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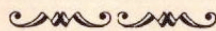
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THE SCREECH OWL

PUBLISHED TWICE A YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL

DECEMBER, 1945

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Twenty-five Years of Football at Maynard High

Before 1920 there was no organized football in Maynard High School. The townspeople thought it a game of broken bones and did everything they could to prevent their boys from playing. But despite the hardships of getting equipment and a backing for his team, a science teacher of Maynard High, who came from Clinton and whose name was Pat Hynes, made football a reality in Maynard. Mr. Hynes was helped by Bob Parkin who was the Captain of the team that year. In the first few games they were beaten unmercifully, but as they got rolling they tied Hudson and Lexington. So to Pat Hynes and Bob Parkin goes the credit for establishing football in Maynard High.

When the 1921 season rolled around, Ed Coughlin, a local boy, became the coach. It was tough for the fellows on the team for they had to sneak their uniforms out of the house and sometimes were chased off the playing field by wrathful parents, but through it all football survived. For the next few years Maynard had some pretty fair ball clubs coached by Mr. Coughlin and captained in 1922 by Maurice Stuckert, in 1923 by Al Lerer, and in 1924 by Joe Kamesh, a great all round athlete. In 1925 Don Lent, one of Maynard's greatest athletes, took over the coaching job and, under his direction the team, led by Captain Mike Vodoklys, lost only three games to such powerful teams as Natick, Leominster, and St. Mary's. Don Lent coached from 1925 to 1931 and his teams were led by such able captains as Mike Vodoklys, Ken Murray, Doc Siipola, Howard King, George Weaving, S. Hintsu, and Kevin Spratt.

In 1931 the Maynard football team, now nicknamed the Little Giant Killers, tied with Belmont for the Middlesex League Championship and won the Midland League champion-

ship. The following is the schedule and the scores:

Maynard	0	Melrose	13
Maynard	0	Belmont	0
Maynard	18	Hudson	0
Maynard	13	Stoneham	6
Maynard	13	Lexington	0
Maynard	6	Concord	6
Maynard	7	Winchester	6
Maynard	7	Marlboro	7
Maynard	33	Clinton	0

This great team, led by Captain Kevin Spratt and helped by a hard-running shifty back by the name of Speedy O'Leary, who later played for Brown University, really proved that all that had been done for the Maynard High football teams was appreciated by the boys on the squad.

In 1932 Al Lerer took over the job of coach and produced an able football team, captained by Mike Ignachuck. After Mr. Lerer, in 1935, came Coach Vodoklys, and he was assisted by Reg Sawyer. Both these men did much for the boys and the team. Mr. Vodoklys and Mr. Sawyer had mediocre ball teams until the fall of 1938. When the first practice was called they found that they had some big boys and they developed a line that averaged over two hundred pounds. Although they had one of the heaviest lines in the state they also had one of the lightest backfields, but this was no handicap for a light, fast backfield can easily run through the holes opened by a heavy line. This team went through the season undefeated and was scored on only once. This season climaxed the rise of football at Maynard. The line-up of that famous team is as follows: George Whalen '40, L.E.; John Sokolowski '39, L.T.; Waino Nyholm '39, L.G.; Ray Bamford '40, C.; Lauri Toivanen '39, R.G.; Edwin Saaristo '39, R.T.; Charlie D'Agata '39, R.E.; Daniel

O'Leary '39, Q.B.; Edward Hajduk '39, R.H.;
Wilson Cuttell '39, L.H.; William Loiko '39,
F.B. The season's record is as follows:

Maynard 8	Fitchburg	0
Maynard 13	Belmont	0
Maynard 41	Concord	0
Maynard 18	Hudson	0
Maynard 39	Lexington	7
Maynard 0	Winchester	0
Maynard 2	Stoneham	0
Maynard 35	Marlboro	0
Maynard 27	Milford	0
Maynard 6	Clinton	0

Pts. for 189 Pts. against 7

For several years after this powerful team in 1938 the Maynard teams lacked drive and steadily lost ball games. Morale was low among the boys, the townspeople, and the student body.

In 1942, Coach Dick Lawson, a local boy and former athlete of Maynard High, took over the football team and in 1943, he was assisted by Joe Sczerzen, another former athlete. Although both coaches and boys worked hard, handi-

capped as they were by small squads because of the enlistment in the Service of many older boys, the season was mediocre. In 1944 a testimonial banquet was given the boys which showed them that the people of the town were backing them in spirit and led to a revival of the old Maynard fighting spirit. Coach Lawson entered the Navy shortly after the '44 season, and when the 1945 grid team turned up for practice they were told that the School Committee had hired a big-name coach, Keith Ranspot, a former All-American from Southern Methodist University and the Captain of the Boston Yanks football team. This gave the boys a big lift and they settled down to work under Coach Ranspot, who is very well liked by all the members of the squad, and his assistant, Joe Sczerzen.

Despite the fact that Maynard's winning scores were few this season, the boys have played good football before crowds of enthusiastic fans and have well earned the banquet which was given them December fifth.

ALBERT HODGESS, '46.

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Many readers of a magazine do not realize that the cost of the printing and cuts far exceeds the amount which can be realized from sales. Two thirds of the cost of the magazine is paid by the advertisers. So to them we owe a very real debt of gratitude which we can repay only by assuring them that our readers do read the ads as carefully as the text and do patronize our advertisers. Join us in saying "Thank you."
PAUL STEIN, '46.

* * *

Religious Education

As has been done in many Massachusetts towns and cities, a course in religious education was introduced into the school curriculum in Maynard this fall. Every Wednesday morning Maynard High School students are excused to attend their respective churches for religious instruction. There they learn more about their own faith and also become acquainted with the differences and similarities of other religions. In this way a broad and tolerant outlook on religion is encouraged. Faithful attendance earns one quarter point credit toward graduation.

The students welcomed the idea of religious education and

have proved eager to learn by their attitude toward the discussions and class work.

Questions of faith have always held some place in the students' minds and by this method the future citizens of Maynard are able to say: "I know my faith and understand the beliefs of my fellow students. I shall conduct myself in a manner that will be a credit to my religion."

Each Wednesday morning the following groups meet:

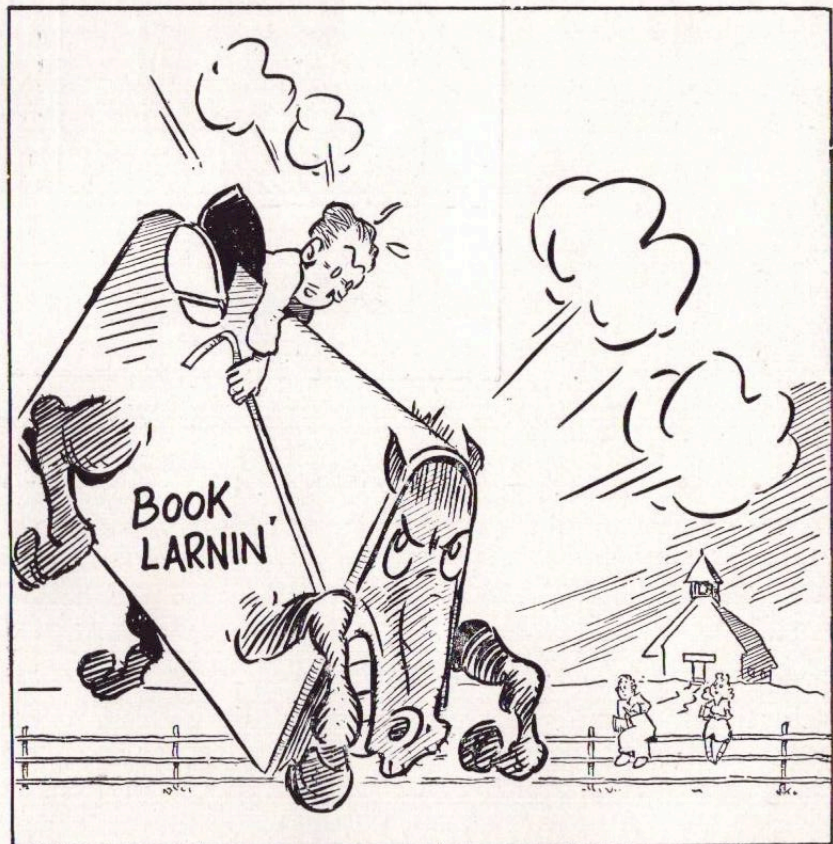
Protestant group at St. George's Church under the leadership of Reverend Goll and Reverend MacLean.

Roman Catholic group at St. Casimir's Church under the leadership of Reverend Maskiewicz.

Roman Catholic group at St. Bridget's under the leadership of Reverend Bernard Kane.

Russian group at Russian Orthodox Church under the leadership of Reverend Lubanoff.

MILDRED MARK, '46.



Ride 'Em Freshmen!

The Value of Time

Of all the natural gifts of life, time is the most precious, for upon it the use of other gifts depends. There are many people in the world who are thrifty with money, but who carelessly throw away minutes as if they were of no value. Moments are golden things which we all share whether we be kings, beggars, or ordinary people, and every one wasted is a bit of wasted life. A moment is here, and then gone forever.

We need not fear to be idle, for an idle hour here and there is probably the best medicine we could take. It is not these hours which are properly idle that we should come to regret; it is the hour upon hour making day upon day, week upon week of time devoted to useless and harmful activity that we shall sigh for when sighing is vain. Anyone can look around and see two men he knows, one with all the advantages of education, all the influence of position, all the happiness of prosperity; the other living a humdrum life without distinction of any kind. The whole difference between them lies in the way they spent their time.

Before we become adults, we shall regret the time we wasted in our youth. Nothing pays such good interest as the hours that a wise boy spends at school or with his books at home. Many a man would like to call back again the golden hours which are yours today, but which will soon be gone, never to return. Use them

wisely, for they are hours in which you are preparing your own future. With well spent hours as steps you may climb to fame. Wasted hours lead but to futility. Time's hand scatters treasures generously for us all. We pick them up or we leave them, and according to our choice, so is our life.

JEAN STEIN, '48.



They're Always With Us

Keep Our School Clean

The necessity for keeping the school clean is imperative. Certainly boys and girls of high school age should realize that the reputation of their school depends largely on the appearance of the building and the grounds around it.

Despite the jokes that have been made about the poor privates in the Army who had to pick up papers for miles around the camp, scrub garbage pails until they were spotless, and wash floors until they shone like glass, behind

this entire idea lies the basic theory of cleanliness. You will agree certainly, that if the Army of the United States considers cleanliness a vital item in its daily routine, then the youth of America should grasp its importance. You will find that in all fields of business and in everyday life, the little habits of cleanliness count a great deal.

Think for a minute how you as a member of the school can help to make our school a clean one. When you see paper on the floor, pick it up and put it in the waste basket where it belongs; don't leave it there and expect someone else to pick it up. If each student takes care of his own candy wrapper or Hoodsie box there will be none of that after-recess debris which all too often covers our floors fifth period. Don't destroy school property by carving your name on a desk. Remember that although the sight of your name on a desk in every room may cause you to glow with pride, it reminds the rest of us that only a nobody needs to advertise himself in such a way. Don't scribble the answers in your workbooks for someone else to copy. These little things are just as important to the appearance of the school as a fresh coat of paint or varnish.

To keep our school clean we must have the complete co-operation of everyone. As you know, Maynard High School has always maintained a high standard and we should be proud to have the privilege of keeping it that way.

NANCY WHITNEY, '46.

* * *

Finish Your Job

They died and maybe you tried — to help during the actual duration of the war, but every American must realize that although the peace terms have been agreed upon and some of our men have come home to their old jobs and resumed civilian life, there is still a strong need for funds to bring peace to a wartorn world. Young men and women have given their lives

to secure such a peace and it is our duty to help them carry it through.

What does our country need more money for now? Well, here are a few reasons why Uncle Sam still needs your help.

Even though the Armistice has been signed, our boys are still marching on foreign soil and until every last one of them is home we have an obligation to them which we must pay. The money you lend now will pay the passage fee home for a boy who has been serving in the Asiatic or European theater for two or three years.

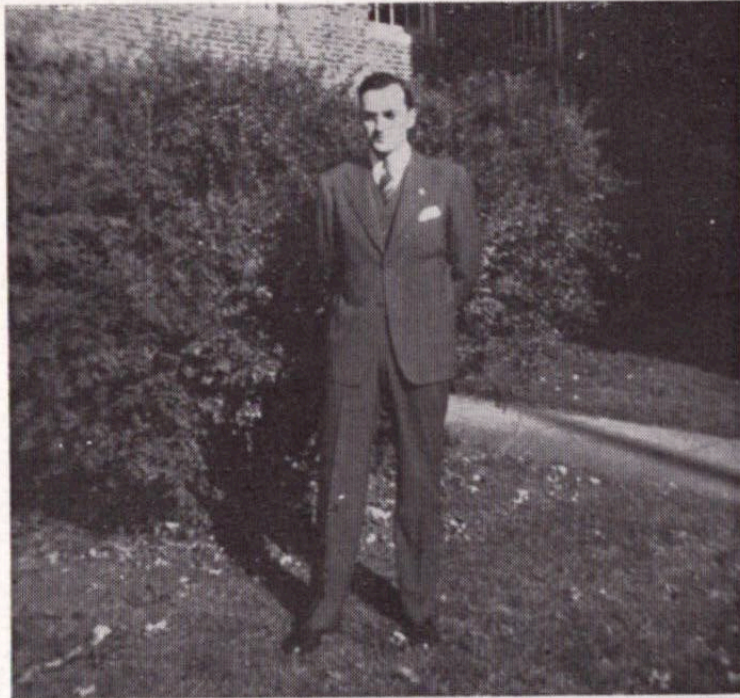
Your money will bring home and the comforts of the U.S.A. a little closer to the soldier who has yet to fulfill his duty overseas.

Your aid will be the support of hospitals and rehabilitation centers so terribly needed throughout the country. We trained our men for war so we must re-train them now for peace. Many have given their lives but even a greater number have been physically disabled, and it is our solemn duty to find jobs for them and to assure them a peaceful and happy future. To do these things it takes money, a lot of money, and it is from John Doe, Mary Smith and school boy, Bob Anderson, that we must get these funds.

If you can forget now your obligation to those boys who died in the heat of battle and to those who fought and lived but never will be free of the scars of war, then you do not deserve the name American. You say you will buy stamps and bonds, but you always forget your money. That is beyond a doubt the lamest excuse that you could offer. What would have happened if the fighting men had forgotten what they were fighting for? Now you can see why excuses are just no good. You must remember if only for your own safety.

They did their job splendidly and came through bearing the banner of victory. Don't let it ever be said that we couldn't preserve that victory.

NANCY WHITNEY, '46.



Bernard T. White
Principal

Keith Ranspot
Coach

Miss Helen Resca
Chemistry, Physics

Miss Dorothy Tierney
English

INVEST IN VICTORY

BUY WAR BONDS



Destination: Death!

"Zero Hour approaches. Set your watches, men," whispers the 'Looie'. "Hah! Set your watches! What a laugh — most of us won't need watches in another hour or so. Zero Hour. It'll be about midnight in the States when the first wave goes in.

Oh, no, for the devil's sake, no, — don't let me think that far back . . . I've come this far; everything's been OK. Now I get to remember again. I ain't been yellow. Please God, all I ask is one chance, just one — Wonder what Kay's doin' about this time — sleeping, I guess. Dreaming probably — about the fool who gave up everything — just for a filthy batch of dough. Fool — Say, that's me! Fool with a capital "F".

Ever hear of Allen Aloysius Brent? Aloysius after the old man — Nope, probably never heard of him. You might have heard the name "Al" Brent or maybe "Big Shot" Brent. That's me. Look at me now — just Corporal Brent, U.S.A.

Boy, for the good old days of the 30's. Yeh, it all started in the year 1938 — New Year's Eve. I'd graduated from high school the spring before, and felt pretty "big for my britches," what with having a job in Pop Schmidt's delicatessen, and all. I'd taken Pearl Dane, one of my high school girl friends, to a party at the Town Hall and it was just around twelve when I turned my eyes toward the door, and wow! They rested upon the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. I gagged a bit and raised my voice, trying to show off. I tried to fool around and kid with the gang at our table, but it was no go. Pearl was forgotten as I stumbled across the room to this new and beautiful creature.

"I'm Al Brent," I managed to choke out hoarsely.

"Hello, Mr. Brent. I'm Kay Blake."

The world whirled 'round and 'round, and the clock struck twelve.

Oh, boy — she was swell! I was all set to marry her, but I wanted to show her I was a big guy. I was goin' to be a big shot — to show Kay how the "better half" lives. Yeh! I showed her — myself too.

Well, I became so obsessed with the desire to give Kay all that she desired that I threw over my job at Pop's and joined Dale Pritchard, a very well-to-do racketeer. Dale had faith in me, so I was going places. So what if we did hi-jack small businessmen or buy them out to gain control of their businesses? I was living high, spending money left and right and was dressed to kill. To kill — yeh! —

Well, Kay did her best to change my modes and ideas, but I went on, riding high. Then, in 1941, the Japs attacked us and I felt only a slight twinge of sadness. For the United States? — Heck, no! but because it might harm business.

Kay was disgusted with me and pleaded with me to come to my senses. Well . . . I didn't so Kay vowed she'd never marry me. Even that failed to smarten me up, so Kay left town and joined the WACS, as I later heard.

After that I went into the racket heart and soul. The war brought us a flourishing business for a couple of months, but soon the F.B.I. started to get wise.

Then came the night we went out to intercept a big meat shipment. All went well until one of the truck drivers tried to make a break for it and I had to put a couple of slugs in him. We got away, but just as I settled down for the night the cops clamped down on us. I looked at the clock as I walked out of the house. — It was just about midnight.

—————"Guilty, first degree murder. To hang by the neck until dead." I almost laughed in the judge's face. I'd committed a crime—killed a man. O.K., so what if I did have to die?—But was I going soft? I wanted to have one chance to be a man—A Man!

As Sergeant Vance of the Municipal Police led me to my cell, I turned to him and asked, "What time, Chum?"

"Twelve, midnight."—————

"I'm here now, on a barge in the Pacific. In a short while, I'll be out there on the beach, the name of which I can't even pronounce. How'd I get here? Oh, I had connections—managed to get out on bail and then I skipped town. Went to the West Coast, joined the Army—and here I am. Well, it's almost time. Better get ready now — Thanks, God — thanks for the chance."

"Lieutenant, here's a man who's a real hero. Destroyed a machine gun nest. Look, his watch stopped at 12 o'clock. Quite a guy, eh?"

Lieutenant Vance, formerly a sergeant in the Municipal Police Department turned the hero over — gasped — and muttered, "Yes, quite a guy."

ISABELLE KOSKI, '47.

The Ticket

Oh-oh there he comes. I see his spotlight. Yes, there's his siren. Who? The motorcycle cop, of course. Who'd you think I meant—Santa Claus? Doggone it, I told you they were patrolling this road. I knew darned well we'd get picked up. But oh, no, you knew better; so just because you're tired and in a hurry to get home, you argue me into going fast, and now I'll get a ticket and probably a stiff fine for speeding. Honest to Pete, the way you women are always trying to get away with something, and then some man has to pay. You can what? Talk him out of it? Not on your life. You'll do nothing of the sort. You've already done enough talking for one evening. Yeah, I know all about your female wiles. The last time you

turned 'em loose, on that cop up in Wisconsin, it cost me over fifty bucks. No sir, you keep quiet and let me handle this. Now I mean it. Oh you've really got a swell idea, have you? Well, that's just fine, but you forget it whatever it is. Pull a fainting spell? Not on your life, you won't. Don't you dare. I don't care if you can do a dandy swoon. I won't have it, I tell you. Now you mind, or I'll—Oh here he is.

What's that? Pull to the curb? Who me? Okay, officer, heh-heh. I guess you've got me—I mean I'm afraid I—that is—be quiet, dear. Honest, officer, the road's so straight and empty, I didn't realize—.

Darling, will you please stop pawing me while I'm trying to talk? What? Hold your hand? Now see here, this is no time—, Oh for heaven's sake, snap out of it. Quit it, I tell you. Hey! Here, now. Stop going limp like that. Come on, sit up I say. You're just going to make things worse. Oh brother—now you've done it.

What's that, officer? Guys like me ought to be in jail? Now, look here. What do you mean you've got a notion to sock me one for bullying a little lady when she's sick like that? I was just — sure, I can see she's, 'er, fainted, but—sure, I know she looks like she's got ptomaine poisoning or maybe acute appendicitis, but—I'm not acting like a dope. I'm just trying to—what? Follow you? Where to? The police sta—Oh, the, the hospital. Sure I'll follow you. No, no, you don't need to knock a little sense into me first. Yes, yes, I'll step on it. I'll keep up with you. No, I won't try any tricks, Officer. Honest, I won't. Oh gosh.

Now then, you little—what? Yes, he's gone on ahead, but you keep your head down as it was. He might look back. Well, I don't care if you are getting a cramp in your back. You asked for it, didn't you? So you stay down out of sight. And move over a little—I need room to drive if I'm going to keep up with this cop. But you just wait till I get you home again. You and your bright ideas. Well, what are you giggling about? What's so funny? Thrill-

ing? Oh you think it's thrilling, do you? Sure we're going through town sixty miles an hour behind a police escort, but just wait till we get to that hospital and the cop finds out you were only bluffing and slaps us in jail. You won't think it's so thrilling then. Or anyway, I won't. Ten to one, I'll draw about ninety days. Pessimist? Oh, I am, am I? Well you don't think that cop is going to like—what do you mean, we can play out the act? If you think for one minute that I'm going to take you in that hospital and tell them you—never. I'll not do it. I—well, maybe I am a bad sport, but I'm no fool. They'd throw us out on our ear in two seconds, and with the cop right there to catch us on the bounce. No sir, you tricked me into this, you and your swoon. But I'll get out of this myself, thanks. I'm going to make a clean breast of it to the cop and take the consequences. Maybe he'll have a heart. Now, here's the hospital, and you keep your face down and your mouth shut or I'll—

What, officer? What am I waiting for? Why I—get her in the hospital quick? But officer, she—. Of course I'll do what you say, and no arguments, but—. What? Do I want you to help me carry her? Oh no, no. You've got to get back to your patrol? You mean you're going? You're actually leaving us? Want you to stay? Oh no, officer, no. You go ahead. We'll be all right. There's nothing wrong. That is—I mean she's feeling better now. Oh, thanks officer, thanks. I'm sure she will. See me again sometime? Oh sure, sure, I hope so too. Heh-heh. Oh good-night, officer, good-night.

Well, can you beat—. He's actually going. He's really gone. I fooled him then. We got away with it. Stop that laughing. He'll hear you. But by golly, we put it over, and it was just as easy as pie. No, look. He's coming back. I'll bet he heard. Oh, we shouldn't have tried. I knew we'd never really get away.

Yes, officer? You forgot? Forgot what? Oh, to tell us what you stopped us for back there. My tail-light? It's flickering? Only the tail-light? You really mean that was 'all

you wanted? I'd better what? Get it fixed? Oh, I will, officer, I will. Right away, officer, right away. Good-night again, officer, good-night. Well, I'll be—darling. I don't know whether to kiss you or kill you. You and your bright ideas. Whew!

ROBERT LIDDELL, '47.

* * *

I

Don't Ever Change

Have you ever been to Falmouth on Cape Cod? If you have, you will have undoubtedly seen the huge estates along Mill Road. Perhaps you will have noticed in particular the Loring Estate, half hidden from view by high hedges and assured of privacy by a massive iron gate. Those who have been curious enough to look through the gate have seen an impressive field-stone house partly covered with ivy and surrounded by sloping lawns. On the porch of the house they might have seen several sailors enjoying a game of ping-pong or to the right of the house a group of soldiers playing tennis on the large concrete courts. Perhaps they saw a graceful, middle-aged woman on the porch serving tall glasses of iced tea to the boys.

Myrna Lloyd and I were curious enough to look through the gate. Myrna's husband had been reported killed in action a few months before and since then she had not been very well, physically or mentally. I had invited her to spend the summer months with me to try to help her regain her health and her faith in life. As we walked along Mill Road, she talked continually of her husband and told me that the last thing he said to her was, "Don't ever change—stay just as you are."

Looking at her I could see the determination in her eyes and I was afraid of what it might mean. Attempting to change the subject I suggested that we look through the Loring Gate but even as we looked I heard Myrna whisper to herself, "I'll never change."

An idea was slowly forming in my mind. I asked Myrna if anyone had ever told her about

Mrs. Loring, and finding that no one had, I proceeded to tell her this story:

"Thirty years ago Mrs. Loring was a successful young actress known as Rhoda Martin. Perhaps you have heard of her. She came from a wealthy family who made this house their summer residence. During one of the many summers that she spent here, Rhoda met and fell in love with Rand Loring, the son of a poor schoolteacher. Despite her parents attempts to break up the romance by sending Rhoda to Europe in the summer instead of to Falmouth, Rhoda and Rand continued to correspond and to meet secretly whenever it was possible.

"Rhoda, being extremely talented, attended dramatic school in Paris, and when shortly after graduation both of her parents were tragically killed in an automobile accident, she dauntlessly carried on despite this great sorrow and achieved almost instant success on Broadway. Just after she was given her first starring role, war broke out in Europe. Rhoda and Rand were quietly married on the Christmas Eve before the United States entered the war three years later, and after a four month honeymoon at Falmouth, Rand went off to the wars and Rhoda went back to Broadway, promising that she'd never change until he came back to her.

"And she didn't change even when four months later Rand was reported missing in action. At the prime of her success she renounced her career and went back to Falmouth to wait and pray for Rand's return. Rand never returned, but for five long years Rhoda did not change or give up hope. However, after awhile, all hope faded and Rhoda unconsciously began to change—but not for the better. She was seldom seen outside of the house except on the rare occasions when she would take long walks along the seashore, staring constantly out at the ocean with a wandering look in her eyes and speaking to no-one. She was dressed always in the fashion of the war years. As the years passed the once well-kept lawns became tangled with weeds, the iron gate became coated with rust, and the house became so grown over with

ivy that one couldn't see a light shining through the windows at night. Children began to call the house haunted and people began to whisper about the eccentric Mrs. Loring.

"Rhoda continued to live in a world of the past, refusing to believe that Rand would never return or that she had changed at all from the pretty young girl that she had been when he left her. She did not realize that her clothes were out of style, or that her hair was fast becoming gray and her brow deep furrowed from thought. For long weeks on end the only person she saw was the boy who delivered her groceries and she seldom spoke to him. She finally lost complete track of the time.

"On December 8, 1944, the grocery boy casually mentioned that this would probably be the last time he'd be delivering her groceries for quite a while because he was going to join the army. Rhoda became intensely alert at the mention of the Army and asked him why he was giving up such a good job to join the Army, especially in a time of peace. Upon being informed of the war a change came over Rhoda. She became restless during the day, longing for some one with whom to talk, and unable to sleep at night.

"On Christmas Eve, the twenty-fourth anniversary of her marriage, she had a strange dream in which she saw her husband opening the iron gates and letting hundreds of soldiers in to the estate. Instantly the tangled lawns became green and sloping again and tennis courts and a fresh-water swimming pool appeared. Her husband seemed to smile at her as he admitted the last soldier and then, as the heavy gates swung shut again, he slowly faded away.

"The townspeople were startled when Rhoda appeared in church the next Sunday and were even more startled when she began to make her dream a reality by changing her estate into an ideal home for lonesome servicemen. Rhoda underwent a great change too and became more like the girl that Rand had left behind him than she had been for twenty-four years.

"I know all this because I went to school with Rhoda Loring."

Myrna didn't say much when I finished telling her the story but from that time on I noticed that she changed considerably. She seemed to be more interested in the things about her and she became more like her old self every day. She often expressed a desire to meet Mrs. Loring but somehow I managed to avoid it. Then one day we received an invitation to dinner from Mrs. Loring.

We were met at the front door by a rather handsome middle-aged man who escorted us to the parlor where Mrs. Loring was sitting. She arose and I introduced Myrna to her and then the inevitable happened and she said to me, "You know my husband, of course, but I don't believe that Mrs. Lloyd has met him. Mrs. Lloyd, this is my husband, Rand Loring."

ELINOR CASE, '47.

II

Amongst the Living

It was a cold, dreary afternoon in mid-November. Most of the leaves were off the trees and the air held a hint of snow. The town was quiet except for an occasional breeze that rustled the leaves and the clanking of a carriage down the bumpy street.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the clamor of excited voices. Across the street in front of a tea shoppe half a dozen people were gathered. My curiosity urged me to join them.

"Yes, and tonight the moon will be full again!" exclaimed one excited woman.

"I'm going to lock my doors and windows and keep my children home after 6:30 P.M." another said.

"I say, what's this all about?" I asked.

"They say that werewolves are around this part of the country." one replied.

"Werewolves?" I asked.

"Yes; they are humans who turn into wolves when the moon is full and go about killing people."

"Who ever started such a silly fairy-tale? You ought to have more sense than to believe a thing like that." I replied.

"——But someone said he saw one last evening down near the old graveyard—in back of your house."

"Bosh!" I said. "It was probably an illusion or the man had had too much to drink. Those things don't exist. They were legends from old Germany."

"Still, Im taking no chances on going out tonight."

At this the little gathering dispersed, and I walked on alone.

While walking towards my home on the outskirts of town, something perplexed me. I had a dream last night. It was all so strange. I dreamed I saw a wolf-like character roaming through the graveyard—or *was* it a dream? Did I see it too?

Snow began to drift silently, but swiftly to the ground. In no time at all the ground was covered with a crystal ermine carpet. By 12 o'clock the snow had stopped and the stars were out—and also the moon!

The moon was as huge, full and yellow as it had been for many a night. Its light cast upon the snow, made the earth look like day with shadows of trees making gorgeous patterns—but there was another shadow, and it was not that of a tree! It was a hairy-like figure of a man! He crept silently through the snow toward the graveyard. When the light shone on his face you could see a pair of fiery eyes among much hair. His glistening teeth were very sharp with two long fangs in the front outstanding. Saliva dripped from his mouth and his fingernails were very long and sharp.

Upon reaching the cemetery he paused for an instant, then proceeded to a tomb. The door was not locked, so he entered. Inside he lit a candle and proceeded to lift the top off a crypt. Inside was a coffin bearing the name: "IVAN GHOUL-VAMPIRE." Upon opening the lid he found the skeleton of a man with a stake driven through the region of his chest. After pulling out the stake, a startling change took

place. The skeleton slowly changed into flesh, back into life, and the rotten clothes now appeared! In a few moments the still sunken eyes opened and the vampire sat up. He was a horrifying sight! His glassy eyes looked blood-thirsty.

"I must eat after sleeping for so long," he said quiveringly.

"Come!"

The ghostly figure stepped out of his coffin and together they left the tomb.

The person who saw the werewolf the preceding night had returned out of curiosity to see if it were his imagination, or if he really had seen a wolf-man. He was hiding in a clump of bushes by the gate. He was astonished to see, not one—but two horrible figures coming toward him! Forgetting his refuge he became panicky and dashed out of the bushes. The vampire, thirsty for human blood, pursued in quick flight. Seeing that he was being pursued and seeing what was pursuing him, the man, paralyzed by the petrifying sight, could not run! In an instant the vampire was on top of him and it was all over with a piercing scream in the still night air as the hairy-one looked on with eager eyes.

"Poor guy," said bystanders the next day. "He must have had a heart-attack or something."

"Let's get him to an undertaker's," someone suggested.

As the undertaker examined the body, he found two small holes on each side of the victim's throat. Immediately he realized what had caused his death, unbelievable though it was!

That afternoon the whole town was in a turmoil.

"Have you heard the news? A vampire is around this town and has killed a prominent citizen. Footmarks were found in the snow by the cemetery. There were signs of a struggle."

Fear had gripped the town.

"You're the one who said that there were no such things as werewolves and vampires, eh? Explain what happened last night," I was asked.

"I can't explain." I stammered. (Yes, it *is* confusing. I dreamed I *saw* that happen last night.)

"We've got to do something about it before there are more untimely murders committed!" advised some.

"But no one will dare go out at that hour of night."

"I've got it! We'll set a trap!" I said.

"Good idea, but how will we go about it?"

"We'll dig a huge pit where the vampire is likely to walk and let him fall into it after it has been covered with leaves and grass. We'll work on it right away."

By dusk we had finished and eagerly returned to our homes. Tonight was to be the last night that the moon would be full.

By the moon's silvery light at midnight, a hairy silhouette again went forth in the direction of the graveyard, and again woke his friend from slumber, only this time the vampire did not have the stake driven through him. Off they went like hunters looking for game. By now everyone was too frightened to go out at night. They went through the rear cemetery gate and went toward town, thus missing the trap which was at the front cemetery gate.

In the town they found a house which had a bedroom window open. The vampire stayed outside while the werewolf climbed silently in. He crept slowly toward his victim, his eyes glazed! It was a woman! His shadow cast upon her and she woke up just as he was about to stick his fangs into her tender neck. She screamed violently! In a moment she was lying on the floor limp, blood oozing out of her neck and trickling across the floor!

Her scream woke up the entire village and shouts were soon coming from all directions! Quickly the hairy-one jumped out of the window and was off with his likewise gruesome companion who was waiting for him. Many people came running out of their homes in their night-clothes, and in an instant were in quick pursuit on the heels of the villains, with guns and knives in hand. The villains ran as fast as they

could toward the cemetery. Upon reaching the front gate, they both ran in without hesitating to look back and see how far behind their pursuers were. They weren't far behind and one took aim with his gun and fired! It hit the werewolf in the back and he fell! The vampire kept running! In a few minutes he would be safe, for if he could reach his coffin before these people, he could lock the door of the tomb! Suddenly he fell! It was the trap!! In a moment the followers caught up with him. He struggled frantically to get free, but the trap was too deep. Just then the first rays of the sun shot across the inky sky. The vampire, unable to get back to his coffin before sunrise, began to scream for mercy. He was slowly melting—disintegrating away!!!!

The werewolf was seriously wounded! He was dying fast! As life faded, his features changed. Slowly he turned back to his original self. The bystanders were highly shocked!!

"I could see it on their faces as they were staring at me in pain and agony! I was dying fast! I nearly fell into my own trap, didn't I?"

RAYMOND VANVORSE, '47.

* * *

Circumstantial Evidence

Sometime, somewhere, I'll make them see how wrong they are in condemning me. It shouldn't be held against me but what can you do to convince people that the facts in black and white are really lies. Maybe if you hear my side of the story you'll see why it had to be done.

It all happened on the outskirts of a jungle somewhere in the South Pacific. The rain had been pouring down for two straight weeks and though it had stopped recently, the broiling sun had turned the jungle into a filthy, muddy, steam bath. The whole outfit was grumbling in unison, cursing every possible thing. The C. O. tried to pep us up, but he was feeling mighty low himself when he called Ted and me into his tent and asked us to do some special scouting. We'd done a lot together and made a pretty good team although we didn't get along

so well personally. The job was purely voluntary, but we said, "Sure thing, Cap." Anything to relieve the monotony.

Our job was to scout around for the best and safest route for advancing when the big push started. We knew the direction we were to head, but the rest was up to us. We whacked off the vines and cut brush until our fingers were bleeding and our wrists aching. We stopped to rest a while and get our bearings. Although we weren't far from camp—you can't go far in the dense jungle—we could occasionally hear what sounded like the rustle of an enemy soldier. We'd stop and strain our ears until they were numb, the sickening, malaria laden stench enveloping us like a stifling cloak. Then we'd creep forward again. We had repeated this several times when suddenly the crash of machine gun shots thundered through the stillness. Instinctively we dove for denser cover. I turned to take a look at Ted. One burst had caught him on the shoulder and the other peppered his leg. Plainly his only hope was in quick treatment by the medic, although he wasn't bleeding much. I've heard that's bad. I was unharmed.

As we lay there we could hear the rustle ahead. It sounded as if a lot of Japs were hidden ahead. Under cover I frantically tried to drag Ted in the direction of the camp, in spite of his suppressed groans. We'd gone only ten yards when we realized it was hopeless. The Japs were coming closer and our only hope lay in speed. Besides, the Captain had to be warned of the Japs lying in wait.

"For the love of God, Pete! Get moving back." That was in a pain-wracked whisper.

"Yeah," I muttered, not meaning it. Whether I liked him or not, I hated to leave him. You've heard what the Japs do.

"But don't let the Japs get me alive. Don't let them!" His whisper rose shrilly; he was just plain scared. "Please, Pete. Do it yourself!" he begged. "I wouldn't last long anyway if those dirty stinking—!" I cut off with an "O.K. Ted."

My heart was sinking lower and lower as I stood up and pulled out my pistol. "Right between the eyes," I thought, "where it won't hurt." As I aimed, Ted closed his eyes and began to pray. I prayed too. The goriness of the scene hit me as my fingers squeezed the cold metal, and I shrieked in a hate-filled voice at the Jap machine-gunner. "I've got to get you! I've got to. By Heaven, I've got to!" The shot exploded and Ted, after a shudder which wracked his body, was gone.

I turned and stumbled blindly towards camp. A pair of rough hands grabbed my shoulder and a voice rasped, "You snake!" I looked into the fiery eyes of Smitty, one of our outfit. He'd been sent ahead to warn of the Japs. A report about the battalion had come in after we had gone. He'd seen the last scene in which I shrieked and fired. He only glanced at Ted.

"What did you have against him that you had to murder him?" he growled. "Shut up!" He couldn't let me answer. The whole camp knew Ted and I were not too friendly.

We went back to camp and Smitty did the talking. He said he'd seen Ted cowering on the ground while I swore at him and then fired. My word against Smitty's was mud. He was an honorable sort of fellow—not a trouble-maker like me. In God's eyes I knew I was free, bue in the sight of men I was licked.

You can guess the rest, including the court-martial, but the story I've told can't be guessed at. Maybe you'll side with me and see the truth, even though my only evidence, Ted's body, had to be left for the Japs. Anyway, I feel better now that I've written it down.

HELEN KETOLA, '46.

* * *

Wondering

I often sit and wonder what the future
holds for me.
I often sit and wonder and say it cannot
be

That I will lead a normal life or one of
luxury.

But no one knows the future or what the
days may bring.

I'm glad I know what happens now and not
what comes next spring.

HERBERT TORPPA, '47.

* * *

Lest We Forget

Floating face down in the ocean,
A fellow in forest green,
With his long lank legs idly moving,
And a bullet through his spleen.

Shot by a Son of Heaven.
By a slimy stinking Jap,
Whose favorite tactic has always been,
A sneaking stab in the back.

Remember December seventh?
Your heart so ripped with fear,
As you thought of those Sons of Heaven,
And you said so that all could hear—

That you'd back with ev'ry dollar you had,
Ev'ry fight for our isle or a town,
That you'd back them up 'til it hurt you more,
Than the bullet that shot him down.

You now say, "The shooting's over."
But the fight has just begun,
For the peace, for the peace, for the *lasting*
peace,
For which the war was won.

We must win the peace, as the war was won,
With the strength of our pockets, instead of
a gun.

With the same determined fight and rive,
That kept Miss Liberty's flame alive.

Don't forget that fellow in forest green,
With a bullet slashed into his spleen,
Who'll ne'er again see the day or the night.
His task is over; but not our fight.

MARY E. WHITE, '46.

A Freshman Lament

We freshmen stepped into Maynard High to find ourselves in the midst of relentless upperclassmen.

We don't mind giving up the table in Room 20 to make room for some upperclassmen who have gone through the grind in the office and need recuperation, or to pick up all papers throughout the room so that they can stick to their romances in the back of the room. We don't mind these minor details; but when it comes to making way for some candy-hungry senior wolves, we protest. We freshmen squeeze our dainty frames so that we may at least wedge our way in to buy some penny taffies, but all in vain.

We do not particularly mind being treated as babies. You upperclassmen act as if we should be fed the bottle and lulled to sleep each afternoon by your corny jokes, but let it be remembered that we freshmen have contributed much to the 1945 football squad. From our ranks rose husky benchwarmers, manly waterboys, and youthful managers. We remember very clearly the day our boys left to see the Boston Yanks practice. Along the route one of our transportation vehicles suffered a mishap. The trusty freshmen were immediately called upon to dig deep for financial aid to enable the repair of the only means of transportation. This being done, the journey was resumed. A few miles later it became evident that the load was too heavy. For the second time those dependable

freshmen were again summoned. We know some dogs ached, but on the whole, the walk back to Maynard wasn't too bad.

Before the year's end, we hope to impress upon all upperclassmen that we, after all, are human, too.

WILLIAM SARVELA, '49.
SALVATORE SALAMONE, '49.

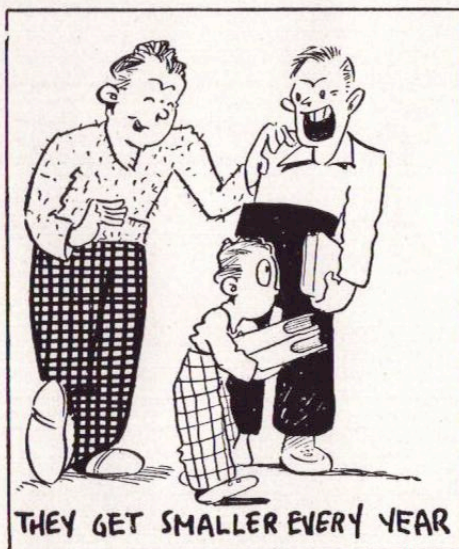
* * *

Clouds

Up so high that you can only see
A white billowing mass of roving fleece
That moves continuously across the sky
To lie forever in a godly peace;
It moves untouched by human
hands and never seeks reward,
for this lonely wilderness is
guided only by the
Unseen Hands of God.

JULIA D'AMICCO, '47.

Our Youngest



M. I. T. Demonstration

By HELEN KETOLA, '46

The exhibit on November 10, 11, and 12 on the Massachusetts Institute of Technology grounds aroused much interest in Mr. John Q. Public. On each of the three days crowds swarmed over the well-kept lawns and tramped down the carpet which had stayed green until the virtual invasion of curious men, women, and children occurred.

A publication the size of the "Screech Owl" itself would be required to describe in an understandable manner the display of both familiar and curious objects. Many of the demonstrations were lost to the onlookers simply because only a mind familiar with the scientific world could fathom the mysteries of even the most mechanical works.

The demonstration of colored gases merely gave one a feeling that he was attending a 2nd celebration of the 4th of July until the warning to keep back was issued. Those pretty colors could burn the soles off shoes, if the powder which generated the gas came in contact with leather. This colored gas was used to identify and locate divisions of the army, each division in a particular sector having its own color.

Following this the flame-thrower tank became the center of attraction. Mounted in place of the 75 mm. gun, the flame-thrower shot a bolt of fire. The flames melted into a churning mass of orange and then bubbled into a black cloud which dispersed gradually. Spectators thirty and forty feet away forgot that winter was approaching when the heat of this giant match set their faces to tingling. The ordinary gas used in the demonstration could, at the most, throw flame to a spot sixty yards away. The jellied gas used in combat sends flame to a distance of 125 feet.

Sonar training barges were tied on the Charles River open for inspection. Sonar detects the approach of submarines, being the underwater radar.

Not far from these were two P-T boats. The crews of these lived as goldfish in glass bowls

as the curious folk rambled and clambered over the craft. A ladder took you downstairs to stumble through several cramped quarters below deck. The "sill" of each door was over a foot high and progress was slow from one tiny compartment to another. Sailors sprawled on their leather-covered bunks oblivious to the crowds, or idled around, flattening against the walls to let people by in the crowded spaces. Life on these P-T boats couldn't have been very comfortable. But in the dismal evening the dark hulk with torpedoes slung on her deck gave a little insight as to the threatening form she must have been on the murky waters of the deep.

A demonstration of the operation of the jet-engine, which whirred at a rate which sent air-currents blasting across the ground and filled the air with an ear-splitting shriek rising as the engine was accelerated; movies of the destruction caused by the atom-bomb in experiments and actual operation; working models of the German and American versions of the buzz-bomb which terrorized Britain; and exhibitions of radar equipment and uses were all thoroughly inspected, if not understood, by a public ever grateful that these objects were only show pieces and no longer in daily use by the G. I.'s of the U. S. A.

* * *

Rain

I like to watch the heavens
burst wide apart,
To let the silver streams of
water hit the earth,
I like to hear the sound
that thrills your heart
And fills you full of joy
and wet-like mirth;
I like the smell of earth now
free from old-time pain,
I like God's splendid gift,
the cool and blessed rain.

JULIA D'AMICCO, '47.

Thoughts of Teen Agers

The average adult doesn't have too high an opinion of teen-agers. Most of them consider us a rattlebrain crew of "bobby soxers" and "jalopy drivers" without a thought in our heads more serious than "Where can I dig up fifty cents for the dance Friday night?"

However, during the closing months of the war, Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public had to revise their opinion of "those crazy kids." Through lectures, magazine articles, and even from the younger generation themselves, people began to realize that flighty though we seem, we have done and are still doing some pretty serious thinking about what we want in the future and what we should and should not do now.

Though many hold the opinion that military training for eighteen-year olds became a dead issue after the atomic bomb secret was released, it is one subject that presents a clear picture of how teen-agers of today look at problems which confront them. A magazine written exclusively for teen-agers conducted a poll asking how we felt about compulsory military training. After the questioning was over, the editors compiled lists of statements for and against compulsory military training for eighteen year old boys. Some of the foremost reasons for this type of training were: We don't wish to be caught unprepared again. A strong military force will discourage other nations from attacking us. A year of training would improve the physical and mental status of the nation. Training would give our young men a new maturity and a sense of responsibility. The training would be another step on the road to democracy, since all classes of people would be subject to it, and it would lessen unemployment.

On the other hand, those who were against military conscription put forth these reasons for their opinions: Military training goes against the grain of our democratic standards and would be a start on the road to Fascism. A good peace now should do away with a need for preparation for a new war. A year's training would break up a boy's plans for his career, and the

training would be outdated before it is used. When a nation-wide poll of high-schoolers brings forth such crystal-clear statements on an issue which affects them more completely than any other age group, our elders must admit we have a lot more on our minds than class rings and a new pair of saddle shoes.

This is only one of the problems which are shuttled back and forth among the drug store crowd. Another which brings some comment, a little thought, but not too much understanding is inflation. Most of us can't answer questions or talk too intelligently about what causes inflation, what has been done about it, and what we can do about it. However we do know that the few dollars we make now don't seem to go very far. On comparing notes over a coke we discovered that our friends had the same troubles, and quite a few of us decided to find out what it was all about. Not only did we find out, but we discovered that the security of the postwar world, our postwar world, is being threatened by an inflationary upsurge which would drag the buying power of our newly earned wages down to almost nothing. We now realize more fully that if we, the teen-agers, don't do what little we can to buck inflation, our world will be in chaos.

Whether adults believe it or not, Frankie's fans followed the write-ups on the San Francisco Conference with just as much interest as they did the accounts of their favorite actor. Just as our parents wanted to know how the United Nations Charter was developed and who signed it, so did we, though on the surface we seemed more interested in Paul V. McNutt's distinguished appearance, and the glamorous aspect of Far Eastern delegates.

Perhaps by now, everyone has the impression that "teeners" are veritable quiz kids who can answer every and any question that may arise in regard to these topics mentioned, but naturally they would be sadly mistaken. On the whole we are average youngsters who know our share about nearly everything which concerns our lives. This build-up was a sort of preview about

a side of our minds not entirely occupied by lipsticks and ice cream sodas.

One social problem which has never been solved by "teeners" and which constitutes a great deal of our thought is "going steady." There are as many pros and cons about "going steady" as there are about compulsory military training. Among the pros we find that: "Going steady," assures you a date for every dance and Dramatic Club meeting that comes along; it gives you a certain amount of prestige among your classmates when they discover that you and Johnnie are "in love" and when your names are linked in the school gossip column and over every set of cokes that comes along. But here the cons come in. Are you sure that's the right attitude? Most high school students haven't matured enough emotionally to be able to cope with anything having so many aspects of permanency as does "going steady."

Another problem most of the "gang" has to face at one time or another during the course of their four years in high school is part-time work. Many teachers hold the opinion that a student cannot work three and four hours a day after school and be expected to do his best in his studies. Pupils cannot take an active part in extra-curricular activities in school and other social activities. However, in my opinion, this problem is one which has to be solved by the individual student.

I have tried to present a rather brief sketch of the thoughts which occupy a teen-ager's mind, which perhaps isn't just a motley collection of "sloppy joes," "bikes," and Saturday night dates after all.

BARBARA GRIGAS, '47.

* * *

They Were Neighbors of Mine

One bright sunshiny morning early last May, an oriole, boasting his handsome orange and black suit, perched on the clothes-line in my back yard. He seemed very undecided, as the clothes-line swung up and down, for he kept casting his round, beady eyes at the elm tree, which was full of little, tender, green leaves.

No doubt he was thinking that it was a very nice place for a nest, because, after twittering and fussing about for a while, he flashed up among the branches and burst into song.

He was such a funny little bird, rollicking about all day long, that I could hardly keep away from the back steps from where I watched him flit about from branch to branch. He seemed restless, as though he didn't feel quite at home, and in a few days, when Mrs. Oriole in her olive brown and orange dress flew up into the elm tree, what a joyous outburst there was.

It wasn't long before I saw her picking up tiny twigs and pieces of grass, so I took some horsehair from a broken-down, old, chair stored in the attic, and strewed bits of it here and there under the elm tree. In no time at all Mrs. Oriole darted down to snatch the bits of horsehair in her bill. As I peeked up through the branches, from where I sat, I saw her busily at work. All day long she flew back and forth, picking up the horsehair strewn on the ground, together with milkweed fibers from the field, gradually weaving them into a long sack which opened at the top. It was a pretty nest, and Mr. Oriole sat on a branch caroling away at the top of his voice. But after the little birds were hatched, the parent birds were kept so busy searching for food that Mr. Oriole didn't have much time to sing any more.

A first we didn't hear a peep out of the little birds but after they had sprouted a few feathers they discovered what a voice was for. Hour after hour they cried for food and what a racket they made! But it was a good thing, because, when the first little bird that flew out of the nest got lost in the deep grass on the other side of the stonewall, his mother found him right away. As the little birds got stronger the parents seemed nervous about their safety, and then one day the whole family streaked towards the woods. My neighbors had moved to a new home.

VIOLA HAKALA, '49.

So You Want to Borrow Dad's Car!

You, who have a father who owns a car, imagine that you will be able to use it as much as you please after you get a license. And so one of Life's Lessons begins.

Dad will probably have to be coaxed to even let you practice driving. He will holler at you for making mistakes, but in the end your persistence will win. Then when the great day arrives you find that your father has to go somewhere else and your mother has to take you. You are very nervous but pass the test and receive your "pink slip" because the substitute inspector is easy-going. All the way home from the test you keep reminding yourself what a good driver you are.

That afternoon while taking some buddies for a ride you happen to back into a lady's car. Some fast talking keeps her from taking it to the insurance company, but Dad finds out about it anyhow and you are without the use of a car.

Bad luck haunts the guy at the wheel of his Dad's car. One fine warm day during the summer, after a week of perfect behavior, you get the car and plan with your buddy to go to Craigville Beach, the finest beach in the state. After greasing the car, the trip is begun. Thinking of the swell time you will soon have, you and your friend are riding smoothly along when a knock in the motor is heard. When you stop at the nearest garage, the attendant informs you that the bearings are burned out and it would be taking a chance to drive any farther. That is wonderful!! Here is a beautiful day when you could be at a swell beach and you have to sit for three hours in a hot garage waiting for a truck to come and tow the car back home.

Well you finally get home and have the car repaired. Do you get the use of the car any more that month? You can bet your life you don't. Now you have to serve your father like a slave whenever you want the car.

Finally you're again in the class of active drivers, but not for long. Now you're riding around town, but with the hand brake on, and this burns the brake lining. Again the use of

the car is taken away from you and this time it seems as though for good. But eventually errands have to be done, and with the car, so you do them. You have learned to be careful when using that precious vehicle. Now you get it rarely, or every two weeks, and are thankful for that. You have been teaching your friend to drive although it wasn't a good idea because he had helped ruin the car. But when he gets his license, and you can't get the car, he will take you with him. Now, once again, with the car and some friends you go to Boston and have a good time. After taking your friends home you are foolish enough to stop down town before going home. Just out of curiosity a cop asks to see your license and registration. Well of course the license is in your pocket, but you forgot to ask Dad for his registration. Then you get a fifteen minute lecture by the officer on "Why a person driving a car should carry his registration," and to top it off he informs your father about the whole affair. It was your fault not to ask for the registration before going out, so you lose the car again. Now you know enough to carry the registration always so you can laugh at any cop who asks to see it.

If your father sees that the car is well taken care of when you use it, he is more likely to allow you to take it. That car of father's is a precious vehicle—treat it wisely and well if you would borrow it often.

PAUL KOPONEN, '47.

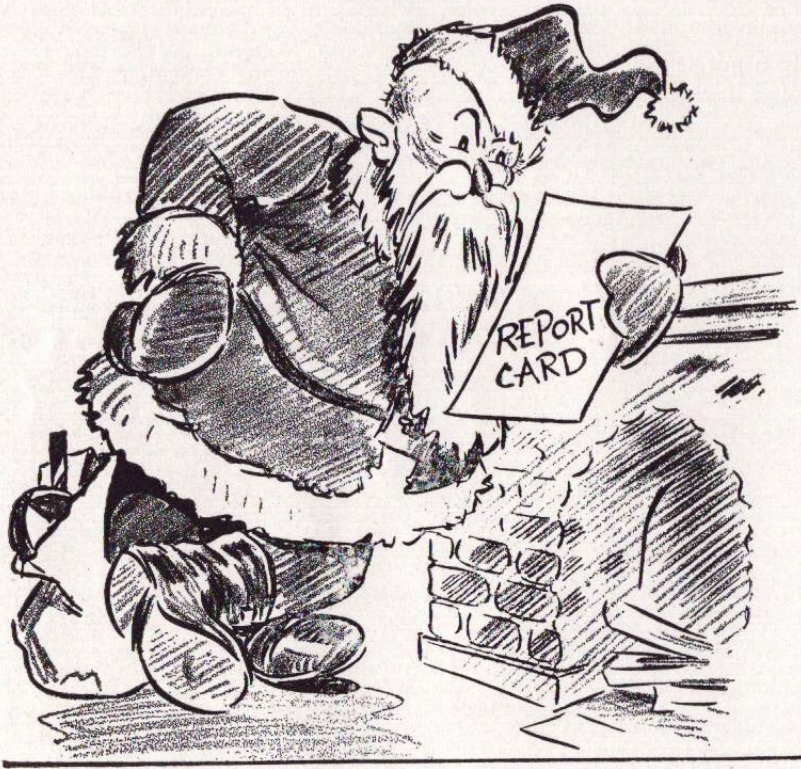
* * *

A Confession

In geometry I'm a wizard,
I'm a genius with figures, I know.
But in all of my other subjects,
I don't make such a heck of a show.
I may be a hero to Mother,
But with teachers I don't make a hit.
My English is just something awful,
And I don't like that shop work a bit.
I'm waiting with weary impatience,
For the dawn of Commencement Day,
For a soft job with large compensation,
I am tired of work without pay.

JOHN KAPON, '47.

Hmmm!



Report Cards

I'm hot and tired and feel half dead;
 Right now I'd like to go home to bed;
 I've Latin and science and English to do—
 Report cards today, and am I in a stew!
 Why, oh why, dear Lord above,
 If this is a country of mercy and love,
 Should teachers inflict on us such sorrow?
 I hope I'll be able to sit down tomorrow!

NANCY STALKER, '49.

* * *

A Week at Girls' State

As a reward for winning the American Legion Essay Contest in April, Ethel Salonen and I were chosen to attend the annual session of Girls' State at Bridgewater State Teachers' College, beginning August 25, 1945.

When we were first told of this opportunity, we hardly knew what to expect. Our sole hope was that we might remain together.

However, we were separated when we were

assigned to our rooms. Our dormitory was composed of double rooms, each having two cots, two closets, chairs, a bookcase, a desk-table, and a bureau. My roommate was a French girl from Worcester.

The object of this undertaking was to acquaint the girls more fully with the rights, and responsibilities of American citizenship. One of the main assignments was to hold elections. To make this more realistic, the group of about one hundred and sixty girls was divided into two parties, the Federalists and

the Nationalists. Then, groups of both parties were made up into towns and cities named after famous men of this war, such as Nimitz and Eisenhower. Each town and city elected its officers, then each county, made up of a town and a city did the same. Lastly state officials were elected. Every girl held at least one office. I was elected to the House of Representatives and to the City Council.

To become acquainted with our offices, there were speakers, each holding a public office, who told us about his duties.

The difficulty in the elections was that many of the girls did not know for whom they were voting, but the object was accomplished.

In the process of this election we made posters, composed songs, and made campaign speeches, all of which made the setting more lively.

Our tentative routine there was as follows:

7:00 A.M.	Reveille
7:30	Breakfast
8:15	Flag raising ceremony (Campus)
9:00	General Assembly-Music

9:15	Instructions
12:00	Lunch
1:30 P.M.	Instruction, Music, Recreation, and Tours
3:00-5:00	Group Meetings
6:00	Dinner
8:00-9:30	Evening Program
10:00	Call to Rooms
10:30	Roll call in rooms by counselors Lights out.

The evening programs consisted of speakers, movies, music, and entertainment. On Wednesday night Governor Maurice J. Tobin was to have been our speaker, but both he and Lieutenant-Governor Bradley were called out of state on business. Our speaker was the Acting Governor, Secretary of State Cook. Another of our honored guests was Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers whom we all had the opportunity to meet personally.

Some of the outstanding instruction and entertainment included the play, "Life With Father," presented by the solo-dramatist, Miss Mary Louise Hickey; a Superior Court session with women attorneys; a session of a Naturalization Court; a talk by Rev. Russell Sullivan, a former Japanese prisoner of war; and amateur night on which each city and town supplied its talent.

The recreation period consisted of music, dramatics, and athletics, which included archery, softball, basketball and tennis.

The meals were wonderful, but because of the shortage of labor, there were no waitresses. Every girl, therefore, had to set and wait on tables for three meals, a task which though taking time away from our rest periods, was fun.

According to our tentative routine, we were supposed to have been in bed by 10:30, but at 11:30 giggling could still be heard in the corridors. Our counselors soon gave up and roll was not called in the rooms until much later. Our night escapades were mainly pajama parties held in someone's room. The delicacies were obtained on our tours into the town. The

directors were not unaware of our nightly get-togethers for many of the girls were sick the following days.

The cancellation of an Inaugural Ball, an occasion on which the boys from Boys' State were to come to Girls' State for a dance was a great disappointment. However, Boys' State was postponed this year because of lack of transportation. A great many disheartened girls sighed, "And there would have been more than twice as many boys as girls!" However, next year we are all invited there for a reunion.

Before we left we were given shirts on which was imprinted the Girls' State emblem, certificates, and citations for office holders.

The fun, speakers, and excitement we had there are too numerous to mention, yet all added together to make up both an enjoyable and educational week.

I hope that two girls from the Junior class will have the opportunity to go there this coming summer and for the following summers as long as Girls' State exists.

EILEEN BELL, '46.

* * *

Victory Bonds

Our boys in Europe have done their work,
The war over there is through;
But the joy of Final Victory
Is up to each of you.

We all can't wear a uniform,
Or fly an army plane,
Or pilot a ship, or drive a jeep,
Or march in the blinding rain.

Yet there is a way we can do our share
To bring back the boys from over there
It's easy work and profitable too,
For it pays a future income for you.

So let's buy a bond, and buy it Today!
To show the boys that in our own way,
We'll stick right with them until the end
By doing our part, our land to defend.

SALVATORE SALAMONE, '49.

The Art of Cooking

In case you may be in doubt as to what I am going to do in this essay, I shall enlighten you by simply stating that I am going to teach you, the reader, a few facts in regard to the subject of cooking.

Usually, when one begins to cook, she is first taught how to make simple little things. More often than not these simple little things turn out to be popovers. Soon the family will find themselves feasting on a scorched mass of some sort of floury batter composed of a variety of ingredients. This meal, or rather fantastic repast, is often found *sur la table* when little Janie has finally passed into junior high school and is learning the fundamentals of cooking. Of course the family does not wish to hurt poor Janie's feelings, so when Janie unwittingly passes the plate around the table for the second time, you find your hand slowly, but bravely stretching out to grasp another popover. As each member of the family crams the bulky morsel down his delicate throat, he softly murmurs, "How delicious these popovers are," or "Mmmmmmm, *Good*."

Then there is the sad case in the history of cooking of the handsome young fellow who has chosen a beautiful young bride. Alas, however, the lovely young maiden cannot cook! But does she tell her "darling babykins" how bad the situation really is? No, of course not—cooking's fun, cooking's easy; why anyone can cook (it says right here in small print.) So now the brief honeymoon is over, and things have settled back to normal. There will be no more dining out or having your meals prepared by skilled hands. No, now your husband has gone back to his job and, you, the one who was bragging of how easy it was to cook, will have a chance to prove your statement. What to cook? Shall I make Southern fried chicken with a new "foamy homey sauce", some sweet potatoes floating in a stream of golden butter and sprinkled with brown sugar, some home-made cranberry sauce, topped off with a plate of golden brown Rochester gingerbread? Of

course I could also add a Special Sherry Cobbler—well, maybe.

After you have your feet firmly on the ground once more, and your head has stopped floating around up in the clouds somewhere, you decide to open a can of the famous Campbell's Condensed Turtle Soup and serve it with a few Cracky-Wacky Crackers. You then proceed to open a jar of beets, a gift from your mother-in-law, who can predict the future, and you scamp-er to the grocery for a pound of dried salami. What about dessert? Maybe you had better cook something to prove that you are a good cook. When you have finally reached your decision, you find yourself looking for a cake recipe. Oh, here is a good one. A Yum-Yum cake. Sounds good—well, here goes.

First of all you put the sugar, water, raisins, shortening, cinnamon, and clove in a saucepan and boil five minutes. Set aside to cool. These are the first directions. It does look a bit thick—maybe I'd better add three cups of water instead of two. Oh, dear, I haven't any baking powder. Well, I'll leave that out just this once. After mixture number one is cooled, you mix and sift flour, salt and the baking soda—mixture number two. You then proceed to add mixture number one to mixture number two. Pour this contrap—er—mixture into a well-greased pan. Bake in a slow oven for one and one-half hours. And then it says the cake will keep in the cakebox after standing for a few days. Since you are going to need the cake this evening anyhow, you find no fault in using it now. You shove the cake in the oven and then twirl the dial of the radio to some jazz program and start jitterbugging around the house. It helps the cake you know. After an hour or so you remove cake from oven. My, it looks like a block of cement. Tears stream down your face as you picture yourself serving this cake with a hack-saw for cutting purposes. Well you know the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, forget it."

And then there comes a time in one's life when one is confronted with an overwhelming

problem and the problem is one of unpreparedness. There is nothing to be accomplished today so you decide to take it easy for a while. The house is in order—you've been rearranging the dust since morning. Suddenly you remember this is Monday—and on Monday at eleven fifteen you are accustomed to listen to your short romances over the radio. You run over, twirl the dial, and finally locate the exciting "John's Other Elbow" or "Portia is Still Facing Life." As the last strains of Portia's voice fade away, you rush madly for the radio page of last night's paper. So, on and on, and the afternoon passes so quickly that before you know it, you hear the four o'clock whistle.

And then it happens . . . the telephone rings. You pick up the receiver to learn that your darling husband has invited the boss home to supper just to show him what wonderful meals the little Missus prepares for him. You are ready to yell! Reluctantly, you take tomorrow's steak from the refrigerator. Maybe you can open a can of peas, have a potato salad, and conclude with coffee and cookies. You have a half hour in which to perform a miracle. You have a half hour, not only to prepare the meal and arrange the table properly, but you have to comb your hair and tidy up a bit. You're off!! It's a quarter to five—maybe you could risk running to the corner store for a pound of coffee. You can leave the steak sizzling on the stove and the peas off to one side. You leave the biscuits in the oven, for you'll be back in a flash!

But alas for good intentions! Did you know you were going to meet Mrs. Geesebomb, the "dame" who doesn't stop talking long enough to breathe? She holds you up a good ten minutes rattling off about Mamie's new dress with the red and green spots, and Uncle Archie's new "uppers" and so on. Naturally the grocer is out of coffee temporarily. So you rush to Mrs. Snaglebush's to borrow a cup. Then you begin to wonder why you didn't borrow it in the first place.

And say, what's that funny smell? Something's burning! A few passersby are astonished

as they see a young lady dash madly across the street shouting, "Oh, my peas, my steak, my peas!" The once juicy red steak now resembles a piece of shoe leather dipped in tar. The peas? Well, they are too terrible to mention. And we won't even whisper about the biscuits. Biscuits? Did I say, "Biscuits"? Oh, I beg your pardon, I meant to say those round crisp balls of dough which at the touch of your hand crush and crackle into small fragments. On top of all this, there goes the phone again. Who can it be this time??

Finally you hang the receiver back on the hook and slowly sit down. First you laugh, then you cry, and then you're boiling mad. That was your husband calmly stating that the boss couldn't make it and was planning to come tomorrow night instead. He sent his best regards and hoped he wasn't upsetting any plans. Oh, no, not at all! At this point you are ready to take a .45 and end it all.

One could go on and on telling tales concerning cooking, but I'll conclude this masterpiece by giving all you patient readers a bit of advice. Remember that if you are ever hungry and have to cook a meal, *DON'T!* No, don't do it!!! See what happens if you do? All I can say is—Starve in peace!

JULIA D'AMICO, '47.

* * *

Memories

Memories are wonderful things to own;
They are yours and yours alone.

Yours to cherish—

Yours to regret—

Yours to remember—

Yours to forget.

Some are pleasant,

Some are not,

But they're all that you make them,

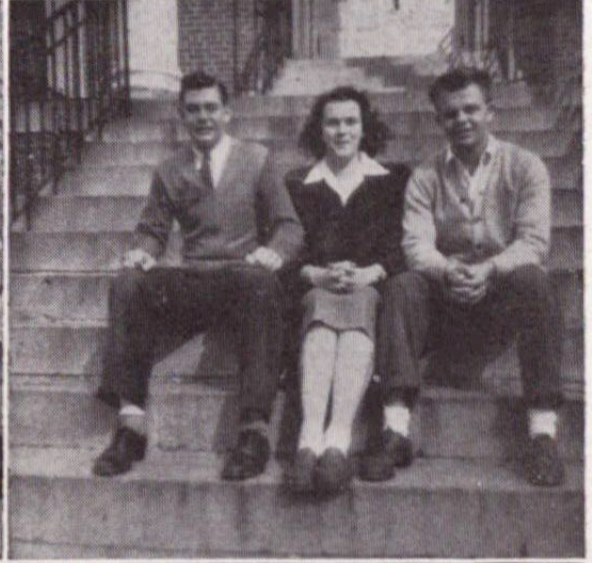
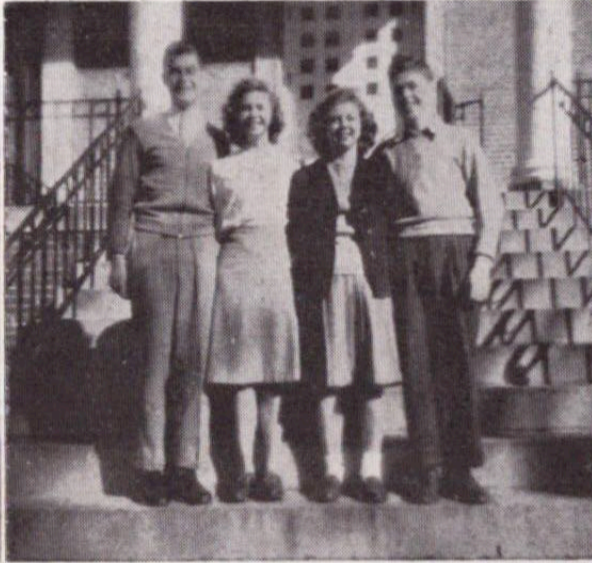
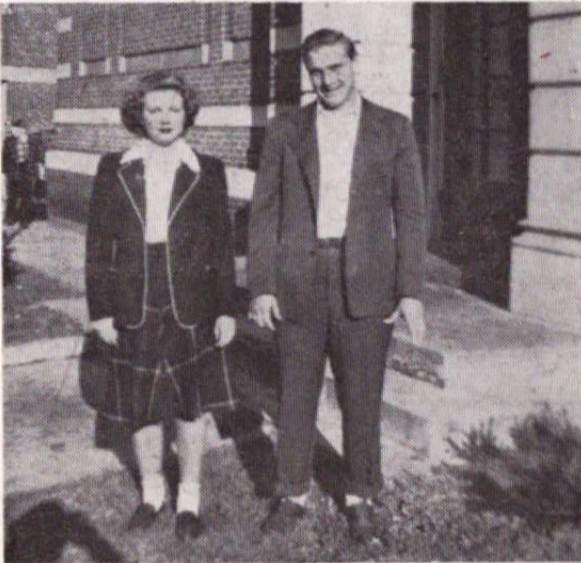
So give this a thought:

Enjoy yourselves now—this is my moral:

Your actions today will be memories tomorrow.

ELINOR R. CASE, '47.

Some Shots of the Big Shots



Top Row, Left to right.

Student Council

Vice-Pres.—Mildred Mark, '46
Pres.—Fred Wasiluik, '47

Football Co-Captains

Charles Higgins, '46
Robert Jones, '46

Senior Class

Pres.—Albert Rogers
Vice-Pres.—Helen Ketola
Sec.—Mildred Mark
Treas.—George Sharpe

Junior Class

Pres.—George Luker
Sec.—Charlotte Lehto
Vice-Pres.—Ardelle Kane
Treas.—William Bain

Screech Owl

Business Mgr.—Albert Rogers
Ass't Editor—Nancy Whitney
Editor—Paul Stein

Field Hockey Capt.

Eileen Bell, '46

at Maynard High School



Top Row, Left to right.

Junior Woman's Club

Vice-Pres.—Helen Ketola
Pres.—Mildred Mark

Manager, Field Hockey

Shirley Spence

Sophomore Class

Treas.—Richard Spence
Sec.—Alice Koskela
Vice-Pres.—Veronica Novick
Pres.—Carlo Mariani

Freshman Class

Pres.—David Higgins
Sec.—Barbara Carlson
Treas.—Gene Robinson
Vice-Pres.—Nancy Weckstrom

Dramatic Club

Pres.—Albert Rogers
Vice-Pres.—Ethel Salonen

Manager, Football

Victor Oskirka



Senior Social

The first dance of the year, welcoming the Freshmen class, was held on Friday, September 28, 1945.

Appropriate decorations of pink and green adorned the lights and walls. Music was furnished by Tombino's Orchestra which helped make the dance a success.

Miss Winchenbaugh directed the committee as Class Advisor. Albert Rogers, George Sharpe, Edward Allard, Paul Stein, Donald Brown, Albert Hodgess, Helen Ketola, Mildred Mark, Jean Erickson, Shirley Spence, Eileen Bell, Shirley Weckstrom, and Ella Eklund represented the class on the committee.

* * *

Columbus Day Assembly

An assembly in honor of Columbus was held Thursday, October 11, 1945, under the direction of Mrs. Clair.

Mr. White opened the program and introduced the speakers to the assembly. After the Flag Salute led by David Higgins, "America, the Beautiful" was sung by all.

Several talks concerning Columbus were presented. *Columbus the Discoverer* by Mary Di-Grappa reviewed for us the life of Columbus, while *The Dominican Republic* by Carol Lee Downey and *The Honduras* by Joan Bumpus acquainted us with some of the lands discovered by Columbus.

The assembly was brought to a close with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

* * *

Junior Social

On Thursday, October 11, 1945, the Junior Class held its first dance of the year. It was a gay and colorful affair, typical of the fall, with a crowd of enthusiastic dancers ready to make merry. Our favorite tunes, old and new, were played by Salamone's Orchestra.

The decorations were reminders of the coming Hallowe'en. Two huge scarecrows on each side of the stage over a field of grinning pumpkins attracted much attention.

Faculty members in attendance were Mrs. Clair, Adviser, and Mr. White, Principal. The members of the committee were: Charlotte Lehto, Ardelle Kane, George Luker, William Bain, Helen Arcisz, Robert Burgess, Roberta Carlson, Albert Goodrich, Paul Koponen, Ann Marie Morton, Lena Messier, Mary McCarthy, Charles Spurrell, Mary Taryma, Fred Wasiluik, William Wehkoja, and John Zancewicz.

* * *

A. A. Social

The Athletic Association Dance held true to form as the biggest and most successful of the school socials.

Miss Pasakarnis designed the decorations which were very striking! There were large posters depicting the various sports under the lights. On the stage was a cardboard replica

of the Maynard football team ready to make a goal.

Salamone's orchestra played for the dance and during intermission refreshments were served in the Gym.

Patrons and patronesses were:

Miss Doyle	Miss Winchenbaugh
Mr. Warila	Miss Wilson
Mr. Cleary	Mrs. Clair
Mr. White	Miss Resca
Coach Szczerzen	Miss Coleman
Miss Pasakarnis	Miss Tierney
Mr. Hannon	

The Committee under the direction of Mr. White was as follows:

F. Wasiluik - H. Arcisa, Co-chairmen

V. Oskirka	W. Aho
A. Tomyl	W. Gruber
W. Wehkoja	C. Mariani
M. Kaziukonis	J. Veracka
C. Lehto	R. Lalli
F. Veracka	S. Weckstrom
T. White	

Refreshment Committee:

B. Jones - D. Dionne, Co-chairmen

C. Higgins	P. Higgins
W. Zancewicz	P. Blanchette
A. Hodgess	B. Grigas
P. Stein	N. Gentsch
A. Rogers	E. Jones

Invitation Committee:

J. Wehkoja - G. Howes

* * *

Navy Day Assembly

On October 29, 1945 an assembly was held to celebrate the anniversary of the mighty United States Navy, the greatest sea-air power in the world.

The dramatic history of the navy and its personnel was presented by a group of boys headed by Gerald Cavanaugh, Robert Ojalehto, and Robert Priest.

To highlight the assembly Commander

Maechen of the air-craft carrier *Wasp*, informally spoke to us. He told of the gallant history of his ship in the war and of his adventures aboard it. We were indeed fortunate to have a speaker whom the entire student body admired and appreciated so much. Our thanks to Commander Maechen for helping us celebrate and honor the anniversary of the U. S. Navy.

* * *

Hallowe'en Party

A party was held on October 31, Hallowe'en, in the auditorium, for the boys and girls of high school age. This was the first time the town had sponsored such an affair, and it proved a success. A large group came, making the efforts of the townspeople worth while.

Games were played, followed by dancing to popular records, which provided fun for all. At intermission, the ice cream and cookies which were contributed, were served in the gym.

Near the end of the evening, prizes for the most attractive and funniest costumes were awarded. Finally, from all the merry-makers the judges chose the winners: Marilyn Bain with prettiest costume, and Gordon Kapon and Robert Cocoran the funniest.

All in all, the party was a success—the pupils had a good time and the merchants of the town were repaid by having little, or no damage done to their property.

All, who in any way helped to make the party a success, are to be praised and thanked.

* * *

Record Hop

Room 11 held a very lively and successful dance on November second.

The decorations, the topic of conversation all evening, were most unusual! The lights, covered with beautiful pink ruffles, were the center of attention, and the base of the stage was cleverly decked out with attractive music notes, names of popular band leaders and singers.

Music was furnished by all the best bands in the land on records. (The amplifier is certainly improving—remember way back when it never worked at the right time??)

At intermission refreshments were served in the gym.

Patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Manty, Mr. White, Miss Resca and Mr. Gavin,

The committee was headed by the homeroom officers — Donald Brown, Irene Dargiewicz, Stella Stazewski, August Pazaricky assisted by Jean Erickson, Shirley Spence, Edward Allard, Ella Eklund, Joanne Colombo, and Walter Zanciewicz.

* * *

November Assembly

It has been said that the students of Maynard High School do not enjoy or appreciate a serious assembly. The Armistice Day program however, directed by Miss Butterworth, met with much approval from the pupils.

Mr. White, our principal, opened the exercises at 8:15 with the scripture reading and prayer. The mistress of ceremonies, Helen Ketola, led the school in a salute to the flag and in the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

An excellent three part version of "There Is A Long, Long, Trail Awaiting" was sung by a Girls' Chorus composed of Ann Lent, Nancy Whitney, Mary White, Nancy Gentsch, Helen Ketola, and Elizabeth Brown, accompanied by Ethel Salonen.

The Governor's proclamation was read by Helen Ketola followed by the singing of "Over There" and "Rose of No Man's Land" by the school. "Armistice Day," an original essay, interesting and well written, was given by Eileen Bell.

Mr. Manty's spirited rendition of "Roger Young" brought forth the spontaneous and enthusiastic applause which he deserved! His accompanist was William Sarvela. The program closed with the singing of "America the Beautiful" by the school.

Poverty Party

On November 16 the Senior Class held a Poverty Party to which everyone came dressed in his oldest clothes.

The decorations were novel — lights covered with colored paper on which were pasted news clippings. The front of the stage was spread with newspapers trimmed with colored borders. Class of '46 stretched across the front in multi-colored letters.

Littleton Swing Band provided the music with many novelty dances. Although the crowd was small, everyone had a good time.

Eddie Allard won the prize given for the funniest costume; and Helen Ketola, decked out in magazine covers, won the prize for the most original.

During intermission delicious refreshments of cider and assorted doughnuts were served.

Patrons and patronesses were Mr. White, Miss Winchenbaugh, Miss Wilson and Miss Resca.

Albert Rogers, Mildred Mark, Helen Ketola, and George Sharpe headed the committee, assisted by Edward Allard, Eileen Fairbanks, Donald Brown, Eileen Bell, Paul Stein, Albert Hodgess, Shirley Spence, Robert Jones, Shirley Weckstrom and Irene Dargiewicz.

* * *

Thanksgiving Assembly

The Thanksgiving Day Program directed by Mr. Manty, opened with a selection played by the orchestra, under the supervision of Miss Colburn.

Donald Brown led the assembly in the salute to the flag and the singing of the National Anthem, which was followed by the Governor's Proclamation read by Shirley Weckstrom.

An excellent essay was given by Nancy Gentsch about what everyone had to be thankful for on Thanksgiving Day — our first peacetime one in four years.

"We Gather Together to Ask the Lord's Blessing," the Thanksgiving Hymn, was sung by the student body.

A very amusing poem entitled "And So Was I" recited by Nancy Whitney provided a light touch to the assembly.

The program closed with the singing of "America" by the assembly.

* * *

Rallies

The first football rally of the school year was held September 28 the day before the Ashland game. A skit, directed by Mr. Mullin, which enabled us to see our favorite football stars as actors, was enjoyed by the assembly.

This rally also served another purpose for it gave the assembled students and teachers an opportunity to express their regret at losing Mr. Mullin, who had served as teacher and Principal of Maynard High School and to wish him success in his new position with the Remington-Rand Co.

Since then there have been several rallies which have developed a fine school spirit. Speeches by the Senior members of the squad, Robert Jones and Charles Higgins, co-captains; Albert Rogers, Albert Hodgess, Paul Stein, Henry Wolik and William Aho; cheers, old and new, led by the cheerleaders, selections by the band, directed by Miss Colburn, all contributed to the spirit of the rallies.

The final rally presented two additional speakers in the persons of Coach Ranspot and Assistant Coach Sczerzen. The students greatly appreciated the contribution these two men made to the program of this last rally.

* * *

Field Hockey Party

At the end of the Field Hockey season all the players were invited to a party given by Miss Tierney at her home.

Ping-pong, dancing and various games were enjoyed in the well-equipped rumpus room until everyone arrived.

Then the fun began! A hilarious question and answer game provided us with jokes to remember for months.

Refreshments were served after that game because everyone was hungry from so much laughter.

During the evening Miss Tierney discovered a great deal of talent for her Dramatic Clubs, and we discovered some new talent also, for an assembly, in Miss Resca and Miss Tierney's harmonized version of "The Eyes of Texas are Upon You."

Our amusing "Murph" gave out with a slapstick version of her life in the Biology Class and her friend "Red" Hamilton.

The hands of the clock just seemed to fly around and soon it was time to leave. To Miss Tierney we give three cheers for such a grand party and here's hoping she has another.

Hint! Hint!!

ELIZABETH JONES, '47.

VERONICA NOVICK, '48.

* * *

Dreamin'

Someday I'd like to take a trip,
Across the ocean wide,
And you can bet that I won't skip
A country on that side.

I'll go to sunny Italy.
Where flowers bloom year round.
And you can bet I'll go to France
And visit town by town.

I'll visit ancient Greece
Of which stories have been told.
And then I'll go to Russia
And see the cossack's bold.

I'd like to visit Poland
With her peasants in array.
And then I'll go to Spain
To see the senoritas gay.

But what's the use of dreamin'
Of countries far and wide?
I'll have to finish school
And stay right on this side!

JOAN BUMPUS, '49.



Keith Ranspot New Grid Coach at Maynard

The School Committee really got behind the football squad this year by giving it a "big name" coach, Keith Ranspot, a graduate of Southern Methodist, who majored in physical education. He was All-American on his college team in 1935. He has played with the Green Bay Packers, the Chicago Cardinals, the Brook-

lyn Dodgers, and is now captain of the Boston Yanks' Gridiron Club.

This season he trained the boys in a new and faster type of football.

"Keith" shows a great interest in the club and is well liked by its members.

His assistant, Joe Szerzen, is a former Maynard athlete who took over the training of the boys when they had no coach at the beginning



1945 Football Squad

Top Row, Left to right: W. Pennimen, J. McDonald, P. Koponen, D. Higgins, P. Kivikoski, J. Robinson, G. Robinson, P. Hogan, R. Ojalehto.
 2nd Row from Top: H. Wolik, J. Yanchewski, William Gruber, N. Popienuck, A. Cutaia, V. Russo, R. Spurrell, F. Veracka, P. Greeno, V. Oskirka.
 3rd Row from Top: Coach Ranspot, G. Luker, A. Rogers, F. Wasiluik, A. Hodgess, J. Veracka, C. Higgins, G. Howes, Asst. Coach Szerzen.
 Front Row: P. Stein, E. Olsen, A. Tomyl, W. Wekoja, R. Jones, W. Aho, C. Mariani.

of the season. His work was greatly appreciated by all the team.

MAYNARD 8 — ASHLAND 0
September 29, 1945

The locals hit the comeback trail. Maynard won the toss and took the kick off. The Orange and Black took the ball on their own 30 and marched 70 yards in the first two minutes for the first score of the game. Fritz Wasiluik and Charlie Higgins crashed the Ashland line and it was Charlie who carried the ball over for the first 6 points. The point after was tried by Fritz Wasiluik but it failed to go through the uprights. Then the rains came. The crowd exploded in all directions. Only the two teams and the gallant cheer leaders were left. They, with their soggy white sweaters hanging to their knees and sodden strands of straight hair flopping on their shoulders, deserved a hearty cheer themselves. With the slippery field and wet uniforms neither team could do much until the third period when Bob Jones and Pinky Tomyl caught Parradise of Ashland behind his goalline for a safety and 2 points. Maynard really showed its famous fighting spirit playing a crashing game all afternoon with Jones, Aho, and Tomyl holding the front wall while Higgins and Wasiluik, carrying the pigskin expertly, were the spark-plugs of the backfield.

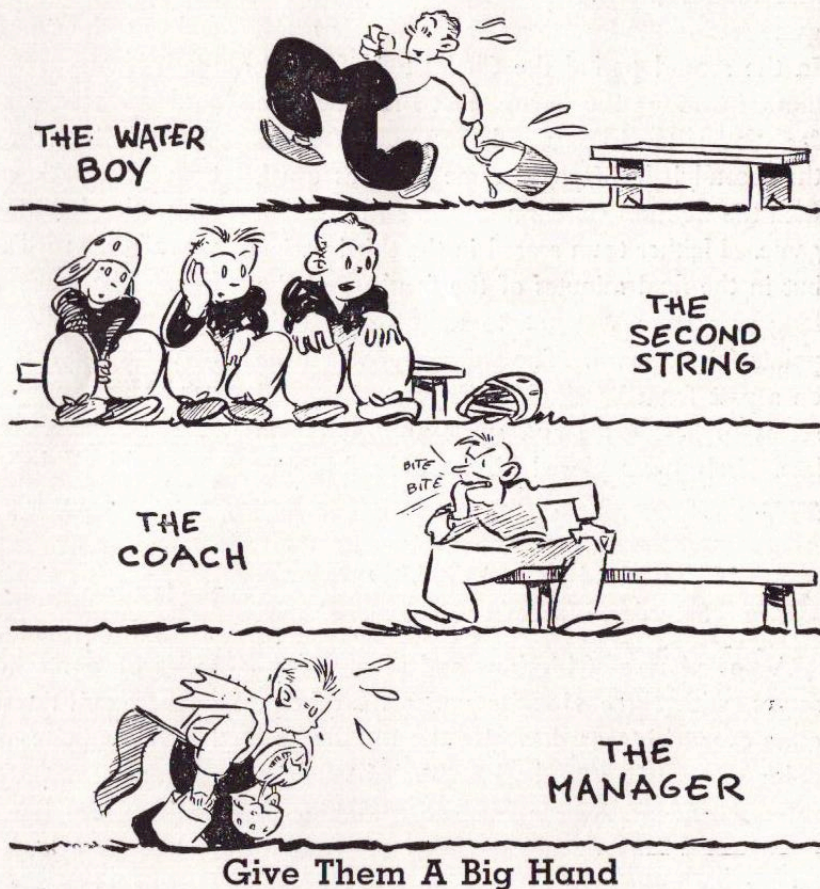
HUDSON 6 —
MAYNARD 0
Saturday, October 6

A powerful and undefeated Hudson team came down to Maynard

to give the local boys a real shellacking but got a little surprise since a 6 to 0 score on a pass from Miller to Barraria was the only score of the game. Maynard came back in the second half with new spirit and pushed Hudson around. The locals had three chances to score but failed. Coaches Ranspot and Sczerzen were on the sidelines and coached the team all through with great interest. Outstanding was the work of Stein, Aho, and Jones in the line, and Bob Lalli in the backfield.

CONCORD 12 — MAYNARD 12
Saturday, October 13

The traditional game between Concord and Maynard was played this year at Emerson playground in Concord. By all statistics Maynard should have pushed the Crimson right through the goal posts, but the Orange and Black couldn't find themselves and played a pretty sloppy game all day. Maynard had to take to



the air, and fullback Fritz Wasiluik chucked passes all day that were right on the button to the receivers with two-thirds of them completed. Not often are there so many good passes tossed in a high school game.

In the first period a touchdown was set up by passes all the way down the field and Henry Wolik skirted the end for the first score. Concord came back in the second period with Lenny Erickson driving through the Maynard lines for two touchdowns. In the second half, with the score 12 to 6 in Concord's favor, Maynard came back with a determined drive and a hot aerial attack that ended with Wasiluik driving over for the winning score, but the point after failed and the game ended in a tie.

CHELMSFORD 13 — MAYNARD 7

Saturday, October 27, 1945

A powerful and fast Chelmsford team took advantage of their heavy line and scored their first touchdown in the early minutes of the game setting the local boys back on their heels. In the second period the Chelmsford fullback plowed through the Orange and Black defense for another touchdown and the point after. In the second half Maynard came back, as usual, with the fighting spirit but too late to save the game. Neither team scored in the third period but in the final minutes of the fourth period a long pass from Wasiluik to Rogers scored six points for Maynard. The point after was made on a pass from Wasiluik to Rogers. Maynard seems to lack drive and spirit until it is too late. Bob Jones played his usual hard-hitting game.

NATICK 14 — MAYNARD 6

Saturday, November 3, 1945

A powerhouse of big boys and plenty of reserves, with three victories under their belts, came over to Maynard to give the locals a real going over and got set back on their heels by a stubborn and scrappy Maynard eleven. Although the rivals scored on a pass from Francois to Lowry and kicked the extra point in the second

period, the Maynard underdogs pushed these big boys all over the field and came back in the third period to highlight a 46-yard drive with George Luker skirting the end for a touchdown. In the last minutes of the fourth period Natick scored on a lateral from Francois to Cianna and kicked the extra point. This game showed a Maynard team full of fight and the will to win, out now to finish the season with a bang!

MAYNARD 13 — MARLBORO 7

Saturday, November 10, 1945

The Orange Wave finally got back in the winning column by scoring a victory over a powerful Hill Town eleven. After a first period of sloppy ball-handling the Maynard gridsters came back to score a touchdown on some pretty runs by Albie Rogers and some beautiful aerial passes by Fritz Wasiluik who finally plunged over from the two-yard line for the first six points. Wasiluik then attempted to pass for the point; he could find no receivers so ran around end to make the score seven to nothing. After the half Maynard came back and sparked a 70-yard drive with a touchdown on a pass from Wasiluik to Stein. The point failed. Marlboro then came back with fast-running Sullivan carrying the ball most of the way. He broke around Maynard's right end and over the goal line. The game ended thus and the Maynard boys were really a happy bunch: to beat Marlboro for the first time since they entered Maynard High.

MAYNARD 0 — MILFORD 0

Saturday, November 17, 1945

The local team that has rolled along through the last two games suddenly came to a standstill when it met Milford. The game was just a series of punts in the first three periods with neither team threatening to score. Only in the last few minutes of play did the crowd get any excitement out of the game. We were on our own 30-yard line. Fritz Wasiluik faded back and threw a long, long pass down the field to George Howes who made a circus catch and



came down on the Milford 4-yard line. From here time ran out and Maynard could not score.

CLINTON 12 — MAYNARD 0
Saturday, November 24, 1945

The Maynard boys traveled to Clinton to play their annual Thanksgiving Day gridiron contest which was postponed until Saturday because of bad weather on the holiday. The game ended with Clinton on top but the boys wearing green knew they had played a hard ball game. It was not until the final five minutes of the game that Clinton took advantage of the growing weariness of the Maynard boys who usually have to play a whole football game because of the lack of substitutes.

In the first three periods it was a dog fight with the Maynard line holding the Clinton powerhouse powerless on line plunges. Bob Jones, who has played well in every game this year, was all over the field blocking up holes and making most of the tackles. In the last minutes of the game, after a 55-yard pass from Mc-

Laughlin to Brownchuck, Archie Cataldie skirted the Maynard end for a touchdown. Shortly afterward a Maynard pass was intercepted and Cataldie again hit the center of the Maynard line and scored again. The Maynard boys played exceptionally well in this game and had Clinton very worried for a long while.

At the recent elections of the squad, Fred Wasiluik and Vincent Russo were named co-captains for the 1946 season.

Robert Jones received the plaque awarded by the United Co-operative Society to the most valuable player.

* * *

Our Cheerleaders

Compliments galore have been bestowed upon the cheerleaders this season. This attractive, spirited and hard-working group of girls deserves a cheer from all of us. Led by Helen Arcisz, the members of the group are Shirley Weckstrom, Doris Dionne, Theresa White, Barbara Grigas, Elizabeth Jones, Patricia Higgins, Nancy Gentsch and Phyllis Blanchette.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Field Hockey

Although we were not able to appear on the field until the first of October for our practices, and our equipment was badly in need of reinforcements, Maynard's hockey team proved to be a successful one this year.

Once again Miss Marsden had the difficult task of trying to mold us into a winning team. She spent a great deal of time and energy on us and we wish to thank her for it. We also appreciate the work done by Miss Marsden's assistant, Miss Tierney.

FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

<i>First Team</i>	<i>Position</i>
Eileen Bell, Captain	Right inner
Florence Croft	Right wing
Charlotte Lehto	Center forward
Teresa White	Left wing
Helen Arcisz	Left inner
Bernice Hamilton	Right half
Connie Whitney	Center half
Patricia Higgins	Left half
Doris Dionne	Right back
Helen Palaima	Left back
Judy Wehkoja	Goal keeper

<i>Second Team</i>	<i>Position</i>
Roberta Carlson, Captain	Right back
Nancy Gentsch	Right wing
Barbara Parker	Right inner
Ethel Salonen	Center forward
Joan LeSage	Left wing
Kathleen Sawyer	Left inner
Nellie Chodynicky	Right half
Mary Kaziukonis	Center half
Ann Marie Morton	Left half
Alice Koskela	Left back
Elizabeth Jones	Goal keeper

Manager — Shirley Spence

Assistant Manager — Ardelle Kane

FIRST GAME

Maynard at Acton—October 9, 1945

First Team—Acton 1, Maynard 0

Second Team—Maynard 2, Acton 0

The hockeyites began this season with a game in Acton. For three years Acton has remained undefeated by Maynard and we were in hopes of breaking that record this time. Although we played a fast and furious game, Acton scored the only point, in the last quarter of the game.

The second team came through with a smashing victory despite the first team's loss. The goals made by Ethel Salonen and Kathleen Sawyer saved the day for the second team.

SECOND GAME

Weston at Maynard—October 16, 1945

First Team—Maynard 1, Weston 0

Second Team—Maynard 3, Weston 0

It was a cold, dreary day and we weren't at all sure of anything after our defeat by Acton. But assuring ourselves that Weston could never beat us, we played a good game and scored the only point. This was made by Teresa White.

The second team also came through with flying colors. The three fast goals that were made in the first few minutes of the game were scored by Kathleen Sawyer and Joan Le Sage.

THIRD GAME

Acton at Maynard—October 23, 1945

First Team—Maynard 2, Acton 0

Second Team—Maynard 2, Acton 0

Acton came to Maynard expecting to triumph over us, but our plans were vice versa. Regardless of the heavy defense put up by Acton's team, we carried the score. The goals were made by Teresa White and Connie Whitney.

Again the second team came through victorious with two goals made by Kathleen Sawyer and Ethel Salonen.

FOURTH GAME

Maynard at Weston—October 30, 1945

First Team—Maynard 1, Weston 1

Second Team—Maynard 1, Weston 0

It was a perfect day for a grueling game and although Maynard played a hard one with a

dauntless spirit, the tally ended in a tie. The only goal was made by Helen Arcisz.

The second team continued to remain on top although by only one point which was made by Kathleen Sawyer.

* * *

FIFTH GAME

Maynard at Concord—November 13, 1945

First Team—Maynard 1, Concord 1

Second Team—Concord 3, Maynard 1

At last came the game with our rivals, the game long waited for but well worth waiting, the game with Concord's confident team.

We met them with a courageous spirit on the wet field in Concord for a neck-to-neck game. The result of this conflict was a tie, 1—1. The goal was credited to Teresa White who was assisted by Helen Arcisz. Maynard's team played an outstanding game.

The second team was perhaps over-confident after their all-win season and was defeated by a 3-1 score. The goal was made by Joan Le Sage. Tough luck, Seconds!

First Team Letters Second Team Letters

Eileen Bell, Capt.
Charlotte Lehto
Helen Arcisz
Florence Croft
Teresa White
Pat Higgins
Bernice Hamilton
Doris Dionne
Helen Palaima
Judy Wehkoja
Connie Whitney

Roberta Carlson, Capt.
Barbara Parker
Ethel Salonen
Kathleen Sawyer
Nancy Gentsch
Joan Le Sage
Ann Marie Morton
Nellie Chodnicky
Alice Koskela
Elizabeth Jones

Shirley Spence, Mgr.

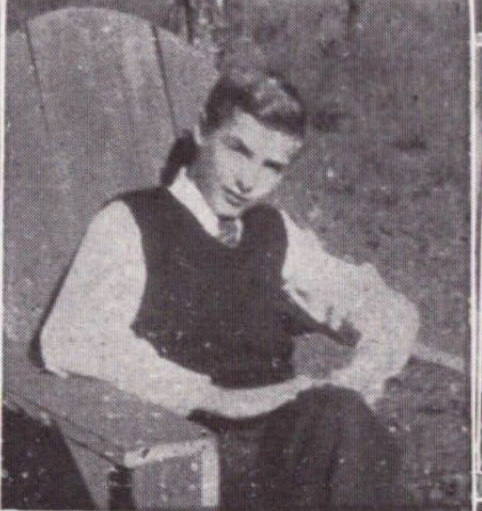
CONNIE WHITNEY, '47.

Constance Whitney is the Captain elected for next year under whose leadership the team is sure to have a successful season.





Snaps





In conjunction with the twenty-fifth anniversary of football at Maynard High School we present the following list of coaches and captains from the first team of 1920 to our present team of 1945.

1920

Coach: Pat Hynes of Clinton

Captain: Bob Parkin

After graduation from M. H. S. Bob went to Lowell Textile where he played football on the college team. He is now Production Manager of the Limerick Yarn Mills in Limerick, Me., and Manchester, N. H.

1921

Coach: Ed Coughlin

A graduate of M. H. S. and M. I. T., Ed coached Maynard High School for several years. During the war he was a construction engineer for the Navy at Quansett Point. He is now living in Newton and working for Stone and Webster Company as an engineer.

Captain: Maurice Stuckert

A graduate of Northeastern University, Maurice is now a lieutenant in the Coast Guard Reserve at Alexandria, Virginia.

1922

Coach: Ed Coughlin

Captain: Maurice Stuckert

1923

Coach: Ed Coughlin

Captain: Albert Lerer

Al graduated from M. H. S. in '24 and Dartmouth in '28. He was a teacher and principal in Maynard High and also coached M. H. S. for several years. He has been in the Army Air Corps for three years as an instructor. He is

now a lieutenant and stationed at Maxwell Field, Alabama.

1924

Coach: Ed Coughlin

Captain: Joe Kamesh

Joe attended Boston College for two years. His untimely death in 1926 shocked and saddened the community.

1925

Coach: Don Lent

A graduate of M. H. S. and Mass. State, Don taught at Maynard High for several years. He was also superintendent of the schools and is now connected with the Co-operative Society.

Captain: Mike Vodoklys

After graduating from Boston College, Mike taught at Maynard High and coached the M. H. S. football team for several years. He is now teaching at Framingham.

1926

Coach: Don Lent

Captain: Ken Murray

A graduate of M. H. S. and Goddard Seminary, Ken now owns a roller-skating rink in Waltham and one in Milton.

1927

Coach: Don Lent

Captain: "Doc" Siipola

After graduation from M. H. S. "Doc" was a chauffeur in New York. He is now in the Army.

1928

Coach: Don Lent

Captain: Howard King

After attending Colgate for 3 years and taking a course in Business Administration at B. U.,

Howard became manager of the John C. King Insurance Company. Four and a half years ago he entered the Army Infantry. He served in the First Expeditionary Force for 32 months overseas. He is now on inactive duty after giving instructions in Jap tactics at Fort Mead, Maryland, as 2nd Lieutenant.

1929

Coach: Don Lent*Captain:* George Weaving

After graduation George worked at the Cadillac Company in Boston and then at the American Powder Mills for 7 years. During the war he worked at Raytheon in Waltham and at present he is working at Andy Boy's in West Concord.

1930

Coach: Don Lent*Captain:* Sulo Hintsa

Sulo worked at various airports after graduation from M. H. S. A staff-sergeant, he has been in the Army for three years doing radio work. He has served in the Philippines for over two years.

1931

Coach: Don Lent*Captain:* Kevin Spratt

After graduation, Kevin worked in the Powder Mills until he entered the Navy three years ago. Now a Machinist's Mate, he has been overseas in the Pacific theatre for two years.

1932

Coach: Al Lerer*Captain:* Mike Ignachuk

Mike worked at the Assabet Mills after graduation from M. H. S. He entered the Army before Pearl Harbor. During the war he served as a Lieutenant on the Pacific coastline.

1933

Captain: John O'Leary

John attended Brown University where he was active in many sports and later played professional football. During the war he was a defense worker in the shipyard at Providence, Rhode Island.

1934

Coach: Al Lerer*Captain:* Robert Duggan

After graduation from M. H. S. Bob attended B. C. and is now at Camp Crowder, Missouri. Bob was one of the first Maynard boys to go into Service, enlisting in January, 1941.

1935

Coach: Mike Vodoklys*Captain:* Alvin Fraser

Alvin attended Milligan College and later worked for the General Electric Company in Lynn. He has been in the Army for three years, two of which he has served in the Pacific theatre of war. At present he is stationed in Japan.

1936

Coach: Mike Vodoklys*Co-captain:* Louis Colombo

Louis attended St. Anselm's College for three years. He is now a corporal in the Army Air Corps and has served for a year and a half overseas as a radio man on a B-29. He has made three missions over Tokyo and has been awarded the Bronze Star.

Co-captain: Auno Koskinen

Auno, like so many other Maynard boys, attended Milligan College. He is now working for the Phillip's Petroleum Company in Sudbury.

1937

Coach: Mike Vodoklys*Co-captain:* George Downey

George attended Lowell Tech and the Chicago School of Aeronautics. During the war he served as a 2nd class Aviation Machinist's Mate in the Navy. At present he is attending a school connected with the Logan International Airport in Boston.

Co-captain: Ernest Priest

Ernest entered the service soon after graduation. A corporal in the Quartermaster Corps, he served overseas in Italy and Syria for 3½ years. He received his discharge November 4, 1945.

1938

Coach: Mike Vodoklys*Co-captain:* Daniel O'Leary

Danny attended Tufts for 2 years before entering the Army in 1941. He has been overseas for a year now in the 562nd Medical. He is expected home shortly.

Co-captain: Lauri Toivonen

Before entering the Army, Lauri worked for a year in the Co-op. He is now home after serving 22 months overseas as a sergeant in the Artillery.

1939

Coach: Mike Vodoklys*Captain:* George Whalen

George worked in the Mill for a year before entering the service. He was a sergeant in the Air Corps and served overseas in England for 2 years. He has recently been discharged and plans to go to college.

1940

Coach: Mike Vodoklys*Captain:* Fred Sarvela

After graduation from M. H. S., Fred attended Southeastern Louisiana Institute for a

year as a civilian and Southwestern Louisiana Institute for a year after entering the Navy. While in the Navy he also attended Columbia for 3 months. At present he is an ensign in Naval Intelligence in Japan.

1941

Coach: Mike Vodoklys*Co-captain:* Walter Higgins

Walter worked in the First National store for a short while after graduation. He is now in Germany, having served in the Army for 3 years.

Co-captain: Francis Crowley

Franny worked for the Telechron Company after graduating from M. H. S. He is now working as a dispatcher in Lowell.

1942

Coach: Richard Lawson

Dick graduated from M. H. S. in '28 and attended Springfield College. He coached Maynard High for a short period of time and at present is in the U. S. Navy.

Captain: Victor Kizik

Vic left school to join the Navy early in the war and has served ever since.

1943

Coach: Richard Lawson*Co-captain:* Maxwell Gruber

Maxie worked in the Mill for a short time after graduation. He is now attending the U. S. Maritime Academy at Hyannis.

Co-captain: Harold Lyons

Chickie entered the Army Air Corps shortly after graduation. He attended radio school at Shepard Field, Texas, and is now home on a 30-day furlough awaiting reassignment.

1944

Coach: Richard Lawson*Co-captain:* Albert Crowley

Al entered the Army last March. At present he is in the Signal Corps and stationed just outside of Manila.

Co-captain: Richard Higgins

Dick left school to join the Navy 2 years ago and has seen plenty of action since then. He is now in the South Pacific.

1945

Coach: Keith Ranspot of the Boston Yanks*Co-captain:* Robert Jones

Bob is a senior at M. H. S.

Co-captain: Charles Higgins

Charlie is a senior at M. H. S.

The Alumni Department wishes to acknowledge the help given to them by Mr. Albert Cowles and Mr. Donald Lent.

ELINOR CASE, '47

BARBARA PARKER, '47

* * *

Undefeated Team of 1938

Daniel O'Leary (co-capt.)

Waino Nyholm

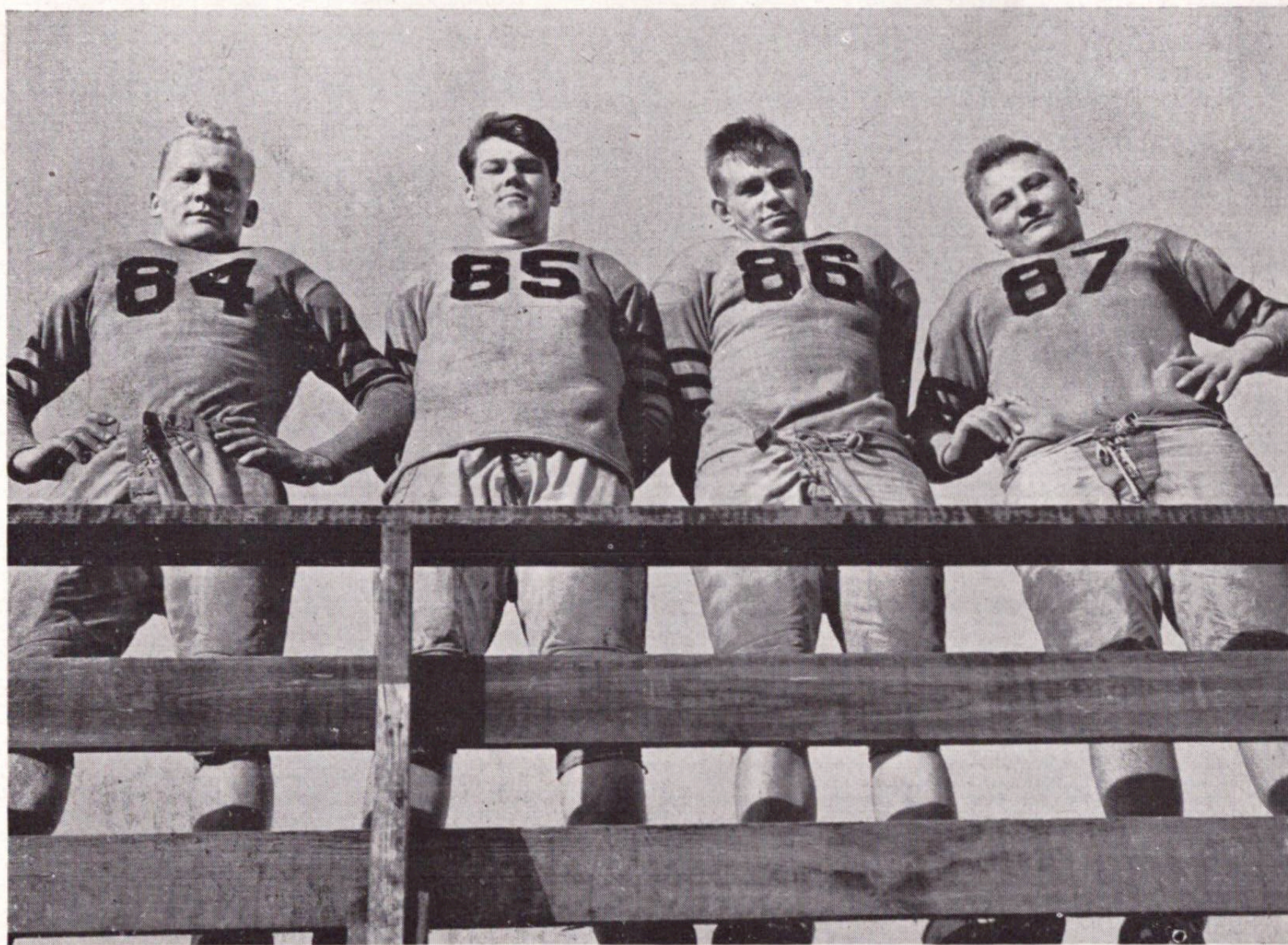
Waino served in the Army Air Corps for nearly two years. He was discharged in 1943 and is now living in Bedford and working for the Waltham Watch Company.

George Whalen

Edwin Saaristo

During the war Edwin worked as a government mechanic at Fort Devens. He is

Four Alumni of the 1938 Football Team



Waino Nyholm

Edwin Saaristo

John Sokolowski

Lauri Toivenen

now living in Hudson and working for the Boston and Maine Railroad.

Charles D'Agata

For two years Charlie went to Milligan College where he was very active in sports. He enlisted in the Army Air Corps four years ago and served overseas as a gunner on a B-24. He made 40 combat missions and was awarded the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Presidential Unit Citation. After 16 months overseas he was shipped home and stationed at Bedford Army Air Base. Charlie was recently discharged with a total of 127 points.

Lauri Toivonen (co-capt.)

Raymond Bamford

Ray worked in the Mill before enlisting in the Navy three years ago. He was a gunner's mate on a sub-chaser and recently received his discharge. He is now living in Watertown.

William Loiko

Bill worked in Maynard for about a year before entering the Navy. He is now a Petty Officer 2nd class and stationed in the Philippines.

Edward Hajduk

Ed entered the Navy six years ago after graduating from M. H. S. Now a Seaman First Class, he has made eight trips overseas.

Wilson Cuttell

"Woody" worked in the Mill for about a year after graduation. He enlisted in the Army just after Pearl Harbor and served as a sergeant in the Medical Corps at Puerto Rico for two and a half years. He received his discharge November 3, 1945, and is now living in Marlboro.

John Sokolowski

Before entering the Army three years ago, "Yash" worked at the Summer Street Garage. He is now a sergeant and stationed in Utah.



Magazines received by Maynard High School:

The Argus, Gardner High School, Gardner, Massachusetts.

Spion Kop, Ladysmith High School, Ladysmith, British Columbia.

What We Think of Others

The Argus—

We enjoyed your "Information Please" very much. An excellent editorial department.

The Spion Kop—

Your class headings by Don Kerr are very clever. Your Air Cadets are something to be proud of.

Excerpts from Exchanges

"I can't marry that lawyer, Mother," said the sad girl. "He is an atheist and doesn't believe there is a hell."

"Marry him," said the prospective mother-in-law, "and between the two of us we'll convince him that he's wrong."

—*The Argus*.

Some folks would be all right if they'd work as hard to do their duty as they do to satisfy their curiosity.

—*The Argus*.

The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.

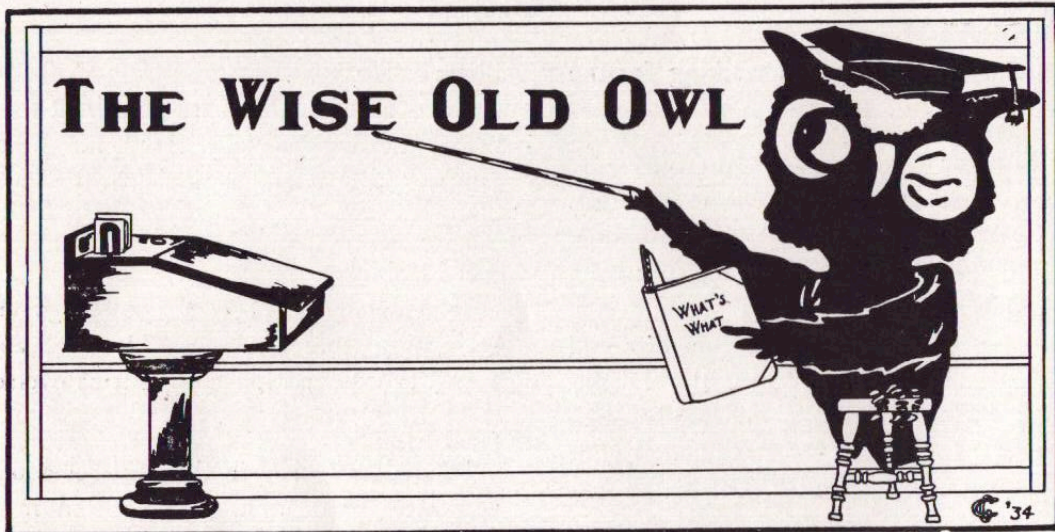
—*The Argus*.

Father: "My son, I don't like to think that you are at the bottom of your class."

Son: "I can't see that it matters, Pa. They teach the same at both ends."

—*The Spion Kop*.

A. MORTON, '47.



The Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know

1. What happens if Doris' "Doll Face" moves to sunny California?
2. What a certain Sophomore who drives a maroon car finds so interesting in the vicinity of Prospect Street. Could it be V. N.?
3. Whose ring does Bernice Hamilton treasure—and what does it—the red hair, a magnetic personality, or both?
4. The name of the lucky lady who has won the attention of Carlo Mariani, Maynard football hero.
5. If Rita Creighton is lonely taking care of children evenings?
6. The inside story of J. Carew's love life?
7. If Daisy is still true to Helen or *Have There Been Some Changes Made?*
8. Who writes the two-page notes to Fritz every day?
9. If Lij is still singing "There'll Never Be Another You" to Al Crowley?
10. The cause of the stars in Pat's eyes when Herbie's name is mentioned. What are you concealing, Murph?
11. If all is well between Tony and Jean or has the fleet taken over?
12. Of a device to keep tabs on Marilyn Bain.
13. What the Freshman who works for Salamone and Terrasi likes about Demars Street—L. Evans?
14. Why Guy Ferrara goes to Hudson so often?
15. Who's next on Alice Koskela's list?
16. What Penniman and F. Mason discuss in the notes they exchange — Education?
17. If Tess White has changed from Bill to Vin?
18. Who is in first place on Janet K's Hit Parade.
19. If P. Murphy and N. Chodnicky still think all men are fools.
20. If it's because of H. Lyons that no one is getting anywhere with A. Kane.

The Wise Old Owl Can't Imagine

1. Phyllis Blanchette without her comb and mirror.
2. Whose picture Auggy P. wants so much—.
3. Edwin Maki parlez-vousing in Paris.
4. No homework for a week.
5. Ginger without her car.
6. Jean Stein not prepared.
7. Kenneth MacArthur without his glasses.
8. Barby O'Toole without Ronnie.
9. Judy W. staying home nights.
10. Viola without Porky.
11. Margie Crowe unhappy.
12. Peggy O. singing in music class.
14. Herbie Mallinson without his coffee cake.
15. Carlo Mariani at a social.
16. Mary S. without her bracelets.
17. Roger Spurrell with his homework done.
18. Luda with all her teeth.
19. Robert Emro at school on time.
20. Clyde Merrick without a witty remark.
21. Peter Hogan on the football team.

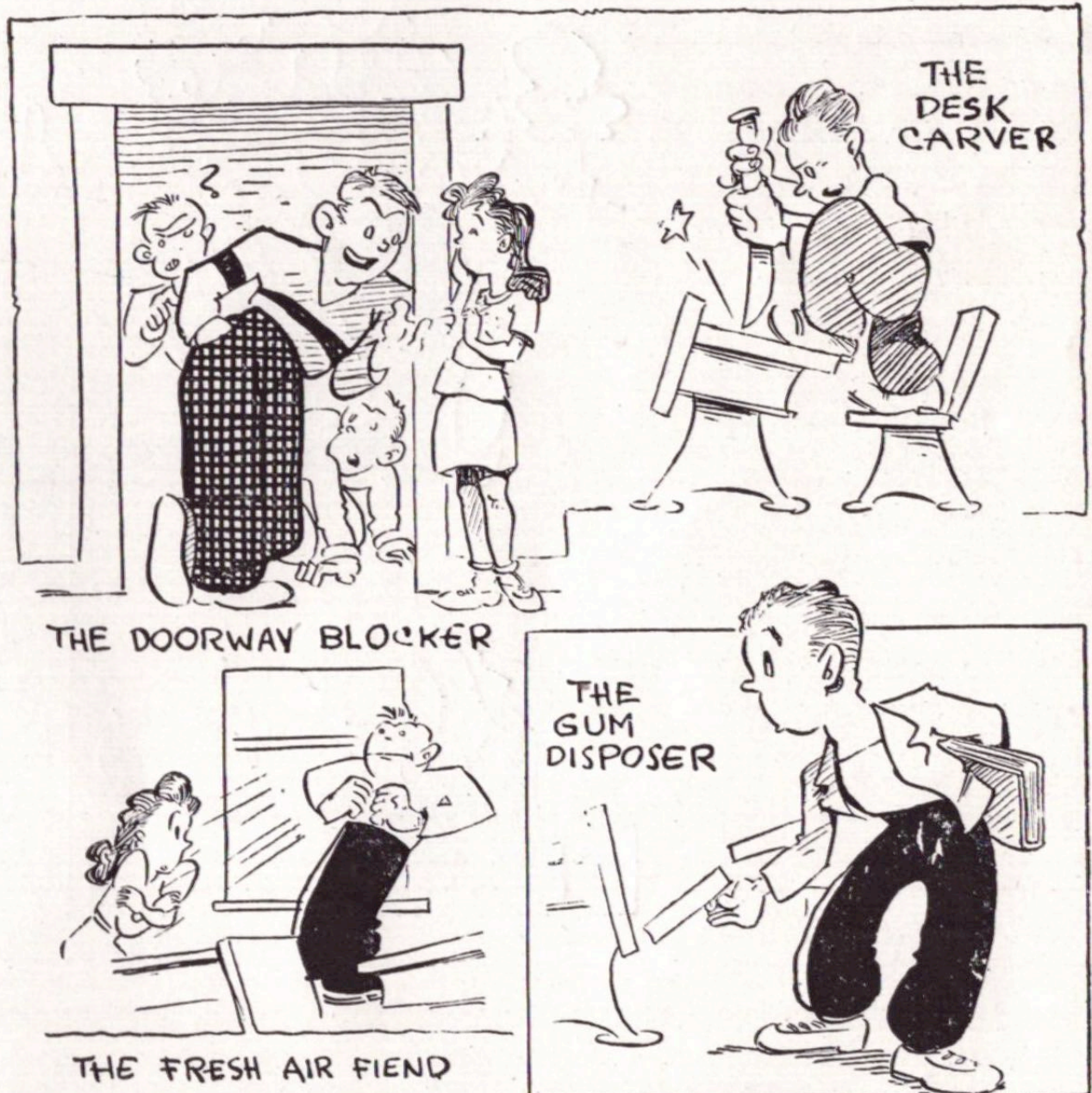
22. John Yanchewski studying too hard.
23. Janet Klemola without "Higgie."
24. Alice Koskela answering a question in history class.
25. Pauline Boeske and Hannah Hansen not writing notes.

Flicker Flashes

1. *Experiment Perilous*—Purely scientific production starring Miss Helen Resca and Harold Torppa. Stars (with the aid of the Fourth Period Biology Class) reveal to the world the stages a bean goes through during germination.
2. *Pride of the Marines*—Starring our own Stan Kulick. Tells of his experiences as a dashing leatherneck. (No kidding, we're really proud of you Starsh!)
3. *Lady Takes a Chance* — True story of a fair maiden named Nell. While going to tice, heroine is overtaken by a handsome cabellero in Rolls Royce. She accepts ride offered by same and never does get to hockey practice.
4. *Wonder Man* — Bobby-sockers, you will go wild over this gorgeous hunk field hockey practice of man!! Stars the new movie idol—Gordon Priest.
5. *A Gal, a Guy, and a Gob* (also listed as *Conflict*). Romantic picture revealing the two loves of our glamorous and fascinating Jeanie. Does Muscles hold first place in

Jean's heart, or is Gil, the Gob, the successful "guy"? Don't miss this one — it's a MUST!

6. *Going My Way* — Featuring those two dynamic personalities, Bob Burgess and Paul Koponen, who go cruising around the countryside in a Chevrolet monstrosity, always ready to accommodate any damsel in distress.
7. *Thrill of a Romance* (Subtitle — *Two In Love*) — Starring that romantic team, Millie and Al. It's a "hodge-podge."
8. *Where Do We Go From Here?*—Elaborate extravaganza featuring seventy-eight M. H. S. Seniors.



People We Can Do Without

9. *Since You Went Away* — The story of a lively young Miss and her Soldier Beau. Stars Doris and Oscar.
10. *The Corn Is Green* — Featuring current issue of "The Screech Owl."

11. *Christmas In Connecticut* — Exciting love story unfolding the romance of the Candy Kid's capture of the heart of her Connecticut Yankee.
12. *Those Endearing Young Charms* — Our Freshmen — natch!
13. *Along Came Jones* — Starring the well-known Daisy.
14. *Love Letters* — With Irene Bakun and Bob Messier. See picture for further information.

Rogue's Gallery

Be on the look-out for one sharp-elbowed blue streak who leaves a trail of crippled and injured as he tears down the corridor. Description: Height, medium; eyes, blue or green hair, blond (cowlick); snub nose. Last seen wearing a tieless white shirt and rolled up brown trousers.

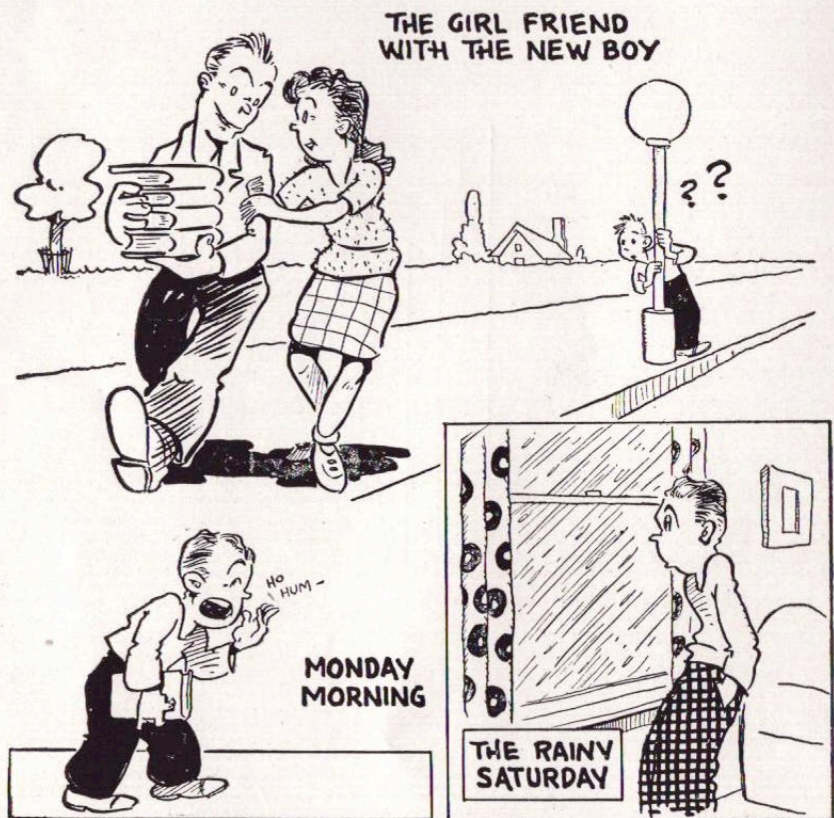
Reward for the capture of the friend who commits assault and battery to get the last Hershey while we stand by and collapse from starvation. Description: Height, about five feet eight; eyes, blue; hair, blond. Last seen wearing a blue reindeer sweater; watch for un-Maynard drawl.

Dead or alive — the desk jiggling squirmer who has your pen doing the rhumba while you write that thesis for English next period. Description: Weight, about 160 pounds; eyes, blue; hair, brown. Watch for boyish swagger. Last seen wearing a yellow jerkin.

Information wanted on the whereabouts of the individual who somehow knocks your coat

off the hook, mistakes it for a door-mat, and then walks off, forgetting to hang it up. Description: Height, football hero size; eyes, blue; hair, blond. Last seen wearing an M.H.S. football sweater.

Wanted — preferably dead — the brash personage who lets those swinging doors slam in your face; flattened noses are so becoming now-a-days;! Description: Height, about five foot three; eyes, brown; hair, brown. Last seen wearing a blue plaid sport coat, don't be fooled by an innocent air.



Life's Darkest Moments

Last, but not least, report immediately the carefree camper who puts his half finished Hoodsie in your desk to melt, parks his gum under it, throws his candy wrapper to the four winds and borrows for keeps the pencil on your desk. Description: Height, not much above five feet; eyes, blue; hair, dirty blond whiffle. Last seen wearing a red plaid lumberjack shirt, headed down the corridor.

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 CHARLOTTE LEHTO, '47.

Platter Chatter!

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Seven Years with the Wrong Woman
Leo with Kay | 14. I Ain't Got Nobody.....George S. |
| 2. You Belong to my Heart....Shirley to Mike | 15. So in Love.....Helen and Bob |
| 3. I'll Buy That Dream.....No Homework | 16. Little Did We Know.....U. S. History |
| 4. 'Til the End of Time.....Millie and Al | 17. The Three Caballeros
Johnny, Henry and Iggie |
| 5. One Meatball....."Babo's" Diet | 18. There Must Be Someone For Me.....Pinky |
| 6. When Your Lover Has Gone.....Roberta | 19. I'll Be Around.....Mr. White |
| 7. Don't Fence Me In.....Fritz | 20. When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Patsy Higgins |
| 8. I Dream of You.....Henry of Shirley | 21. Jingle, Jangle, Jingle
Mary Schwenke's bracelets |
| 9. L'Amour, Toujours L'Amour
Koponen in French II | 22. I'll Walk Alone.....Pete Belida |
| 10. Oh Brother!.....C. Spurrell | 23. Sweet and Lovely.....Ardelle Kane |
| 11. I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles
Wheeler in the Lab. | 24. How Many Hearts Have You Broken
Doris D. |
| 12. Somebody Stole My Gal.....E. Allard | 25. Our Ideal-Freshmen girls with Bobby Jones |
| 13. The Cuckoo in the Clock Went Cuckoo
The Clocks of M.H.S. | 26. Accentuate the Postive
Freshman Algebra Class |
| | 27. I'm Gonna Love That Guy
Mary to "Dodo" |
| | 28. The Very Thought of You
Lil Evans to "Sal" |

29. Racing with the Moon....Emro's Limousine
 30. Stout Hearted Men.....Football Men
 31. Drifting and Dreaming.....Pete Hogan

* * *

Miss Take's Column

Well, here we are going into the holiday season once more with the second term fast approaching its climax. Looking over the season, we find it has been a gay, hectic year—some of the outstanding events that should be noted and preserved are outlined in the following items.

"Is our face red" Department—Connie Whitney—explaining the meaning "lunatic" said that it came from two other words, "luna" meaning moon, and "attic" meaning the top story. Added together a lunatic is a person moony in his top story. Miss Resca wonders who the "lunatic" is?

Another reason why teachers grow old may be neatly "boxed" into the answer given by

Ray Sheridan when Miss Coleman asked him to give the principal parts of "die". Mr. S. replied, "die, dying, died, dead." Miss C. was probably "dying" to throttle Ray for his neat comment.

A little birdie reports that E. Olson is going to be a bachelor. Reason? He claims that "Matrimony is not a word, but a sentence." Yeh, a "life sentence" at that.

Doris Dionne may not be a movie star, but she's going to get an "Oscar" for her faithfulness to a certain G. I.

Frank Veracka gave Mrs. Clair a start in the U. S. History Class by his answer to "Who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'" Frank said, "Solomon, because he had 700 wives." That's what I call combining ancient with modern history.

Edward O'Leary when asked what Paul Revere said when he came to the end of his famous ride, answered, "Whoa!" "Ed," said Mrs. C., "Giddy up!"

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M. H. S.

Kenneth MacArthur's ingenious answer, when Miss Resca told him to name six protozoa, still has her wondering. Ken said "Two amoebas, two paramecium, and two vorticella." . . . Just simple arithmetic.

In Mr. Manty's P.A.D. class discussion of primitive man, L. Hickey declared that heathens wore "omelets" around their necks to ward off evil spirits . . . A walking lunch cart, huh?

No more appropriate time can be found to congratulate the football squad for the fights and "atomic" aches they handed out to their opponents during this season. The football banquet held to honor the squad is one worth attending and supporting—No comment.

'Nuff's enough, so I must bid my friends a fond adieu. Until we meet again, the Fates and/or students of M.H.S. permitting, I shall be with you again soon. And so, I close with the words of the famous philosopher, Bob Hope, "Bye, Bye, Buy Bonds."

ISABELLA KOSKI, '47.

* * *

Jokes

Miss Coleman: Johnson, what period does *A Tale of Two Cities* cover?

E. Johnson: Second period!

* * *

Bob: Comfy, Honey?

Helen: Nigh to freeze.

Bob: Want my coat?

Helen: Just the sleeves.

Bob: Full or empty?

Helen: Full, please.

Bob: Comfy, Honey?

Helen: Hum-m-m-m!

* * *

Linteri strolled into his Homeroom late.

Miss Wilson turned and said to him: "You should have been here at 8 o'clock."

Linteri (sleepily): "Why? What happened?"

* * *

Mrs. Sarvela: I sent my little boy for two pounds of plums and you only sent a pound and a half.

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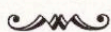
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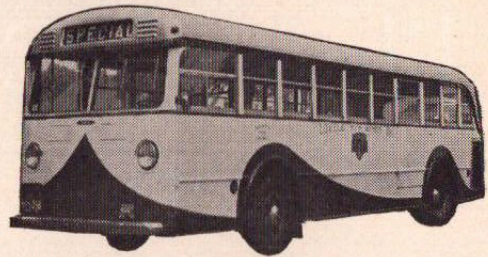
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