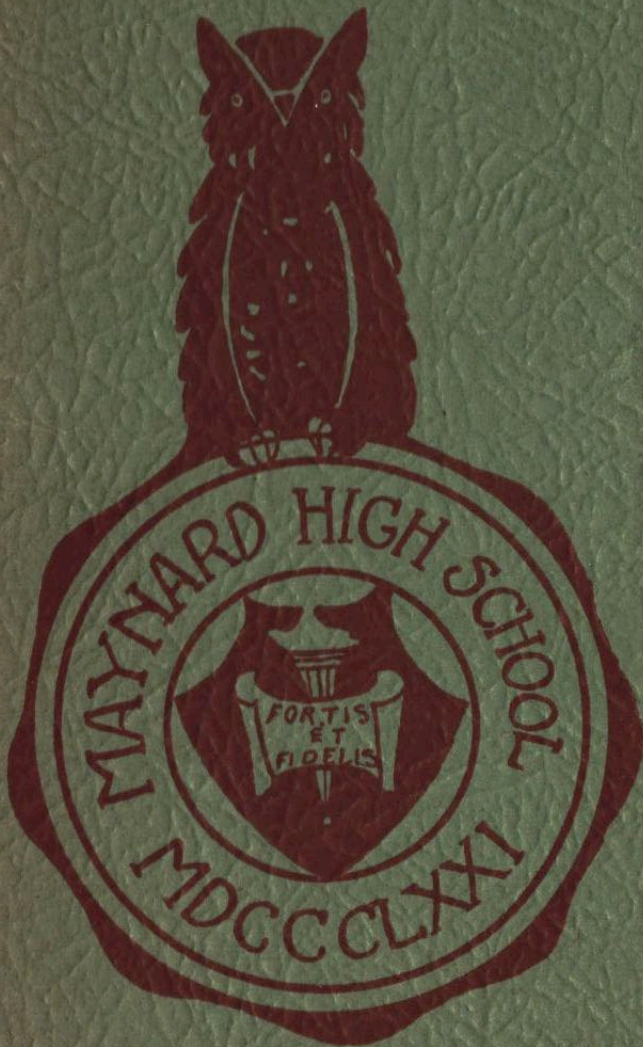


THE  
**SCREECH  
OWL**



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CHRISTMAS NUMBER ❖ 1943

THE SCREECH OWL

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MAYNARD, MASS.

# THE SCREECH OWL

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

DECEMBER, 1943

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# ★ Editorials ★

## Our Bulletin Boards

I wonder how many of us, as we are going into or coming out of a class, have ever stopped to look over the bulletin boards that are located in almost every room in Maynard High School. There are certainly many fine ones with a great deal of interesting information.

Let us look over a few of them:

The most important one, of course, is the one that is located in the down stairs corridor. It has all the information concerning school activities, such as the officers of the various classes and clubs, letters from Army officials and college authorities, and information about the draft.

One teacher has a bulletin board which has, in addition to all the different facts about her subject, bulletins and letters from various colleges, and hospitals for those girls who wish to further their education.

Another instructor has one on which there are many articles and newspaper clippings about the countries, the languages which she teaches, and also numerous pictures of the land marks of these two countries.

There are, perhaps, many others in the rooms that I do not have classes in that excite the curiosity. In my opinion a bulletin board kept by a teacher goes to show a special interest on his or her part in teaching the subject. We can show our gratitude not only by reading the information that they take the trouble to find for us, but also by aiding them by bringing in amazing facts and pictures that we find in outside reading.

EDITOR.

\* \* \* \*

## FOOTBALL

The Maynard High School Football Team's supremacy has been on the decline since 1938 which marked the last climax of high school football excellence. The six-footers and two-hundred pounders, who exhibited their strength in friendly football combat have faded from the field.

The present players are smaller in size, lighter in weight, and unable successfully to contest outside teams who have maintained their field strength. Yet, under this handicap, our team has shown excellent spirit and laudable effort.

Members Al Crowley, Harold Lyons Arthur LeSage, Al Rogers Allen Maki, and Max Gruber are all worthy of note, being all talented players who have exhibited their football abilities on the field.

The team as a whole is good, but still unable to regain its former strength. The players have superb spirit, good qualities, and are willing to work. This was shown when most football members appeared at practice regularly. Coach Larson knows how to drill his players, and has done a fine job in getting them into shape.

If Maynard were to abandon football now, it would be accepting sheer defeat on a silver plate. Football should continue as in the past, training the players never to leave the ship when it is sinking, training them better to accept defeat with a battle. This team has spirit, fight, and will. A team with these qualities is bound to win sooner or later if it keeps on fighting.

Maynard may not be able to boast of countless victories, but Maynard can sincerely say of its team, "Sure, they've lost a great deal, but they've always put up a good fight."

ASSISTANT EDITOR

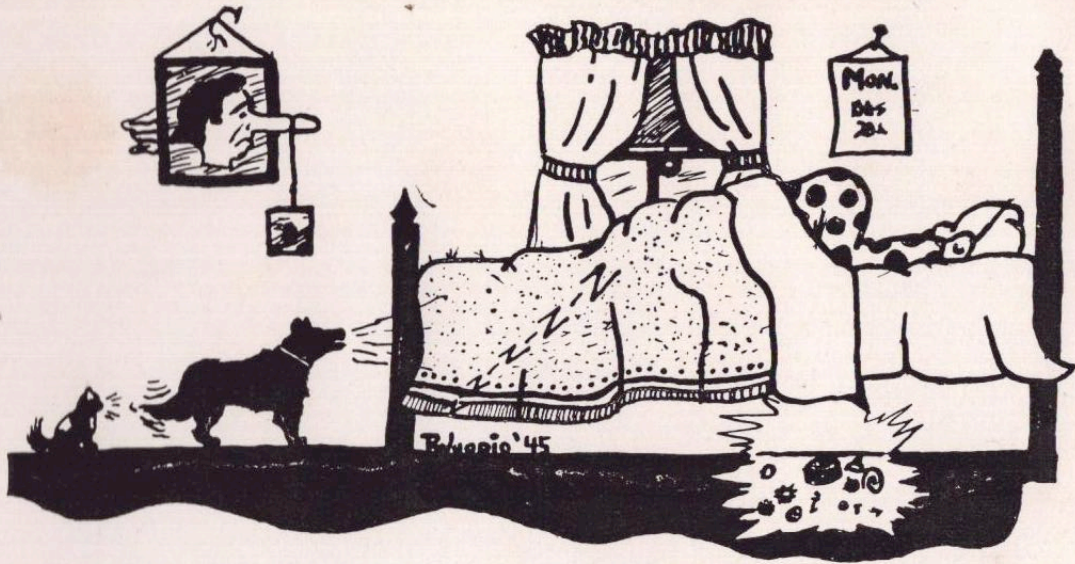
## We Can Help

It seems, when so many boys and girls in Maynard High are holding full-time or part-time jobs, that they would be willing to invest more money in defense stamps each week. But, on the contrary, each week the number of pupils in Room 20 on Monday morning at 8:05 seems to decrease. It certainly isn't expecting too much to want each student to buy at least one 10c stamp once a week.

The prices of entertainment have all gone up so that the stamps offer no financial barrier. You certainly won't get your money back with interest from the movies or the poolroom. You're not asked to give these pastimes up, but if you can afford these, you can also afford defense stamps.

In neighboring towns, smaller than Maynard, tanks and other equipment are being set up as goals and these goals are being reached. The people in these towns aren't being compelled to invest any more than we are, yet they co-operate and feel it their duty and privilege to invest in defense stamps. Why can't we?

KAARIN LILJA, '44.



### Absenteeism

"Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning!" Does this song title apply to you? I can honestly say that I find it hard to "scramble" out of my nice warm bed into the zero temperature of my room. This is the time when most people feel they could sleep another five hours or so. All this brings us to the subject of being absent from school.

How many times I have tried to argue myself into the idea of snuggling back into my warm bed to catch another forty winks instead of getting up and going to school.

Of course, staying out of school has its advantages, I will admit, getting a few more hours of needed rest and getting out of that English exam when you haven't even read your assignment. But where will all this get you? You're right—nowhere!

You may say to yourself, "What will I miss that's so important if I stay home today?" I have said that to myself many times and have been proven wrong.

Naturally, the class progresses and you find you've missed much more than you had anticipated. Then your homework comes in a double dose and you find yourself being sorry you decided to stay in bed. Beside being a day behind in your studies, you go home looking like a walking encyclopedia. You also miss your "pals" and the social activities taking place in dear old M. H. S.

Now, our country is at war and it is up to us, the youth of the nation, to carry on. We must be well trained, and have scholastic ability to

acquire a job when we graduate. Being absent from school will not in any way help us toward this goal. So let's do our part and show the boys fighting for us that we're in it to win.

ALICE BROWN, '44.

\* \* \* \*

### Why?

Why isn't the library full the first period Monday morning? Why aren't more students buying war stamps through the school? Why hasn't the high school a Minute Man Flag? If the Junior High can have one, why can't we?

The Junior High has about half as many students as the high school within its portals, and yet they went out and earned a Minute Man Flag for themselves.

For the most part the youngsters in the primary schools aren't working and yet week after week they buy more stamps than we do.

There must be some reason for this, and I am sure it is not shirking on the part of the students, but sheer *carelessness*.

If you buy stamps where you work, why not save the money until Monday and buy them at school?

Let's see a 100% attendance in the library this Monday morning and every Monday morning to come. Let's show them that Maynard High can do its share.

ANNE WHITE, '44.

\* \* \* \*

**GIVE WAR BONDS FOR CHRISTMAS—  
THE PRESENT WITH THE FUTURE**

# ★ Alumni Department ★

HAROLD GLICKMAN was the editor of the first "Screech Owl" in the year 1927. Mr. Glickman is now the manager of the Pay and Take furniture store on Nason Street here in Maynard.

LEO MULLIN, our present principal, was the second editor of the "Screech Owl" in the year 1928. Mr. Mullin has been principal since Mr. Lerer's enlistment in the Air Corps in May, 1943.

WAINO SJOBLUM was editor in 1929. Mr. Sjoblom is now living in Somerville and working in Boston for the Texas Gasoline Co.

MARK KELLEY, editor of the "Screech Owl" in 1930, is holding a clerical position with the American Woolen Co. here in Maynard.

PHILIP WILSON, who was the editor in 1931, is now a lawyer practicing in Concord and Maynard.

WILLIAM LEDGARD is now a Lt. (s.g.) in the U. S. Navy. At the present time he is stationed in Washington, D. C. Lt. Ledgard edited the "Screech Owl" in 1932.

PAUL WILSON, who is now Lt. Wilson, bombardier U. S. Army Air Corps, participating in raids over Germany, was editor in 1933.

WALTER SWEENEY was editor of the "Screech Owl" in 1934, and he is now a lieutenant in the Army, stationed somewhere in New Guinea.

ELMER SALENIUS edited the "Screech Owl" in 1935. Lt. Salenius of the U. S. Army, is now located somewhere in England.

LOUIS BACHRACH was editor in 1936. Dr. Bachrach is now lieutenant in the Army Medical Corps, stationed in New York.

WILLIAM PALMER was editor in 1937. Private Palmer was killed in action on November 21, 1942, somewhere in the Pacific.

ALBERT BACHRACH was editor in 1938. He is now Sgt. Bachrach of the U. S. Army, stationed in India.

DANIEL O'LEARY was editor in 1939. He entered the army two years ago and now has the rating of lieutenant in the Medical Corps, stationed in Kentucky.

BENNIE GUDZINOWICZ was editor in 1940. Bennie is now a cadet in the Army Air Corps, stationed in Florida.

WILLIAM LESAGE edited the "Screech Owl" in 1941. He is now working as a mechanic for the American Woolen Co.

JEAN LYNCH was editor in 1942. Our first she-editor is now attending the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy in Boston.

MARIAN SHERIDAN, the capable editor of last year's "Screech Owl" is now attending the Bentley School of Accounting at Boston.

"The Screech Owl" made its debut in 1927 with Harold Glickman as editor. As can be readily seen, most of these people are now serving in the armed forces of our country.

MARY LAWLER, '44

MARY MOYNIHAN, '45.



## We Have An Honor Roll of Our Recent Students Who Are Serving in the Armed Forces of Our Country



JOHN BARNES—Navy  
THEODORE BATULIN—Navy  
JAMES CANNELLA—Navy  
GLENN DOWEN—Army  
VICTOR KIZIK—Navy  
WILLIAM O'CONNELL—Navy  
STANLEY TOMYL—Navy  
STEPHEN STASZEWSKI  
JOSEPH TOMYL—Marines  
LEONARD CARBARY—Army  
GEORGE CROTTY—Army  
FRANK FINIZIO—Army.  
RICHARD FLAHERTY—Marines  
DONALD HANSEN—Navy

JOHN KULIC—Army  
WALTER MOYNIHAN—Army  
NILO SALMI—Army  
FRANK SPENCE—Navy  
KENNETH TUCKER—Navy  
ARTHUR TROMBLY—Navy  
JOSEPH WOJTKIEWICZ—Army  
CARL MAKI—Army  
EDWIN TAYLOR—Army  
FRANK DI GRAPPA—Navy Air Corps  
JOHN EMRO—Navy  
JOHN TOBIN—Navy  
WALFRED ALTO—Navy  
ROBERT KANE—Navy





## What Will Maynard High School Be Like A Hundred Years From Now?

Let us picture ourselves as part of a group that is making tours of famous places in Maynard about a hundred years from now. This tour will consist of a trip through what used to be Maynard High School. Now it is just a tumble-down building on the outskirts of town.

The school, abandoned many years since, is said to be haunted by the ghosts of teachers and pupils who long ago passed into the great beyond.

As we walk up the steps and reach for the door, which immediately collapses in our hands, we are reminded of the many times we have passed through these portals in our school days.

A glance at our programs shows us that Room 11 on our right is our first stop. You can almost picture Mr. Manty at his desk, giving an assignment in biology to his class. Ah, memories! A few short steps takes us into Room 12, where Miss McCarn once upon a time taught her history class. A rush of air as we close the door causes an old map to fall to the floor and crumble. How it ever stayed up there that long is a mystery. As we open the door to good old Room 13 several conjugated Latin verbs fly out past us, relics of Miss Field's Latin class, I guess. Shakespearean characters lurk everywhere in this room. Room 14 next, which used to be Mr. Reynold's room, then was inherited by Miss Marsden, and we last remember Miss Zygalá teaching her algebra class here. If you look hard you can see her Honor Roll faintly on the old blackboard. If we had more time we would spend it looking over Room 15 and the old art room, but a quick look in at Room 10 and then we must be on our way upstairs.

Yes, this is what used to be Room 10. Can't you see several geometry and algebra examples circling overhead? And for a minute it seemed as though Miss Butterworth was sitting in her chair, still smiling at us.

We must be careful not to lean on the banisters as we wend our way upstairs. A quick

look in at Room 20 reassures us that the books still remain in their places on the shelves. Some of them are worn by many years service, others quite new. We must come back some day soon and go over the rooms more carefully. The door of Room 22 is partly open, as though inviting us in to roam once more through the Office Practice room and the typing room. If you shut your eyes and listen a moment you can almost imagine you can hear the steady clatter of typewriters. And now Room 23. For me, that room has more memories than any other. You can almost picture Miss Dempsey seated at her desk trying to get some shorthand or book-keeping into the heads of the students. It was a hard job some time, but you could depend on her to get results. I almost hate to leave, but there are a few more rooms and we must be on our way. Room 25 and French, Spanish, and Miss Wilson immediately come to our minds. This room is haunted by French and Spanish verbs. Room 26 is the last stop before we must leave. This time we are met by the English verb I HAVE, HE HAS, and THEY HAVE. They invite us in to spend a few minutes. Miss Marsden is sitting at her desk conducting a class in grammar. No, on closer inspection we see that the room is empty, except for ourselves. It's funny what tricks the mind plays on the eyes. A bell is ringing somewhere downstairs and everyone decides to investigate. As we glance in at the Office, the echoes of Mrs. Ayotte's typewriter still greet us as we enter. Over at the big roll top desk, you can almost imagine Mr. Mullin busily engaged writing a report. We didn't find out why the bell was ringing, but maybe it has still been ringing the periods every day for the past century.

We have come to the end of our journey, and as we leave our old Alma Mater, memories of the good times we had there will go along with us. Goodby, Maynard High, you will live forever in our memories.

Alice Thane, '44.

\* \* \* \*

**EVERY WAR BOND DOLLAR  
MAKES THE AXIS HOLLER**

## Learning To Typewrite

One of the miseries that befall  
Commercial students, one and all  
Is to master the keyboard of the typewriter  
Which seems to be difficult for even the  
brighter.

You can look at the keys for the first few weeks  
But after, have mercy on the one who peeks,  
For after that you should know your keys  
And be able to type your A, B, C's.

The first year of typing is just drills and drills,  
But enough to send you home to your aspirin  
pills  
Second year typing may be easier—you think  
But I am telling you it is not a cinch.

Three or four letters, about five days a week,  
Leaves your fingers numb and weak  
Couple of telegrams, tests thrown in,  
Is enough to make you give in.

This is not to get you discouraged,  
Just a tip to keep up your courage  
Maynard High teaches hard as required,  
For when you get a job you surely stay hired.

ELSIE RISSANEN, '44.

\* \* \* \*

## Education, Our Weapon

War destroys; war stops progress and turns civilization back many years. Education is harmed, and we find that it is almost entirely forgotten by many people. But fortunately, during such times of chaos, there are some who realize that the world cannot go on without the education of boys and girls and strive to carry out their beliefs. It is wrong to think we can do this after the close of the war. We must prepare now.

A serious problem is the drafting of boys leaving high school. Parents ask themselves these questions: "Must the war deprive my son of his chance of becoming an educated man? Must it deprive him of all chance to understand with his mind the civilization he is being required to defend with his body?" Some colleges are now accepting boys younger than the draft age in order that they will not be completely deprived of this opportunity to develop their minds to understand the world better.

Still many young men and women will not be able to acquire further schooling after high school. Therefore we must take advantage of all that is offered to us in these four years.

Why go to school to be educated? Here are a few answers:

To explore your own capacities and desires.

To gain an understanding of the dynamic world in which you live.

To formulate a plan of life toward which you can consciously direct your efforts.

To prepare yourself for a place in society for which only a trained mind can fit you.

To appreciate the finer things of life.

To live in fellowship with the wisdom of the world.

For civilization's sake, youth must be taught the habit of critical thoughts. For their own sake, youth must be able to organize that thought, and to find for themselves a place in this world they live in. If one knows how things work and why, it is easier for him to take a place in the world and make the best of it.

In Nazi Germany boys and girls have their thinking done for them. This prescribed thinking has thrust a whole nation of people back into savagery. If we forget education now, we are on our way back to savagery.

The world is being thought over as well as fought over. It is being changed and reorganized; old institutions are being put to new uses, and the rate of change is faster than it ever has been before. To survive the change, civilized man is going to have to do some fast and hard thinking about basic problems—social, political, and economic.

Now our men are being called upon to defend civilization with weapons such as guns, tanks, and planes. Later on in the future we will be called upon to defend civilization with weapons including a disciplined and an understanding mind.

Let us not forget our duty as the youth of America to see that she does not fall after this war has been won. Let us strive to do our best at all we attempt and to acquire all the learning possible. And with the development of the mind, we must not forget to keep ourselves in good condition physically.

With the best education possible we can, with free and disciplined minds, let us face life with confidence and understanding.

ANN HAMLIN.

## Deceit In The Study Hall

One day while sitting in the study hall, with plenty of work to be done, but with no ambition, my gaze wandered around the room and came to rest on a freshman boy sitting next to me. There he was, in all earnestness, trying to untangle one of Shakespeare's masterpieces—or so he appeared to be at first glance. After making a mental study of him for a few minutes, I spotted a malicious gleam in his eye, which was soon explained. He lifted his book a trifle and to my surprise I saw that Portia, heroine of the *Merchant of Venice*, had been painstakingly adorned with a long, black, flowing beard and "side burns" also.

Amused at this, I turned my glance to my other side, where a senior girl seemed to be industriously writing out her history lesson with the book open before her for an occasional reference. She would have deceived me completely had she not just at that time turned her head towards me. Those eyes were certainly not devoted to any history lesson! True enough, for as I went up for some paper, I caught sight of some pink stationery and you can believe me—she wasn't writing to any girl friend. Not with that look!

"Well," I wondered, "Is anyone around here working?" There is still that boy in front of me. From the back he seemed to be working, but now I realized that that meant nothing at all. So, with great curiosity, I raised myself on one elbow and peered over his shoulder. There he was with his algebra book open and figuring very earnestly on a piece of paper. With a sigh of satisfaction, I sank back into my seat cheery in the thought that someone was working. Hey—wait a minute! Since when have the x's in algebra been placed in positions corresponding to a football lineup? I might have known it! All of them throwing away a chance for extra study, and then they complain of poor marks! By this time I must have been scowling quite noticeably, for suddenly my reverie was broken by hearing my name spoken:

"Miss Koskinen, you have wasted a good fifteen minutes of valuable time which could have been spent in worthwhile study! You could use it. Now get busy!" Oh well, live and learn they say. Well, I learned to practice what I preach, and to think that it took me three years to learn how to enjoy a study hall!

SIRKKA KOSKINEN, '44.

## Slave!

Five minutes to four, just five minutes to run from Sudbury Street to the noted company of J. J. Newberry's on Main Street. As I pant along, I wonder if perhaps contracting a cardiac condition is worth twenty-eight cents an hour? Then on the other hand I think of the debts I have acquired that make me dream of prison bars before Mr. Newberry took me in to straighten hosiery, clean under stock, unpack crockery, (with much sneezing and coughing in the accompanying hay) and occasionally to ring up ten cents on the cash register. What a thrill!

Just inside the door, and there goes the four o'clock whistle. Now to achieve the miracle of getting my coat into the girls' room without being seen by anyone (for instance, the manager.) Holding my breath as I walk so as not to be heard exhaling (I'll tell you this is no easy job after just running a half a mile without stopping) I make my dangerous way to the girls' room. By the time I arrive there my face is in such a purplish hue that people are beginning to stare at me with quizzical looks.

Standing at the further end of the store I bellow, "I'm here, Ruth!" Of course, poor Ruth doesn't know who "I" is; so this results in quite a bit of screaming back and forth before the matter is unraveled.

My day of slavery begins. First I am stationed behind the candy counter, but after ten or fifteen minutes of shoveling out confectionery to hungry people who have probably just come from some movie where the hero and the heroine starved to death for love, all this work being done under the watchful eyes of the manager, he decides that I am being altogether too generous with each order. Thus, I am ushered to the back of the store where the yard goods looks as though five or six dogs had fought over them. This counter also contains toys.

With everything arranged, I find myself with empty hands. My groping hands light on a yoyo, the art of which always dumbfounds me. Well, practice makes perfect.

Involved in untying myself from the yo-yo, my attention is caught by a piping voice, the owner of which seems to be a grubby hand, holding a little soldier, "What the cost of this makes?" After a quick translation, calling on my past days of experience with children, I answer, "It makes cost ten cents!" This intelligent conversation is interrupted by the appear-

ance of a towering example of womanhood, who soundly applies her hand to the unseen body. An ear-splitting cry rocks the foundation of the building as the screaming child is dragged through the imposing portals of the store.

By now the hands of the old clock on the mill have crept up to six o'clock and I leave my cage on winged feet, running to catch the bus. As always, with but a second to spare, I spring onto the vehicle, only to be jammed in the door. Obviously they don't want me on their old bus. Just to be spiteful I get on just the same, smiling wickedly at the driver who obligingly blinks his eyes at the brilliance of it. Again in alighting I smile, my Pepsodent pearlies causing me to trip on the step, awkwardly leaping off into space and landing on all fours on the curb. Taken down so rudely from my high-horse, I run home without a backward glance.

Promptly at five of seven I rush out of the door, as though I had been given a kick, and run all the way down town. Back again I arrive at J. J.'s politely to sell socks of all kinds for the rest of the night, and even some ribbon to a woman who ordered me to measure it by wrapping it around her neck. At last it is nine and work is done for another day.

With gay adieus to all, I rush to Manning's to get a sundae to refresh myself. The hour of nine o'clock affects me as digitalis to a chronic invalid.

MARY E. LAWLER, '44.

\* \* \* \*

### The United States Wholesalers

Main Office: Washington, D. C.  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

(New branch office located in Italy,  
c/o Uncle Sam)

TO:

Adolph Hitler and Firm  
Army Air Raid Shelter  
Berlin, Germany

Dear Sir:

Again I must inform you of our firm's capability to fill out orders. One of our recent customers was Kaiser William of Germany, with whom we did business in 1917-18. We are grateful to Mr. U. S. Navy, Mr. Doughboy, and Mr. Leatherneck, who acted as agents at that

time. We are happy to announce that their sons are our present agents.

We are also very regretful that you turned down our offer in 1933. But, as you can readily see, times have changed considerably and we hope to do better this time.

Following is a list of our merchandise which may be of interest to you and your partners:

Russian Caviar—(Which you find very difficult to obtain) PRICE: The same as the Russians ask.

Arid Desert Land—(Which you could have had if you had a smarter agent than Rommel in Africa.)

U. S. War Bond—(A very good investment in our growing organization.) PRICE: Any denomination. Consult your bank.

1000 Fine Grade Uniforms. (For Goering. Formerly used by Japanese on Guadalcanal.) PRICE: We've collected from your partner, Hirohito.

1 Room on Balcony—(For Mussolini. Conveniently located at Alcatraz, San Francisco Bay.)

1 Lot—(Beautifully located at the North Pole. Ask for Adm. Byrd, Caretaker.)

1 Throne—(Made with electrical connections to arms, head, and legs in order to give heat. One feels a warm tingling sensation when seated properly. Made to fit Emperor Hirohito's form. Tested with success many times.) PRICE: Free. Electricity paid for by United States Marines.

1 U. S. History Book—(To explain to you and your partners why you must meet our terms when doing business with us.) PRICE: Paid for by: G. Washington, A. Jackson, U. Grant, J. Pershing, MacArthur, Eisenhower, and many more.

You probably have been receiving our free gift of bombs. We hope you have found them in the right places.

Sincerely yours,

R. E. WUORIO, *Stockholder.*

\* \* \* \*

**BUY STAMPS FOR OUR NATION'S  
WAR OPERATIONS**



### The Troubles Of A Poet

ALBERT SULLIVAN

I tried and tried with all my might  
A really sensible poem to write.  
But all I got was senseless words  
Of bees and flowers, bugs and birds.  
My eyes grew dim, my nerves were taut,  
And still there came no brilliant thought.  
I tore my hair, I chewed my nails,  
I thought of books and fairy tales  
That I had read in days gone by,  
"Perhaps in this way," pondered I,  
"An inspiration I will find,  
Or else I soon will lose my mind!"

I fussed and fumed, the hour grew late,  
I thought of lovers at the gate,  
Of moonlit nights and rendezvous,  
Hoping, thus, to find some clues.  
From high school joys, and puppy loves,  
To the time I lost my best grey gloves.  
And so you see, dear readers all  
I thought of each thing, large and small,  
And finally I reached this conclusion:  
In spite of all this mad confusion.  
Though poems are made by fools like me,  
I vow that I'll leave poetry  
To other fools that have more time  
To write a piece and make it rhyme!!

\* \* \*

Some people who own articles bought before the war marked "Made in Germany" or "Made in Japan," have decided that the best thing to do about it is to cover the lettering with War Savings Stamps and go on using the articles.

### A Perfect Day

At 7:15 I wake up with a start,  
Grab the alarm clock, and then,  
Throw it as far as I possibly can,  
For I've over-slept again!

7:15 and I'm still in bed,  
The old routine starts again,  
I rush from the bed to the bathroom so fast,  
You couldn't keep track with a pen.

I hurriedly dress and try to eat,  
Combining the two is no fun;  
I get my new bow and my freshly cleaned blouse,  
All messed up with an old coffee bun.

When finally I'm all prepared for school,  
I'm afraid to look at the clock,  
I just decide it's either before or after eight,  
And start on that *long, long, walk*.

At the corner, I meet an old pal of mine,  
And believe me it's really no fun,  
As we try to make Miss Winchenbaugh's room,  
Before the darn bell has rung.

We run up the road with all we've got,  
(We can see Mr. Mullen frowning.)  
Rush through the doors and up the stairs,  
We've made it! (I'm really not clowning.)

We've been lucky—we've been late only once,  
That's 'cause I got up too late, (7:16)  
We needed that minute to get to school,  
And I lost it—now isn't that mean?

When finally we're settled in our seats,  
We look at each other and sigh,  
It isn't the work that gets us down,  
It's running to Maynard High!

I think the class in Miss Butterworth's room,  
Deserves a little praise;  
They rush to the windows when they see us  
                  come,  
And really spur on the race.

They say I'm small, but how can I grow,  
If I have to run all my life?  
I wish they'd put in a trolley,  
Now that would stop my strife!

But, Mr. Mullen, don't give up,  
Someday we'll cause a surprise,  
We'll be *in school at 7:15*,  
Although with lustreless, sleepy eyes!

SHIRLEY PETERSON



### CANDY COUNTER — DILEMMA

To eat or not to eat,—that is the question:  
 Whether 'tis nobler of the body to suffer  
 The kicks and showers of an outrageous mob,  
 Or to take arms against this tribe of mongers,  
 And by opposing plow through? To starve; to eat;  
 If that was all; and by a decision we say to end  
 The heart-ache and the thousand unnatural shocks  
 That we must suffer, 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To eat; to starve;  
 To eat; perchance to swoon! ay there's the rub;  
 For in that mob of wretches what we must suffer,  
 When we have shuffled off from M. H. S.,  
 Then we are safe. There's the respect  
 That makes calamity of such poor manners;  
 For who can survive this treatment all the time,  
 The freshman's kick, the sophomore's elbow,  
 The pangs of active hunger, the rude delay,  
 The insolence of the Juniors and spurns  
 That patient merit of the poor senior takes,  
 When he himself might his end gain  
 By offensive attack? Who would punishment take,  
 To grunt and sweat under angry bruises,  
 But that the promise of something after this (ice cream)  
 That delectable delicacy about whose taste  
 No students disagrees, urges us on,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than give in to starvation which perhaps is worse?  
 Thus desire does make greedy ones of us all;  
 And thus determination and resolution  
 Covers o'er our selfishness and greed,  
 And ice cream, most important of the sale  
 Has all sold out and we are left the crumbs (Lorna Doones)  
 And all the good is gone.

DORIS SEDER, '44.

### Christmas In The South Pacific

As the soldier sits in his well disguised fox hole, he thinks of the contrast of Christmas out here and at home. The long, ugly form lying lazily in the shade of a queer jungle undergrowth, is a crocodile, which rears its head now and then to snap angrily at an annoying insect. The murky, warm, still water reminds him only that back in his old home-town in Massachusetts it's probably snowing and very cold.

He visualizes the snow drifting lazily down to settle gracefully on the tall bare trees and the sloping rooftops. It seems like years since he's had a good shave. Out here it's so hot and sticky you more often than not cut yourself up before you get shaved, and cuts are dangerous with all these different insects ready to bite you.

Although his mind is always awake and alert, he still has time to think of things like snow, ice, a good shave, and movies.


Yesterday, there was "mail call" and he got presents from Mom, Dad, Sis, and, of course, his girl. That was a swell feeling, knowing that they were thinking of him and missing him as much as he was missing them.

Another thing he rather liked about Christmas at home was the tree standing in the corner by the lit fireplace. He liked a big green fir tree, that reached the ceiling and had colored bulbs all over it. Mom always put off the lights and lit the tree on Christmas Eve.

Then, as the next guard comes to relieve him of his tiring vigil, his thoughts turn back to the grim duty of getting this war over with. Oh! well, he thinks, maybe next Christmas I'll be home and remembering when I was in a fox hole on Christmas Day.

I hope none of us will ever spend a Christmas Day in a fox hole, but for those boys who may have to, let's help end this war—FAST.

DORIS R. MCINTOSH, '44.



### Occupation: Usherette

"Rise, please." "Follow me,"  
 "Two seats on the aisle? Just a moment I'll see."  
 Afternoon and evening these words have I met  
 Since I started my career as an usherette.

The hours are grand, the pay is fine;  
 The children, God bless them, behave divine,  
 You gently put 'em down front with the firm command,  
 "The eighth row is the limit, the rest is banned!"

Lights are dimmed, the news begins,  
 Italy is invaded, "Musso" pays for his sins,  
 A glance at the front section, and the eighth row,  
 But without looking I already know the "kiddies" have  
     advanced and are greeting with joy.  
 Their movie idols: Hope, Gene, or Roy;  
 Then it is my duty to bounce them back down,  
 And command silence, "Don't dare make a sound."

A friend in the world right now I have not,  
 Enemies surround me, for many I've caught,  
 Trying to slip by in the dimness of the hall  
 On a fifteen-cent ticket, and plenty of gall.

My saga of woe is ended for now,  
 As I wipe the sweat from my weary brow,  
 And wend my way down the dark side aisle,  
 Destination? To shut up those kids with my fixed usher's smile.

SHIRLEY BAIN.



### Columbus Day Assembly

The first serious assembly for the school year was held October 11, and took the form of a Columbus Day program. It was under the direction of Miss Butterworth, and members of the Junior Women's Club took part.

The Pulaski Day Proclamation was read by Helen Girdziewski, since October 11, had been set aside by Governor Saltonstall in honor of Count Casimir Pulaski, the Polish hero of the Revolutionary War.

The songs of the Girls' Chorus were pleasing to all. Other members on the program were: Ann Hamlin, Sirkka Koskinen, Doris Seder, Ann Flaherty, Nancy Whitney, and Patricia Louka.

\* \* \*

### Armistice Day Assembly

While in the midst of World War II, tribute was paid to those who took part in World War I at an Armistice Day Assembly, which was under the supervision of Miss Zygala.

The program began with a salute to the flag led by Ardelle Kane, mistress of ceremonies, and the singing of "God Bless America" by the assembly. Following this was the customary proclamation, which was read by Doris Kytola, and patriotic musical selections by Edgar Olsen on the clarinet, accompanied by Frank Downen at the piano. Then came a very effective recitation of "Flanders Fields" by Margaret Stuart while William Bain played "Taps" from the balcony. So quiet did the assembly become that Vivian Helander's accordion solo featuring songs from World War I were needed to perk up our spirits.

After this we were introduced to Captain Leo E. McDonough from Fort Devens, who spoke to

us of present world conditions and brought into his discourse bits of humor that made him a favorite with all. He, in turn, introduced to us Raymond Jones and Edward Riley of the United States Army, whom he interviewed on the stage. Hearing of these wounded heroes' exploits overseas was so realistic that we, as students, should consider the importance of education to the war effort before enlisting in the armed forces.

The assembly was closed with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. All in all, it was one of the best assemblies we have had for a long time.

\* \* \*

### Thanksgiving Day Assembly

NOVEMBER 24, 1943

After the confusion resulting from the changing of the order of periods, we were indeed glad to settle down to enjoy ourselves at 11:35 at our Thanksgiving Day Assembly. This year the program was taken care of by the Sophomore English Class and was under the supervision of Miss Vena Field.

Albert Rogers, the master of ceremonies, opened the program by leading the school in a salute to the flag as is customary. Following this was a poem "Thanksgiving Day" by Helen Kettola and the reading of the proclamation by Nancy Whitney. Next came the song "With My Head in the Clouds" by Florence Croft and Jean Erickson, which was loudly applauded by the audience. The essay, "Thanksgiving, 1943", recited by Marilyn Riley, followed and then we all took part in singing "America the Beautiful". The recitation, "Who's Thankful?", by Paul Stein and Shirley Weckstrom was very humorous and original. The chorus then sang the "Thanksgiving Hymn" to add a solemn note to



the occasion. After this we participated in a community sing with Frank Downen playing a medley of popular tunes. Moving pictures had to be omitted, but we were entertained so well, we didn't miss the movies.

HELMI KULMALA.

\* \* \*

### Autumn Social—October 1, 1943

On the stormiest night of the year, the seniors opened the social season with an autumnal social which resulted in the greatest profit that there has ever come to a class at Maynard High School. When the students came in from the rainswept streets, the scarecrows and dancing leaves completed the picture perfectly. Music was furnished by the Jones Boys, who played several novelty numbers, including the Virginia Reel. Although the crowd was large, all found space on the floor to dance to their heart's content.

Patrons and patronesses were Miss Dempsey, Senior Class Adviser, Miss Winchenbaugh, Mr. Mullin, and Miss Wilson.

The dance committee consisted of the following members: Edward Ledgard, Sirkka Koskinen, Harold Lyons, Claire Beford, Esther King, Ann Hamlin, Patricia Louka, Thomas Marcellonis, Roy Helander, Albert Sullivan, Barbara Murphy, Eleanor Dimery, Arthur LeSage, and Richard Trench.

\* \* \*

### Thanksgiving Social—Nov. 12, 1943

Although a trifle early, the seniors chose the twelfth as the date for the Thanksgiving Social

so that the football men could attend. They, as well as everybody else, seemed to have a marvelous time dancing to the music of the Jones Boys. Polkas, waltzes, including a waltz oxford and a liberty waltz, were enjoyed by all. The decorations carried out the effects of the turkeys strutting to a dance on the posters, and haystacks and pumpkins added to the Thanksgiving atmosphere.

The dance committee consisted of the following members: Edward Ledgard, Sirkka Koskinen, Harold Lyons, Claire Beford, Maxwell Gruber, Milton Lehto, Gerald Larson, Joseph Dutkowski, Allen Maki, Mary Lawler, Helen D'Amico, Alice Brown, Helen Girdziewski, and Helmi Kulmala.

The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Mullin, Miss Dempsey, and Miss Zygalá.

\* \* \*

### Football Rallies

The football season had been brightened up by rallies held before most of the football games.

Coach Larson's "pep" talks and the speeches if they could be called that, of the football players add to the program. Mr. Mullin, whose ambition it is to become head coach at Fordham, "let us in" on a few trick plays, but for some known reason these plays are never used.

Of course, the rallies would not be complete without a few cheers so the situation is taken care of by the cheer leaders: Alice Brown, Ann Hamil, Mary Lawler, Patricia Louka, Doris Seder, Anne White, Nancy Gentsh, Helen Arcisz, Rose D'Agata, Doris Dionne, and Elizabeth Jones.

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#### MAYNARD AT NATICK

The opening game of the 1943 season was played at Natick. Natick, with two games under its belt, proved to be more than our boys could handle. Two quick touchdowns in the first period had Maynard with their backs to the wall from the start. It appeared as though it would be a question of how many touchdowns. Maynard came to life in the second half, holding Natick to one touchdown for the final two quarters. Clashy and the Lowrey twins were outstanding for Natick.

Final Results: NATICK 26—MAYNARD 0.

#### MAYNARD AT HUDSON

This was a typical Hudson-Maynard game with the feeling high. Maynard out-passed, outran, and out-kicked Hudson, but failed to score. The win jinx was still on, Maynard being stopped on the 5, 3, and 1-yard lines. A team that deserved to win was denied again. Lehto, Rogers and Crowley were outstanding in the backfield, while Maki played a stellar game in the line.

Final Results: HUDSON 0—MAYNARD 0.

#### MAYNARD AT CONCORD

The game, played under adverse conditions, was nip and tuck throughout, breaks having a great deal to do with the final score. Concord scored first on a well executed pass, completing the point after, to lead by seven points. Maynard came back in the second half to score a touchdown in the final few minutes, only to have it taken back on a penalty. Lyons was outstanding for Maynard. Lehto's injury proved to be costly.

Final Results: CONCORD 7—MAYNARD 0.

#### WESTON AT MAYNARD

Maynard finally found itself and went on to play a winning form of football. The line was master of Weston's running attack and opened up large holes for the Maynard backs. Lyons scored first for Maynard. Crowley scored the second touchdown on a line plunge from the right. Lyons again scored for the final touchdown of the game. The two points after the touchdown were made on passes from Rogers to LeSage.

Final Results: MAYNARD 20—WESTON 0.

#### MAYNARD AT FRAMINGHAM

A strong Framingham team outplayed Maynard in every branch of the game, being able to score almost at will. The Maynard boys were game, but too much reserve power by Framingham told on them. Injuries for Maynard were numerous, several players being put out of commission for the next few games. Sebastynowicz played a stellar game at half-back, while Cutaia played well in the line.

Final Results: FRAMINGHAM 39—MAYNARD 0.

#### MARLBORO AT MAYNARD

Maynard received the opening kick-off. A penalty on the first play of the game, then a crossed-up signal with the ball landing on the four-yard line recovered by Marlboro, and a quick score for Marlboro had Maynard with its back to the wall from the start. Marlboro scored a second time to go in the lead 13-0. Maynard came back to stay in the game by a well executed pass from Ledgard to LeSage to make the score 13-6. From then on Maynard's line fell apart under the powerful running of Brennan.

Final Results: MARLBORO 38—MAYNARD 6.



MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL SQUAD — 1943

First Row: A. Maki, J. Sebastynowicz, E. Ledgard, M. Gruber, H. Lyons, A. LeSage, M. Lehto, and G. Novick.  
Second Row: Coach Lawson, G. Larson, R. Higgins, A. Crowley, T. Marcelonis, R. Wuorio, J. Pieciewicz, J. Walsh.  
Third Row: R. Sironen, A. Poulson, R. Jones, A. Rogers, P. Stein, H. Wuorio, H. Wolik, A. Hodgess, C. Higgins.  
Last Row: L. Beford, W. Bain, W. Wehkoja, P. Belida, G. Louka, A. Tomyl, E. Olsen, W. Gruber, P. Koponen.

MAYNARD AT MILFORD

Milford, a team beaten only by Framingham, found Maynard a stubborn foe for three-quarters of the game. Milford scored in the first period in an advantage they could not enlarge upon until the final period. Maynard had two opportunities to score, having the ball on the five-yard line, when a misplay again deprived us of a chance to score. The Maynard line held Milford's running attack in check until that final period when the line fell apart. Maynard's passing game had Milford constantly in fear of being scored upon.

Final Results: MILFORD 33—MAYNARD 0.

MAYNARD AT CLINTON

The traditional Thanksgiving Day game between Maynard and Clinton found two evenly matched teams fighting it out to the last whistle. Maynard scored first on a neat run of 25 yards by Co-Captain Lyons. The conversion point was made on a pass by Rogers to LeSage. Maynard now leading 7-0, led until the final period. The line, which had held Clinton's attack back, fell apart during the final period when Co-Captain Gruber, a main-stay in Maynard's line throughout the year, and playing under the handicap of a lame shoulder due to dislocation during the Milford game, had to be removed from the game. Clinton scored after a series of line plays to tie the score 7-7, then with two minutes left to play, a well-executed pass by Clinton proved the margin of victory.

Final Results: CLINTON 13—MAYNARD 7.

\* \* \*

EXTRA!!

Albert Crowley and Richard Higgins are co-captains of football for 1944.

Milton Lehto was chosen as captain of baseball for 1944.

\* \* \*

**KEEP BUYING  
BONDS AND STAMPS**

**Field Hockey Squad**

<i>First Team</i>	<i>Position</i>
Helen Girdziewski .....	Left Wing
Mary Lawler, Captain .....	Left Inner
Ann Hamlin .....	Center Forward
Shirley Bain .....	Right Inner
Alice Brown .....	Right Wing
Jennie Denisewich .....	Left Half
Patricia Louka .....	Center Half
Rose D'Agata .....	Right Half
Doris Dionne .....	Left Back
Roberta Carlson .....	Right Back
Sirkka Koskinen .....	Goal Keeper

<i>Second Team</i>	<i>Position</i>
Florence Croft .....	Left Wing
Rose Hansen, Captain .....	Left Inner
Julia Palaima .....	Center Forward
Ann Flaherty .....	Right Inner
Teresa White .....	Right Wing
Alice Syvanen .....	Left Half
Constance Whitney .....	Center Half
Patricia Higgins .....	Right Half
Helen Palaima .....	Left Back
Joanne Columbo .....	Right Back
Julia Wehkoja .....	Goal Keeper

Manager—Ann White

Coach—Miss Dorothy Marsden

MAYNARD AT ACTON October 7, 1943

Maynard's hockey team opened the season with a game in Acton. This being the first game, the girls were full of enthusiasm and confident of victory. Although the team put up a great fight, we were defeated by a score of 4-0.

The second team was also defeated. The game ended 5-0.

MAYNARD AT WESTON October 14, 1943

Confident of victory and with a dauntless spirit, Maynard played a "swell" and hard game. The tally ended in a tie.

Maynard's goals were made by Ann Hamlin and two by Helen Girdziewski.

Maynard's second team won a victory over Weston of 1-0.

The goal was made by Teresa White.

WESTON AT MAYNARD October 21, 1943

The team played a great game showing teamwork and sportsmanship all the way. But this



MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL FIELD HOCKEY SQUAD — 1943

First Row (left to right): D. Dion, A. Brown, H. Girdziewski, J. Denisewich, M. Lawler, A. Hamlin, R. Carlson, P. Louka, A. White.  
 Second Row: R. D'Agata, L. Bain, S. Koskinen, Dorothy Marsden.  
 Third Row: H. Palaima, J. Palaima, A. Syvanen, T. White, N. Whitney.  
 Fourth Row: J. Colombo, R. Hansen, A. Flaherty, B. Hamilton, Nancy Gentch.  
 Fifth Row: E. Jones, M. Kasuikonis, J. Wehkoja, P. Higgins, A. Morton, S. Digrapo.  
 Sixth Row: A. Kane, F. Graham, C. Lehto, H. Arcisz, B. Parker, L. Hickey.

wasn't our day and we lost with the game, ending with the score 2-0.

The second team, once again, came through with flying colors, winning a victory of 2-0.

The goals were made by Captain Rose Hansen and Rose D'Agata.

#### ACTON AT MAYNARD November 3, 1943

On a cold November afternoon, Maynard's hockeyites were determined to triumph over Acton, but to the disappointment of the team, the game ended 2-1 with Acton victorious.

Maynard's goal was made by Captain Mary Lawler.

The second team came through with a smashing victory of 2-0.

The team's goals were made by Julia Palaima and Bernice Hamilton.

#### MAYNARD AT CONCORD Nov. 10, 1943

This is the game the girls look forward to all season with our old rivals.

With a courageous spirit, we met Concord and played a fast and hard game.

A penalty corner, where the wing shoots to the forwards for a goal, caused some argument, but we got the goal, making the score 2-1 in our favor. In the last minutes of play, a Concord girl scored a goal and the game ended 2-2.

Maynard's goals were scored by Captain Mary Lawler.

The second team played a great game, but was defeated by a score of 2-0.

A game between Mary Lawler's Slugging Seniors and Rose Hansen's Unconquerable Underclassmen was held to determine just whose team was the greater. The Underclassmen played a good game, but the Seniors, naturally, came out on top with a victory of 5-3.

Two goals were made by Captain Mary Lawler and Helen Girdziewski. Ann Hamlin also scored one.

#### HOCKEY LETTER AWARDS

Mary Lawler, Captain	Sirkka Koskinen
Helen Girdziewski	Shirley Bain
Ann Hamlin	Rose D'Agata
Jennie Denisewich	Doris Dionne
Patricia Louka	Robertta Carlson

#### SECOND TEAM AWARDS

Rose Hansen, Captain	Joanne Columbo
Julia Palaima	Florence Croft
Alice Syvanen	Teresa White
Julia Wehkoja	Constance Whitney
Helen Palaima	

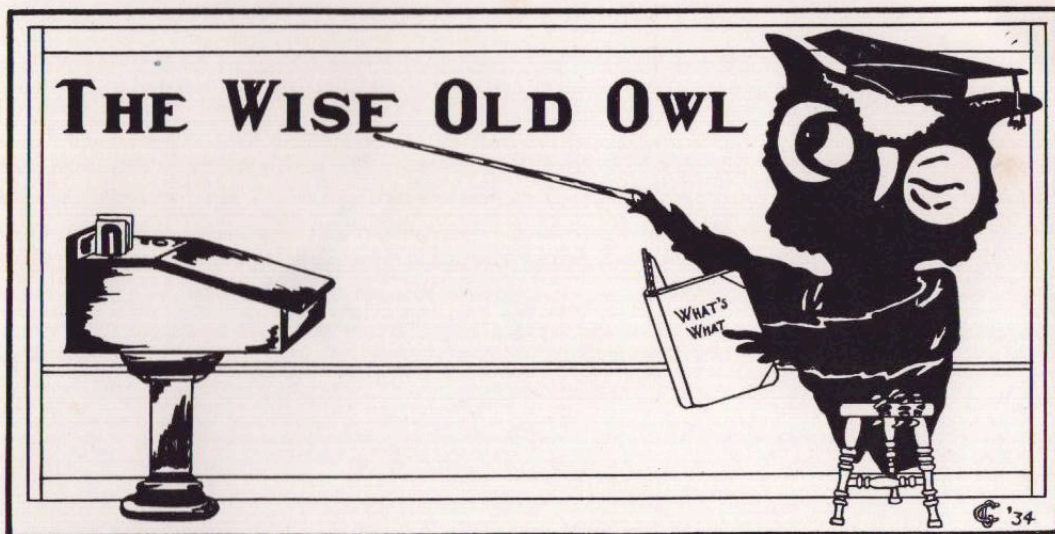
ALICE BROWN, '44.

# Peoples Theatre

MAYNARD



"The House of Hits"



Who thinks that Hazel is pretty nice? We want to know what he said to her in Acton one Thursday night. P. S. He's in the Navy.

What were "the boys" doing up in Hudson one Saturday nite?

Whom is "Tex" sparking?

What girl from First Street is sparking "Hank"?

Whom has Claire got a date with on the day on his second leave?

Does "Japa" still love Frannie?

Why does "Coogie" go to West Acton so often?

Why doesn't Maki give the girls a break?

Whom does "Karp" go to see in Clinton?

To whom does Donald Marchant write letters?

Does "Lefty" still hold a passion for "Butch"?

Who practically forced a ring on one of the usherettes?

What senior girl thinks "Max" is pretty nice? Is it M. E. L.? Her homeroom is 10.

Whose ring is "Murph" wearing and how did she get it?

Who writes to four sailors at the same sitting? She's loyal to them all.

Who is Mary's Jack?

The Wise Old Owl Would Like To Know:

What has happened that Elaine Clark is no longer interested in a certain senior boy Or is she?

Why does Pat blush when a Gleasondale moon is mentioned.

What is it that the freshman girls have that the senior girls lack. Are we getting stale?

How many senior boys still have their rings.

What junior boy has just awakened to the fact that there is a cute red-headed freshman girl around.

Why not one "goes steady" any more. Blame it on HITLER!

What junior boy has captured the hearts of so many girls in his three years. Tell us, is it Al?

Who enjoys the walk up Brown Street almost every night. Watch out, Muggs! Love is blind, but the neighbors aren't.

Why Jimmie Lent seems to prefer the 8th grade.

If Dick W. is holding the fort for the Army Air Corps.

What the chief attraction is in Acton on Thursday nights.

Why the manager of the field hockey teams didn't swap them around.

Why there aren't so many parties as in the olden days when we were freshmen.

Why Patsy Higgins prefers Waltham.

Who is "Notre Charlie".

What the main attraction is at Anderson's. Certainly not the servings!

What got Ed Ledgard started.

Why Dutkowski doesn't make up his mind. In or out.

Why we don't see Jennie D. around any more.

What's goin' on between Allan and Barb.

Why did Miller change from "Liz" to Doris.

Who keeps Elinor company while she takes care of Richie.

How Elaine finds Bill from Marlboro.

Where Van Vorse gets his supply of jokes And who's there this week.

Why "Murph" find "Red" from Woburn so attractive.

Who is the "light". We happen to have an eye witness account that one of the "light's" neighbors predicted he'd be a lady-killer with those eyes.

Why H. Arcisz keeps us guessing about which of two seniors it will be.

If Johnny Sebas is taking lessons from his brother.

Does "Mimi" ever leave her wings at home.

Is Helmi K. still faithful.

What certain freshman girl has a senior football player's picture in her bedroom.

What carrot-top freshman likes a junior boy who works in the CO-OP. Watch out Gregory! Bernice will get you.

Who is it with Roberta. Roger or Peter.

\* \* \*

Match 'Em

- |           |          |           |           |
|-----------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1 Doris   | 7 Rich   | 7 Madelyn | 6 Edward  |
| 2 Patsy   | 9 Muggs  | 8 Ethel   | 4 Billy   |
| 3 Roberta | 6 Johnny | 9 Marilyn | 3 Pete    |
| 4 Teresa  | 8 Joe    | 10 Ann    | 2 Georgie |
| 6 Anne    | 11 Bob   | 11 Pat    | 1 Miller  |
| 6 Shirley | 10 Alby  |           |           |

ELEANOR DIMERY  
RICHARD TRENCH



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MAYNARD





OUR SENIORS WATCH THE BIRDIE

	Richard Trench	Roy Helander	George Edwards	George Sawutz	Joseph Brescia	Allan Maki	Alice Brown	Anthony Taryma	Philip Rich	Joseph Walsh	Albert Sullivan	
Helen Smaha	Benny Castrechini	Robert Smith	Harold Lyons	Miss Moynihan	Gerald Lawson	Arthur LeSage	Fred Hekkala	Leonard Van Vorse	Alice Thane			
	Anna Kopaz	Rita Christian	Gertrude Hinds	Frances Turano	Celia Lalli	Kaarin Lilja	Shirley Garlick	Ruth Pekkala				
		Juliet Greene	Miriam Pinolehto	Ann Walls	Jenny Denisewich	Jenny Arceri	Laura Stapell					

# Musical Notes

Oh What a Beautiful Morning.....Monday	They're Either Too Young Or Too Old Senior Girls
In The Little Red School House.....M. H. S.	You're Easy to Dance With .....Sully
You'll Never Know..Miss Field to English Class	You've Got To Be A Football Hero..Al Crowley
Dearly Beloved .....Muggsie to Marilyn	Scatterbrain .....Elaine Clark
Sunday, Monday, or Always .....Usherettes	Chatterbox .....Lillian Hickey
Three Little Sisters .....D'Amico Sisters	Uncle Sam, Here We Come .....Senior Boys
Comin' In On A Wing and A Prayer Aviation Math Class	I've Got Rings On My Fingers ....Ann Hamlin
For Me and My Gal .....Miller and Doris	Spellbound .....Freshman
I Love You Truly .....Jimmie Lent	The Dreamer .....Edward O'Leary
This is The Army .....M. H. S. Alumni	The Last Time I Saw Paris .....French III
Rose Ann of Charing Cross ....Sirikka and Ruthie	Small Town Boy .....John Usher
In My Arms .....Mooch	It's All Right, Jack .....Lawl
I'll Capture Your Heart Singing .....Max	For the First Time (I've Fallen In Love) "Dick" Higgins
The Shorty George .....George Wollerscheid	Why Don't We Do This More Often? Homework
We Three .....Pat, Lawl, Anne	Oceans Apart .....Alice Brown
Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder Shirley B.	Drifting And Dreaming .....Study Hall
Billy Boy .....Thelma B.	People Will Say We're in Love Jennie Denisewich
Lovie Joe .....Ethel B.	Little Did I Know .....U. S. History Class
Two Little Girls In Blue .....Evelyn and Dot	Me and My Shadow .....Shirley Spence
I'll Always Be In Love With You .....Madelyn	In My Merry Oldsmobile .....Arthur Carbary
It Can't Be Wrong Freshman Girls to Senior Girls	It's Always You .....Oscar
Three Little Fishes .....Pasty, Irene, Tess	After You've Gone..Class of '45 to Class of '44
Freshie .....Class of "47"	I'll Be Loving You Always .....Jay-ar
I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen Leo Linteri	Cheatin' on Me .....R. A. W.
He Wears A Pair Of Silver Wings .....Mimi	Cuddle Up a Little Closer .....Claire Beford
How Sweet You Are..Senior Boys to Freshmen	All or Nothing At All .....Marcy
Dancing In The Dark ..... <sup>gms</sup> John Holly	I'm Going to Buy A Paper Doll .....Maki
Small Fry .....Coogie	Put Your Arms Around Me...Barbara Marchant
I'm Off To Yokohama....."Nipper" Novick	It Had To Be You .....R. Sheridan

## Jest In Fun

Lady—Waitress, are these French sardines you gave me?

D. Hatch—I don't know, they were past speaking when I opened the can.

\* \* \*

Farmer—What're ye comin' home with your pail empty for? Didn't the cow give anything?

F. Wasiliuk—Yes, nine quarts and a kick!

\* \* \*

Joanne Colombo—That fellow was an impudent fraud. Did he manage to wheedle money out of you?

M. Kaziukonis—Oh, Jo, he told me such a sad story about his wife who is a widow with six children.

\* \* \*

I. Dargiewicz—Are you troubled much in your neighborhood with borrowing?

E. Clarke—Yes, a good deal. My neighbors never have anything I want.

\* \* \*

M. Lawler (sighing)—Oh, I met such a lovely, polite man today.

A. White—Where was that?

M. Lawler—On the street. I must have been carrying my umbrella carelessly, for he bumped his eye on it. I said, "Pardon me," and he said, "Don't mention it—I have another eye left."

\* \* \*

Medical Officer—Have you any organic trouble?

Recruit, A. Maki—No, sir, I'm not a bit musical.

\* \* \*

A. Walls—Wait a minute, my hair just came down.

T. Bourne—Gosh, isn't gravity awful?

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George Wheeler reaches far across the table  
and helps himself to the butter—

His Aunt—What did you do that for? Have-  
n't you a tongue?

G. Wheeler—Yes, but my tongue isn't as long  
as my arm.

\* \* \*

Wild-eyed Customer—I want a quarter's  
worth of carbolic acid.

J. Walsh—This is a hardware store, but we  
have—er—a fine line of ropes, revolvers, and  
razors.

\* \* \*

Miss Marsden—In this stanza what is meant  
by the line 'The shades of night were falling  
fast'?

R. Murray—The people were pulling down  
the shades.

\* \* \*

Miss McCarn — William the Conqueror  
landed in England in 1066 A. D. What does  
A. D. stand for?

J. Sebastinowicz—I don't know, maybe it's  
after dark.

\* \* \*

R. Compton—Can you be punished for some-  
thing you haven't done yet?

Miss Butterworth—No, of course not. Why?

R. Compton—Well, I haven't done my geom-  
etry yet.

\* \* \*

Ed Lalli—How did you make out in the his-  
tory exam?

Ed Lawler—Not so well, but after all they  
asked about things that happened before I was  
born.

Mr. Manty—Who can describe a caterpillar?

C. Higgins—I can, teacher.

Mr. Manty—Well, what is it?

C. Higgins—An upholstered worm.

\* \* \*

L. Van Vorse—Nurse, can't I have something to eat? I'm starving.

Nurse—Yes, you start taking solids today, but you must begin slowly, only One teaspoon of tapioca.

L. Van Vorse (five minutes later)—Nurse, bring me a postage stamp. I want to read.

\* \* \*

R. French gave Claire Beford his seat. She fainted. On recovering she thanked him. He fainted.

\* \* \*

A. Brown—You have a lot of bum jokes in this issue.

J. Denisewich—Oh, I wouldn't say that. I threw a bunch of them in the stove and the fire just roared.

\* \* \*



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