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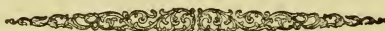
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PUBLISHED TWO TIMES A YEAR  
 BY THE STUDENTS OF MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE, 1945

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**Franklin Delano Roosevelt**



## You'll Remember

They said he was dead—President Roosevelt, our leader, dead. You didn't believe it; you didn't want to. He was the only President you remember, you of this generation who had only half a chance to live. In that time, during peace and war, he became a part of you and your family. You learned to turn to him in confidence and affection. But now he was dead. No, in a sense he wasn't dead. Deep down you know he'll live in the hearts of men of all colors and creeds for generations to come.

You, too, will remember him—remember and thank God. No, you weren't quite old enough to vote or fight, but you knew what it was all about, all this talk of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. You knew, and your heart swelled with pride when they played the Star Spangled Banner and his face flashed on the screen. You knew when you saw him with other great men, planning the winning of the

war and the keeping of the peace. A lump comes in your throat now as you remember. Yes, he was a part of you, and of all the peoples of the world.

In his fireside chats it was as though he were talking to you. He told Dad to build more ships. Mom had to manage her ration points. You all bought bonds and more bonds. He'd tell you about the war news, and it was like telling you about your brother Bill. Oh yes, you remember.

But that's not enough. You'll have to pitch right in harder now. The memory of him and his ideals will lead us into the light of peace, because one day soon we will win. Even though he'll be a world away he'll know then that we did remember and didn't let him down, and we'll know he did not live or die in vain.

VERONICA NOWICK, '48.



## Re-Educating Germany

As our soldiers fought their way through stubborn German resistance, they discovered that this haughty super-race despised them and did everything possible to hinder their progress. This proves that the German people in general were not the poor down-trodden mass that was anxious to get rid of Hitler as we had supposed. Hitler taught them well what he intended them to believe and it will take long, patient years to revise this condition. It has been impressed upon their minds that they are a superior race which cannot be dominated by inferior beings. They think us soft, lazy, and irresponsible. They lie in submission only until another "savior" like Hitler comes to reinstate the Germans to their rightful place in the world—first.

"Educate them," our armchair politicians contend. Who are to be the teachers? If we allow their same teachers to go on, I need not tell you how much Americanism would be taught. "Send over American professors", is the cry. That's another good idea that won't work. The Germans, young and old, resent our interference and would pay no attention to such missionaries unless forced by guns. But that is not our American way of life. Can you imagine *our* children going to school and being forced to learn a new doctrine of life? They would oppose it and would be taught the old way by their parents. So it will be in Germany.

With these two plans invalidated, the outlook seems gloomy, and so it does to our authorities on the subject. The Russians have a

way of educating and influencing great masses of people. Rebellions are few in countries they have occupied, but conditions in those conquered dominions are relatively unknown. If the Russians took over the education problem, that would decrease a large area of influence that we would appreciate having on our side if differences with Russia ever become great. Our greatest hope is to occupy Germany for a number of years, prove to them that our rule is favorable to their best interests, and obtain Germans that sympathize with our ideas, mingling them with our own professors who get along with the German people to make a sound basis of co-operation. Success from this or any other plan will certainly not be instantaneous, but a gradual form of education of young and old will be much more effective. Our press has proved in this country that it can influence great numbers of people. For this reason we should install a powerful German-American press to give the final touch to complete revision of their principles of life and government.

The German press after the last war proved how much it influenced the American people. Poor, desolate Germany was stripped of its only riches and could never hold its head up again. We fell for it last time, but we shall not make that mistake now.

We must take away the war-making facilities but leave the Germans enough resources to maintain a reasonable living standard. Germans must be allowed to operate a navy made up of merchant ships, not war vessels. Regard-

less of any reasons, war materials must not be made by German manufacturers. Any diplomatic troubles should be referred to the World Peace Committees that are formed.

Complicated plans for an eternal peace may be necessary, but education, long the forgotten element in our history, can be the easy way out for improved world relations.

ROGER COMPTON, '45.

\* \* \*

### The Road Back

As peace is not far away, we must begin to prepare ourselves to receive our sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers who have gone through the horrors of war. It is not easy to greet a returned veteran who left whole and is returning physically disabled in some manner. The returning servicemen are eager to get home and begin peace-time jobs again and they need our whole-hearted help. It is up to the sweethearts, wives, and mothers to restore their self-confidence and set them on their feet. They feel self-conscious because of their battle scars, but it is our duty to show them that these do not matter and prepare them to help us build the world of the future, one in which there will be no wars. Many here at home have lost loved ones, but these, too, should and must help our veterans to stand on their own feet once more.

GLORIA NOVICK, '48.

\* \* \*

### Youth Problem

Today's courts are filled with juvenile cases which result from the fact that parents who are working cannot give their children proper care and guidance. Many children are left at home to do as they please. Although they are ex-

pected to take care of themselves, they roam the streets at night, gather at forbidden places, and come in at all hours. This results in lack of sleep, which produces a dull, sluggish feeling the next day. This is one of the principal reasons for poor school work.

Many of the children involved in these cases never dreamed of being delinquents, yet that's just what they are. Take Midge Larsen, for instance, whose story was a tragedy in itself but turned out to be one of the most fortunate things that ever happened. It began when Midge went along with the gang to the Starlight Club, a local roadhouse, for some clean, honest fun, which resulted in a police raid because the owner was selling liquor to minors. Midge, along with all of the others, spent that night under police protection.

Next day at the trial they were questioned, and each was asked why he had gone to a place known to be watched by the law. The answers were all the same: They had nowhere else to go. They told the authorities that they had been wistfully dreaming of some sort of recreational center, but they had no idea how to go about getting one.

After the trial the town's leading citizens held a meeting in the judge's chamber to see what could be done about organizing a teen-age canteen. Many suggestions were offered, and finally, after much serious discussion, it was decided that the best suggestions be taken up with representatives of the "teens". This was done, and in the next few days things started rolling. Everyone pitched in, coming after school on week days and staying all day on Saturday. In two weeks the canteen was finished and the citizens of Redding, U. S. A., were proud of their newly-acquired recreation center. But, still more, they were proud of the fact that their court house was free of juvenile cases.

SOPHIE NOVICK, '48.

# .. . LITERARY .. .

## The Light at Jagged Reefs

It was one of those ancient structures, the type that is so old no one knew just when it was built or who built it. Crumbling slowly but surely, rock by rock, the Jagged Reefs Lighthouse still stood like a sentinel on guard perched precariously on a solid sheet of rock that jutted out of the ocean. It had been vacated three years ago because the fishing smacks no longer brought their loads of fish to the small port of Harwich.

Many tales had circulated among the superstitious fisher folk about Jagged Reefs Lighthouse being haunted. Many times when a Nor'easter lashed the waves of the Atlantic into mighty sheets of water and turbulent whirlpools, more than one fisherman had seen a light from Jagged Reefs flash on and off as if guiding mythical fishing smacks to their home port as it did in the days of old.

This had been going on for many years, but the good fisher-folk were too easygoing and too superstitious to interfere with the supernatural.

Then came the war, and the small coastal town became overnight a busy port with a large naval base. An expedition made up of a demolition squad was sent out to investigate Jagged Reefs Lighthouse. Their orders were to demolish it and survey the small area of rocks to determine whether it could be of any further use in building a lookout tower.

When the party was halfway to its destination, a squall descended with a great rush on the small craft. Instantly the boat was tossed to and fro like a tiny match box caught and trapped in a giant whirlpool. All was lost, for the gale was too strong and the boat capsized and sank.

Out from the depths of the ocean emerged one wretched survivor, who clung desperately to a piece of driftwood. In the distance through the torrential rain he could see faintly the Jagged Reefs Lighthouse looming gaunt and spectre-like above the tempest. With a final spurt of dying energy the lone survivor

pushed on toward the reef. After a few minutes of swimming against the strength of the waves, he attained his goal and pulled himself up with great effort onto rain-soaked rock, immediately lapsing into an exhausted stupor.

The storm let up and night descended. The lone man, still caught in the clutches of a death-like sleep, finally awoke. Too weak to move, he just lay there and gazed into the starry heavens as if thanking God for his deliverance from such a horrible end as had befallen his companions. A cold spray of salt water drenched him to the skin; he became chilled and numb from the cold.

So, with waning strength, he turned on his stomach and commenced to crawl up the rock to the lighthouse. There would be shelter at least from the bone-chilling spray, if not from the biting cold.

As he glanced toward the lighthouse, he realized it was the first time he had had a good look at the famed Jagged Reefs. It was constructed of gray fieldstone and banked with concrete. At intervals of about ten feet could be seen gaping holes that had been presumably at one time windows and at the very top was a huge circular, dome-like piece of which the roof had partly fallen away. When the waves crashed on the rocks, they threw a spray on the sides of the lighthouse, causing the stones to glisten in the pale moonlight. All this together gave Jagged Reefs a very eerie appearance.

The lone survivor was walking now, and he headed for the door that was slightly ajar, swinging back and forth with a creaking noise. Then it happened. Just as he started to push the door open, the whole reef was illuminated by a beam that blinked on and off in the lighthouse tower.

The survivor drew back, alarmed by the sudden brilliance. He crouched down beside a boulder and watched the light as it cast its rays over the ocean. The poor wretch thought at first he was suffering from

hallucinations or feeling the after-effects of his recent experience. Surely he must be going insane, for he knew the lighthouse had been abandoned for years. Why then the mysterious light flashing on and off? In his weakened condition, did he dare investigate this mysterious light or should he wait for a rescue party that was bound to arrive sooner or later? His thoughts were stopped short when he heard a voice, a very curt commanding voice, speaking in a foreign language. The startling realization came to him—it was the German language that he heard. There were Germans in the lighthouse, and they were sending code by the flashes of light from the tower. How many were there? Did he dare to capture them? There was a sudden thud as he slipped and fell on the slippery rock. It was so loud that the Germans overheard and came running out of the lighthouse, fourteen of them all told. As the lone survivor picked himself up, he grabbed for his gun, which he knew was useless because it had been soaked thoroughly by the salt water.

When the Nazis saw a man coming toward them they raised their arms and yelled in broken English, "Ve sarrender, kamerad!" The American, shocked to the extent of speechlessness, just nodded his head in the direction of the nearby lighthouse. The Germans filed through the door and lined up against the wall. Evidently they thought they were going to be shot, for one young sailor yelled, "Don't kill us! Ve vill dell all! Ve surrender, ve your kamerad." The lone American just looked, gritted his teeth, and, keeping one eye plus his gun on the Germans, he commenced to search the room and the rest of the lighthouse.

It was then he discovered that the Nazis were out of provisions and that they had mounted in the tower a powerful light run by small batteries collected from flashlights. Upon further questioning of one of the men, the American learned that the Germans' submarine had been hit about two years ago. The only survivors were those he saw before him. They had been living in the Jagged Reefs Lighthouse

ever since and subsisting on seagulls, fish, rain water, and what provisions they had managed to steal from the fishing village when they formed raiding parties and went ashore. On stormy nights the men turned the light on in the tower and flashed code out to sea, hoping that some German sub or ship would pick it up and rescue them.

Just as the German finished his story, a whistle could be heard in the distance; it was a Coast Guard rescue ship in search of the Navy demolition squad. The lone survivor ordered one of the Germans to flash the tower light on. Upon seeing it, the rescue ship came to investigate and found the American sailor holding the Germans at bay with a useless gun.

As in all happy endings, the hero, who was in this particular story the lone survivor, received a medal, and the mystery of the light at Jagged Reefs Lighthouse was solved.

SHIRLEY BAIN, '45

\* \* \*

### None But the Wandering Mind

The door of the auditorium swung open and in we all flocked, spreading in all directions in order to secure our places. Not particular, of course! Just a certain row, certain seat (by the radiator where it's warm), and by a certain friend. That's not being too particular now, is it? Whoops, somebody just dropped his books in this mad rush. Pick them up, fellers; its your duty. It's a fast moving world, that's sure. It seems that way right now anyway. Is everybody happy? Mr. Mullin has put up his hand, and announced that the Lord's Prayer and salute to the flag will open the daily exercises. It certainly has quieted down! Mr. Mullin is now introducing Doctor Butler from Boston University. He is a neat-looking man of about forty-five years, and has a gray suit on. It looks very good with his black hair. I can hear him distinctly right now. He has a very good speaking voice. I'm laughing because everybody else is, I guess. Laugh and the world laughs with you. Say, does that proverb fit in there?

Stop thinking, Ardelle, and listen to the good advice Doctor Butler is giving you! Funny he doesn't wear glasses. He'd look more like a teacher. I'm laughing again! I feel silly.

"Oh yes, thanks, I'll have a piece of gum."

Poor Doctor Butler is trying to talk, and people are still walking in—students from out of town. He doesn't seem to be getting impatient though. That was funny! He just remarked that something new had been added. I wish that tall girl in front of me would stay on one side of her seat. *Every time* she shifts, I shift to the opposite side. It must look funny to see us all shifting at once all the way up the row.

"No, I didn't go to the show last night. Did you?"

Here come some more students. Poor Doctor Butler.

"Yes, he is interesting."

There is one of those new jackets. I think I'll buy one. They are advertised in Jordan's for \$16.00. I'll have to save \$2.00 more.

Whoops! There goes the bell and Doctor Butler has just sat down. I'm clapping for all I'm worth. Everybody is flocking over me.

"Yes, I thought it was very good."

In fact I thought too much.

ARDELLE KANE, '47

\* \* \*

### Killing of Caesar

While preparing my oration about the passage of a law dealing with sanitation in Rome, little did I realize what a sight I was about to see in the course of a few minutes.

Since I knew of the banishments of Metellus's brother, Publius Cimber, there was no doubt in my mind why Metellus had gone forward to Caesar and had fallen on his knees before him. However, it did bring a question to my mind when both Cassius and Brutus went forth also.

Before another minute had passed, there were seven men standing around Caesar.

In their talking with him, I came to the conclusion that something was wrong.

Then a thought crossed my mind; it was the Ides of March. Terror filled my heart; but then I thought it was silly to be so superstitious. Suddenly I saw Casca rise and rush toward Caesar, followed by the seven others. There was a great deal of confusion, and everything was hidden from my eyes as the white togas of the men blotted out the scene. I rose from my seat, and, to my horror, below the statue of Pompey lay Caesar, lifeless. My mind went blank. I didn't know which way to turn.

After a brief pause, I saw Brutus come before the Senate. He told us not to be alarmed, for Rome had been freed through the death of Caesar.

Upon hearing these words, I left immediately for my home, too shocked to realize that I had witnessed the assassination of a great man.

ALBERT GOODRICH, '47

\* \* \*

### Nothing Will Stop the Army Airforce

The white clouds flashed past a rocket-armed P. 51 as the pilot climbed for altitude, heading toward the sun. The blue sky dotted with white clouds seemed quiescent in the morning sun. On every side of his pursuit ship, bombers and escorts had their nose pointed upward to gain altitude. This flight of planes had been ordered to bomb one of the Jap-held islands in the Pacific Ocean. Radio silence was ordered because they wanted it to be a surprise raid and only in emergencies is the rule broken.

As the planes left the coast and flew out to sea, they were attacked by slick, highly-maneuverable Zeros, with a large red circle painted on each fuselage. The bombers stayed on their course, while the fighters broke formation to engage the enemy. Two Zeros came diving down on Lt. Bob Nolan, who brought up the rear to guard the bombers from a sneak attack, which the Japs use the most.

Small streaks of flame could be seen shooting out of the enemy's wings, and the bullets began to chip Bob's tail. Bob pulled the stick

until it touched his stomach and his plane responded in a looping dive. He pulled out of his dive when he was certain he had shaken the Zeros off his tail, and then climbed for altitude. He got on the tail of one Zero, and when his sights were on it, he squeezed the trigger gently. Smoke came out of the rear of the plane and suddenly it exploded. Everywhere in the sky around him planes were diving, smoking and falling towards the ground.

Bob searched the sky, looking for another victim. Off in the distance he saw a Jap plane heading for its base, and he decided to chase it. A Zero is fast but a P. 51 is much swifter.

Suddenly a thought entered his mind which held him confused for a moment. Where had the Zeros come from? Their nearest base was at least a thousand miles away. There must be a carrier or a small island near here which the Japs were using as a base. Bob decided to trail the Zero.

Fifteen minutes later he saw the plane dive toward the sea. Following closely, he saw spread out over the area Japanese ships of every description, carriers, destroyers, battleships, and troopships—A Jap task-force heading toward the Marianas.

The Japs began shooting at him with their deck guns. He dived at one aircraft carrier and released two rockets, which smashed the flight deck to pieces, shattering two planes on the deck. Diving through the flak again, he released his two bombs. Both of them dropped into the open plane elevator and split the carrier in half. The ship sank slowly and the panicky crew jumped over the side like the rats they were. His heart leaping with joy, he headed for home.

Suddenly his motor sputtered and coughed and he began to lose altitude. He was out of gas, darn the luck. He had been so busy and preoccupied with the Japs that he had forgotten about everything else. Bob skillfully maneuvered his ship into a pancake landing on the rolling sea.

Before he had time to get his life raft, the Jap carrier came alongside and hoisted him to

the deck. A derrick pulled his plane aboard and then two heavily-armed sailors grabbed Bob roughly by the shoulders and pushed him toward the Captain's office. The commander, a slant-eyed, fat little Jap with large buck teeth smiled evilly at Bob and dismissed the guards after they had disarmed him.

"So you are the brash young American who sank our sister carrier. You will pay for that and so will all you Americans. We are going now to attack the Marianas and recapture it. We will not retreat anymore; we shall advance." He laughed loudly and rang for the guards, who seized Bob and took him below to a cell.

Bob was furious and helpless. He paced the small, damp cell trying to figure out a method of escape. All night long Bob racked his brain for some method which would help him to warn the base.

That night the guard brought Bob a bowl of rice and a pitcher of water. Bob watched him like a cat, waiting for a careless move, but the Jap never took his eyes from Bob or his hand away from the butt of his Luger. After the guard left, Bob decided on a plan that was both desperate and dangerous.

The next night he took off his heavy woolen flight jacket and rolled it up in his sleeping blanket. Then he put it on his bunk, took off his heavy boots, and hid behind the door. After what seemed like hours, he heard the footsteps of the guard coming down the hall, then the rattling of the key turning in the lock. He waited tensely as the guard opened the door and peered in cautiously before entering. He placed the food on the floor near the bunk, but as he did so Bob crept up behind him and slammed him on the head with his boot. Quickly picking up the guard's Luger, he crept up the stairs. Ducking in the shadow as two sailors drifted by on night watch, he slid into a cabin at the end of the passage way. As he saw a Jap officer with his back to the door, putting on a flying suit, he crept up behind him and hit him over the head with the barrel of his gun; then he climbed into the flying suit himself and put the goggles over his eyes.

Walking down the passage way, he entered another room.

When he found himself in the magazine room where were stored the bombs and ammunition, he noticed a box of dynamite with long five-minute fuses in it. He placed it between the pile of bombs and after a hasty search found a match and lit the fuse. Then he scurried out of the room out onto the deck where his plane was waiting with its motor idling. They had been using it for scouting American held territory so that the Americans would not suspect anything. Bob climbed into the plane, then two attendants saluted and pulled the chocks from under the wheels. As Bob eased the throttle the plane moved forward, gaining speed every foot. He pulled back on the stick and the fighter shot forward into space, heading for home.

Looking below, he saw a huge flame leap skyward as the carrier exploded into pieces. Laughing with joy, he called headquarters on his radio and warned them of the coming danger.

When Bob landed at his base he gave the whole story to his C. O. What pleased him most was not the promise of a Navy Cross but the morning headlines "Jap Task Force Sunk." He knew then that the Jap captain had been wrong. It was "Tokyo or Bust."

ANTHONY MARIANI, '45

\* \* \*

### Alone

Two soft brown eyes, wistful, pleading, are asking over and over the question, why there is no hand to pat him this morning—no familiar voice to call him to a little rough and tumble game. The friendly armchair is now empty, a vacant place greets him.

For him the sun has fled, the future holds no hopes or joys, the very sky has fallen.

Little he knows or cares that the whole world bows its head in sorrow and weeps, for the world has tumbled down about this tiny creature, as, sad and lonely, little Fala mourns his master.

ETHEL SALONEN, '46.

### Eighteen

Sandy Merrill jumped over the hedge and ran across the lawn, not noticing the flower he had crushed beneath his foot. He leaped over the porch railing, then, letting the screen door slam, was in the house.

Sandy, who was all of eighteen, had just graduated from high school and was working in a downtown store. He was tall, yet it seems only the day before he had been a little boy. A trace of boyishness remained in his sparkling eyes. Sandy was always happy and full of pep.

Today when he came home Mom felt he was almost too happy, as though something he had waited for had happened. She tried to get it out of him at supper, but apparently he didn't want anyone to know. He had eaten a good meal, had asked for a second helping, so she ceased to worry and didn't mention a word to Dad about it.

But something did happen, something he had been waiting for. That night Sandy went to Char's house. Char was the girl who had lived down the street. It was Char who had been his constant companion ever since they were knee high. It was Sandy who gave her her nickname, her real name being Charlotte.

As he walked he recalled the fun they had had and the places they had been together. He chuckled when he recalled the time she cried when he broke her best doll, and then the time he caught the measles from her. Yes, she was the one he would tell first. As he reached her house, he almost ran.

Char was tidying the porch and arranging a bouquet of garden flowers. She looked sweet in a crisp white pinafore, her hair loose over her shoulders and falling in natural curls.

"Hi, Char," Sandy panted, "I've got a surprise for you."

"A surprise?" she asked looking up, her bright eyes filled with wonder and excitement. There was a moment of silence.

"Sandy Merrill, what are you hiding from me?" she demanded. Her voice was eager now.

"Not Sandy Merrill, Char, Aviation Cadet Charles Merrill," Sandy corrected.



"Oh, Sandy!" Her voice shook now.

"Well, that is, nearly. I passed everything. My papers came today. I report in ten days. Isn't it grand, Char? I'll be doing what I've always wanted to. I'll learn to fly a plane!" He tried to squeeze it all in one breath.

Char wasn't looking at him now. Her eyes smarted as she spoke.

"I'm glad you got what you wanted. It's great."

"I wish you'd help me tell Mom and Dad," he said earnestly.

"Of course I will, if you want me to, Sandy," said Char.

Together, holding hands, they went. They'd miss each other, the skating parties, the old swimming hole, and their picnics together. As they walked hand in hand, they weren't just Char and Sandy, but the average boy and girl of their age, all faced with the same problem of waiting and dreaming of tomorrow.

VERONICA NOWICK, '48.

\* \* \*

## The Skunk That Didn't Smell

Samantha T. Skunk was a—skunk. She was a beautiful glossy black except where a broad, snow-white stripe ran from the tip of her nose down her back to the tip of her tail. Her hair was long and silky, her eyes shiny. But in spite of all this, Samantha was bitter against the world. Samantha didn't smell!

Ah! You don't know what bitterness this lack of smell caused Samantha. Samantha was almost entirely friendless except for her mother. Being so lonely, she spent all her time trying to learn how to smell. Samantha had bottles of perfume that made her smell, but not the right way. Samantha ate a lot of onion and garlic that made her smell, but still not the right way.

At last she gave up, said goodbye to her mother, and left home. For years Samantha lived by herself, experimenting, but she did not succeed.

One day she was sitting alone in the woods. At last she became tired, so she got up and walked away. While Samantha was walking

along, a strange odor was wafted on the breeze. She sniffed again, and at last the thought came to her—she smelled!! Joyously she retraced her steps till she came to the spot where she had been sitting. There, wilted and odoriferous, was a crushed skunk cabbage.

Later, after many experiments, Samantha succeeded in concocting a liquid from the skunk cabbage which made her smell. Then happily she set off for home with a gallon jar of her private "joy juice." When she reached home she shouted to her mother, "At last I smell!" and lived happily ever after.

BARBARA PARKER, '47.

\* \* \*

## Fugitive

He didn't have to stand for that kind of treatment, and with a determined tug at his trousers, Melvin set forth doing something about it. By now he was a good two blocks away from home, and each step forward gave him a new sense of freedom, overshadowed, however, by a slight feeling of loneliness. He tugged at his trousers again.

Dad certainly packed a lot of force into that punishment. He'd be sorry, and Mom would be, too; they'd see, he'd show them they couldn't treat him like that!

Twenty minutes passed and Melvin seemed in no haste. In fact he was only a block further, so deep were his thoughts. In the distance he heard the 4:30 train whistle, and realized with dismay that he was getting hungry. Then the flood of memories quickly overpowered those hunger pains.

He thought with satisfaction, "Won't they be sorry when they see me starved to death."

He was near Billy's house now. Billy had been his playmate when they had lived at West 42nd Street.

Suddenly his train of thought was interrupted by the sound of sobbing. There was no one on the street; the sound floated out from the stairs leading down into the garbage alley. He stopped, put his hands in his pockets, and peered into the dimly lit alley. A little curious,

but still hesitant, he slipped into the familiar place. It was Billy, but a tearful, huddled form, so unlike his former pal. At the sound of foot steps, Billy glanced up, recognized him, but said nothing. To Melvin this was somewhat of a surprise. But at four years of age, there was never a great exchange of words, and they sat side by side, united by a touch of sorrow. Through a space of a few minutes, Billy continued his sobbing, now and then lifting his fist, cold and red, to brush away the half-frozen tears. Here was real cause to run away from home; now he'd have company.

He jabbed Billy on the arm. "Wanna run away with me?" No answer.

He sat still and then tried again. "They don't want me, and maybe your Daddy doesn't want you."

Then Billy glanced at Melvin, gulped once, and fairly shouted, "He does so, and I want him, and Daddy has to go away to war and leave us!"

A fresh outburst of tears prevented him from continuing. So Melvin sat and stared at Billy's anguish, and to his four-year-old mind came thoughts of his daddy; not of the whippings, but of the good times they had had together. In his silent company he sought to comfort Billy. His chum felt this, and they sat in the gathering gloom, quiet, two little men of the world.

Then Melvin stood up. "Gotta go now," he muttered. "See you tomorrow."

Partly recovered, Billy answered, "Come in the morning."

Thus they parted, with little said. Their language was one of silent understanding; a steady flow of words wasn't necessary.

Melvin made home in record time, his mind constantly on Billy's sorrow. With a cheerful greeting to his mother and dad, he washed up and presented himself for the evening meal.

Who said anything about running away from home? Best place in the world, and even a four-year-old knows it.

GLADYS NOVICKI, '45.

## Toll of the Sea

The sun was coming up from the east, breaking the dreary darkness with his bright dancing rays. As he looked down, he saw miles and miles of calm peaceful water. It was difficult for him to imagine the tranquil scene below had been an inferno of fury and destruction that lashed and destroyed everything in its reach three days ago. Looking over to the south, he saw the remains of a pleasure yacht; pieces of wood were floating; a scrap of red cloth lay blazing in the morning light, and an empty box tossing gently with the waves completed the scene of destruction. The sea had once more taken its spoil of lives and material.

As he came closer to earth, the sun glanced away to the north to see if the two men who survived the catastrophe still remained on their small, crude raft. One of them was just opening his eyes

"Wake up, Joe!" he cried weakly. His companion did not move. "Might as well let him sleep. There's nothing to stay awake for. I don't mind not having any food, but I want water so badly. We must be near land! We have to be! Oh, wake up, Joe! I have to talk to someone," he yelled as loudly as his parched throat would allow him. Though he shook his friend, Joe remained motionless.

In despair he stood up and looked at the horizon, straining his eyes to pierce the endless expanse of water.

The sun had reached his peak, hurling his fiery rays to earth, but neither man seemed to notice.

The survivor remained erect for a long time, silent and motionless. Suddenly an expression of joy spread over his face. He closed his eyes and looked again and again. Turning quickly, he flung himself beside his sleeping companion.

"Wake up, Joe! We're safe! We're safe!" he exclaimed excitedly, "Look. There is a lighthouse over there." We'll be there in several hours! Wake up!"

Joe didn't stir. He never would again.

Joyous at the sight of the distant lighthouse,

he did not realize what fate had befallen his friend. With every remaining ounce of energy left in his body, he used his own hands for paddles to reach the remote shore. Hour after hour he paddled, getting weaker each moment, but the thought of safety kept him going. Suddenly as it appeared, the lighthouse had vanished. His imagination was playing tricks on him. Thoughts of cold water, delicious foods, and a comfortable bed danced in his mind. These also disappeared quickly. Hopeless and exhausted, he fell upon his dead companion.

The sun was retiring for the night, leaving the sky once again in a coat of darkness.

Hours later the rays of morning were coming up from the east, breaking the dreary darkness with bright dancing beams. As he looked down, the sun could see a young man on a small tramp ship straining his eyes to see the strange object floating about four hundred yards from the boat. Advancing closer, the men made out the figures of two sleeping men upon a small, crude raft. Reaching it as soon as possible, he saw he was too late. Both men were dead.

Old Sol nodded his head wisely and sadly. The sea had once more taken its spoil of human lives.

MARIAN BELL, '45

\* \* \*

### Success

I struggle on and upward to attain the peak  
Of the mountains named "Success" I so tirelessly seek,

The path is rocky, the way is dim,  
My only hope is to have faith in Him.  
No goal is worthier; God's by my side.  
How can I fail with such a guide?

SHIRLEY BAIN, '45

\* \* \*

### For These Things

That I live in a country that is free,  
That our land is a democracy,  
That I do not live across the sea,  
For this I am thankful.

For the birds whose gay songs fill the air,  
For the right to speak freely without a care,  
For the right to join in public prayer,  
For these I am thankful.

For the rivers, lakes, mountains, and hills,  
For the land that the farmer plows and tills,  
For the flowers and trees and all the thrills  
Of living, for these I am thankful.

ANN MARIE MORTON, '47

\* \* \*

### Franklin Delano Roosevelt

I disagreed with his views,  
I argued against him,  
I said I disliked him,  
Why then did I feel my heart sink when I  
heard of his death?

SHIRLEY BAIN, '45

\* \* \*

### Cycle of Life

Birth  
Spring—Life begins anew  
With every tiny bud  
That shoots through  
The earth, to grow to glorious heights,

Childhood  
Summer—Bud grows, stalk forms,  
Flowers; in beauty blooms  
The young plant. Life's storms  
Have yet to hit the young life.

Adult Life  
Fall—Turning leaves  
Of every hue; red, gold,  
Some falling, some piled in eaves,  
Others, still against a fading sky of blue.

Old Age  
Winter—Last bit of life  
Defying North Wind's might,  
Weary plants give up the strife  
For sleep, to rest in eternal night.

ISABELLA KOSKI, '47

### Soldier's Last Dream

He could feel the cold stinging  
His already frost-bitten cheek,  
But he didn't seem to mind it,  
As he peddled his papers each week.

He loved to rake the leaves up  
And gather them in piles,  
For after supper there'd be a bonfire  
That could be seen for many miles.

But the bright leaves of the season  
Didn't escape his mind,  
For he remembered each gay, cheerful one,  
Its particular shape and kind.

But now the scenes were fading,  
The pleasant fall pictures gone,  
As the soldier breathed his last  
On the battlefield at dawn.

PATRICIA HIGGINS, '47

\* \* \*

### An "Appreciation" of English Lit

Miss Field says, "Read your English,  
I won't give much to you;  
Just read from chapter twenty-one  
To chapter twenty-two."

We groan and count the pages,  
Some twenty odd or more,  
And glare, and stare, and shuffle  
Our feet upon the floor.

And then that night at supper,  
We tell our sorrowful tale  
Of how we have to study  
Our English Lit.—or fail.

We put the book before us,  
Skimming through its pages,  
Wondering why English literature  
Has to have so many ages.

We read about King George the 1st, 2nd, or  
3rd,  
I can't remember yet,  
But anyway he—oh, my gosh!  
How quickly I forget!

Finally we struggle through,  
And decide to take a rest,  
But find we only worry  
If tomorrow holds a test.

The next day—you can count on this,  
A test is given out,  
But the questions that she asks  
You don't even remember reading about.

And then a chum of yours decides  
That you should surely know  
That while you slaved alone last night,  
Your boy friend took another to the show.

This helps a lot in thinking,  
Your brain is in a whirl,  
Knowing if you'd gone out last night,  
There'd *be* no other girl.

Suddenly the bell rings out,  
You pass your papers in,  
Hoping against fading hope,  
That your guesses still can win.

No need to say, you flunk the test;  
You studied all in vain;  
You don't know whether to blame the book  
Or just your dim-wit brain.

You hate the world, you hate the school;  
You hate the well-known golden rule;  
You hate the teachers, hate the books;  
Hate the locker with all its books;  
You hate women, you hate men;  
You hate what's coming, you hate what's been;  
You hate the clock upon the shelf;  
But what's worth more, you hate yourself.

SHIRLEY PETERSON, '45

### Should Men Be Rationed?

Gosh, are you kiddin'?  
 All the men that remain are hidden.  
 One or two "4F's" still walk the street.  
 Oh goodness, girls, please do be sweet!  
 Of course there's Hank and then there's Harry,  
 But steer clear, girls; they'll never marry.  
 Rationing men would be quite the thing,  
 For each man thinks "He" is a king.

MARGARET STEWART, '47

\* \* \*

### Did You Ever Buy a Hat?

Did you ever buy a hat—  
 One not too slim, and not too fat,  
 Not too high, and not too low,  
 With a buckle or a bow,  
 Not too dark and not too light,  
 One that looks divine at night,  
 Not too soft and not too stiff,  
 One that gives a girl a lift,  
 Not too expensive nor too cheap,  
 Just one that makes the girls all weep,  
 Not a style old, nor a style new,  
 Just the hat that's made for you?  
 All these could not be better;  
 In fact, they are perfect to the letter.  
 Yes, they're all so cute and dear—  
 But I'll wait until next year.

ROBERTA CARLSON, '47

\* \* \*

### A Fairy Trail

I will tell you a story  
 Of a pre-war day  
 And of a lovely maiden  
 That I met upon the way.

I was traveling to a distant city  
 On a business trip, you understand,  
 But on the side of the macadam  
 Stood a gorgeous girl from fairy land.

Her hair was black as ebony;  
 Such beauty I've never seen.  
 Without another glance I could tell  
 She was my fairy-queen.

I beckoned to her timidly  
 Because I was ashamed  
 To ask her to accompany me,  
 But to my surprise, she came.

The conversation was very light,  
 For I knew not what to say.  
 I only knew from that day on  
 From me she must not stray.

After the miles had piled on high,  
 I made a small request.  
 The trip had truly tired me  
 So I stopped a while to rest.

During my slumber the thunder rumbled  
 And the lightning lit the place.  
 As I wondered at the sight,  
 I felt cool raindrops on my face.

Returning to reality  
 I wiped my eyes and looked around  
 To discover that *the car*  
*Was nowhere to be found.*

The frigid mountain winds  
 Chilled me as I lay  
 In a lonely farmyard  
 On a pile of hay.

I trudged up to the farmhouse  
 To beg a bite to eat,  
 Or at least escape the storm  
 And warm my frosty feet.

I knocked upon the door,  
 But strangely no one replied.  
 I slowly turned the knob  
 And ventured to walk inside.

With some logs and paper  
 A warming fire I quickly built.  
 I put on some old dry clothes  
 And went to sleep in a patchwork quilt.

As dawn came next morning,  
 I realized my plight —  
 My car and my belongings  
 Had been stolen by beautiful Snow White.

With only a few coins of silver  
Left inside my purse,  
I wondered to myself  
If the future could be worse.

I started on my way  
Not caring where to go,  
And within my mind the hatred  
For my Snow White did grow.

How could such a lovely creature  
Do what she did to me?  
I had thought of her as kind  
And full of sincerity.

I tried to chase her from my mind  
As I crossed the plain.  
How I reached that little town  
I never could explain.

I asked for food and work,  
But the answer was always "no."  
How anyone could refuse me that  
I will never know.

As I stood there all alone  
Trying to decide,  
A bright idea suddenly came—  
*Why not suicide?*

I saw a lofty towering cliff  
Above the river below.  
What a convenient place  
If one *has* to go.

As I climbed up to the summit,  
Which seemed so close to heaven,  
I slowly counted one to ten  
But kept on through eleven.

I realized that courage great  
Is necessary for this deed,  
As any soul who has tried it  
Will easily concede.

Suddenly I had jumped!  
I knew not how or where,  
But in very few seconds  
I was sure I *would* care.

I saw a heavenly angel  
Riding on a swan  
Who shyly said, "Wake up, my dear;  
It's time to travel on."

ROGER COMPTON, '45

\* \* \*

### Cigarette

Do You crave?  
Do you desire?  
Do you lack  
And not acquire?

Have you tried?  
Have you looked?  
Have you searched  
In every nook?

Tried a restaurant?  
Tried a store?  
Tried a poolroom?  
Are your feet sore?

Are you bewildered?  
Are you stuck?  
Are you perplexed  
With your bad luck?

Do you grumble?  
Do you groan?  
If you do,  
Then roll your own.

ROGER COMPTON, '47

\* \* \*

### A Recess Lunch

With a sandwich clutched in the right hand  
And some candy in the left,  
We sit there in the corner  
Eating lunch, and are we deft!

For the other starving pupils  
Of our dear old Maynard High  
Are standing around drooling  
Giving *our* lunch the "eye".

We deftly take a bite of this  
 And then a bite of that.  
 But when we take a bite of "this"  
 We must be watching that.  
 We bite, we spit, we snarl, we scream,

We wield a baseball bat,  
 And after our recess is o'er  
 We look like a "sat-on" hat.

Our hair is tousled; our skirt is ripped,  
 And what do we get for this wreck?  
 Why, a crust of bread, and a candy crumb  
 And the teacher on our neck.

THE LUNCH BOX  
 OF ROOM 25.

\* \* \*

### Ernie Pyle

On a distant battlefield  
 A gallant warrior fell

Happy with his buddies  
 In the midst of hell.  
 He wrote of the little guys  
 And each small or usual deed  
 And sent their names back home  
 For their loved-ones to read.  
 He slept with them, marched with them,  
 Ate with them at mess,  
 Laughed with them, suffered with them,  
 Ducked bullets like the rest.  
 The G. I.'s loved him dearly  
 And considered him their brother.  
 He was a regular fellow  
 Unmatched by any other.  
 So let us remember him forever,  
 That beloved soul that's gone.  
 To him pay final tribute  
 While his memory carries on.

By ROGER COMPTON, '45



# SENIOR CLASS ROLL



## Eleanor Amero

Senior Chorus 3.

Eleanor devotes practically all her time writing to a certain flyer. However, this does not interfere with her school work. Her efficiency will be a great asset to any employer.



## Mary Arcieri

*Screech Owl* 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Junior Women's Club 3, 4; Graduation Usher 3; Student Secretary 4; American Legion Auxiliary 3; Class Write-Ups 4; Senior Chorus 4; Graduation Speaker 4.

Dark-haired, petite, and demure are adjectives descriptive of Mary. We don't know much about her, because she is so quiet, but we do know that "Danny Boy" is her favorite song. How about it? Don't keep us in the dark, Mary.



## Shirley Bain

*Screech Owl* 2, 3, 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Field Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Artist 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; All Socials 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Reception Committee 4; Picture Committee 4; Class Prophecy 4; American Legion Auxiliary Essay Award 3; Senior Chorus 4.

There is never a dull moment when Shirley is around. We know she will succeed in whatever she takes up, along with capturing many hearts. Which one is it now, Shirley?



## Marian Bell

*Screech Owl* 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize in Co-op Poster Contest 3; Senior Chorus 4; Senior Class Write-Ups 4; Student Secretary 4; Graduation Speaker 4.

Marian is one of the quiet girls in our class. She has been kind and considerate to all. Her scholastic record has proved that she will be successful. Best wishes for your college days, Marian.

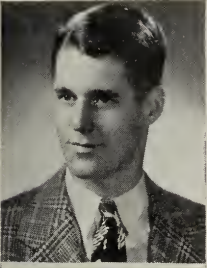


## Caroline Barilone

Senior Chorus 4.

Caroline is a very small girl, but she is full of personality. You can always count on her when you need someone to help you out of a tough place. Lots of luck to a loyal friend.





### Donald Bemis

Radio Club 1, 2; Aviation Club 2; Senior Prom Committee 4; Social Committee 4.

Don's that cheery fellow at Johnson's Pharmacy who keeps you going there. He is well liked by his classmates and always seems to be on the sunny side of life.



### Olga Bobritsky

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

Jolly, good-natured Olga, with a smile for everyone, is one of the nicest girls in the Senior Class. Pretty soon Olga will enter the business world, and if she progresses as fast in her work as she does in school, we know she will make good.



### Rita Boothroyd

Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary 2, 4; Picture Committee 4; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Dramatic Club 3, 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorary Member of Maynard Women's Club; Usher at Graduation 3; Senior Chorus; Student Secretary 4.

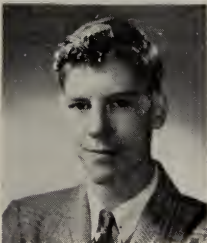
Rita, tall and attractive, is one of the most popular girls in the class. As a secretary, she will be an asset to any office. No matter what direction she takes, right or "Lefty," she will find many friends.



### Ethel Burgess

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

Ethel is one of the friendliest girls in the class. We know she will be a wonderful nurse and will sing many patients to sleep with her lovely voice—but Joe, don't break your leg on purpose.



### Arthur Carbary

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; *Screech Owl* 2, 3, 4; Senior Prom Committee 4; Picture Committee 4; A. A. Social Committee 4; Class Social Committees 1, 3, 4.

Oh, would you like to swing on a star? If you would, ask our sky pilot, Fifi, how. Fifi's certainly our hero, zooming through the heavens while we earthbound creatures look up at him with admiration. He and his pal, Pork, are of those choice few who have a real pilot's license.



### Roger Compton

Intra-Mural Basketball 3; Senior Activities Committee 4; Graduation Speaker 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Dance Committees 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Reception Committee 4; Picture Committee 4; Track 1.

Roger is well known for his ability in writing and acting out amusing assembly programs. Someone on Brooks Street thinks he will make a fine lawyer, and so do we all. His immediate interest is the Navy's Radar Course, in which he is enlisted. He will always be remembered for his intelligence as well as his crazy antics, which have kept us laughing for four years.



### Albert Crowley

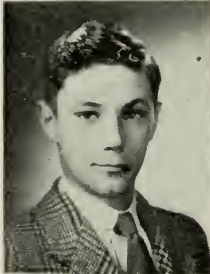
Ever since he entered M. H. S. Al has been a leader of his class and the foremost gridiron favorite in the past four years. We all have great respect for Al, and we know he's tops in the Army also. When he comes back we wouldn't be at all surprised to see a certain Sophomore girl waiting for him.



### Rose D'Agata

Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2; *Screech Owl* 2; Student Secretary 4.

Whenever a giggle rings across the hall, you can be sure it belongs to Rose. This pretty brunette is another of the popular girls. Ask Paul!



### Ronald Dawson

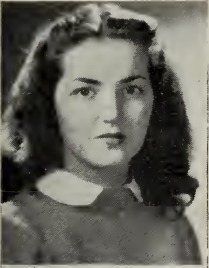
"Ronnie" is a boy who will study when he finds something he likes to do. He is now in the Coast Guard planning for a career as a mechanic. We will not forget his talent for wise "cracks."



### Yolanda DiGrappa

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

Si Si, it is tall, dark, and attractive Senorita DiGrappa. With Yolanda as a Spanish teacher, there will be a great increase in the male Spanish-speaking population of the future. By the way, who gave her six pairs of silk stockings for her birthday?



### Louise Dwinell

*Screech Owl* 1, 2, 4; Art Editor of *Screech Owl* 4; Cheer Leader 4; Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 4; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Chorus; Home Room Artist 4; Class Gifts 4.

Number please? As you lift the receiver, you will hear the pleasant voice of pretty Louise. What line keeps Snookie the busier, Fitchburg or Hudson?



### Josephine Ferrera

Art 1, 2; Music 1, 2, 3, 4; Field Hockey 1; Junior Women's Club 4.

"Jo" is the cheerful, witty member of the Commercial Department who keeps it bright and gay. She wants to obtain a secretarial position where there are "lots of people," especially in a hospital. I wonder why?



### Ann Flaherty

Class Vice President 1; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club Secretary 2, 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Social Committees 1, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Captain 1, 3; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Activities Committee 4.

Well-dressed, gracious, and friendly describe Ann to a "T". She has not decided whether to enter the halls of higher learning or make a career of dramatics. Whichever it is, she's bound to make good. No dashing in the door at the last minute, though, Ann.



### Barbara Gibney

Social Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Prom Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Picture Committee 4; Class Secretary 1, Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Class Night Speaker 4; Senior Girls' Chorus 4; Student Secretary 4; Class Will 4.

Blonde, pretty, and spirited, "Gib" is one of the popular girls of the class, especially with a certain tall "Soph." She has not yet decided whether to become a nurse or a secretary, but we're betting on the latter.



### Rose Hansen

Class Vice-President 2, 3, 4; Field Hockey 1, 2; Captain of Second Team 3; Captain 4; Vice-President of Dramatic Club 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Reception Committee; Social Committees 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus; Basketball 1; Secretary of Home Room 4.

Full of joie de vivre (pep, to you), Rosie has been one of the busy girls at M. H. S. She is going to answer the call for "more nurses." But remember, Rose, you can't sit in the grand stand at Alumni Field and watch your patients at the same time.



### Madelyn Hanson

Basketball 1, 2, 4; Field Hockey 1, 2, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Prom Committee 4; Senior Chorus 4; Picture Committee 4.

There is always a friendly greeting when you drop into Manning's Pharmacy, for who is behind the soda fountain but a witty, genial girl with a sparkle all about her? Madelyn, known to her friends as "Midge," intends to be a nurse. She will surely succeed with her delightful personality.



### Regina Hinds

Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Reception Committee 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Social Committees 3, 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Girls' Chorus 4.

"Jean" was one of the silent girls of the class who suddenly blossomed forth in the last two years, full of spirit. She is another member of the Class of "45" to become an angel of mercy. I'll bet all her mercy will go to a certain Irishman.



### Dorothy Johnson

Junior Women's Club 1, 4; Dramatic Club 1; Senior Chorus 4; Home Room Artist 4.

Tall, blond, sensational—that's Dottie. She may be quiet in school, but she appears to be more talkative outside. Dottie is liked by the girls as well as the boys, which is indeed very rare. All in all, she is a nice person to know.



### Roland Johnson

Student Secretary 4; Graduation Speaker 4.

"Doc" is one of the quieter boys of our class, one who is industrious and on the ball. Keep up the good work and you'll be tops in the clerical world.



### Walter Johnson

Class President 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council President 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Football 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room President 4; Dramatic Club 4; Treasurer 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Band, 1, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Radio Club 1, 2; Gym Exhibition 2, 3; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Prom Committee; All Dance Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; A. A. Social 3, 4; Senior Activities Committee 4; Graduation Honor Speaker 4.

The president of our class is one of the most versatile boys to have passed through the portals of Maynard High in many a year. You're okay, "Mike," and with your various abilities you'll go a long way in whatever field you choose.



### James Killoran

*Screech Owl* 3, Editor 4; Football 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; All Dance Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Class Night Speaker 4; Junior Prom 3; Senior Reception 4; Aviation Club 2; Class Treasurer 3, 4; Home Room Treasurer 4; A. A. Dance 3, 4; Senior Activities Committee 4.

"Killer," as he is known to his legion of friends, is a swell guy. His genial nature and witty remarks make him the center of attention wherever he goes.



### Stella Kulik

Senior Chorus 4.

Being very restless, Stella is hardly ever seen in the same place twice. She is one of the followers of the Acton dances and wouldn't miss them for the world. What's the attraction, Stella? Could it be the sailors who attend?



### Ruth Kytola

Senior Chorus 4; Junior Women's Club 3, 4; Honorary Member of the Maynard Women's Club 4; Dramatic Club 4.

This little blonde is beginning to come out of her shell. We hear she has attended a few of the Acton dances and has made quite a hit. But to us of Maynard High she is still our quiet little Ruthie.



### Edward Lalli

Basketball 3, 4; Student Council 1.

Eddie is one of the more quiet members of the class. His time is taken up at the Raytheon and so his activities are curtailed. Good luck, Eddie, in whatever you do.



### Kathryn Louka

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; Social Committees 2, 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; Class Secretary 3; Vice-President of Home Room 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Secretary 4; Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer of Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3; President of Junior Women's Club 4; Honorary Member of Maynard Women's Club 4; Daughters of American Revolution Good Citizenship Award 4.

Kathryn is one of our more intellectual students, but this does not prevent her from having fun. Kay is liked by everyone who knows her. You'd know that from the long list of honors above.



### Morgan Lydon

"Muggsie" can be seen zooming around in his jalopy 'most any day, although he is more apt to be up around Garfield Street. His mechanical abilities are well-known around Murphy's garage. He will be called into the Navy soon. Happy sailing, Morgia.



### Barbara Marchant

Field Hockey 1; Junior Women's Club 1; Senior Chorus 4; Student Secretary 4; *Screech Owl* 1, 2, 3, 4; Social Committees 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Picture Committee 4; Student Council 3, 4; Vice-President of Student Council 4; President of Home Room 4.

Although Barb's time is pretty well taken up with a certain Sam, this does not interfere with her school life. Whenever this little Miss is around, there's never a dull moment. Barby's laugh is well known in this school.



### Anthony Mariani

Captain, Intra-mural Basketball 4; Football 4; Home Room Treasurer 4; A. A. Social Committee 4.

Tony showed everyone this past year he had a lot of hidden football talent. From the first game to the last, he proved he was the type of material to make a great star on the gridiron. We are mighty proud of him and wish him good luck.



### Mary Moynihan

*Screech Owl* 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Women's Club 2, 3, 4; Graduation Usher 3; Senior Girls' Chorus 4; Student Secretary 4; Senior Class Write-ups 4; Graduation Speaker 4.

Whether it is college or a business career, we all know Mary will make a success of whatever she plans to do. Her pleasing personality, friendliness, and sense of humor make her popular with her school-mates.



### Nancy Novick

Senior Girls' Chorus 4; Student Secretary.

Although Nancy is quite reserved in school, something tells us that she isn't that quiet outside. We were going to mention somebody named H., but war was declared between them. Well, Nan, we hope peace comes very soon.



### Gladys Novicki

Senior Girls' Chorus 4.

Gladys is one of the well-dressed girls of the class, and we're sure she will be a success in whatever office she enters. Where there's Stella, there's Gladys! What's so interesting in Acton? Could it be the dancing?



### Dorothy O'Toole

Junior Women's Club 1; Dramatic Club 1; Senior Girls' Chorus 4.

Dottie, who always has a ready smile for everyone, is a very friendly colleen. Dot thinks Watertown is a wonderful place, but then we know that Eddie has something to do with that. Dot plans to go to college, where we know her friendly disposition will win her new friends.



### Julia Palaima

Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Field Hockey Social Committee 1; Social Committee 4; Senior Girls' Chorus 4; Senior Reception Committee 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Secretary 4; Graduation Speaker 4.

Julia, one of the famous trio of Rose, Rita, and Julia, is always ready to come to your aid. One of the popular girls in the class, as you can see by the above activities, Julia keeps her love life secret, but don't let Julia fool you—she's a smart girl.



### Mary Paul

Junior Women's Club 4; Senior Chorus 4.

Although Mary seems to be a bit on the quiet side in school, her many friends can testify that she is full of fun and enjoys a good time. At present she is mainly interested in "Wally" from Groton.



### Shirley Peterson

Student Council 1; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Dance Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Field Hockey 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; *Screech Owl* 3, 4; Assistant Editor 4; Senior Reception Committee 4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Student Secretary 4; Senior Write-Ups 4; Senior Chorus.

As we can see by her above activities, Shirley is one of the most popular girls in the class. She plans to be a secretary and with her secretarial knowledge and friendly disposition, we know she'll be a great success. At the present time she seems to be mortgaged to a certain senior named "Jim".



### John Piecewicz

Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3; A. A. Social Committee 3, 4.

Johnny is another of the boys who find their interests centered around Hudson. His unsung defensive football playing against "said town" was wonderful. Keep up the old fight, Johnny.



### Albert Poulson

Senior Activities Committee 4; Basketball 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Radio Club 1, 2; Aviation Club 1, 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Reception Committee 4; All Dance Committees 4; A. A. Social Committee 3, 4; Orchestra 1; *Screech Owl* 4.

"Porkie" is one of the two Senior boys who can truthfully say they have soloed in an airplane. When not at the bakery scrubbing pans, Pork can be seen devouring hot fudge sundaes at Manning's. A certain Freshman seems to think that he's O.K., and so do we all.



### Evelyn Russo

Field Hockey 1; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Dramatic Club 2, 4; Senior Chorus 4; Student Secretary 4; Student Council 1; Senior Activities Committee 4.

Evelyn is as gay as a lark, and any laugh you hear in passing the Commercial Room is undoubtedly coming from "Evy." Her friends report that she still has "Gobs of Love for the Navy"—at least for a certain lad named "Bunny."



### Rita Schwenke

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

Witty Rita is the life of any party. Nothing fazes her, and we hope this happy-go-lucky disposition will follow her after graduation.



### Robert Sironen

"Fall in!" "Left face!" "Right face!" is what "Sis" hears, now that he has left us to join the A.S.T.R.P. and is now at Mass. State College learning how to be a good soldier. His ambition to be an aeronautical engineer will be vastly aided by his CAP background.





### Alice Syvanen

*Screech Owl* 4; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman of Junior Women's Club 4; Program Committee 3, 4; Senior Reception Committee; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Field Hockey Social Committee 1; Dance Committees 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4; Student Secretary 4.

Alice's friendly disposition and excellent commercial work should certainly be factors in helping her fulfill her ambition to become a secretary. She is well-liked by all who know her, and her long walk home from the socials seems to be no barrier to some people, inasmuch as Alice is never unescorted.



### Madeline Terrasi

Home Room Secretary 4; Dramatic Club 4; Honorary Member of Maynard Women's Club 4; *Screech Owl* 4; Senior Chorus 4; Student Secretary 4.

Madeline's winning smile makes her a cheerful companion. Besides being friendly with all her classmates, Madeline is a great morale builder; her correspondence with members of the U. S. Army is growing steadily. Madeline's ambition is to become a secretary.



### Norman Wheldon

Football 4.

"Wheldie" is known throughout Maynard, Hudson, and Marlborough for his beautiful, streamlined, maroon limousine decorated by famous artists. He has left us to join the Navy and we know that he will make a swell sailor.



### Richard White

"Did you hear the one about——?" Pete knows more jokes than any other two fellows and you're sure to be having a good time if he is around. His witty, genial, vigorous personality will make him a success in the A.S.T.R.P. and in the future as well.

### Walfred Alto

Walfry was always one of the industrious boys in our class. Although he was busy managing the alleys most of his spare time, he kept his cheerful disposition at all times. In the prime of his high school career he went into the Navy to make all Maynard mighty proud of him.

### Rhuland Burgess

Rhulie is in the Navy, as most of you know, working in the ground crew on an aircraft carrier. He certainly has an exciting career and we wish him lots of luck, but we also hope to see him back in Maynard real soon.

### Frank Downen

"Frankie" left our class long ago to serve Uncle Sam. He is really solid on the downbeat, as he proved when he played for a recent assembly. With his personality and ability to make a piano talk he ought to find it easy to make new friends.

### Richard Higgins

"Dick" is a friend indeed. We certainly missed him when he joined the Navy. Whenever the fight is thickest there you'll see Dick, always with a grin on his face.

### Edward Lawler

"Ebbie" left us at the beginning of the Senior year to join the Navy. Ask any girl if he can dance. The Navy has a swell fellow in him.

### Roland Meister

The most scientific member of our class, studying all the latest inventions and discoveries, was Roland. He is now a combat air-crewman in the Navy.

### Robert Murray

Mooch and Dick were great pals in school. He was well liked by his classmates, who wish him the best of luck while he is away. Although he prides himself in being a woman hater, he is the interest of many an M. H. S. girl.

### Charles Nevala

Super-mechanic at Soco's Garage, Charlie can fix any car on the road, even his own. Most every night he takes his convertible clipper to Hudson and Marlborough, where he seems very interested.

### Raymond Wuorio

Ray is one of Miss Pasakarnis's prize pupils, and his ability at writing is also well known. On the gridiron he makes a smart guard. Ray is quiet around the girls in Maynard, but we hear the Hudson girls know better. The Navy's gain is our loss.

Vantine

Studio

Boston



Photographers

of the

Class of 1945



### August Rogers

The Class of 1945 will always remember August Rogers, whose untimely death in 1943 was a shock to all. His keen mind and fine personality were an inspiration to his many friends.

# Alumni News

The following letter was recently received by a Senior. It was written by Ralph Richardson, a graduate of the class of 1942.

"It is nice of you to tell me all the news. You are one of the few people who can give me a complete news broadcast of the old home town.

"Well, I'm glad this is only my first war, for I'm sure becoming tired of this one. Those that have seen *two* must have tired of it long ago.

"By the way, ask your father if he ever had an army paper called "Yank" in the last war. I'll send you a copy, and you can pass it on to him.

"Speaking of civilians, I once heard a W.A.C. back in New Jersey say about another girl, "Oh she is nothing but a 4-F". Until then, I had wondered why girls wore long finger nails. Now I know. It is so they may claw one another.

"Since your last letter I received the "Screech Owl", and I really enjoyed reading it. Thanks again for sending it to me. Wish I could see all of this year's issues. Yours is the last class that I remember. You were Freshmen then—remember?

"Last week-end I saw "Going My Way." I enjoyed it very much. The Voice will never replace Bing on my list. I have seen it twice, both times out of doors, and it rained. I can just picture myself a few years ago, trying to sit through a rainstorm and mosquitoes watching a movie projected upon a bed sheet tacked on the side of a building. The show stops at least a dozen times during the evening. Twice I have seen mosquitoes stop the show. Both times they made a landing on the projector lens. It is not often that we get such late movies. Only last week I saw a short, "Football Thrills of 1942".

"Not much more I can write about, so until I next write, I'll sign off.

Your old friend,

RALPH."

## Enlistee

Friends of Raymond Wuorio will be interested to know that he is stationed at the naval training center at Sampson, New York. The following excerpts are taken from a letter received by one of the teachers of the M. H. S. faculty.

"It certainly was nice to hear from you and hear the news about all my friends, students and teachers alike.

"Well, one of the main things I want to tell you is my appreciation of the pre-induction math I was taught by you. Neither I nor any other fellow realized at the time that it would be so beneficial to us here in the Navy. It is a great asset in finding Navy time, etc. Everyone who can should by all means take that subject.

"Although I personally can't kick about the way I've been used here by any of the high officials, I would like to say that I hope the teachers in the high school are a lot more lenient to the students than the "gold braids" are to us. Nevertheless, I am still confirmed that the Navy is "TOPS".

"Please remember me to all my friends and I send my best wishes to them all."

Your old student,

"RAY"

\* \* \*

## News From Mass. State

This letter from one of our old classmates was received by one of the Seniors:

"I am writing this from the infirmary, alias hospital. I am in here for doing a silly thing. I jumped out of my upper bunk in my stocking feet and injured the balls of both my feet. Boy, can your feet get sore doing such a thing!

"According to all the latest rumors around here, we're going to be shipped to New York after we have our week off. Mass. State is closing down. All this happened yesterday,

when the commander of the A. S. T. R. P. visited here. He left orders that two of our officers are going overseas and boy, you should hear one of them! He's just raising the roof around here. He moves out the 28th of April, the same day we go home.

"One of the fellows has the radio and one of the songs we had at the Jr. High Graduation is being played. That certainly reminds me of all the good times we had in those days. When we received our diplomas that night, I never thought there would be so many boys from our class gone by the time of our high school graduation. These fellows are fighting so the younger kids will have the privilege of an education. When in high school, all we did was fool, thinking the "stuff" we learn in school would be of no use after you have put on a uniform. Well, after talking to a few of the fellows here, I found out they all regret the fooling they did while in school. They thought all they had to know was how to use a rifle and know how to kill other human beings. It doesn't seem right that we should have to go on killing like that, when we think of all the fellows who have died. However, they died to keep this old world a better place to live in, and to think it took only a few greedy people to start this whole thing. The worst of it all is that the people really responsible for it all are never punished correctly. They should be punished in the same manner they punished others.

"Well, to get off this subject to a certain extent, I'll make the remark that "one thing I earnestly hope is that not too many more young fellows in the high school leave to get into the fight." I know that many of them are not thinking of the future, and the future is the one thing they should be thinking of. War may make heroes of many, but on some unknown island or some little town in Europe, there is a cemetery where many and many a hero lies, never to see his loved ones again. That is one thing the boys thinking of leaving school to become heroes should consider. Another thing is that after this affair is over, the

employers will be asking for a high school diploma, not for a hero's record. Heroes won't count then.

"I don't know how you may take this letter, but you can understand what I mean without further discussion on the subject of war, I think.

As always,

ROBERT (SIS) SIRONEN."

\* \* \*

In the following excerpt from a letter, Marine Tino Di Grappa, a high school graduate, expresses his opinion on Maynard's lack of recreational facilities:

"Say, I guess you kids are doing O. K. in school and social activities. I'll bet that the sleigh ride was very interesting and the teen-agers are raising Cain in town, getting away with it, too. It's too bad that most of the officials of the town will not think of their youth and spend a few thousand dollars for some sort of recreational hall for all the teen-agers. If they would, they wouldn't regret a cent spent. As a matter of fact, I think it would pay back both ways in the end. They could have a little dance floor, a small ice-cream parlor, and a few adjoining recreation rooms where the boys and girls could play ping-pong, bowl, etc. Oh well, why waste energy writing stuff like this. It would take more than a war to snap the people of Maynard out of their little nap.

\* \* \*

### Language Expert

The many friends of Reuben Aromaa will be interested to learn of his progress since his entrance in the army a few years ago.

He attended Carnegie Tech for four months, which was equivalent to two years of college. He made a complete study of German while there. At the end of the course only he and four other fellows out of two thousand graduated.

From there he went to England and studied map-making. After mastering that study, he was sent to Germany, where he is at the present

time. His present job is that of an interpreter in captured towns. He is certainly making use of his talents and his study of German. He holds the rank of first lieutenant now and is playing an important role in World War I. He is one of the many boys from Maynard who have made the old home town proud of its sons.

\* \* \*

Captain Reino R. Grondahl, son of Mr. Oscar F. Grondahl of Holden, Mass., is now stationed at the Great Bend (Kansas) Army Air Field, veteran B-29 operational training base of the Second Air Force, where he has been assigned as Assistant Director of Flying Training.

Prior to his joining the Armed Forces in December, 1941, Captain Grondahl had been a sales representative of the Fram Oil Filter Corporation of Providence, Rhode Island. He is a graduate (1933) of Maynard (Mass.) High School, and of Harvard University, Cambridge,

Mass., where he received a bachelor of science degree in government in 1939.

He recently returned to the United States from the European Theatre of Operations where he earned the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Air Medal with three oak leaf clusters.

\* \* \*

### Another M. H. S. Flier

Cpl. Walter V. Moynihan was recently awarded the Air Medal "for meritorious achievement in aerial flight" while participating in combat missions against the enemy in the Balkans, Northern Italy, and Germany. Cpl. Moynihan is an Aerial Gunner with a veteran B-24 Liberator heavy bombardment group of the 15th Air Force. After graduation from the Maynard High School he entered the Army Air Forces on July 15th, 1943, at Fort Devens and he received his training at Sioux Falls, S. D. and Yuma, Ariz.

Walter, better known as "Walt" to his many friends, is a graduate of the class of '43.





"GONE ARE THE DAYS . . ."



"WHEN OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY"

# Organizations

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### Assistant Editor

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### Business Manager

PAUL STEIN

### Assistant Business Managers

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RAYMOND VAN VORSE

### Alumni

MARY MOYNIHAN

MARY ARCIERI

### Exchanges

ELINOR CASE

### Activities

HELEN KETOLA

SHIRLEY WECKSTROM

### Wise Old Owl and Jokes

SHIRLEY BAIN

WALTER JOHNSON

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SHIRLEY SPENCE

### Faculty Adviser

VENA B. FIELD





SCREECH OWL STAFF



STUDENT COUNCIL

**Junior Women's Club***Seniors*

Mary Arcieri  
 Shirley Bain  
 Marion Bell  
 Rita Boothroyd  
 Ethel Burgess  
 Yolanda DiGrappa  
 Rose D'Agata  
 Ann Flaherty  
 Barbara Gibney  
 Madelyn Hanson  
 Rose Hansen  
 Regina Hinds  
 Dorothy Johnson  
 Ruth Kytola  
 Kathryn Louka  
 Mary Moynihan  
 Julia Palaima  
 Mary Paul  
 Shirley Peterson  
 Rita Schwenke  
 Alice Syvanen

*Juniors*

Eileen Bell  
 Elizabeth Brown  
 Elaine Clark  
 Joanne Columbo  
 Rita Creighton  
 Irene Dargiewicz  
 Sylvia DiGrappa  
 Ella Eklund  
 Jean Erickson  
 Eileen Fairbanks  
 Nancy Gentsch  
 Mary Kaziukonis  
 Helen Ketola  
 Alice Laskowski  
 Ann Lent  
 Elaine Levine  
 Mildred Mark  
 Clara Napolitano  
 Barbara Olsen  
 Barbara Puffer  
 Ethel Salonen

Kathleen Sawyer  
 Stella Staszewski  
 Shirley Spence  
 Shirley Weckstrom  
 Julia Wehkoja  
 Mary White  
 Nancy Whitney

*Sophomores*

Helen Arcisz  
 Irene Bakun  
 Dorothy Boothroyd  
 Roberta Carlson  
 Elinor Case  
 Luda Chutoransky  
 Marcella Dintino  
 Doris Dionne  
 Barbara Grigas  
 Bernice Hamilton  
 Arline Harwood  
 Vivian Helander  
 Patricia Higgins  
 Mildred Hill  
 Joyce Hinds  
 Elizabeth Jones  
 Ardelle Kane  
 Isabelle Koski  
 Doris Kytola  
 Annette Mariano  
 Mary McCarthy  
 Lena Messier  
 Ann Marie Morton  
 Marie Porazzo  
 Barbara Parker  
 Mary Schwenke  
 Ann Sharpe  
 Stella Slabysz  
 Margaret Stewart  
 Mary Taryma  
 Teresa White  
 Constance Whitney

*Freshmen*

Rita Anelons  
 Marilyn Bain

Pauline Boeske  
 Phyllis Blanchette  
 Barbara Bowse  
 Dorothy Chernak  
 Nellie Chodynicky  
 Gertrude Christiansen  
 Mary Corey  
 Margaret Crowe  
 Jane Dockerty  
 Virginia Duckworth  
 Barbara Hansen  
 Hannah Hanson  
 Viola Hytonen  
 Janet Klemola  
 Esther Koponen  
 Alice Koskela  
 Joan LeSage  
 Veronica Krysiemiel  
 Imelda Louka  
 Caroline Miller  
 Patricia Murphy  
 Sophie Novick  
 Veronica Nowick  
 Audrey Olsen  
 Jean Puffer  
 Diane Stalker  
 Jean Stein  
 Evelyn Walsh  
 Shirley Wilcox  
 Ann Zaniewski

**Personality Plus**

That's the Junior Woman's Club of Maynard High School! Ever since its inception in November, 1940, it has been a popular club for the high school girls.

Much of this success is due to Mrs. Mary Carr Baker, Public Health Education Worker of the State Board of Health, who comes to us each year with an always timely reminder of what "Pep, Poise, and Personality" mean in the life of an adolescent girl.

Other popular lectures during the five and a half years of its existence have been by our superintendent, Miss Doyle; our principal, Mr. Mullin; our school authority on attractive dancing, Miss Wilson; our own alumna and beauty culturist, Mrs. Michael Zwirbla; Maynard's famous book-reviewer, Mrs. Carl Stockbridge; Mrs. Moffat, Dean of Girls at Arlington High School; Mr. John McGrail of the State Board of Education; and Mrs. Dunbar, Director of the Boston Katharine Gibbs School.

Skating parties, scavenger hunts, and initiation stunts have been enjoyed by the girls. The club gratefully remembers Mrs. Lawson, mother of our former genial physical education instructor, for so graciously allowing us the use of her cottage at Lake Boone.

Members of the club attended the opera, "Madame Butterfly" in 1941 and "Faust" in

1942. Our attempts to get tickets since then have been unsuccessful, but each year we hope again.

Miss Ruby Hamlin and S'Sgt. William H. Reynolds contributed much to our understanding and appreciation of these operas.

"Enterprising Oswald," "A Girl for Gilbert," and "Cold Water and Cash" hold pleasant memories for both the casts producing these plays and the club members who were privileged to see them.

The Club is glad to express its appreciation of

the fashion shows it has enjoyed through the courtesy of Mrs. Lerer of the Maynard Fashion Shop.

The annual Christmas dance is a highlight of the club activities. So, too, is the annual May supper, made possible by the willingness of our very popular Miss Sawutz to think of rationless menus and to give so much of her time helping us prepare them.

We know the future holds many enjoyable hours for future members of Maynard High School's Junior Woman's Club.



JUNIOR WOMEN'S CLUB OFFICERS

**SENIOR SUPERLATIVES**

**BOY**

**GIRL**

1. Best All-round .....	Albert Crowley	{ Rose Hansen Rita Boothroyd
2. Best Dancer .....	Edward Lawler	Shirley Peterson
3. Best Dressed .....	Walter Johnson	Ann Flaherty
4. Best Looking .....	James Killoran	Louise Dwinell
5. Best Natured .....	Albert Poulson	Barbara Marchant
6. Most Popular .....	James Killoran	Rose Hansen
7. Most Intellectual .....	{ Roger Compton Walter Johnson	{ Mary Arcieri Katherine Louka
8. Most Original .....	Raymond Wuorio	Louise Dwinell
9. Most Athletic .....	Albert Crowley	Rose D'Agata
10. Most Courteous .....	Edward Lalli	Regina Hinds
11. Most Likely to Succeed .....	{ Roger Compton Walter Johnson	Katherine Louka
12. Friendliest .....	Arthur Carbary	Barbara Marchant
13. Done Most for Class .....	Walter Johnson	Rita Boothroyd

**BOY OR GIRL**

14. Class Wolf .....	James Killoran
15. Class Glamor Gal .....	Louise Dwinell
17. Class Wit .....	Roger Compton
18. Class Bluff .....	Rose Hansen
19. Class Artist .....	Shirley Bain, Louise Dwinell
20. Class Gossip .....	Barbara Gibney
21. Class Note-writer .....	Shirley Peterson
22. Class Jitterbug .....	Rose D'Agata

**CLASS FAVORITE**

1. Songs .....	I Wanna Get Married, Don't Fence Me In
2. Radio Program .....	9:20 Club
3. Dance .....	Waltz
4. Sport .....	Football
5. Social Event .....	School Dances
6. Orchestra .....	Harry James
7. Actor, Actress (Movie) .....	June Allyson, Van Johnson
8. Personality (Radio) .....	Bob Hope
9. Pianist .....	Frank Downen

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS AND FACULTY ADVISER



WALTER JOHNSON  
*President*



ROSE HANSEN  
*Vice-President*

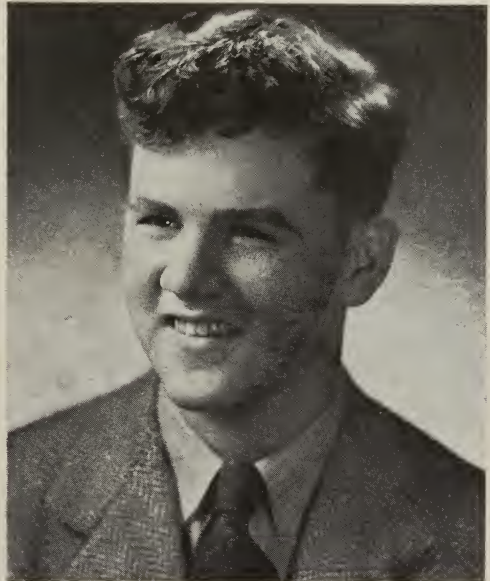


MISS RUTH WILSON  
*Faculty Adviser*

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

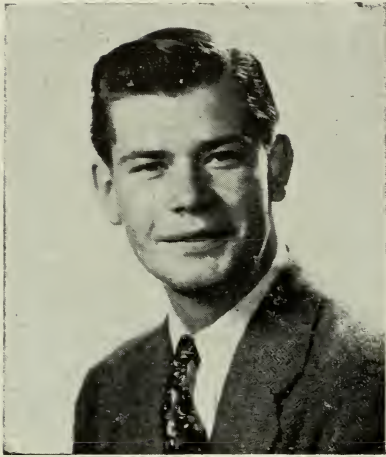


RITA BOOTHROYD  
*Secretary*



JAMES KILLORAN  
*Treasurer*

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS AND FACULTY ADVISER



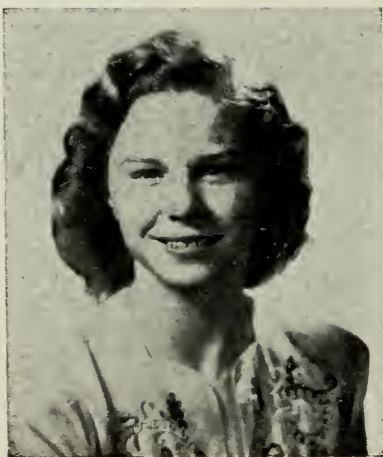
ALBERT ROGERS  
*President*



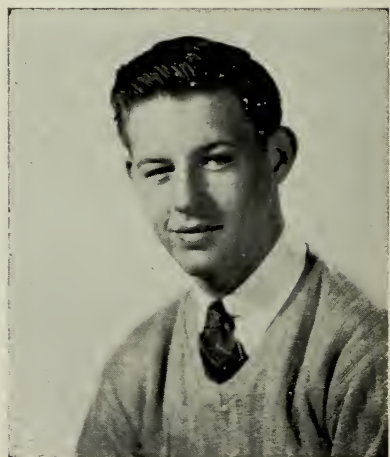
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*Faculty Adviser*

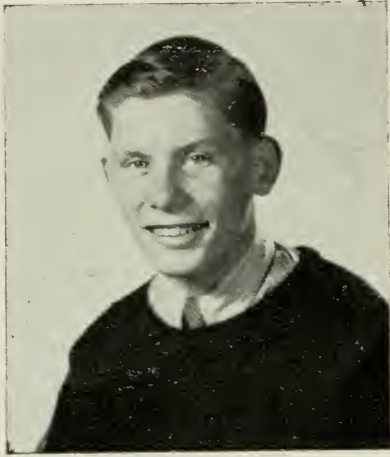


PATRICIA HIGGINS  
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MISS MARY COLEMAN  
*Faculty Adviser*



ALICE KOSKELA  
*Secretary*



RICHARD SPENCE  
*Treasurer*



## New Physical Director

Mr. Francis Burke was appointed Physical Education Director to succeed Mr. Lawson. He was studying physical education at Boston University when the war broke out. Entering the Army Air Corps, Mr. Burke became a bombardier, with officer's rank, serving in that capacity until he was given a medical discharge. We wish him the best of luck and hope to see Maynard develop winning baseball and football teams under his direction.

\* \* \*

## Wearers of the M for 1944-1945

### *Basketball*

Walter Johnson  
 Fred Wasiluik  
 Albert Tomyl  
 Edward Lalli  
 Robert Jones  
 William Bain  
 John Veracka  
 Victor Oskirka  
 Mickael Popienuck  
 Arthur Carbarly  
 George Luker  
 Carlo Mariani

### *Baseball (1944)*

Walter Johnson  
 Albert Rogers  
 Robert Jones  
 Fred Wasiluik  
 George Howes  
 William Bain  
 Edward Allard  
 Arthur Freeman

### *Football*

Walter Johnson  
 Fred Wasiluik  
 Albert Tomyl  
 Albert Crowley (Capt.)  
 Robert Jones  
 John Piecewicz  
 James Killoran  
 Anthony Mariani  
 Raymond Wuorio  
 Arthur Wheldon  
 Albert Rogers  
 Paul Stein  
 George Luker  
 Carlo Mariani  
 Charles Higgins  
 Vincent Russo  
 Edgar Olsen  
 Henry Wolik  
 Albert Poulson  
 Anthony Cutaia

## Girls' Athletics

Not because of lack of interest in basketball but because of afternoon employment interfering with the game there was no girls' basketball.

The girls were so determined that they even attempted a game at the beginning of the season, but lost to Weston by a discouraging score.

It could have been a successful year if work hadn't prevented practice.

## M's

### Field Hockey

Rose Hansen	Charlotte Lehto
Shirley Bain	Eileen Bell
Julia Palaima	Helen Arcisz
Rose D'Agata	Mary Kazuikonis
Alice Syvanen	Nancy Gentsch
Florence Croft	Joanne Colombo
Julia Wehkoja	Bernice Hamilton
Constance Whitney	Patricia Higgins
Doris Dionne	Roberta Carlson
Helen Palaima	Isabella Koski
Teresa White	Joan LeSage
	Shirley Peterson

## M's

### Cheerleaders

Helen Arcisz	Patricia Higgins
Nancy Gentsch	Phyllis Blanchette
Shirley Bain	Doris Dionne
Louise Dwinell	Elizabeth Jones
Shirley Weckstrom	Rose D'Agata

### Gym For Girls

For the first time in the history of Maynard High School, the girls have a gym teacher. However, she was worth waiting for. Miss Polly Humphreys, graduate of the Bouve School of Physical Education and now completing her studies at Tufts College, instructs the girls twice a week. Red-haired and dynamic, Miss Humphreys does wonders with her classes in spite of the fact that she is handicapped by our cracker-box of a gymnasium.

Perhaps this isn't the place to mention the subject, but I believe it is up to the townspeople to provide us with a better place in which to practice our sports and games. Let us give Maynard some winning teams!

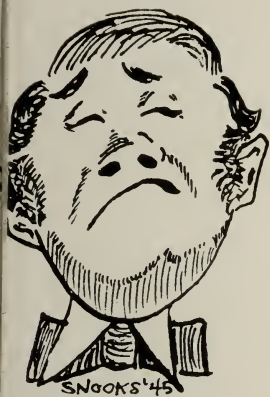
\* \* \*

### Coach Lawson In Navy

Maynard High lost a popular coach this year when Richard "Dick" Lawson left to join the Navy. The students will not forget his friendly manner and vigorous personality.



BASKETBALL TEAM



# THE Social Register —400—



## January Assembly

The new year was started off the right way with the assembly given by Miss Field. Helen Arcisz, Mistress of Ceremonies, introduced Father Time, who happened to be Leo Linteri. The program took the form of flashbacks from the year 1944.

Poems were recited by Robert Burgess and Francis McCarthy, while Vincent Russo played a few selections on the accordion. Also, "Don't Fence Me in," sung by some of the Sophomore boys, seemed to get quite a laugh.

New talent was discovered when Tony "Muscles" Cutaia took the part of the blushing "L'il Abner." "Porky" Poulson was "Mammy Yokum" and Shirley Weckstrom was "Daisy Mae", who really provided a surprise ending for the little skit.

The program came to a close as Marilyn Bain spoke in her role of "Miss 1945." The whole group sang "Accentuate the Positive" as a final selection.

\* \* \*

## March Assemblies

Quite a novel idea was the March Assembly, written by Walter Johnson and Roger Compton and under the direction of Mr. Manty.

Donald Bemis, a tired war worker, came home from his job at the airplane factory and tuned in on the radio. What he received was certainly a surprise. The program was sponsored by "Cough" Cigarettes with "Mike" and Roger as Masters of Ceremonies.

Albert Poulson and Arthur Carbury provided the jokes, and (surprisingly enough) they *were-n't* corny. Eddie Allard made a unique entrance on a tricycle with a messenger's cap eight sizes too big. "Pistol Packin' Mama" sung by the Andrew Sisters (Jimmy Killoran, Porky Poulson, Arthur Carbury) and Bing Crosby (Eddie Allard) really brought down the house.

Funnier still was the sound of the "Gong". Poulson, on the receiving end, didn't think it was so funny, but everyone else agreed that the assembly was strictly "superlative!"

\* \* \*

Miss Coleman directed one of the year's most delightful assemblies, which was held in March.

The entertainment was in the form of the old-time silent movies and was entitled, "And the Lamp Went Out."

### The Cast:

Eileen Fairbanks .....The heroine  
Edward Allard .....The hero  
Albert Rogers .....The villain  
Ethel Salonen .....The heroine's mother  
Shirley Weckstrom .....The narrator

The sound effects and properties, taken care of by Paul Stein, were hilarious, and provoked much laughter from the delighted audience.

Miss Coleman must be complimented for a program that shall not soon be forgotten.

## Sophomore Party

Under the new plan of home room government and entertainment, the Sophomores undertook their first party.

This took place in the auditorium with Miss Marsden as the chaperone. The evening got under way with dancing, games, and refreshments. Incidentally, the refreshments were especially noteworthy, as there was *more* than enough for every one.

The party proved to be very successful, and the Sophomores hope to have another one some time in the future.

\* \* \*

## A. A. Social

The dance most looked forward to during the year finally arrived! The A. A. Dance, run by Coach Lawson and all students engaged in sports, was as big a success as ever.

It was in the form of a Winter Social, and the point of interest was the decorations. On each panel, under the lights, was a large picture of a football player and a player's name on each. There was a mad scramble at the end of the evening when all the girls tried to procure a picture of their favorite player.

Lively music and delightful refreshments insured a good time for everyone. Hence, another goal achieved by the sports of M. H. S.

\* \* \*

## Senior Prom

Because of the number of Senior boys entering the service, the Senior Promenade was held on February 12, this year. The Grand March was omitted, as the early date left little time for rehearsal.

The auditorium was festively decorated with red and white crepe paper hearts and other indications of Valentine's Day. Refreshments of tonic and cup cakes, were served at intermission. The music was furnished by Ken Reeves' Orchestra.

The committee, under the direction of the

class adviser, Miss Wilson, was composed of the following:

Walter Johnson	Rose Hanson
James Killoran	Rita Boothroyd
Albert Crowley	Shirley Peterson
Roger Compton	Shirley Bain
Arthur Carbary	Regina Hinds
Donald Bemis	Barbara Gibney
Morgan Lydon	Alice Syvanen
Albert Poulson	Julia Palaima

\* \* \*

## Freshman Home Room Party

The entire Freshman class met for a party in the auditorium on Friday evening, February 16, 1945. The Senior Reception decorations remained up for the affair.

Miss Coleman and Miss Butterworth were the patronesses.

As usual, the peppy Freshmen made merry in a big way.

\* \* \*

## Senior Spring Social

The Seniors held the first spring social following the Lenten period on April 6. Tombrino's Orchestra provided the music.

The spring decorations were light and gay in pastel shades. Green Spot and cup cakes were served at intermission.

The patronesses were Miss Wilson and Miss Butterworth.

The committee, directed by Miss Wilson, was composed of the following seniors.

Walter Johnson	Rose Hanson
James Killoran	Shirley Bain
Arthur Carbary	Barbara Gibney
Albert Poulson	Shirley Peterson
Roger Compton	Regina Hinds

\* \* \*

## Junior Prom

June 1st is the date set for the Juniors' first formal dance. The class colors, green and white, and the class flower, pink carnation, will

provide foundation for the decorations.

Boston's favorite orchestra for formal affairs, Chappy Arnold's, is to provide the music.

The committee consists of the following:

Albert Rogers	Shirley Spence
Albert Hodgess	Helen Ketola
Stanley Kulik	Mildred Mark
Robert Jones	Judy Wekkoja
Edward Allard	Irene Daigiewcz
George Sharpe	Mary Kaziukonis
August Pazaricky	Stella Stazewski
Paul Stein	Shirley Weckstrom

Miss Winchenbaugh, the class adviser, has charge of the Prom.

\* \* \*

### Vocational Guidance Day

On Monday, February 5, an excited buzz issued from the room at the top of the boys' stairway in Maynard High School. On entering the room one was almost overwhelmed by the confusion. Students rushed from one group of their fellow classmates to another, discussing the coming event. This scene was, no doubt, duplicated all over the building. Suddenly a bell shrilled in the corridor. Instantly twenty-nine people rose as one, and dashed toward the door. The stampede down the stairs was forced into a mere crawl, while three or four students tried to crowd through an ordinary doorway. After the snarls were untangled, approximately two hundred pupils filed into the assembly hall, accompanied by the music of shuffling feet and creaking chairs. The din quieted somewhat when our principal introduced our opening speaker. Perhaps the following minutes, during which the morning prayer was given, were the only completely silent moments in the entire day. This, then, was the beginning of Vocational Guidance Day.

The next speaker was Mr. Butler of Boston University. Mr. Butler illustrated his talk, which was about our vocational opportunities in the postwar world, with amusing incidents from his experiences. However, this interesting, informal discussion was marred by the creaking and banging of chairs by thoughtless

late-comers in the rear of the hall. After Mr. Butler's talk, we heard discussions of nursing, teaching, engineering, hair-dressing, and army and navy careers. Though these various talks gave us much to think of in the next few days, my most vivid memory of Monday, February 5, Vocational Guidance Day at Maynard High, was not of the day information was imparted to us about teaching or engineering, but of the exciting change in the dull routine of school.

\* \* \*

### School and Home Day

On April 16, 1945, the parents of the school children were invited to visit the various buildings to inspect the work done by the pupils.

In the high school the visitors observed the art students at work on various projects. Articles made by the manual arts classes were displayed in the lower corridor. Each home room featured a table correctly set for breakfast, dinner, or tea, the day's project in guidance. All rooms of all school buildings were open to visitors from 5:30 to 7:00 P. M.

At 7:30 the following program was presented in the George Washington Auditorium:

"Star Spangled Banner"

Audience and Orchestra

Selections:

"Carolina Moon" Girls' Chorus

"Kentucky Babe" High School

"Glow Worm"

Dance: "Partner Come" Grades Four and Five

"Four in a Boat" Coolidge School

Poem: "Concord Hymn"

David Laskowsky, Coolidge School

Rhythm Band: "La Czarine"

Grades One, Two, and Three,

"Valse Blue"

Roosevelt School

Poem: "We Need a Few More Optimists"

Joan Sokolowski,

Coolidge School

Poem: "Johnny's Hist'ry Lesson"

Robert Larson,

Coolidge School

Play: "America"  
 Grades Seven and Eight,  
 Junior High School  
 Speaker—Subject: "School and Home Relationships"  
 Miss Katharine McDonnell  
 Assistant Superintendent, Boston Public Schools  
 Selection: "God Bless America"  
 Audience and Orchestra

The number of parents who availed themselves of this opportunity to become acquainted with the progress made by the pupils was very gratifying. School is the product of unity between the home and civil government and, as such, cannot be ignored by those no longer attending.

## ...Exchanges...

Magazines Received by Maynard High School:  
*The Argus*—Gardner High School—Gardner, Massachusetts  
*The Distaff*—Girls' High School—Boston, Massachusetts  
*The Unquity Echo*—Milton High School—Milton, Massachusetts  
*Thesaurus*—Manchester High School West—Manchester, New Hampshire  
*Canary and Blue*—Allentown High School—Allentown, Pennsylvania  
*The Salemica*—New Salem Academy—New Salem, Massachusetts

*The Unquity Echo*, Milton High School, Milton, Massachusetts

Your magazine has very interesting cartoons and written material. We liked especially "The Newspaper" by Theo Hussey. Very well written.

*Thesaurus*, Manchester High School West, Manchester, New Hampshire

Your "Jive 'n' Stuff" is certainly right in the groove, appreciated by all hep cats. All in all, a very well-edited magazine.

*Canary and Blue*, Allentown High School, Allentown, Pennsylvania

We wish to compliment you on your cover designs. Your Humor Department is clever also.

*The Salemica*, New Salem Academy, New Salem, Massachusetts

Your memorial issue was an excellent idea. The character sketches and illustrations were very original also.

WHAT WE THINK OF OTHERS  
*The Argus*, Gardner High School, Gardner, Massachusetts

An excellent editorial department. "Liberty in Law" by Irene Freedman was well worth reading. Donald Eacmen deserves a compliment for "Catastrophe Himself." Very amusing.

*The Distaff*, Girls High School, Boston, Massachusetts

We envy you your Fashion and Etiquette Department. Sometimes we wish we weren't co-ed. The "Interviews" are an interesting feature, too.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US

*The Argus*, Gardner High School, Gardner, Massachusetts

*The Screech Owl*:

Cover—Not very distinctive.

Literary—Lots of good stories and poems.



Sports—Photographs excellent. Like especially action shots.

Activities—Liked pictures here, too.

Humor—Great many good jokes.

*The Salemica, New Salem Academy, Salem, Massachusetts*

*The Screech Owl:*

A well edited book. Excellent poetry throughout the book.

*The Distaff, Girls' High School, Boston, Massachusetts*

*The Screech Owl:*

#### AN EXCURSION TO OTHER BUILDINGS

Let's hop up to Maynard, Mass., for a quick view of a real up-to-date high school. I wonder if we should like to have a co-ed graduating class of only sixty-five, or do we prefer our huge classes of over four hundred?

"The Screech Owl," Maynard's own magazine, tells of Mardi-Gras and socials held in the beautiful auditorium with attractive decorations to put you in a festive mood. Stop and take a breath, for it is the hall of all halls.

While we are here, let's meet a few of the versatile scholars. We note a few bicycles parked outside and there are a few stragglers trying to "make it" before the last bell. Is that the basketball team working out in the gym? What a team for co-operation and swiftness. Isn't that Anne Chodynicky who wrote that inspiring article called "And Now Tomorrow?" She realizes that we of the present generation have tomorrow to live for, to carry out the hopes of the world, and battle the disappointments that we are destined to meet.

#### EXCERPTS FROM EXCHANGES:

Teacher: I want you to explain this examination paper. Why do you have all your answers in quotation marks?

Student: Just a bit of courtesy to the fellow seated at my left, that's all.

*The Salemica*

Mrs. Brown: That's the sweetest boy at the hotel desk.

Mr. Brown: Why, what did he do?

Mrs. Brown: He wrote "Suite 16" after my name.

*The Argus*

When Johnny went to see his girl friend, he apparently wasn't conscious of the time. At about 12:15 the girl's father just couldn't stand it any longer. He burst in the room and shouted, "My dear young man, are you going to stay all night?"

The young man replied, "I'd like to, sir, but I'll have to call my mother."

Virginia Meehan  
*Thesaurus*

"Doctor, come quickly—my little son has swallowed my fountain pen."

"I'll be right over, but what are you doing in the meantime?"

"Using my pencil."

*The Argus*

"Was your friend shocked by the death of his mother-in-law?"

"Shocked? He was electrocuted."

*The Argus*

Nosey: What's your business?

Rosie: Private attendant.

Nosey: To what do you attend?

Rosie: My own business.

*The Argus*

# .. Jest in Fun..

## Der Last Gaspo of Der Gestapo

Setting: Gestapo Headquarters, Vattslefftoff der Third Reich, Germany.

Major Ignatz von Blimmler: "Herr general, mein latest report iss as follows:

Operator 3 saw one car on Summer Hill Roadstrasse about two in der morning, with two suspicious-looking occupants, whose initials are V. H. and A. P. (alias Porky). S. S. guards took over.

Fraulein Stewart iss pining over "Wendy".

Stalag 10, der camp off concentration used by der officials off Maynard High Schule, hass had several distinguished visitors, including John Heinrich Piecewicz und Joachim von Colombo.

Fraulein H. Arcisz und Herr "Daisy" Jones haff signed a non-aggression pact.

Fraulein Rose Hanson is reported to be waiting for "Ed" to come home to der Fatherland.

Fraulein Schwenke iss under our observation because of certain midnight meetings with two Storm Troopers named Coogie und M. C.

Alice Koskela iss reported as getting around these days, going more places than General Patton.

Herr Muscles Cutaia, the strong man, iss puzzled over which fraulein to choose, Doris K. or D. S.

So far our special agent hass been unable to get der story on J. W. and Bill L.

M. H. S. Luftwaffe Pilots Carbary und Poulson mowed down four trees on Summer Hillplatz.

Der \$64-dollar question off der week iss who

iss Shirley's favorite: Kenny, Mike, or George?

Herr Lydon iss reported to play a strange foreign game called Chinese checkers with J. H. every Saturday night.

The Reichstag Fire Department was called to extinguish a fire started by the torches carried by Rita B. and Ethel B. for their departed comrades.

Frauleins Ann S. und Helen P. are reported to be studying the history and *men* of Concord.

And now, Mein General, iss Mein report accepted?"

General Hindback Vlindblown: "For such a fine report you will receive a special medal from der Fuehrer himself in his padded cell in der Reich's Restful Rat, Rabble, und Refuse Rehabilitation Center. Heil!"

\* \* \*

### *Eddie Allard's Lament-*

In an "El" train a short little chap  
Calmly sat in a stout lady's lap.

"Don't mind me," said he,

"I'm not heavy, you see,

I'm just too short to hang on a strap."

### *Strong-arm Stuff*

Roberta appealed to the Gov.

She said that her boy-friend kept shov.

"I'm a street-car conductor,"

Said Roger. "Instruct her

That's a habit, tho—I'll keep on lov."

### *For Richer, For Poorer*

Said Doris to L., her soldier,

"You know that I don't like to scoldier,

But if you once mention

I'm after your pension,

I'll bash in your head—now I've toldier.

*Ship Aboy!*

Dick Higgins, adrift on a raft,  
Was hailed by a yell from some craft.  
"What do those pants signify  
That you're waving on high?"  
"That the owner's on board!" Higgins laft.

*M. H. S. Career Gals*

We would never sing in the chorus,  
But secretarial jobs only borus.  
We're too old to learn typing,  
So we just keep on piping;  
There's really quite nothing else phorus.

\* \* \*

Howes: (after a narrow escape at a railroad crossing) "How come you blew your horn? You oughta know it wouldn't do you any good."

Higgins: "Boy, that wasn't my horn. That was Gabriel's!"

\* \* \*

**Song Titles**

Leave the Dishes in the Sink  
Household Arts Class

You're Driving Me Crazy  
Teacher to JBT class

More and More  
Pupils upon receiving homework

My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time  
Porky

I Wanna Get Married  
Any sap who wants to commit a tragedy

Let's Take the Long Way Home  
After the dance

One Meat Ball.....Down at Pete's  
I'm Beginning to See the Light.....Freshmen  
Candy.....Everyone sings this at 10:45  
Don't Fence Me In.....Candy Counter Girls  
The Three Caballeros....Howes, Muscles, Fritz  
Close to You.....Frank Veracka to Homework  
It Could Happen to You....Getting a red ticket  
Racing With the Moon....Lydon driving his car  
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RAYMOND VAN VORSE

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### CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale—Fresh fish and frogs' legs. Insides cleaned. All ready for use. Apply at Laboratory, M. H. S., Dissection Class.

Car For Sale! Cheap. In good condition. Owner soon to be inducted into armed forces. See—Norman Wheldon.

Wanted—Tires. Will pay top prices. Important business transactions on Thompson Street require constant use of car.

A. Poulson

Lost—One geometry book. No questions asked. Please return to—

Charley Higgins

### INSTRUCTIONS

Dancing taught in a few easy lessons. Girls preferred, but will take on any young man under 6 feet. Herbert Mallinson Studios.

Attractive Young lady will teach anyone (even a bear) to dance. See Jean Erickson.

Wanted: To buy candy, ice cream, cookies, bread crust. Anything at recess time.

Hungry Student, any room, M. H. S.

Will pay top prices to anyone who sees James Killoran and Phyllis Blanchette coming to school on time.

Office, M. H. S.

Rest Home, for broken down teachers and instructors, best of care, not a student for miles around. Opening end of June. Apply early for we are rushed.

Rest in Peace Lodge

Isolated Joint

No-Such-Place, on Earth

Flashlight batteries wanted for girls afraid of dark. Necessary for type of work they do. Send all batteries to

Usherettes

### PERSONALS

Mike: Do you ever think of me?

Shirley

Dave: Are you all right? Worry constantly.  
Shirley

John Holly—Return my notebook, or else—  
Grace Mulcahy

LEGAL NOTICES

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my friend Bernice Hamilton, at candy counter.

Patricia Higgins

To the person who sits in the 3rd row from the windows, 3rd seat from the front in room 26, please stop mutilating my desk.

Isie

ISABELLA KOSKI, '47



Styles

I took a trip to Asia  
And then to Hindustan  
When quite by chance I came upon  
This funny native man.  
Now his hair isn't in curlers  
And he doesn't look too shy,  
But doesn't that turban remind you of—  
The girls of Maynard High???????

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**Tom King**

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S. J. Graceffa, Prop.

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Merrylips .....Voila H.  
Trumpeter of Maynard .....Billy Gruber  
Glorious Adventure .....Junior Prom  
To Have and To Hold.....Barbara Marchant  
For Whom the Bells Toll .....8 A. M.  
Restless Jungle .....Study Hall  
Half Mile Down .....The Lab.  
Twenty Years to Grow .....Eddie Allard  
Lord Jim .....Killoran  
The Crisis .....Geometry Exam  
Boy's Town .....Tutto's  
Tales of Imagination and Mystery

Literary Department

Caesar's (only) Friend .....Barbara Parker  
Little Woman .....Irene  
Caught in the Draft .....Al Crowley  
Bliss .....Jean and Gil  
The Orange Letter .....The "M"  
King of the Flattops .....Stanley  
Excuse My Dust .....Wheldon's Car  
The Making of a Scientist .....George Sharpe  
Foghorns .....Senior Boys in Chorus  
Hunger Fighters .....4th Period English Class

\* \* \*

### Quiz

Question: Why do essays resemble conversation?

Answer by a certain Junior (2nd period):  
It usually is supposed to be between two or three people, sometimes it may be seven or eight, but there are leading charters, in fact all.

\* \* \*

### *It Can Happen Here*

A few sentences on use of words selected from those passed in in a *certain* English class at M. H. S.:

Astronomy—She studied astronomy, as stares were her hobby.

Centipede—They have a great celebration every centipede.

He traveled over the snow in his centipede.  
She was just a centipede away.

Panorama—She received a panorama for her birthday.

Biennial—She is biennial; she speaks two languages.

\* \* \*

**Miss Illanious**

Due to conditions beyond our control, we bring you Frank Sinatra.

News Item: John J. Anthony goes to ask advice on marriage.

John's other wife marries Helen Mencken's second husband.

Amazing Fact No. 648: Half of all married people in the United States are men.

Looking into the future: Mr. Mullin appointed President of "Frigidaire" because of his experience with "Isolation Chambers."

New Fountain Pen on Market:

- Not Guaranteed for Months—
- Not Guaranteed for Years—
- Not Guaranteed for Life—
- Not Guaranteed Forever—
- Not Guaranteed at All!

Roger Compton, '45.

\* \* \*

*What Cad Wrote This?*

I think that I shall never see  
A girl refuse a meal that's free;  
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed,  
Upon a drink that's being mixed;  
A girl who doesn't like to wear  
A lot of junk to match her hair.  
Girls are loved by mugs like me  
'Cause we don't like to hug a tree.

\* \* \* \*

Poulson (piloting his C. A. P. plane): I'm forgetting women up here.

Carbary: I'm for getting them up here, too.

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*Ob, Yeab?*

We're through with women; they cheat and lie,  
They prey on us males till the day we die.  
They tease us, torment us, and drive us to sin—  
Say—who's that blonde that just walked in?

\* \* \*

Matron: I'd like to get a book.

Librarian: Something light or heavy?

Matron: It doesn't matter; I have my car  
outside.

\* \* \*

Miss Field: "Decline 'love,' Linteri."

Linteri: "Decline love? Not me."

\* \* \*

Impatient customer: "Can't you wait on me?  
Two pounds of liver. I'm in a hurry."

B. Gibney: "Sorry, Madam, but two or three  
are ahead of you. You surely don't want your  
liver out of order."

\* \* \*

"I'd like a couple of of hard boiled eggs to  
take out," said R. Wuorio to the girl at the  
lunch counter.

"All right," replied the girl with a smile,  
"but you'll have to wait; Mamie and me don't  
get off 'til 10."

\* \* \*

A draftee called up for examination claimed  
exemption on the ground of poor eyesight—  
and brought his wife along as evidence.

\* \* \*

The roof spotter was excited. "There's a  
bomb falling," he telephoned down. "It's  
coming so near I could catch it." A terrific  
explosion was heard a moment later. His  
colleague below snapped one word into the  
phone: "Butterfingers!"

\* \* \*

We overheard one of the office girls praying  
the other day—it went like this: "I'm not ask-  
ing for myself, God—but please send my  
mother a son-in-law."

\* \* \*

Many so-called wolves are just worms wrig-  
gling around in the grass until some chicken  
or old hen comes along and picks them up.



An English soldier was chatting with a German prisoner.

"What are you going to do after the war is over?" the Englishman asked.

"I" said the German, "am going to make a bicycle tour of Germany after the war."

"Yes," said the Englishman, "and what are you going to do in the afternoon?"

\* \* \*

Lawyer: What's so different about this will?

Client: I'm leaving everything to my wife, providing she marries again. I want *someone* to be sorry I died.

\* \* \*

Kind Lady: "And how would you like a nice chop?"

Weary Tramp: "That all depends, lady! Is it lamb, pork, or wood?"

\* \* \*

Freshman: "I don't know."

Sophomore: "I'm not prepared."

Junior: "I don't remember."

Senior: "I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said."

\* \* \*

Papa Bear: "Who's been drinking my whiskey?"

Mama Bear: "Who's been drinking my wine?"

Baby Bear: "Burrp!"

\* \* \*

A newspaper in speaking of a deceased citizen said:

"We knew him as Old Ten Percent.

The more he had, the less he spent.

The more he got, the less he lent.

He's dead—

We don't know where he went;

But if his soul to heaven is sent,

He'll own the harp and charge 'em rent."

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"Mr. Smith won the 100-yard dash."

\* \* \*

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

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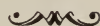
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