — Post Grad. M. H. S.

### **Class of 1948**

Jean Puffer .....	Robert Brigham Hospital
Ann Zaniewski .....	Massachusetts General Hospital
Margie Crowe .....	Cambridge Mt. Auburn Hospital
Janet Klemola .....	Fisher School
Veronica Krysiemiel .....	Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School
Pat Murphy .....	Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School
Veronica Nowick .....	Simmons College
Dorothy Chernak .....	Bryant and Stratton Secretarial School
Jean Stein .....	Simmons College
Rita Anelons .....	Bay Path Secretarial School
Imelda Louka .....	N. E. Conservatory of Music
Nellie Chodynicky .....	N. E. School of Art
Jane Dockerty .....	University of Massachusetts
Richard Spence .....	U. S. Army
Ronald Sweeney .....	U. S. Army
Robert Corcoran .....	U. S. Army
Peter Hogan .....	U. S. Army
George Howes .....	U. S. Army
Clyde Merrick .....	U. S. Army
Michael Popeiniuck .....	U. S. Navy
John Veracka .....	U. S. Air Force
Harold Torppa .....	U. S. Navy
Joseph Fraser .....	U. S. Air Force
Benny Iannarelli .....	Contracting and Night School
Barbara Johnson .....	Raytheon Mfg. Co.
John Clayton .....	Raytheon Mfg. Co.
Donald Nelson .....	American Woolen Co.
Elizabeth Terrasi .....	Grover Cronin
Joe Angelosanto .....	Grover Cronin

Barbara Hanson .....	Grover Cronin
Gertrude Christiansen .....	Whitney, Sheehan, and Williams Law Office
Joan Lesage .....	Middlesex Insurance Co.
Audrey Olsen .....	Middlesex Insurance Co.
Shirley Wilcox .....	Middlesex Insurance Co.
George Jamieson .....	First National Store
Edwin Johnson .....	Co-op
Alice Koskela .....	Bell Shops
Herbert Mallinson .....	Johnson's Drugstore
Caroline Miller .....	J. J. Newberry Co.
Charles Carbury .....	Co-op
Alice Colombo .....	Maynard Radio and Appliance
Eugene Hakala .....	Co-op
Dorothy Hoffman .....	First National (Concord)
Virginia Duckworth .....	Coughlin's Variety Store
Roger Spurrell .....	B&M Railroad
Leo White .....	B&M Railroad
Diane Stalker .....	Theater-usherette
Robert Laskowsky .....	Contracting-Barilone
Elaine Manninen .....	Mail Coach Grille
Sophie Novick .....	Photography
David Weir .....	Sudbury Nurseries
Edward Lalli .....	Farming
Carlo Mariani .....	Weston Nurseries
Barbara O'Toole .....	Married
Evelyn Walsh .....	Married
Phyllis Blanchette .....	Married
Viola Hytonen .....	Married
Gloria Novick .....	Married
Marilyn Bain .....	At home
Barbara Bowse .....	At home
Lorraine Manninen .....	At home

We have tried to locate all the members of the last two classes who graduated from M. H. S. If, however, we have misplaced some of them, or if perchance have overlooked any, let us hear from you and we will rectify things in our next issue.

# Freshman Fancies

## SUPERLATIVES

	<i>Boy</i>	<i>Girl</i>
Most Argumentative	Donald Stewart Ralph Cantino	Barbara Thumith
Breeziest	Ralph Cantino	Janet Gentsch
Most Serious	Robert Watjus	Patricia Meister
Class Dreamer	Robert Mullin	Helen Johnson
Best Dancer	William Freeman	Patricia Wehkoja
Most Loquacious	Adam Mancini	Janet Gentsch
Most Literary	George VanSon	Barbara Mitzcavitch
Most Intellectual	Robert Kilkenny	Barbara Mitzcavitch
Most Dignified	George VanSon Peter Pekkala	Margaret Jones
Wittiest	Edward Brooks	Barbara Thumith Barbara Lucia
Class Musician	Russell Latucca	Janice Morgan
Best All-Round	William Freeman	Irene Mariani
Most Absent-Minded	Robert Mullin	Alice Trombly
Friendliest	Ralph Cantino	Barbara Prosper
Most Ladylike		Barbara Mitzcavitch
Most Gentlemanly	George VanSon	
Most Athletic	William Freeman	Irene Mariani
Most Sophisticated	Ralph Cantino John Korsman	Barbara Mitzcavitch
Most Popular	William Freeman	Barbara Thumith Helen Johnson
Most Likely to Succeed	Robert Kilkenny	Barbara Thumith
Class Artist	John MacKenzie	Janet Gentsch

## FAVORITES

Radio Program .....	9:20 Club
Actor .....	Guy Madison
Actress .....	June Allyson
Sport .....	Football
Orchestra .....	Vaughn Monroe
Dance .....	Waltz
Song .....	Tree in the Meadow
Crooner .....	Perry Como



# Sophomore Supers

## SUPERLATIVES

	<i>Boy</i>	<i>Girl</i>
Most Argumentative	Paul Murphy	Ann Christofono
Breeziest	Walter Zelukewicz	Ann Christofono
Most Serious	Richard Turner	Joanne Ayotte
Class Dreamer	Charles Wattu	Joanne Ayotte
Best Dancer	Charles Piecewicz	Angie Greeno
Most Loquacious	Richard Turner	Helen Stokes
Most Literary	Richard Turner	Veronica Janulawicz
Most Intellectual	Henry Nowick	Barbara Manchester
Most Dignified	Ronald Korsman Richard Turner	Joanne Ayotte
Wittiest	Henry Nowick	Enid Mansfield
Class Musician	Edward D'Amico	Veronica Janulawicz
Best All-Round	Thomas Cocco	Carol Novick
Most Absent-Minded	Anthony Columbo	Gertrude Cuddy
Friendliest	Thomas Cocco	Mary Labowicz Barbara Manchester
Most Ladylike		Barbara Castrilli
Most Gentlemanly	Thomas Cocco	
Most Athletic	Thomas Cocco	Patricia O'Clair Angie Greeno
Most Sophisticated	Richard Turner	Joanne Ayotte
Most Popular	Thomas Cocco	Carol Novick
Most Likely To Succeed	Thomas Cocco	Barbara Manchester
Class Artist	Thomas Cocco	Enid Mansfield

## FAVORITES

Radio Program .....	9:20 Club
Actor .....	Gregory Peck-Louis Jourdan
Actress .....	Jane Russell-June Allyson
Sport .....	Football
Orchestra .....	Vaughn Monroe
Dance .....	Waltz
Song .....	It's Magic
Crooner .....	Vaughn Monroe

# After One P. M.

1. Ride 'em Cowgirl
2. Class of '52
3. Out on a Limb
4. Buddies
5. Before the final score
6. Big Leaguers
7. One Half of a Pair
8. What's cookin'?
9. Sophisticated Soph
10. Hay Fever??
11. Rah, Rah, Rah
12. Waitin' at the Gate
13. Alice in her Turtle Neck
14. Brute
15. Where's Dagwood
16. Maddie isn't mad
17. Pinch Hitter for Judy?
18. The Other Half
19. She's Our Gal
20. Guess what?
21. Young 'Uns





### The Wise Old Owl Would Like To Know:

- What Enid does "Doran" her spare time.
- What happened to the M.H.S.-alumni field hockey game.
- Whose ring J. Hinds is wearing — Kiver's?
- What makes the "Frosh" so little.
- If it is still "Squeegie" and Benny.
- Why F. Corcoran came back to school.
- Why J. T. blushes when Hayes and Summer Streets are mentioned.
- Who the two Maynard rooters are for Pat and Jerry.
- Why the 9:20 Club played "Don't Fence Me in" to Angie from Scoop.
- When Kevin will make up his mind.
- If Nancy drinks a lot of Mil(a)k.
- If Ann S. will ask Ralph C. to the J.W.C. dance.
- Where B. Doran got her beautiful voice.
- Why S. Beford's favorite song is "A Tree in the Meadow."
- Which is it with Anna, Jerry or Ralph.
- Whose ring Carol Lee wears.
- Who's been toting Barbara to the Totem Pole lately, Guy?
- What the attraction is in Sudbury for Joey.
- Who the real thing is in Ann T.'s life.
- Is it Gene or Kevin with A. Hinds.

What happened in Natick, ask Anna.

What attracts the Robinson twins to room 12, two brunettes maybe?

What girl has the most competition this side of Somerville,—better hang on, Sully.

If it is Jiggs or Kevin for Helen Bakun.

Why the boys call J. Connors "lover."

What power the under-class women hold over the Seniors.

NANCY WECKSTROM, '49

\* \* \*

### Platter Patter

- Little Girl — Betty Marchant
- You Keep Coming Back Like a Song — Sully to Scoop
- My Man — Joan to Paul
- Girl of My Dreams — Charlie to Betty
- Confess — Danky to Mary
- You Won't Be Satisfied — Sara to Dick
- What Is This Thing Called Love — Ann W. to Ralph
- Till the End of Time — Barbara and Donald
- Together — B. Rich and N. Bemis
- You're All I Want For Christmas — A Milak to Nancy
- That Certain Party — Angie's Birthday
- What Did I Do — After getting a Red Ticket
- Walkin' My Baby Back Home — After the Socials



Bright Eyes — The Freshmen  
 It's You or No One — D. Pekkala, Irene  
 As Long As I Live — Claire to J. Robinson  
 The More I See You — Irene to Benny  
 Always The Lady — N. Martinsen  
 Whadda Ya Know, Joe — Carrie Mucciaccio  
 Let's Take the Long Way Home — J. Statkus and Vit  
 In My Merry Oldsmobile — Mary, Rose and Willy  
 I'm in Love — Janet to Tony  
 In Love in Vain — Angie  
 Sweet and Lovely — Ann Luker  
 There Must Be a Way — Getting on the Honor Roll  
 It's a Crying Shame — Exams  
 Now is the Hour — One O'clock

N. WECKSTROM, '49

J. PAANANEN, '50

\* \* \*

### Broadcasts From M. H. S.

Suspense — Report Card Time  
 Crime Photographer — Ethel Boulden  
 My True Story — Football Tales  
 Truth or Consequences — An Episode in the Office  
 Merry Macs — Jack and Joe  
 Superman — Any of the Football Players  
 Hearts Desire — Graduation  
 Blondie — Betty Wattu  
 Tracer of Lost Persons — Mr. Lerer  
 Captain Midnight — "Scoop" Viola  
 Bride and Groom — Priscilla and Tut  
 People Are Funny — Senior Math Classes

JOANNE PAANANEN, '50

THOMAS COCCO, '51

\* \* \*

### Books of the Month

Loves of Casanova — D. Higgins  
 Manly Art of Self-Defense — Cheerleaders at Natick  
 Which One — The Robinson Twins  
 The Three Stooges — Kevin, Pat, and Swiftly

Three Racketeers — Flip, Danky, Dicky

How to Hit — Anna Belli

THOMAS COCCO, '51

\* \* \*

### The Roving Reporters Interview The Freshmen

Those little things wandering through the halls with baffled looks are just what you might expect them to be — Freshmen.

It seems, though, that these freshmen are "right on the ball" because the girls like the upperclass boys, and the boys like the freshman girls, which proves that they are all just about average.

The freshmen of '48 have contributed heavily to athletics with three girls playing field hockey and three boys playing football.

Billy Freeman, the president, plays football and Irene Mariani, vice-president, plays field hockey.

These two have big ideas for freshmen. When asked what they wanted for Christmas, Billy said, "A '49 Ford" and Irene wants a boy friend. It seems to me that we might have a disappointed freshman in the school at Christmas time and it probably won't be Irene!

Already we have had several of the freshmen participating in our assemblies with Pat Meister, Barbara Mitzcavitch, Irene Mariani, George Van Son and Barbara Prosper showing the way.

So, all in all, with the mental giants on one side and the super sportsmen on the other you'll find a nicely balanced class. Give them time to wear off the rough spots and you'll find next year's sophomores among the very best!

INTERVIEWERS:

N. Stalker

A. Belli

A. Freeman

M. Di Grappa

C. L. Downey

\* \* \*

### Jokes

The two stood on the doorstep,  
 Their lips were tightly pressed,  
 Her father gave the signal,  
 And the bulldog did the rest.

Eddie: If you knew me better, you'd like me better.

Joanne: If I liked you more, I'd know you better.

"I won't marry you and you know why."

"I can't think."

"Yes."

Roses are red,  
Grass is green,  
My face is funny,  
But yours is a scream!

Stanley was a chemist's son,  
Stanley is no more,  
What he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O  
Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.

The other day upon the stair  
I met a man who had no hair,  
He had no hair again today,  
Hm-m-m . . . he must be bald.

Mary: I simply adore that new dance step of yours. Where did you pick it up?

Charlie: Don't be silly. I'm tripping over my garter.

Mr. Mattioli received a letter from the mother of one of his pupils.

"Dear Sir: Please don't give Jerry any more homework. That sum about how long it would take a man to walk 50 times around the town square caused his father to lose a day's work. And after he'd walked it, you marked the answer wrong!"

"Teacher asked me today if I had any younger brothers or sisters.

"What did you say?"

"That I was the only child."

"What did she say?"

"Thank Heaven."

A young hill-billy bought his first ice cream cone, walked outside to eat it. When he finished the ice cream, he carried the empty cone back carefully to the soda fountain. Handing it to the Soda Jerker, he said, "Much obliged for the use of the vase."

Norma: I saw a goat once that didn't have any nose.

Anna: Really? How did he smell?

Norma: Awful!

Nancy: If you want a date next Saturday night, go to a football game that costs 50 cents and give the cashier a dollar.

Carrie: Why a dollar?

Nancy: He'll give you a halfback.

You can't teach a boy mathematics if there is a girl in the room, and if you can, the boy isn't worth teaching.

He knew he wasn't particularly popular with his father, but he was a trifle startled when he received a post card from his Europe touring parents with this message:

Dear Son:

On the back of this card you will see a picture of the rock from which the Spartans used to throw their defective children. Wish you were here.

The post-war let-down: Women's skirts.

Nothing is more discouraging to the university man than shaking out the envelope from home and finding nothing in it but news and love.

The trouble with rich relatives,  
And I'll not be verbose,  
Is either they are distant ones,  
Or, if not distant, close.

Two Boys were overhead discussing their father's businesses.

One said: "My father is a doctor and I can be sick for nothing."

The other boy replied: "My dad is a minister, so I can be good for nothing."

"Are you going to take this lying down?" boomed the candidate.

"Of course not," said a voice from the rear of the hall. "The shorthand reporters are doing that."

There's a skating rink that advertises a seating capacity of five thousand.

A small-town newspaper published the following advertisement:

"For Sale: Baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner been in it for seven years; good reasons for leaving."

JOHN KORSMAN, '52

JOANNE PAANANEN, '50

Season's



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Bernie

Nooch

Eddie

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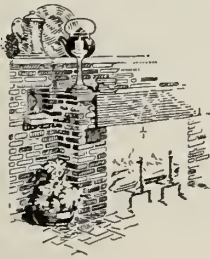
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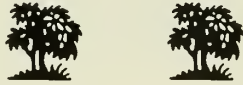


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