

THE
Sovereign
Gum

1948

The

YEARBOOK



MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE 1948

MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

Administration

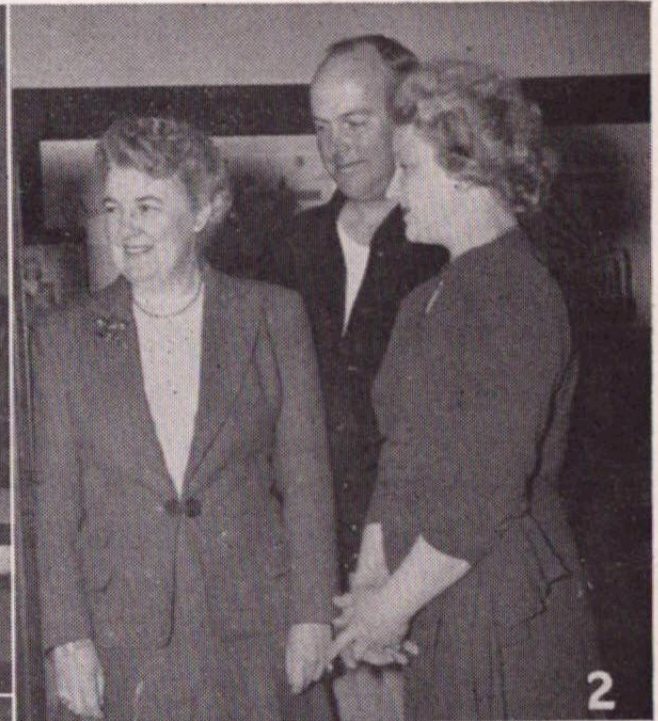
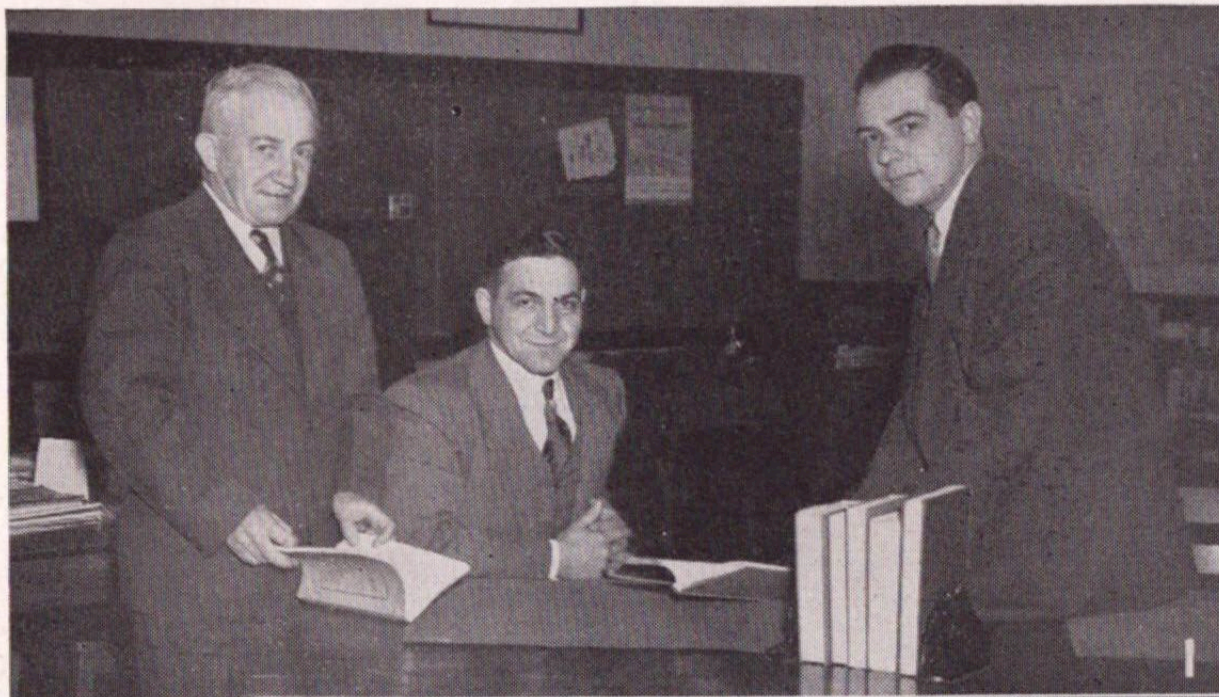


Superintendent of Schools
Miss Mary A. Doyle



Principal
Mr. Albert Lerer

Faculty



1. MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE

Left to right: Mr. W. Gavin, Mr. L. Lerer, Mr. F. Mattioli.

3. SOCIAL SCIENCE

Left to right: Mr. C. Manty, Mrs. R. Clair, Mr. S. Bondelevitch.

5. GUIDANCE DIRECTOR AND DEAN OF GIRLS

Left to right: Mr. B. White and Mrs. R. Clair.

2. SUPERVISORS

Left to right: Miss E. Colburn, Mr. R. Lawson, Miss A. Pasakarnis.

4. COMMERCIAL AND HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Left to right: Miss E. Sawutz, Miss M. Badger, Miss M. Coleman.

5. ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LANGUAGES

Left to right: Miss R. Wilson, Miss D. Marsden, Miss D. Tierney.

Class Officers

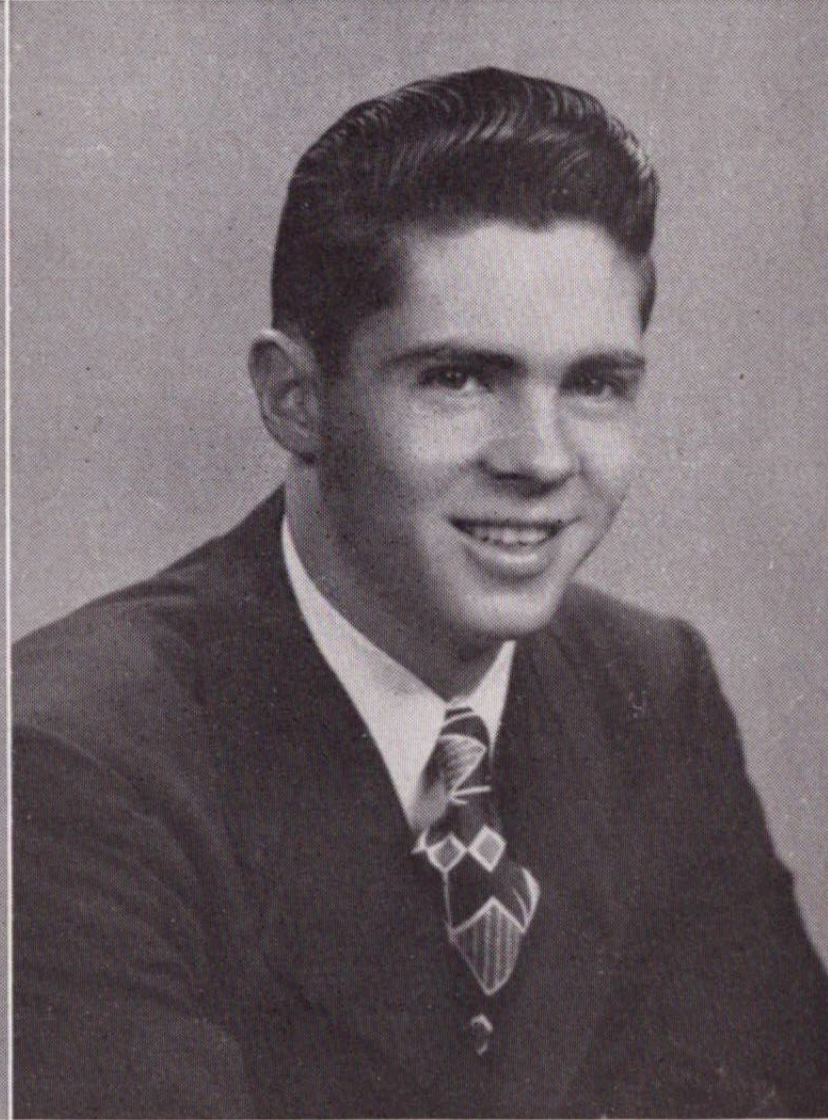
Carlo Mariani, *President*



Veronica Nowick, *Vice-President*



Joan LeSage, *Secretary*



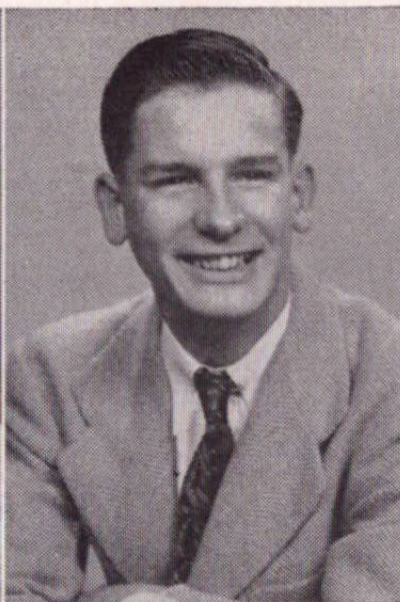
George Howes, *Treasurer*

Rita Anelons
9 Crane Avenue

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Chorus 4; Dance Committee 4.

Diversion: Dancing
Aversion: French

"The best of prophets of the future is the past."



Charles Carbery
4 Summer Hill Road

Football 1, 3, 4; Basketball 2; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee.

Diversion: Dancing.
Aversion: Studying.

"I don't see it."

Joseph Angelosanto
16 Hayes Street

Dramatic Club 4.

Diversion: Sports, Horses, and Diesels.
Aversion: Work.

"Imagination is more important than knowledge."



Dorothy C. Chernak
63 Glendale Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; National Honor Society 4; Graduation Speaker 4.

Diversion: Music, sports.
Aversion: Having nothing to do.

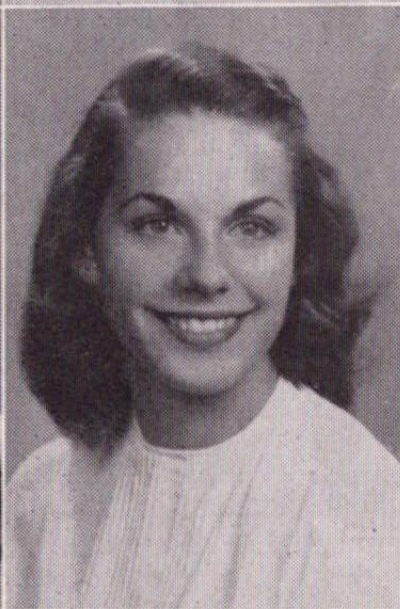
*"She hath a natural, wise sincerity
A simple truthfulness."*

Marilyn Bain
10 Chandler Street

Girl's Basketball 1; Social Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Prom Committee, Glee Club; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Secretary 1.

Diversion: Dancing, Having a good time.
Aversion: Working.

"Life is just a bowl of cherries."



Nellie Chodynicky
35 Thompson Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman of Program Committee 4; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Class Secretary 3; Prom Committee 3; Picture Committee 4; Ring Committee 3; Student Council 2, 3; Vice-President 3; Basketball 1, 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Screech Owl 4; Screech Owl Art Editor 4; Social Committees; Home-room Artist 1; Home-room Vice President 2; Class Night Speaker, Will 4.

Diversion: Dancing.
Aversion: Idleness.

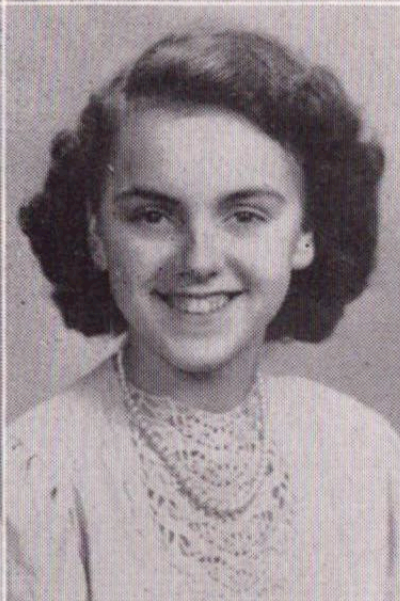
*"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant to think on."*

Phyllis Blanchette
22 Lewis Street

Dramatic Club 1, 2; Cheerleader 1, 2, 3; Captain 4; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Prom Committee; Senior Picture Committee; Ring Committee; Basketball 1, 3; Senior Chorus 4; Screech Owl Staff 4; Screech Owl Secretary 3, 4; Student Secretary 4; Social Committees; Junior Woman's Club 1; American Legion Essayist 4.

Diversion: Sports, dancing.
Aversion: Nothing to do and studying.

*"Her winning smile and her gleeful
glance
Like a beam of sunshine fell."*



Gertrude Christiansen
7 Lincoln Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Chorus 4.

Diversion: Movies, dancing.
Aversion: Doing nothing.

*"For she was just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies."*

Barbara Bowse
21 Roosevelt Street

Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4.

Diversion: Dancing, roller-skating.
Aversion: Staying home.

*"So often it is the quiet who accomplish
most."*



John Clayton
191 Main Street

Student Council 3; Screech Owl 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; National Honor Society 4.

Diversion: The ladies.
Aversion: Public Speaking.

*"He never flunked and he never lied;
I reckon he never knowed how."*

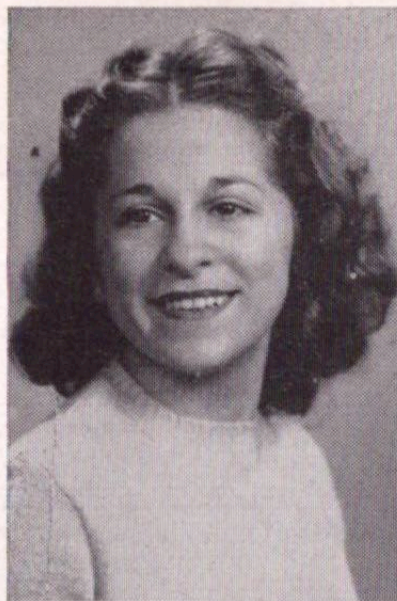
Alice Colombo
35 Main Street

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Junior Woman's Club 2, 3, 4; Picture Committee 4; Student Secretary 4.

Diversion: Dancing, roller-skating, auto races.

Aversion: Studying and being idle.

"Enjoy the present, whatsoever it may be, And be not solicitous of the future."



Joseph Fraser
29 Waltham Street

Student Council 1, 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 4; Ring Committee 3; Picture Committee 4; Football 1, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Social Committees; Radio Club 4; Sweater Dance Committee 4.

Diversion: Ice-cream and pickles.

Aversion: Girls.

"So much is a man worth as he esteems himself."

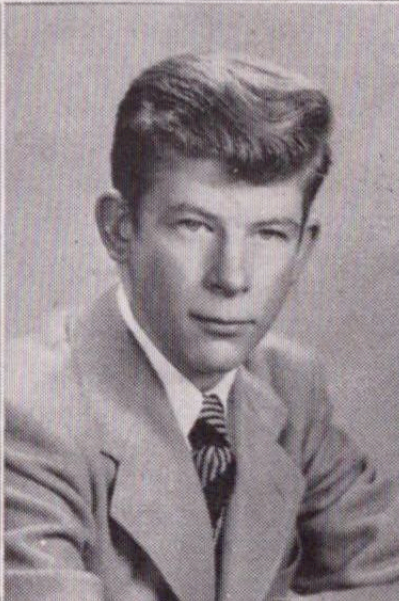
Robert Corcoran
5 Pine Street

Basketball 2, 3; Dramatic Club 1, 4.

Diversion: Sleeping.

Aversion: Getting up early.

"Life's a jest, and all things show it; I thought so once and now I know it."



Eugene Hakala
11 Elm Court

Dramatic Club 4.

Diversion: Motorcycles.

Aversion: Work.

"Courage, my boy! That is the complexion of virtue."

Margaret B. Crowe
31 Walnut Street

Field Hockey Manager 4; Cheerleader 3, 4; Prom Committee 3; Social Committees; Picture Committee 4; Basketball 1, 3; Ring Committee 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council Entertainment.

Diversion: Dancing and making people happy

Aversion: Studying.

"Fair as a summer's dream was Margaret Her hair was not more sunny than her heart."



David Hamalainen
88 Powder Mill Road

Diversion: Fishing and hunting.

Aversion: Bad weather.

"I am going the way of all the earth."

Jane Dockerty
9 Summer Street

Field Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3; Junior Women's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Screech Owl Staff 2, 3; Assistant Editor 4; National Honor Society 4; Ring Committee 3; Honorary Member of Maynard Woman's Club 4; School Reporter for Beacon and Enterprise 4; Graduation Speaker 4; Valedictorian.

Diversion: Driving my car.

Aversion: School and work.

"Diligence is the mother of good luck."



Barbara Hansen
206 Great Road

Dramatic Club 3, 4; Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 4; Field Hockey 1; Glee Club 2; Student Secretary 4.

"My never failing friends are they With whom I converse night and day."

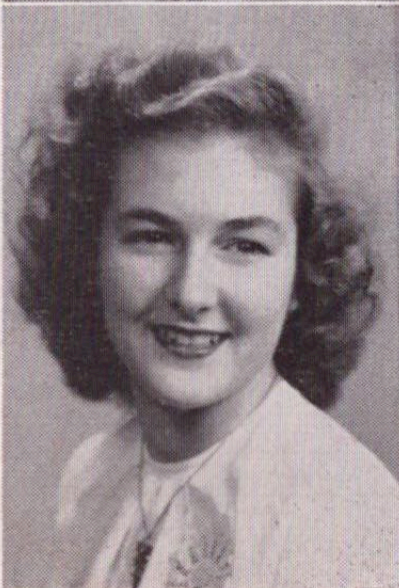
Virginia Duckworth
13 Brooks Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Aversion: Being idle.

Diversion: Swimming and roller skating.

"Dreamers are the world's heralds."



Hannah Hanson
19 Bancroft Street

Field Hockey 1, 4; Junior Woman's Club 1, 2; Dance Committee 3, 4; Ring Committee 3; Girls' Basketball 1; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Chorus; Student Secretary 4; Picture Committee 4; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Chorus.

Diversion: Rollerskating.

Aversion: Study.

"Oh, you flavour everything; You are the vanilla of society."

Dorothy Hoffman

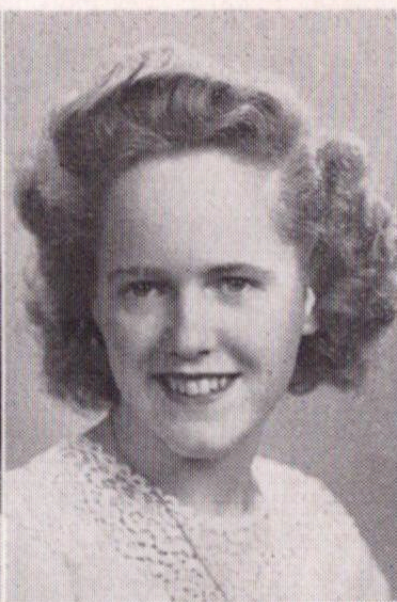
30 Main Street

Dramatic Club 4; Student Council 4; Prom. Committee.

Diversion: Dancing, rollerskating.

Aversion: Studying.

*"You may tempt the upper classes
With your villainous demi-tasses
But Heaven will protect the Working
Girl."*



Barbara Johnson

16 Roosevelt Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2; Basketball 1; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Diversion: Skating, motorcycles.

Aversion: Homework.

*"When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure they steal your heart away."*

Peter Hogan

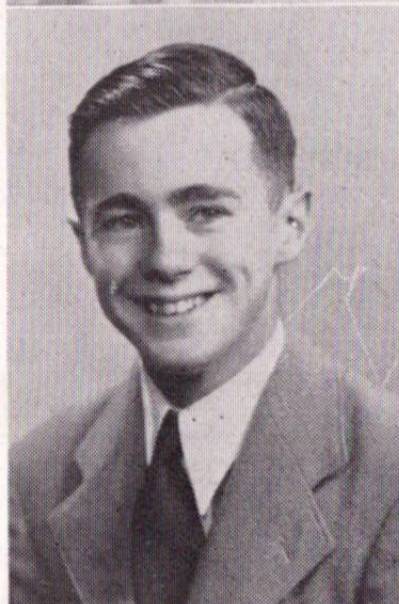
27 Glendale Street

Football 2, 3, 4; Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Junior Prom Committee; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee;; Sweater Dance Committee; Class Night Speaker.

Diversion: Talking.

Aversion: Not a thing.

*"From the crown of his head,
To the sole of his foot,
He is all mirth."*



Edwin Johnson

2 Elmwood Street

Diversion: Baseball, fishing, hunting.

Aversion: Homework.

"The frivolous works of polished idleness."

Viola Hytonen

3 Thompson Street

Screech Owl Staff 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman, Wise Old Owl 4; Class Night Speaker 4; Prom Committee 3; Class artist 2, 3; Student Secretary 4; Dance Committees; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Field Hockey 1, 4; Junior Woman's Club 1, 4; Girls' Basketball 1, 3; American Legion Essayist 4; Veterans of Foreign War essayist 4.

Diversion: Porky, cats.

Aversion: Snakes, spiders, cads.

*"A fickle and changeful thing is woman
ever!"*



Gordon Kapon

8 Boeske Avenue

Diversion: Hunting and fishing.

Aversion: English.

*"What's the use of speech?
Silence were fitter."*

Benedetto Iannarelli

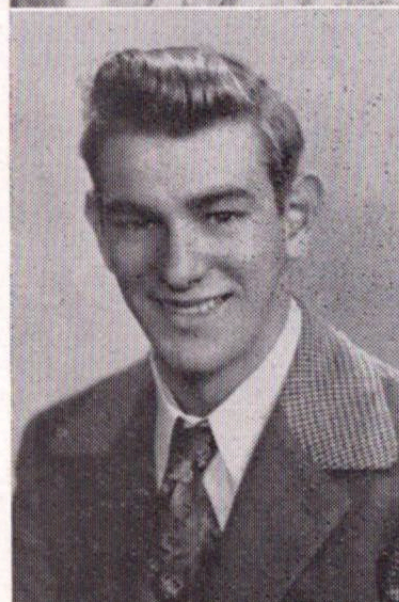
95 Waltham Street

Dramatic Club 4.

Diversion: Sports, driving a truck, and girls

Aversion: Study.

*"I would help others, out of a fellow
feeling."*



Janet Klemola

4 Harrison Street

Field Hockey 1, 3, 4; Basketball 3; Cheerleader 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Screech Owl 2; Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Ring Committee 3; Prom Committee 3; Senior Chorus 4; Honor Society 4; Social Committees.

Diversion: Dancing.

Aversion: Studying.

*"She wins our hearts,
Toward her our thoughts incline."*

George Jamieson

21 Lincoln Street

Picture Committee 4.

Diversion: Hunting and fishing.

Aversion: Study.

*"One man among a thousand have I
found,
But a woman among all those have I not
found."*



Alice Koskela

7 Summit Street

Class Secretary 1, 2; Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Treasurer 3; Vice-president 4; Student Council 4; Vice-president 4; Screech Owl Staff 2, 3, 4; Editor 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Secretary 4; Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Prom Committee 3; National Honor Society 4; Dance Committees; Picture Committee 4; Graduation Speaker; V. F. W. Essayist 4; Homeroom Secretary 1, 2.

Diversion: Dancing, reading.

Aversion: Having nothing to do.

*"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
girls."*

Veronica Kryseniel
4 Wall Court

Field Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3;
Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Woman's
Club 1, 2; National Honor Society 4.

Diversion: All sports, driving.

Aversion: None.

*"A nature perfectly balanced,
A beauty of heart untold."*



Joan Lesage
27 Arthur Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Field
Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3; Prom
Committee; Social Committees 3, 4;
Senior Class Secretary 4; Chorus 1, 3;
Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Secre-
tary 4.

Diversion: Traveling.

Aversion: Housework.

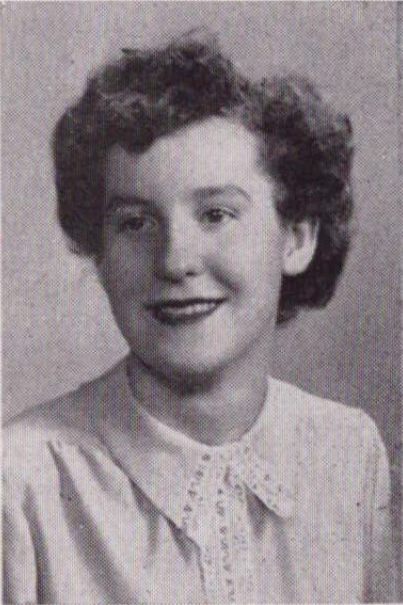
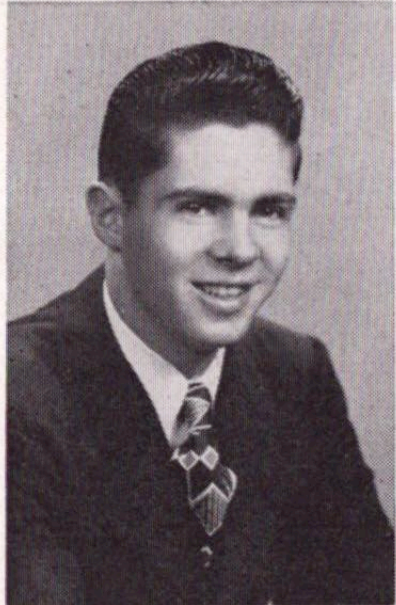
"As merry as the day is long."

George Howes
3 Tremont Street

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4;
Co-captain 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4;
Captain 4; Radio Club; Junior Prom
Committee; Picture Committee; Class
Treasurer 4; Golf Team; Sweater Dance
Committee; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4.

Diversion: All sports.

Aversion: Dancing; getting up in the
morning.



Imelda Louka
1 Haynes Street

Junior Woman's Club 4; Glee Club 1;
Dramatic Club 4; Senior Chorus 4; Basket-
ball 1; Field Hockey 1; Student Secretary
4.

Diversion: Music, bowling, dancing.

Aversion: Studying.

"She taketh most delight in music."

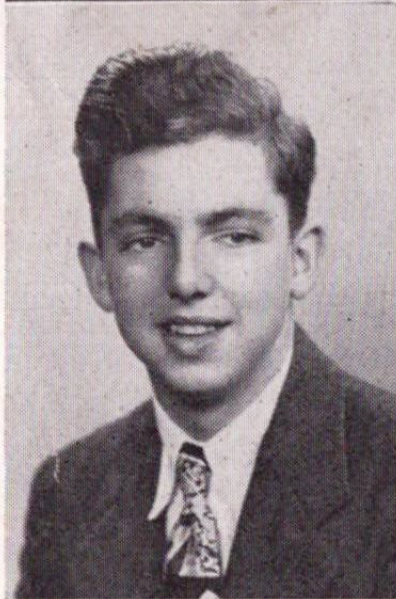
Edward Lalli
1 East Street

Student Council 4; Junior Prom Com-
mittee; Senior Dance Committee; Class
Night Speaker.

Diversion: With the gang.

Aversion: The lunch cart.

"Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in."



Herbert W. Mallinson
20 Hayes Street

Dance Committee 2, 3, 4; Prom Com-
mittee; Picture Committee; Ring Com-
mittee; Dramatic Club Treasurer 4.

Diversion: Dancing, swimming.

Aversion: Getting to bed early.

*"A little nonsense is relished by the
wisest men."*

Earl Lambert
192 Main Street

Baseball; Dramatic Club 4.

Diversion: Sports.

Aversion: Big cities.

*"He roves afar
Past compass, chart and calendar."*



Elaine Manninen
10 Arthur Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dra-
matic Club 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1; Basket-
ball 1.

Diversion: Confusing people.

Aversion: The New Look.

*"Oh, let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem at heart my own."*

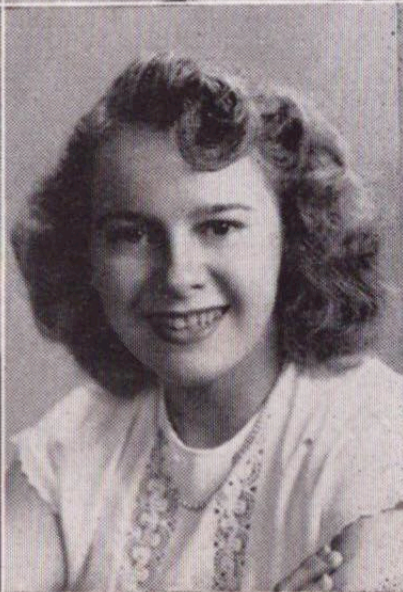
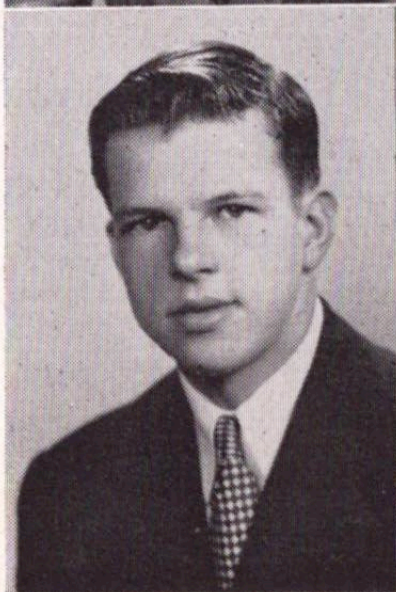
Robert Laskowsky
13 River Street

Dramatic Club 4.

Diversion: Driving, swimming, dancing,
singing

Aversion: Study.

"A youth there was of quiet ways."



Lorraine Manninen
10 Arthur Street

Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Junior Woman's
Club 1, 3, 4; Basketball 1; Glee Club 1;
Student Secretary 4.

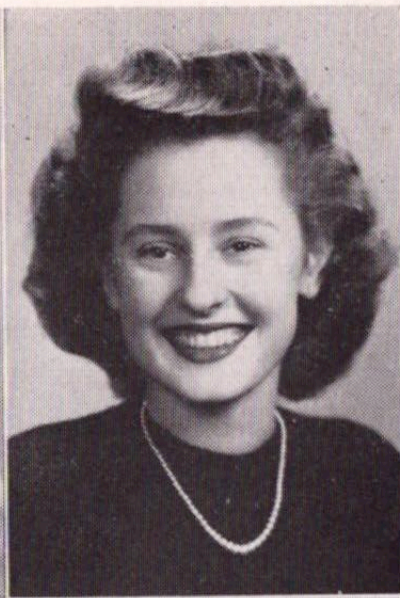
Diversion: Music, typing, roller skating.

Aversion: Math.

"She is a winsome, wee, thing."

Carlo Mariani
16 Arthur Street

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-Captain 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-captain 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President 2, 3, 4; Home Room Treasurer 1; Home Room President 2; Student Council 2, 4; President 4; All Senior Dance Committees; Freshman-Sophomore Dance Committee; A. A. Dance Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-chairman 4; Intramural Basketball 1, 3, 4; Captain 1, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Reception Committee; Student Council Dance Committee 1; Variety Show Committee 4.



Gloria Novick
1 Bent Avenue

Chairman of Senior Literary Board; Screech Owl 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Chorus; National Honor Society; Junior member of Maynard Woman's Club; Graduation Speaker; Spelling Finals 3, 4; Contestant for V.F.W. Essay Award.

Diversion: Sleeping.
Aversion: Studying.

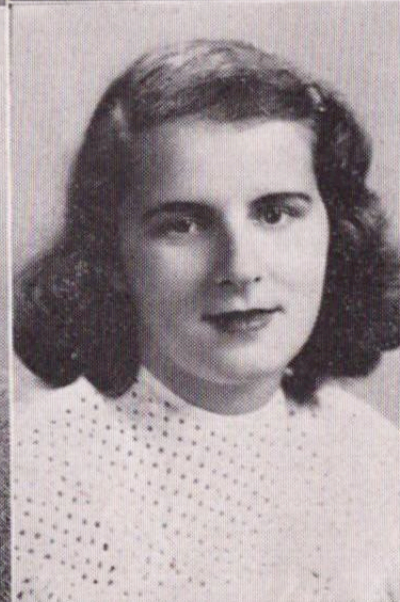
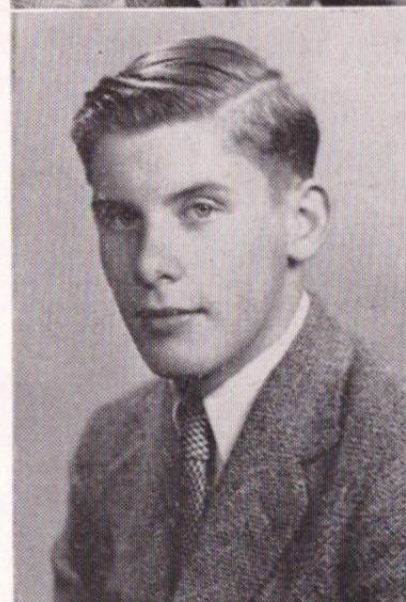
*"Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?"*

Clyde Merrick
2 Pomciticut Avenue

Class President 1; Home Room President 1; Student Council 1; Screech Owl 2, 3, 4; Business Manager 4; Dramatic Club 4.

Diversion: Dancing.
Aversion: English Homework.

*"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."*



Sophie Novick
91 Nason Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Screech Owl Staff 1, 2; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society 4; Senior Social Committee 4.

Diversion: Eating.
Aversion: Staying Home.

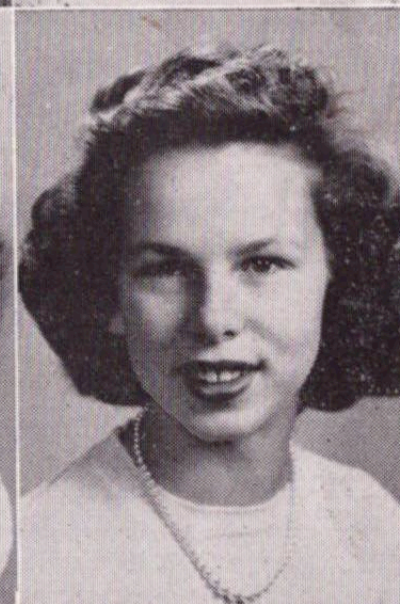
*"She is not difficult to please;
She can be silent as the trees."*

Caroline Miller
10 Vernon Street

Field Hockey; Junior Woman's Club; Senior Chorus; Basketball.

Diversion: Riding in Jane's car.
Aversion: School.

"Ye have many strings to your bow."



Veronica Nowick
5 Prospect Street

Class Vice President 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society 4; Field Hockey 3, 4; Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Dramatic Club, Vice President 4; American Legion Essay Award 3; Prom Committee 3; Ring Committee 3; Screech Owl Staff 1, 2; Picture Committee 4; Glee Club 2; Graduation Speaker 4.

Diversion: Sports, traveling.
Aversion: None.

*"Her gifted mind showed brightly out
In her fair and youthful face."*

Patricia Murphy
9 Parmenter Avenue

Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Social Committee; Class Night Speaker; National Honor Society; Dramatic Club 4.

Diversion: Dancing.
Aversion: Keeping calm.

*"With smile as gay
As the sun in May."*



Audrey Olsen
53 Concord Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 4; National Honor Society, Secretary 4; American Legion Essayist 4; V.F.W. Essayist 4; Senior Chorus 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Student Secretary 4; Screech Owl Secretary 3, 4; National Honor Society 4.

Diversion: Movies, good music.
Aversion: Getting up in the morning.

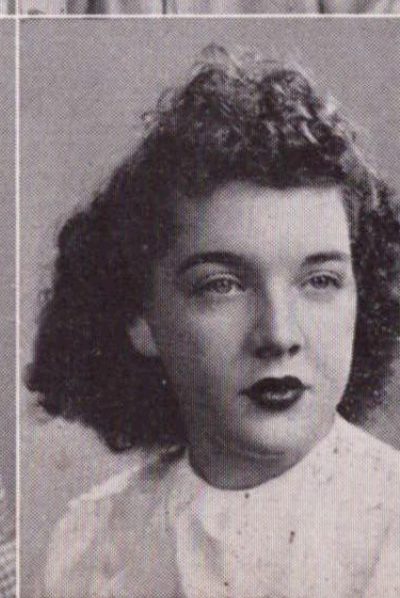
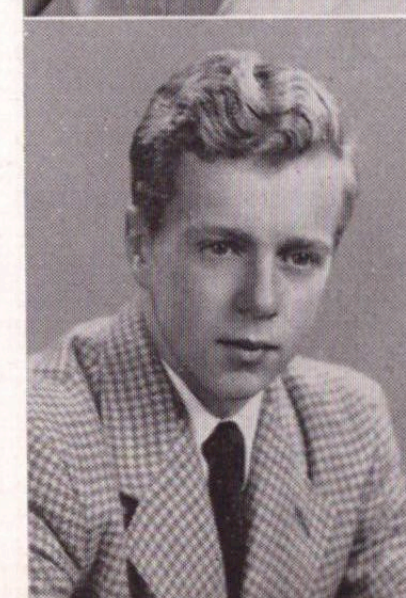
*"Sweet and thoughtful maiden
Sitting by my side,
All the world's before you,
And all the world is wide."*

Donald Nelson
23 Acton Street

Football 3, 4; Intramural Basketball 1, 4; All Dance Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Ring Committee 3; Dramatic Club 4; Prom Committee 3.

Diversion: Sports.
Aversion: Getting up in the morning.

*"A friend is never known until a man
have need."*



Barbara O'Toole
3 Sheridan Avenue

Junior Woman's Club 2; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Senior Chorus 4.

Diversion: Dancing.
Aversion: Math.

*"None can compare with my wild Irish
rose"*

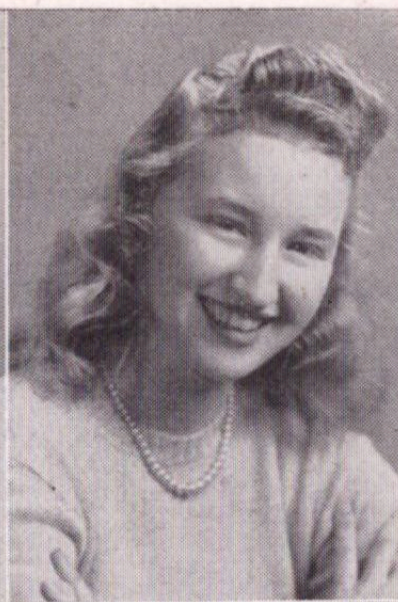
Evelyn Walsh
28 Parker Street

Junior Woman's Club; Alternate Cheerleader; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Chorus; Girls' Basketball.

Diversion: Rollerskating.

Aversion: Studying.

*"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."*



Shirley Wilcox
50 Summer Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Screech Owl 3, 4; Senior Literary Board 4; Student Secretary 4; National Honor Society 4; Senior Chorus; Graduation Speaker.

Diversion: Writing.

Aversion: Keeping still.

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

David Weir
49 Acton Street

Football 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4.

Diversion: Auto racing.

Aversion: Homework.

*"By him the deepest rest is won
Who toils beneath the noontday sun
Faithful until his work is done."*



John Yanchewski
1 Taft Avenue

Football 2, 3, 4; Sweater Dance Committee 4; Prom Committee.

Diversion: Sports.

Aversion: Studying.

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me!"*

Leo White
3 Percival Street

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Radio Club 4; Picture Committee 4.

Diversion: Sports and eating.

Aversion: The violin.

*"Knowledge is more than equivalent to
force."*



Ann Zaniewski
51 Main Street

Junior Woman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society 4; Senior Chorus; Graduation Speaker.

*"Her air, her smile, her motions told
Of maidenly completeness."*



Mrs. Ruth B. Clair

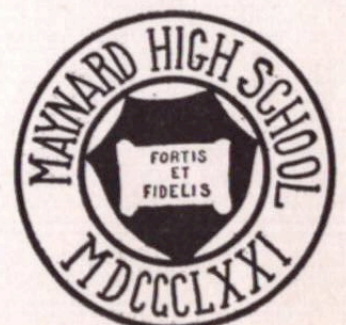
Class Adviser



Graduation and Class Night Speakers



Left to Right: H. Mallinson, A. Zaniewski, S. Wilcox, A. Koskela, V. Novick, P. Murphy,
P. Hogan, N. Chodynicky, D. Chernak, J. Dockerty, G. Novick, V. Hytonen, J. Stein,
E. Lalli.



Underclass Officers

Juniors

Left to right: D. Higgins, Treasurer; N. Stalker, Secretary; Miss D. Tierney, Adviser; A. Belli, Vice-President; R. Case, President.



Sophomores

Left to right: B. Priest, Secretary; F. Case, President; M. O'Connell, Vice President; R. Alberi, Treasurer; Miss M. Coleman, Adviser.



Freshmen

Left to right: B. Castrilli, Secretary; Miss R. Wilson, Adviser; W. Howes, Treasurer; B. Manchester, Vice-President; T. Cocco, President.



Screech Owl Staff

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<i>Art</i>	NELLIE CHODYN'CKY
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<i>Literary Department</i>	{ ANN FREEMAN NORMA MARTINSEN CAROL LEE DOWNEY MARJORIE O'CONNELL
<i>Circulation</i>	{ ROBERT PRIEST ARLENE KAPLAN MARY SUITA WARREN GARLICK
<i>Secretaries</i>	{ PHYLLIS BLANCHETTE AUDREY OLSEN SHIRLEY WILCOX MARGARET OATES ANN HINDS HELEN SEBASTYNOWICZ DOROTHY HOFFMAN

Introduction

As We Go To Press —

As one peruses the pages of a high school yearbook, very little thought may be given to the great amount of time and planning, the different types of work involved, before the copies actually roll off the press.

In this edition of the M.H.S. yearbook, we have attempted to show pictorially some of the tasks performed by the staff members, ranging from the writing and checking of copy by the editors, through the typing of the final drafts for the printer, to the circulating of the finished product.

The successful completion of this 1948 yearbook was made possible through the fine cooperation of the staff and other members of the student body who assisted by submitting copy and pictures, and by helping in various other ways.

The Screech Owl Staff, particularly the seniors, wish to express our deepest thanks to Miss Coleman, our faculty adviser, for the untiring help and advice she has so generously given in preparing this senior issue of the SCREECH OWL.

EDITOR.



SCREECH OWL EDITORS AND ADVISER
Seated: Miss M. Coleman, Adviser; A. Koskela, Editor.
Standing: J. Dockerty, Assistant Editor.



1. SCREECH OWL
SECRETARIES

First row, left to right:
A. Olsen, D. Hoffman,
A. Hinds.



2. CIRCULATION STAFF

Left to right: W. Garlick,
A. Kaplan, M. Suita, R. Priest.



3. WISE OLD OWL STAFF

Left to right: J. Paananen,
V. Hytonen, J. Duckworth,
J. O'Neill.



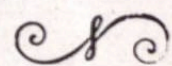
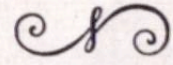
4. STAFF ARTIST

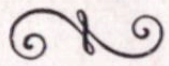
N. Chodynicky



5. LITERARY BOARD

Seated: J. Stein, G. Novick,
V. Hytonen, S. Wilcox. Standing:
A. Freeman, M. O'Connell,
N. Martinsen, C. L. Downey.

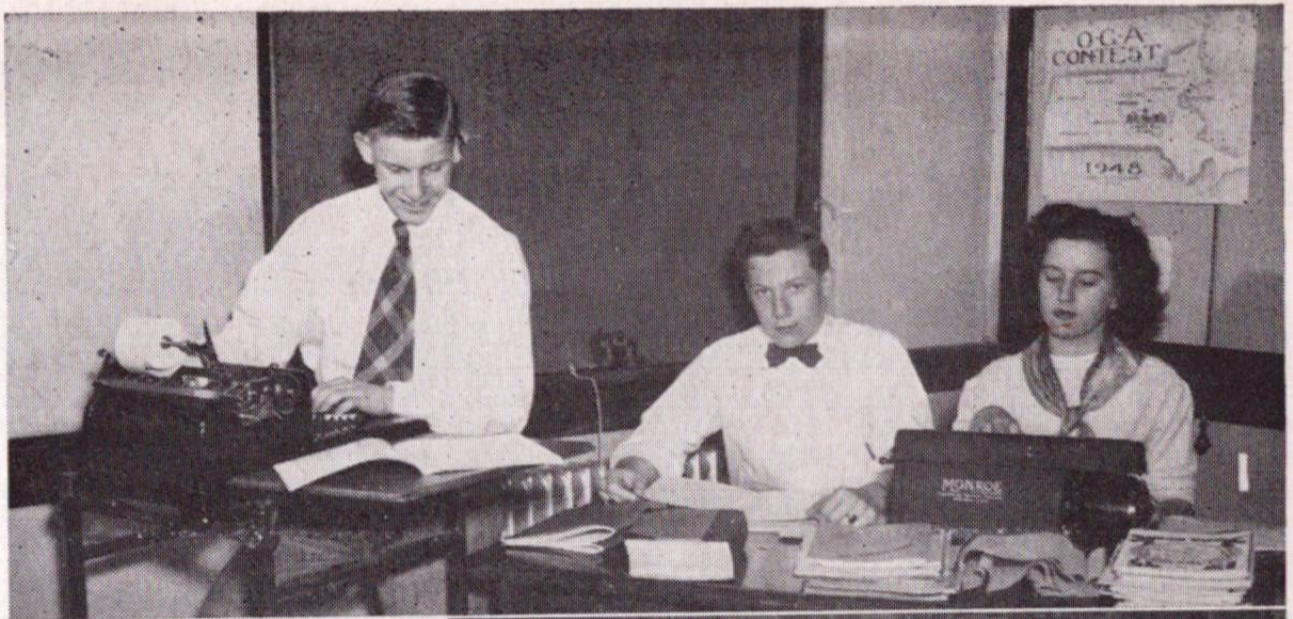




1. SCREECH OWL BUSINESS MANAGERS

Manager
C. Merrick

Asst. Managers
F. Case, A. Belli



2. ACTIVITIES

N. Weckstrom

EXCHANGES

N. Stalker

PHOTOGRAPHY

J. Clayton



3. SPORTS EDITORS

Boys

J. Veracka

Girls

P. Blanchette



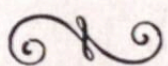
4. ALUMNI EDITORS

M. DiGrappa

R. Keto

Photography

E. Johnson



Editorials

After Graduation

It seems only yesterday that we entered the halls of Maynard High School with faltering uncertain step. Today we find ourselves leaving the high school, which has become so familiar to us in the past years, to go into the world to take our position in it. We are entering an adult world of responsibility and work where intelligence, interest, and achievement will help to determine our place.

While in school, we have often tried to take the easiest way out. Every one of us, at one time or another, has tried to get out of doing something just because we felt that we knew better than our teachers. In many cases, we have done as we pleased, going merrily along our way. Those of us entering college in the fall can no longer "take things easy" as we did in high school. We will have to concentrate more on study if we hope to be successful in college life. No matter whether we go to college or take a job, we can no longer shy away from the serious problems and responsibilities of the world that we, the graduates of 1948, will have to face.

A "world of opportunity awaits us." The horizons of science and medicine are as limitless as the possibilities in television, atomic power, and world peace. It is we who must make these words mean better lives for more people. Our high school days are over. Now, after graduation we are only concerned with our future and that of the whole world.

The future of the world depends on us. It is we who must keep this country a democracy and we cannot possibly do so by letting the other fellow do all the work. We must take an active part in community affairs and by so doing, prepare ourselves for participation in world affairs. We all want this country to stay free and hope that some

day all races and nationalities will join in world peace. Wishing alone will not make this dream come true, but by working and becoming good citizens of the world we will have a share in keeping the United States "the land of the free."

ALICE KOSKELA, '48

* * *

Reason, Education, Knowledge

As graduation quickly approaches and our high school career draws to a close, we, the graduating class of 1948, look seriously around us and ask ourselves if we are ready to leave the hallowed halls of Maynard High School and assume the responsibilities of citizens. We will soon become citizens, not only of the United States, but of the world. As such we face many great social and economic problems. The last generation has left us a world never before in such a state of political conflict. This situation has never been so acute. When we view the world that faces us we wonder if we will ever be mature and wise enough to be able to deal intelligently with its troubles. Someone has to bring political peace and we are the ones who must do it. At this crucial time the world needs people equipped to find a solution, people possessing reason, education, and knowledge. A citizen at this momentous period needs no other qualities so desperately. To be fully prepared to tackle the challenge of the world a person must have reason, education, and knowledge.

Let us see why they are so important. Webster defines reason as the mental faculty to deduce inferences from facts. Instinctively we are able to distinguish between right and wrong but it is up to us to develop and strengthen our reason. How can we expect to cope with the problems of our

world if we do not have a command of reason? The next important factor in our preparation for life as valuable members of society is our education. It is impossible to get ahead in such a complex world without a solid education. To become useful citizens we must understand the principles of democracy and its policies. Schools are busily educating students in the fundamentals of our great economic order. The really great and useful citizens always possess the highest type of education. Through reason, and education we build up knowledge—knowledge composed not only of facts, but a knowledge of the world and its people. Our problem is to rebuild and re-educate society and through knowledge we must set the people of the world back on their feet. Class of '48" are we able to do it?

JANE DOCKERTY, '48

* * *

Graduation Day

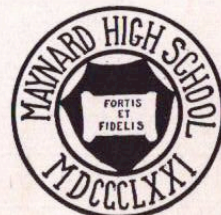
On June 13 of this year, I, with the rest of my classmates, will march out of the auditorium of Maynard High School for the last time as a student. So many consider this day as a most happy one (which it is in one sense)) but if you'll look closely at us, you will see a number of dewy-eyed graduates in caps and gowns. Probably not until

this last moment will the real significance of graduation day dawn on most of us. After this many of us will be going out into the business world to make a living; others will plan on marriage or further their schooling. No matter which road we take, we will be thankful that we have our high school days to look back upon. How often I have heard people say that your school days are the happiest of your life and ever now I'm beginning to realize how true that is!

After this day we will lose contact with many of the classmates with whom we have had so much fun. The teachers we had and all the tricks we put over on them (or thought we did) will become subjects to talk about in the years to come. It is now the time to put to good, practical use all the knowledge we have acquired in our twelve years of school. We now have the opportunity to fulfil all the dreams we had while in school.

Yes, there is some happiness and some sorrow. Graduation day will probably be one of the biggest days we have experienced thus far in our young lives. If only we have many more good memories than bad ones to take with us, our parting will lose some of its sadness and we can then face the world with a lighter and more adult heart.

GLORIA NOVICK, '48

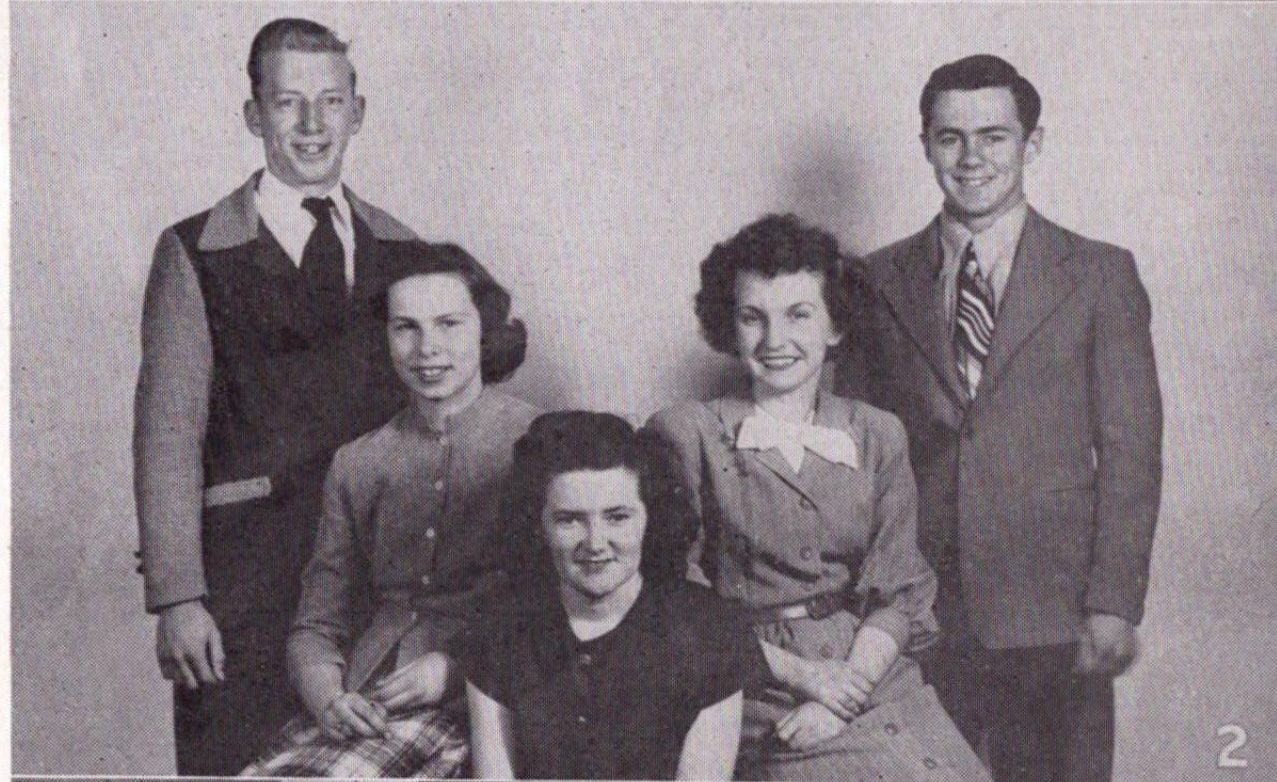


Organizations

JUNIOR
WOMAN'S
CLUB
OFFICERS



SENIOR
DRAMATIC
CLUB
OFFICERS
AND
ADVISER



FRENCH
CLUB



The Junior Woman's Club

The Junior Woman's Club was established to give the girls of the school practice in running meetings, planning parties, and coping with social situations which they may have to meet after they leave school. This year under the guidance of Miss Wilson and Miss Marsden the club has attended a performance of *Carousel*, sponsored a fashion show of spring styles, put on a one-act play, and given Christmas presents to the Home for Little Wanderers. The year's program is climaxed by the annual May Supper where a supper is prepared and served by the members with Miss Sawutz's help. At this year's affair, the members, after a short and pleasing entertainment by Carol Lee Downey and Jo-Ann Bumpus, listened to Miss Ethel Wright of the Garland School, who gave the girls points to remember about social behavior.

Following the usual custom, this year's officers relinquished their chairs to the new group. Jo-Ann Bumpus, the next president, had chosen a fitting song to close the program — "The End of a Perfect Day."

OFFICERS FOR 1947 - 1948

<i>President</i>	JEAN STEIN
<i>Vice-President</i>	ALICE KOSKELA
<i>Secretary</i>	DOROTHY CHERNAK
<i>Treasurer</i>	JANE DOCKERTY
<i>Chairman of Program Committee</i>	NELLIE CHODNICKY
<i>Members of Program Committee</i>	{ VIOLA HAKALA SARA BOESKE DIANNE KING

The Senior Dramatic Club

The Senior Dramatic Club was organized early in September, 1947. During the first meeting the following were elected officers:

<i>President</i>	PETER HOGAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	VERONICA NOWICK
<i>Treasurer</i>	HERBERT MALLINSON
<i>Secretary</i>	DANA ZAKAS
<i>Adviser</i>	MISS DOROTHY TIERNEY

As Miss Zakas later left Maynard High School, her duties were taken over by Alice Koskela.

The Club decided to produce two one-act plays this year. The first, which was given for Thanksgiving Assembly, was called WILDCAT WILLIE CARVES THE TURKEY, a comedy. The program was as follows:

<i>Mistress of Ceremonies</i>	VERONICA NOWICK
-------------------------------------	-----------------

CAST

Azalia, the colored maid	PATRICIA MURPHY
Wildcat Willie	PETER HOGAN
Gladys, his sister	MARGARET CROWE
Mrs. Wilkins, their mother	VIOLA HYTONEN
Joe, a pal	JOSEPH FRASER
Vernon, another pal	DONALD NELSON
Angel, pest next door	JANET KLEMOLA
Mrs. Daly, a friend	NELLIE CHODYNICKY

Mrs. Bradford, a visitor	JOAN LESAGE
Hennessey, a policeman	HERBERT MALLINSON
Hallie } Washwoman's children	ALICE KOSKELA
Pete }	

The play, an uproarious comedy, with turkeys disappearing and reappearing, was enjoyed by all.

For their next performance the Thespians decided to have something different so they voted for a pantomime. The play chosen was TRUE LOVE REWARDED (or Betty Gets the Heir.)

<i>Narrator</i>	PETER HOGAN
<i>Betty Hunter</i>	PATRICIA MURPHY
<i>Ronald Plushmore</i>	JOSEPH FRASER
<i>Mrs. Plushmore</i>	VIOLA HYTTONEN

Stage Managers:

CHARLES CARBARY	ROBERT CORCORAN
LEO WHITE	

This play, with its one hundred and more properties including scooters, guns, oars, and jump ropes, successfully closed the Dramatic Club season for 1947-1948.

The French Club

Last October Miss Wilson reorganized the French Club which hadn't been active for several years. The club consisted of the students of the three French classes. A committee was chosen from these members and it was finally agreed that we buy some colorful orange and black Maynard pennants, which could be sold and would provide us with enough money to finance our projects for the year. This sale was a huge success and the beginning of an extremely interesting year for the French students.

With this money we bought posters and pictures for our classroom, improving its appearance greatly, and we also rented a full length film "La Marseillaise," in French with English sub-titles. This was shown on one evening in March when the senior members held a soiree for the French Club at the auditorium. All the French students as well as some members of the faculty attended and had a wonderful time. First the film was shown, followed by some amusing games, played under the direction of Miss Wilson. Then refreshments were served in the gym. French pastries, red and white wine (cherry soda and ginger ale), and sandwiches were enjoyed by all, costing us deux, trois, et quatre sous.

The last but the most important item we helped to purchase was a set of records, like the ones used during the war by the armed forces to teach French. We use these records during some class periods and the pupils have benefited greatly by them.

As a final activity, all the French students had their names and addressés sent to Europe and will receive letters from a boy or a girl in some European country.

VIOLA HAKALA, '49
ANN THOMPSON, '49

Our Student Council



First Row: E. Lalli, J. Bumpus, J. Veracka, C. Mariani, A. Koskela, D. Hoffman, R. Case.
 Second Row: D. Sims, D. Pekkala, F. Case, R. Alberi, J. MacDonald, K. Dwinell, Mr. Lerer.
 Third Row: P. Murphy, V. Janulevicz, M. Lehto, S. Boeske, H. Nee, T. Cocco.

It does not always take quantity to reach quality standards in a high school. Our school which has approximately three hundred students is run on a scale equal to that of any high school in Massachusetts, whether large or small. This could not be possible if it were not for our Student Council, which by sensible reasoning has led other students through many "rough" spots which might not have been managed alone.

In September the members of the Student Council were chosen by their classmates to represent them. The first meeting was held on October 10, 1947 when the following officers were elected:

President	Carlo Mariani
Vice President	Alice Koskela
Secretary	Joan Bumpus
Treasurer	John Veracka

It was voted to hold meetings the first Tuesday of every month.

The tuberculosis and Red Cross Drives carried out by the Student Council proved to be a complete success.

At the meeting of March 16, 1948 it was voted that Joan Bumpus and Mary Lehto be representatives

of Maynard High School to the State Convention of Student Councils, to be held from April 30 to May 1.

A few meetings later a committee of four was selected to choose activities of the National Association of Student Councils which would aid the teachers and be profitable to the students. It was also announced that National Student Council pins would be obtainable at a reasonable price. Many members took advantage of the offer.

One of the most interesting features in the activities of the Student Council was the unanimous agreement on the idea of a school handbook to be known as the "Owlet." It will include school laws and regulations, athletic laws, songs, cheers and many other interesting items.

Plans for the future are centered around ideas for an Amateur Show or a whist party to raise money to send "Care" packages to the people in Europe.

So you see, the Student Council of Maynard High not only guides its fellow students but also takes an active part in world affairs making it an organization of which we can well be proud.

CAROL LEE DOWNEY, '49

Activities

Sweater Dance

A happy and gay crowd of students attended one of the most successful social events ever to be held at the High School Auditorium.

The entertainment was provided by Pete J. Hogan, the M. H. S. master of wit. Everyone enjoyed dancing to Joe Schnairs' Orchestra throughout the evening.

Margaret Crowe and William Wehkoja received a gift from Bachrach's and the Fashion Shop for the prize waltz which was held as part of the night's program. A lovely fountain pen, given by Arthur's Jewelry Store, was won by Jerry Robinson as a door prize.

The king and queen of M. H. S. were also announced. By popular vote the winners were king, George Howes, who received an after-shaving set from the Manning Pharmacy, and queen, Alice Koskela, who was presented with an orchid from the Hawes' Florist Shop.

The proceeds of the dance will be used to help purchase sweaters for the Senior members of the football squad who have played for at least two years.

* * *

Frosh-Soph Dance

Starting the new year off with a bang was the Freshman-Sophomore Leap Year Dance which was held in the George Washington Auditorium on February 6 under the direction of Miss Coleman

and Miss Wilson, the class advisors. Introduced to us for the first time was Ted Philips and his fifteen piece orchestra and vocalist, Lucile! Quite a treat for M. H. S.

Refreshments were served in the Gymnasium by the following committee:

R. Alberi	T. Cocco
S. Boeske	W. Howes
M. O'Connell	B. Castrilli
B. Priest	B. Manchester
E. Romanowski	R. Connors
M. Sullivan	C. Novick
A. Greeno	

An added feature was a song by Albert Rogers, a graduate of "46." It was a gay frolic and was very much enjoyed. Congratulations Freshmen and Sophomores!

* * *

Senior Social

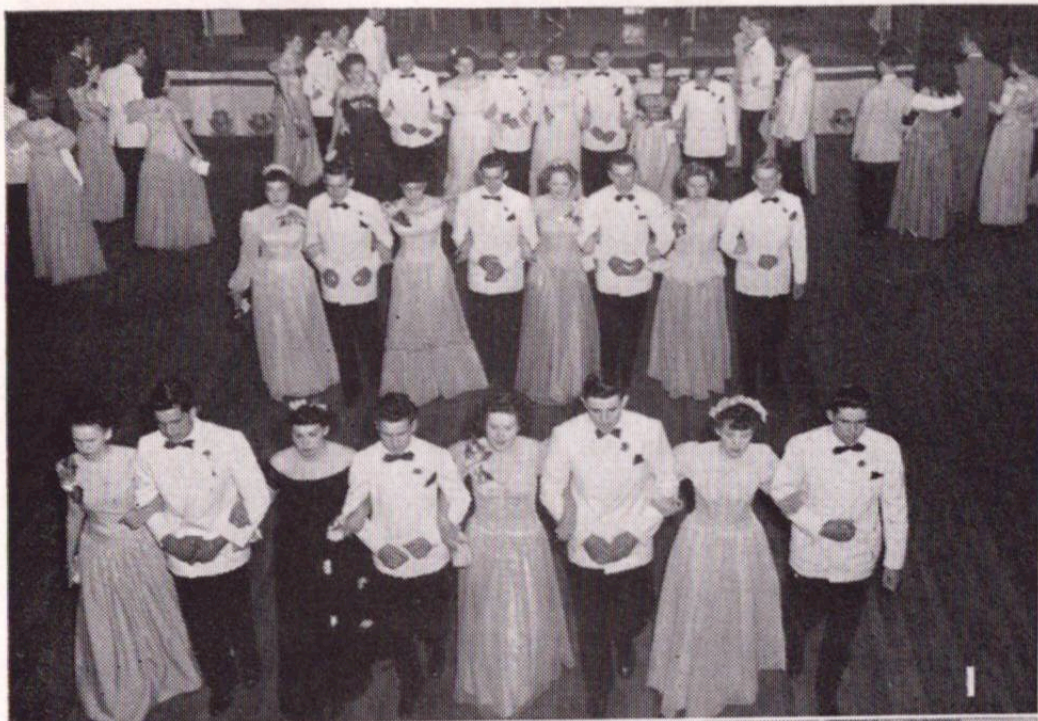
The last social of the year was held on April 16, 1948, under the auspices of the senior class. It was an old-fashioned dance, something a bit unusual for the students of M. H. S. The Jones Boys furnished the music.

The decorations consisted of little old-fashioned men on the lights around the hall. On the stage was a large replica of a phonograph record album.

Refreshments were served in the gym during intermission by the following members of the committee:



MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
Director, Miss E. Colburn



Carlo Mariani
 Veronica Nowick
 George Howes
 Joan LeSage
 Roger Spurrell
 Viola Hytonen

Peter Hogan
 Janet Klemola
 Edward Lalli
 Nellie Chodynicky
 Herbert Mallinson
 Margaret Crowe

Members of Chorus
 Jo-an Bumpus
 Frances D'Amico
 Carol Lee Downey
 Nancy Weckstrom
 Ann Hinds
 Imelda Louka
 Ann Zaniewiski

The dance, the first of this type to be held for some time, was very successful and was enjoyed by all.

This assembly, the first of the new year, was very much enjoyed. We would like to congratulate Mrs. Clair and those who participated for doing such a good job in the very little time they had to prepare for it.

* * *

* * *

Good Government Day

Assembly

An assembly was held on January 9, 1948 under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Clair in order to commemorate Good Government Day. The program was as follows:

Salute to the Flag	Carlo Mariani
Introduction	Clyde Merrick
A good Student	Rose Terrasi
Song	Chorus
The Land Where Hate Should Die	Thomas Cocco
Freedom for Business	Barbara Manchester
Song	Chorus
Democracy Begins at Home	Jane Dockerty
Star Spangled Banner	Student Body

On Tuesday, February 17, 1948, an assembly directed by Mr. Lawrence Lerer was held in the High School Auditorium to commemorate the birthdays of two great men, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. The program was as follows:

March	Orchestra
Salute to the Flag	Assembly
Star Spangled Banner	Assembly
Proclamation	David Higgins
Lord's Prayer	Chorus
Abraham Lincoln	Helen Nee

Yankee Doodle—Dixie	Orchestra
Gettysburg Address	Robert Priest
I Am an American	Chorus
The Character of George Washington	Nancy Stalker
Your Land and My Land	Chorus
Mount Vernon, A National Shrine	Gloria Novick
America	Assembly
March	Orchestra

The music was under the direction of Miss Colburn. The members of the chorus are:

Nancy Weckstrom	Sara Boeske
Jo-an Bumpus	Betty Hatch
Carol Lee Downey	Angie Greeno
Lorraine Cuddy	Mary Lubowicz
Frances D'Amico	Imelda Louka
Enid Mansfield	Gertrude Cuddy

The whole program was very interesting and everyone enjoyed it immensely.

* * *

Junior Social

On December 12, 1947, the Junior Class held its dance under the direction of Miss Dorothy Tierney, Class Adviser.

Dancing was enjoyed to the music of Salamone's orchestra from eight to eleven-thirty.

Refreshments were served in the gym by these members of the committee:

Ralph Case	Helen Nee
Anna Belli	Ann Luker
David Higgins	Joan Torppa
Nancy Stalker	Joseph MacDonald
Robert Priest	Robert Ojalehto

This dance, the first to be held by the Juniors, was a great success. Everything ran smoothly and everyone had a good time.

* * *

The M. H. S. Orchestra

The high school orchestra under the direction of Miss Eleanor Colburn played a very important role in our assembly programs this year. We would like to express our thanks to Miss Colburn, Alfred Milak, Salvatore Salamone, Edward D'Amico, Leo White, and William Sarvela and Guy Ferrerra for their cooperation, for without them the assembly programs would have lacked a great deal of "spice."

* * *

The Junior Prom of '47

The present graduating Class of '48 held its Promenade on Friday, May 9, 1947, at the George Washington Auditorium. The hall was attractively decorated in maroon and white.

Music by Ken Reeve's orchestra was enjoyed by all.

Refreshments of ice cream and cookies were served in the gymnasium at intermission.

Patronesses for the Prom were Miss Doyle, Mrs. Mariani, Mrs. Nowick, Mrs. Spence, and Mrs. Chodynicky.

The dance committee, under the supervision of Mrs. Ruth Clair, Class Adviser, was:

Carlo Mariani	Veronica Nowick
Richard Spence	John Veracka
George Howes	Margaret Crowe
John Veracka	Alice Koskela
Peter Hogan	Joan LeSage
Roger Spurrell	Janet Klemola

"Prince" of Maynard High

Though the days are cold and dreary,
Though pupils are absent or late,
There's always one "student" present,
When the bell is rung at eight.

He waits until he's admitted,
Then he trots on down the hall
To the former homeroom of his master,
In Room 15 he's familiar to all.

He's only a little fellow,
He boasts no pedigree,
But he's friendly, and oh, so clever,
And he "rates", we all agree.

Maynard High is our alma mater,
We've been proud to return each fall,
But there's one faithful, little fellow,
Who loves it most of all.



Prince

The above poem is dedicated to a very good friend of every student at Maynard High. Lawfully he belongs to Al Crowley, who formerly attended M.H. S., but he really seems to belong to the students and the school.

Prince is indeed a clever little fellow. It is a well-known fact that each weekday morning he makes his appearance at a local diner at precisely 7:30 for his regular handout of one hamburger. On Saturday, however, he sleeps late and arrives at 8:00. How does he know it's Saturday? You'll have to ask him.

Monday through Friday he arrives at school before the bell is sounded at eight o'clock. He takes up his post on the front steps, making certain no other member of the canine family sets

foot on the premises. He seems to say, "This is my school!"

Prince knows by now that someone will always let him in when no member of the faculty is around, and he is familiar with every room and teacher in the building. His intelligence has been proven and also his friendly character. There's something about the manner in which he presses his nose to the lower pane of the door and looks up with his big, brown eyes that makes one break the rules and admit him.

How long Prince has found his way to Maynard High day after day is of no consequence, but we all hope that he will continue to "darken our doors" for many years to come.

SHIRLEY WILCOX, '48

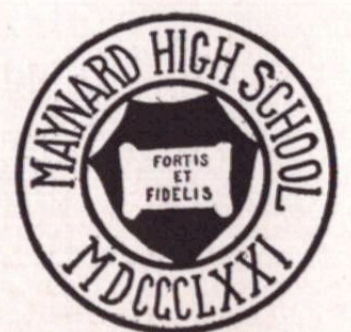
National Honor Society

Maynard Chapter



Seated: J. Klemola, J. Stein, G. Novick, V. Novick, D. Chernak, A. Zaniewski, J. Clayton.

Standing: J. Dockerty, S. Wilcox, V. Krysiemiel, S. Novick, A. Koskela, P. Murphy, A. Olsen.



A chapter of the National Honor Society of Secondary Schools was organized this year in Maynard High School. Chapters of this Honor Society are functioning in many high schools throughout the country with charters granted by the National Society. A constitution for the Maynard Chapter has been accepted by the National organization and Charter No. 3441 granted our school. The purpose of the Honor Society is to recognize and honor those students who do consistently good work and who show qualities of service, leadership, and character.

Students from the two upper classes who maintain an average of 85% are eligible for membership. However, only those students who have given evidence of possessing qualities of service, leadership, and character, in addition to the required scholastic average, were elected to membership. Each student who is eligible was rated on these three qualities by the faculty of the high school. Those with the highest rating were invited to join the Society. An installation ceremony was conducted and the students thus selected constituted the charter members of the Maynard Chapter—recipients of the highest honor the school can bestow. Membership pins were awarded them at the installation ceremony.

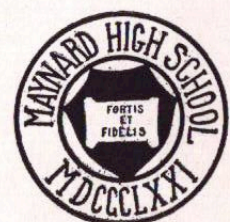
Members who fall below the required average or who fail to live up to the high standards of the Society will be dropped from the organization and must relinquish their pins.

In an impressive and unusual high school program on Thursday, January 29, 1948, fourteen seniors were inducted as charter members of the Maynard Chapter of the National Honor Society for Secondary Schools. The fourteen seniors who were elected to the Society by a vote of the faculty on the basis of character, scholarship, leadership, and service were: Dorothy Chernak, John Clayton, Jane Dockerty, Janet Klemola, Alice Koskela, Veronica Krysieniel, Patricia Murphy, Gloria Novick, Sophie Novick, Veronica Nowick, Audrey Olsen, Jean Stein, Shirley Wilcox, and Ann Zanieweski.

The program was presented in a darkened auditorium with candles, colored spotlights and footlights high-lighting the senior members dressed in black robes, the speakers, and the emblem of the Society. The program was arranged by Miss Ruth I. Wilson, faculty sponsor of the Maynard Chapter, assisted by the faculty council, which consisted of Evelyn Sawutz, Albert Lerer, Principal, Bernard T. White, and Walter Gavin.

The presentation of National Honor Society pins to the members was made possible through the generosity of the Maynard Elks who contributed from their Youth Fund the money for the purchase of the pins.

Many guests were present at the colorful ceremony, including relatives of the members and faculty representatives of other schools in addition to the students of the high school. After the ceremony a reception was held at which the special guests and faculty joined in congratulating the new members.



Career Conferences



PLANNING A CAREER CONFERENCE

Seated: J. Veracka, Mr. Roland Darling, Director of Occupational Information, Bryant & Stratton, Boston, M. Crowe.

Standing: Mr. Bernard T. White, Director of Guidance, P. Murphy.

Career Conferences, during which speakers explained their respective occupations to members of the Junior and Senior classes, offered an excellent means of acquainting boys and girls with the world of work and the need for further preparation in a variety of occupations. The conferences, conducted at different intervals during the school year and listed below, were arranged by the Director of Guidance, Mr. Bernard T. White.

1. "FACTORS TO CONSIDER IN CHOOSING YOUR CAREER"
Speaker: Mr. Roland R. Darling, Director of Occupational Information, Bryant and Stratton Commercial School, Boston, Massachusetts.
2. "CHOOSING YOUR SCHOOL OR COLLEGE — FINDING OUT INFORMATION ABOUT OCCUPATIONS."
Participants:
Mr. Warren Hallamore, Northeastern University
Mr. George Donaldson, Boston College
Mr. Roland R. Darling, Chairman of Round Table Period
3. "OPPORTUNITIES IN THE FIELD OF RETAILING"
Speaker: Miss Isabelle Jeffrey, Training Director, Grover Cronin, Waltham, Massachusetts.
4. "A SECRETARY'S DAY"
Participants:
Employer—Mr. Roland R. Darling
Secretary—Miss Sally Bowen
Bryant and Stratton Commercial School, Boston, Massachusetts.
5. "MODERN BUSINESS MACHINES"
Speaker: Mrs. Ellen Staves, Worcester School of Business Science, Worcester, Massachusetts.
6. "BEAUTY CULTURE — THE NEW LOOK IN COIFFURES"
Speaker: Mr. Leon, Mansfield Academy of Beauty Culture, Boston, Massachusetts.
7. "BASIC TRADES"
Speaker: Mr. William B. Arpe, Massachusetts Trades Shops School, Boston, Massachusetts.
8. "TEACHING"
Speaker: Miss Elizabeth Foster, Director of Teacher Training, Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Massachusetts.
9. "JOB HUNTING"
Speaker: Mr. Roland Darling, Director of Occupational Information, Bryant and Stratton Commercial School, Boston, Massachusetts.

Duration of above conferences: Eighty minutes — forty minutes for lectures, forty minutes for discussion and for demonstration.



A CAREER CONFERENCE

Literary

The Sniper

It was a typical day in early June. The vast expanse of cloud-flecked blue seemed to hover motionless over a world drowsy with the mysterious drug of summer. The heat-laden, oppressing, silence was broken only by the dull, throbbing hum of myriads of insects, each living in his own all-important world.

Under the cool protective canopy spread by a large stalwart oak, a light-haired youth lay, half concealed by the dense carpet of grass at its base. Across a convenient stump, padded with an old sock to protect the fine highly-polished wood of its fore-end, lay a heavy, long barrelled high-power rifle. The youth lay silent and alert, intent on the large clover field which spread before him.

Minutes, then hours, dragged by, and the brassy ball that was the sun reached, then passed the apex of its zenith. Then something moved across the large field, near the ample protection afforded by a large overgrown stone wall. He moved, ever so slightly into a more comfortable position and slipped off the rifles' safety catch.

He knew that his first shot had to kill; otherwise, the whine of the passing bullet would warn his target, and the crack of the rifle would give away his position.

Through the scope, his target seemed to dance and jiggle. He smiled faintly at this magnification of his own heart beats, and carefully lined up the sights cross-hairs on his target.

He exhaled, took a deep breath, and held it. Slowly his finger tightened upon the set trigger. There came a sharp flat report, startlingly loud in the bushed stillness of the fields. Through the sight, he saw his target slump, then collapse quickly on the sun-scorched earth.

He rose stiffly, stretched, and picking up his rifle, swiftly ejected the empty shell. He crossed the field, bent down and examined his lifeless target. He got to his feet, slung the rifle heavily across his shoulder, and started homeward, satisfied that there was one less woodchuck to raise havoc in the fields and gardens.

GERALD KAVANAGH, '49

The Tramp

He comes shuffling down the dusty road,
On a sultry summer's day,
To beg a little something to eat
And then continue on his way.

His clothes are torn and dirty,
He sports no shirt or tie,
Yet he has an air about him,
And a twinkle in his eye.

You try to hide your pity,
You open wide your door,
He doffs his hat and steps within,
You see his spirits soar.

He says, "A crust of bread will do."
You insist he eat a meal,
Strangely enough he doesn't refuse,
You bring on the ham and the veal.

It isn't long before he starts
To tell you of his life,
His travels and adventures,
His happiness and strife.

He enchants you with his marvelous tales
Of India and Peru,
You replenish his plate and refill his glass,

He eats and talks and talks and eats,
But soon he bids you good-bye,
And you feel rather sad to see him go,
You close the door with a sigh.

Who was that man? Did he tell the truth?
For his wealth of adventure you yearned,
But look on your kitchen sill, my dear,
He stole your pies when your back was turned.

SHIRLEY WILCOX, '48

* * *

The Wrong Road Is The Longest

Rick wasn't the kind of a fellow who would do anything wrong, but when his father told him he would have to quit the football team at Granville High, his whole world shattered. Rick came from a family which was not poor, but, his father knew

that if he went to work it would help a great deal.

All the next week his one and only thought was how he could stay on the team and still work. Then it happened. He met Jock. Jock was one of these young fellows who had big ideas. The only thing was they were the wrong kind of ideas. He was not considered good company for any boy to keep but this made no difference to Rick when he heard that Jock had a way of keeping him on the team but still he would be able to bring home money to his father.

After a few weeks of the kind of work Jock did, Rick began to get kind of scared. They had held up men on the street, robbed little grocery stores and many other wrong doings.

Then one day, Jock told Rick that they were going to rob an Insurance Agency. This was fine until Rick found out it was his own father's office. He had to steal the key from his father so that they could get in. They didn't plan on a night watchman however, and Jock hit him a little too hard. Naturally no young boy who is really honest deep down could keep a thing like this in. Rick told his father, and his father told the police.

Rick didn't get to play football after all, because he went with Jock to—prison. He was an accessory after the fact of the crime committed by Jock—so he would not play football for Granville High at all. He found out that at least he could have played a little if he went to work, but he took the hard road and found that "the wrong road is the longest."

ANN HINDS, '49

* * *

Memories

Ofttimes I go in fancy
To the old school on the hill,
I stand before the teacher
With the pupils mute and still.

I study books, I spell the words,
I write them big and slow,
I hear the teacher's stern voice
Demanding all I know.

Yes, these are only memories
Of days that used to be,
But they are happy memories,
That often come to me.

JEAN M. PUFFER, '48

What Is Democracy

"What is democracy, Mommy?" asked the seven-year old daughter of Mrs. Gugenheim, who had a few years ago come to this country from Germany.

"Vell, mein little daughter, you see, in da old country ve had a Feurher who told us vot to do. He sed dot ve could not vership God da vay ve wanted to and dot ve could not learn da vays uf democracy.

"I vas inquisitive about dis democracy, and vanted to know vat it vas about, so, I vent to ask Cousin Otto vot democracy really vas. He vas professor at our town's school, but since dot time da Nazis haf shoot him.

"He sed to me, 'Cousin, in America you haf democracy, dot is, da peepul make der own laws. 'Vy do you ask?'

"I like mein little girl very much; I want her to grow up in a decent place so dat she don't haf to suffer like ve do. I haf enough money saved to take her to America."

"Mommy," said the little girl, "vas it really that bad in your country?"

"Yes, darling, ve couldn't go anyplace vitout someone spying on us. Here it is different, vun may cum and go as he pleases. Our public meetings over der ver Bund meetings, organized und demanded by Hitler. Here vun can gather vit friends and talk about politics, God, and oder gossip.

"Ve haf here a constitution vich garantees very important us freedum uf speech, religion, press, and public assembly. Your father vas shot because he criticized sum of da Reich leaders.

"Finally, let me tell you sumthing very important. Freedum does not grow on trees, it's sumthing peepul strive for and appreciate ven dey haf attained it. Above all, do not just take it for granted, cherish it, cherish it vit all your heart and vit your life. Dot is vot makes a true American.

WILLIAM SARVELA, '49

* * *

You Never Lose The Thing You Love

"Hey, Johnny, wait 'til you see what come for you today!"

"What is it?" inquired the young freckle-faced boy eagerly as he raced up the narrow dirt road towards home.

In his ardor Richard was not content to stand where he was and answer his brother's question. Instead he sped madly down the road to meet him. "Mr. Long brought him over this morning and said that you sure did deserve him. Golly, what a wonderful surprise you're gonna' get when you see what it is! It's just the kind you always wanted! Guess you worked awful hard for Mr. Long and helped him a lot, didn't you? He said that he appreciated it very much and was giving this to you as a token of his appreciation. I'm not gonna' tell you what it is 'cause I want it to be a big surprise."

The two boys ran toward a small barn situated on the southwest side of the old-fashioned farmhouse. They were completely oblivious of the puddles in the ruts of the road which speckled their trousers with tiny drops of mud whenever they happened to encounter one.

The clothing of the two boys seemed to denote the position of their family, for although it was tidy and clean, many a varied color piece of thread peeked out from underneath the faded blue denim of their dungarees showing the location of a patch which perhaps covered the site of a three-cornered tear of the exact position where the thin denim had reluctantly yielded to the sharp horns of a playful billy goat. The red of their simple, homemade cotton shirts had been faded to a delicate pink by the hot summer sun, and the blouses themselves were fastened in front by buttons of all sizes and colors, sewn on by thread which seemed, by some strange coincidence, to match that which had been used to sew the patches on their dungarees.

"Now close your eyes and don't open them 'til I tell you to," Richard said as they approached the barn.

Johnny did not have to be led through the door, for he spent many quiet hours in the peaceful seclusion of this familiar place, dreaming of the day when the walls would reverberate with sounds other than the scratching and scampering of uninvited tenants with which the barn was occupied at the present.

"Okay, now you can open your eyes . . . Well what do you think of him?"

Johnny couldn't think. He couldn't do anything but stand there, dumbfounded, and gaze into a large, soft pair of deep brown eyes which mischievously, defiantly, and, even now, lovingly returned his glance.

Although the boys' father had died when Johnny was only eight and Richard eleven, he had, in those few years, transferred to the boys much valuable knowledge about horses. It was Johnny who became the more interested of the two, however, and while Dick did most of the farm chores, Johnny increased his knowledge of horses by working at the nearby racing stable of Mr. Long, who learned of the boy's strong passion for horses.

During the five years he worked there, Johnny dreamed continually of owning one of these great thoroughbreds, especially Royal Prince. Although he knew such a thing was impossible, he dreamed of owning a horse just like this magnificent chestnut stallion, little realizing that someday this dream was to come true.

Now, standing in front of the little bronze chestnut colt, an exact replica of his famous sire, he could hardly believe what he saw.

"Gee, Dick, ain't he beautiful? Look at that one white stocking on his hind foot and that star on his forehead!"

"Yeh, they sure make him look nice. Mr. Long said that if you took good care of him, he'd help you train him for next year's Derby. He's only a yearling but you have to start training him now so he'll be ready to race next year."

Johnny, who loved the colt from the start, spent all the time that he could with his beloved possession.

Days, weeks, and months passed by with every valuable moment spent on careful training of the colt. The young, freckle-faced boy and his spirited little charge became an inseparable pair.

It was Johnny who broke him to the saddle and bridle, Johnny who fed and groomed him under the stern supervision of Mr. Long, and Johnny who assiduously loved and attended this mischievous little colt who, in turn, rewarded his master with playful nips and gentle caresses with his soft tongue upon the boy's cheek.

Then one day when Johnny was giving Bronze Knight his daily workout, he was suddenly interrupted by a loud shout coming from the direction of the farmhouse. It was his elder brother excitedly calling for him. "Johnny, come quickly! It's mother! She wants to see you right away!"

Hurriedly Johnny tied his horse to a post and ran to find out what he was wanted for.

"She's in the bedroom," Dick replied to his brother's anxious query, "and you'd better hurry."

"Mother, Dicky said you—"

"Come here, John, for there is something I want to tell you. I am going away to a place from where one never returns and I want you to promise me that you'll always be a good boy and never do anything to hurt or wrong yourself or anyone else. I wanted so very much to see you in the big race next week, but I'm sure that you will win. If you have faith in the ones you love and can be trusted by the ones who love you, the end will always turn out for the best."

"But, mother, you're goin' to get well! You're goin' to watch me when I ride! I love you, mother, you can't go 'way and never come back!"

"I will be there watching you. You won't see me, but I'll be there. Remember, my son, you never lose the things you love. They are only lost to your sight."

"But, mother, you can't go 'way! You just can't! I don't want you to! Mother! Mother!"

The bewildered boy's fervent pleas were lost to the grey-haired mother's hearing as she lay there, so still and silent, gazing blankly into space.

* * * * *

Derby day! Already the crowds had gathered and were waiting for the commencement of the great event.

Cheers rang out as the sleek thoroughbreds paraded to the post. Bronze Knight, muscles rippling under the glossy chestnut coat, stepped proudly past the admiring crowds, every inch of his body proving him a great horse and truly worthy to be called a thoroughbred.

Clang! They're off!

Above the noise made by the excited crowd rose the voice of the announcer who gave a vivid description of the running of the race. "And now it's Icy Lake in the lead followed by Low Rail with Rose Girl in third place! Coming up on the inside is Sink Me followed by Side Kid. Bronze Knight, a horse unknown in these parts who got off to a very bad start, is rapidly coming up on the outside, fighting hard to gain the lead! Never in all my racing experience have I seen a horse race the way this little chestnut is racing now! His rider, Johnny Jeffries, is using no whip. He seems to be leaning over and talking into his mount's ear!

They're entering the home stretch! It's Side Kid in the lead being challenged by Sink Me! The two horses, neck and neck, are fighting for the

lead! They're nearing the finish! It looks like the winner is going to be—yes, it's—wait a minute folks, the winner is . . . Bronze Knight! That little thoroughbred who made such a gallant showing in the back stretch put on an unbelievable burst of speed which carried him across the finish line a length and one half in front of Sink Me with Side Kid coming in third!"

The faith of a boy in the horse he loved and the trust which the loved one had in his master provided that extra burst of speed which carried horse and rider to fame and glory.

But Johnny did not hear the cheers and shouts of the people. His tear-stained face was pressed against the side of his beloved horse who had quietly, but oh so quietly, fallen into a deep slumber from which he would never waken. Yes, the beautiful little colt who had run a race never to be equaled in turfdom history had run his heart out in that last gallant attempt to please his beloved master.

* * * * *

At the top of a *little* hill in the *little* town of Rocky Creek, Kentucky a freckle-faced *little* boy and a *little* rustic wooden cross stood silhouetted against the setting sun.

As the shadows deepened and the stars came slyly peeking out from behind the dark curtain of night, a voice so very, very faint seemed to whisper, "Remember, my son, you never lose the things you love. They are only lost to your sight."

NORMA MARTINSEN, '50

* * * * *

The Moon

The moon is a playful object,
It rises here and there,
It's beams cast many weird shadows,
That seem to float on air.

It seeks out the maids and their lovers,
It penetrates the lonely lanes,
It brings hope to the homeless sailor,
It whisks away the rains.

The scientists say it is nothing but rock,
That it is no better than the stars above,
But whatever they say or discover,
It still is the doorway to love.

AUDREY OLSEN, '48

My Melissa

The house was quiet and peaceful with the last dusky rays of the evening sun streaming through the French doors of the library. They fell gently on the carefully dusted mahogany furniture and the books arranged along the walls. A vase of scented flowers had been placed on the large desk in the corner, and the air was perfumed with their fragrance.

In the huge armchair near the window sat a woman. Her hair was chestnut-brown and her soft white hands lay motionless in her lap while her docile grey eyes rested lovingly on a picture that stood next the vase of blossoms on the desk.

Most of the room was in shadow, but the sun's last feeble beams of light seemed to linger on the portrait of a handsome, uniformed man. And if the smiling eyes of that soldier could have been granted sight for one fleeting second, they would have perceived a tear wending its way down a flushed cheek.

The celestial silence was pierced by a voice beyond the library door. It was a young voice, full of life and the ecstatic joy of living. It was the voice of Melissa Travers, the only and beloved child of the woman sitting alone with her thoughts in the privacy of her library.

"Mother! Mother! Where are you?" she called, opening the library door to peer inside. "Mother, are you in here?"

"Yes, dear. I'm over here by the window."

"What are you sitting in here in the dark for? Aren't you feeling well?" asked the girl, crossing the room to turn on the desk lamp.

"I'm fine, Melissa. I was just resting awhile. But what has you so excited?"

"I'm not excited. I merely wanted to tell you that I'm going out to dinner. It's all right, isn't it?" Melissa stopped rearranging the flowers to look at her mother.

"But, darling, Nita was preparing something special for dinner tonight—and it would be nice if you were home—."

"But mother," Melissa interrupted, "It's so dull eating at home. Nita won't mind—and besides, I've already told George that I'd go. I couldn't very well tell him I can't, now could I? You couldn't possibly expect me to."

"No, of course not, Melissa." Mrs. Travers's voice was low and barely audible. "It's all right. You'd better run along and get dressed."

"I knew you'd see it my way. I'll be home early, if I can."

Ellen Travers sighed as the door closed behind her young daughter.

"My Melissa," she thought. "She's all I have in this world—since Ed was killed. Maybe I don't discipline her as I should, but she's so young—only sixteen, and I so want her to be happy. If nothing else, I want Melissa to be happy."

"And where's Melissa tonight?" inquired Karen Bailey as her younger sister entered the brightly illuminated dining room and seated herself at the head of the table. Ellen paused before replying.

"She's upstairs dressing. She has a dinner date with George Ballard this evening."

"Yes, and last night it was a dancing date and the night before something else. I can't remember an evening that she's spent at home since heaven knows when. It seems the old homestead isn't good enough for her any more."

Ellen didn't answer; she couldn't. The appetizing food Nita had prepared was tasteless in her mouth. It was the same old story. It always would be the same old story. Ever since Ed had been killed overseas she could no longer handle her daughter. And her sister Karen, always at her elbow warning her that Melissa was well on the road to becoming a delinquent. If everyone could only be made to understand the strain she was under from the problems that enveloped her. Suddenly to become solely responsible for your child's development and your home's happiness and security was no simple task. She had been called upon to make decisions that Ed had always handled before—before he had left their home—forever. And she wanted Melissa to be happy above everything else. Maybe she was doing wrong by allowing her so many privileges, but Melissa's happiness was of chief importance.

The grandfather clock in the front hall was striking one as a sound of laughing voices, a suspicious silence, a faint goodnight, and a key turning in the lock, announced Melissa's arrival home. The tall, auburn-haired girl closed the heavy front door quietly and searched for the light switch. It was turned on by another hand before she reached it.

"I'm glad you decided to come home, Melissa, although I'd planned to bid you goodnight and not good morning."

Melissa stared, astonished, for a moment, at the figure in front of her. Her mother, her hair in

two long braids and garbed in a rose kimona, sat stiffly in the slender chair beside the clock. Her steady grey eyes were not hard, but neither were they gentle.

Melissa quickly recovered her composure.

"I said I'd be home early—if I could. I couldn't just walk out on George. He didn't want to come home even now. I had to coax and coax him before he'd give in."

"I'll stand for a lot from you, Melissa, but not lying. I know George Ballard better than that. I want the truth, Melissa."

"That is the truth, and if you don't believe me, I can't help it." Melissa persisted, walking toward the front stairs.

"Come back here, until you are ready to tell me more than a pack of lies. I've given you every chance—I've provided you with a good home and fine clothes—I even forgave you for not wanting to spend tonight—your father's and my wedding anniversary—with your family, but I refuse to tolerate your deliberately lying to me!"

Ellen rose from the chair and stood motionless with only the monotonous ticking of the clock to break the tomb-like silence that filled the room. Melissa tossed her proud head and with anger gleaming in her eyes, ran up the stairs to her room—locking the door behind her.

Ellen didn't call after her; she didn't even look at her. She could only crumple pitifully on the soft carpet and cry her heart out.

It was here that Karen Bailey and Nita, roused by the sound of raised voices, found her and put her to bed.

"The Lord help that girl," muttered Karen, as she passed Melissa's closed door on the way back to her own room.

The doctor's car had no sooner driven away down the rain drenched street than the door of Melissa's room opened and the young lady appeared, immaculate in a lovely lavender suit. She gracefully flicked a speck from her sleeve and started for the staircase.

"So you finally got up—and on your way out so soon."

The voice startled her and she whirled around to face her Aunt Karen who wore a large white apron and carried an untouched breakfast tray.

"Yes, Aunt dear. I'm leaving on a trip with George. I'll be back tonight—if everything goes right. Goodbye."

Melissa flashed an arrogant smile and went gayly down the steps.

"I don't suppose you intend to stop in and see your mother!"

Karen stood on the upper landing and gazed grimly down upon her niece who was giving herself the once-over in the mirror at the foot of the stairs.

"Why should I? We had a spat last evening and I don't wish to bring the subject up again."

"I doubt if Ellen has you or anyone else on her mind at the moment. If you hadn't been sleeping the morning away, you would have known that the doctor just left."

Melissa stopped and stared at her image in the mirror. Her rouged cheeks grew strangely pale and her slender hands trembled. She turned to look upward at her aunt.

"The doctor? But why, What does mother need a doctor for?" She tried to sound calm and natural but her voice shook noticeably as she spoke.

"Your mother has pneumonia. Waiting up in drafty front halls every night doesn't do anyone any good." With this final word Karen descended the staircase and brushed past her astounded niece.

For a full minute Melissa was glued to the spot. She couldn't move or speak—her muscles were paralyzed. It was unbelievable. With a sudden movement she raced back up the stairs and hesitated before the door to her mother's room. Should she knock?

Without waiting to answer this question, Melissa turned the knob and slowly forced the door open. The room was dim for the shades were closed. She paused to glance around at the room she had known since childhood. Here her mother had cradled and sung her to sleep as an infant and here her father had helped her with a seemingly difficult Algebra problem as a freshman in high school. Her father was gone—what if she should lose her mother as well? Then the dull thud of the rain would enter her life followed by loneliness and misery.

She turned her wandering gaze to the frail figure on the bed and met eyes as grey as her own.

"Oh, Mother," she sobbed, and ran to kneel at Ellen's bedside. "Oh, Mother, what have I done? I've been wicked! Wicked! It's my fault you're sick. Please say you'll get well. Please, please."

A fresh storm of tears choked her speech and Ellen took Melissa's hand and patted it com-

fortingly.

"It's—all right, dear. I'll be up and around again—real soon. I knew you'd see your mistakes. You're a good girl, Melissa, and Dad would have been proud of you. Please—darling don't cry so."

"I've been such a fool. I lied to you. You were right—last night. I lied. I haven't been seeing George Ballard at all. I've been going around with a gang of kids that aren't any good. Oh, Mom, I'll change. I promise I will. I'll—I'll even swear on the Bible I'll change—if you'll forgive me."

Melissa clutched Ellen's hand with a desperation grown from true love and devotion and bowed her head submissively.

"I've forgiven you, dearest, and I love you with all my heart."

"I'll make it all up to you, Mom. Just get well for me. And for Dad."

The bedroom door opened softly and Karen's head appeared in the opening.

"Thought I'd find you here, Melissa. George Ballard's downstairs. Wants to know if you'd like to go dancing tonight. Guess the trip you two planned is off."

"Go down and see him, dear," Ellen murmured. "But come back."

"I'll be right back. And I'll be spending tonight at home. George has waited quite a while for a date—he won't mind waiting one more day."

"What's she talking about. Hasn't she been seeing young Ballard?" questioned Karen.

"It's quite a story, Karen. I'll tell you all about it later."

"What a girl!" Karen sighed as she straightened the blankets on the bed. "If she only knew that all you have is a cold. But don't worry, I won't be the one to tell her."

"She's a wonderful girl, that's what she is," said Ellen thoughtfully. "My Melissa. Yes, Karen. I think she and I—and Ed too, are going to be very happy from now on."

SHIRLEY WILCOX, '48

* * *

The Best Years

They pass so quickly you scarcely see
That the best years are slipping away,
The classroom and corridors; the teachers you
know,
Will soon be of yesterday.

The homework you always intend to do,
The exams you pray you will pass,
The homeroom that greets you on each Monday
morn,
Will soon greet a new Freshman class.

The subjects you study; the desk where you sit,
The old high school songs in your ear,
They seem nothing special, but just stop and think,
You're not going to hear them next year.

You just never realize while you're treading the
path,
But soon you'll perceive the dawn
Of the day when you'll find that your childhood is
o'er,
And the best years of life are gone.

SHIRLEY WILCOX, '48

* * *

Resurrection

I am the barren hill,
Tiller of death until
Resurrection lifts its hand
To sow green seeds upon my sand.
And in my wounds shall grow
Green beauty for all to see and know
That hope and waiting are silent prayers
Answered by a God or Friend who cares.

NELLIE CHODYNICKY, '48

* * * *

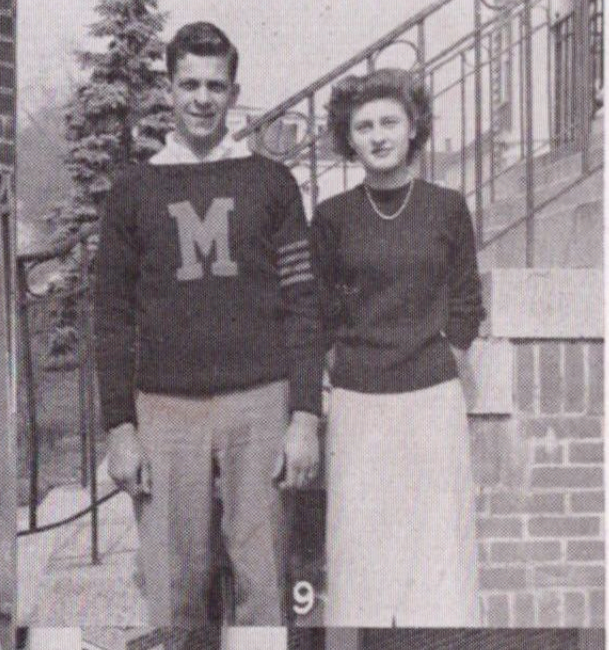
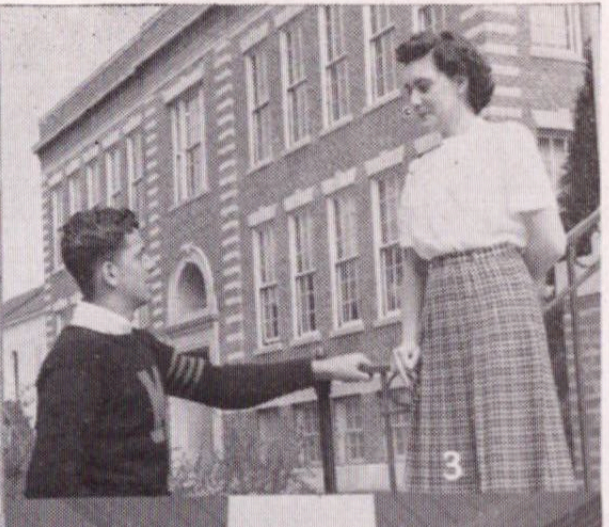
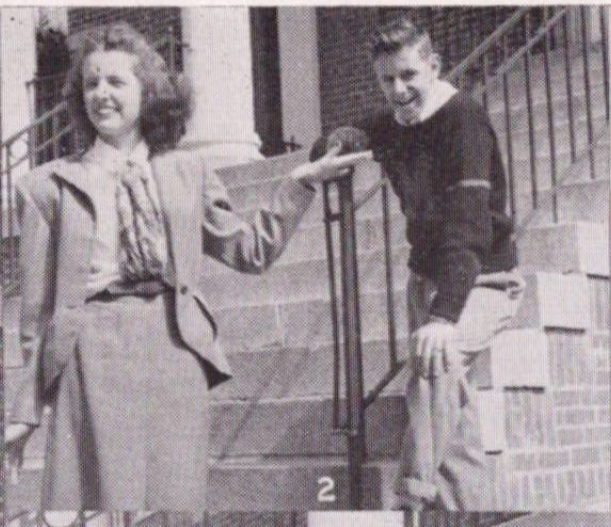
Winter

The clouds were laden, silver gray
The earth was frozen new,
The wind was howling o'er the bay,
A winter storm was due.

The flakes began to gently fall
The ground was covered white
The wind continued its wild call
Far into the night.

A bright new world appeared next morn
As though by magic wrought
And with the brilliance of the dawn
New hopes in life were sought.

DOROTHY CHERNAK, '48



Superlatives

	Boy	Girl
1. Most Argumentative	John Veracka	Jane Dockerty
2. Breeziest	Joseph Fraser	Patricia Murphy
3. Most Serious	Carlo Mariani	Jane Dockerty
4. Class Dreamer	Robert Corcoran	Phyllis Blanchette
5. Best Dancer	Herbert Mallinson	Margaret Crowe
6. Most Loquacious	Clyde Merrick	Patricia Murphy
7. Most Literary	John Veracka	Shirley Wilcox
8. Most Intellectual	John Clayton	Jean Stein
9. Most Dignified	Carlo Mariani	Gloria Novick
10. Wittiest	Peter Hogan	Viola Hytonen
11. Class Musician	Leo White	Jean Stein
12. Best All-Round	George Howes	Alice Koskela
13. Most Absent-Minded	Richard Spence	Diane Stalker
14. Friendliest	Peter Hogan	Nellie Chodynicky
15. Most Ladylike		Audrey Olsen
16. Most Gentlemanly	George Jamieson	
Most Athletic	Roger Spurrell	Nellie Chodynicky
Most Sophisticated	George Howes	Gloria Novick
Most Popular	George Howes	Nellie Chodynicky
Done Most for Class	Carlo Mariani	Nellie Chodynicky
Most Likely to Succeed	John Clayton	Jane Dockerty
Class Artist		Nellie Chodynicky

FAVORITES

Radio Program—	9:20 Club	Orchestra	Vaughn Monroe
Actor	Gregory Peck	Dance	Waltz
Actress	June Allyson	Song	Now Is The Hour
Sport	Baseball	Crooner	Vaughn Monroe

Awards



1. Winner — Co-Op Award for Outstanding Ability in Athletics.
2. Recipients — Order of Business Efficiency Awards for Proofreading Accuracy.
3. Recipients — Gregg Stenography Awards.
4. and 5. Recipients — Typewriting Awards.
6. Spelling Match Finalists — Winner: Sara Boeske.

Awards



1. V. F. W. and American Legion Essay Contestants.
First row, left to right: J. Stein; A. Koskela; J. Klemola; D. Chernak; V. Hytonen; N. Chodynicky; M. Bain, P. Blanchette.
Second row, left to right: A. Olsen; V. Krysieniel; B. O'Toole; S. Wilcox; G. Novick; V. Nowick.
2. Gloria Novick — National Honor Society Installation.
3. Dorothy Chernak — National Honor Society Installation.
4. Group with Sponsor, Miss Wilson — National Honor Society Installation.
Left to right: A. Olsen; J. Dockerty; V. Krysieniel; A. Zaniewski; Miss R. Wilson; John Clayton.



First Row: E. Murphy, mgr., H. Nowick, J. Robinson, R. Sweeney, L. White, G. Howes, co-captain, Carlo Mariani, co-captain, J. Veracka, G. Robinson, W. Penniman.

Second Row: R. Lawson, coach, P. Murphy, A. Viola, R. Holly, J. Swanson, M. Slabysz, E. Romanowski, J. MacDonald, R. Dargiewicz, R. Jones, R. Larsen.

Sports

BASKETBALL — 1947 - 48

The impossible task of playing 18 games away from home and producing a winning team was Coach Lawson's assignment. With little veteran material and as much practice as possible, the team was ready for actual competition. George Howes was elected captain to lead the team before the first game was played.

CHELMSFORD 48—MAYNARD 25

December 12, 1947

The rookies of the Maynard Owls received a severe case of stage fright when the well-dressed Chelmsford team ran out to the floor and began a razzle-dazzle warmup. This was too much for the less matured varsity and they never got over it. The straw that broke the camel's back was Captain Don Hefler of Chelmsford who scored an amazing 23 points.

The only consolation for the Orange and Black was the fine playing of the newly elected leader, Captain George Howes.

Acton 34 — Maynard 17

(Boston Garden)

December 19, 1947

Again the boys suffered stage fright, this time on the spacious Boston Garden court, and went down to a humiliating defeat at the hands of Acton.

The height of Dan Sheenan and Dan Miller were too much for the Orange and Black as they combined all their basketball prowess to no avail. Jerry Robinson who has been having a banner year on all athletic fields played a sterling game at defense. The boys received free tickets to the professional game and enjoyed themselves very much. At practice the next day the players all imitated their favorite pro stars.

Weston 47 — Maynard 28

December 30, 1947

The Maynard boys were still lost on the spacious courts of Weston and were handed the fourth straight defeat on a silver platter. The varsity looked so much like amateurs that the jayvees were inserted and guess what? No, they were worse than the varsity. I'll say no more about this game because I have a victory to write about next.

Maynard 28 — Milford 25

January 3, 1948

Maynard changed its type of play and showed great results with a Midland League victory over Milford. The procedure was very simple as Carlo Mariani passed to George Howes who set shot from outside the bucket. Swish, swish, etc. Its funny that I never see the good side of things but we almost "blew" the game. The Milford boys never did know when they were licked but Carlo Inc. had to put on a very good "freeze" as George Howes left the game via the 5 foul route.

Maynard 30 — Chelmsford 23

January 6, 1948

Revenge is so sweet. You can't imagine the thrill it is to hit back at something that caused heartbreak to you, but you have to play the sweet and gentle game of basketball to receive this thrill. Did I say sweet and gentle? Well if you played the game and wrote about it too, you'd go crazy also.

Clinton 49 — Maynard 15

January 9, 1948

We hit the skids again. I guess prosperity was too much for us. The so well known "Green Wave" was really green and poured it on. Did you former athletes and alumni ever do anything to them? Well they certainly took it out on us.

Some little two by two was hitting from the outside and that offset our whole defense and we never did show any kind of offense.

Marlboro 40 — Maynard 13

January 16, 1948

Those boys wear the same colors as ours. You should see the Hilltoppers play basketball. They are so good that they don't have to look when a shot is made. The score speaks for itself.

Maynard 31 — Hudson 28

January 28, 1948

George Howes again found his stride as he racked up a neat 12 points to lead his team to its second Midland League victory.

It's said that if you practice enough and play a lot the law of averages catches up with you. The way Carlo Mariani guarded 6 ft. 4 inch Bob Cummings was a real feat and Carlo tossed in 5 points to boot. No there are more than two men on this team and the boys who brought victory to Maynard were Leo White, Joe MacDonald, and Mike Popienuick.

Franklin 35 — Maynard 29

January 30, 1948

The Franklin boys had too much finesse for us and won a hard fought game in the high school gym. Their reserve strength was too much for us and we made a game finish but didn't have enough for victory. We had the one consolation of Leo White and George Howes hitting the mark at the same time netting ten and eight points respectively for the two boys.

Milford 42 — Maynard 16

February 3, 1948

With revenge in their hearts Milford poured it on as they made up for their early season defeat. Captain Votolato was too much for us as he tipped in 24 points to lead the attack. Long bus trips take their heavy toll on us as Ed Romanowski is a sufferer of bus fatigue. Consolation was not to be found this sad night.

Northbridge 84 — Maynard 19

February 6, 1948

A protegee of the Holy Cross Crusaders was what the Owls found in the Northbridge Lions. This

walloping score purely shows the type basketball played around Worcester where Holy Cross rules over all. A certain Mr. Stairs was something out of a fairy book as he poured 26 points through that little round hoop. Again, no consolation.

Marlboro 37 — Maynard 19

February 13, 1948

Can't win, can't place, can't show was the tune of the Maynard boys as Marlboro tripped us again although not so badly as last time. The opposition knows every nook and cranny of St. Jean's hall as they merely toyed with us in their bid to win the hoop title of the Midland League. Little Joe Fraser starred at the guard spot to brighten the hopes of a lost cause.

Maynard 35 — Wayland 33 (Overtime)

February 17, 1948

You wouldn't know that this was the same ball club that had lost 10 games this year but what a game five men played that day.

Captain George Howes, 10 points and a good game all around, Mike Popienuick, 10 points and the winning basket, and Carlo Mariani to stop the high scoring Tucker Egan. A moving picture finis was the way it ended with George Howes tipping in the tying basket with 4 seconds remaining and Mike Popienuick scoring the winning basket in overtime. This loss by Wayland knocked the defending Class C champions out of the Tech Tourney. What a victory to talk about.

Clinton 29 — Maynard 28

February 20, 1948

Five senior boys from Maynard put on a show to the Clinton people that they will never forget. Howes, Sweeney, White, Popienuick, and Mariani are the boys that brought a hearty salute from its followers.

There was no individual star, just five guys playing their hearts out to bring victory to the student body who forgot them. Holy Cross would not have been able to stay on this same court with the Orange and Black that heartbreak night.

Franklin 41 — Maynard 26

February 24, 1948

I guess that the Owls shot their bolt last game as the Blue and White juust swept past our tired five who have had to play the limit almost every game. George Howes tipped in 11 points to aid a losing cause although it's tough on any team to give away ten points by playing on all foreign courts.

Maynard 21 — Hudson 14

February 27, 1948

We closed out basketball season with a well deserved victory over an inspired Hudson team that was trying to win its first game of the season.

The type of play that won the Milford game paid off tonight as Carlo passed to Howes who set, shoot, swish. Good like Nedichs as Marty Glickman would say. A fine game all around and a brilliant victory to close out the season for our departing members. No longer will fine fellows like Howes, Popienuick, Mariani, White, Fraser, and Sweeney play on hardwood courts for Maynard High.

JOHN VERACKA, '48

* * *

BASEBALL — 1948

Concord 9 — Maynard 4

April 19, 1948

Maynard High School dropped its opening game to rival Concord by 9-4 count. There were plenty of jitters among the rookies who were playing their first game for the Summer St. Alma Mater and the game was booted away with no less than five errors and seven battery misplays. Howes, the starting pitcher, was lacking in control and took an "early shower" when eight runs were scored in the first four innings of play.

The one consolation for the MHS gang was the fact that we led for two whole innings and that

Leo White banged out a couple of solid hits to lead the parade of batters to the post.

Hudson 10 — Maynard 4

April 27, 1948

When Don Fields of Hudson suffered a broken leg in the seventh inning, the game was halted and we conceded the victory although we had just begun to find our batting eyes. After all, hadn't we done enough damage for one day?

It was a tight ball game until the first half of the 7th when Hudson exploded for six big runs and left us in the dust. Can't be literary about a disgusting ball game so I say no more. Yours truly.

Concord 6 — Maynard 0

April 28, 1948

Our return game went something like this: "Base hits, get your red hot base hits." The guy who sells those things that win games was not to be found on one April 28, 1948. Thus Jack Swanson was charged with his first defeat and MHS's third loss. Jack pitched good ball but can't win games when the other guy throws a five hit shut-out against you.

Maynard 5 — St. Charles 3

May 2, 1948

Not too many base hits today but we got them when they counted. Carlo Mariani belted a two run homer in the first and George Howes got a four base knock in the 8th to win a ball game all by themselves.

George was on the mound holding the Saints to seven hits and bearing down in the clinches. He struck out 13 batters enroute to his and Maynard's first victory of the young season. Carlo contributed three solid hits to lead the assault, (say isn't there a horse by that name) and at this writing was batting a hefty .470.

Theory: "Confucius say, no can lose all ball games. Play percentage."

Milford 10 — Maynard 5

May 4, 1948

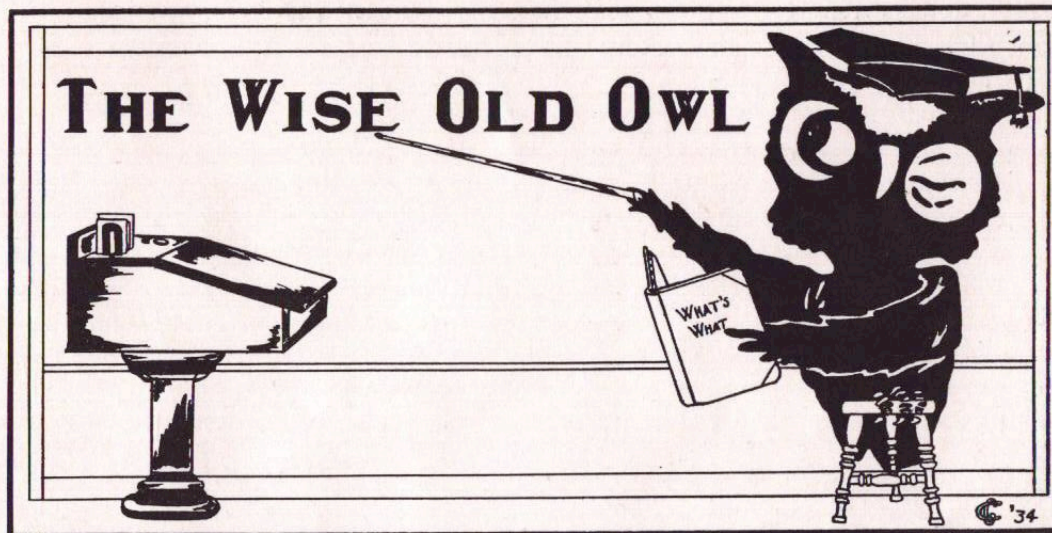
The high school nine dropped another ball game to a strong Milford team which showed enough class and finesse to be a contender for the Midland League crown.

The Milford sluggers teed off on Carlo Mariani and Jack Swanson with a barrage of hits that would have driven the "Iron Chancellor" to cover.

Mariani and Jerry Robinson shared hitting honors as they each belted out a home run and scored all five runs between them. It was an interesting game, but Maynard didn't have enough lasting power to hold off the scrappy opponents.

Schedule

Month	Day	Opponent
April	19	Concord at Concord
April	27	Hudson
April	28	Concord
May	2	St. Charles
May	4	Milford
May	7	Wayland at Wayland
May	9	St. Mary's
May	11	Marlboro at Marlboro
May	14	Milford at Milford
May	18	Clinton at Clinton
May	21	Hudson at Hudson
May	23	St. Mary's
May	25	Clinton
May	28	Marlboro



Books On Sale

Whispering HopeSeniors and graduation
 Drawn and QuarteredA frog in the lab
 The Case of the Borrowed BrunetteS. Beford
 Breath TakerG. Novick
 Nothing Can Rescue MeComing back at 2:30
 The Web of DaysSchool terms
 The Cold JourneyWalking to school in winter
 Tomorrow's FoodB. Hanson as a cook
 Let's GoSenior's outing
 Just Like a GirlB. Castrilli
 A Pinch of PoisonA red ticket
 The Sound of the TrumpetE. D'Amico
 Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman

Dick Turner

Also: get two bargains—

These Changing YearsFour years of high
 Fire of Youthschool (maybe more!)

V. HYTONEN, '48

* * *

The Wise Old Owl Can't Imagine:

Kevin not keeping one eye on Ann.
 Nancy Stalker at home alone.
 Phyllis without her comb.
 What M.H.S. will be like after the Seniors depart.
 Vaughn Monroe playing at a high school social.
 Milack being thirsty.
 Margie not waiting for Patsy.
 B. Hanson keeping quiet.
 Not hearing a joke from J. LeSage.
 Where E. Johnson can think up all the excuses.
 Frannie taking her time.

Kivi as slim as Lambert—vice versa.

Any girl forgetting—

If at first you don't succeed

Cry, cry, again.

Why people have nicknames such as "Mouse, Mon-
 ster, Muskrat," and "Fox?"

V. HYTONEN, '48

J. DUCKWORTH, '49

* * * *

The Disk Jockey Plays —

Danny BoyGertrude Cuddy
 You Were Meant For MeDickie and Rachael
 Beg Your Pardon ..Rushing for the candy counters
 I'll See You in My DreamsEthel Boulden
 Someone Put Glue in My SaddleN. Martinsen
 The Serenade of the BellsAt one o'clock
 The Big Brass Band from Brazil

Sal, Guy, Milack, D'Amico

My Number One Dream Came True

KeV about Ann

Little GirlSarah Boeske

I Wanna Be a Friend of YoursA. to J.

Nobody But YouNellie about Joe

Dream GirlNancy Stalker

The Secretary SongAudry Olsen

I Never Loved AnyoneP. Greeno

If It Were Easy to DoPass a hard test

Could it Be Wrong?Answer to a math problem

One Alone "Monster"

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are

MarchingSeniors caught in the draft

V. HYTONEN, '48

J. PAANANEN, '50

The Wise Old Owl's inquiring reporter questioned the Seniors about their ideal girl and boy. Several variations were the outcome, but the following seems to be the composite of the Senior's Ideal girl and boy.

The Ideal Girl

Eyes—blue, brown
Hair—blonde, brunette
Complexion—light
Height—5'4", 5'5", 5'6"
Nose—straight and small
Appearance—neat
Voice—soft and sweet
Manners—good
Personality—pleasing, gay
Sporty—yes
Dance—yes
Home girl—majority
Career girl—minority
Color liked best on a girl—white, black, red, blue

The Ideal Boy

Eyes—blue, green, brown
Hair—blond, brown
Height—5'4", to 6'5"—majority—6'1"
Weight—165 to 200—majority—180
Manners—Very good
Dress—Very neat
Is he the home type? Yes
Is he the outdoor type? Yes
Is he musical? Yes
Does he dance? Yes
Does he keep conservative hours? Yes
Color preferred on ideal man—blue, grey—majority, brown

So gals and boys of '48, there it is. How do you measure up to the qualifications desired by your fellow classmates? Take a check and let your inquiring reporters know at some future date.

JAMES DUCKWORTH, '49
VIOLA HYTONEN, '48

* * *

Personals

Molotov opens laundry to do nothing but Iron Curtains and ruffle diplomats.

Business is like an automobile—it will not run itself, except downhill.

It's funny how noseey people are! Just look at you! You had to turn this upside down to read what it says—Nosey!

Reward:

Two Hoodsie cups to the one who finds out for me and tells me who the culprit is that keeps putting his already chewed gum in my desk? (If he would sometimes leave a new stick I wouldn't feel so bad, but stale gum is not so tasty!)

A Word to the Wise:

The world is blessed most by men who do things, and not by those who only talk about them.

V. HYTONEN, '48

* * *

The Class of '48

Here's to the class of forty-eight,
Who came here in a very "green" state
For four long years they struggled with strife,
To get an education for their future life.

Give Angelosanto a chance at the "key"
For a great lover he wants to be.

Let Marilyn Bain marry a man

With a million dollars to throw where she can.

Show Phyllis the ways of raising crop

And cooking as well as using the mop.

If Carbarry wants to be a success

Opportunity knocks once, I guess.

Dorothy's alertness and capability

Should further her into high nobility.

Make Nellie the artist of the century

Let her paint her way into history.

Clayton's the fellow who's a "bit of all right"

He's got brains and a smile that's bright.

A. Columbo's dreams are many and few

Help her along and make them come true.

Tony's a fellow who wants to be single.

But someday the bells for him will jingle.

And speaking of bells, will they ring soon

For Ginny and Roger in the middle of June?

If Gilbie decides to go back to sea.

When Alkie graduates from M. H. S.

Let his mechanics be put to the test.

All the girls good swimmers will be

B. Hansen wants to be a cook

The way she does now, she won't need a book.

About D. Hoffman, Doug's exclamation

Was, "Red headed girls are a sensation!"

Benny we know will get his new truck
A chick farm, too, with lots of luck.
B. Johnson has no need of fretting
For health, wealth, and fortune she's sure of get-
ting.

Eppie's future to me is a question
But maybe Rita can make a suggestion.
Gordon's a fellow who keeps his life mum
Bet his taxidermy hobby is lots of fun.

Ed Lalli wants a girl to call his own
With sweet Lorraine, he won't be alone.
May the U. S. Marines make a career for Earl
Probably in his travels, he'll find the right girl.

Laskowski is very quiet in school
Outside with his "honey" I hear he's no fool!
We still remember two classmates now gone,
Hope Kenneth and Esther will always get along.

Herbie's a guy who knows about dancing
And he's no square in the art of romancing.
Elaine and Lorraine are the class twins
To tell them apart is where the fun begins.

Carlo will build a bungalow for two
With his true love, you—know—who.
Happy-go-lucky in life is Clyde,
Atta go! No political side!

When will D. Nelson have a fall?
Like Humpty Dumpty on the wall?
Vice president and an honor student
V. Novick holds a position others couldn't.

Barbara and Ronny are all bound in clover
Together forever in the month of October!
"Torchy" is well-dressed and always nice
She can be flashy as well as concise.

Give Lizzie her man and she will "pan out"
None but Frannie there is no doubt.

Harold will have his own farm some day
Where he can milk his cows and stow his hay.
Eleanor is the only one for whom he'll cheer,
She's the only girl for David Weir.

"Acton, Acton, I hear you calling me,"
Says R. Anelons to Eppie.
Bowsie and Puffer are the best of pals
Together or alone they're great gals.
If Corcoran really wants to be a hermit
Some girl somewhere will be saying, "darn it."

M. Crowe will always get by
With her dancing feet and twinkling eye.
Jane Starling Dockerty, yes—that's her name,
Someday you'll be seeing it in the Hall of Fame.

Joe Fraser is the all-around guy
He's the apple of any girl's eye.

To Hudson you see Hamalainen go,
Could it be to see the show?
H. Hanson may be tiny, but always recall
Big things come in packages small.
Good ol' Pete who gave the class a lift
His humor and wit is a great gift.
"Mouse" is our hero, he is our star
But Barbara has him Ha! Ha! Ha!
Never forget a girl like Janet
She's got what it takes on any planet.
George Jamieson's hobby is drowning worms
Let's call it fishing in better terms!
Alice is seen with Johnny each day
Their travels are always life's merry way.

* * *

Ye olde Fashioned Joaks, and literary lemon
drops, coruscating corn, 40—caret quips, and a few
fresh-laid eggs, cooked with a sprig of parsley and
a dash of wit, by the Wise Old Owl writers to bi-
carbonize the stuffed shirt and stomach of the mind!

* * *

Shirley: "She told me you told her that secret I
told you not to tell her."

Helen: "It's mean of her to have told you that.
Why I told her not to!"

Shirley: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she
told me, so don't tell her I did."

* * *

A giddy hostess once asked Professor Einstein to
explain his theory of relativity in a "few well-chosen
words."

"I will tell you a story instead," said the scientist.
"I was walking with a blind man and remarked that
I would like a glass of milk."

"What is milk?" asked my blind friend.

"A white liquid," I replied.

"Liquid I know, but what is white?"

"The color of a swans' feathers."

"Feathers I know. What is a swan?"

"A bird with a crooked neck."

"Neck I know. But what is crooked?"

"Thereupon I lost patience and seized his arm and
straightened it. "That's straight," I said and then
bent it at the elbow. "That's crooked."

"Ah," said the blind man, "now I know what you
mean by milk."

Teacher: "Skirton, explain the difference between collision and explosion."

Skirton: "That's simple. Collision—there you are. Explosion—where are you?"

* * *

A mule in the barnyard—lazy and slick;
a boy with a pin on the end of a stick;
Boy slips behind him as still as a mouse;
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.

* * *

The stage manager called to the new man working there and said, "Now then, we're all ready to run up the curtain. The new prop man answered, "What are you talking about—run up the curtain, think I'm a bloomin' squirrel?"

* * *

"Knock! Knock!"
"Come in."

"Boo hoo," crying, "Oh it's terrible!"

"What is terrible?"

"They always get me wrong. Everybody hates me. I'm never right!"

"Who are you?"

"An arithmetic problem."

* * *

D. Sims: "Look! I'm mentioned here in the paper."

D. Turner: "Really?"

D. Sims: "That's right. It says here that last month the trolley company carried 1,783 passengers."

D. Turner: "So?"

D. Sims: "I was one of them."

* * *

"I got those socks you knitted for me," wrote Percy to Evelyn "but I love you just the same."

The Mailman

Magazines received by Maynard High School:

Mirror
Argus
Salemica
The Voice
The Thurberettes
The Western Graphic
Chatterbox
Thesaurus

* * *

What we think of others:

Mirror—Very interesting, very good stories and poems.

The "Gossip" column is particularly good.

Chatterbox—Though small, it contains many interesting items.

The Western Graphic —This is a semi-monthly newspaper out of the West which makes a girl want to attend school there. The pictures are excellent.

Thurberettes—This magazine contains an excellent literary section. The only item it lacks is snapshots.

Thesaurus—This magazine holds one's interest from the first page right to the advertisements. Fashion Fancies was a particularly interesting item. Good literary section.

Murdock Murmurs—The editorials are excellent. Contains a fine collection of poems and stories. Congratulations goes especially to David Salsay for writing such an excellent Ballad.

The Voice—The editorial section of this paper is very well-presented. Filled with many interesting items for the students.

* * *

What others think of us:

The Screech Owl, Maynard High School—Congrats on your 1947 year book! It is certainly a fine one. The jokes and other humorous features made enjoyable reading. The snapshots are unique. We suggest a few more stories and poems.

Thanks to Murdock Murmurs

* * *

Fashion

Each sign of fashion draws my eyes
The Gibson collar, floppy ties
And long skirts down below the knee
Seem very out-of-date to me.

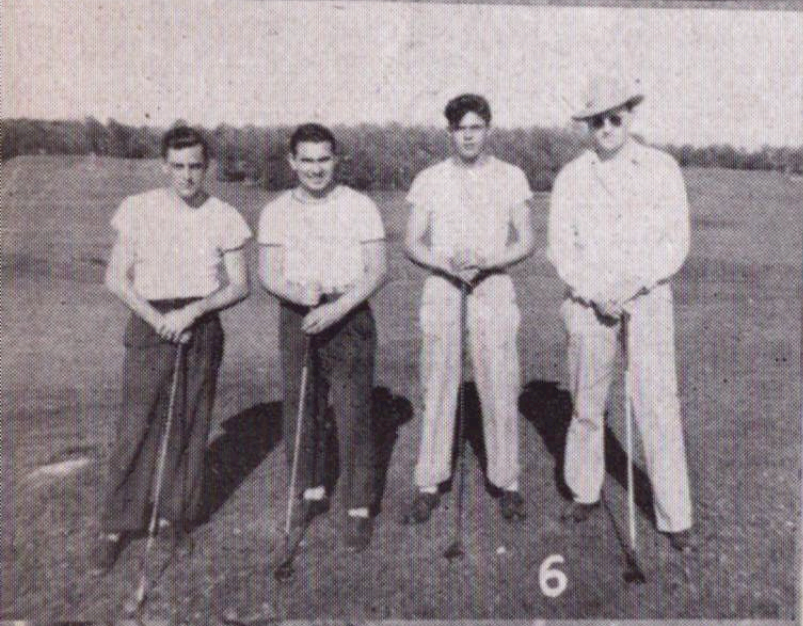
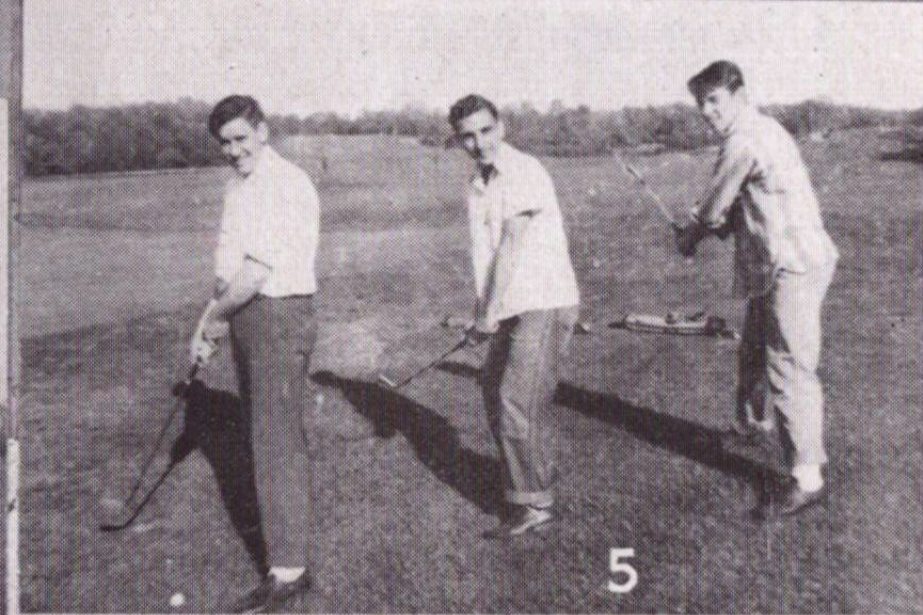
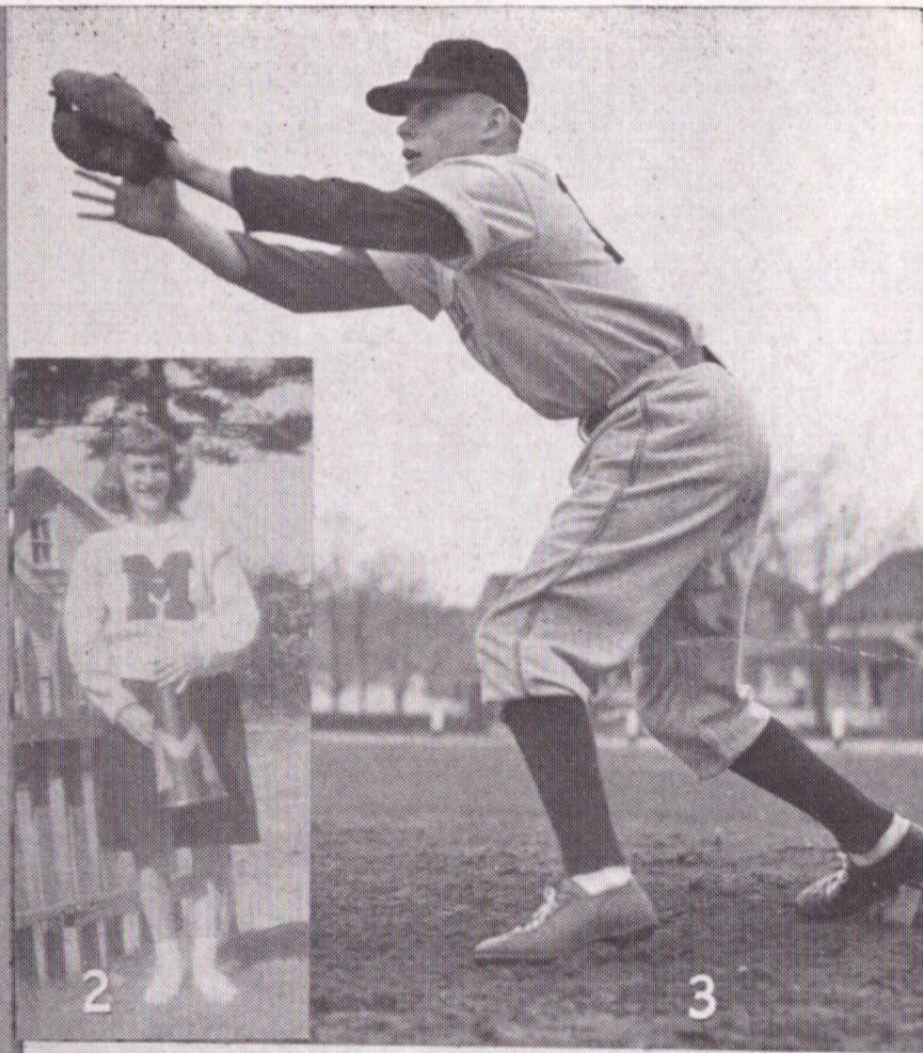
Now new styles replace the old
Sloppy bobby sox that fold
And wrinkle in the scuffy mocs'
That slip and slide when each girl walks.

And yet the new styles have much grace
And when girls walk in dainty pace
The long skirts seem to give them poise
Although complained about by boys.

So think it over pretty quick,
Girls, don't you think this style will click?

Thanks to Mirror!

NANCY STALHER, '48



OUR SPORTING
WORLD

1. Co-Cpts. — 1948.

2. Cheerleader and
Spelling Champ.

3. We're Sure It's Gene.

4. Two Linemen — Two
Backs.

5. Keep Your Eyes on
the Ball.

6. A Winning Four-
some.

7. One Up At The End
of Nine.

8. Coach and Co-Cpts.

OUR SOCIAL WORLD

1. Come And Get It!
2. Testing The Props.
3. Scene (seen) in the Lab.
4. A Sophisticated Soph.
5. Did She Land It?
6. Prize Waltzers.
7. The Master of Fun and Wit.
8. En route to Nantasket.
9. Ship Ahoy—Mates!
10. A Frosh.
11. Down Memory Lane.
12. A Smile Will Go A Long, Long Way.
13. It's our Barbara.
14. Hi Joan!
15. Another Frosh—but Not for Long.
16. A Powers Pose.
17. Field Hockey—Time Out.
18. Carefree Days (Daze).
19. Where's The Accordion, Albert?
20. The King and Queen—A. A. Frolic.
21. The Entertainers.



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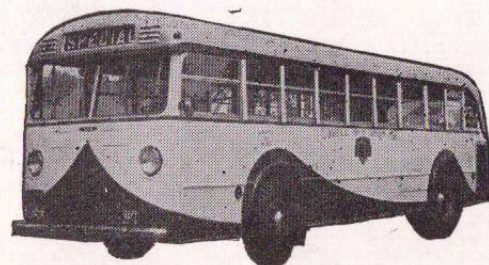
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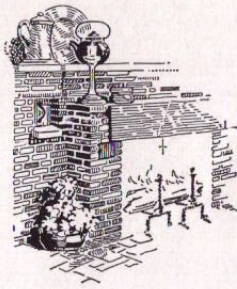
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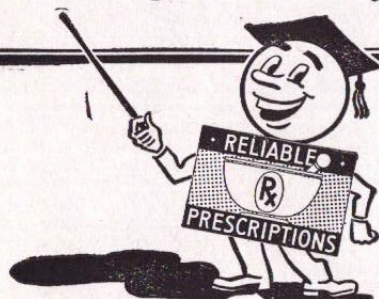
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