



THE Screech Owl

December - 1946



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AUDITORIUM

Maynard High School

The Screech Owl

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

DECEMBER, 1946

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THE NEW MEMBERS
OF OUR FACULTY



Miss Ann Kennally

Mr. Stanley Bondelevitch

Mr. Fred Mattioli



IT'S UP TO YOU

Why is it that a great many of the high school students of today lack the ambition and the desire for a higher learning? A large number of them have only hazy ideas about what they are going to do after they graduate, and what is worse, they are not in the least bit concerned about it. They are perfectly content to glide along through the four years of high school, doing only a minimum of homework and just barely passing.

Could this attitude be the fault of the schools? No, not when we consider how much the schools are doing to make students realize the importance of a good high school education and plans for the future. City schools offer guidance courses on a large scale where one may study each phase of the occupation in which he is interested, and upon graduation go out into the world knowing what requirements he must meet and what obstacles he will have to face. Even the smaller schools are becoming "guidance conscious" and offer students general courses in this important subject. Such courses not only make students think about their future, but they also give them the incentive to study harder while in high school so as to be all the better prepared for their future.

Next we must take into consideration the parents. Could they be responsible for this attitude? Hardly, when it is a well-known fact that practically all mothers and fathers have big plans for their sons and daughters, and picture them as successful musicians, doctors, teachers, or lawyers. Parents with such dreams surely realize the importance of a good high school education as a basis for the many years of study ahead; but their advice, though freely offered, is not always freely accepted. Students, for the most part, continue merrily along their way, doing only what they are forced to do, and not even that if there is any possible way of getting out of it. They simply shrug their shoulders and mutter something about "too much advice" and "times have changed." What they can't seem to realize is that this advice is offered by people who learned the hard way and who are eager to spare their children the headaches and heartaches that they once faced. No, we can't blame this attitude entirely on the parents, either.

Since there are three forces involved, the school—parents—and the students—and since we have absolved the school and the parents, upon whom can the fault lay, if not upon the students?

The school has done its part; the parent has done his. Now what about you?

ELINOR R. CASE, '47



THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU

I first met Jake about six months ago. There was nothing extraordinary about the way we met. There I was, old Mike Flannery, coming home from work, as usually. It was just a little darker and the usual air of gloom around Pier 83 seemed heavier. A cold must slithered about and only the eerie blast of a foghorn broke the heavy silence.

Now don't get the idea I'm afraid of the dark or of the pier district—. It isn't that at all, because I've worked as a stevedore for almost thirty years. You know, a job like that keeps me going all hours of the night. Well, as I approached the Gilded Lily Saloon, I heard an unusual commotion, so I stood listening to see if I could find out what was going on. The barman came out holding Jake by the scruff of his neck and tossed him out shouting, "Scram! We don't allow the likes of you around here."

Jake, I didn't know his name was Jake then, just lay there and shivered. I know I should have left him there, but he looked so downcast that I couldn't resist going to his aid. I approached him with hand outstretched and said, "Hi, there, fella. Kick you out, did they?"

Mutely he stared, then turned away.

"Now, look, boy, don't be like that. Have you got a home?"

He gave a shudder that might have been a bitter laugh, but I received no answer to that query, either.

"Listen, come home with me. I guess I can afford to feed another mouth."

He looked at me suspiciously, but slowly got to his feet. He followed a short way behind me; and so Jake came to live with me.

At first he would peer at me when I was absorbed in thought or in some task, but as soon as I would glance his way, he would shift and gaze in another direction. It was as though he were trying to understand my motives for sheltering him. I won't say he was ungrateful. It was just that no one had ever treated him kindly before and he didn't know how to react to the gentle treatment.

Well, I guess life would have gone on then in the usual way for us—. I would have worked so that Jake and I would have a home. And Jake? Well, I guess he would have just stayed on, eating my food, sharing my shelter, but never showing any affection toward me.

Just about a week ago, I decided to surprise Jake, and after standing in line for three hours at a meat market, I was able to buy a large, juicy steak. I was in a jocular mood as I wended my way homeward thinking of how Jake's eyes would light up when he saw the steak.

When I arrived home Jake seemed glad to see me, but did not utter any greeting. His joy seemed boundless when he saw the surprise. I decided that we would need onions with the steak, so I left the meat exposed on the table, and told Jake I'd be right back from the store.

Reaching home again, I called to Jake but received no response. To my surprise, when I went into the kitchen, I found both Jake and the steak gone. It was evident what had happened. Jake had taken his opportunity to desert me and to take something of value from me.

Well, there's nothing more to tell. Perhaps you will benefit from my sad experience. Never take a stray dog into your home—. Oh, well, that's gratitude for you!

ISABELLA KOSKI, '47

* * *

FOR BOYS ONLY

There have been countless rules and regulations written on etiquette and good behavior at a dance. Many people have tried to follow these and have become rather confused. But these rules and suggestions which I am about to make are convenient and can easily be followed.

I. If, when dancing you accidentally bump into someone, it is permissible to give that person a

violent kick in the shins, provided that you don't know the person, that you don't miss your target and kick his partner instead, and that your partner doesn't see you.

II. After dancing with a girl, it is customary to thank her for the dance and escort her to her seat. It is not advisable to ask her where she wants to sit and proceed to give her a violent shove in that direction.

III. When asking a girl for a dance it is extremely inadvisable to whistle or to beckon to her from across the hall. Besides, the wrong one might come and you might be stuck with Lena-the-Hyena or a reasonable facsimile.

IV. During ladies' choice, if you have the misfortune to be asked by a girl whom you do not particularly admire, it is considered bad taste to ask her in a sarcastic voice, "Are you kiddin'?"

V. If a girl asks you to a dance which her club is sponsoring, do not, under any conditions, ask her, "When's the funeral?" If you can't wriggle out of going with her, submit like a gentleman. Neither will it be considered polite if you need a day or two to make up your mind, hoping to get a better offer. The girls never do!

VI. If you accidentally step on a girl's feet, do not ask her if those are her big feet upon which you are stepping—even if they are big.

VII. At a dance one is expected to dance, not march around in time with the music. Many a mile has been paced in that auditorium and been passed off as dancing.

VIII. You will be forgiven if you don't arrive at dances on the stroke of eight. You'll be allowed a few minutes longer to put on your tie and suit coat. Your willingness to arrive on time and to start dancing is commendable. But we'll allow you the few extra minutes in which to finish dressing.

IX. If you meet a girl at a dance whom you would like to escort home, ask her. If she says no, don't follow her all the way home, stepping on her heels at every step she takes.

You may wind up with a black eye if she really doesn't like you. If she does like you,—well, we're getting off the subject.

NORMA O'NEIL, '49

A DREAMER'S LIFE

(Dedicated to myself)

Strange—how my eyes grow dim again
as blurred visions cross my face,
And once again I leave this earth
to fly out into space.

I spread my wings and dip down low
in salute to all sights I see,
Gazing at each object 'til it becomes
a phantom, drifting hopelessly.

I want to tarry along the way
just long enough to be
A lovely ballerina—
or a sailor out at sea.

But first I'll be a *senorita*
listening to my senior play
An enchanting little violin
to which I'll swing and sway.

And then I'll visit England,
walk out along the moors.
Or maybe be a King or Queen,
and throw gold upon the floors.

I won't forget to go to France
and visit gay Paris,
To listen closely to such chants,
As, "Voilà la belle Julie."

The visions are getting dimmer now
so I must fly once more
Through heavy layers of floating clouds
Back to my own front door.

So another dream has ended,
and I must settle down to be
A funny little person
Whom you all know as me.

JULIE D'AMICO, '47

* * *

NEVER AGAIN

Never again! Nope, never will I help other people out. I used to be kind, nice to people and all that, but no more. I learned my lesson. The milk of human kindness is sour in my stomach and I'll tell you why

It was spring, the little birds singing, the flowers was growing. The old world was coming to life and I was walking through the park communing with

Mother Nature. Then I comes to a bench that was a little distance away from the others. A guy was sitting on it and a lotta kids were running around him.

I feel sorry for him, so big-hearted me stops to say hello to him and his kids. He smiles up at me sorta grateful like, as if I was doin' him a big favor.

"You like children," he sez to me.

"Yeah, I love little kiddies. I wisht I had some of me own." I'm making conversation, mind ya. Personally I can take kids or leave 'em and I'd just as soon leave 'em.

"Oh thank goodness!" sez the little guy. He kinda reminded me of a rabbit. "Would you please watch the children for a minute? I have some business to attend to—I'll be right back."

Then he jumps up before I can say yes or no and runs down the path, so there ain't anything I can do but stay there with the kids. I have a sense of honor where wimmin and kids is concerned, so I sits down and talks to the kids.

An hour later I'm yelling at the brats to shut up. They was tearing me and mother Nature apart. Another hour goes by and I begins to think something fishy's going on, so I asks the oldest kid what's up. He don't say a thing — just looks at me. Then a cop comes along reading a newspaper. This cop looks at his paper, then he looks at the kid in front of me, then he looks at me. I gets to feeling like a criminal, as if I had kidnapped all these little kids.

"You're under arrest," yells the cop and before I can move, he's got handcuffs on me. "Come along you. Come with me, children."

We all follow him out of the park and he calls for a couple of squad cars. The cars come. The kids get in one and me and the cop gets in the other. I don't know what's up and everything I asks the cop he tells me to shut up.

At the station I don't see the kids no more, but I gets booked with a cell all to myself. It's only the next morning that I finds out why I'm in this time. The cops don't tell me; I reads it in the paper. They was big headlines saying, "Children Kidnapped from Museum Tour." The call was out all day until I was picked up with the kids.

At the trial I tells 'em the whole true story but they don't believe me. I can't get the kids to tell 'em the truth either. So I gets sentenced for twenty to thirty years for kidnapping 'cause of what they calls "circumstantial evidence."

This is my nineteenth year in the pen, sonny. Nineteen years for something I didn't do, and you wonder why I'm sour on life?

BARBARA PARKER, '47

* * *

CASES AT THE BAT

How changed our family life is since the baseball season began and the Boston Red Sox started on the road to the pennant-ville! A year ago this time, our family was leading an ordinary life (if you call family life ordinary!). Anyway, we were all completely oblivious of anything called baseball or anyone named Ted Williams.

Then six months ago it happened. Life began to change. At first you could hardly detect it, but by the middle of May, the change was very apparent. Upon coming home from work, my father, instead of inquiring what we had done at school that day as he usually did, would say, "Hey, boys! The Red Sox won again."

My brothers developed the strange habit of staying around the house afternoons instead of wandering off so far that it was impossible to find them by supper time. At first we had some heated arguments about the family's one and only radio that works. I, still ignorant of the fact that the Red Sox were a baseball club and not a hockey team, wanted to listen to the 9:20 Club. However, it was 2 to 1 against the 9:20 Club, so I didn't get my way very often.

Finally my brothers convinced me that I ought to see the Red Sox play, and one Sunday toward the end of May they took me to see my first big league game. With that game my baseball education began, and it has steadily increased with every crack of the bat.

By the middle of summer, baseball was the only topic of conversation in our house. The radio was on constantly. Bump Hadley at 6:15 was a "must" for all of us and at least one member of the family sat up till 11:25 each night to hear the final baseball results.

I became such an ardent fan by the end of July that I even purchased a portable radio so I could take sun baths and listen to the ball games at the same time.

Why, even my mother learned not to say "My, what a rough game!" when the radio announcer stated, "He broke his wrists on that one." (For

those of you who have not been bitten by the baseball bug: "He broke his wrists on that one" simply means in baseball terms that the batter bent his wrists as if to strike at the ball and then changed his mind at the last moment. See how much I've learned?

Ah, yes! Our family life has certainly changed!

ELINOR CASE, '47

* * *

ODE TO A PENCIL STUB

Ah, what things thou hast done
In this weary world of cares!
Thou hast made more journeys
Than any mortal dares.

Thou hast heard intimate conversations,
Thou hast written many a theme;
Thou hast composed notes romantic
Causing many an eye to gleam.

But now thou art so weary
And bruised and battered too;
Thy life on this fair earth
Is very nearly through.

So hail to thee, a martyr,
Though now unknown you be;
Some day this fickle world
Will rise and cheer for thee.

BARBARA PARKER, '47

* * *

AN EQUESTRIENNE IS BORN

Fourteen years ago, in the small, practically unknown town of Stow situated in the sylvan stretch of land between Hudson and Maynard, I was born. It was on a wintry day in the month of February, the date being Friday the thirteenth, nineteen hundred thirty-two, that the population of the United States was increased by one.

No one realized, looking at my then chubby, twenty-two inch frame, that I would grow to the height of five feet, eleven inches within thirteen and one half years. But, unbelievably enough, I did. That is perhaps the reason why my mother could always find me in a crowd.

My life, from the time I was born until I was eleven years of age, I consider uneventful, until on a beautiful day in September, a few days before school

was to open, something wonderful happened which was to change the whole course of my life and make me forget about everything else.

I went horseback riding with a friend for the first time. I had been riding before, but I wouldn't consider being led about on a pony really riding. That Saturday I felt like a queen. I learned to control my horse and post, which is a very important thing to learn if you are riding a horse with an English saddle and do not want to sit on pillows for a long while afterward.

For two hours I had the most wonderful time in my life and realized that horses were my ideal. From then on it was horses, horses, I couldn't concentrate on my schoolwork; movies became very boring, and everything else in the world became a blur. I went around in a daze, dreaming of horses. My new interest was thought by everyone to be just a silly infatuation.

Then one day in the *Daily Record* I read of an art contest which was being sponsored by that paper. For three long years I tried in vain to win a prize. Then, on the last day of the contest in the fourth year, I hurriedly sent in my entry. My hopes had long since deserted me and all I could do was to pray that I would win a prize, even if it were not the pinto horse.

Some days later, while reading the list of winners, I noticed a name that resembled mine. Yes, there it was: "SECOND PRIZE—NORMA MARTINSEN." After looking again to make sure, I joyously announced the good news to my parents. The following Saturday, with one of my friends, I was on my way to the rodeo with the two box seat tickets which had been given to me by the *Daily Record*. And when Roy Rogers presented me with the second prize, a beautiful Stetson hat autographed by him, and shook my hand, my heart fairly jumped for joy.

Finally my love for horses grew to such heights that my emotions were uncontrollable. I wanted a horse as I had never wanted anything in this world. Closely I scrutinized the horse ads every Sunday and planned how I would earn the money to keep my horse once I got it. I gave up horseback riding and spent many an hour "talking" to the horses on Red Acre Farm in Stow, a rest home for horses run by a group of very kind-hearted people.

Soon I became acquainted with the lady who lived in the large white house near the barn. I told this woman, one of the organizers of Red Acre Farm, of my love for horses, and she, being very under-

standing, sympathized with me. In the end it was this kind, elderly woman who helped me to get the spirited little black mare which I now have. Also, if it were not for my parents, the most understanding and sacrificial ones in this world, I probably would be the unhappiest, rather than the happiest girl alive. My horse Yobe and I have been going steady for exactly twelve months at the present time and we celebrated our first anniversary on November the third, nineteen hundred and forty-six.

I still have three years of high school to complete, but I am already planning my future. Once I wanted to be a private secretary, thinking I might even get the position of sitting on the boss's knee; but realize now that I want my future to include horses, so I hope that I shall be able to have a riding school and send people home, not sitting on pillows, but with the satisfaction that they are learning to become equestrians, also.

NORMA MARTINSEN, '50

* * *

CONFESSIONS IN FRESHMAN ENGLISH

In the first grade our teacher was good to us. Her name was Miss Healy. I brought her an apple every day but my mother had to stop me because we were running out of apples.

Robert Holly

What! Apple polishing so young!

Since the first grade my nickname has been "Bony." If you have ever seen me you know why.

Joan Hinds

Would that we had been there, too.

I can just hear my mother's friends exclaim, "Isn't she cute and fat!" Mother told me a baby looks healthy when its fat. All I can say to that is I certainly must have been a healthy baby.

A. Weckstrom

Cheer up! Napoleon did all right.

Since I am of the female sex I cannot tell my age, but I wish I were twenty-one.

Rose Buscemi

And at 21?

Then came high school! My first day I was afraid to turn around.

Betty Howe

Oh, for the good old days!

The best part of the day was when Norma went out in the middle of the arena at Boston Garden to meet Roy Rogers and receive her prize.

J. Paananen

Wheaties?

In the eighth grade we had dancing lessons every Wednesday evening from 6:30 to 7:30 for ten consecutive weeks. I had a wonderful time even though I made many mistakes.

B. Priest

Save the first dance for me!

I was a bouncing baby boy; I got that way because everyone dropped me once too often.

R. Dargiewicz

Good squash player, eh?

Two cartons of cigarettes was the amount my father smoked on that fatal morning of January 2, 1932. He changed to cigars after he saw me. Cigarettes have made him feel sick ever since.

A. Viola

What is it now, Scoop, a pipe?

The proudest day of my life came when I graduated into the second grade.

F. Penniman

Wait til 1950!

On one occasion when my sister was invited to a party and was almost ready, I took her party dress and threw it into a bath tub full of water. This made her and my mother very angry.

D. Dimery

Can't understand why!

At the age of five I was in a "kiddies" beauty contest. No comments. You must realize that a lot can happen in nine years.

M. O'Connell

Oh what a beautiful baby!

When I was five years old my parents wanted me to go to school. Children my age were allowed to go if they could pass a test. I took the test and was asked if a mule could kick me and if I could tie my shoe string.

G. Parker

"and" or "while"?

A PERCEPTION BY NIGHT

A shrill whistle
pierces the air,
a long black form
that glistens in
the dark looms out
in the distance;

Although indistinctly, a faint wavering light is
dimly seen,
and like a huge worm, crawling on its belly, it
slips on through the soft night,
the sleek dark phantom
of the midnight train.

JULIE D'AMICO, '47

* * *

MEMORIES

M onday mornings gloomy and blue
E ndless homework everyday
M arks we strive so hard for
O utside activities
R eport cards and red tickets
I ncomplete work
E xaminations
S ports and socials

These are the memories that never will die;
These are our memories of Maynard High.

ANN MARIE MORTON, '47

* * *

WHO CAME BACK?

That dingy house upon the hill
Is haunted, so I'm told,
'Cause late at night when stars are bright,
The ghosts in it unfold
And float around that old graveyard,
'A singin' in the cold.
So don't ask *me* to explore that place!
Do you think I'm that bold?

C'mon, let's go! I get the creeps
Just *lookin'* at that place!
Oh, well, okay, if you insist,
I'll tag along in case —
But something tells me now, that when
We get there we'll be chased
By ghosts, and haunts, and goblins, and —
Say, you've a determined face!

I'll let *you* go knock at the door.
If you don't mind, I'll wait
Right over there where I'll be safe,
Just outside the old gate —
But then, on second thought, I'll go,
'Cause being alone I hate.
I wish that you would change your mind.
Soon it may be too late.

Hey, wait for me! Oh, gee, he's gone
Inside and I'm alone!
I'm right behind you — on your heels!
Good gosh, that door does groan!
Huh? Where'd he go? Hey, Johnny — Hey?
Gulp! What's that funny moan?
It sounds like ghosts—John can't be far—
I wish that I were home!

Hey, John! Yoo-hoo! Hey, there! John-ny!
An echo's all I hear!
Now I can plainly understand
Why this house causes fear!
There goes that moan again — *I'm scared!*
It comes from over here.
I'm not leaving till I find him.
How did he disappear?

I thought I heard that weird crying
In this vicinity.
My gosh, it's dark! I'll watch my step
'Cause I can barely see.
I — HELP! I'm falling through the floor!
KER-ASH! My back! My knee!
YEOW! Who's breathing on my neck?!!
I think it's time to flee!!

But I'm so scared I'm petrified,
I can't get on my feet!
Who — who is that? What do you want?
It's WHO? Why John! We meet!
Oh, brother, am I glad it's you,
And not a ghost I greet!
You frightened me out of my skin,
My heart quadrupled its beat!

I thought that I would soon pass out
With horror and with fear;
So you fell through that decayed floor,
And that's how you got here?
And that was you moanin' away?
Well, now I'm glad that's clear!
But just the same I've got the creeps,
So LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!

RAYMOND VAN VORSE, '47

THE CONQUERED PRINCE

There dwelt in a town not long ago
A lad — handsome and tall.
He was the prince of each maid's dream,
But he was indifferent to all.

Not one of the lasses appealed to him,
Thus was his manly refrain;
There wasn't a girl who could call him her own,
Not one in his heart did reign.

He had an idol, nevertheless,
An idol he could not find,
A girl who was fair and slender and sweet,
A princess — pure and kind.

Somehow, however, this girl of his dreams,
Seemed only to live in his heart,
Until one day he found that he
Had been touched by Cupid's dart.

She wasn't as glamorous as he had hoped,
But her beauty was nature's own,
She was far from royal, but her twinkling eyes,
Were more friendly than he'd ever known.

Her hair was long and golden,
Her eyes were cerulean blue,
Her laugh was like music to him,
She was his dream come true.

Strange how he'd never seen her,
Seen her as he saw her now,
For he had known her from childhood,
But they'd never really met, somehow.

'Till now, he had always been busy,
With studies, sports, and all,
And high school had something special,
Football in the fall!

But now that he'd found his sweetheart,
The world would be his evermore;
For he had found his princess —
She was the girl next door.

SHIRLEY E. WILCOX, '48

* * *

LAMENTATIONS OF AN ANT

What a useless life an ant must lead,
Insignificant as my long lost bead,
Busily carrying food to his sandy pit
Then along comes man to step on it.

JULIE D'AMICO

Looking Back

The Alumni column is dedicated this year to the valedictorians of the past ten years.

Elfrieda M. Dittrich, 1936. Frieda studied stenotyping at the Winslow Secretarial School for two years and is now employed as a hearing stenographer at the Division of Employment Security, Board of Review in Boston.

Laura Salminen, 1937. Laura, after graduating, went to an Art School in New York. She was a fashion designer in both New York and Boston. Laura is now married to Arthur Cochran.

Mary Latva, 1938. After graduating in 1938, Mary trained at Massachusetts General Hospital. Now Mrs. Willard Rawn, she lives in Maynard.

Irene Morrill, 1939. After graduation Irene worked as a secretary for the L. J. Peabody Company. She then took a position in St. Louis. Irene is now married to C. J. Mahan and has two children.

Benjamin Gudzinowicz, 1940. Bennie was the popular editor of the SCREECH OWL for 1940. Bennie entered the Army Air Corps and served for three years and he is now majoring in chemistry at Clark University.

Jean Davis, 1941. Jean went to Boston University College of Practical Arts and Letters, graduating in 1943. She then went to work for the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company where she is still employed.

Irma Koivu, 1942. After graduating Irma worked for the Optical Company in Southbridge. She then

took a Civil Service exam and has been working for the government at the Ammunition Dump in Maynard.

Helen Kuprianchik, 1943. Helen was formerly employed at the local War Price and Rationing Board. At present she is a bookkeeper-teller at the Maynard Trust Company.

Helmi Kulmala, 1944. Helmi graduated from the Katherine Gibbs School in 1946. Now married to Mr. H. Salo, a commercial artist, she lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Walter Johnson, 1945. Mike, the popular all around football and baseball star, is now in the Army, stationed at Louisville Hospital, Fort Knox, Kentucky, where his present task is giving blood tests. He expects to be discharged from the Army in January; then Mike intends to go to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In 1946 highest honors were shared for the first time when Helen Ketola and Eileen Bell had exactly the same average.

Eileen Bell, 1946. Eileen was known in school as the girl that rings a "bell" with her brain. She is now attending Boston University, taking the Liberal Arts Course, and majoring in Chemistry.

Helen Ketola, 1946. Helen, well known for her A's is also attending Boston University. She, too, is taking the Liberal Arts Course, majoring in Chemistry.

NANCY STALKER, '49
RACHEL KETO, '50



Activities

November Assembly

Our Armistice Day Assembly, under the direction of Miss Tierney, was held on Friday, November 8. Although it was a short program, it was an interesting and inspiring one.

The program, with Robert Priest as Master of Ceremonies, opened with the salute to the flag by the Sophomore class president, Robert Ojalehto. This was followed by a chorus of "America the Beautiful" by the student body.

"Armistice," the opening poem of the program, was recited by Nancy Stalker and this was followed by a beautiful vocal solo, "There's A Long, Long, Trail" by Joan Bumpus. The singers were accompanied on the piano by Jean Stein.

A poem "Christ of the Andes," recited by Norma O'Neil preceded the National Anthem, which was sung at the close of the program by the entire group.

In a short speech at the end of the program, Mr. White informed us that the assembly had been prepared on very short notice. Our compliments to those who prepared it and to those who took part.

* * *

Senior Social

On Friday, September 20, the seniors held the first social of the year.

As a precaution against fire, the decorations were limited to covers for the lights. These, in a soft shade of green with white, added a festive touch to the hall.

Music was furnished by Salamone's Orchestra, and during intermission refreshments were served in the Gymnasium.

The dance committee under the supervision of Miss Wilson included George Luker, William Bain, Fred Wasiluk, Albert Goodrich, William Gruber, Vincent Russo, Ardelle Kane, Charlotte Lehto, Barbara Grigas, Doris Dionne, and Helen Arcisz.

Atomic Assembly

Rumors are flying that we are living in the Atomic Age. So, was it not fitting that we begin our school year with an assembly related to atoms and atom bombs? We thought so, and did.

The program, based on John Hersey's accounts of the effects of the atom bomb on Hiroshima as described in an August edition of the *New Yorker*, was directed by Miss Wilson.

The program follows:

Introduction	Anne Marie Morton
Reverend Tanimoto	Albert Goodrich
Mrs. Nakamura	Constance Whitney
Song—"He's Going to Marry Yum Yum" From <i>The Mikado</i>	
Julia D'Amico, Vivian Helander, Frances D'Amico	
Dr. Fujii	Doris Dionne
Father Kleinsurge	Alfons Krysieniel
Song—"Mr. Chic-o-ric-oran"—By the Kyoski Sisters	
Kepi and Keli, the belles of Tokyo.	
Patricia Higgins, Teresa White	
Dr. Sasaki	Barbara Grigas
Miss Toshito Sasaki	Helen Arcisz
Clarinet Solo —	
"Nagasaki"	Edgar Olsen
"Japanese Sandman"	Edgar Olsen
Conclusion	Anne Marie Morton

May we offer congratulations on behalf of the entire school to Miss Wilson and her cast for this thought provoking and timely assembly.



WHO'S WHO AT M. H. S.

FIRST ROW
Charge of the Heavy Brigade



SECOND ROW
Worth watching



THIRD ROW
Exercise for beauty?



- FOURTH ROW
1. Punt Formation.
 2. Rain or shine — they're still divine.
 3. Pals.



FIFTH ROW
"They also serve"

FIRST ROW

1. Is he late, Lil?
2. Eyes on books!!
3. How's Betty?
4. Come on, Concord.



SECOND ROW

1. Waiting his turn.
2. Recognize him?
3. A happy family.
4. Leap Frog.
5. They Keep Us Warm.
6. A Pensive Mood.



THIRD ROW

1. Secretaries of '48.
2. The Green Years.
3. Mad?
4. A Geometric Study.



Junior Social

The Junior Class held its first dance of the year on Friday, November 8, 1946. The decorations of autumn colors adorning the lights were appropriate for the occasion.

All enjoyed the music which was furnished by Salamone's Orchestra. Although the crowd was small, everyone had a good time.

* * *

Hallowe'en Party

On Thursday evening, October 31 a Hallowe'en Party was held in the George Washington Auditorium for the high school students. This, the second Hallowe'en Party sponsored by the townspeople of Maynard, proved to be a success.

Everyone enjoyed the music furnished for dancing by Frank Downen, Guy Ferrara, and Edgar Olsen. We are deeply appreciative to those boys who gave up much of their own entertainment at the party to ensure ours.

During the course of the evening there were many novelty dances which provided fun for all, both those who took part in them and those who remained on the "sidelines" as spectators.

During intermission ice cream, tonic, doughnuts, and cookies were served in the Gym.

Prizes which were awarded for the prettiest, funniest and the most original costumes, were won by the following people:

Prettiest Costume	Viola Hytonen
Funniest Costume	John Tobin
Most Original Costume	Barbara Johnson

The high school students are grateful to the townspeople of Maynard and to those who assisted them

in making this year's Hallowe'en Party an extremely interesting and pleasant affair.

* * *

A. A. Social

The Athletic Association held its usual successful dance on October 19, 1946. The dance committee composed of students engaged in the various sports, was directed by Coach Lawson.

The decorations were gay and typical of the fall. Tonic and cookies were served in the gym during intermission. Music furnished by Salamone's Orchestra helped make the dance a huge success.

ALICE KOSKELA, '48

GLORIA NOVICK, '48

* * *

RALLIES

To encourage our team before its meeting with Hudson the next night, the students of Maynard High School held a night rally on October 3. There were Roman candles to give light and the usual cheers by our cheer leaders. Short talks were given by Coach Lawson and Coach Bondelevitch. This rally really pepped up the team for they had a glorious victory Friday night!

We have since had two more rallies, preceding the Concord and Marlboro games. The coaches were again called upon to give speeches, as were several of the football team, including Vincent Russo, Fred Wasiluk, George Luker, Roger Spurrell, Carlo Mariani, Michael Popienuck, "Pinky" Tomyl, and others. The cheer leaders led the student body in the cheers throughout the rally.

GLORIA NOVICK, '48

ALICE KOSKELA, '48



eSports



FOOTBALL SQUAD

First row, left to right: Coach S. Bondelvitich, W. O'Toole, P. Greeno, G. Luker, A. Tomyl, W. Bain, F. Veracka, Co-Captain V. Russo, Co-Captain F. Wasiluk, W. Gruber, E. Olsen, V. Oskirka, E. Arcieri, J. Porazzo, D. Higgins, Assistant Coach, R. Lawson

Second row: A. Viola, R. Case, G. Ferrara, P. Hogan, V. Tomyl, L. White, R. Spurrell, C. Maniani, M. Popieniuck, C. Carbary, D. Nelson, D. Weir, P. Kivikoski, C. Foley, G. Robinson, J. Robinson, F. Case.

Maynard 12 — Ashland 6 **September 28, 1946**

A fiery new powerhouse of Maynardites helped the debut of their new coach, Stan Bondelevitch, by downing a stubborn Ashland team at Alumni Field.

Maynard boasted speed in George Luker and plenty of aerial ability in Fred Wasiluk, who was a big factor in the Maynard victory.

Maynard scored twice in the first period when Tomyl recovered a fumble on the twenty yard line. Co-Captain Russo carried to the twelve and from there Luker skirted the end for the first score. A few minutes later Wasiluk bulled his way over for Maynard's final score. Ashland came fighting back and scored but was unable to catch the Maynard eleven, who held till the end of the game.

George Luker and Fred Wasiluk were outstanding for Maynard's backfield, while carrying the brunt of the battle in the line were Roger Spurrell and Al Tomyl.

Maynard showed a new spirit which promises a successful season.

Maynard 19 — Hudson 0 **October 4, 1946**

Maynard, fresh from its victory over Ashland on September 28, ventured to Riverside Park in Hudson for a game under the lights. Maynard was tense as Hudson was the favorite. Maynard won the toss and elected to receive. On the first play from scrimmage Maynard fumbled and Hudson recovered. It looked bad for a while but Maynard's hard-charging line, led by Bill Gruber and Carlo Mariani, foiled Hudson's try for a touchdown. A field goal was missed and Maynard took possession of the ball on the twenty and marched 80 yards to a score, with Fred Wasiluk passing to his able receiver, George Luker, to bring the ball to the four yard line. On the first play Freddy carried the ball over for the first score. Freddy converted and the score was 7 to 0 in our favor.

Hudson made no progress and Maynard took over once more and through the efforts of our great pass combination were able to score before the half. At the half the score was Maynard 13, Hudson 0.

Late in the third period Maynard scored again when Luker, taking a punt on his own 45, raced downfield behind good blocking to score. The gallant first team left the field to let Maynard's second team try its skill. In the line the play was dominated by Bill Gruber's and Carlo Mariani's fine play.

Concord 19 — Maynard 0 **October 12, 1946**

A big, husky, powerful Concord High team leading all contenders for the Class D title went up the ladder one more rung by handing Maynard its first loss of the season. Concord had the stronger team but through the efforts of such Maynard stars as George Luker, Fred Wasiluk, Mike Popienuck, and Bill Wehkoja, we were able to keep the score 19-0. Although Maynard was outplayed in every period, the Maynard townspeople can well be proud of their team who went down to defeat under overwhelming odds.

Maynard 41 — Chelmsford 14 **October 26, 1946**

Maynard High School exploded with all the fury of an atomic bomb and won a dazzling victory over Chelmsford by the count of 41 to 14.

It was just a matter of how high the score would be as Maynard scored in every period with George Luker doing the honors on three scores. The first score was an eighty-eight yard jaunt by George, who scored on eighteen and fifty-four yard runs respectively. The rest of the scoring was done by Co-Captains Fred Wasiluk and Vinnie Russo. The other touchdown was scored by Al (Scoop) Viola who has come through in a great cause. Maynard was never in danger, though, as the subs were playing when Chelmsford scored its touchdowns.

Not enough credit can be given Roger Spurrell for his outstanding work in the line. He is one of the best linemen that Maynard has seen in many years. Honors in this game should also go to Billy Gruber and Vic Oskirka.

Maynard 18 — Natick 13 **November 2, 1946**

Showing the fire and determination that have been inspired in them by their new coach, Maynard came up with a well deserved victory over Natick — a victory which has been awaited for many years.

Maynard scored first on a run by Fritz Wasiluk which climaxed an 80 yard march. Before the half, Maynard had scored again and it was the same Mr. Wasiluk who finally carried over for the second score to make it 12 to 0.

Natick scored on a pass as the second half opened but Maynard came blazing back with Wasiluk throwing a 20 yard pass to Carlo Mariani for Maynard's

third and final score. Natick scored again but we were never in too dangerous a position as the subs finished the game.

On the whole it was the brilliant plays of Wasiluk and Bill Tobin who sparked the Maynard underdogs. Also playing fine ball was Co-Captain Vin Russo who was removed from the game because of injuries.

In the line it was Ralph Case who played a smashing game at center, while at tackle another great exhibition was given by Roger Spurrell.

Marlboro 20 — Maynard 6

November 11, 1946

For the second time this year Maynard met more than its match when it took on the strong, huge, hard-charging team from Marlboro.

Our great combination of George Luker and Fred Wasiluk was stopped cold by this Marlboro team, but had it not been for the prowess of the pair in backing up the line, the score against us would have been much higher. Marlboro had good backs, a huge line, and these two combined were too much for the Maynardites. Maynard averted a shutout by scoring on a pass play with Wasiluk doing the chucking and Luker on the receiving end.

Roger Spurrell and Co-Captain Russo played their usual slam bang game.

Maynard 6 — Milford 0

November 16, 1946

After their defeat by Marlboro, Maynard came roaring back to crush a strong Milford team and still maintain their chance at the Midland League Championship.

After a seesaw game in the first period, Maynard showed its strength by marching 58 yards to a score which was personally conducted by Fred Wasiluk who finally smashed over from the 6 yard line. After that Milford dominated the play but on successive touchdown drives was stopped by pass interceptions. The handy men here were George Luker and Bill Gruber.

Leo White played a hard game at halfback and although he was very ill, Roger Spurrell also played well. Noticeable also was the outstanding work of Billy Gruber and Pat Greeno. These two guards were all over the field making tackles with bone crushing fury. We did a great job in holding Milford in check.

Clinton 31 — Maynard 0

Thanksgiving Day and Alumni Field were the time and place for Maynard's traditional game with Clinton. There were possibly six thousand people in the stands, which is probably one of the largest crowds ever to be entertained at Alumni Field.

To get to the game in detail, the "Green Wave" handed Maynard its worse licking since these two teams have been playing each other. Clinton, showing the speed and power with which it has been able to take the Midland League Title with comparative ease, stepped to an early lead when Maynard fumbled on the first play of the game which was not to be the last, for they fumbled ten times thereafter. This is one of the excuses that we are using for the cause of our defeat. Clinton scored with ease while Maynard never threatened to dent the last white line at all. Maynard lost the services of Fred "Fritz" Wasiluk who has carried the brunt of the Maynard attack for the best part of the season. He suffered a broken collar bone in the first period and did not see action thereafter. Playing a slam bang game for Maynard was Georgie Luker who took a terrific beating but came off the gridiron like the grand sport that you all know Georgie to be. Incidentally George will captain the Maynard baseball team this spring, so you can watch for a good season.

* * *

Junior Varsity Football

Coach Bondelevitch, who all year long has been building up material for next year's team, has formed a Junior Varsity. Not having the time to drill anxious youngsters he assigned George Howes and John Veracka to give them the training that they would otherwise miss.

After drilling for a couple of weeks they were ready, and started the season by tying a larger Concord eleven. Maynard scored in the first period on a pass play from Joe MacDonald to Jerry Robinson. In the late minutes Concord tied the score and Maynard's team had to settle for a tie.

Their second game was with Clinton and they soundly trounced the "green wave" with a 12-0 victory. Maynard scored their first touchdown when Kevin Dwinell recovered a fumble on Clinton's 13 yd. line. Carrying on successive line plunges, Dave Higgins crashed over from the 4 yd. line. Maynard scored again on an end sweep with Jerry Robinson going all the way for a 70 yd. touchdown run. Ex-



CHEER LEADERS

Kneeling: H. Arcisz. *Standing:* E. Jones, D. Dionne, J. Klenola, B. Grigas, P. Blanchette, P. Higgins, T. White.

cept for a beautiful block thrown by brother Gene, he probably would not have scored. These boys really played their heart out and I'm sure that the experience they have gained will help them in the years to come.

JOHN VERACKA, '48

* * *

FOOTBALL

The other day as I walked through the corridor I noticed a poster urging students to try out for the *Screech Owl* Staff. I was intrigued by the requirements for the athletic department—"write an account of a game." Easy, here's where I could use my talents and win recognition. This is the account of the game as I saw it:

The Bears were playing the Tigers on the Bears' home field, a clear, fast track. The toss was won by the Bears and they kicked off. The Tigers' short stop caught the ball on their ten yard line, fumbled and the Bears' back-fielder recovered. He swung at the ball with his right arm and sent it flying to Bears' center, who upon catching it, ran down the field through Tigers' battery line and on to a home run. Not even the goalies were able to stop him. The score stood 6-0 at the end of the first inning as Bears' right tackle failed to gain the extra point, striking out.

Again kicking off, the Bears recovered a second fumble of the Tigers but this time the runner encountered interference. He missed a first down by a nose length. Too bad the left guard wasn't the ball carrier. His nose is long enough to make two first downs.

Back and forth went the ball, no gains made by either team. By now it was the last part of the game, the second half of the second inning.

It was Tigers' ball now. They kicked off and their halfback recovered the ball. Seeing no chance for a break through the line, the Tigers' halfback gave the ball to the Bears' center then on the clear end of the line, who, surprised by this, accepted the ball and ran down the field making a home run for the Bears. Still stunned, the halfback attempted to gain the extra point by throwing the ball over the goal line, but the interference caused a foul ball. This saved the day and ended the game in a tie, 6-6.

This is the report as I sent it in. The next day in the mail I received, courtesy of the editors, an appointment to see a local optometrist and a psychiatrist. I don't know what these men have to do with sportswriting, but opportunity knocks only once, so I'm off to keep my appointments! See you in the papers!

GLORIA NOVICK, '48

* * *

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

Listen, my classmates and you shall hear
About the football season this year,
The best we've had for a long, long time,
A good back field and a powerful line.

Now here is where my story begins
With Luker and Wasiluk, the "touchdown twins."
First Wacky centers and passes the ball
To husky Fritz, who gets 'em all;
Then a pass to Luker, that speedy racer
Who can't be caught by any chaser.

With Spurrell and Tomyll doing their stuff
The game really gets slightly rough.
Russo, Gruber, Popieniuk, too
Really prove what they can do.

And the "golddust twins"—Viola and White,
At every game, will put up a fight.
Without Greeno, Oskirka, Mariani and Bain,
There just wouldn't seem to be any game.

Let's give all the credit where credit is due,
Penniman, Skirton, and Alberi too;
All season long did they labor and work,
Never a task did we know them to shirk.

Our cheerleaders, too, over others did shine
As they danced and pranced in their conga line.
Their voices rang out at each Saturday game
When they shouted and yelled till their tonsils were
lame.

Great praise we give to our coaches three
Whose names will go down in history;
They worked till they molded a mighty eleven,
That promises victories in '47."

VIOLA HYTONEN, '48



FIELD HOCKEY SQUAD

First row: P. Blanchette, N. Stalker, P. Higgins, R. Carlson, C. Whitney, H. Arcisz, T. White, C. Lehto, E. Jones.

Second row: Miss D. Tierney, Coach, P. Murphy, M. Veracka, H. Palaima, A. Koskela, J. LeSage, D. Dionne, B. Hamilton, N. Chodynicky, B. Parker, A. M. Morton, A. Kaplan.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Field Hockey

Although hindered by a late start, poor equipment, and an unlined field, the Maynard High School field hockey team showed an enthusiastic spirit by faithful attendance at all practices. Miss Tierney undertook the task of molding a winning team out of an unorganized group of girls. We wish to thank Miss Tierney and want her to know that her efforts were appreciated by all of us.

Field Hockey Teams

FIRST TEAM

Connie Whitney, Captain
Bernice Hamilton
Patricia Higgins
Joan Le Sage
Nancy Stalker
Charlotte Lehto
Helen Arcisz
Teresa White
Doris Dionne
Helen Palaima
Elizabeth Jones

SECOND TEAM

Roberta Carlson, Captain
Alice Koskela
Marion Veracka
Nellie Chodynicky
Patricia Murphy
Ann Marie Morton
Phyllis Blanchette
Barbara Parker
Veronica Krysieniel
Jane Dockerty
Lillian Hickey

Manager—Ardelle Kane

Assistant Manager—Janet Klemola

First Game

Acton at Maynard, October 16, 1946

First team Maynard 1 Acton 0
Second team Maynard 2 Acton 0

The girls opened the season this year with a victory for both teams over Acton. Although Acton put up a good fight, Maynard fought harder and defeated the strong opposition. The only goal for the first team was made by Teresa White.

Jane Dockerty made both goals for the second team.

Second Game

Weston at Maynard, October 23, 1946

First team Maynard 1 Weston 1
Second team Maynard 0 Weston 0

In this game the teams played valiantly but left the field with a tied score. The first team led their rivals by one point made by Helen Arcisz, until the last few minutes of the second half when Weston came through with a fast goal making the score 1-1.

Neither of the second teams was able to score in this game.

Third Game

Maynard at Weston October 30, 1946

First team Maynard 1 Weston 0
Second team—Maynard 1 Weston 0

On Wednesday, October 30, we journeyed to Weston for a return game, determined that this game would not end in a tie. With the absence of "Lois", the all-famous Weston half back, we had nothing to fear. During the first half it looked like a scoreless game, but in the second half the girls really began to play, and Helen Arcisz scored the first and only goal of the game.

The seconds also scored in the last half with a goal made by Jane Dockerty.

Fourth Game

Maynard at Acton November 6, 1946

First team Maynard 2 Acton 0

Second team Maynard 2 Acton 0

As a result of our warlike practices we were without a first team goal keeper for this game. After switching this girl and that, and calling in one of the ever faithful subs, we finally had two full teams. After some hard fighting the first team scored in the second half. The goals were made by Helen Arcisz and Teresa White.

The second team also came out on top in this game with two goals made by Josie Cutaia and Jane Dockerty.

Fifth Game

Concord at Maynard November 13, 1946

First team Maynard 0 Concord 1

Second team Maynard 1 Concord 0

It was a cold, clear day and everyone was ready for this—the most important game of the season. Never did the girls play with more spirit or gusto. It was a fast, furious game which was enough to tire anyone, but the girls stayed right with their opponents. Concord's goal in the first half was the only goal of the game—a heartbreaker! This was the only game in which the first team was defeated. Our hopes for a victory next year are bolstered by the second team's win over the Concord seconds.

JANE DOCKERTY, '48

* * *

REVENGE

Wednesday, the thirteen of November,
Is a day we seniors will always remember,
For then we fought Concord's hockey team
That battered and shattered our every dream.

If we had won that memorable game,
We would have been showered with undying fame;
We would have had honor, we would have had
praise,
We could have shunned Concord for the rest of our
days.

For us seniors that was our last game forever,
But those who step into our places must never
Forget our defeat, but constantly try
To bring victory over Concord for Maynard High.

CONNIE WHITNEY, '47



The Wise Old Owl Would Like To Know —

1. If Frank Veracka ever gets hungry 5th period.
2. What interests B. Cochran in Hudson.
3. What Marion T. does to occupy her time when she isn't talking.
4. If Zance still goes with J. C.
5. Where Alfons goes nights. We never see him around anymore.
6. What interests M. Hill in Sudbury.
7. If E. Case ever gets lonely while baby-sitting.
8. Why Ohio is such a popular state with Luda.
9. Who Liz is "true" to, George, Al, or Walter.
10. If Veronica N. still pines for Dickie.
11. What attraction the Sophomore Class holds for Patsy Greeno.
12. To whom Roberta's heart belongs—the Navy—perhaps?
13. What Imelda finds so interesting in Harvard.—Also in Cambridge.
14. Why Doris K. visits Ashby so often.
15. What's between Mary and Scoop.
16. If Teresa still prefers Billy to all others.
17. What seems to interest Peggy in Concord. Is it Joe?
18. Why Ray V. V. goes to Hudson Saturday nights.
19. How Arceri and Kryseniel manage to make their car run.
20. If it's still Ardelle with Freddy.
21. Why Tobin is late every morning.
22. Why Sheridan and Olson prefer Concord.
23. What Carew is really at heart.—A lady killer, maybe.
24. What interests Gut in Stow.

25. How the Freshmen manage to reach the candy counter first.—Something is going to be done about that situation!

* * *

The Owl Speaks

Down in the depths, beside the wall
Where the moon shone brightly in the fall,
Amid the darkness where no one could spy,
There we were, the Wise Old Owl and I.

Softy, ever so softly, it was he
Who told these rhymes to no one but me.
So for anything strange appearing here,
Don't blame me — I'm in the clear.

First he told me of all the romances;
Next he gave me the dope on the dances.
Later he talked on topics of all sort,
But it's just the gossip that I'll report.

It's plain to see that Johnny T.
Is oh, so fond of Barbara G.

Evelyn and Jerry are still a team,
Mention his name and watch her beam.

Be it Walter or be it Paul,
Gloria Novick charms 'em all.

Carlo sees "Red" when she looks at another;
Does he like Bernice? You tell me, brother!

Many's the time that I repeat,
"Isn't it swell? . . . Joan still likes Pete."

Russo and Luker are quite a team—
Not in football, 'tis otherwise I mean.

A year was added to Ronnie's age;
 A party for him Barbie did stage.
 One of the romances never losing its fizz
 Seems to be that of George and Liz.
 Bud or Alex or Jim, which one?
 To Connie they are all a lot of fun.
 Higgins and Murray are quite the pals,
 With a friendship like that why bother with gals?
 Claire Tourville is sweet on her Tommy;
 We all like Cocoa, so why shouldn't she?
 At the Acton dances she's the belle of the ball—
 Yep, that Barbara Parker appeals to all.
 The hallowed halls of Maynard High
 Brighten a shade as Edith passes by.

For Ann, the freshman, no one helped decide
 That the grass is greener on the other side.

Kevin Dwinell, future star of the team,
 Thinks Nancy Stalker is a heavenly dream.

Is it Tippy or is it Bob,
 That keeps Mary on the job?

Who's Jimmy Morgan, we want to know?
 Why, jeepers, that's L. Evan's beau!

And Al we still will link with Stella,
 But the Wise Old Owl thought of another fella.

Norma Martinsen with the boys doesn't mingle;
 Wait till her spurs hit someone single!

The world has certainly been good to Mal,
 For in Pauline he's found a great gal.

The sky was getting lighter now
 And a frown came over the Owl's brow;
 "I must hurry and go," said he,
 "And fly back home to my hole in the tree.

"But what I've told you is certainly true;
 How you repeat it is up to you.
 This Wise Old Owl, a curious bird,
 All this and more at times has heard."

Away he flew with a flutter of wings
 Leaving me hastily scribbling these things;
 And so I've reported just what he said—
 Don't blame me if your face is red!

* * *

Huh?

One little question answer,
 Please tell me right away;
 How do the Wise Old Owls
 Get everything they say?

BARBARA PARKER, '47

Kilroy

K is for Kilroy, you know that guy.
 And I is for imbecile, need I say why?
 L is his laughter, always ringing around,
 While R is for rumors that he's about town.
 O is for oratory, a gift he holds dear
 And Y is our yelling that "Kilroy was here!"

Who is this Kilroy whom teenagers cheer?
 Is he man or monster whom we should fear?
 Or is he a subject of fictional fame
 Like Robin Hood's band or John Silver the Lame?
 This problem will never be solved I fear—
 This popular phrase "Kilroy was here!"

ZANCE, '47

* * *

Go Easy

Bob O.: "It makes me shiver every time I look
 at my test paper!"

Sal S.: "How come?"

Bob O.: "It's so close to zero."

Wanted—Girls with one tooth to bite holes in
 doughnuts. Apply Miss Sawutz.

Mr. Gavin: "You should let bygones be bygones."

Wm. Tobin: "Then why do they make us learn
 ancient history?"

Mrs. Clair: "Well, how did you make out in my
 history exam?"

R. Terrasi: "In the same manner as did Wash-
 ington and Lincoln."

Mrs. Clair: "How's that?"

R. Terrasi: "I went down in history."

Teacher: "Use the word 'fascinate' in a sentence."

Doris: "I had ten buttons on my coat, but could
 only fascinate."

Teacher: "What did you learn from last night's
 assignment?"

John Veracka: "The average man's arm is 28
 inches long, and the average woman's waist is 28
 inches long which goes to show that Nature thinks
 of everything."

Fred: "What one thing can you do better than
 anyone else in the world?"

Hodge: "Read my own writing!"

J. Howe: "If you want to sleep at my house tonight you'll have to make your own bed.

F. McCarthy: "I don't mind."

J. Howe: "Okay. Here's a hammer and some nails."

—————
Mrs. Thompson was heard to remark:

No, I won't tell you what Ann got in Latin last term; but if Julius Caesar were to walk up to her and begin to talk, she'd understand only forty-five per cent of what he said.

—————
Porky: "What's the difference between a Scotsman and a canoe?"

Viola: "A canoe tips."

—————
Teacher: "In olden days Greek maidens were content to sit all evening listening to a lyre."

Doris D.: "Well, what's the difference between modern and olden times?"

—————
B. Parker: "Are you going to let that blonde walk off with your boy friend?"

C. Lehto: "I'd rather dye first."

—————
Eppie J. "How did you like the date I dug up for you?"

David Hamalainen: "Terrible. Throw her back and start digging somewhere else."

Miss Marsden: "I hope I didn't see you looking at Fred's paper, Tobin."

Tobin: "I hope you didn't either."

—————
Dick H.: "My father is a bookkeeper."

Mooch: "Yes, I know. He's keeping several he borrowed from my father."

—————
Mrs. Clair: "John, who discovered America?"

J. B.: "I can't remember."

Mrs. Clair: "You don't remember? Whose name is written in practically all of our history books?"

J. B.: "Kilroy??"

—————
M. Schwenke: "What will you have, sir?"

Priest: "Oh, anything."

M. Schwenke: "How about some hash?"

Priest: "I said anything—not everything!"

—————
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—————
Mary Hogan: "Elmer says he's going to marry the prettiest girl in town."

Patsy H.: "The idea! Why, I don't even know him."

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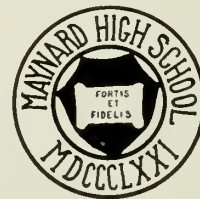
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