



THE
Screech
Owl

December 1949

Maynard Twins Named To All Conference Eleven

Maynard—The merits of Maynard high school's famed twins, Gene and Jerry Robinson are nation wide. Both boys have been named to the All Conference Eleven and will play for Lenior Rhyne when they oppose Pennsylvania State Teachers College in the Pythian Bowl at Salisbury, N. C. this Saturday. These Touchdown Twins have amassed the great total of 84 points between them as the Lenior Rhyne Bears became the highest scoring eleven in North Carolina with 292 points in a ten game schedule of which the only team to beat them was Tampa.

Both boys are also star baseball players and Gene won an All Conference position last spring on the diamond.

Both youths were three letter athletes at Maynard high school and are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson.



MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL



The Screech Owl

PUBLISHED TWICE A YEAR BY THE PUPILS OF MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL

DECEMBER, 1949

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Editorials

Weeding Time

Our government is not a stern government as the world today understands government. Perhaps her benevolent attitude toward her people is one of her faults, but that is what makes America democratic.

We have laws and we have officials to uphold those laws. All Americans must obey or be punished. For this we are respected and admired by foreign powers who envy us our harmonious system of government.

Yet there are in our midst people who are trying to destroy the government which the majority of us want preserved. Communism would wipe out all the liberties we cherish.

Is there an answer to this problem? I don't pretend to try to solve a problem when I don't fully understand it. But I do maintain that there must be a reason why *some* Americans turn against their homeland. Is it that they in their youth lacked religious or moral training, or is it that they are naturally weak and easily led?

What has this to do with us high school students? The problem of Communism shouldn't be left like a bridge to worry about when we come to it! It vitally concerns us. You see, if we find the answer to why we have so many Communists within our own country we will have the key to the door of Satisfaction.

We have Communists today—dissatisfied people—they make the best ones! As in every barrel of fruit there are bound to be a few rotten ones, so are they found too in groups of people. These must be culled out. Why? A man will not be satisfied with spoiled apples in his barrel—the same applies to Uncle Sam. He must not be content—we must not be content until we are united as one force of Americans All!

It took a great many years to build America, but it was a fruitful fight! In this battle for freedom many great men learned that if a goal is worth attaining, it is worth fighting for—worth working for!

America is truly a Garden of Paradise; Communism is the weed. We have the tools! Let's clean up!

ANN FREEMAN, '50

A Question Has Arisen

Why is it that we stand when the Star Spangled Banner is played? Why do we look down on people who do not rise? Why do most schools have a special song to which every-one rises? Why? Because rising at the strains of the song of one's country implies, not only respect, but also loyalty; it signifies pride and a feeling of unity.

Maynard has a suitable song. Don't we believe in it? Don't we subscribe to the words?

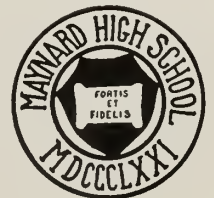
To the glory of our school
We raise our voices to the skies;
We pledge our faithful homage
Where 'ere our duty ever lies; And in
The tuneful chorus blending, Her fame
And honor never die, To our grand
Old Alma Mater, Our dear old Maynard High!

This song was written by one of our own faculty members when he was attending high school. It was meant to inspire the students. For many students, this is the last school that they will attend, so why not let this song serve as a reminder of their high school days.

Several years ago, the students always rose when the first few bars of the hymn were heard, but gradually they have become so lax that at the present it makes little difference whether the song is "Yankee Doodle" or "White Christmas."

If this suggestion were put into effect immediately, the habit of rising for our Maynard High School Hymn might eventually become a tradition.

JOANNE PAANANEN, '50



Activities

Rally

Friday, October 7, 1949

This was not only a football rally but a field hockey rally also. The Maynard High School Football team was playing an all powerful Concord eleven the next day. The Field Hockey team was opening its season with a trip to Ashland. The program:

- IntroductionMr. A. Lerer
- Maynard High School SongEntire Assembly
- SpeechMiss Mary Collins
Field Hockey Coach
- Cheer for Coach Collins
- SpeechMarjorie O'Connell
First Team Captain
- Cheer for Captain O'Connell
- SpeechPatricia O'Clair
Second Team Captain
- Cheer for Captain O'Clair
- Cheer for the TeamCheerleaders and Assembly
- As The Backs Go Tearing ByAssembly
- SpeechMr. Lawson
Assistant Football Coach
- Cheer for Coach Lawson
- SpeechEdward Romanowski
Quarterback
- Cheer for Eddie Romanowski
- SpeechWilliam O'Toole
Left Guard
- Cheer for Billy O'Toole
- Mr. Vincent WasselHead Coach
- Cheer for Coach Wassel

The Maynard High School Hymn closed this assembly.

Football Rally

Friday, October 28, 1949

The Maynard High School fans gave their team a real sendoff at this rally. It was the day before the Natick game when the students were again called together to show their good spirit. The program:

- Maynard High School SongAssembly
- Frank Case—Right TackleSpeech
- Cheer for Frank Case
- As The Backs Go Tearing ByAssembly
- Mr. LawsonAssistant Coach

- Cheer for Coach Lawson
- Buckle Down Winsocki Albert Mariano
- Richard Alberi—Right Half BackSpeech
- Cheer for Richard Alberi
- Adam ManciniSpeech
- Cheer for Adam Mancini
- Coach WasselSpeech
- Cheer for Coach Wassel
- Cheering PracticeCheerleaders and Assembly

The Maynard High School Hymn closed the program.

It was grand to see the enthusiasm and spirit shown.

Football Rally

Friday, September 30, 1949

The students of Maynard High showed all the spirit they had at this rally. It was the day before the Hudson game and everyone wanted to see Maynard come out on top. The program was as follows:

- IntroductionMr. A. Lerer
- SpeechMr. Mattioli
- Cheer for Mr. Mattioli
- Maynard High School SongAssembly
- Mr. LawsonAssistant Coach
- Cheer for Coach Lawson
- Mr. Thomas MoranAssistant Coach
- Cheer for Coach Moran
- SpeechAlfred Viola
- Cheer for Captain Viola
- SpeechChris Cutaia
- Cheer for Captain Cutaia
- Cheer for the TeamCheerleaders and Assembly
- As The Backs Go Tearing ByAssembly
- Mr. Vincent WasselHead Coach
- Cheer for Coach Wassel
- Cheering Practice..... Cheerleaders and Assembly

The Maynard High School Hymn closed the Assembly.

Senior Dance

Friday, September 23, 1949

The Seniors at Maynard High School held the first dance of the year. The smooth dance music of

Salamone's Orchestra made it an enjoyable evening for everyone.

This first dance was a promise of the many excellent socials we could expect to enjoy through the year. The freshmen were there in great numbers so we can hope to see them take an active part in our school activities.

Junior Social

Thursday, October 19, 1949

The Junior Class held its first social as Juniors on Thursday evening, the night before the Teachers' Convention. There were many novelty dances such as: ladies' choice, ladies' tag, men's tag, broom dance, and a get-acquainted dance.

Instead of an orchestra, records were played as an innovation.

This dance was successful both socially and financially.

Assembly

Tuesday, November 8, 1949

Stop — Look — Listen

The Freshmen showed their great talents and ability when they presented "Stop — Look — Listen." This was a very short but an enjoyable skit. The cast was as follows:

The Crossing TenderJohn Crotty
MaLois Bain
PaEarl Mansfield
Passengers trying out Pa's Stanley Steamer
Joanna Kangas, Fay Saarela

At the same assembly the Sophomore class gave the upper class men a great surprise by bringing out some real talent. They presented a play called "Bunny Bargain Bloom is on the Air."

The program:

Miss Etta Sonerg—announcerBarbara Thumith
Miss Wiggledigit—pianistJanice Morgan
Mrs. StuenfussBarbara Prosper
Mrs. Hotsee—composerPeggy Jones
Her children—singers

Irene Mariani, Faith McCarthy, Ann Spurrell
Grandma PerkinsPat Wehkoja
Office Boy—in personEddie Brooks

Mrs. Ruth B. Clair was in charge of this assembly. We enjoyed this different type of assembly as was shown by our applause and laughter.

Assembly

On Thursday, November 10, 1949 the entire high school was called together to witness the Induction Ceremony of the National Honor Society; the parents of the students were invited to attend this assembly. This was a very serious ceremony and made a great impression on the under class men. Five new members Joanne Paananen, Betty Hatch, Barbara Priest, Virginia Barnes, and Walter Mattson were welcomed to the organization. The program was as follows:

Scripture ReadingMr. A. Lerer
Salute to the FlagAssembly
IntroductionRachel Keto, President
Interpretations:

CharacterBarbara Rich
ScholarshipSara Boeske
Trumpet SoloEdward D'Amico
LeadershipEdward Romanowski
ServiceMarjorie O'Connell
Announcement of students elected to the Society

Mr. Albert Lerer

Creed of the Society and recital of the Pledge

Ann Weckstrom, Secretary

Piano SoloPatricia Dawson

Presentation of Pins and Membership cards

Ruth I. Wilson, Sponsor

Message of Congratulations

Miss Mary A. Doyle, Supt.

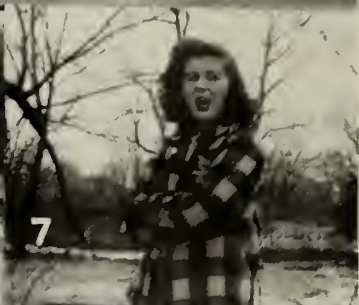
Maynard High School HymnAssembly

A message from Miss Doyle was read by Mr. Lerer.

A reception for the members, their parents and friends followed this assembly.

The chorus was as follows:

B. Castrilli	C. Wattu
V. Januliewicz	C. Russo
A. Greeno	W. Howes
M. Labowicz	S. Jasielonis
L. Campbell	J. Doran
G. Cuddy	V. Jarmulowicz
R. Korsman	E. D'Amico



1. Bashful (?) Barb
 2. Sweet Sophs.
 3. Serious Seniors.
 4. Honor Society.
 5. Cut-ups

6. Not Again!
 7. Come On, Maynard!
 8. Surprised?
 9. Pair of Queens.
 10. Water!

11. Man Shortage.
 12. Pals.
 13. Riding High.
 14. Your Editor.

Literary

Literary Contest

To promote interest in the SCREECH OWL and to find new talent for its staff, the SCREECH OWL sponsored a literary contest. Of the many entrants the judges finally chose the following as winners:

Short Story—

- First prizeLoretta Iannarelli
Second prizeAnn Weckstrom
Honorable mention

{	Joanne Ayotte
	Barbara Mitzcavitch
	Janice Morgan

Essay—

- First prizeBarbara Thumith
Second prizeSara Baeske
Honorable mentionBarbara Mitzcavitch

Poem—

- First prizeBarbara Rich
Second prizeHenry Nowick
Honorable mention

{	Paul Nelson
	Helen Stokes
	Helen King

Tomboy

As Linda Carter, an attractive girl of sixteen, hurried home from school she told herself that she must do well at basketball practice that afternoon because she just had to make the team, not only because she enjoyed the sport so much, but also because she wanted to prove to Butch Blake next door that she was just as good an athlete as he.

All their lives Linda and Butch had tried to out-do each other, whether it was in hanging by their legs from a tree or playing baseball on the corner lot. This had given Linda the title of the neighborhood tomboy.

The two had known each other all their lives. They had been fighting from the time they were in playpens right up until now. Linda had always considered him a horrid boy, but now her thoughts of him were changing. She began to notice how nice he looked when he was dressed up and a lot of other little things about him she hadn't noticed before. Butch, however, as far as Linda knew, still considered her a brat.

At practice that day Linda missed quite a few easy shots. As much as she hated to admit it, she knew she wasn't as good as Butch, the star of the boys' team. But she thought, if she could make the girls' team she would at least keep up with him.

The next day the names of the girls that were to try out for the first team were listed on the bulletin board. Her name was there. There were twelve names all together, six of which would be chosen for the first team, six of which wouldn't. It all depended on the deciding game that night.

The grandstands in the gym were full of students rooting for their friends as the game was about to begin that night. Linda noticed that Butch was there surrounded by a group of girls. She brushed aside a slight feeling of jealousy when the referee threw in the ball to begin the game.

Linda played well, but she knew that some of the other girls were faster and better shots than she. During the last quarter of the game she had her chance to be a heroine. With but a few minutes to play Linda had the ball. A basket now would mean victory for her team and glory for herself. Breathlessly she took careful aim and threw the ball. It missed the basket by inches and fell to the floor just as the whistle announcing the end of the game sounded.

After a few minutes the judges came forward to announce the girls who had made the first team. Linda held her breath. She even prayed, but all in vain—she hadn't made it.

Hot tears of disappointment rolled down her cheeks as she fell into a crumpled heap on a nearby bench. Suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder. She looked up and saw Butch.

"That's the first feminine thing you've ever done in your life," he was saying. "Maybe you're turning into the kind of girl I thought and hoped you would turn out to be. Now dry those tears and how about seeing a movie. We can still catch the late show if you hurry and change. How about it?"

As she accepted Linda realized that Butch hadn't wanted a girl that could out-do him in everything; he wanted one that he could comfort and help when she needed him. He wanted an average American girl.

Neighborly Rivals

Central Falls was having its annual church fair and all the ladies of the parish were eagerly awaiting the event. This was one occasion where they all had an opportunity to show off their pies, cakes, and needlework. It is at this point that my story begins.

Mrs. Cullen was considered an expert cake maker, and so was Mrs. North, her next door neighbor. These two women had battled over almost everything as far back as the neighbor could remember. It was arguments over their respective spouses and their jobs. Their children's silly quarrels were magnified and fought over. Mrs. Cullen's chickens crossed over to Mrs. North's yard, and Mrs. North's dog would chase Mrs. Cullen's chickens all over the neighborhood. Oh yes, there was never a dull moment on Brackett Street. You could always depend on these two ladies to "stir up" something exciting.

It was the day before the fair and Mrs. Cullen and Mrs. North were in their back yards hanging out the family wash.

Mrs. North piped out, "I suppose, Molly, you're all set to enter your angel cake at the fair tomorrow?"

Mrs. Cullen was quick to reply, "Oh no, Jenny, I think I will try something different this year. What are you making? The "tutti-frutti" cake you entered last year?"

Mrs. North thought for a moment and said. "I have a new cake I have made several times and my family think there is nothing like it. It is something I have experimented with myself and I wouldn't know what to give it for a name. Mr. North refers to it as the mystery cake."

By this time the ladies had finished hanging their clothes and disappeared into their houses with an air of triumph.

That night lights were seen glowing from both houses. A mighty secret mission was going on in both the North and Cullen kitchens. If ever two women tried their utmost in the art of cake making, the credit had to be bestowed upon the ladies North and Cullen.

The morning of the fair turned out bright and sunny. Mrs. North and Mrs. Cullen were seen leaving their homes dressed in their Sunday best, each carrying a large cake box under her arm. This was a sign for the rest of the ladies of the street to leave for the eventful fair.

Late in the afternoon the judges came to the stage to announce the cake making contest. Mrs. Cullen

was on one side of the hall and Mrs. North on the other. Both ladies were glaring at one another.

The long awaited for moment at last arrived and one of the judges was heard to say, "Ladies, we have never tasted such wonderful cakes and it has been a very hard decision to announce the winner. We found two chocolate cakes, so exactly alike, even to the green frosting, that we have awarded two first prizes. Mrs. Cullen and Mrs. North, will you please come up to the stage and accept your prize money?"

ANN WECKSTROM, '50

First Love

She stood under the mistletoe just because someone told her to. She looked so cute all dressed up in her new pink dress. Her soft golden hair just reached her shoulders. She stood all alone under the mistletoe in the midst of a lot of people. Everyone was sitting near the fire singing Christmas carols, and no one paid any attention to her.

But, unknown to her, one pair of eyes was upon her. They belonged to a boy. Perhaps she looked to him like a dream come true.

As he walked toward her, she turned and met his eyes. They were full of love and admiration.

He bent down to kiss her, and it seemed as if at that moment, everyone had a sudden desire to look in that direction. No one said anything because, after all, they were underneath the mistletoe. They looked like the perfect couple standing there. He held her so tenderly in his arms, and it seemed as if no one else in the whole world mattered.

They spent the rest of the day together, trying only to see that the other was happy and contented.

And when night time came, about 7:30 P. M., both little two-year-olds were tucked into bed.

BARBARA MITZCAVITCH, '52

Her First Game

The afternoon was warm and clear as I hurried about the house putting the last few things in order. The game began 2:30 p. m., the first game I was going to see my son play in. He had gone faithfully to practice every afternoon, only to be left sitting on the bench watching the others play for their school. At the end of every game he would come back home with a smile on his face, but tears in his heart. He had had to sit out again. But at last his chance had come. The coach was putting him

in the game. It was good to hear him go around the house whistling.

As I entered the field my heart beat faster. What if he was hurt and carried off the field? What would I do? Oh, heavens, this was making a nervous wreck of me. As I crossed the field, I noticed the opposing team trying out. Then all at once I saw a boy who must have weighed at least three hundred pounds. Good Lord, if he ever hit my boy, he would surely make a mess of him easy. This was going to be awful.

There goes the kick off and our team has the ball. My poor boy is going to get his uniform dirty.

The team is running down the field now. For heavens sake, the boys don't even know how to stand up. Why, they are falling all over one another! I simply can't keep my eye on the ball. Then here I am with my eye on the one boy running down the field with his arms folded, and all the while the real ball is being carried over for a touch down by another boy. I just can't make heads or tails out of the game.

The final blow came when my son, mind you, got the ball. There he was in clear field running faster than anyone had I'd ever seen. Why was everyone screaming? He must be doing exceptionally well! I was so proud of him. But little did I know that he had become so scared when he got the ball that he had run the wrong way and had crossed the wrong goal line.

There isn't much more to say except now he's trying out for cooking classes. At least if he mixes the wrong ingredients, he has only himself to make suffer.

BETTY HATCH, '50

Goodbye

Wearing a black suit, and a rather forlorn smile, the little man moved quietly out of the house. People were sitting and talking on the front steps. Trying hard not to appear sad and troubled, the little man made his way through the crowd to the sidewalk. While the row of long, black cars was forming, he glanced sorrowfully at the leading limousine and sighed heavily. Finally the line of automobiles started, looking somewhat like a winding snake creeping up on its prey.

The procession stopped at an ivy-covered church, and the little man stepped out of his car.

"Are all the, er, details taken care of?" he quietly asked a tall, thin individual at the head of the stairs.

"Quite, sir," answered the long blue suit.

People were beginning to arrive, looking understandingly in the direction of the little man. From the choir loft, the soft strains of the organ could be heard faintly from where he was standing.

Taking a deep breath, the little man entered the door. He could see the faces of his friends turn expectantly toward him, as he led his only child, a beautiful daughter, down the aisle to her future husband.

MARJORIE O'CONNELL, '50

He Fell For Me

Janie and I were unusually boy-crazy. This was all right except for one thing. No boy would take a second look at either of us. One Saturday afternoon we decided to drown our sorrows by taking in our favorite pastime, horseback riding. When we got to the stables, we saw a boy whom we knew, on one of the horses. But, as usual, when he saw us he started riding off, without even speaking. Janie and I yelled to him, but he didn't even turn around; he just started riding all the faster.

Quite disillusioned, Janie and I saddled our horses and started off.

"What is the matter with us?" we asked each other.

Did we use the wrong tooth paste? Did we wear the wrong kind of clothes? We just couldn't figure it out. As we were riding along we saw a horse prancing up to us. It looked like Jim Baker's horse. Yes, now I was sure it was. But where was Jim? Was he hurt? The whinnying horse and our common sense told us that something had happened. We followed Jim's horse until we came to a secluded spot where Jim was lying unconscious. It looked as if he had been thrown, and he was in serious condition.

Noticing his injured leg, I said, "Gee, Janie, I think his left leg is broken, and look, he's got a big scratch on his head."

"Yes," said Janie, "we'd better get him to a doctor."

"But by the time a doctor gets to him he may be dead," I reasoned. "You ride up to the stable and call an ambulance. In the meantime I'll administer first aid." I ripped my sleeve into strips and then bandaged and splintered Jim. After what seemed an eternity, the ambulance arrived. Jim was taken to the hospital and was said to be in critical condition. In a few days he was getting better, and, to my surprise, asked to see me. One day while I was visiting him, the head nurse complimented me on my quick

thinking, and gave me a certificate for fine "First Aid" work. When we were alone, Jim gave me a lecture and said that he had always shunned me because I had chased him and all the other boys so.

He also asked me for a dance date the day he was to be discharged from the hospital which incidentally was the day of the Sweet Heart Hop which is strictly for sweethearts, so he said.

JANICE MORGAN, '52

You Just Can't Win

One day in the not too distant past, I took it upon myself to be absent from school without the proper authority, playing hookey, you know. But some lovely little bird, heh, heh, put the buzz in Mom's ear. Result? No Friday night dance for me. Now what could be more gruesome than that? But leave it to me. After fifteen years, four months and twenty-five days of existence, I ought to know how to go about rearranging my Mom's thoughts. To make a long story short, I had a fiendish plot in mind.

Friday morn found me prancing out of bed bright and early. After five lovely hours of school I dashed home to commence with the commencement. With my dungarees on and my hair tied back with a kerchief I was ready to start working.

I started with Mom's bedroom. The bed was made perfect, square corners and all. Then I dry mopped every nook and corner I could find, and repeated this performance for good measure. Then came the dusting and polishing of the furniture. Whoops! There goes Mom's face powder on the floor. Oh, what a mess. I figured I'd better start on some other room and come back to this later.

Next on the agenda was the parlor. After the preliminaries were done, such as vacuuming and dusting, I took down the Venetian blinds and did a beautiful job of cleaning them. There was only one slight slip-up there. I couldn't get them back up. One of the nails slipped and we were then minus a pane of glass. But I figured on coming back to that later. First I wanted to get the kitchen floor washed and waxed. That was one job that came out perfect. Almost, that is. For some reason or another that wax was awfully sticky and wouldn't dry. Oh, well, I didn't have time to worry about such incidentals! It was five minutes of five and Mom came home at five o'clock. So, I dashed down the hall, knocked over a vase and broke it, then back up the stairs to

wait till Mom came home to see what a beautiful job I had done — except for those few minor accidents.

But Mom wasn't as pleased as I had expected. When she walked in the door the first thing she cried out was, "Who broke my new vase?" Were those my knees I heard knocking?

With my courage slowly disintegrating I came down the stairs only to find Mom standing with her hands on her hips, surveying the condition of the parlor.

From there she marched out to the kitchen. It was then I discovered why my floor wax had been so sticky. In my haste I had grabbed the furniture wax. I still don't see why it wasn't as good.

Slowly but surely Mom searched the house for further damage, turning a bit redder upon each new discovery.

But why go all through this. Friday night I ended up in my room, thinking of what a wonderful time I could have been having if I had just left well enough alone. Gee, you just can't win!

BARBARA THUMITH, '52

Life's Little Problems

You enter the house, a little apprehensively, and are met by the lady of the house who is more than a little excited and flustered. As she flies about, getting her hat, coat, *and* her husband ready, you gaze upon three small, upturned angelic faces which gaze back at you just as intently. Their mother kisses each in turn, and with a few parting words, leaves for a gala celebration of her wedding anniversary. The door shuts behind her, steps fade away down the walk, and instantly bedlam breaks loose. "Uh-oh!" you think. "I should have known."

"Now listen, kids," you bark at them, deciding to be firm, "that's quite enough!" You should have saved your energy; no one heard you.

As one noisy cherub darts by, you seize him and hold on tight.

"All right, young fella'. To bed with you, and I mean now!" Whereupon amid a series of protests and a doubled amount of confusion, you drag him up to his room, deposit him on the bed, slam the door, and start upon your quest for the other two remaining "dears."

Aha! There's one, peeking from behind the kitchen door! After him! Don't let him get away! And after a mad pell-mell chase, (you really should go out for track, at this rate) another little warrior is captured. Off to bed he goes, too!

Now the chase really is on! Where can the last little nuisance be? You've seemed to have looked everywhere. Hmm

Crash!!! "Oh! What hit me? Little man, with a flying tackle like that, you'll be a great football star some day. Come now, be a nice boy and go to bed."

Whew! And as the angry, indignant roars above subside, you sink back into the nearest easy chair, and for the moment, completely relax.

But wait! What was that someone said about "the patter of little feet?" You can hear them now, and they're far from sweet! Crash!!!! Here we go again!

SARA BOESKE, '50

Things I Like

To see the sun in all its glory rise above the sleeping world,
The briskness in the Autumn air,
The leaves so bright and fair;
The cheery smiles of the girl next door her words are equally bright;
The warmth of a fire on a wintry night,
With chestnuts crackling within,
The fairyland likeness of a snowy morn
With the snow soft as a new born fawn;
The cooing of a contented babe, fresh as a rose;
The smell of freshly ironed clothes;
The moaning of pine trees as breeze sighs through;
The chatter of an agitated squirrel, venting his anger at you;
The roaring of the ocean as the wind caps the waves with white;
The mew of a seagull as he swoops upon his prey from the height;
The look of gratitude upon the face of the little old lady down the street
As I offer to help with her bundles whenever we meet;
The roar of a bubbling brook with its first Spring song,
So glad to be free again it tumbles merrily along.
All these things and many others, too
Make me realize Life's pleasures anew.

BARBARA RICH, '50

Ghost Ball in the Sky

An old ballhawk went trotting out one dark and gloomy day,
The score had been tied up as he went along his way,

When all at once a mighty clout of home run length he saw,

A' climbing up into space and through a cloudy draw.
Yippee-i-o, yippee-i-ay, the ghost ball in the sky.

Striding back he twists and leaps in quest of that great ball,

And with a mighty clash he bids, but now we see him fall.

He's got to run forever on that diamond in the sky,
But he won't catch that vital ball, no matter how he'll try.

Yippee-i-o, yippee-i-ay, the ghost ball in the sky.

He's running hard and fast in chase of some immortal fame,

But like most men he won't succeed, with only him to blame,

Of life he made a gamble, which ended in a strife
And he'll find out you can't fool God in this vital game of life.

Yippee-i-o, yippee-i-ay, the ghost ball in the sky.

HENRY NOWICK, '51

In Our Shanty Made For Three

Way up in them mountains,
Where's ah use ta call home,
I remember Maw and Paw,
We three lived all alone.
We lived in a little shanty,
Just a made fer us three,
Maw and Paw never worked,
But we wuz happy as could be.
Once Maw made some biscuits,
We wuz havin' company,
Uncle Yokum were a comin' ta visit.
In our shanty made fer three.
Maw's biscuits comed out hard,
As hard as them could be.
But Maw still served them fer dinner,
In our shanty made fer three.
Uncle Yokum weren't use ta hard biscuits,
He got as sick as he could be,
He died that night of poison,
In our shanty made fer three.
One day Maw decided
The shanty needed repairs,
She said them steps were broken,
And she couldn't go upstairs.
Paw said that he'd fix em,
O'course he never did,
When Maw reminded him,

He ran out back and hid,
 Maw telled Paw the roof leaked,
 Thet she was gettin soaked,
 That she could walk no more,
 Instead she had to float.
 Paw said, "Maw, stop naggin'.
 Or crazy you'll drive me."
 So the roof went on a leakin',
 In our shanty made fer three.
 Paw was a clean fella,
 Yep, a clean fella wuz he,
 He took a bath every Christmas,
 In our shanty made fer three.
 Once our neighbors started feudin,
 Paw wuz sick in bed;
 Maw started frin' her biscuits,
 With 'em she killed 'em dead.
 Paw wuz a lazy critter,
 Yep, a lazy critter wuz he,
 Maw couldn't git him out o' bed,
 In our shanty made fer three.
 Yep, how I loved that home,
 Where I wuz happy as could be,
 For there lived me and Maw and Paw,
 In our shanty made fer three.

BARBARA THUMITH, '52

First Time

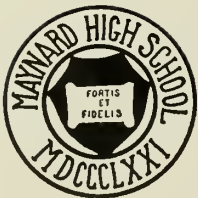
S is for the spills you take
 K is for the kin who laugh when you fall
 A is for the awkward movements that you make— and
 T is for the times you bump into the wall
 I is for the irresistible charm of the one who teaches
 your skates to mind
 N stands for the new acquaintances you find
 G is for the good time you have after all.

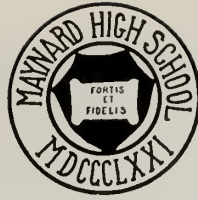
DORIS SIMS, '51

Two Boids

Two little boids were sitting on a fence:
 One of them 'twas Thin and the other 'twas Dense.
 Thin had a lot of cents, but Dense had a lot of sense
 Thin didn't use common sense with his cents
 And soon his expenses were too high;
 But Dense used common sense with his few cents,
 And bought the Screech Owl from Maynard High.

PAUL NELSON, '53





S P O R T S



CHEER LEADERS

First Row: Capt. S. Boeske; C. Higgins
Second Row: J. Morgan; A. Greeno.
Third Row: M. Lehto; C. Whitney.
Fourth Row: J. O'Clair; M. O'Connell.
Fifth Row: C. Clark; J. Paananen.

Give A Cheer

Janice Morgan is, oh, so small;
She's heard, but hardly seen at all.
Carol Whitney is cute and shy,
A Cheerleader with a do or die.
Angie Greeno you all know about,
For she can give the loudest shout.
Mary Lehto, who cheers for our team
Is in every football hero's dream.
Joanne Paananen, to her we yield,

As she cheers for our boys on the field,
Margie O'Connell leaps with the rest;
We all know she's one of the best.
Carol Clark is our red flame,
Helping Maynard toward football fame.
Pat O'Clair with her burst of laughter
Is a girl that's well worth looking after.
Kay Higgins may be the last in line,
But she's first of all when it's football time.
Sara Boeske, our leader, though not very tall,
Always has us at her beck and call.



FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row: J. Carew; R. Alberi; F. Case; F. Rogers; Co-Capt. C. Cutaja; Co-Capt. A. Viola; R. Holly; W. O'Toole; F. Barilone; R. Sluyski.
Second Row: Coach Lawson; T. Cocco; P. Murphy; J. Tomy; A. Mariano; D. Dintino; E. Romanowski; W. White; B. Roche; Coach Wassel; T. O'Toole.
Third Row: Coach Moran; A. Mancini; V. Jarmulowicz; J. Korsman; W. Howes; J. Cutter; R. Viola; L. O'Clair; J. Bakun.
Fourth Row: Manag. A. Wirtanen; L. McKenzie; R. Subick; A. Alexanian; J. Cuddy; R. Weaving; M. Sharpe; E. Rogers; Manag. W. Skirton.

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust

If Concord doesn't beat you, Clinton must."

That was just one of the many problems Vin Wassel, new head coach, must face. It has been a long time since Maynard has beaten either of these clubs, but the Owls of '49" may change this.

The squad is headed by Co-captains Scoop Viola and Chris "Rudolph" Cutaia, two of outstanding ability. When this magazine appears before your eyes, the following boys will have become men: Bobby Holly, Frank Case, Archie Rogers, Chris Cutaia, Billy O'Toole, Ed Romanowski, John Perillo, Dickie Alberi, Danny Dintino and Scoop Viola, all a fine group of boys. Good luck gang, from the student body.

Maynard 32—St. Mary's (Brookline) 7

September 25, 1949

The Owls opened their season by crushing the Saints 32-7. Dickie Alberi scored three times and your boy and mine, Scoop Viola, tallied once with Rogers converting one and O'Toole getting the other. In the first period, Alberi scored from the 5 and a little later Viola scored from the 16. In the second period, Dickie Alberi again hit paydirt, this time from the 21. Scoop Viola scored his second touch down in the second period, also as he bulled his way over from the 11. In the fourth period, Dickie Alberi ended Maynard's scoring by going over unmolested from the 37. In the third period Smith scored for the Saints' only score. This looks like a glorious season for Viola, Alberi, and Rogers.

Maynard 13 — Hudson 6

October 1, 1949

Stan Bondelevitch's outfit put up a good fight, but Scoop Viola led the underdog Warriors to a breath taking 13-6 win. "Scoopie" tallied both touchdowns on runs of 17 and 65 yards in the first and second periods respectively. Archie Rogers converted after the first one. Hudson was trailing 13-0 in the final period when it finally appeared that the Orange and Black were too tired to hang on. Bobby Rochelan broke away on a 48 yard run to hit paydirt and the score was 13-6. Hudson quickly got the ball again and started once more toward the goal. Just when it seemed evident that the Hawks would score again, "Gee Creepies" Jarmulowicz recovered a fumble and Maynard still had the ball when time ran out. The Owls played a very good ball game and you can just imagine how Coach Wassel must have felt.

Concord 20 — Maynard 0

October 8, 1949

The Wassel Warriors dropped a heart breaker to Concord at Emerson Playground to give Coach Megin's boys their thirty second win without defeat. In the first period, Maynard started rolling, but a fumble on the five gave Concord possession. In the second period, Ryan scored on an end sweep and King passed to Leo Bayeur for the conversion. Just before the end of this period Jackie King, fading back to pass and hemmed in by five opposing line men, broke away and went forty-five yards to score. In the third period Chipper Pierce scampered 55 yards to score, and Jimmy McKenna converted to make it 20-0. The Owls played a good ball game, but this just wasn't their day.

Maynard 33 — Wayland 6

October 15, 1949

The Maynard fans were let down by the loss of Bill O'Toole who was hurt in the Concord game. Charlie Wattu, a Junior, filled O'Toole's shoes very well.

Wayland kicked off. Maynard marched down the field to the four where Tommy Cocco plunged over. An exchange of punts and that was the first period. Maynard came back at the end of the first period, marched down the field where Alberi took the leather over. A march by Wayland was choked by the Owls. The Wassel men then started to march again but they in turn were choked off. At the end of the second quarter the score stood Maynard 13, Wayland 0.

Maynard started the second half with the loss of Romanowski, who was hurt in the second quarter. He was replaced by Perillo. In the opening minutes of the second half on his 50 yard line Perillo rifled a pass to Dick Alberi in the end zone and Alberi galloped for a touch-down. Rogers converted; the score was now 19-0. Wayland lost the ball on downs. Captain "Scoop Viola" then hugged the leather 54 yards into pay dirt. Rogers again converted making the score 26-0. Wayland then began to roll. They brought the ball down to the third where Don Place of Wayland carried over, Maynard 26, Wayland 6. Dick Alberi then went 20 yards for the finale, Rogers converting for the final score Maynard 33, Wayland 6.

Credit should be given in this game to Charlie Wattu, our two Co-captains, Chris Cutaia and Scoop Viola, and to Scoop's running mate, Dick Alberi.



1



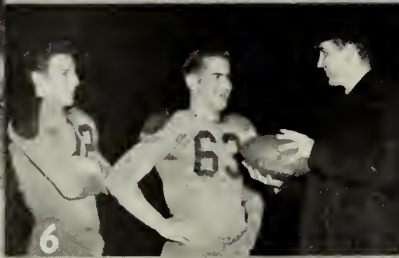
2



3



5



6



7



8



9



10

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Fearless Owls. | 4. This Counts! | 8. Wow, Is He Big! |
| 2. For A Touchdown. | 5. Al and Bill. | 9. Down, But Not For Long! |
| 3. Cheery Leaders. | 6. Captains Courageous. | 10. Sir Larry. |
| | 7. Carry On, Swiftly! | |

Maynard 12 — Ashland 6

October 22, 1949

Warren Smith and Co. gave the Owls a scare before dropping this one. At the end of a knock-down drag-out first period there was no score, but mid-way in the second period Tommy Cocco tallied from the twelve yard line to make it 6-0. Paced by the running and passing of Warren Smith, Ashland moved down field, with that same Warren Smith scoring from eight out. At half time it was a 6-6 deadlock, with the Ashland fans clamoring for an upset, and the Maynard rooters talking under their voices. Early in the third period Maynard started an 87 yard march that ended, believe it or not, on the Ashland one foot line. This certainly did not stop the Owls, at least not Scoop Viola and Bob Holly, for on the next play, both these boys broke through the lines, Viola knocking the ball to the ground and Holly falling on it to give the Orange and Black a 12-6 victory. With a season record of 4-1, the Owls start on the toughest half of their schedule, still hoping to take Midland League honors.

Maynard 6 — Natick 25

October 29, 1949

Powerhouse Natick just can't be beaten. The Owls gave it everything they had, but Natick had reserves and that was the story. Scoop Viola spear-headed a drive to the 5 and on a quick opener, "Scoopie" bulled his way over. Natick tied it up in the second period on a long aerial from Joe Kane to Ted Piers. Just before the half ended, Charley Sticka scored for Natick from the 1, and Wally Montgomery converted. From here on in the Owls fought with everything in their power, but the aforementioned reserves were too much. In the fourth period, a Kane to Montgomery aerial made it 19-6, and then Johnny Crisafulli scored from the 20 to make it 25-6. It was the Owls' second loss of the year, their first in league competition. The Warriors really put up stiff competition, but like that Lucky Ole' Sun, Natick just keeps rolling along.

Methuen 12 — Maynard 0

November 5, 1949

The Owls made another long journey to Methuen this time and it was the ride, not once beaten Methuen, that bowled over the Maynardites. In the third period, trailing 6-0, the Warriors put on a march

which seemed over as Alberi scored from the 5. The play was called back and Maynard tried in desperation to move it over, but lost the ball on downs. Another time, Scoop Viola broke away for 60 yards but was tackled and Maynard couldn't put the ball over. Late in the third period, Viola ran 45 yards, but fumbled when he was hit and another scoring threat was over. In the last period, Bob MacCurder caught a pass in the end zone to make it 12-0. That ended the scoring and the Owls' record now stands at 4-3.

Marlboro 39 — Maynard 13

November 11, 1949

The Hilltoppers dood it again, this time paced by their two and a half backfield aces, Drumme, Donahue and Jolie. Donahue scored 18 points, and Jolie 9, while Masciarelli picked up 6 along with Jimmy Drumme. Maynard was trailing 14-0 at the end of the initial period, but Scoop Viola scored from the five and Rogers converted to make it 14-7. Just before the half, Ed Romanowski peeled off a 55-yard run to hit paydirt only to have it called back and Maynard penalized. At the half time the score was Marlboro 20 Maynard 7, but that was as close as the Owls came. Don Jolie started hitting his pass receivers and Marlboro scored three quickies. Scoop Viola hit from 15 yards out in the fourth period to end the day's scoring.

Maynard 40 — Milford 6

November 19, 1949

The team finally showed what it had been promising all year by belting Milford 40-6. In the first period Danny Dintino broke away and raced 47 yards to score. Archie Rogers converted to make it 7-0. Just after the next kick-off, Ed Romanowski intercepted an aerial and returned it 65 yards to the Milford 11. From here, Dickie Alberi scored and O'Toole converted to make it 14-0. In the second period, Jim Giamarco caught a pass in the end zone to make it 14-6. Dickie Alberi took the second half kick-off and raced 84 yards to score. In the fourth period, Maynard broke the game wide open. Alberi scored from the four and O'Toole converted to make it 27-6. Bobby Viola then intercepted a Milford pass and brother Al took it over, with "One Play" again converting. The next time Maynard got the ball Perillo heaved a 30 yard pass to O'Toole on the twenty, and Billy outraced the Milford secondary to score.



FIELD HOCKEY SQUAD

First Row: C. Tourville; Mascot, Larry.
Second Row: D. Statkus; S. Boeske; D. King; J. Paananen; M. Labowicz; Capt. M. O'Connell; I. Mariana; M. Lehto; B. Priest; A. Greeno; P. Wehkoja.
Third Row: J. Morgan; A. Kaplan; A. Tower; J. Kangas; B. Mitzcavitch; J. Maria; C. Copp; P. O'Clair; L. Byrne; B. Prosper; M. Terrasi; C. Clark; B. Price; Coach, Miss Collins.
Fourth Row: H. Whitney; N. Bain; J. Gentsch; E. Veracka; V. Van Vorse; C. Whitney; A. Spurrell; H. Scerzen; J. Jokisaari; B. O'Toole; L. Bain; B. Thumith; S. Hill; G. Hatch; C. Lampinen.

FIELD HOCKEY — FIRST TEAM

First Row: D. King; J. Paananen; M. Labowicz; I. Mariani; D. Statkus.
Second Row: P. Wehkoja; A. Greeno; M. Lehto; C. Tourville; Capt. M. O'Connell; B. Priest; S. Boeske; Manager A. Kaplan; Coach, Miss Collins.

Maynard vs. Ashland

(At Ashland)

First Team

Ashland 2 — Maynard 1

Second Team

Maynard 1 — Ashland 0

On Friday, October 7 the Maynard Field Hockey girls went to Ashland to play their first game of the season. Powerful Angie Greeno had to play for both the first and second team, because of an injury to Pat O'Clair, second team captain. Despite this handicap the girls emerged victorious, the final score being 1-0. The lone tally was made by Angie Greeno. The first team, captained by Marjorie O'Connell, didn't have such good luck and they gallantly admitted defeat by a 2-1 score. June Statkus made the only goal. Better luck next time, first team!

Ashland vs. Maynard

(At Maynard)

First Team

Ashland 2 — Maynard 1

Second Team

Ashland 0 — Maynard 0

On Tuesday, October 11, Ashland came to Maynard for a return game. Our girls were full of vim, vigor, and determination to win, but nevertheless, the Ashland first team was again able to triumph over us. But the first team did not lose without first staging a hard fought contest. The game ended with a 2-1 score in Ashland's favor. Angie Greeno made the goal for Maynard. The second team game ended in a scoreless tie.

Maynard vs. Acton

(At Acton)

First Team

Maynard 3 — Acton 0

Second Team

Maynard 3 — Acton 0

On Tuesday, October 18, the Maynard field hockey teams journeyed to Acton for a return game. Both teams showed great teamwork and sportsmanship and came through with flying colors. The Acton girls also fought hard, but were unable to score against either of our teams. In the first few minutes of play, Capt. Pat O'Clair and June Statkus scored for the second

team. The other two goals were made by Capt. Pat O'Clair and Barbara Priest. The first team was likewise victorious, their score also being 3-0. First team goals were made by Mary Lehto in the first half and Sara Boeske and Angie Greeno in the second half. It was a hard fought game, which the girls deserved to win.

Maynard vs. Franklin

(At Franklin)

First Team

Maynard 2 — Franklin 0

Second Team

Franklin 1 — Maynard 0

Thursday, October 27, we played Franklin at Franklin. Because we arrived late the playing periods were shortened. Nevertheless, Maynard's first team defeated Franklin by a 2 to 0 score. Angie Greeno made a goal in the first half and then Claire Tourville made another in the second half. The second team was less fortunate, losing their game today, 1-0.

Maynard vs. Concord

(At Concord)

First Team

Concord 1 — Maynard 0

Second Team

Maynard 0 — Concord 0

Tuesday, November 1, was an important date for the M. H. S. Field Hockey teams. It was then that they played powerful Concord, their arch rival for years. Although the first team showed plenty of spirit and fight, the Concord girls were able to make a goal, the score being 1-0 in their favor. The second team match ended in a scoreless tie. Both teams played excellently and we are justly proud of them.

The Field Hockey girls would like to thank Miss Mary Collins, who through her kindness and good will gave up her time to coach for us. We are deeply grateful and wish her many successful seasons of coaching.

Field Hockey Teams

First Team

Angie GreenoC.F.
Barbara Priest, Sara BoeskeL.I.
June Statkus, Clair TourvilleR.I.
Dorothy StatkusL.W.

Mary Lehto	R.W.
Marjorie O'Connell, Capt.	C.H.
Irene Mariani	L.H.
Mary Sullivan	R.H.
Mary Labowicz	L.F.
Joanne Paananen	R.F.
Patricia Welhkoja	G.

Second Team

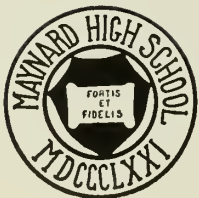
Patricia O'Clair, Capt.	C.F.
Barbara Priest, Sara Boeske	L.I.
June Statkus, Claire Tourville	R.I.
Carol Clark	L.W.
Alda Tower	R.W.
Beverly Price	C.H.
Frances Maria, Barbara Prosper	L.H.
Madeline Terrasi	R.H.
Dianne King	L.F.
Elizabeth Byrne	R.F.
Carol Copp	G.

Hockey Days Are Here Again

Autumn Days are here to stay
 With Field Hockey season well in sway;
 Every day it gets so cool

The poor girls work—they never fool.
 And after making winning goals
 They leave the field just full of holes.
 Tripped by Bev, those girls go down
 While others pile up on the ground.
 Margie alone saves the game
 Returning home with pride and fame.
 And our Sully is quite a gal,
 All consider her a pal.
 The fullbacks Mary, Liz, and Joanne
 Are simply tops, so give them a hand.
 The halfbacks who are too numerous to mention
 Start the game off, scared still with tension.
 Then there are the forwards in the front line
 Three of the best, they're really fine.
 Last in line, the goalies Carol and Pat,
 Keep their eye on the ball, though they like to chat.
 Of course there's Miss Collins
 Who's really a pal
 She's more than a friend to every gal.
 And as for me (sigh) Oh!
 What a shame—
 For all the mistakes I get the blame.

DIANNE KING, '50



The Mailman

Magazines received by M. H. S.:

- The Argus* — Gardner, Massachusetts.
- The Beacon* — Pasadena, Texas.
- The Western Graphic* — Colorado Woman's College, Denver, Colorado.
- Thurberettes* — South Middlesex Secretarial School, Framingham, Mass.

What We Think of Others:

- Argus*—Your "Information Please" is a very good idea. Would like to see more pictures.
- The Beacon* — Excellent school paper. Very chatty, newsy, and up-to-the-minute.
- Thurberettes* — Excellent editorials. Your "Remember When" and "We Like" columns are very good. Your original drawings and cartoons are wonderful and show great skill and talent.

What Others Think of Us?????

Nobody has volunteered to tell us what they think of us. Come on, friends. Let's have either Brickbats or Bouquets — or mebbe both

Psalm To An Algebra Teacher

He is my teacher; I shall not pass.
 He maketh me to go to the board,
 He compelleth me to write difficult problems.
 He maketh me sit down for my class's sake
 Yea, though I study until midnight,
 I gain no knowledge,
 For my formulas sorely bother me.
 He giveth me "F"
 Surely factors and radicals
 Shall follow me all the days of my life
 And I shall dwell in Algebra Class forever.

Thanks to THE BEACON
 Pasadena High School.

Being especially interested in Football and Field Hockey, we rove back through the years to dedicate this page to their captains.

Ann Hinds	Liberty Mutual Life Insurance
Nellie Chodynicky	New England School of Art
Constance Whitney	University of Massachusetts
Eileen Bell	Boston University
Rose Hansen	Bay State Boat Company
Mary Lawler	Emerson Hospital
Elsie Burgess	Married
Frances D'Agata	Married
Theresa Mariano	Married
Gerald Robinson	Lenor Rhyne
Ralph Case	Twombly Funeral Service
Roger Spurrell	Boston and Maine Railroad Company
Carlo Mariani	Norumbega Nurseries
Fred Wasiluk	Chicago White Sox
Vincent Russo	Tufts College
Robert Jones	Bates College
Charles Higgins	Boston University
Albert Crowley	General Motors
George Whalen	General Motors
Fred Sarvela	Erkkinen's Buick Company
Daniel O'Leary	Tromco Paint Company

LORRAINE CAMPBELL, '51
 BETTY MARCHANT, '50



The Wise Old Owl Would Like To Know:

1. What fascination does the Freshmen class hold for J. C.?
2. Who's Ann Freeman's mystery man?
3. Why Tommy Cocco is often heard singing "Mergie?"
4. Where Bobby Warila gets that super wave?
5. Who or what attracts Beansy W. to Hudson?
6. Why Janet T. is getting gray? Worried?
7. What "Starr" does Jeannie J. wish on?
8. Why P-nut has a "Hick"-up so often?
9. Why J. Hinds is always blushing?
10. If it's Carol C. and Eddy L. again?
11. What the "Scoop" is with Gert C.?
12. Where Sara B. finds all her time?
13. Why Dickie Alberi likes to check coats up at Lake Boone?
14. Which is it, Eddie, room 11 or 25?

BETTY HATCH, '50
 TOMMY COCCO, '51
 JANET GENTSCH, '52
 GEORGIA HATCH, '53

Platter Chatter

Need You — Permits
 Love Letters — J. Hinds
 Better Luck Next Time — Football Team
 Talk, Talk, Talk — Janet Gentsch
 Hello, Beautiful — Mary Sullivan
 You're So Understanding — Mr. A. Lerer
 Jealous Heart — Jr. Woman's Club Dance
 You Stole My Heart — Dot to Joby

Too Late, Too Late — Chris Cutaia
 Blue Room — Office
 Everywhere You Go — Tommy Cocco
 Again — Bev and Bob
 Heartaches — Report Cards
 My Buddy — Betty to Buddy
 So Tired — Eddy Cuddy
 Little Lad — Arthur B.
 I Can Dream, Can't I — Getting On Honor Society
 Faraway Places — College
 Lovely Bunch of Cocoanuts — WHAM Club

BETTY HATCH, '50
 GEORGIA HATCH, '53

M. H. S. Broadcasting

Take It Or Leave It — Red Ticket
 The Big Story — One o'clock notices
 We, The People — Seniors
 Amos and Andy — Dicky and Danky
 Today's Children — Freshmen
 Red Skelton — Albert Mariano
 Dr. I. Q. — Mr. Larkin
 I Love A Mystery — Bi-monthly time
 The Railroad Hour — Billy O'Toole
 Spelling Bee — Paul Murphy
 World News — Arlene Kaplan
 Musical Roundup — Glee Club
 Just Plain Bill — Bill Howes
 Queen For A Day — Barbara Priest
 Weather Forecast — Mr. Mattioli
 My Friend Irma — Janice M. to Carol W.

BETTY HATCH, '50
 TOMMY COCCO, '51
 JANET GENTSCH, '52
 GEORGIA HATCH, '53

Best Sellers

1. American Girl — Barbara Thumith
2. True Romance — Sully and Charlie
3. True Confession — In The Office
4. Tale of Two Cities — Maynard and Concord
5. Seventeen — Mary L.
6. Red Book — Teacher's Rank Book
7. Good Housekeeping — Room 20

BETTY HATCH, '50

JANET GENTSCH, '52

GEORGIA HATCH, '53

Class of '53

I think that I shall never see,
A freshman class as green as we.
We go to the dances and sit on the side,
When someone approaches we wish we could hide.
When walking down the aisle, the Frosh
Often hear the Seniors scoff,
We wonder why these remarks we hear,
For all those Seniors we seem to fear.
We go out for sports like all the rest,
But the Seniors always seem the best.
But after all we've got three more years,
So never fear we'll waste no more tears.
We'll just sit back and watch the Seniors go by,
Without a worry or a sigh.
But all in all, the class of '53,
Is just as good as good can be.

GEORGIA HATCH, '53

Jokes

Margie O. was angry because she had not been invited to a picnic her friends were going to. The morning of the event Sara B. finally relented and asked her to come. "It's too late," snapped Margie, "I've already prayed for rain."

"What's your idea of civilization?" asked Albie A. "It's a good idea," replied Jimmie S. "Somebody ought to start it."

Anelons: I don't like the way you're holding that gun.

Fungie: Well, I don't aim to please.

Claire Tourville after waiting in a confectionery store for about ten minutes, grew grossly impatient at the lack of service. Finally she rapped sharply on

the counter. "Here, young lady," she called, "who waits on the nuts?"

R. Alberi was riding on one of the toll bridges. His car coughed and sputtered to the gate. The guard leaned out and said, "Fifty cents." Alberi climbed down. "She's yours," replied Alberi. "I'll walk the rest of the way."

Mary L.: There's a man who wants to see you about a bill you owe him. He wouldn't give his name.

Danky: Well, what does he look like?

Mary: He looks like you had better pay it.

Archie: Is that a hand-painted necktie?

Tierney: No. I just leaned against a wet sign-board.

Eddie: Wise men hesitate. Fools are certain.

Danny: Are you sure?

Eddie: I'm certain!

Joanne: Bet you can't climb up that beam of light?

Claire: Do you think I'm crazy? I'd get half way up and you'd turn it off.

Betty A.: "I know fish is brain food, but I don't like fish. Any other brain food?"

Helen T.: "Well there's noodle soup."

Mr. L. Lerer: What kind of rock is this?

R. Keto: Oh!! I just take it for granite.

When the donkey saw the zebra

He began to switch his tail,

"Well, I never," was his comment,

"Saw a mule who'd been in jail."

Mother: Why were you kept in after school today, Billy?

Billy S.: The teacher told us to write an essay on "The Results of Laziness" and I turned in a blank sheet of paper.

Mary A.: I've been asked to get married lots of times.

Willy: Who asked you?

Mary A.: Mother and Father.

Soph: You ought to take choloroform.

Frosh: Yeh, Who teaches it?

Customer: I can't eat this food. Call the manager.

Carol N.: It's no use. He won't eat it, either.

Teacher: Scoop, use "asbestos" in a sentence.

Scoop: I do my work asbestos I can.

Gert P.: Why did they separate?

Ann W.: Nobody knows.

Gert P.: O, how terrible!

WORDS OF WISDOM

Tact is the ability to give a person a shot in the arm without letting him feel the needle.

A clock-eyed secretary won't get ahead.

Dreams won't come true if you oversleep.

Some grow under responsibility. Others merely swell!

- BETTY HATCH, '50
- TOMMY COCCO, '51
- JANET GENTSCH, '52
- GEORGIA HATCH, '53

After One

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CLAIRE TOURVILLE, '50



DEDICATION

Ordinarily the dedication of any book is found in the front of the book. This year, however, we of the SCREECH OWL STAFF of Maynard High School, are deviating from this rule for a very particular reason.

Because of the generosity of the merchants and professional men who have given us advertisements, or who have been Patrons, we are able to produce a school magazine which is widely circulated and as widely read. We can be proud of our SCREECH OWL.

Without the assistance and co-operation of these generous people, we would not be able to produce such a magazine. Therefore, we of the SCREECH OWL STAFF respectfully dedicate this December, 1949 issue of the SCREECH OWL to you,

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