



The Screech Owl

PUBLISHED TWICE A YEAR BY THE PUPILS OF MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL

DECEMBER 1947

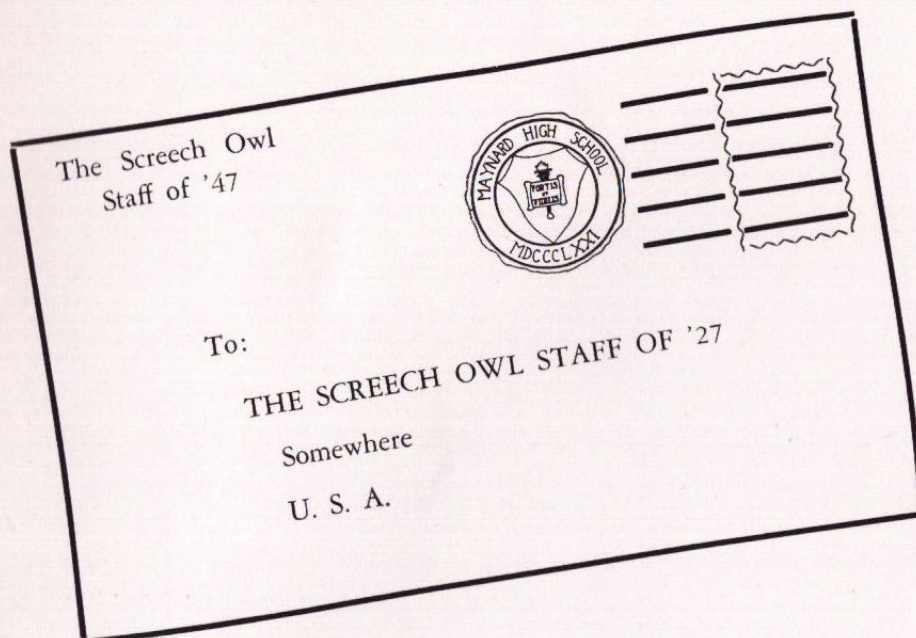
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Dedication



December 15, 1947

Dear Founders,

With profound respect for the courage and fortitude with which you started THE SCREECH OWL back in 1927, we dedicate to you this anniversary edition of December, 1947.

With best wishes,

The Screech Owl Staff of '47

Editorials

Time Waits For No One

What if you do arrive first? Wouldn't you rather be the one to wait? If you are one of those people who are seldom on time for an appointment, isn't it embarrassing to have to think up little white lies as excuses for your tardiness?

Take, for instance, the many times that you have been tardy for school in the morning. Oftentimes, your tardiness is due to the fact that you didn't get up in time. You were simply late in starting out. Isn't that it? Sometimes this is difficult to admit, but it's the truth.

If you are a girl and habitually late for dates, your boy friend is not likely to believe you even though he pretends he does. If you are a boy, she might find someone else who is more prompt and then you'll have plenty of time on your hands. It might be true sometime that you have been delayed for a perfectly good reason, but if you are a chronic "Paddy Last," you are bound to feel guilty anyhow. People just don't like to be kept waiting. Fond friends may forgive you at first, but soon they realize that you have no conception of time. Regardless of how true your excuses might be, soon no one will take them seriously. They will only result in hard feelings.

"My stocking developed a run so I stopped to put nail polish on it — The bus broke down — I didn't hear the alarm." All these perfectly truthful excuses somehow sound "lame." At this point people will begin to wonder how a person can be so absolutely careless with precious time. Keeping engagements at the appointed time is one of the first rules for success in business where time is extremely important to a busy man or woman.

Not only in work, but in school and dating as well should you be considerate about promptness. You should have enough consideration for your friends and business associates to be punctual, to be able to show them your qualities of trustworthiness and sincerity.

Couldn't you plan your time intelligently and always be on the dot, except for those rare occasions when something really does happen to you? Does it seem worth while, when with a little thought and planning you could manage to arrive on time for school, rather than poking in at the last minute? After graduation, when you go out seeking work,

your employer will determine your reliability and capability from your high school record. If you have many absence and tardy marks it will probably result in your not getting a position you very much desire. Thus, punctuality in school determines to a great extent your future in any field of work. Build for the future now — Be *prompt!*

ALICE KOSKELA, '48

* * *

A Baby Owl Is Born

In 1927, Mr. Cole, the principal, and Miss Walsh, the English teacher, got together a group of Maynard High School students and organized the staff for the first magazine. It was called the "Screech Owl." This infant, which was much smaller than the magazine of today, sold for the fantastic price of fifteen cents. Contained in the eighteen pages were the Literary, Editorial, and French Departments, Jokes, Sports Write-ups, and the necessary advertisements. This first "Screech Owl" had no pictures and very few exchanges. One section which corresponds to the Wise Old Owl part of the present "Screech Owl," was called Screeches from the Owl. On one page all the social events were described.

The most important department of the whole book was the Literary Department. The stories and poems occupied six of the eighteen pages. More emphasis was placed on literature then than today.

The cover of this first magazine was designed in black and orange. A circle in which was a black owl adorned the page of orange. Appropriate miniature sketches headed every department.

Through the years this magazine has grown in size and importance. It has become one of the highlights of the School. It has grown from that first issue of eighteen pages to the current fifty or sixty-page book. Many students and teachers have given willingly of their time and efforts to give Maynard High a magazine to be proud of. Now in this twentieth anniversary year, we, the present students of Maynard High School, wish to show our appreciation to our predecessors. Also we must not forget our advertisers, for without them the "Screech Owl" would never have survived and prospered these twenty years. Our hearty thanks then to the founders in '27, who gave the "Owl" its start; the teachers and the students who have helped it grow in twenty years; and to the advertisers who, by their financial support, have enabled us to produce a bigger and better magazine.

JANE DOCKERTY, '48



Our New Faculty Member



Miss Marie Badger

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT



Activities

October Assembly

The October Assembly was held on October 30, under the direction of Mr. Gavin.

The Program was as follows:

"HISTORIC SHRINES OF CONCORD"

- I. Overture — "On The Avenue"
High School Orchestra
- II. Master of Ceremonies Carlo Mariani
 - 1. History
 - 2. Points of Interest
- III. Orchestra Selection — "Alice Blue Gown"
- IV. "Ye Olde Town Crier" Marilyn Bain
 - 1. Geography
 - 2. Places of Interest
- V. Vocal Solo — "You Do" Joan Bumpus
Accompanist, Jean Stein
- VI. History of Concord Veronica Nowick
 - 1. Colonial Period
 - 2. Battle of Lexington
 - 3. Battle of Concord
- VII. Orchestra — "All of Me" Orchestra

- VIII. Concord in Literature Nancy Stalker

- 1. Emerson
- 2. Bronson Alcott
- 3. Louisa May Alcott
- 4. Thoreau

- IX. The Star Spangled Banner

Orchestra and Assembly

The assembly was enthusiastically received by all, and on behalf of the student body we wish to congratulate Mr. Gavin and all those who gave us a very entertaining and interesting program.

* * *

Hallowe'en Party

The annual Hallowe'en Party given to the Maynard High School Students through the cooperation of businessmen of the town and the school personnel was held on Friday evening, October 31, 1947 in the George Washington Auditorium from 8 o'clock until 11:30 o'clock.

Dancing to the music of Joe Schnair's orchestra was enjoyed and games were played throughout the evening. Of particular interest and enjoyment to the onlookers was a Cracker Eating Contest by the cheer-

leaders. This was won by Margaret Crowe who aptly displayed her ability as a cheerleader when she gave an MHS cheer immediately following the quick consumption of three soda crackers.

A feature of the evening was a grand march during which the judges, Miss Tierney, Miss Coleman, and Mr. White selected the prettiest, funniest, and most original costumes. Joan LeSage and Herbert Mallinson were awarded the prize for having the funniest "get ups," while Patricia Murphy and Janet Klemola received those for the prettiest. The most original costumes were worn by Nancy Stalker and Ethel Boulden, who came as a sailor and soldier respectively.

Refreshments were served in the Gym and the evening finished with general dancing.

The party was enjoyed by everyone and we would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Schnair, the Faculty, the students who attended and all others who helped to make this party a success.

* * *

Senior Dance

On Friday, September 26, the seniors held the first social of the year from 8:00 to 11:30.

The hall was tastefully decorated in soft shades of green and white.

Salamone's orchestra furnished the music and during intermission refreshments were served in the gymnasium.

The dance committee included Carlo Mariani, Veronica Novick, George Howes, Joan LeSage, Marilyn Bain, Donald Nelson, Herbert Mallinson, Nellie Chodynicky, Joseph Fraser, Roger Spurrell, Alice Koskela, and Hannah Hanson, under the supervision of Mrs. R. Clair, the senior class adviser.

All who attended the dance enjoyed it immensely.

* * *

Assembly

We began our year's assemblies with a football rally on September 26 as a booster for the game with St. Charles of Waltham which was played on Sunday, September 28.

After a few words from Mr. Lerer and Mr. White, the cheerleaders led the student body with cheers under the direction of Phyllis Blanchette, head cheerleader. This was our first chance to witness the six new cheerleaders, Ann Hinds, Nancy Stalker, Anna Belli, Joanne Paananen, Sara Boeske, and Angie Greeno in action and they certainly did an excellent job.

The rally ended with short speeches from Co-Captains Carlo Mariani and Rodger Spurrell and Coach Bondelevich, urging full cooperation of the student body and team.

* * *

Football Rally

On Friday, November 14, a football rally was held for the Maynard-Milford game. The program was as follows:

Introduction	Principal
Cheering Practice	M. H. S. Cheer Leaders and Assembly
Speeches	Peter Hogan, Leo White, Joseph Fraser
Cheer for the Team	
Cheer for Coach Lawson	
Speech	Mr. Lawson
Cheers	Coach Lawson's Squad
Songs	Miss Colburn and Student Body
Speech	Coach Bondelevitch
Cheer for the Coach	
Conclusion	Orchestra

Coach Lawson's squad was made up of twelve fourth grade pupils of the Coolidge School from Miss Simpson's room who gave a few cheers for the team and the coach. They were: Audrey Alberi, leader; Josephine Massarelli, Kathleen Spratt, Maureen Cleary, Carol Seura, Evelyn Harding, Jane Spratt, Diana Horstkotte, Joan Kankanpa, Nancy Bedford, Janet Marsden, and Mary Higgins. They did a wonderful job and M. H. S. will have great future candidates for the cheering squad.

* * *

Senior Social

The second social, given by the seniors, was held on Friday, November 21, 1947 in the High School Auditorium under the direction of Mrs. Clair.

There was dancing from 8:00 until 11:30 to the music of Salamone's orchestra.

The decorations were appropriate, for they were black turkeys on pastel shades of paper on the lights around the hall.

Refreshments were served in the Gymnasium during intermission.

Those on the committee were: Carlo Mariani, Veronica Nowick, Joan LeSage, George Howes, John Veracka, Roger Spurrell, Michael Popeinuck, Dena Zakas, Rita Anelons, Sophie Novick, Herbert Mallinson, Nellie Chodynicky, Alice Koskela.

The social was successful and everyone enjoyed it.

NANCY WECKSTROM, '49

Literary

Our Pride and Joy

It was in October of the year 1927 that the *Screech Owl* of Maynard High School first spread its wings and flew into the attention of both the students and the community.

In the years that have passed since 1927 and the *Screech Owl's* introduction to the world, many students have filled the various offices that compose the *Screech Owl* Staff. Each year new members are assigned to fill the offices that are vacated on graduation, thus making it possible for the familiar old bird to appear twice annually on the cheerful covers of Maynard High's own magazine.

The success of our magazine has been largely due to the co-operation of the businessmen in the town who have so generously given advertising to pay the expenses that arise. Many of the advertisers in the original *Screech Owl* continue to contribute to each issue.

The price of the first publication was the exorbitant sum of fifteen cents which has gradually increased to seventy-five cents as the magazine has advanced and become more interesting.

The *Screech Owl*, the clever old fellow with the globular yellow eyes, was chosen to represent the school because of his renowned reputation for wisdom and adaptability. As all have found by reading the *Wise Old Owl* section, he definitely knows everything that goes on; and by the contributions of editorials, poems, and miscellaneous articles that are printed in the magazine, he is extremely clever and wise.

I honestly believe that the *Screech Owl*, because of the perseverance of its founders and the continued determination of its officers since then to make it one of the best, has gone to the hearts of townspeople and students alike and become a definite part of school life at Maynard High.

SHIRLEY E. WILCOX, '48

* * *

School Spirit

What's the matter, students of Maynard High? Where's the school spirit gone? Each year there seems to be less and less cooperation on the part

of the student body. Something should be done. When it comes to sponsoring a dance, it is always up to a certain few. No one seems to be interested in whether or not the dance will be a success. When a dance is given by your class, it is YOUR dance and you should want to make it better than all the other dances given. You should want your class to be the BEST class that ever walked through the corridors of Maynard High. You should pitch in with all your effort and sell tickets, make posters, help in every way possible, and above all attend the dance yourself and bring along as many friends as you can.

When a football game is played, go and cheer the boys. After all, they are fighting for the honor of the school. They need your cheering and when they see a great crowd representing their school, backing them up and cheering them on, they find the will to win and do their best to bring their school to victory.

Maynard High School has almost three hundred students and yet at the dances and games one sees hardly a hundred there. Your school needs the support and cooperation of you students. The faculty does its part toward making the school a good one. Do you do yours?

Come on, Student Body. Do your best to attend all the dances and games. You'll never regret it. High school memories can be the best of all.

NANCY STALKER, '49

* * *

Night

The moon is so big, the stars are so bright,
How mysterious, how dark, how beautiful this night.
The Milky Way looks like a stairway to Heaven,
Like a carpet which God Himself has woven.
The Man in the Moon so plain you can see
That sometimes I imagine he's speaking to me.
Thank you, dear God, for these wonders so rare,
For the beauty of stars and the moon so fair.

ANNA BELLI, '49



1. On The March.

2. It's A Touchdown.

3. Run, gals, run!

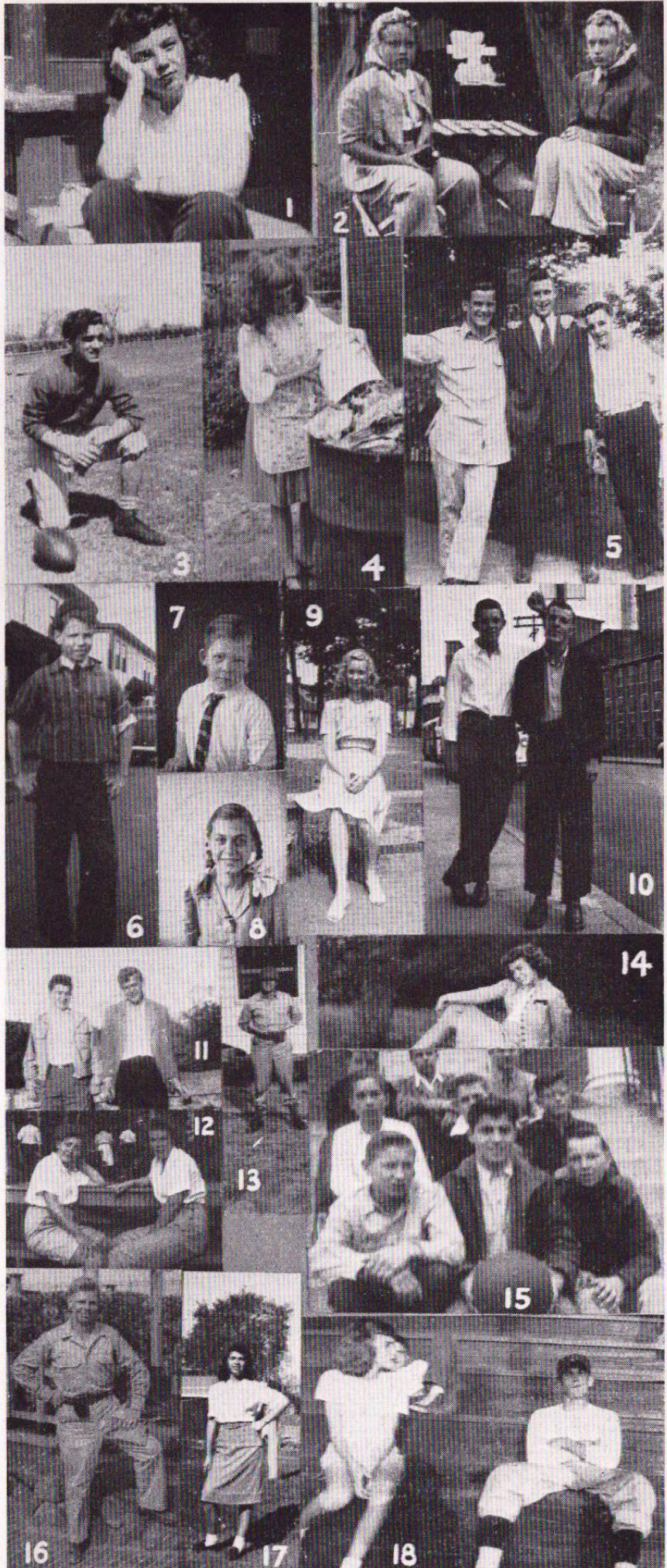
4. Phyllis to the rescue.

5. The extra point.

6. The Victory Smile.

7. Johnny earns his by-line.

1. She's in a pensive mood.
2. Is it checkers?
3. He's on the ball.
4. Beauty to waste.
5. One gone — two to go.
6. Another Muscles.
7. He's a big boy now.
8. Pigtails.
9. Beauty, but no beast.
10. Not a care in the world.
11. Happy pair.
12. Holiday mood.
13. At Ease.
14. Cover Girl material.
15. Court Stars of the future.
16. Somewhere in Korea.
17. Can't you hear me calling, Caroline?
18. Between the innings.



A Midsummer Knight's Dream

The time: A day in midsummer,
The scene: A spot by a stream,
The character: A lad name of Johnny,
The subject: Our young hero's dream.

His fish pole lay idly beside him,
The willow tree gave him its shade,
His muscles relaxed into slumber,
And he dreamed that his fortunes were made.

He was a man with muscles of iron,
Bronzed by a tropical sun,
He was handsome, romantic like Gable,
Dauntless — afraid of no one.

He braved every danger unflinching,
Adventure was his middle name,
He hunted in Africa's Congo,
And captured the wildest of game.

No woman could ever resist him,
Enslaved by his charms was her soul,
Both Turner and Grable pursued him,
He was mobbed at the Hollywood Bowl.

It was while vacationing in Paris,
That his senses were shocked with alarm,
The Arc-de-Triomphe crumbled to pieces,
Someone was shaking his arm.

He reluctantly lifted his eyelids
And gazed on her flaming red hair,
But it wasn't the tresses of Hayworth,
It was only his kid sister, Clare.

"It's suppertime, Johnny," she murmured,
"And the cows need a clean bed of hay."
He rose, took his pole, and went homeward,
"Aw, shucks," was all he could say.

SHIRLEY WILCOX, '48

* * *

A Sophomore's Head

When the head was first cut down one side, we had to get out of the way of falling sawdust, (which had inhabited this head for fourteen years.) At the same time out ran a thick mass of green liquid that looked as if some of it had mingled with the sawdust at some time or another.

One would actually be surprised to see the supposedly necessary or vital parts of the head. They were either in the wrong place or so small or awk-

ward looking that you really had to look several times to make anything out.

With our small pointed sticks we poked at the parts we could find. I poked a spot nearest the forehead and instead of grey matter I found a greenish substance, yes very green indeed. -I never thought anything could be so green and I know this explained a lot of questions in my mind. Then someone took the microscope over and finally, after some difficulty, some intelligent Senior student found a thimble-like brain. We tried to examine it more closely, but it looked so rotted and decayed we had to let it be. Then a tunnel-like tube was discovered and, come to find out, it was just a hollow space extending from one ear to the other. Yes, it was a hopelessly sad case. At last we put the parts back as best we could, and even felt a little sorry. At last our teacher spoke up and said she understood a great deal more about Sophomores than ever before and I think she did, because after examining that head, she never dealt harshly with a Sophomore Student again.

ALICE COLOMBO, '48

* * *

First Day

Patrolman Eddie Brennan, late of the Marine Corps, saluted his sergeant. "Nice to have you back," said Sergeant Breen.

Breen liked Eddie. Years ago Eddie's dad, now dead, had been Breen's partner. "This job will be strange to you after the Marine Corps. I hated to give you a night tour on your first night back, but you know how shorthanded we are," said Breen.

Eddie nodded, "That's okay, Sarge; thanks."

Outside, Eddie drank in the night air. He seemed outside of all that was going on. People and other things seemed strange to him.

He thought that he needed someone to talk to. It was a lovely night in May and he knew that Pop, a watchman at a warehouse, would be outside smoking. Pop would listen to his story and give him advice.

After he had made his rounds he went to the warehouse. There was a delivery truck standing outside but Eddie scarcely saw it. He was looking for Pop. He saw Pop's lunch on the table, but Pop was not around.

Suddenly, in the face of a clock, he saw a man sneaking up behind him. As the man swung a

blackjack at his head, Eddie dropped, grabbed the man's ankle and knocked him to the floor. He then hit him with his night stick and tied him up.

He then went upstairs where the furs were stored. Outside the door he heard voices and stopped to listen.

As he opened the door he saw two men sorting the furs into piles of separate furs, depending on their value. One man saw him and reached for his gun. Eddie shot him.

The other man tried to run, but was tripped by a night stick hurled between his legs by Eddie.

As he tied up the men and untied Pop, he felt good. It was his job fighting the enemies of law and order and it felt great being back. His mind was made up. It was a lifetime job — he'd stay.

PHILIP FINAN, '50

* * *

A Senior's Heart

Though nine-tenths of a Senior's day is spent getting off and on his pedestal, the remaining fraction is worthily spent as an example to fellow students.

Being possessed of a unique and extraordinary heart, which is acquired only after a given number of years of English, mathematics, and science, the Senior is capable of nothing less than the impossible. A quick nervous system connected to the heart explains his surprising, though infallible, decisions. The nerves behind the eyes and ears are specially equipped with scales that automatically weigh all incoming information before it is allowed to take up valuable space in the brain chambers. Since the nerves are sent out from the heart, not the brain, seniors often possess the desirable power of seeing and hearing only what is wanted, an automatic pair of rose-colored glasses.

The heart itself is a stout organ, equipped to boomerang any emotions received without any noticeable change. Convenient too, is the ability of distributing bits of the heart to desirable parties without any loss. In fact, it would not be fatal if the entire heart were gone, since a new one readily replaces it.

The words of a senior are remarkably wise. An entire section of the brain is supplied with millions of prize verbal tidbits and gems. A mere sensation from the heart to this section sends out these precious words of wisdom to the vocal system. These are especially useful in brightening up the conversation

in a classroom, or too, they serve well when doling out advice to inexperienced freshmen, doubtful sophomores, or warbly juniors.

As to a senior's own problems and troubles, it is to be remembered that a senior is someone who has *lived* and needs no advice.

VERONICA NOWICK, '48

* * *

My Sister

She never picks up her clothes,
She always sticks up her nose,
She wears dungarees —
And with me never agrees!
In tantrums — she bosses,
She's wild about horses!
She has hair of brown hue,
And eyes of clear blue.
She is a girl of exception —
(In my clothes she looks streamlined,)
And without deception —
(A nicer sister you never could find!)

ANN FREEMAN, '50

* * *

Joe Bonesy Solves Another

"How do you like that?" asked Joe Bonesy turning to Brenda Moon. "You drag me down to see a long-haired ballet dancer and he doesn't even show up."

"Well, don't blame me because he's sick."

Joe helped Brenda on with her coat, and as they were leaving the theater Brenda turns to Joe and says, "Let's go backstage so I can get a story for my paper. Good human interest stuff, you know."

"Let's take in a good movie, like we should have done in the first place," complains Joe.

"Oh, come on. Don't be such a crab apple! I'll only be a minute," she says as she drags the protesting Joe backstage.

They entered the star's dressing room to find a crowd of people around a couch where the star is lying motionless.

"I'm Brenda Moon from the New York Globe. I'd like a statement from Mr. Bigbreeze."

"He's dead!" growls Mr. Bousenhine, his manager.

"Dead," Brenda gasps, "but the announcer said he had a sore foot."

"He did, but he died from tetanus poison a few minutes ago."

"How did it happen?" asked Brenda.

"He cut his foot on a nail in his shoe, and, except for a little iodine, he neglected it."

"Did he put the iodine on himself?" broke in Joe.

"Hmmm no, his personal Russian valet put it on."

Joe walked over to the medicine cabinet, removed the bottle of iodine, and brushed past Kulik the valet.

"Ov!" cries the valet.

"I must have jabbed you with my pen, here let me put some of this iodine on it."

Kulik draws his hand back, "No."

"What's the matter, don't you want to die like Bigbreeze? Why did you do it?"

"Because I was his slave. He knew I entered this country illegally and he backmailed me. I could dance rings around him so he made me his slave so I wouldn't get the chance. It was the only way out."

After Kulik took his one way trip to police headquarters Joe turned to Brenda and said, "Let's go to the movies now Brenda, O. K.?"

FRANK CASE, '50

* * *

Ouch! That Hurt!

I fell off. Yes, it's true. The unbelievable happened. I really did fall off. Oh, you don't believe it? Well, neither do I, but the first time I went horseback riding I (pardon the repetition) fell off.

When buying that innocent-looking little book on equitation, I thought I had purchased my safety with horses forever. One gains so much confidence from reading such educational literature.

I had read the directions in the book very carefully and proceeded to carry them out. Logically, of course, the first thing to do is go to a riding school. Then, if you have never been riding before, pick the most spirited horse in the stables and prepare to mount. When you have gathered yourself together and feel confident that you can mount by any means, fair or foul, approach the right side of the horse because the animal certainly would like a change from having to be mounted from the left side at all times. With both hands grab the horse's mane and place your foot in that piece of iron attached to a long portion of leather that hangs down from the saddle. (In other words, the stirrup.) Never hold the reins while mounting as the horse might run away if he knows you have them in your hands.

If, by chance, the horse does start to run away, swing yourself with ease into the saddle. That extra speed helps when you are mounting, so be grateful to him for starting to gallop.

Now that you are in the saddle, all you have to do is sit there. Remember always — never, never take the reins into your hands! The horse is intelligent enough to know where he wants to go, so let him go. He'll give you a good ride if you let him have his own way, so don't be "bossy."

Another important thing to remember — if the horse starts to buck and kick, let him do it. He's only trying to throw you, so be a good sport and play the game fair and square. You don't have to please him by falling off, but let him know you are having a good time and that will be enough to make him happy and keep him bucking and kicking until he gets tired.

Say — wait a minute! Did I read all this in that little book of instructions? It sounds rather strange, doesn't it? Wait a minute, I'll look at the title of that book. Oh, Oh! Just what I thought! I was reading the wrong book! So that's the reason why I fell off. Well, bless me soul! Better luck next time.

NORMA MARTINSEN, '50

* * *

Red Is For Danger

Bong, Bong! Glory be! Two o'clock in the morning and here I was still tossing around in bed! This was due to a private bout between my conscience and me. We were entering our sixth round and, off the record, I think my conscience was winning but I wouldn't admit it to him. No siree! The die was cast! Oh, woe is me! How true that was!

Gosh, that lecturing of my conscience seemed to be getting results. My thoughts were torturing me, slowly but surely. What was I going to do? What would my friends say! Hm! Never mind my friends! How about my parents? Would they disown me? Impossible! Or was it? Whatever possessed me to do it?

My head felt as though it would split any minute. Head — that was the cause — the true cause of all my troubles. I can't remember when that dreadful notion first entered my head but to my sorrow it did. At the beginning, when I first talked it over with my best friend, Ellen Roy, it seemed a fine idea.

Yesterday Mom told me that she and Dad would be out for the evening so I planned to call Ellen

over and put my "brainstorm" into effect. At the time I was sure Dad would be pleased. Why only the other day he said he wished it were red.

Could I ever have believed he'd approve this? Foolish child! Ha! This experience made me realize how simple I must be at times.

Going back to my tale of woe, Ellen arrived before the parents departed. We were all keyed up and anxious to start. Finally they left with the usual parental instructions and cautions.

The moment they were out of sight, I dashed up to my room and seized our necessary materials. We fled to the kitchen, and at once operated.

Reading directions for application, we found a thorough scrubbing was first. The surface must be absolutely free of dirt, or such. Two sets of hands made small work of the task. Now, dry it. We stopped a minute to admire our "project." Now the time was ripe for application. All the surface must be covered, evenly and with no streaks. Patience was necessary, and pardon the attempted joke, it was a little more auburn than golden.

While waiting for results, we had a snack. By the time we finished it, the "project" was ready for setting. I held up a bolt of blue material near it to show Ellen the effect and we both agreed it was quite bewitching.

The clock now said almost eleven, so Ellen departed. I climbed up to bed and was eager for morning to show Mom and Dad our handiwork. This was my undoing. I was no sooner lying down than Mr. Conscience began his lecture.

Back and forth we argued, and slowly, I began to admit defeat. I had done wrong. Oh, how I began to repent! Guess I'd read too many movie magazines. That must be it. From this moment on I would never look at another one. From here on I'd let Nature take her course with little help from me. What, oh what will Dad say when he finds his only daughter has overnight become a carrot top like him?

GLORIA NOVICK, '48

* * *

Daisies Don't Tell

It was dark, not misty, or even foggy — just plain dark. Stephen Mowry, with his overcoat collar turned up, walked briskly towards 48th Street. He could see hardly a foot ahead of him, and when a blue uniform loomed in front of him, he darted into the nearest doorway. He stood there a while, wondered if the cop had noticed him, called himself a fool,

and walked on. It would always be like this until they found him out.

It all started three weeks ago, when he knew Mr. Beckett had made out his will. He had been with Mr. Beckett a good many years, caring for the estate, and the flowers Mr. Beckett prized so much. Carl Beckett didn't have any close relatives. Then why not give his estate to the faithful gardener — or so Steve thought?

Steve couldn't wait for the money that he might get through the will. In fact, he couldn't wait for Mr. Beckett to die, so he decided to help him along.

He had planned his moves to perfection. It would look as if a common thief had entered the Beckett estate with intent to rob, and when Mr. Beckett got in his way, had shot him. Steve stood beneath the large bay window and shot until he had emptied his gun into the body, which now lay crumpled and silent on the library floor. He hesitated only a minute while he glanced below him, and saw that the tiny pieces of glass from the window had cut the prized flowers into different shapes. Then he ran.

He had attended the funeral services and looked very much like the bereaved servant. He even managed to look surprised when the sum of ten thousand dollars was said to be his.

Now he felt hunted. They didn't suspect him personally, but the feeling was still there.

He walked faster and tried not to think of what had happened three weeks ago.

He awoke the next morning to a heavy pounding on his apartment door. He glanced at the clock, eight A.M. He opened the door and gazed at a blue uniform with brass buttons.

"You Steve Mowry?" it asked. Steve nodded assent as the cop told him to dress. Steve didn't argue.

"S' funny," began the cop, "we never thought of the flowers being on our side before. I thought it was kinda funny though, all those delicate flowers standin' up straight as a poker, the whole patch of 'em, and right where the murderer was standing. Only someone from force of habit wouldn't knock at least one of 'em over. A dumb crook doesn't have any love for flowers, he wouldn't have left *one* standing. Yeah, I guess you're the right man."

Steve didn't say anything, just smiled to himself. This cop might be dumb, but he had everybody on his side, even the flowers that Steve had cared for for fifteen years — the flowers he couldn't bear to crush when he killed his boss and benefactor.

MARJORIE O'CONNELL, '50

The First Snowfall

The snow is falling rapidly
Upon the cold bare ground,
It looks like specks of silver
But scarcely makes a sound.

The trees in gowns of beauty
Like figures tall and still,
Rise up above the earth so white
And overlook the hill.

The snow has covered all the paths
Which lead to different homes,
And in the distance one can see
The churches' towering domes.

After many hours have passed
The snow flakes cease to fall,
The sun at last breaks through the sky,
Illuminating all.

I look upon this new world
With shapes all crystal white,
It looks just like a fairyland
A real majestic sight.

CAROL LEE DOWNEY, '49

* * *

"It Couldn't Possibly Have Been True Anyway"

Wasn't this going a little too far? Dissecting fish and frogs was bad enough, but dissecting someone's heart, that's going to extremes! But there we were seated around the operating table in biology class. Everyone was tense. I looked around me and hoped I didn't look too scared because this wasn't just an ordinary heart. It was the heart of a famous field hockey player who had dribbled the ball down the whole length of the field for the winning goal, many many years ago. Because of her love for science, she had willed her heart to our biology class. She thought that it would probably help us understand "the heart" a little better. I hoped it would help me but I doubted it very much.

Our teacher was now explaining the weight and size of the heart, and its right and left auricles and ventricles. As he cut away its walls he discovered that it was completely different from all others that he had seen. The superior and inferior vena cava veins led into the left auricle instead of the right, and the right ventricle led directly to the aorta. This was exactly opposite from what the real human heart was supposed to be like.

After looking into a big dusty medical book which we used for references, he tried to explain that this happened only in very, very, rare cases and that people who had this rare physical disorder felt no love, hate, pain or sorrow.

Now I knew why this famous woman had never married. From what I had heard, she had traveled around the world several times after she finished college. She had come from a wealthy family, so she did not have to work. I wondered how it would be going through life with no feeling, when the teacher started to explain once more the ventricular systole, the auricular systole, and the diastota.

Like an alarm clock interrupting a pleasant dream, I heard someone say, "Veronica, name the plant and animal phyla and give an example of each."

VERONICA KRYSIENIEL, '48

* * *

Puppy Business

Last year it had been Bobby and Margo, Inc. Now it was all her business and if she kept on being soft hearted it might fail. You see, Bobby and Margo had been in the Puppy Business, but they had had a silly argument, which broke up their partnership. Margo and Bobby had used the puppy money to join the swimming club and for two years now Bobby had been trying to teach Margo how to dive. This year Margo was going to use the money to go to camp.

Margo now had five, eight-week-old puppies, which she called "The Five Little Peppers." Margo pretended to love all five puppies equally, but the littlest was really her favorite. He was the color of pale honey and had big brown eyes.

One day while Margo was out in the yard cleaning out the puppy pen, she heard someone say, "Having fun?" It was Bobby Prescott who draped himself over the picket fence and regarded Margo.

"A wonderful time," she answered in a sarcastic way.

"Sold your puppies yet? For a slight commission, say fifty per cent, I'll get rid of them for you," Bobby proposed. "I know a few people I might interest, if you weren't so high hat." Margo refused his offer.

With no funds to join the swimming club, Bobby was almost always around. He cut the grass and leaned on his mower to tease her. He greased his bike and shouted sales advice at her across the fence. But when he took a job cherry picking for a day Margo missed him. The very day he took the job

Margo noticed that the littlest Pepper was droopy. He sat in the corner and wouldn't eat. The tip of his nose felt hot.

She decided to call Dr. Allen, the veterinary. A woman answered the phone. She told Margo that Dr. Allen's office hours were six to eight in the evening. He was out at the time and she didn't know where he could be reached. Before Margo the day stretched very long. Desperately Margo wished that Bobby would come home. Maybe there was something she should be doing for the puppy while she waited to take him to the Doctor.

The hours dragged slowly by and then just before six, Margo's mother, who had been away for the day, came home. Margo met her on the walk with the littlest Pepper in her arms and they started right out for the doctor's office.

During the time that followed Margo had a great deal of time to think. Suppose the puppy's ailment were something that required isolation? How was she going to handle all the rest of the litter and a sick puppy as well? She wished that Bobby were an ally, not an adversary.

Finally the crowd of patients in the doctor's office thinned, and she was carrying the littlest Pepper into Dr. Allen's office and the veterinary was saying, "Well, what's wrong here?"

"I don't know, he's hot and won't eat," Margo said. Dr. Allen put his hand under the puppy's chin and looked into his eyes. Then he picked up on silky ear. "The puppy has a bad infection," he said. "Penicillin's the only thing that might cure it." "Do you think you can give him a hypodermic." Dr. Allen said. "I'll show you how. It means every three hours night and day." "I'll try," Margo said.

The days that followed were all a nightmare. Grimly she doctored the sick puppy and took care of the others as well. She was still too soft-hearted to sell them when she got offers.

"Hi Margo," Bobby said. Margo was in no mood for back chat. "Hello," she answered gloomily. "Whose funeral?" asked Bobby.

"The littlest puppy is sick," she told him. Bobby was over the fence in an instant. "I'm awfully sorry," he said. Margo then told him all about the hypodermics, and all that happened. Bobby asked her if he could do anything. For a second she hesitated, "I'm afraid not," she said. "Dr. Allen had to show me how."

"Well, look I could hold the pup for you couldn't I?" "Yes," Margo said, "you could do that."

In the days that followed Bobby was more of a help than he realized. He helped her with the puppies that were well and did everything for the sick one.

One day he said that all the work was too much for her. She hadn't been eating right and she hadn't been getting much sleep.

He dug into his pockets and took out a roll of bills. "Here, I sold them for you," he said.

Margo felt a sharp sense of loss, but she knew that Bobby had done right. "You're not angry," he said.

"No," she swallowed hard, "I'm almost ashamed to let you know how grateful I am." She took the money and counted out half. "Commission," she grinned, as she offered it to him.

Bobby shook his head. "You're going to camp." "With that sick puppy to nurse?" she said. "Don't be silly, it will be weeks before he's well."

"Tell you what," she said shyly, "we could join the swimming club again and you could teach me to dive. I bet I could learn this year. That would be better than any old camp."

JUNE MCGUINNESS, '49

* * *

The Sleepy R Ranch Murder

A few days after the mysterious death of Mr. Tom Delton, the owner of the Sleepy R Ranch, a strange looking man dressed in city clothes came up to the ranch and knocked on the door. The man who knocked on the door was Jim Kelly, a private detective from a city nearby. He came out to investigate the strange murder of Mr. Delton.

Mr. Delton, who owned a ranch with about seventy-five acres of land, was a cattle owner. He was out rounding up his cattle for market the next morning, when a shot rang out from the nearby woods and Mr. Tom Delton fell from his horse to the ground and died before anyone could get over to help him.

Mr. Delton was buried a few days after his death, but the sheriff who called Jim Kelly in on the case because he didn't know much about it, asked Jim if he thought that maybe he could find some new clues.

Jim, who had been talking to the sheriff before he went to the ranch, was dressed in western clothes so that nobody would notice him.

He knocked on the door and the foreman answered and asked Jim what he wanted. Jim said that he had been looking for a job for a month or two and that somebody had told him that the Sleepy R Ranch needed a couple of new hands so he came out to see if he could apply for the job.

The foreman said that he didn't know about needing any new men, but as long as some of the men had quit because of the boss's death he'd try him out. He then was shown around the seventy-five acre ranch and was told his duties, but he had picked up very few clues so far. As he was going to sleep the next night he heard a noise out near the cattle corral. He jumped from his bed, got dressed and slipped out to see if anybody was there. As he passed the bunk house corner, he saw a horse and rider slip out from behind the corral and ride into the darkness. Jim was in such a hurry to see who it was that he forgot his gun and was left there standing alone. There was nothing else he could do so he went back to bed.

The next morning he got up about six-thirty and started to look around for hoofprints and other clues. As he was walking around the corral he noticed a man's footprints and his horse's footprints also. Jim looked around and noticed that they headed toward an old trail that led up into the mountains. Jim then saddled his horse and started to follow the horse's footprints. As he journeyed on for a few miles he came to a little log cabin. He dismounted and went up to the cabin to see if there was anybody in the one-room shack. As he got closer to the door he heard men's voices, so he hid in a clump of bushes near the window and listened to the men talk. One of them was talking about what he was doing over to the Sleepy R Ranch the night before and how he heard noises over by the bunk house so he left in a hurry. They were also talking about Mr. Tom Delton's murder and how it was planned.

As soon as the men finished talking about the murder, Jim Kelly sneaked away and rode back to the ranch to call the Sheriff and tell him what he had just heard. The Sheriff, who was quite surprised, got some of his men together and with Jim to lead the way, they surrounded the little one-room shack, captured the men, put them on trial, and they were found guilty. The Sheriff thanked Jim for finding the killers. Soon Jim was all packed and ready to go back to the city. His job at the Sleepy R Ranch was finished so he started on his long journey home.

BEVERLY PRICE, '51

* * *

" . . . Calling All Killers"

Carl Sutton paced to and fro on his carpeted floor. Across the street a neon sign blinked "Tony's." He was watching this when an announcement came over

the radio to be on the lookout for a dangerous killer who had escaped at 6:00 P. M. He was tall, light, limped slightly, and had a scar on his left palm. The announcement ended with a final warning to notify local police of any information concerning the whereabouts of this killer.

Carl Sutton automatically glanced at his watch, which read 8:00 P. M. He walked over to the window and watched the tiny drops of snow turn red as they passed Tony's window. He slumped into an easy chair and had just begun to get settled when he heard a barely audible knock at the door. He walked stiffly over to it. He opened it a crack, and confronted a well-built young man. It seemed this man had been stuck a few yards down the road, and Carl's lights were the only ones he could see. He asked to use the phone. Carl didn't have one, but told him to warm himself up a bit before going back. He watched his actions closely. He watched him walk, or was it limp, to the ruddy glow of the fireplace. He was letting his imagination run away with him. He joined the man at the fireplace, talking about the slippery roads and dangerous curves. Finally the man, who called himself John Wells, brought up the inevitable subject as he said, "Hear there's a killer round these parts."

"So I've heard." Carl was giving this stranger no leeway.

"I'll bet he'll head for the woods, what do you say, Mister?"

"I guess that's the only safe bet." Carl wasn't very talkative.

"Do you think they'll have the roads blocked yet?"

"Are you trying to figure out how the killer could get out of the city, Mr. Wells?"

John Wells eyed Carl suspiciously before he answered, "No. . . No, just inquisitive I guess."

Carl moved uneasily and tried to see the man's hands as he held them towards the fire. They both talked guardedly for about an hour. Mr. Wells then stated he would have to return to his car. Carl *had* to detain him — but how? He knew for sure that he was the one. Mr. Wells was determined to leave, and Carl was determined to make him stay. So Carl took the only alternative. He shot Mr. Wells; shot him until he slumped across the overstuffed chair Carl had just left. After all, Carl needed new clothes, and maybe he could change his personality too, if he got away with it. Of course, he'd have to wear gloves, that scar was cut pretty deep.

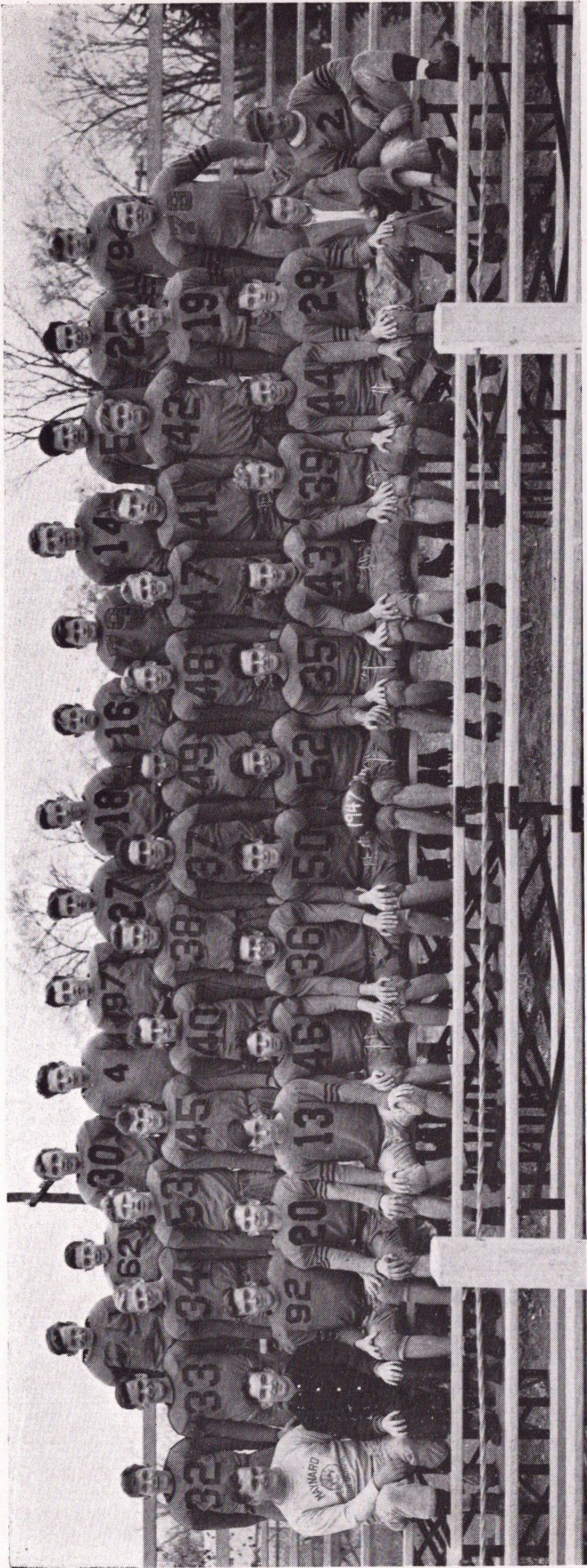
MARJORIE O'CONNELL, '50

SPORTS



FALL

1947



Our Eleven - 1947

First Row: Coach Bondelevitch, Manager J. Corcoran, D. Weir, C. Carbary, P. Hogan, G. Howes, M. Popieniuch, R. Spurrell, C. Mariani, J. Yanchewski, L. White, D. Nelson, J. Fraser, E. Lambert, Manager J. Dunn, Assistant Coach Lawson.

Second Row: J. MacDonald, A. Viola, J. Robinson, V. Tomyl, K. Dwinell, G. O'Clair, D. Pekkala, P. Greeno, W. O'Toole, R. Case, G. Robinson, C. Sharpe, P. Kivikoski, J. Porrazzo, A. Milak.

Third Row: W. Molloy, J. Johnson, R. Alberi, F. Case, J. Tierney, R. Dintino, M. Slabyz, J. Tourville, F. Satrines, W. Skirton, C. Cutaia, G. Ferrara, J. Howes.

Football in '47

In the fall as the leaves start to turn into such beautiful colors, the thoughts of many people turn toward football. That wonderful feeling that you get at the shrill of a referee's whistle, the thud of a powerful leg meeting the pigskin, and the quarterback barking signals, "Ready, Set, 1-2-3-4" — all are a part of a great American sport.

Coach Stan Bondelvitch turned out his 1947 football squad two weeks before the first day of school arrived. The boys worked hard and got into good condition for the opening game at the jamboree in Hudson. The team was young and green as a whole, but to take in the slack there were veterans like Co-Captains Roger Spurrell and Carlo Mariani, besides George Howes, Leo White, and Pat Greeno.

* * *

JAMBOREE

Hudson, September 12, 1947

Maynard played a tie game with Woburn at the jamboree in Hudson in a see-saw battle. Most of the battle was centered around midfield as neither team threatened to score. This game was a test and Maynard showed to good advantage with George Howes and Pat Greeno making a particularly good impression.

Maynard 26 — St. Charles 7
September 28, 1947

Maynard roared away to a fast start in the 1947 football season by crushing St. Charles of Waltham, 26-7.

After an exchange of punts Maynard got its attack rolling and marched 71 yards for a touchdown with Leo White sparking the drive with swivel hipped running and needle eye passing. Leo scored on a pass from George Howes on a play covering eight yards. Rog Spurrell missed the extra point. Maynard kept their offense rolling with George and Leo again leading the attack. George smashed over from the 1-yard line to climax an 80 yard drive. Rog made this kick good and Maynard led 13-0 as the half ended.

St. Charles marched 97 yards to a touchdown when they recovered a fumble on the three just when Maynard seemed destined to score again. A pass combination of Cass to McCue ate up the yardage and it was the same pair combining for the score and also the extra point. From the kick-off, Maynard came back with a rip-snorting offense and marched 65 yards to score again as Gene Robinson smashed over from the "four."

After St. Charles received the kick-off, Gene Robinson intercepted a pass and shot down the sideline to score standing up. Rog missed this point after he had booted it through the uprights on the previous touchdown. The game really got rough but there wasn't any more scoring as the Maynard fans went home with a well deserved victory in their hip pocket.

Leo White, George Howes, the Robinson twins and Rog Spurrell were the outstanding performers of the day.

Maynard 6 — Hudson 0
October 4, 1947

Maynard remained in the undefeated class when they downed a hard fighting Hudson eleven in a Midland League game.

The score tells the story of the closely fought battle of the rivals from the other side of the tracks as the orange and black pulled the game out of the bag in the second period. The chance came when Choo Choo Spurrell angled a punt for the sideline and with the skill of a pro, kicked 50 yards out of bounds on the "three." Hudson tried to kick out of danger but the damage had been done and we took the ball on the 34-yard line. George Howes took over the reins of the team and in two plays the ball was on the two-yard line with first and goal to go. A penalty, but Maynard was not to be denied as Jerry Robinson romped into the end zone on a reverse and that was the ball game. Roger missed the point but nobody cared.

Hudson had a dangerous offense but the line was terrific and stopped all scoring thrusts.

George Howes and Jerry Robinson were backfield stars while Roger Spurrell and Pat Greeno led the charge into the line.

Danvers 20 — Maynard 13

October 11, 1947

Maynard stumbled for the first time this season as they played a powerful team in Danvers as a result of the postponed Concord tilt.

Receiving the breaks in the first period, Danvers quickly tallied and led 14-0 before we had our shoe laces tied. Maynard got rolling, but a pass interception put Maynard right back where it started from, only now the score was 20-0.

Not until the last period did Maynard finally roll, but they were making their bid too late. Nevertheless, they scored and scared Danvers to death. Kev Dwinnell was the first scorer as Rog booted the extra point. Score now was 20-7 but Maynard was on the roll and scored again as Vic Tomy blocked a punt and recovered on the "eight." One play and the score 20-13 as Jerry Robinson carried the mail. The conversion was blocked. Danvers received the kick-off and stalled until time ran out.

It was a thrilling game, but no joy in Maynard as Maynard toppled from the "band wagon," no longer undefeated. Kev Dwinnell and Vic Tomy received all-star ballots for their performances in a losing cause.

St. Bernard's 21 — Maynard 12

October 17, 1947

St. Bernard's jolted Maynard when they were a wee bit lucky on who received the breaks of the game, but none-the-less they won and that's what goes into the record books.

A blocked kick set up their first score but Maynard tied the game up in quick order as George Howes personally sparked the 46 yard drive with a swivel hipped performance which carried the ball to the four-yard line. George carried over from there and the score was tied. Both conversions were missed. Neither team threatened but in the closing seconds of the half, Carlo Mariani chucked a long pass but it was intercepted and run back 60 yards for a score. The point after was good and it was 13-6 at the half. A little lucky, don't you think?

St. Bernard's kicked off and Dwinnell was spilled in the end zone. Two more points for the Bernardians.

Quickly regaining possession of the ball they scored again to lead 21-6.

Jolting Joe MacDonald led Maynard to another score but to no avail. Joe passed to Jerry Robinson and that was the story of the ball game in a nut shell.

Co-Captain Carlo was "terrific" as was George Howes, but it was not enough for victory.

Maynard 9 — Chelmsford 0

October 25, 1947

Maynard was back on the victory trail with a well-deserved win over Chelmsford, although they were without the services of George Howes and Leo White, who received injuries in the previous game.

Quick like a rabbit, Maynard led 2-0 as Choo Choo Spurrell spilled a Chelmsford back in the end zone as he tried to run the ball out of danger. Choo Choo's 55-yard punt had put him in the hole so Rog is given full credit for the two points.

Maynard scored again as Joe MacDonald fired a spot pass to Carlo Mariani who lateraled it to Jerry Robinson for a score. Rog split uprights to make it 9-0. Maynard scored three times more but each had a penalty on it to nullify each one.

Dave Higgins and Pat Greeno led the victory attack. Also standout performers were Dave Pekkala and Ralph Case who threw a block that still has the spectators talking about it.

Natick 40 — Maynard 0

November 1, 1947

Maynard was in for an awful letdown when the powerful; undefeated Natick eleven arrived, but to make no excuses for such an embarrassing score, we say that they should be unbeaten and with that timing and precision blocking won't be beaten this year. "NOTICE" — They have the same team returning next year. Oh Brother!

The down field blocking was a spectacular sight as the red, white, and blood (I meant blue) spatted our small orange and black stanchions this way and that way. To name all the stars and scorers for Natick would take a whole book but the outstanding boys were Dick Clasby and Ed Michell. Some day Dick will surpass B. C. Ed in performance.

The injured George Howes did a good job carrying the line sticks.

Marlboro 6 —Maynard 0

November 8, 1947

Winning the game was all the Maynard boys seemed to want, but Lady Luck was sitting on the Marlboro side as the Hill Toppers talked themselves to a victory. Of course they scored a legitimate touchdown but to let an opposing player talk an official into seeing things his way was too much. As things happened, Joe MacDonald passed down the sidelines to Choo Choo Spurrell who caught the ball in the end zone for a TD but a Marlboro player bumped him out of bounds. After much talk Marlboro won the argument. The ref thought he was giving Maynard satisfaction by penalizing them, but not enough. That score seemed like life or death to Maynard.

The Maynard line outfought their heavier opponents. From end to end they deserve credit for a job well done. Joe (Lujack) MacDonald was outstanding.

Milford 6 — Maynard 6

November 15, 1947

Maynard was held to a stalemate by a fast moving and very aggressive Milford eleven at Fino Field in Milford.

Milford was the first scorer as Joe Tosches faded back to pass, but a hole was open in the line. Quick to seize the opportunity, Joe scooted through to score. The point was blocked.

Maynard fought back but were held by the alertness of the Milford backs who intercepted no less than six passes which might have led to scores. Maynard finally clicked in the fourth period when Jerry Robinson bootlegged around end to score.

Doggedly, Maynard tried desperately to score but had no such luck as the Milford wall held tight.

Roger Spurrell and Jiggs O'Clair were impressive in the line but all their efforts seemed in vain. George Howes and Leo White sparked Maynard's offensive and really were good.

JOHN VERACKA, '48

Junior Varsity

Game experience is the greatest aid in the world for young football players. To play under fire, with officials watching and playing to win is a great deal different from everyday practice.

The boy who is not big enough, fast enough, or old enough for the Varsity can profitably spend a year on the "Jay Vees." This gives the youth the chance to play and helps him later in his football career as a regular.

This season the Maynard "Jay Vees" played three games:

Hudson 6	Maynard 0
Marlboro 6	Maynard 6
Shirley Industrial 24	Maynard 0

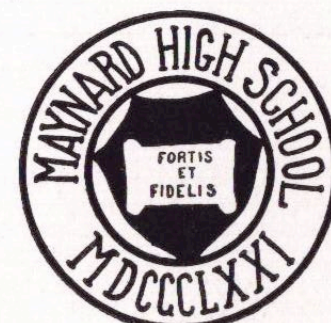
Wins and losses are not so important as the chance to play the game. At the beginning of the year, Fred Wasiluk and Tony Mariani, former M.H.S. players, not only told the boys what to do and how to do it, but instilled in them a sportsmanlike attitude which should carry over into their careers in later years.

Jay Vee Players

Freshmen: Jarmulowicz, Tomyl, Satrines, Molloy, Johnson, Wm. Howes, Larson, Tourville, Korsman.

Sophomores: Dintino, Skirton, Tierney, Barilone, Slabysz, Alberi, F. Case, Cutaia, Pekkala.

Juniors: John Howes, Sharpe, Ferrara, Garlick.



Stars of '27

In checking back over the twenty years since the first *Screech Owl* made its appearance in Maynard High School, we became interested in the Football Team of '27. We thought you might be, too, so we obtained a picture of this squad and as much information as two of the boys of that class could give us. Much thanks to Mr. Lawrence Lerer and to Mr. Richard Lawson for their assistance in recalling what was done in '27.

We understand that Dick Lawson's passing to Bill Lovering was the big combination in that year. This big play, known as the Screen Pass Play, has since been banned in football circles.

Another star of '27 was Zapareski who was one of the best centers of those years at M.H.S.

We are sure that all members of that team did their best to win games and to uphold the record of

Maynard High even as the squad of '47 is doing today.

The lineup for the team of '27 is given below for your convenience in reminiscing:

T. Siipola	FB	A. Foster	T
T. Frigard	HB	J. Wardzala	E
R. Lawson	HB	G. Brayden	E
A. Connors	QB	M. White	E
K. Murray	G	H. King	G
L. Lerer	G	H. Wilcox	B
J. Zapareski	C	G. Weaving	B
J. Horan	G	W. Sjoblom	G
S. Hintoa	G	G. Glickman	L
H. Kane	E	P. Wilson	B

E. Fearn — Manager.

G. Tierney.

D. Lent — Coach.



Our Eleven - 1927

First Row, (left to right): R. Lawson, G. Brayden, T. Frigard, T. Siipola, A. Connors, M. White, H. King, H. Wilcox, D. Lent, Coach.

Second Row: Edward Fearn, H. Kane, K. Murray, J. Horan, J. Zapareski, A. Foster, S. Hints, L. Lerer, W. Lovering.

Third Row: G. Tierney, W. Sjoblom, J. Wardzala, G. Glickman, G. Weaving, P. Wilson.



Cheer Leaders

Standing: A. Hinds, J. Paananen, A. Belli, N. Stalker, M. Crowe, S. Boeske, J. Klemola, A. Greeno.

Kneeling: P. Blanchette.

Mascot: Angus.

The Cheerleaders

1947

We are the girls
 In sweaters of white,
 Who cheer the boys on
 By day or by night.

We practice our cheers
 And shout them with vim —
 We try to inspire
 Our own team to win.

We love what we're doing,
 And do what we can
 To bolster the spirits
 Of each Maynard man.

So, Students and Players,
 And Rooters as well
 Join the Cheerleading squad
 In the old Maynard Yell,
 M A Y N A R D

M. CROWE, '48

Field Hockey - '47 Variety

Here is some good advice for any high school girl who wants to do any of the following:

1. See plenty of excitement and fun.
2. Develop co-ordination and teamwork.
3. Lose weight.
4. Be popular.
5. Have plenty of memories after graduation.

If any of these appeal to you, go out for field hockey. There are more opportunities and fun in store for you than you have ever dreamed of.

When I was a freshman, I went out for field hockey. Now as a senior, I am going out for it again. Since I missed two years I am "green" at the game and need much more practice than those who have been playing for four years. Therefore, the coach watches me in order to better my ability to play.

"Hytonen, take that ball and dribble it down the field." Waiting, always alert, I look for my opening. Here comes the ball — the whistle. Everyone stops. "Sticks on Hytonen. Nellie, take a free shot." So Nellie takes the ball and everyone automatically starts for the other end of the field as they know that is where her powerful whack will bring the ball.

"Hytonen run in for that ball!" Trying to get that ball from Nellie is like one man trying to fight the enemy with one hand tied behind his back! I'm just about to rush that ball, when, wham! Nellie gives it her specialty! I should be down there at the other end of the field — that is where the action is now!

While I'm running down there like a rushing fire truck, the ball is being brought up the field. It's a pass to the wing! Hey! That's me! I get the ball and start dribbling down the field. A few steps and —

"Hytonen! What are you trying to do? Be a one-man-team? Pass that ball!"

I pass it to Helen who dribbles the ball until — who else but Nellie tears toward her! The pass is to

Ann, but where is she? Joan takes it with a battle from Mary Lehto. The outcome — the ball somehow happens to be on my side of the field and Phyllis is going down the field with it!

That is when I wish I were on Stymie! Puff-puff! Down the field to get the ball. Veronica gives the ball a wallop that sends it to me! Slam! Wham! Slam! Finally, after three swings and the opposing team closing in, I start dribbling down the field! In my excitement I do not realize I am going the wrong way! Whistle!

"Hytonen! Well, at least you have brains enough to stop when the whistle blows!" When the whistle blows nothing! I stopped because I ran right into Caroline! Almost out like a light till the coach comes to my rescue. This is where she wishes she was a nurse instead of a coach! (At this point I must explain that Nancy got that black eye from a furious battle of getting a goal!)

After a rest which everyone thanks Him for, the game is on!

And don't let me hear anyone ever say field hockey is a sissy game because girls play it! No one can go on that field and think for one moment that you run about on your toesies and pick at the ball or pass it gently to your bosom pal. Your bosom pal is rugged. She's just as likely to plow the ball through you to get a goal.

Most of the girls have their twisted ankles, aching backs, black eyes, bruises, plus so many other hurts and cuts one could write about them for centuries.

Yet, every girl would give her right arm to be on that team, to have an opportunity to be coached by a great coach, Miss Tierney. If you think she doesn't give you a rugged training, go out for a trial workout. See for yourself. Miss Tierney has the ability to make a winning team from any kind of material she has to work with and M.H.S. should be grateful to her.

VIOLA HYTONEN, '48



Field Hockey Squad

Back Row: Manager J. Bumpus, M. Lehto, A. Thompson, C. Miller, P. Murphy, J. Dockerty, V. Krysieneł, V. Nowick, E. Boulden, H. Nee, Manager M. Crowe, Coach D. Tierney.

Second Row: J. Torppa, M. Veracka, A. Hinds, A. Luker, H. Sebastynowicz, N. O'Neill, J. Paananen, M. O'Connell, B. Priest, M. Sullivan, J. Lesage.

First Row: P. Blanchete, A. Kaplan, N. Stalker, N. Chodnicky, V. Hahala, J. Klemola, V. Hytonen, H. Hanson.

Field Hockey

The Maynard High School girls' field hockey team has been practicing steadily since early in September under the direction of Miss Dorothy Tierney, the coach.

The time and effort expended by Miss Tierney in coaching the girls is deeply appreciated by all members of the squad.

FIELD HOCKEY TEAMS

First Team

<i>Name</i>	<i>Position</i>
Veronica Krysieniel	CF
Jane Dockerty	LF
Nancy Stalker	RF
Joan LeSage	RW
Phyllis Blanchette	LF
Nellie Chodynicky, Capt.	CHB
Caroline Miller	LHB
Patricia Murphy	RHB
Veronica Nowick	LFB
Alice Koskela	RFB
Marion Veracka	G

Second Team

<i>Name</i>	<i>Position</i>
Janet Klemola	CF
Ann Hinds	LF
Helen Nee	RF
Viola Hytonen	RW
Mary Lehto	LW
Helen Sebastynowicz	RHB
Viola Hakala, Capt.	CHB
Ann Luker	LHB
Joan Torppa	LFB
Ethel Boulden	RFB
Norma O'Neil	G

Substitutes

Mary Sullivan	Ann Thompson
Joanne Paananen	Hannah Hansen
Marjorie O'Connell	Arlene Kaplan

Managers

Marjorie Crowe
Jo-an Bumpus, Asst. Manager

Maynard vs. Ashland

October 16, 1947

(At Maynard)

First Team

Maynard 4 — Ashland 0

Second Team

Maynard 0 — Ashland 0

The Maynardites got off to a good start in their first game of the season against Ashland High School at Crowe Park. The four goals made by Veronica Krysieniel and Phyllis Blanchette, scoring two each, brought the first win of the season to Maynard.

Maynard vs. Ashland

October 21, 1947

(At Ashland)

First Team

Maynard 2 — Ashland 0

Second Team

Maynard 2 — Ashland 2

On October 21 Maynard played a return game against Ashland with a 2-0 victory for the Maynard first team and a 2-2 tie for the second team.

The first team goals were made by Jane Dockerty and Captain Nellie Chodynicky, who scored the point by taking a free shot. The goals on the second team were made by Janet Klemola and Helen Nee.

Both teams really had to work and fight hard for the goals made at this game, because after our first game with Ashland our opponents knew many of our moves and intentions. However, despite this fact, the Maynard team once again came out on top.

Maynard vs. Dean Academy

October 29, 1947

(At Franklin)

First Team

Maynard 0 — Dean 0

Second Team

Maynard 5 — Dean 0

The Maynard field hockey team traveled to Franklin to play Dean Academy there. The first team tied 0-0, while the second team won with a 5-0 victory. The points were scored by Ann Hinds who made three goals, and by Janet Klemola and Helen Nee who each made one goal. The dreariness of the day caused the game to be called off five minutes early. Due to this fact, the Dean Academy girls traveled to Maynard for a return game.

Maynard vs. Weston

November 4, 1947

(At Weston)

First Team

Maynard 2 — Weston 5

Second Team

Maynard 0 — Weston 0

The Maynard field hockey team traveled to Weston to play its one game with them. Maynard played a losing game with the score, 5-2, for the first team and 0-0 for the second team. The two points were scored by Veronica Krysieniel in this hard exciting game.

Maynard vs. Concord

November 6, 1947

(At Concord)

First Team

Maynard 1 — Concord 2

Second Team

Maynard 2 — Concord 1

The field hockey girls traveled to Concord to play the game of the year. Concord's first team, which won with a 2-1 victory, was obliged to fight every inch of the way, while the second team lost 2-1. This was the first time Concord was scored on this season. The points on the second team were both made by Ann Hinds; while Veronica Krysieniel scored the only point for the first team.

Maynard vs. Dean Academy

November 10, 1947

(At Maynard)

First Team

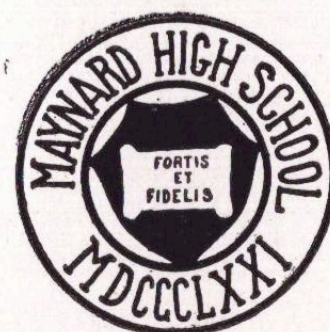
Maynard 2 — Dean 1

Second Team

Maynard 4 — Dean 0

Maynard High played its last field hockey game of the season with Dean Academy at Crowe Park. The Maynard first team came out with a 2-1 victory, while the second team won with a 4-0 victory. The goals on the first team were made by Veronica Krysieniel and Phyllis Blanchette. The second team goals were made by Janet Klemola, Ann Hinds, Helen Nee, and Viola Hakala. This was the hardest fought game of the season, and just about everyone was there to witness the battle.

PHYLLIS BLANCHETTE, '48



The Mailman

Magazines received by Maynard High School:

Mirror — Walham High School, Waltham, Mass.

Argus — Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.

Salemica — New Salem Academy, New Salem, Mass.

Senior — Westerly High School, Westerly, R. I.

Unquity Echo — Milton High School, Milton, Mass.

The Voice — Concord High School, Concord, Mass.

The Thurberettes — South Middlesex Secretarial School, Framingham, Mass.

The Western Graphic — Colorado Woman's College, Denver, Colorado

Lasell Leaves — Lasell Jr. College, Auburndale, Mass.

What we think of others:

Argus — An excellent magazine. Fine literary section.

Lasell Leaves — Very interesting; plenty of variety which makes it good reading.

Unquity Echol — Holds your interest from first page to the very end.

The Thurberettes — Good paper — so good, in fact, that we would suggest making a magazine out of it.

The Western Graphic — Colorado Woman's College, Denver, Colorado.

The Voice — Always interesting. It's good to know what is going on in a neighboring town.

The Western Graphic — Your accounts of activities make us New Englanders "hanker" for a year with you in the West.

What others think of us:

We invite comment — Come, Fellow Scribes, Give!

Excerpts From Exchanges

That Exam

I studied all the afternoon,
And all the night did cram,
For fear that on the morn
I'd fail in my exam.

At twelve I turned the light out
And set the alarm for five,
Hastily threw off my clothes,
Then into my bed did dive.

But alas! for a poor mem'ry
That fails as even mine.
I forget to wind the alarm clock,
And got up at quarter to nine.

I ran with all my might to school,
But just my luck, by Sam!
I forgot all that I had studied,
And failed in my exam!

— *Thanks to Argus*

* * *

Hep Trippers

Prodigy — A child who plays the piano when he ought to be asleep.

A Pipe Cleaner — A hairpin with long underwear.

Morning — The time of day when the rising generation retires and the retiring generation rises.

— *Also Thanx to Argus*

Looking Back

We thought you'd like to know what the *Screech Owl* staff of '27 was doing now, so we sent our Alumnae Reporters on the "hunt."

Below we have assembled the information which they were able to unearth about that group, who in 1927, so bravely launched our beloved OWL on its first flight through M.H.S.

Editor —

Leo F. Mullin — M.H.S., 1928; Fordham University, 1933, B.A.; Boston College, 1940, M.A.; Teacher, M.H.S., 1934-1943; Principal, M.H.S., 1943-1945; Typewriter Salesman, Remington Rand, Boston, 1945-1946; District Sales Manager, Remington Rand, Worcester, August, 1946.

Literary Editor —

Edward Fearn — M.H.S., 1928; Tufts College, 1932; Lever Bros., Chemist, 1932-1942; 1st Lt., U. S. Army, Chemical Warfare, 1942-1945; Lever Bros., Perfume Chemist, 1945. Home, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

Assistant Editors —

Jane Boicourt — M.H.S., 1929; B. U. College of Liberal Arts; European traveler, collector of native costumes.

Salmi Wirkkanen — M.H.S., 1930. Resides in Maynard.

Catherine Coughlin — M.H.S., 1931; B. U. College of Liberal Arts, 1935; Teacher of English, Chelmsford, Massachusetts. Married to Albert Mathers, resides in Connecticut, and has two daughters.

Alumni Editor —

Florence Wilcox — M.H.S., 1928; Attended a Boston business school and held a business position in Boston. Married to John Zapareski and has two children.

Exchanges —

Annie Lehto — M.H.S., 1928; Graduated from Mass. General Hospital. Married to Herbert Ruotsala and resides in Maynard.

Waino Sjoblom — Works for Texas Oil Co., lives in Chelsea. Is married and has one child.

Athletics —

Henry Grandell — Lives in Gardner, Mass.

Albert Connors — Served in U. S. Army. Resides in Maynard.

Helen Nee — M.H.S., 1928. Married to Raymond Connors, has three sons, and is cashier at the Co-Op.

Jokes —

Samuel Bachrach — M.H.S., 1928; University of Maine; Tufts Medical School; Served as Major in U. S. Army and is now practicing medicine in Worcester. Married and has three children.

Department Editors —

Lawrence Lerer — M.H.S., 1928; Dartmouth College; Served in U. S. Army; Science teacher of M.H.S.

Jeanette Johnson — M.H.S., 1928; Business position. Married to Raymond Drechsler and has two daughters.

Hulda Hill — M.H.S., 1928; Business position. Married to Eino Nelson and has one son. Leading figure in Maynard Dramatic circles.

William Niskanen — M.H.S., 1928. Now living in Baltimore, Md., and is radio operator in a trans-Atlantic passenger plane.

Business Managers —

Maurice White — M.H.S., 1948; Mass. University, 1932. Married and living in West Concord.

Samuel Gilman — M.H.S., 1928; Bates College. Now supervising Boston Distilling Co.

Art Editor —

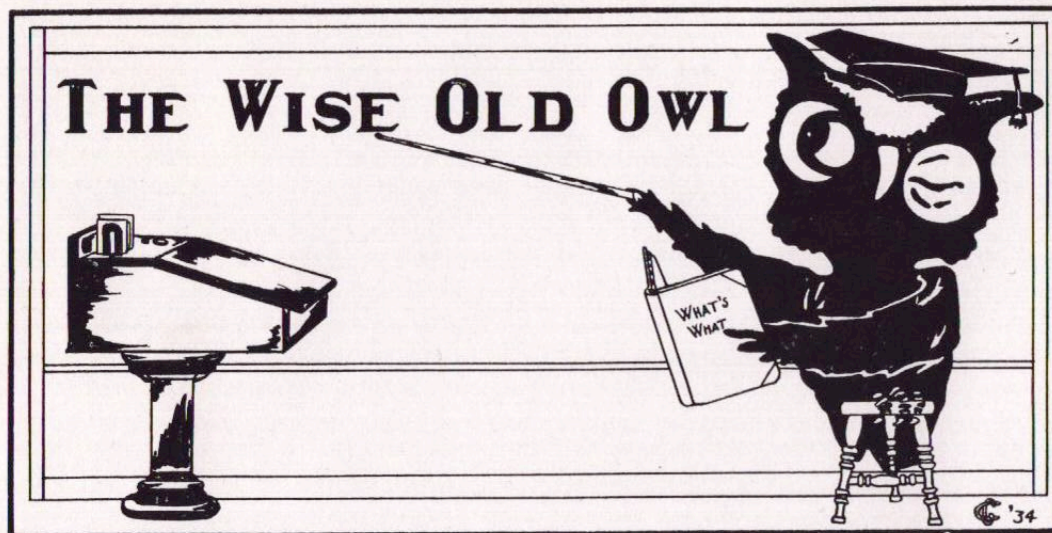
Irma Ryssy — M.H.S., 1928. Married, has one child, and resides in New York.

Adviser —

Mary P. Thompson — Boston University. Now teaching in Fairfield High School, Fairfield, Connecticut.

RACHEL KETO, '50

MARY DEGRAPPA, '49



The Wise Old Owl Would Like To Know:

1. If the Soviet spy, Wjjokloskovski, was discovered in the Maynard backfield stealing signals?
2. Who the cutie is from Concord that J. Swanson has his eye on? Whattsa matter with the Maynard frauleins?
3. Where Murphy and Weckstrom hide?
4. What the bus driver thought of Pat's little dance?
5. With ten attending, were they evenly matched at V. Subick's Halloween Party?
6. If Nellie does a "Fava" for Johnny by sitting out dances with Leo in Acton?
7. What makes Boothroyd send notes to six different "Dotties"?
8. Which brother really is it that Nancy prefers? And what about Aho?
9. If Lorraine Cuddy is the quiet type or if it's just an act?
10. When Kevin will give a little thought to Irene?
11. If it is —— who calls Angus MacTavish, Agnes?
12. What Wheeler rolls up to V. Hakala's house? Maybe a Ford V-8. Eight more payments and it's his.
13. R. Holly is always seen heading toward Concord Street? We know that he isn't interested in the cleaning business.
14. Phyllis's "whee's" can be heard from Maynard to Concord as she drives that new Chevvie. Then we see someone crouched in one corner saying his prayers — could this be Mendy?
15. Hannah can't seem to make up her mind about Neno? "Is she is or is she ain't."
16. What does the N. G. hold for Merrick, Lally, and Johnson?
17. Tut, tut, what's this we hear about C. Novick and Higgins?
18. If anyone objects to Alice and Johnny — objection overruled.
19. Does B—— object to his girl's philanderings with a Sophomore drool-boy?
20. Why everyone always wanted "The Spider" put in a J. V. game? Perhaps he could take the ball and lean over for a touchdown. Or maybe everyone got confused on the field with all the arms and legs!
21. Does Charlie F. as they say in French, have "un amy cherie?"

22. Do you have to be a football hero, Campbell?
23. Why the two Robinson's are always in Hudson — double attraction, fellows?
24. How Gloria chooses her hubba-hubba men?
25. Who buys the gas for Ben's truck so he and Joe can go riding?
26. When the next boat leaves for Yarbeautenda, North West Africa, because M.H.S. will be seeing two passengers off!

VIOLA HYTONEN, '48
 JAMES DUCKWORTH, '49

Foolish Fontleroy's Fictionary

1. Wristaurant — food on the cuff.
2. Locksurious — a nice head of hair.
3. Boritone — a boring baritone.
4. Coach Dog — dog who teaches other dogs.
5. Dressitution — when a woman says she has absolutely nothing to wear.
6. Panicdote — a riotous short story.
7. Kneegotiation — pleasant way of making a deal with a new stenographer.
8. Cokette — a soda-fountain flirt.
9. Farmily — a family who lives on a farm.
10. Wrapscaillon — a hat-check girl in a clip joint.

JOANNE PAANANEN, '50
 VIOLA HYTONEN, '48

Disc Spinnings

- Put That Ring On My Finger — Junior Class.
 I Dream Of You — Elaine Manninen to Tony.
 Gotta Be This Or That — Mary and Eddy.
 We Could Make Such Beautiful Music Together —
 The Orchestra.
 Near You — Ann and Harvy.
 My Buddy — Ogie and Owen.
 Blowing Bubble Gum — Frannie D'Amico.
 It's All Over Now — Alice and Ebbie.

- I'm A Big Girl Now — Mary Siuta.
 That Drummer Man — Guy Ferrerra.
 Something In The Wind — Coming from the
 Chemistry class.
 I'm In The Mood For Love — Tony to Dianne.
 Powerhouse — The football team.
 Patience And Fortitude — The teachers.
 To Each His Own — Lorraine M. to Harry.
 Undecided — Nancy Stalker.
 Two In Love — Lil and Wally.
 After You — C. Novick to David.
 The Sewing Machine — Household Arts.
 Quiet Please — In the classroom.
 Blow, Gabriel, Blow — Eddie D'Amico.
 The Girl That I Marry — Arthur to Jo-an.
 In My Merry Oldsmobile — Priscilla to Tut.

"NORM," '49

Personals

For Sale: One well-used Its-Its. In green, yellow, or blue. For more information, see any field hockey girl.

Personal: Famous M.H.S. artist seeks male model. Meet 8:30 P. M., sixty paces from the top of the Thompson Street Hill. Will wear tantalizing smile.
 Nellie

Visit: The T. N. Tea Room. Hogan's Tea Room is open between aches and pains. Extra fine steaks \$2.00. Fine steaks, \$1.50. Steaks \$1.00. The special blue plate is Egg Foo Young, Egg Foo Middle Age, and Egg Foo Second Childhood. Pete thought the food was expensive, until a chick jumped out of an egg and said, "Cheap! Cheap!"

Lost: One redhead about 5 feet, 2½ inches tall, blue eyes. It's not that I mind getting rid of her, but I promised her parents I'd have her home by midnight. — Red N——.

Notice: Want to learn to polka? A few easy lessons from "Carshev" and his assistant, M. Labowicz, and you'll be whirling around in true polka style.

For Sale: The little Hotsitotsie Hunting Knife. Good for shaving, cutting your throat, and digging out fish hooks. For price see: "Muskrat."

Today's Movies

Campus Theater — Cumfie-slumpie balcony seats. On the screen — nothing. In the balcony — "The Perils of Irene."

The Lively Theater — Featuring lovely Margaret O'Brien Crowe and Butch Greeno Jenkins in "Steppin' Lively." It will keep you moving!

Thriller-Killer-Murder-Movie-House — Thriller of the week! Don't miss Baby Bain Bacall fightin', feudin' and a killin' with the West End Mob. Will she get away from the clutches of Mighty Macy or will he — see "Escape" for the answer. And remember, don't reveal the secret ending. (We don't even know!)

The Palladium — Wherever he went there was a lovely face, a trim ankle and many a swooner. Women would gladly die for him. To find out whom he chose as his leading lady see "I Wonder" starring Valentino Pekkala.

The Opera House — A fine all-symphonic movie with Lily Pons Bumpus. Alone with her vocalizing there is no need for a supporting cast. Of course, we must expect Arthur Godfrey C. to accompany her.

The House of Silence — "Whispering" takes place in the calm of evening of the Public Library. The roles are portrayed by Deborah Murphy Carr as the librarian trying to keep Clark Frazer Gable quiet with the latest novel, "Let's Not Pretend."

Open Air Theater — Two good features with the same stars in each to make it really exceptional. Catherine McLeod Sullivan and Phillip Viola Dorne in "I've Always Loved You" and "Second Chance." It's a "scoop" of a double feature!

VIOLA HYTENEN, '48

Jokes

"It's the little things in life that tell," said a certain M. Bain as she yanked her little sister from under the sofa.

When asked to contribute to this section, Duckworth wrote:

There are to me two kinds of guys
And only two that I despise;
The first I'd really like to slam
The guy who copies my exam.
The other is the dirty skunk,
Who covers his, and let's me flunk.

Janet: Louis, your hair is getting thin.

Louis: Wouldn't I look silly with fat hair.

Greeno to Howes: Kissing a girl nowadays certainly leaves its mark upon a man. But after all, lipstick is something which merely adds flavor and color to an old pastime.

Fraser: I'd like to buy a book.

Clerk: What would you like, something light?

Fraser: It doesn't matter. I have my car with me.

Alice: The other evening at a soiree, I heard a lady say, "Oh, Her! Gee, Gert, she's got ears like steam shovels!" What did she mean by that?

Imelda: Probably because her ears are always picking up dirt.

"Monster" was talking with the boys about football when a lady overheard them. She asked, "And how is the field hockey team this year?" Sharpe answered, "I don't know, I haven't played yet."

Dorothy: My, what beautiful hands you've got. Tell me, after you've cut your nails, do you file them?

Audrey: Oh no, I throw them away.

Roger had just bought a big cigar after the football season was over. In the department store he started to light the cigar. "Didn't you notice the sign?" asked the salesgirl. "What!" exploded Roger, "You sell cigars in here but you prohibit smoking?" The salesgirl smiled sweetly, "We also sell bath towels."

Storekeeper: I want a good, bright boy to work partly indoors and partly outdoors.

Romanowski: What happens if the door closes?

Paul: Did you get hurt when you were on the football eleven?

O'Toole: No, it was when the eleven were on me!

Papa Kangaroo: Ermentrude, where's the baby?

Mama Kangaroo: Oh——, I've had my pocket picked.

"Mischa": That chap over there seems to be worried. I saw him light a cigarette with a terrible frown.

Johnny V.: Didn't he have a match?



In Appreciation To Our Advertisers

The generosity of the following advertisers has helped us in this, as in all previous issues of the *Screch Owl*. We sincerely hope that all members of our school, their families, and other readers of our magazine will show their appreciation by consulting these pages before purchasing.

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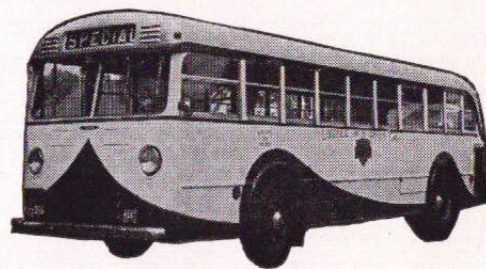
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