



SCREECH
OWL

TO
M.H.S.

MHS
SCREECH
OWL
MHS
SENIOR
MHS
ISSUES

THE SCREECH OWL

RIVERSIDE AUTO SERVICE

GREAT ROAD, STOW

Tel. Maynard 759-W



AUTO PAINTING

BODY AND FENDER WORK

PORTABLE WELDING EQUIPMENT

RADIATORS RE-CORED AND REPAIRED



FREE ESTIMATES

MAYNARD CLEANSERS

Albert Alexanian, Prop.



Tel. 590

37 Nason Street

Maynard, Mass.



W. A. TWOMBLY

FUNERAL SERVICE

16 MAIN STREET, MAYNARD

Phone 470-W1

24-hour Emergency Ambulance Service

2024, 685

EDWARD SAARI, Prop.

49 WALNUT STREET

THE CORNER STORE

PASTRIES — MEATS

FANCY GROCERIES — CANNED GOODS

PATENT MEDICINES

"See You at Saari's at the Soda Fountain"

TWIN TREE CAFE

FRIED CLAMS — SCALLOPS

STEAKS — CHOPS

Specializing in SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN

V. A. CARBONE

34 POWDERMILL ROAD

MAYNARD

Telephone 181

THE SCREECH OWL

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

DECEMBER, 1944

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Editorials	4
Literary	8
Athletics—With Pictures	19
Activities	24
Class Officers and Pictures	27
Gold Star Honor Roll	28
Alumni News—With Pictures	29
Wise Old Owl	34
Gloom Chasers	38

SCREECH OWL STAFF

<i>Editor</i>	JAMES KILLORAN
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	SHIRLEY PETERSON
<i>Business Managers</i>	{ ALBERT ROGERS RICHARD WHITE NANCY WHITNEY PAUL STEIN
<i>Photography</i>	{ ROBERT SIRONEN RAYMOND VAN VORSE
<i>Alumni</i>	{ MARY MOYNIHAN MARY ARCIERI
<i>Exchanges</i>	ELINOR CASE
<i>Activities</i>	{ HELEN KETOLA SHIRLEY WECKSTROM
<i>Wise Old Owl and Jokes</i>	{ SHIRLEY BAIN WALTER JOHNSON ISABELLE KOSKI LEO LINTERI
<i>Boys' Athletics</i>	ALBERT HODGESS
<i>Girls' Athletics</i>	HELEN ARCISZ
<i>Art</i>	LOUISE DWINELL
<i>Circulation</i>	{ ARTHUR CARBARY EDWARD ARCIERI ALBERT GOODRICH
<i>Literary</i>	{ ROGER COMPTON MARION BELL ELIZABETH JONES EDWARD ALLARD CONSTANCE WHITNEY SOPHIE NOVICK BARBARA PARKER ETHEL SALONEN GLORIA NOVICK ANN MARIE MORTON JEAN STEIN VERONICA NOVICK
<i>Secretaries</i>	{ ALICE SYVANEN MADELINE TERRASI BARBARA MARCHANT CLARA NAPOTILANO JULIA PALAIMA EVELYN RUSSO RITA BOOTHROYD SHIRLEY SPENCE
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	VENA B. FIELD

...Editorials...

Guidance

The guidance program put into effect in Maynard High School in September, 1944, has a three-fold purpose: to assist the student to get a good education, to encourage, advise, and direct the student toward his chosen vocation, and to teach the correct mode of ethical-social conduct.

On the opening day of guidance a homeroom organization was set up, and a president, a vice-president, a treasurer, and a secretary were elected. In subsequent homeroom business meetings the president presided, and all meetings were governed by parliamentary procedure.

As far as possible we will assign the same students to the same homeroom teacher each year. In this way the students will become better known to the teacher, who in turn should be more capable of guiding them.

One of the first items discussed in the homeroom guidance classes was the student's high school record. Each student was allowed to see his record to date and to make a copy of it. The copy was kept in the homeroom to aid the homeroom counselor in giving advice and direction to the student in the interview which followed soon after the first guidance lesson.

The topics assigned for discussion in the first few weeks were selected because they were important at that particular time. For instance, at the beginning of the scholastic year we thought it a good idea to have a discussion on *How to Study*. Many intelligent students who should get good marks fail to do so because they do not know how to concentrate on and how to master an assignment. Another topic timely to the fall football season was *Good Sportsmanship*. One of the most interesting topics discussed the day before the election was *The National Elections*. In each homeroom two speakers were chosen, one to speak in favor of the Democratic Party and one, the Republican Party. During the day the entire student body had an opportunity to vote on ballots which

were especially prepared for them. The balloting was in charge of the Student Council under the direction of President Walter Johnson. The students were allowed to vote during their study periods, and the furniture in the balloting room was arranged in a fashion similar to that in the auditorium on election day. At frequent intervals the ballots were tallied and the final results were posted the following day.

As the year progresses we hope to have more detailed discussions on vocations and more conferences with individual students so that their scholastic achievements may be rated and the students directed accordingly.

We hope that our guidance program will be a continuous process, one which will direct the student into the right course and right subjects for him, one which will guide him into the right vocation, and one which will teach him right conduct, which in turn will make him a good citizen.

LEO J. MULLIN, *Principal*.

* * * *

Teen-Age Recreation

From the students of the high school we hear numerous complaints, some petty and unnecessary, others of great importance.

One complaint that seems to be most just is the lack of a recreation hall for teen-age boys and girls.

In the evenings and during the day one sees along the wall in the center of the business district a line of boys talking, arguing, or just lolling around. Girls drift about the streets, evidently trying to get "picked-up," others walking, because there is nothing else to do. Generally, you will glance in the various refreshment places and see boys and girls dancing to juke-box music in a floor space about a yard square. The grown-ups call them "tramps" and think the manner in which the younger generation carries on is disgraceful. Who are to blame? Our elders are, because they fail to see

the need of a recreation center. It is only natural for boys and girls to roam the streets when they have no place to go.

Some one will undoubtedly protest, "Where is the money to build such a hall?" The fathers and mothers of Maynard High School students have more money to spend than ever before. Are they afraid to pool their extra dollars in order that their children may have a place to go to besides the movies?

We know there is a scarcity of building materials because of the war, but how about one of those empty buildings or stores?

With a little renovation and cleaning any one of these would make a good-sized recreation hall. It would not have to be elaborate; just a soda fountain, juke box, a little dancing space, and perhaps a room for some indoor game, such as table tennis or billiards.

The students would be only too glad to pay dues in order to have a real recreation center.

Some one may say, "But there's no juvenile delinquency in Maynard." There *is* delinquency, but few ever hear of it. It is kept hush-hush, and that is hardly the way to treat such a problem.

Often the actions of the boys and girls are blamed on the school. The normal craving of teen-age boys and girls for clubs and social centers is sometimes interpreted as "wildness," but my classmates will tell you that it would make all the difference in the world to them to have a decent place in which to meet in the evenings.

The boys and girls of this town very seldom ask for something, but now we say,

"How about a recreation center?"

With suggestions from the teen-agers and advice from the grown-ups, I am quite sure that an ideal recreation center could be made and managed.

K. LOUKA, '45.

* * * *

From Guns To Propaganda

"If we lose a war one way, we will win it another" is, has been, and will continue to be

the German slogan. The world was deceived completely in the last war and will be in the peace after this war if the Germans have their wish.

It is true that in the years immediately following the last war the Germans did undergo some sufferings, but reparations had no part in it. These reparations lasted but a short time because of Allied forgiveness for those "poor, unfortunate people." German commentators hammered home the idea that the German people never wanted war but were forced into this situation by domineering politicians. Almost everyone believed these tales, burying in their minds what Germany had actually done to them. The harm done could not be completely repaired, and Germany never tried to repair it. For an excuse, she offered her own desperate situation at home.

When the Germans invaded their neighbors, they did so with the intention of destroying as much as they could, leaving their victims unable to recover. Sixty-six hundred million sterling was the debt Germany owed, but she paid a mere two hundred million. In fact, we sent more than this in *loans* to repair their country.

Will this peace be different? When Germany waged war this time, it was even more ruthless than previously. Vast numbers of civilians were killed for no reason, *after* the armies were conquered. The Germans worked and starved innocent people to their own liking. Meanwhile the Germans were increasing their population by leaps and bounds by their "for the Fatherland" methods.

As we invade Germany, we try to make friends with the Germans. We feed, clothe, and shelter the population without thanks of any kind.

After this war Germany will have the largest increase in population of any country in Europe. This will contribute to her future wars, while her "conquerors" will be trying to bring back to health Germany's former slaves.

Since our generation will be foremost in governing the peace after this war, we must

remember what our fathers forgot in the peace that followed the last one.

ROGER COMPTON, '45.

* * *

Why Buy War Stamps?

"Why buy War Stamps now?" is a question foremost in the minds of the youth of America. During these high school days most students have more spending money than they ever had before, and what to spend it on is a short-lived problem. Many of the luxuries of life tempt us every day as we gaze into store windows and decide upon various types of entertainments. We're now living a happy, carefree life, doing the things we like best to do to create in the future pleasant memories of our high school days, even though they are during World War II. As we go merrily on our way, do we ever think of the boys on the far-flung battlefronts of the world preserving what we are enjoying? There's no let-up for them, no vacation every eight weeks, only the grim spectre of war and a fight which must be won.

Many of our boys have been overseas since Pearl Harbor, three years or more. They must often think of happier days back in their native land, once again living peacefully in a quiet town among their loved ones. We at home must strive to fulfill their dream by backing the attack and putting a portion of our money earned into War Stamps which will soon accumulate into bonds.

I'm sure, in the future, when we realize how much interest our bonds have accumulated, we'll be glad we took this way of saving and helping at the same time.

With this spirit in mind as we purchase our War Stamps, we'll say, "We *can* win this war—we *must* win this war—and *we have undertaken to do so!!!*"

RITA CREIGHTON, '46.

* * *

Gymnasium

How many of you people have been to our enormous gym? Have you ever tried playing

basketball in a matchbox? Did you ever take a shower in our luxurious washroom? These questions add up to the plain fact that M. H. S. needs a new gym.

Many of our boys and girls visiting out of town have observed that smaller schools than ours are much better equipped for modern needs. Not only do their gymnasiums exceed ours in size, but their showers and locker rooms put ours to shame. The government has stressed the need of athletic training for the youth of America, and it is the duty of all schools to help in this program.

We realize that at this time it is impossible to obtain the materials to build a gymnasium, but the idea has definite possibilities as a post-war project. Not only would it benefit the students of M. H. S., but it would create many post-war jobs for returning veterans. In building this gym the school would be aided by both the town and the federal government. Before the war the federal government was willing to advance as much as fifty per cent toward the building of schools, gymnasiums, and other projects for the public good. Undoubtedly the present administration will be very much in favor of such building plans.

If the students want the gym built, they should not only discuss it in the school but talk it over outside with their parents and other townspeople. All we can do at present is get behind the ball and push.

JAMES L. KILLORAN, *Editor*, '45.

* * *

ATTENTION: All

ESPECIALLY: Freshmen

Be a Good Mixer

From experience I can say that you, meaning all students of course, enter this high school building and expect it to jump somersaults at the joy of seeing you, and you alone. Alas, so many have thought the same and so many have graduated with the conclusion that high school is all work and no play.

For that reason, many students have had a miserable life in the halls of Maynard High—like Mary Jones—when they could have led a life of excitement. What's that, you say? You've never heard of Mary Jones???? Well, I'm not a bit surprised. That proves you've been a bad mixer, but if it will help you out I'll tell you a story.

You see, Mary Jones was a girl like some of you. When she entered high school she was waiting for fun, and when high school ended she would still have been waiting for it if it hadn't been for Julia. Who's Julia, you ask? Oh, my, you don't know Julia? Well, Julia is a girl who takes it upon herself to help out all students who are bad mixers. But why bother to explain it if we can creep quietly into Julia's room and find her list of names. Ah, here it is, and at the top of the list is Mary Jones. Let's see how she describes her:

"Name: Mary Jones

"Subject: Bad Mixer

"Mary Jones entered high school determined to make good in her studies. All well and good. But Mary studied so hard that she forgot all outside activities. She became divided from the rest of the class, known only to them as that studious Mary Jones. She never knew how field hockey was played, and socials were strictly off her list. In fact, she was what we'd call a "dead bunny." At recess she was always alone; her classmates paid no attention to her unless their homework was unfinished or they

had a math problem a little too hard to solve.

"But within a month of the time I found her, Mary Jones became one of the most popular girls in the school. She still graduated with honors, and beside her name in the graduation book were more popularity marks than a girl could ever hope to see. Yes, Mary Jones was a success."

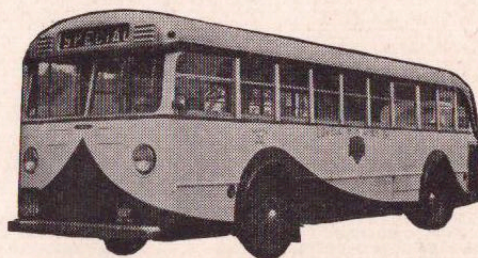
How did Mary Jones become a success? By simply mixing in with the crowd, by going out for field hockey, attending all socials, joining all clubs, such as the Dramatic Club and the Junior Women's Club, and by proving to "the gang" that she was a good sport. She attended all the football games and yelled her lungs out for some of the best kids a school ever had. No matter what new club was formed, Mary Jones was always the first one there. She belonged to the "Screech Owl" and the Student Council. She was on every dance committee, and finally Mary Jones graduated the most popular girl in the school.

So you, who have suddenly found yourself sitting at home every night, wake up and live! You don't want to graduate with one lonesome activity placed beside your graduation picture. Popular girls aren't just for envy. They're to prove to you what *you* can be. So come on—you owe it to your school and, above all, to yourself. Be a good sport—be a good student—**BE A GOOD MIXER!**

SHIRLEY PETERSON, '45,
Assistant Editor.

Lovell
Bus Lines, Inc.

Telephone Maynard 340-W2



Maynard, Mass.



Me 'an Politics

"Phooey!" I growled, as I angrily snapped off the radio. Once again my favorite program was off the air just because some bickering politician had seized this opportune moment to thrill his followers with a flowery oration. Slowly smoldering, I reached for the evening paper. Screaming headlines told how just the night before Thomas had once more called Franklin naughty names. All through the paper were inserted subtle bits of political propaganda, and so, without even reading "Lil Abner," I laid the paper down in disgust and turned to the inevitable—my homework. But even here I could not escape the cold, grasping hand of politics, for the chapter tonight was "Parties—Opinion—Propaganda." Let's see, 'way back then it was the Federalists vs. the Whigs, or was it the Whags? By now I was in a daze. All day long it was politics, politics, politics!

At the dinner table my father made a speech which would have equaled that of any soap-box orator. Every day he aired his political opinions to a very distinterested audience of two, my mother and me.

In this frame of mind I got ready for bed. Ah, to forget one's cares and worries in the blessed oblivion of sleep!

No sooner had I crawled between the covers when through the windows drifted the latest thing on how to make enemies and annoy people, a political speech. Some enthusiastic neighbor had his radio on full blast. The speaker now began, and after two or three hesitant, not too revealing words, the joyous crowd would scream with pleasure, while some dizzy dame, who was no doubt practically sitting on top of the microphone, kept yelling and cheering

like an Arkansas hog-caller! By burrowing deep into the pillow I managed to block my ears and drifted off to a troubled sleep, murmuring, "Why do they hafta have elections anyway?"

Heavens! Where was I? I was standing in front of a most imposing array of microphones and a battery of grinding motion picture cameras, while a seething crowd of millions hoarsely cheered my name. Huge signs waving at crazy angles bore the words "Salonen for President," and little children ran back and forth with purple, orange, and green "Vote for Salonen" buttons on their lapels. I was swamped by eager mothers, who insisted that I kiss their squalling progeny.

Newspapers, posters, pamphlets, and folders carried my picture (horrors!) and my campaign slogan, "The Salonen Administration Guarantees Butter in Every Ice-Box." T.S.A.G.B.I.E.I. clubs sprang up and spread throughout the nation like wildfire, while delirious housewives rejoiced. I went on tours, made speeches, conferred daily with the big wigs in the Capitol, and every week donated two pints of blood to the Red Cross. This action was bound to bring me the soldier vote.

Now as I was driving through the streets, thronged with a madly cheering populace, a rainbow shower of confetti and streamers came floating down, covering the streets and piling up about the car. The sky was turning dark with the rain of confetti; it drifted higher and higher. Now the car was stalled, and as I tried desperately to escape, I fell headlong into a drift. Help! Help! I'm suffocating!

I awoke to find myself nearly strangled beneath the pillow.

Gee whiz, it's nearly seven o'clock and time

to get up for school. Oh yes, today is Monday, November the 6th, and I must make the great decision at the school polls. Should I vote for Franklin Dewey or should I vote for Thomas Roosevelt — er — I mean should I vote for Eleanor—you don't think politics is really getting me down, do you? Well you guessed right, 'cause after the fight's all over and the smoke's died down, you'll find me a permanent residence of the "Refuge from Radio Rant," visiting hours one to five. Tee-hee, be seeing you!

ETHEL SALONEN, '46.

* * *

Bearly Believable

Hurrah! At last! The hunting season had opened and I was going hunting. To me it seemed too good to be true, even though it was the result of a summer's pressure on my father.

At last the great day dawned on an ecstatic me. After a hearty breakfast, of which I ate none because I was excited, we set out in the car. We traveled through the beautiful New England countryside where the trees were dressed in their new fall clothes.

Finally we reached our destination and hired a cabin. I was immediately put on K. P. and as a result we had burnt beans for supper. I always burn things, without fail. We went to sleep on hard beds and woke up to a breakfast of burnt eggs and bacon.

We then got down to the business of hand-hunting. My father went first with his gun cocked in readiness, and I followed with my pistol and a jar of water. You see, all I had was a water pistol I had taken from my little cousin because my mother was afraid I might hurt myself with a real gun. We walked for what seemed ages when I began to feel a hot breath on the back of my neck.

Fear began mounting inside of me because I knew my father was walking in front of me and I was the last line of defense. I gathered up all my courage and turned quickly around. There in front of me stood an enormous *pitch-*

black bear on his hind legs. His claws were in readiness to tear me to little bits. His blood-shot eyes blazed at me and his half open mouth showing sword-like teeth was dripping saliva. I closed my eyes and pulled the trigger.

As I stood there screaming, my father shook me. I opened my eyes, and at my feet lay a *snow-white* bear, deader than a "door nail." A bear I had killed. I killed? With a water pistol? How did that happen?

Well, you see this bear was chicken-hearted. When he saw a gun, even a toy gun, he turned white and died from fright.

BARBARA PARKER, '47.

* * *

He Forgot

He brushed his teeth twice a day.

A doctor examined him twice a year.

He wore his rubbers when it rained.

He slept with his windows open.

He adhered to a diet of plenty of fresh vegetables.

He never smoked, drank, nor lost his temper.

He did his daily dozen daily.

He got at least eight hours of sleep every night.

The funeral will be held next Wednesday.

He is survived by eighteen specialists, four health institutes, six gymnasiums, and numerous manufacturers of health foods and antiseptics.

He had forgotten about trains at grade crossings.

JEAN STEIN, '48.

* * *

What We Fight For

One of the purely American ideals that we'd fight for is the "Lunchie," or stranded trolley-car diner. Where else but in one of these 6 x 12 layman restaurants can a diner have his coffee tested for temperature by means of the human thumb before serving? Where else can a man thoroughly enjoy eating a five-minute dinner with a genuine tin fork? Also, we must never forget the shirts and coats we dirty at the elbow by way of a lake of coffee we've spilled on

the counter. Tell me honestly, could you digest your food unless an electric fan cooled your soup with a blast of air which had just traversed the length and width of the "Lunchie"; or unless you had to yell for sugar, pick specks from your eatable liquids, look for the hamburg in your sandwich, or maybe eat your "hot dog", fingerprints and all?

You may think I exaggerate in my statements, but what couldn't I tell you of the "counter shoulder and back slump" an experienced "Lunch cart" eater possesses, and of the bruises and abrasions from nudging elbows, or fork stabs because of territorial ambitions, or the broken hands received from reaching for the wrong change. All these and many more we fight for.

RAYMOND WUORIO, '45.

* * *

Hamlet Sees a Plane

'Pon my soul, Cousin Horatio,
I have just viewed with mine own sight
An armored monster of an elephant's stature
That flies. S'blood! It floats like a
Mass of vapors through the limitless atmosphere.
It may be the work of the devil; for the devil
Hath power to assume many a wicked shape.
Yea, and perhaps out of my weakness
And my melancholy,
Mine eyes are playing fools' tricks of dangerous
Lunacy upon me.
Zounds! Marry! This unintelligent cerebellum
Of mine truly must be turbulent with the
Madness that supposedly reigns over it.
The wise men tell me, "Tis a plane," a creation
By lowly man, the sport of engineers, to carry
Man through the heavens off this foul and
Pestilnet congregation of vapours
Called by name, the firmament.
Woe is me! Better to grasp a bare bodkin
And make my quietus
Than to live in dread of some infernal thing
That may be hatched out of the dimly lit
Brain of future species,
Such as this conglomeration of accumulated

Tools, brains, implements, and ingenuity
Labelled specifically an "aeroplane."

SHIRLEY BAIN, '45.

* * *

Am I "Mad"!

"Are you interested enough in a mere shriveled shadow of a man to listen to his tale of heroism, intrigue, glory, and then—final woe? Then come closer, child, for these watery eyes and gnarled hands of mine have seen and felt the touch of victory and utter glory, but—," and here the twisted and distorted old man faltered, though his falsetto voice became surprisingly firm, "they won't believe me."

Mutely I nodded and waited for the words to follow, which again came out falteringly and gently.

"It happened years and years ago, long before your time or even your father's time. Our town of Chicago was then the bud of the flower she is today. All were happy and she prospered and grew by the day. Ah——" From him came a long drawn sigh, and he paused long enough to wipe away the tears which welled from his almost colorless eyes. He went on. "We had not a care in the world until the disaster, the fire, broke out! I thought of a plan whereby I could save the city."—here the old man's eyes hardened and glittered—"but I didn't use it, see! You know why? Ha, ha, ha! Haaa—I'm a spy for Hitler!" He then proceeded to beat his chest in a most fanatical way and kept screeching at the top of his lungs, "They, They They!"

Here his gruesome tale ended, for *They* proceeded to take him to his own cell.

Poor old man. Poor mad man. Poor——

See me? Ha, ha, ha! I'm Napoleon. I have a story to tell, too! Want to hear it?

ISABELLA KOSKI, '47.

* * *

That man's in again. Witness the following Sophomore masterpieces:

Was It Worth It?

"But of course IT'S necessary, Mother. I simply couldn't live without IT."

Finally, her resistance worn down by a long day's shopping and convinced that *she* wouldn't live if she didn't let me buy IT, my mother gave in and I walked happily out of the store with my treasure under my arm. As I walked down Boston's crowded Washington Street, I guarded IT with my life by giving anyone who came too near me a good poke in the ribs with my elbow. Refusing to hurry, despite my mother's fear of missing the one and only train to Maynard, I walked carefully along the sidewalk, my sole fear being that I might fall and damage IT. Breathing a sigh of relief when we finally reached the North Station with IT still in one piece, I breathed another sigh—not of relief—on finding that the train had left. Hardly daring to look at my mother, I meekly suggested that we take the bus from Arlington Heights. This, of course, necessitated a long and crowded street-car ride, during which I protected IT by stepping on the toes of anyone who had the misfortune to look my way. After a long bus ride and a brief walk I arrived home physically exhausted but mentally happy because I'd gotten IT home safely? Don't tell me you haven't guessed by now! Why Frank Sinatra's recording of "Night and Day," of course. What else would be worth all THAT?

ELINOR CASE, '46.

* * *

The Great Event

Aunt Pitty sat down ker-plunk in her hand-carved, rosewood, Civil War, ladies' slipper chair (she always referred to it this way). It was one of her most prized and precious possessions, but with complete disregard for it she sat down and she sat down hard. For once in her life Aunt Pitty was surprised. She could usually take anything in her stride, but not this. It was almost too much.

Immediately after she recovered from her blow, she went to her rocking chair and picked up His Majesty, Louis I. His Majesty, Louis I, was Aunt Pitty's cat. In their more intimate moments Aunt Pitty referred to him as "Louis" and he referred to Aunt Pitty as "meow" or "purr." Because Louis was Aunt Pitty's father confessor and confidant, Aunt Pitty whispered her news to him and Louis meowed conversationally. Aunt Pitty then set Louis back in the rocking chair and went across the street to deliver her news to Miss Eulalie.

Miss Eulalie was her closest friend and dearest confidante—after Louis of course. Aunt Pitty sat down opposite Miss Eulalie and tapped her throat while regaining her breath.

"Well," Aunt Pitty began, "I'm appointed chairman of a committee to meet the 4:44 train next Thursday afternoon. And guess who'll be on the train! Frank Sinatra! The train will only stop for two minutes, but we will express our gratitude for "Him" to have passed through the town. Just think, Frank Sinatra, the Voice!"

BARBARA PARKER, '47.

* * *

My 4-F Date

Brrrr-ing — Brrrrr-ing!

Oh golly gee! I'll just have to run downstairs like this. Daddy! Don't come in the hall! Oh, that's all right, Mom, I'll get it! Now to act composed. Er, er—Oh, hello, Archibald! (Well, of all things. Archibald Dumperdiddle calling me up to go out with him! Why, that no-account, little—) Yes, Archibald, that would be nice. (What can I give for a good excuse not to go?) Just a minute, Archibald, I'll ask Mother. (I just know mother will say no, so I'll holler loud.) Mom, hey, Mom, Archibald Dumperdiddle wants me to go to the movies with him. Can I go? Oh, for heavens sakes, you're supposed to say no, er--ur, I mean that's swell—I can go! (Grrrrrr! now I'm in for it. Oh well, I'll dress up and be just as sophisticated as I know how. Then

he won't dare try to hold my hand. I just know everyone will laugh when they see me with him. I'm almost twice as tall as he is. I don't suppose he can see much from behind those glasses. Of course, he won't be able to sit too close because his ears will get in the way. An appropriate name for him would be "Wingie." All that helps. Well, all right, I give up, I'm cornered.) Yes, Archibald dear, I'll be ready at eight.

Oh how I'm suffering! I'll never be gir— Ouch, Mom, be careful with those curling irons, I'll look like a singed peacock! All finished? Good! Help me stand up, won't you? Thanks!

Five minutes of eight and I still have to put my dress on, polish my shoes, and smear my lipstick. How will I ever get through! Holy cow! I've got a run. Quick, the finger nail polish! Whew, that was close. I might just as well wear my best dress. That new usher is a slick chick.

Goody, I'm all ready. Now I can sit down and rest. I'm worn to a frazzle. How did I ever get dressed so quickly?

Another half hour crawls slowly on its way. Archibald is late.

Brrrrrrr---ing. The telephone!

Hello, hello, hello, hello! Oh it's *you*, Archibald. Haven't you learned to tell time yet? Oh, you can't come because there's going to be an exam tomorrow? Why no, Archibald *dear*, I don't mind at all! I didn't dress up or anything! (Not much, I didn't. I'll have to go to bed and sleep for a year to recuperate.) Well, good-bye, Archibald!

DOROTHY O'TOOLE, '45.

* * *

It's a Science

To eat or not to eat—that is the question. They say it's all in how you do it, so you carefully survey the surroundings. Perfectly balanced and steaming with goodness, the target is before you as ordered, spaghetti with sauce.

You inhale, you drool, you reach for your weapons. It's really very simple if you go at it right.

Starting in the center, you proceed to dig. Lightly catching a few strands, you lift them up and gently twirl them in the bowl of your spoon. After getting them evenly twirled, you relax, admire your subject, and proceed to advance. Your mouth opens, your victory is near, when down slithers one single strand.

Patiently you again take the spoon and try, and this time you succeed in getting a mouthful when the rebellious strand once more falls limply, this time down your chin. Exhausted, you decide upon letting your companions know you're an amateur, and so you inhale. When you think you've almost got it, you drag a little too hard and get a smack in the eye. Your companions laugh. You look so funny—just as though you had the measles. Uh! With that exclamation, you proceed to use about twelve napkins getting readjusted, and meekly proceed with the task at hand.

The conversation turns to victory gardens. You start chopping to prevent any further straggling ends, and someone mentions the awful mud you had to contend with last year. The chopping ceases and you decide upon a spoon. With a welcome mouthful, you find solace until someone discusses vegetable worms and maggots. You choke; someone slams you on the back and everything flies. Ah! Patience! You're famished and you feel as if you've one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel, but you'll struggle some more for the sake of your stomach. Again you try, but the spaghetti is so cold you've lost all desire for it. The party is having a wonderful time and you're so hungry.

Resignedly you rise, leave quietly, and go home to a sympathetic can of sardines.

LOUISE DWINELL, '45.

* * *

Two Juniors give their interpretation of an assignment in which they had to build a story around a pin.

The Pin

In Madame Detart's exclusive millinery shop, Miss Landon, the executive employee, who did pretty much as she pleased, was working, that fact in itself extraordinary, at one of the work-tables. As a rule, this lady confined her duties to overseeing the other girls, but this was a very special hat. The pearl hat-pin would go with it.

Miss Landon fussed over the most minute details of the nearly finished specimen, employing a bevy of young ladies to fetch a spool of brilliant blue silk thread, and a strip of shimmering white velvet, and to pick up the pins and scraps of lovely material which flowed in her walk as she scurried from one side of the table to the other.

Finally the bit of veiling and velvet was complete. Sighing she said, "Ah, now, Marie, bring me the case of jeweled pins containing the pearl one." The case was brought to the table and she lifted the precious article out. It was composed of a sturdy, slender, silver-plated shaft coming from a circlet of pearls which surrounded a silver plate inlaid with intricate designs, all made from tiny pearls.

She reached for the hat, but as she did, the pin slipped from her fingers and disappeared among the shreds of cloth, to hide in the deep pile of the rug. With a gasp she sank to her knees and began running her fingers over the floor. "Girls, help me! The pin *must* be found!"

They searched and searched. The whole workshop was on edge. The news of the loss of the pin spread quickly and soon all work was abandoned in favor of the hunt. But in vain. Madame Detart was finally told of the disaster, another pin was substituted, and the mystery remained unsolved.

Meanwhile the gay ornament had been

pushed around under scraps by the eager searchers and finally had slipped into a crevice between two rugs which were tacked to the floor. That evening the cleaning woman vacuumed the rugs and the pin was drawn up by the suction and ended in the rubbish barrel. The following morning the barrels were emptied into a truck and brought to the city dump.

A little ragamuffin was looking over the trash in search of wheels for the cart he was making when he noticed the pin gleaming from among the dust and ashes. He picked it up, cleaned it, and brought it home to his mother, who washed it and laid it on the mantel to wait for a gala occasion when she might use it. People came in, and she always pointed out the pretty little thing. It seemed a symbol of all the clean, bright days behind and the hope of the future. When everything seemed blackest, they would look at the pin and push their shoulders harder to the wheel.

The loss of a hatpin may mean nothing to an heiress but represents everything to a poor mother. It's the little things that count.

HELEN KETOLA, '46.

* * *

The Safety Pin

A few years ago, when Eileen Bell and I worked on a farm, we were left down in the celery field with—no, it wasn't a bicycle built for two, nor a four-wheeled streamlined vehicle—all it was was a good-for-nothing, old, broken-down horse. The poor dilapidated thing was our only means of transportation, as the pick-up truck had completely forgotten us.

Our first task was finding a way to mount Jerry. Although he was ancient and sagging in the middle, he was six feet high and mighty big for a plow horse. After much yelling, jumping, kicking, and squirming, we managed to board his big, broad back. Turning around to see how Eileen had made out, I found her back-end-to, obviously thinking his tail was his mane.

With no further comment, we gave out with our sweetest "giddap," as Jerry was inclined to take his time about everything. With a sudden jolt he was off, and I do mean off! For the first time in his life, Jerry galloped, and with him were two frightened girls, hanging on for dear life. As my heart beat to the pound of his hoofs, I tried to puzzle out the reason for Jerry's behavior.

Finally he slowed down to a canter, a trot, then an abrupt halt, and nonchalantly began eating the leaves on the side of the road.

What was the answer to Jerry's acting like a spring colt? Why should he do such a thing? Trying to find an explanation to the whole affair, I turned around in time to catch a sheepish grin on my chum's face.

In her hand Eileen held a safety pin!

SHIRLEY WECKSTROM, '46.

* * *

Socials

There we all are. The clock says nine, and still no one has made even the least little attempt to start the dancing. On one side of the room, like a herd of cattle, the girls are all lined up, and the boys are directly across the way lined up in a similar manner. One would think we were total strangers instead of knowing that a few hours before we had been chatting happily and gaily together. The orchestra is playing a beautiful dreamy waltz, which makes the girls wish they were dancing in the arms of the boys they love, but the boys still sit there like dummies or stiffs. Wouldn't you think that a waltz like that would do something to them? It makes us girls so mad that we feel like going over and putting a bomb under them. But I doubt if even that would move them. Once in a while a boy will make a feeble attempt to start across the floor, but will turn around, flushed and embarrassed, and suddenly go back to his seat. Could it be that we frightened him? Probably he thought we were all going to jump on him at once.

It's beginning to look as if the dancing will never start. The orchestra is now playing a polka. Oh, why don't those boys move! Finally, as a last resort, the girls begin to dance with each other. One would think there was a man shortage. The polka is over, and the orchestra is getting ready for the next number. The girls are beginning to wonder if they have to go through the same thing. But no, wait a minute! The band leader is saying something. It can't be, but, yes, we are going to have a Paul Jones. The boys rise slowly, and enter the circle. The music begins, and the most amazing thing happens. The boys and girls are dancing together at last.

ROSE HANSON, '45.

* * *

Christmas Overseas

Christmas in North Burma,
Or Christmas on Luzon,
Christmas in a foxhole,
Waiting for the dawn.

I think back over Christmases
As a child, so long ago,
And I hug my foxhole fiercely,
As their planes come very low.

Over nineteen hundred years ago
The infant Lord was born,
And I wait in this foxhole
Until the Jap is gone.

I think of carol singing,
Of the birth of Christ the Lord,
And as the guns are clattering,
Their noise seems in discord.

For this is a day for thanks,
And for all men to love,
But there is no love out here
As bullets rain from above.

Christmas in a foxhole,
Eating Ration K, I fear,
Our thoughts are winging homeward,
For we'll be there next year.

MARY E. WHITE, '46.

* * *

Or Would You Rather Be a Pig?

When I look at all the books that are lying at
my seat,
When I gaze around to see still more work that
I must beat,
When I think of all the homework that indeed
has to be done,
When I must do this and that instead of having
fun,
When I'm reminded of my subjects, Latin,
French, and Trig,
Then I come to the conclusion that I'd rather
be a pig.
But I recall that pigs are made into sausages and
ham,
So I come to the conclusion that I'll still be
what I am.

EILEEN BELL, '46.

* * *

A Freshman Girl

She is only a lass in her early teens,
And although she is somewhat timid and shy,
She is oh, so excited, and do you know why?
Today she will enter her first year of high!

Yes, the changes ahead are many for her,
More subject to study—new people to meet.
So she starts on her eventful way,
Every problem to tackle, every new face to greet.

Algebra to her is now "rather good,"
More so than to just anyone.
From English to Ancient History she moves,
And soon her first day in high school is done.

Already she's fond of her new school life,
And she likes the upperclassmen, too.
The Juniors and Seniors may "snub" her, she
fears.

(You know how those dignified ones some-
times do!)

Yes, she's only a lass in her early teens,
But already she feels much more at ease.
Both she and her classmates like high school
fine,
Though she's only a FRESHMAN, if you
please!

VERONICA A. NOVICK, '48.

* * *

A Freshman Boy

He is only a boy in his early teens,
But oh, how he's grown in only a year,
For today he will enter the first year of high
Where all is new, unfamiliar, and queer.

Yes, he is excited about what awaits him,
But he doesn't seem the least bit afraid,
For he had left most of his fears behind
When he graduated from the eighth grade.

He picks up his books and takes a deep breath,
Then he quickly walks down the hall.
He finds his home room; it is Number Fifteen,
And his desk he can see, next to the wall.

He has learned a new lesson in each of his
classes
And soon his first day is through;
Back to his home room with his friends he
passes,
Each one a Freshman, just like me and you.

Yes, he's only a lad in his early teens,
And the Juniors may sometimes think he is
queer,
But to him all things are exciting and new,
For he is a BRAND NEW FRESHMAN this
year!

SOPHIE P. NOVICK, '48.

'At's My Boy

He's weak, scrawny, and thin to boot,
But ya gotta admit, he's really cute.
He's got padded shoulders and built-in build,
But when he pumps the lungs the gals are
thrilled.

He wears his hair in an off-the-face curl,
But he's really 1A with any girl.
He can't sing, they say, just a passing freak,
Tho' the femmes will swoon as they hear him
speak.

Even Southern girls love this li'l ol' Yankee.
'At's my boy! And his name is Frankie!

Yours trooly,

LOUISE DWINELL, '45.

* * *

Indian Wisdom

Senior year
Very dear
Next June
New tune
Join Navy
No gravy
Hard work
No shirk
Eat fill
Much drill
Fat gone
Muscles don
Battle begin
Victory win
Homeward start
Happy heart
On foam
Remember home
War ends
See friends
Visit school
Remember rule
Knowledge retained
Success gained.

ROGER COMPTON, '45.

Freshmen

Look what emerged upon us this year!
Freshmen they call them, so I hear,
Standing around by twos and threes.
Who else but them have we to tease?

The tallest one is all of five feet.
For whispering in corners they can't be beat,
But despite everything we respect them. Why?
'Cause we've been but a year in Maynard High.

CONNIE WHITNEY, '47.

* * *

Tale of a Ticket

"You have three minutes, no more, no less,
To answer that question—at least, you can
guess."
But Will was dumbfounded and said (we shall
quote),
"When the question was asked I was writing a
note,"
"Well, since you're honest, I'll let it slip by,
But the next time a ticket—whether truth or a
lie!"
Five minutes as time slowly ticked by,
All was quiet except for a deep, heavy sigh.
"And what was that for, William?" the teacher
asked,
"Oh, I was thinking of something long since
past."
"Well, another like that and a ticket you'll get,
Or else to the office you'll be sent, my pet."
Another five minutes; Will was perfectly still,
But his eyes were on a fly on the window sill.
"Don't you think so, William?" the teacher
asked.
"Oh yes," he replied, and the kids all laughed.
"Well, as you think so, I can't feel bad
To send you to the office with a ticket, my lad."
So with ticket in hand and a scolding to come,
He has learned to keep his conversation—mum.

RITA BOOTHROYED, '45.

* * *

Porky's Prance

I broke through the opposing line;
 A touchdown was in view.
 I zoomed past the backerup;
 By the other backs I flew.
 An open field before me lay;
 I ran with all my might.
 The way I plowed through the other line
 Sure gave them quite a fright.
 I knew I was a hero,
 I knew I was a star,
 I knew that a score right now
 Would put us ahead by far.
 And as I crossed the goal line
 I could hear the coach's call,
 "It's O.K. to run ninety yards,
 But the next time take the ball."

ALBERT POULSON, '45.

* * *

A Day in the Life of a Commercial Student

First period study and all is fine
 Until the clock says quarter of nine.
 "Typing to do and speed tests today.
 Bring your average to forty," the teacher will
 say.
 I start right in with a sort of grin,
 But when I've finished I could commit sin,
 For there on the paper are mistakes by the stack,
 And I'm so angry all I see is black.
 Before I know it third period has started,
 Secretarial Training, I'm broken hearted.
 More typing to do; will I never get through?
 More assignments they give, which they think
 are so few.
 I bang away at the typing machine,
 At any moment ready to scream.
 Then comes a study and I'm hoping to rest,
 When I remember in English we're to have a
 test.
 Recess is here and I start for ice cream.
 I never knew people could be so mean.

They slap your face, they pull your hair.
 All you see are hands waving everywhere.
 Shorthand period rolls around.
 Again at the typewriter I must pound.
 Two periods of this and I'm soon worn out,
 But I mustn't give up; English next, no doubt.
 At last the final hour arrives,
 And students rush out as if for their lives.
 I am told this will all be worth while in the end,
 But school at present is hardly my friend.
 By the end of the day my hands twitch and jerk,
 So what do I do? I go to work.

EVELYN RUSSO, '45.

* * *

Gremlin Joe

There is an elf named Gremlin Joe.
 His chief pastime is to bring you woe,
 For when it's time to do your studies,
 Joe and homework just aren't buddies.
 You go to take a Latin book—
 The Gremlin does not like its look.
 He tells you in a voice quite queer,
 "You'd like a movie better, dear."
 Once more as you resume your work,
 Gremlin Joe, not one to shirk,
 Exactly like "The Voice" he'll croon;
 You drop your book and start to swoon.
 Singing, dancing, football, dates:
 These are a few of his favorite baits.
 His joy is to bring you to distress;
 His next step you will never guess.
 He haunts and taunts and worries you so.
 Especially on your report cards he'll show
 Your homework undone, when teacher asks
 why,
 Try using Gremlin Joe for your alibi.

MARIAM BELL, '45.

"Where the Heck Are Ya, Juliet?"

Who are lovely, tall, and slender,
 Brilliant, thoughtful, kind, and tender,
 Never weary or showing gloom,
 Bringing joy to your homeroom,
 Beauteous creatures beyond compare,
 Posing about you everywhere?
 O.K., boys, you can stop that sigh;
 These can't be found in Maynard High.
 Maybe you claim that they really should.
 You don't mean Maynard, but Hollywood.

LOUISE DWINELL, '45.

* * *

Travel By Air If You Dare

The best way to travel is in the air
 Where a traffic cop is a bygone care,
 A slippery road you never see
 To wrap your car 'round a redwood tree.
 It needs no rails, as do the trains,
 Nor in the snow requires chains,
 And though the drifts may be three feet deep,
 You still get there in your flying jeep
 Flying in a fog? Not so bad as it may seem;
 Just call the airport and come in on the beam.
 The plane is ideal for the women, too,

For all red lights—just go right through.
 They can pass on the left, they can pass on the
 right,
 Or go over and under; it's still all right.
 On all cars tires are most "necessaire"
 But with a plane you ride on air.
 If some trouble should occur,
 Remember this advice, dear sir—
 If your life is most adored,
 Don't forget: pull the rip-cord.

ROGER COMPTON, '45.

* * *

A Christmas Wish

Oh, for an old-fashioned Christmas
 With the Christmas trees burning bright,
 And the merry carol singers
 Oh, for an old-fashioned Christmas
 With the family all home once more,
 The table heaped with plenty,
 And happiness in full score!
 Oh, for an old-fashioned Christmas
 When we can truly say,
 "Peace on earth good will toward men.
 Please, God, keep it that way."

ANN MARIE MORTON, '47.

PEOPLES THEATRE
 MAYNARD



"The House of Hits"

ATHLETICS

The 1944 football squad turned out for practice a week before school started. Coach Lawson had to start almost from scratch with only a few veterans from last year. On the whole, the fellows were rather small and inexperienced. Another upset to Coach Lawson, his assistant, Joe Scerzjin, and the team came a few weeks later when they lost Captain Al Crowley. Despite these difficulties, the team showed plenty of fight.

ASHLAND 19—MAYNARD 18

This was the first game of the 1944 season and it seemed to start with a bang, as Maynard charged down the field. Fred Wasiluik, who played a hard game at fullback, broke through for the first score. Maynard then took the ball from Ashland, and Wasiluik again raced over for a score. A pass from Barry of Ashland to the right end placed the score at Maynard 12, Ashland 6 at the half. In the second half, the Maynard line seemed to fall apart, and Barry of Ashland dove through for the two touchdowns and a point after. Charlie Higgins of Maynard scored in the third period, but the conversion failed and Maynard came out on the losing end.

HUDSON 13—MAYNARD 0

This game was played under the lights at Riverside Park in Hudson, as it has been for the last three years. Hudson, with a heavy, powerful, team, was surprised by the light but determined Maynard team. Tony Cutaia, right tackle of Maynard, broke through the line and piled up the Hudson ball carrier back of the

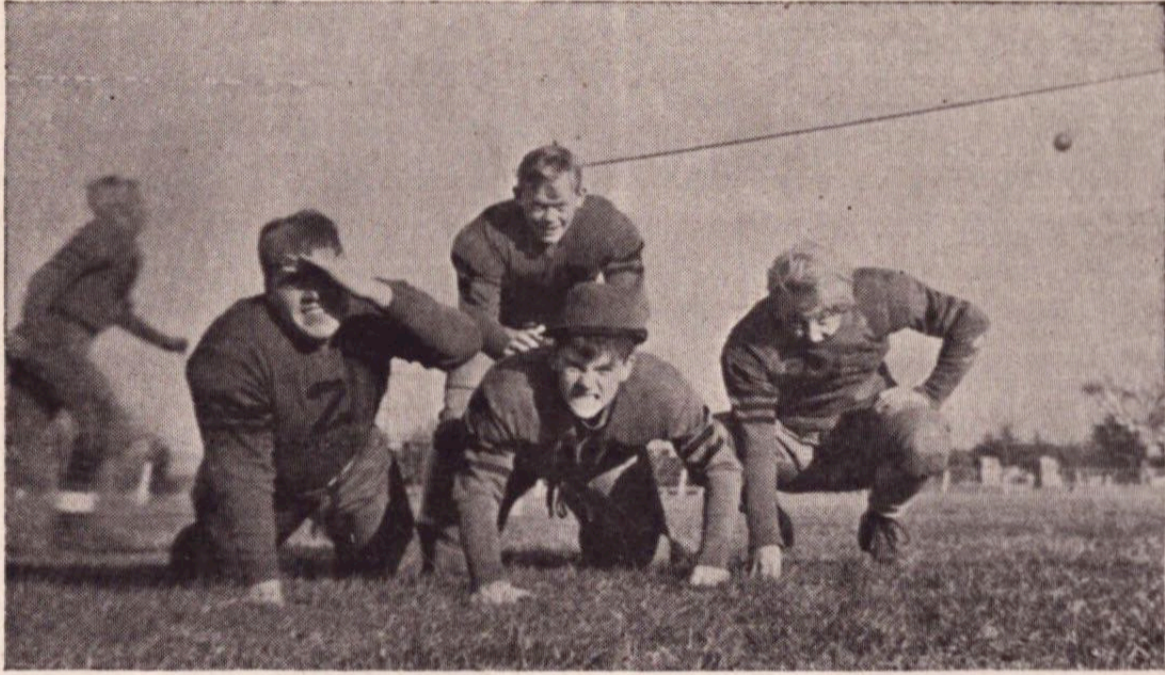
goal line. After the half, Hudson came out in force, and their fullback plowed through for two scores. Bob Jones and Tony Cutaia were outstanding for Maynard.

CONCORD 19—MAYNARD 0

On a bright, sunny afternoon the Concordites met the Orange and Black on Alumni Field. This was a one-sided game all the way, with Maynard unable to get rolling. Concord scored in the third period on a pass from Fitzpatrick to Merrick. After the half, Concord rolled up thirteen more points when the tackle, Parker, picked up a fumble and ran for a score. He then intercepted a Maynard pass and galloped over the line for six more points.



COACH LAWSON
"WANTS TO BE ALONE"



"PORKY"
POULSON

"BOB"
JONES
(rear)

"JIM"
KILLORAN

"GREMLIN"
WUORIO

A LINEUP TO SCARE ANYONE

MAYNARD 32—WESTON 18

Maynard found itself this game and really ran up a score. Alby Rogers plowed through the line for the first tally. On the kickoff, White of Weston took the ball on his own 30 and ran through the Maynard team for a 6-pointer. The point after failed. In the third period Charlie Higgins, hard-running fullback, galloped around end on a 40-yard run and scored. The point was good. Maynard again took the ball from Weston, and Higgins again scored. Weston then threw a long pass which

made the score Maynard 19, Weston 12. Then came the surprise of the game. A Weston back was charged hard by the Maynard line and threw a short pass into the hands of Ray Wuorio, who raced over for a score. Weston again came through with a long pass for a touchdown. But Charlie Higgins, the spark plug of the Maynard team, threw a pass to Johnson for another tally. Final score was Maynard 32, Weston 18. Bob Jones, Jim Killoran, Charlie Higgins, and Mike Johnson were outstanding for Maynard.



THE ZIEGFELD GIRLS WOULD BE JEALOUS

CHELMSFORD 7 —MAYNARD 0

Chelmsford was a new opponent and started off by beating Maynard. Chelmsford drove down the field and Capt. Mochrie plunged over from the two-yard line. This was a see-saw ball game after the score in the second period. Freddy Wasiluik and Bob Jones broke up many Chelmsford plays and Charlie Higgins carried the ball for long gains, but Maynard failed to score.

NATICK 47—MAYNARD 0

The Maynardites went over to Natick to play of the League's leading teams, with four of the first stringers on the bench. Natick outclassed Maynard from the start. In the first period,

Natick rolled up fourteen points, and at the half it was 21 to 0. In the third period, despite the hard-hitting tackles, Cutaia, Higgins and Jones, Natick rolled the score of 35 to 0. The game ended with the first team of Maynard badly crippled and the second team on the field.

MARLBORO 35—MAYNARD 7

MAYNARD 13—MILFORD 12

* * *

The team still has two more hard games to play, Marlboro, and Clinton. I think you will see a change in the team for these three remaining games.



"ALBIE"
ROGERS
ABOUT
TO
IMITATE
A
V-2
ROCKET

So We Lost

So what? So we lost.
We've been licked, but not beaten,
We'll rise again and at the next meetin'
On the field of battle, we shall emerge
The winners victorious. No funeral dirge
Shall chant its drawn and dismal moan;

No more will our players grunt and groan
From the weight of overwhelming odds
Of teams all-powerful who were their lords.
Maynard has the coach, the brains, the men,
So harken, you doubtfuls: *WE'LL Rise Again.*

SHIRLEY BAIN, '45.

Field Hockey

The first call for field hockey candidates brought out some forty girls, all ready and "rarin" to toe the mark and get set for the tough season that was just around the corner.

Led by Miss Marsden, the girls practised constantly, and under her careful and experienced guidance were soon in excellent condition.

FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

<i>First Team</i>	<i>Position</i>
Florence Croft	Right wing
Rose Hansen, Capt.	Right inner
Julia Palaima	Center forward
Shirley Bain	Left inner
Teresa White	Left wing
Rose D'Agata	Right half
Alice Syvanen	Center half
Constance Whitney	Left half
Doris Dionne	Right back
Helen Palaima	Left back
Julia Wehkoja	Goal keeper

<i>Second Team</i>	<i>Position</i>
Nancy Gentsch	Right wing
Eileen Bell	Right inner
Charlotte Lehto, Capt.	Center forward
Helen Arcisz	Left inner
Joan LeSage	Left wing
Mary Kaziukonis	Right half
Patricia Higgins	Center half
Bernice Hamilton	Left half
Roberta Carlson	Right back
Alice Koskela	Left back
Isabelle Koski	Goal keeper

First Game

MAYNARD AT ACTON—OCTOBER 10, 1944

1st Team—Acton 3, Maynard 2

2nd Team—Maynard 1, Acton 0

Maynard's field hockey team went to Acton to play their first game. Though the team didn't come off the field with a smashing victory, it

showed great sportsmanship throughout the entire game. The final score of the first team was 3-2, with Acton on top. Our goals were scored by Capt. Rose Hansen and Julia Palaima.

The second team, however, came through with a 1-0 victory over Acton. The goal was made by Helen Arcisz.

Second Game

ACTON AT MAYNARD—OCTOBER 24, 1944

First Team—Acton 2, Maynard 0

Second Team—Maynard 1, Acton 0

The Maynard girls played a hard game in which they showed excellent teamwork and speed against Acton. Despite the strong opposition Maynard put up, the score was 2-0, another victory for Acton.

The second was a little more successful, as it came through with a 1-0 victory over Acton. The goal was scored by Helen Arcisz.

Third Game

MAYNARD AT WESTON—OCTOBER 31, 1944

First Team—Weston 2, Maynard 0

Second Team—Weston 3, Maynard 1

It was a cool, autumn day, the right kind of weather for field hockey. The local team were to meet their mortal enemy on Weston's home field. At the start of the game Maynard was confident, but the girls' hopes were crushed by the swift and overpowering Weston team.

Both of Maynard's teams were defeated. Capt. Charlotte Lehto scored Maynard's only goal for the second team.

Fourth Game

WESTON AT MAYNARD—NOVEMBER 7, 1944

First Team—Maynard 1, Weston 1

Second Team—Maynard 1, Weston 1

Maynard took the lead during the first half of the game when there was a penalty bully on

Weston's goal line. Everyone held his breath when that deciding bully began. But Julia Palaima's expert bullying got the ball over the line and put us in the lead by one point. Maynard held this score until the last three minutes of the game when Weston scored, making it a tie.

The second team held the Weston girls to a 1 to 1 tie in a see-saw battle.

Fifth Game

CONCORD AT MAYNARD—NOVEMBER 14, 1944

First Team—Maynard 1, Concord 1

Second Team—Maynard 1, Concord 1

The Maynard girls really gave that very confident Concord team a surprise when they came here expecting a victory but left with a tie. Maynard's team was outstanding throughout the

game. The first team goal was made by Theresa White.

The second team as well as the first tied Concord, with Helen Arcisz making the goal.

First Team Letters Second Team Letters

Rose Hansen, Capt.

Julia Palaima

Shirley Bain

Rose D'Agata

Alice Syvanen

Connie Whitney

Helen Palaima

Doris Dionne

Julia Wehkoja

Florence Croft

Theresa White

Shirley Peterson, Mgr.

Charlotte Lehto, Capt.

Helen Arcisz

Eileen Bell

Joan Le Sage

Nancy Gentsch

Bernice Hamilton

Patricia Higgins

Mary Kaziukonis

Roberta Carlson

Joanne Colombo

Isabelle Koski

Eileen Bell is the captain elected for next year's first team.



If you want
quick action
and low-cost
in your home
loan, you'll
like our
loan plan.

HOME LOANS

HUDSON CO-OPERATIVE BANK

..Activities..

Homeroom Officers

Room 11

PresidentEdward Allard
Vice-PresidentShirley Spence
SecretaryElla Eklund
TreasurerWalter Zancewicz

Room 12

PresidentRaymond Wuorio
Vice-PresidentBarbara Marchant
SecretaryMadeline Terrasi
TreasurerAnthony Mariani

Room 13

PresidentFred Wasiliuk
Vice-PresidentAntonette Mariani
SecretaryMarion Terrasi
TreasurerAnthony Cutaia

Room 14

PresidentGeorge Luker
Vice-PresidentArdelle Kane
SecretaryWilliam Bain
TreasurerLuda Chutoransky

Room 15

PresidentJean Stein
Vice-PresidentJoseph Fraser
SecretaryAlice Koskela
TreasurerRichard Spence

Room 22

PresidentWalter Johnson
Vice-PresidentKathryn Louka
SecretaryRose Hansen
TreasurerJames Killoran

Room 23

PresidentClyde Merrick

Vice-PresidentRobert Emro
SecretaryVeronica Novick
TreasurerRichard Marchant

Room 25

PresidentAlbert Rogers
Vice-PresidentShirley Weckstrom
SecretaryHelen Ketola
TreasurerAlbert Hodgess

Room 26

PresidentLena Messier
Vice-PresidentBarbara Grigas
SecretaryPaul Koponen
TreasurerWilliam Gruber

* * *

Senior Social

Friday evening, September 22, 1914, the first social of the year was held by the Senior Class to welcome the new Freshmen. As is typical of the first dance of the season, a very large crowd attended. All enjoyed the music, which was supplied by a group from Ken Reeves' Orchestra.

The green and yellow decorations were made by the Senior Dance Committee under the direction of Miss Wilson, the Class Adviser. The committee was composed of the following:

Rose Hansen, Rita Boothroyd, Shirley Peterson, Regina Hinds, Shirley Bain, Barbara Gibney, Albert Crowley, Walter Johnson, James Killoran, Arthur Carby, Richard White, Albert Poulson, Morgan Lydon, and Kathryn Louka.

* * *

First Assembly

The first assembly of the year was one of tradition as well as originality. The first part of the program, which was supervised by Miss

Marsden, paid tribute to the discoverer of our land, Christopher Columbus. This took the form of an introduction by Stella Slabysz and various poems given by Eleanor Case, Patricia Higgins, Mary Hogan, and Constance Whitney.

The surprise of the program was "Take It Or Leave It," adapted from the clever radio program. As James Killoran was the master of ceremonies, the program was entertaining from beginning to end. Barbara Grigas was the assistant, while the contestants, representatives from all the classes were as follows: Shirley Bain, Louise Dwinell, Ray Wuorio, Helen Ketola, Leo Linteri, Albert Rogers, Albert Goodrich, Isabella Koski, Gordon Priest, Esther Koponen, Clyde Merrick, and Jean Stein.

With such an assembly as a start, we know the rest of the year will be successful.

* * *

Junior Social

Maynard High School witnessed one of its most unusual social affairs Friday night, October 20th, in the George Washington auditorium. The high spirited and very satisfied crowd, which jammed the dance floor from corner to nook, was clad in its oldest clothes and hilarious costumes. Boxes of chocolates were given for the two best costumes and the winners were Roberta Carlson and Walter Johnson. Arthur Carbary who was next best received a lollipop. Teachers and pupils will never forget this most unusual event. The music was provided by Joe Schnair and his orchestra.

The Junior Class dance committee, which was headed by Class Adviser Miss Winchenbaugh, was as follows: Shirley Spence, Helen Ketola, Shirley Weckstrom, Stella Stazewski, Julia Wehkoja, Mildred Mark, Ella Eklund, Jean Erickson, Albert Rogers, Paul Stein, Eileen Bell, Albert Hodgess, Charles Higgins, Robert Jones and Leo Linteri.

The decorations designed by Miss Pasakarnis were exceptionally beautiful. A scarecrow with the picture of Hitler as its face drew many jeers.

Record Hop

On Friday evening November 10, 1944, from 8:30 to 11:30 P. M., a Record Hop was held by the Senior Class in the auditorium. There was no intermission.

As each patron entered the hall, he voted for his favorite vocalist, Sinatra or Crosby. The results of the vote were announced in the middle of the evening. Bing is still tops! One of his records was played for his jubilant fans.

Caricatures of both singers decorated the walls, and the lights were shielded with yellow crepe paper shades.

The highlights of the evening were the waltz contest, won by Jean Erickson and Charlie Higgins, and the polka contest, from which Shirley Spence and Edward Lawler emerged triumphant. The awards were corsages for the ladies and boxes of chocolates.

The patronesses were Miss Wilson, Senior Adviser, and Miss Butterworth.

The Senior Dance Committee consisted of the following: Rose Hansen, Rita Boothroyd, Regina Hinds, Shirley Peterson, Shirley Bain, Louise Dwinell, Barbara Gibney, Barbara Marchant, Walter Johnson, James Killoran, Raymond Wuorio, Albert Poulson, Richard White, Albert Crowley, and Morgan Lydon.

* * *

Armistice Day Assembly

For the commemoration of Armistice Day, tribute was paid to the heroes of World Wars One and Two.

The program was opened by Dorothy Johnson as mistress of ceremonies. After the salute to the flag and the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," Barbara Gibney read the customary proclamation.

We were very fortunate to have a talk on why the soldiers fought the last war, given by Mr. McLaughlin, Past Vice-Commander of the Massachusetts American Legion. Also, we were honored by a W.A.C. from Fort Devens, who introduced two wounded heroes of this

war from the Lovell General Hospital. Their experiences made us realize how important it is for us to write to the boys overseas and to help finance their campaigns by buying war bonds and stamps. Then the W.A.C. gave an enlightening talk on her branch of the service.

The outstanding feature of the assembly was the presentation by Miss Doyle of a service flag to M. H. S., which was accepted by Walter Johnson, President of the Student Council.

The poem "Elegy to a Dead Soldier" by Aice Syvanen, "My Buddy" sung by Ethel Burgess, Rose D'agata, Ann Flaherty, and Evelyn Russo, plus the saxophone-clarinet duet of Walter Johnson and Roger Compton, provided the rest of the entertainment.

The assembly, under the direction of Miss Winchenbaugh, proved to be very successful.

* * *

Sale of Stamps and Bonds

This year the Maynard High School has bought a much greater amount of war stamps than last. Stiff home-room competition has accounted for this, with one room often buying as

much in one week as the whole school did previously.

Until November 8th, Home Room 25 led the parade with a total of approximately \$278, followed by Room 22 with the sum of \$204, and Room 15 with \$168. But on that fateful day, Room 22 bought \$405.65 worth of stamps to boost their total to \$609, leaving Room 25 trailing with \$367 and Room 15 with \$192.

On November 15, Room 22 increased its sales to \$761, Room 25 had \$397, and Room 15, \$202.

The school is justly proud of its record.

* * *

Our Welcome Visitors

Maynard High has been honored by various visits from its former pupils now in the service of our country. Among them was Wave Ruth Croft, who spoke informally before a Senior English class about the Waves. We enjoy these visits immensely and hope to see more of our patriotic students in the near future.

Compliments of

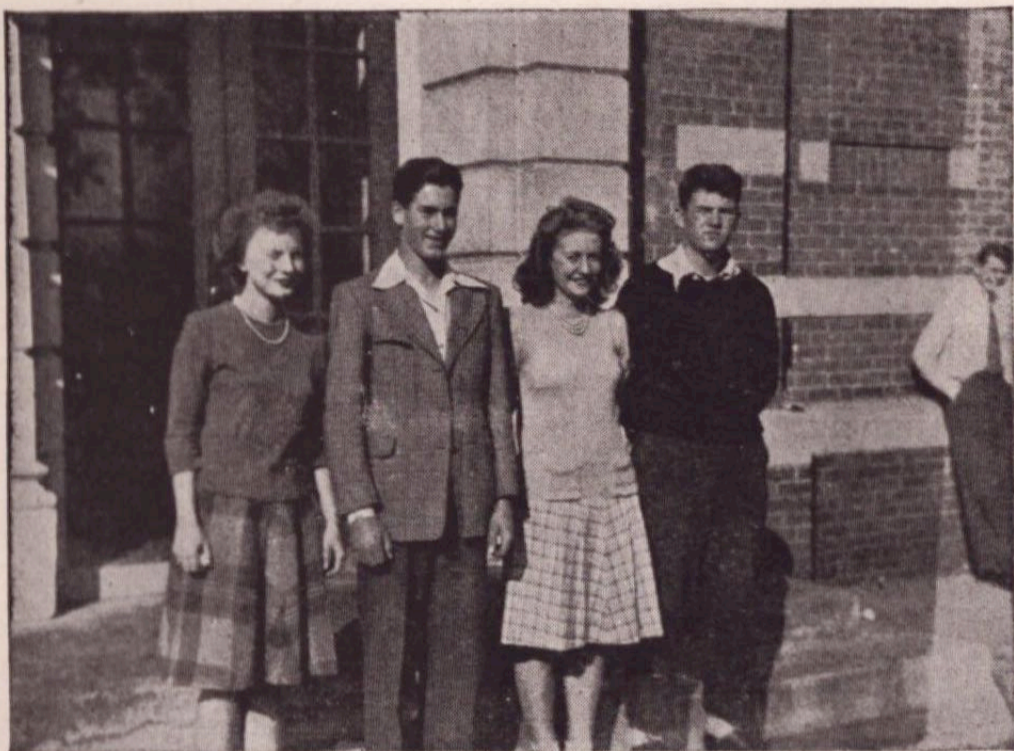
JOHN W. TAYLOR

Fur Merchant



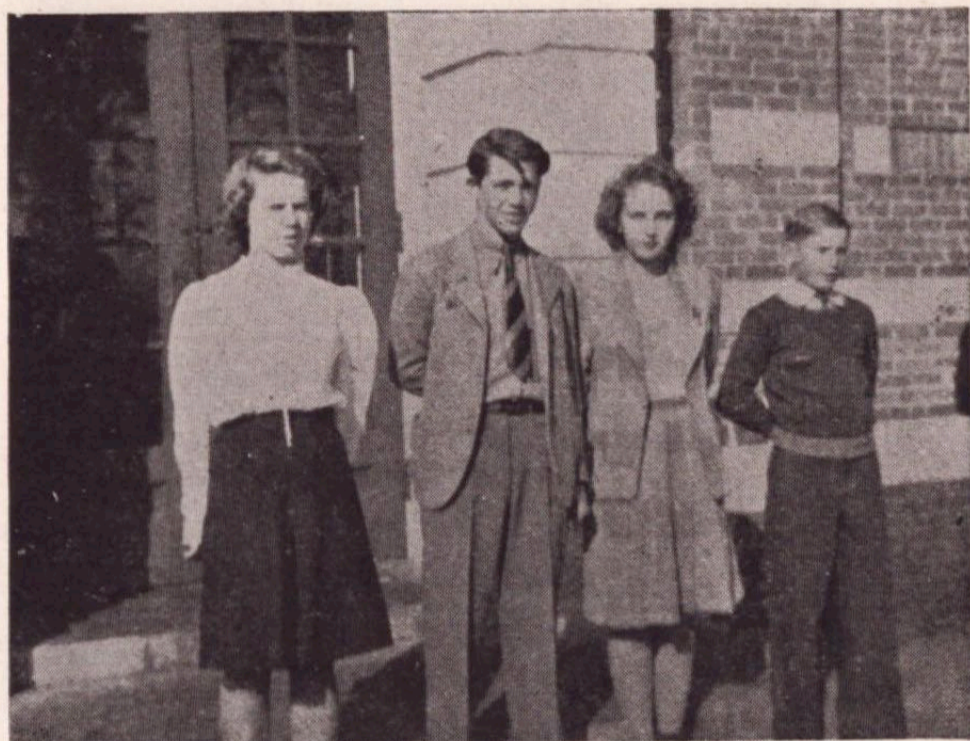
577 WASHINGTON STREET

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Walter Johnson
<i>Vice-President</i>	Rose Hansen
<i>Secretary</i>	Rita Boothroyd
<i>Treasurer</i>	James Killoran



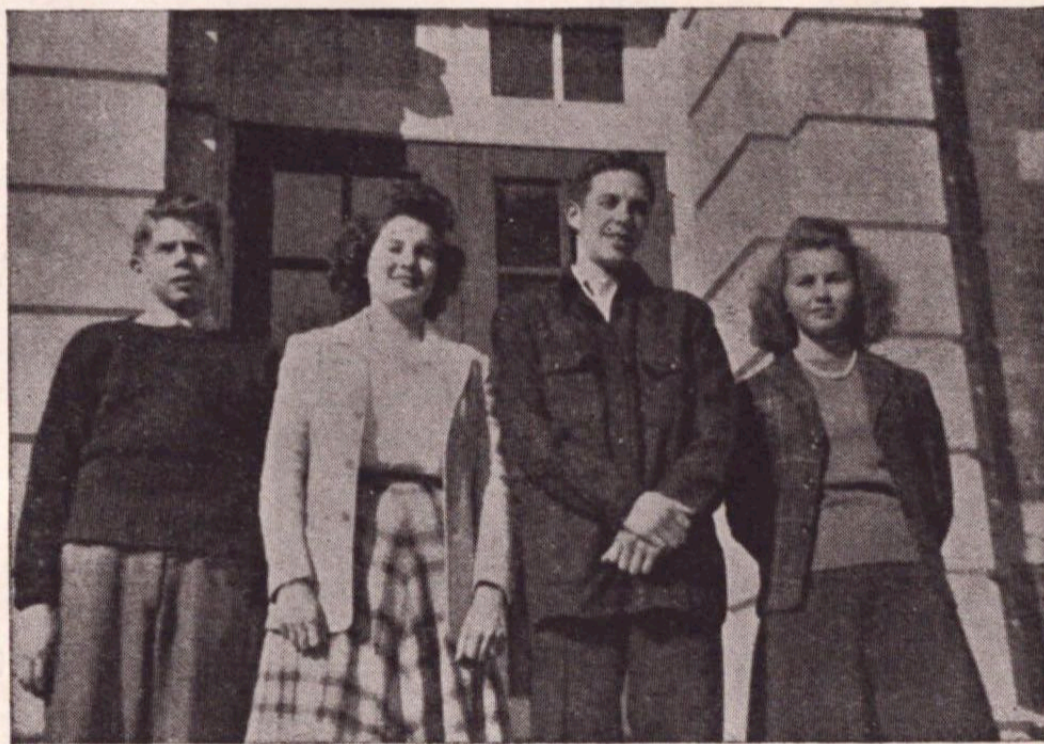
FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Clyde Merrick
<i>Vice-President</i>	Jean Stein
<i>Secretary</i>	Alice Koskela
<i>Treasurer</i>	Richard Marchant



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Albert Rogers
<i>Vice-President</i>	Shirley Spence
<i>Secretary</i>	Helen Ketola
<i>Treasurer</i>	Albert Hodgess



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Paul Koponen
<i>Vice-President</i>	Ardelle Kane
<i>Secretary</i>	Patricia Higgins
<i>Treasurer</i>	George Luker

MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL

Gold Star Honor Roll



MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL MEN
WHO HAVE DIED IN SERVICE
IN WORLD WAR II

RAYMOND HANNA
WILLIAM PALMER
JOHN SCACIOTTI
THOMAS LANIGAN
VINCENT LABOWICZ
BRONISLAW KODZIS
FRANK E. RILEY
RAYMOND LOIJA
JAMES M. TOBIN
ADOLPH WALUCK
JOHN VELENO
JERRY GREENO
ALEXANDER CHERNAK
WILLIAM CALLAHAN



Prayer For Today

Dear Lord,
Lest I continue
My complacent way,
Help me to remember
Somewhere "out there"
A man died for me today.
As long as there be war,
I then must
Ask and answer,
"Am I worth dying for?"



Alumni News



The Screech Owl was very happy to receive this snapshot of two of M. H. S.'s sons reading one of the finest publications on the market—none other than last June's issue of *The Screech Owl*. The accompanying letter will interest both students and townspeople.

* * *

Captain Joe Smith and Frank Croft,
Nazdab, New Guinea, S.W.P.A.

S/Sgt. A. F. Croft 31081018
3704 A.A.F. Base Unit
Sect. O (305) Box 232
Keesler Field, Miss.

Dear Students,

Having nothing to do tonight, with plenty of time to accomplish it, I checked over a few snapshots. I am enclosing one that may be of interest to you and the members of the teaching staff who serve as advisers in planning the school paper.

During my stay in New Guinea I met Burt Gruber, who presented me with the "Screech Owl." I enjoyed it very much. It was the graduation number of last term, and it brought back many happy memories spent sleeping peacefully in my English class. I never did figure it out, but nothing cured my insomnia like a few hours in English. If you doubt it, study this letter.

I met another Maynard fellow you will recognize as Joe Smith. Here I had a brainstorm, thus the picture. Joe, being a few years my junior, recognized several names and faces. We had quite a discussion while studying the book.

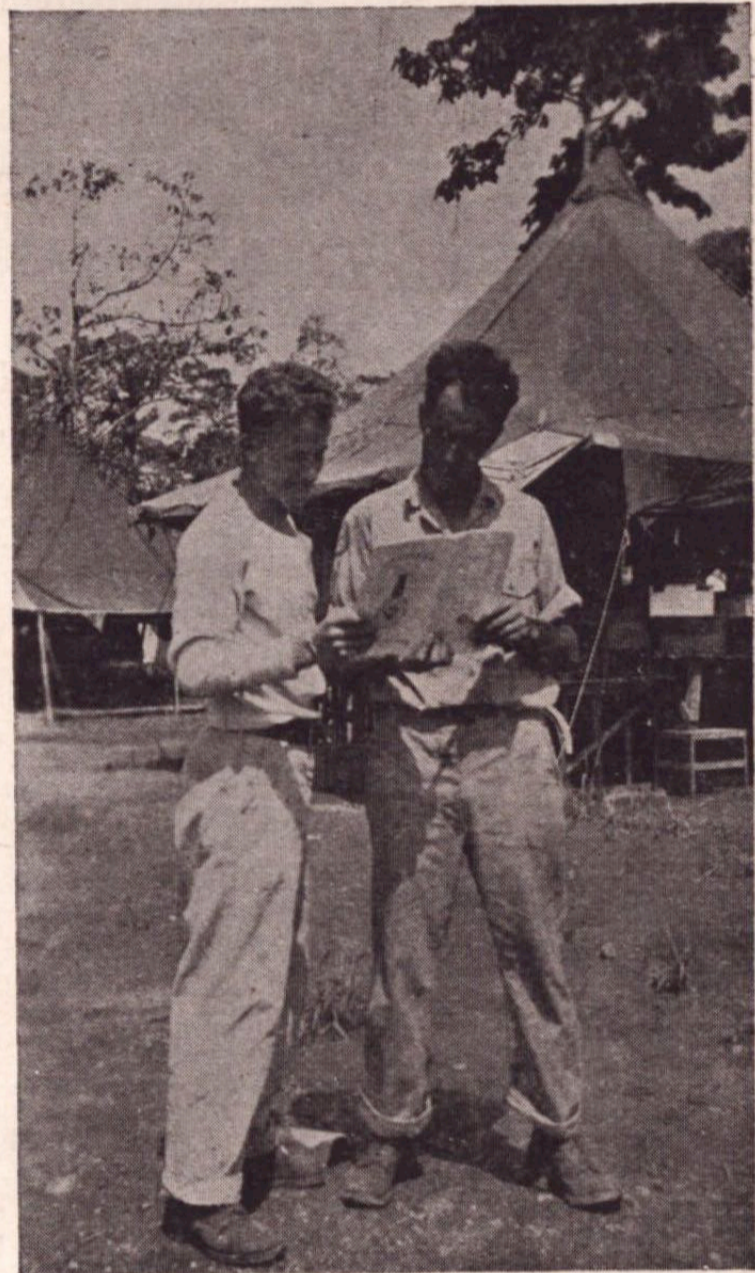
Later on I met Donald Brayden, and as I expected to leave at a moment's notice, the "Screech Owl" was left in his tender care. Perhaps it may meet more old friends.

Sgt. Gruber told me the "Screech Owl" was sent to him by one of his neighbors, Anne White.

That is how the M. H. S. "Screech Owl" toured New Guinea.

Sincerely,

S/Sgt. ARTHUR F. CROFT.



"Joe" Smith and "Frank" Croft read "The Screech Owl" in Nazdab, New Guinea.

The Screech Owl's effort to gather information regarding Maynard servicemen and their gallantry in action has been rewarded by the following list of heroes and their respective citations. We wish to express here our thanks for the aid which Maynard residents have given to make this possible.

We realize that the list is hardly complete, but it is all that we have up to the date on which "The Screech Owl" goes to press.

The following paragraph was printed in the Maynard Enterprise November 2 and 9:

"The Screech Owl," Maynard High School magazine, is desirous of publishing in its next issue a list of all former M.H.S. students who have been awarded medals or citations in World War II, together with any additional information available regarding the awards.

"Relatives of these boys are urged to send the information to Maynard High School at any time before November 16 or write to 'The Screech Owl,' Maynard High School.

"All students attending the school will be asked to help gather this information from the families of those in the service of our country."

* * *

CHARLES D'AGATA, one of our football "greats," has proved his courage on the field of battle. Charlie served sixteen months at Port Moresby, New Guinea, during which time he completed forty missions. He has to his credit four Jap Zeros and aided in destroying many others. Now stationed at the Bedford Airport, he has received the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal with Oakleaf Clusters, and the Silver Star, the latter having been awarded him for outstanding heroism in risking his life to adjust the bomb bay of his plane when the mechanism was damaged by enemy fire. Charlie holds the rank of Technical Sergeant.

* * *

KALERVO LEHTO, formerly of Maynard, has been in the thick of the fight. His outfit was first in Belgium and first in Germany. He participated in the D-Day Invasion, by his outstanding courage winning the Silver Star and the Purple Heart.

* * *

PFC MICHAEL J. CHRISTOFONO entered the Army in April, 1942. After being wounded during the battle of France, he was sent to England to recuperate. While there he received the Purple Heart. Michael is now back in the

thick of battle after his recovery.

* * *

JOHN VELENO, while taking part in the same invasion, was wounded and received the Purple Heart. Returning to active service, he gave his life on the field of battle.

* * *

SGT. RAYMOND McCARTY, who was seriously injured by snipers' bullets during a melee near St. Lo, spent several months in the hospital recovering. He also is a wearer of the Purple Heart, and his many friends will be glad to hear that he has greatly improved in health.

* * *

JOHN J. PUNCH of the U. S. Navy was awarded a commendation for efficient performance of his duty while under fire during the D-Day Invasion. His ship took part in shore bombardment, screening, and patrol operation.

* * *

STAFF SGT. EINO WATTU has been cited by the 88th Infantry Division. He received the Combat Infantryman Badge for combat on the 5th Army front in Italy. This badge was given to those proving fighting ability in action against the enemy. The badge is a silver rifle set against a background of infantry blue, enclosed in a silver wreath. He was also wounded in action and received the Purple Heart. He is now in Italy at the front again.

* * *

CHARLES USHER, a member of of the U. S. Army, was wounded in action in France. Shortly afterward he received the Purple Heart for his part in the battle.

* * *

SGT. GERALD FOLEY, a member of the U. S. Army Air Corps, received Eight Oak Leaf Clusters for having heroically completed fifty missions over enemy territory. Sgt. Foley is now back in the United States, stationed at Truax Field, Wisconsin.

* * *

PFC EINO LATUA was cited by the 88th Infantry Division and was awarded the Combat Infantryman Badge for participation in battle on the Fifth Army front in Italy.

ROBERT GRAHAM, S2/c, U.S.N.R., was commended for his heroic work in the salvaging of a plane which had crashed in a swamp in Florida in September, 1943. A copy of the citation states that Robert "in most inclement weather waded through mud and in water up to his waist and did everything in his power to be of service to the personnel involved in the crash." His conduct was in keeping with the best traditions of the Naval Service.

* * *

T/SGT. HOWARD L. KING (Class of '29) went overseas early in 1942 in the first Expeditionary Forces in World War II and returned to the U. S. A. in September, 1944. He was thirty-two months overseas. Howie holds a Presidential Unit Citation, Ribbon and Star, for actual combat and gallantry with the First Marines at Guadalcanal; the Combat Infantryman's Badge for meritorious action in actual combat against the Japs at Bougainville and Guadalcanal, ribbons and two stars, the good conduct medal, and has been recommended for the Bronze Star. He is now at O. C. S., Fort Benning, Georgia.

* * *

S/SGT. CROFT, whose picture heads this department, has been in the thick of things, as is evidenced by his fine war record. Entering the service in 1942, he received his wings as an Aerial Engineer and Gunner and went on for combat training to Columbia, S. C. He went overseas in July, 1943, and participated in 75 combat missions. During one flight his bomber was forced down by a damaged engine and wing. Working at top speed for three days, the crew patched up their plane and eventually escaped from enemy territory. For his heroism S/Sgt. Croft has received the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, the Bronze Star, and the Good Conduct Medal.

We regret that information regarding some of the boys has been very meager, but are printing what we can so that their friends and

classmates may know of their active participation in battles on all fronts.

* * *

PFC. PAUL REINI, now stationed at Fort Devens, is a wearer of the Purple Heart.

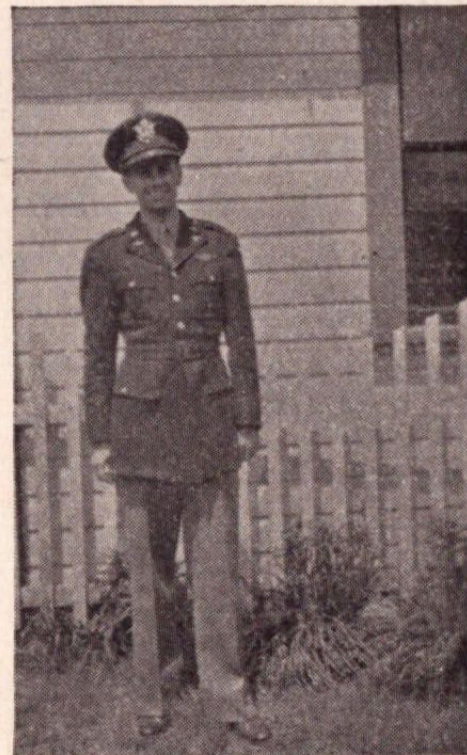
* * *

PFC. LEONARD CARBARY was wounded in Germany recently and was awarded the Purple Heart.

* * *

JOHN POZERYCKI counts among his other ribbons those signifying that he has the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters.

* * *



LT. PAUL WILSON

Prisoner of War

2nd Lt. Paul R. Wilson, bombardier aboard a B-17 shot down in a raid over Germany last January, is now a prisoner in a camp for Air Corps officers situated on the edge of the Baltic Sea, Stalag Luft I, Barth, Germany. Lt. Wilson had earned the Air Medal and one cluster before his capture. The most recent word received from him was a letter dated June 25.

As a student at M.H.S., he served as President of the Class of 1933 and Editor of the Screech Owl.

Capt. Forrest D. Hartin Shot Down Over France and Wounded Has Thrilling Experience

(Reprinted from article in Maynard Enterprise)

A thrilling experience of a former Maynardite who was hidden underground by the French and returned home to those who thought him a war casualty, will be of interest to many of the people of Maynard. Captain F. D. Hartin was born here and is a graduate of Maynard High School. His father will be remembered as the proprietor of the Maynard Monumental Works. It is believed that he left here about four years ago. This heart-rending experience of one of our very own is a vivid interpretation of the torturing experiences of those who are fighting this horrible war. Capt. Hartin's daring and startling experience follows:

Now that France is a fighting Ally and those patriots who so valiantly aided his escape are free from their Nazi overseers, it is possible to tell the story of Captain Forrest Dana Hartin, nephew of Miss Nina I. Hartin, 127 Huntington Street, Hartford, Conn., the first American to escape from France through the aid of the French Underground. Shot down over the French coast in 1942, the officer, suffering from two sprained ankles and flak wounds in his legs, was smuggled incognito into a large French city. In the dark of a cold, rainy night the next spring, he started back to England.

In the April 24, 1943, edition of *Saturday Evening Post*, an article by Jack Alexander entitled "The Clay-Pigeon Squadron" describes the Hartford boy in the raid over St. Nazaire. "In an adjoining squadron heavy flak blew away the nose of a fortress, tearing it off clear back to the upper turret, and it went down with one man dangling from the bomb bay by his parachute shroud lines."

"That," says Captain Hartin, "was an unfortunate description of me. We were ordered on a bombing mission over the submarine base St. Nazaire, and for tactical purposes were flying at a low altitude, when flak suddenly hit our ship, blowing off the whole nose.

"As navigator on our B-17, I found myself hanging head down in the air, my legs caught between the shattered glass and the bombsight. I finally got loose, but saw we were much too low to make a parachute jump.

"By some lucky fate my chute opened, and I landed, but sprained both ankles and counted 16 flak wounds in my legs."

Deftly the flyer folded his parachute, hid it, and dragged himself into a nearby ditch. While he lay in his poorly concealed hideout, the Nazis, who had captured the other two survivors of the wreck, and shot one in clear sight of the captain, scoured the surrounding land for him.

"More than once," he says, "the Jerries came so close I could have reached out and touched them. My ankles and leg wounds were making me feel pretty bad, but I realized that soon I'd have to seek some shelter. I could hear dogs baying in the distance, and knew that soon they'd be let loose to track me down."

When the dogs were sent out, Captain Hartin crawled on his hands and knees to a small brook and swam as best he could up stream, succeeding in throwing the dogs off the scent. He made his way to a hill overlooking the seacoast town where he spent the night, shivering in his cold, wet clothes and so frightened of the approaching Nazis who might any minute discover him that he could not sleep.

"Fall nights in France are very cold," he says. "I nearly froze to death and had to keep rubbing myself to keep alive."

"In the morning, I decided I would have to move away from the coastal region which I knew was heavily guarded but my ankles were so swollen I could hardly walk. With the help of two limbs which I broke from a tree, I started inland, hobbling along in great pain. I dug roots from the winter soil to keep from starving."

One night the captain spent in a barnyard, not realizing he was next door to a German billet. When sunlight came he realized he'd have to get away fast. He started out at night, but had

to cross a large swamp and only half way in the darkness. That night he spent in the very middle of the swamp, sleeping fitfully out of sheer exhaustion on bogs and branches. The next morning, he was so wet and cold and dejected, he felt he would risk anything, and build a fire to get warm. Again fate seemed to be with him and his small fire was not discovered.

He spent the next day planning his course to the next town. A mountain on one side and a canal on the other, and the sound of guttural German voices everywhere, made him turn back and hobble miles to a deserted barn where he spent two days.

"My socks were so soaked with mud and blood," he says, "that I was in agony each step I took. The second morning, I sat in a daze on the barn floor. I was cold, hungry, and in intense pain. The door burst open and in came a French peasant woman. When she saw me she gave a scream and began to talk very rapidly."

In his limited French, the captain tried to pacify her, knowing the barn had been surrounded by the Nazis the day before, who were still seeking him. He tried to explain to her, even begged on his knees that she be quiet, but she ran out. He settled back, figuring everything was at last up. The door opened again, but instead of the expected German officers, another French woman rushed in.

"This woman," says the captain, "understood at once who I was, called me Monsieur l'Americain' and brought me some bread and wine. That night she helped me reach a canal, where I found an old mud-filled boat chained to a stake. It took me two hours to file the chain apart and then with an old stick I paddled across the canal.

"The same day some Frenchmen took me eight miles to their boat, and hid me while they got some working clothes for me to wear, and some food."

The American flyer wandered for two more days, meantime his flak wounds had become badly infected and his ankles so swollen he had to find a doctor. He came to a small restaurant

where some women took him stealthily into a rear room, locked the door, gave him food and bathed him. They searched the town for shoes to fit him, his feet too swollen to fit his own, and in wooden sabots sent him off, with directions for locating a doctor in the next town.

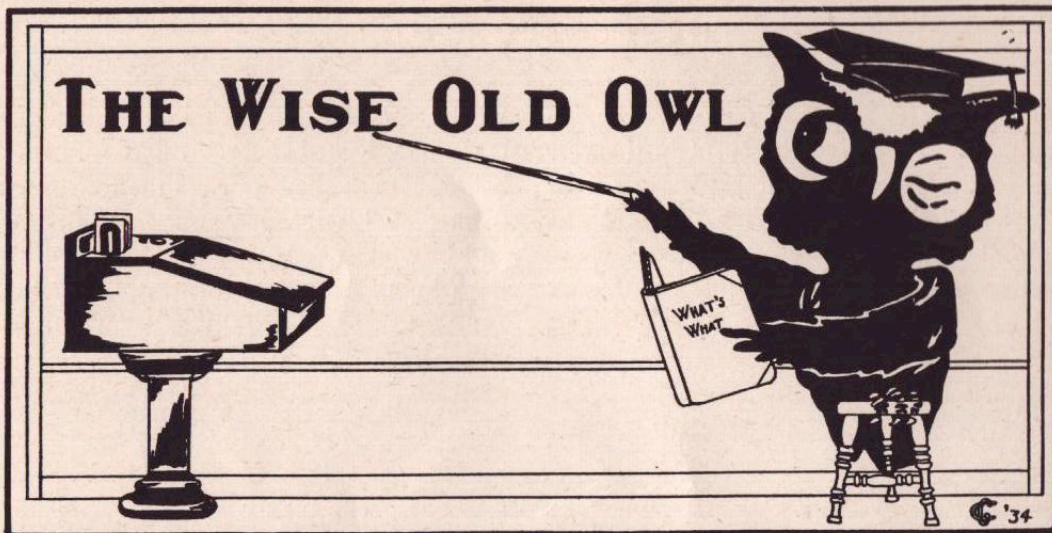
"By then I was so cold and sick I didn't care what happened to me, I walked boldly into the next town, past a German camp, guards and Army cars. My costume must have had some hidden good luck charm with it because I reached the doctor's office and finally received some treatment for my legs and ankles."

The doctor sent him on to the next village where men drove him in a truck to a house where he spent the night. Sick with pneumonia, he stayed there 30 days, the head of the house, who was obliged to work for the Nazis, using some excuse to give up work and nurse the pilot. Though food was scarce and sometimes insect-ridden, the family, the wife, and old aunt, grandmother and two small girls, shared it, and were willing to jeopardize their own lives to save the life of an American flyer. The family lived in constant terror for daily the Germans came to inspect each home. To avert as much suspicion as possible, the wife took the husband's job, working for the Germans.

From this town, the captain was taken by the "underground" into a large city where he saw the Nazis goosestep down the main boulevards and chuckled to himself when he thought how well he was evading them.

He was whisked away late one night to begin his trip to England, where Captain Hartin was awarded the Purple Heart and the Air Medal.

Having been reported missing over St. Nazaire since November 1942, his visit home was an overwhelming surprise to relatives who had been worrying about him for many months. He had first believed that all the crew except himself had perished, because although three had bailed out, two were immediately interned, and one he had seen shot before his very eyes. The co-pilot, Lt. Robert Jones of Wichita, Kansas, badly wounded, was taken to prison, but since then has been returned on the Gripsholm.



The Sad Sack's Saga

Hark, all ye students wild and free,
 Put down your books and list to me
 As I to you a tale unfold
 Which makes the stories of knights of old
 Look sick. The deeds of great Ulysses
 Are not in the class of poem this is.
 Why, Superman and the Lone Ranger
 With all their adventures chock full of danger
 Have never and will never compare
 To this saga mysterious, decrepit, and rare.
 In nineteen hundred and forty-four,
 The year our locals failed to score,
 And many a warrior's handsome face
 Was stepped on by the Master Race
 Of Natick, Concord,—but why reminisce?
 There must be sadder tales than this.
 The Wise Old Owl, whose notoriety,
 Has often offended your sense of propriety,
 To the Screech Owl Press has daringly sent
 A startling, scandalous, news-breaking event,
 And now will relate to you who hear;
 So park the body and bend an ear.

First comes Barbara, that Senior sensation,
 Whose romance with George is the talk of the
 nation.

One never can tell at the first of the week
 If she and he will even speak.
 Then there is "Killer" and his petite femme
 Just a true romance—ahem! ahem!
 Not like Alice and Rhulie, on the rocks.
 'Pears like he is taking some knocks.

Ethel and Joe go on forever;
 It seems that they will quarrel never.
 But then, we hear she's got a few
 Others on the hook; Roger's of that crew.
 "Rosie the Riveter's" right on the ball
 With Eddie trained to run at her call.
 Passé is the affair of Jean and Norm;
 It came and went like a sudden storm.
 So it's hurrah for "Oscar," the daring para-
 trooper.

Doris thinks he's just super-duper.
 "Daisy" and Helen, what an odd combination!
 He's so tall, while her height must be on ration.
 "Squash" is the boy, Jean is the gal.
 "Gilby's" up the creek, for she's got a new pal.
 Speaking of true loves, laurels for Rita.
 To "Lefty" she's faithful, his all-star seniorita.
 A shriek! A scream! Don't jump, it's just
 Clark.

"Snub" looked, 'twas too much of a strain on
 her heart.

He's a man of the Merchant Marine.
 And Weckstrom rates him as supreme.
 "Albie" still cares, e'en though looking forlorn.
 Ann's his true love and to college she's gone.
 With a zoom, a swish, and clickety-clack,
 "Divebomber" polkas by in a bright, gaudy
 sack.

Her partner is "Mike," a solid "gate,"
 Just a moon-struck affair, guided by fate.
 For Frederick the Great, the gridiron star,
 Whose battered hulk bears many a scar
 From clutching hands and hammerlocks, too,

There is hope; he's got feet and teeth, one or two.

"Lol" and "Pete" for two years have lasted;
No chance for interference; "Pete's" vote's been
casted.

A family affair of Hannah and Madelyn—
Looks like Navy and Red will become their next
of kin.

R. and R. is for Roberta and Roger
She's got her eye on him, but he doesn't dodge-
'er.

Acton's the interest of "Bobby" and John,
Two farmers daughters, fresh as dew in the
morn.

Oh, yes, Barb and Sammy still cling together
Like the "Pony Express," through any weather.
Though many rumors concern the U.S.N.

Believe it or not, Shirley still cares for "Ken."
And here's our hero, here's our star,
Dashing "Al" Crowley, rah! rah! rah!

The torch was held high by Rose for Billy.
Her reward: he's come home, and that is "rilly"
An answer to a maiden's prayer;

'Twas a long, lonely distance from here to
there.

Hodgess aimed and found his Mark;
From now on Millie is whom he'll spark.
Just plain wolves and never in hidin'—

Poulson, Beford, Nevela, and Lydon.
"Fifi" and Kay plus Poulson's car—
(Tho' he'll deny this wide and far).

Wheldon's jalopy to Marlboro goes
And doesn't return till the cock crows.
Did you hear about Marilyn and "Wacky,"

A couple of characters ever so tacky?
For Luker and Tony give a cheer;
They've been wounded in battle but still have
no fear

Of any opponent—they've both got knives,
And, like the proverbial cat, complete with nine
lives.

Why do Lent and Brown every day
Haunt the vicinity of Walnut Street way?
Now the girls are happy 'cause they've had their
chance

To invite their beaux to the J.W.C. Dance.

A peculiar war rumor has been circulating
That "Miss" Tony Cutaia will receive a rating
If he, or maybe it's she, will answer a certain
letter

That was received from the Waves telling him
he'd better

Show up and be sworn in with all the other
lucky girls.

How did you deceive them, "Muscles"? Put
your hair in curls?

"Pete" Belida, our roving Casanova,
Puts a certain red head in clover

Every time he glances in her direction.
The question is, Pete, for whom is your af-
fection?

Lawler's party brings memories galore,
But I notice Sharpe, Luker, and Burns all cry
for "more."

Refreshments, of course, what else could it be?
I might add, at this time, Stella sure made
history.

To those who were for Dewey, my sympathy.
I, too, was a supporter of the G. O. P.

The lights grow dim, my brain follows suit,
The pirates have made off with their loot.
The censor has censored—what's left, you have
read.

My saga is ended; now get ye to bed.
With finesse and a flourish from me to you
Plus plenty of rubbish, I bid thee adieu.
I'm off to the races, don't plan to come back—
Just saw a student preparing to hack
Off my dome, worthless as it may be.
Enough of such foolishness and triviality!
Ex-friends, good day, and be of good cheer,
For I'm going in hiding for the rest of the year.

SHIRLEY BAIN, '45.

* * *

Movie Reviews

Flash! . . . Once again we bring you the
latest news about pictures soon to be shown at
local theaters.

(Note: There will be a fresh vegetable sale
after each show consisting of produce which is

contributed thrice daily by enthusiastic patrons.)

Coming Soon —

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

This is a picture combining drama and action, and stars Russell Garlick. Most of the action is contributed by his sister as she pulls him out of bed each morning so as to get him to school by eight o'clock. There is also a touch of mystery in the picture regarding, "Does he make it?" or "Is he late?" See the picture, or, better still, ask Mr. Mullin. He'll tell you!

Of this, eminent critics say,
"Ho, hum!"

AND THE ANGELS SING

This is a musical, as the title suggests, and stars the holy three of the fifth period music class, "Vic" Oskirka, "Fritz" Wasiliuk, and "Wacky" Wehkoja. The harmonious trio is accompanied by a bevy of luscious girls. Production is set in a cold auditorium and costumes include winter coats, jackets, sweaters, and anything to keep warm.

Hailed by critics with—

"After this, you'll appreciate *good* singers."

RIDING HIGH

It's a monster! It's an earthquake! No! It's Norman Weldon and his "Super Car!" And—so starts the story of an amazing "Super Car" with an iron constitution. Faster than a red light! Faster than time itself! (Has to be, to get Norman to school on time!) Most amazing action picture ever filmed!

Critics corner—

"Wow!!!"

FOLLOW THE BOYS

Picture the trials and tribulations of the loyal girls who follow the M. H. S. eleven. The girls, Pat Higgins, Shirley Bain, Louise Dwinell, Nancy Gentsh, Shirley Weckstrom, Doris Dionne, Liz Jones, Phylis Blanchette, and Helen

Arcisz, are really something to cheer about. The picture, however, will be a silent one because the girls lost their voices at the Thanksgiving game.

Critics' Yelp

"Yippee, Hooray!"

THE DOUGHGIRLS

A good, old-time racketeer, starring the girls who carry on at M.H.S. Candy Counters. Such rackets as saying oatmeal cookies are good and the "Nabs" delicious (when they aren't) and many other crimes are revealed in this exposé of the girls with the dough.

Critics say,

"Money talks. Why else would we sit through this one?"

ENEMY OF WOMEN

This dramatic epic tells of a boy, who, disgusted with his numerous affairs of the heart, decides to put women out of his life forever. Who should be a more fitting star for the title role than Jimmy Killoran, the great woman hater? Of course a couple of minor characters named Shirley (both of them) float through the picture, but Jimmy's true nature has a wonderful chance to shine.

Rave Notices—

"Killoran great in role of woman hater!"

COUNTER ATTACK

Tells inside story of strategic planning John Holly does before rushing to the candy counter at each recess. Such new terms in John Holly's plan of attack as "elbowing," "rush 'em," "pushing," and "kicking" are revealed. Also shows dramatic scenes of victims and wreckage after the Holly Terror has truck. A great deal of praise is due to litter bearers who kept production in full swing by carrying out candy counter sales girls, Ethel Salonen and Shirley Martinsen, and reviving them in time for the next scene. Also Band-Aid helped the actors through sore spots.

(Note: Critics are being taken care of by the "Lay Away Plan.")

MY PAL, A "WOLF"

This is the story of two pals, one a modest, shrinking violet, and the other—a wolf! Mike Johnson goes about trying to change the character of his "wolfie" friend Eddie Allard, and vica versa. It's a long hard struggle and I won't tell you who wins—but—Mike *does* yelp before the picture is over

Critics' notice—

"Yip, yip, yip, yeee!"

PRACTICALLY YOURS

This happy little ditty stars Shirley Bain, "Fritz" Wasliuk, and a rather distrubing charactre in bell-bottomed pants. Anyway, it concerns the ardent wooing of a young fellow who is on the verge of collapse. Every time he thinks that the lady fair will give him sole rights to her heart, she sees blue, navy blue, and then changes her mind. This goes on for some time and I won't tell you the result because the stars don't know themselves yet.

Critics—

"He, ha—oh, why won't she make up her mind?"

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

It says, "Take it or Leave It" so, I "leave it," right here

* * *

A Victory Dinner

Entree

Grapefruit — Paul Koponen
(Just a squirt)

Main Course

Baked Ham—Freddie Wasiliuk
(Need I say why?)

Corn—John Zancewicz

Candied Sweet Potatoes—Shirley Bain
(A swell dish)

Spices—Shirley Weckstrom
(Gives everything a fine flavor)

Dessert

Ice Cream—Ardella Kane
(So refreshing)

Coffee—Dorothy Boothroyd
(Hard to get)

Sugar—Theresa White
(She's very sweet)

Finnish Pastry—Helen Ketola

After-Dinner Candy

Taffy—Robert Burgess
(The Candy Kid)

Bonbons—Helen Arcisz
(Mmm! Good)

JULIA D'AMICO, '47.

* * *

Sophomore Mother Goose

Sing a song of eighty-six
Sophomores in the class..
If everyone took Geometry
How many do you think would pass?

Baa Baa Black Sheep
"Is Roberta anywhere?"
"She isn't here, but will be soon,
For Roger's over there!"

A diller, a dollar,
Two minutes of eight
Hurry, Louise,
Or you'll be late.

Billy Gruber, come blow your horn
No matter how early in the morn,
"Where is Billy?" the neighbors cry,
"We'd like to sock him in the eye."

Goosy, Goosy Gander,
Whither shall I wander?
To get a candy bar or two
I shall be trampled black and blue.

Higglety, Pigglety, my black hen
She lays eggs for gentlemen.
Asks Burgess what he thinks of fowls
And his answer will briny many howls.

"Ann Marie, Ann Marie,
Where have you been?
I've been to New York, such
Sights I have seen!"

"We'd like to sock him in the eye."
"Ann Marie, Ann Marie,
What did you do there?
What everyone does,
Just stare, stare, stare.

Hickory, dickory dock,
Homeward we wearily walk
With English and Biology,
French and U S. History,
Homework till twelve o'clock.

ELIZABETH JONES, '47.

* * *



"I guess I've lost another pupil, said the
professor as his glass eye rolled down the sink.

* * *

Teacher: "Junior, what is a niche in a church?"
Junior: "It's just the same as an itch anywhere
else, only you can't scratch it in church."

* * *

Then there was the little lady who was so
dumb that she thought a goblet was a sailor's
child.

* * *

Conductor: "How old are you, little girl?"
Little Girl: "If the company doesn't mind,
I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own
statistics."

* * *

Heard in a cafe: "Consomme, bouillon, hors-
d'oeuvres fricasseed poulet, pomes de'terre au
gratin, demitasse, des glaces, and tell that mug
in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll,
see!"

Compliments of . . .

Tom King

Compliments of . . .

Bursaw Gas & Oil Co.

Telephone Acton 202

Compliments of . . .

J. Francis Cleary

INSURANCE

90 Main Street Maynard, Mass.

Telephone 460

New Village Market

N. A. KETO, Prop.

**Complete Line of
GROCERIES**

Cor. McKinley and Hayes Streets
MAYNARD, MASS.

A negro boy going through a ceretery read this inscription on a tombstone: "Not dead, but sleeping." The lad scratched his head a while and remarked to himself: "He sho' ain't foolin' nobody but hisself."

* * *

That lump on Willie's head is where papa helped him with his arithmetic last night.

* * *

She: "Do you smoke?"

He: "No, I don't."

She: "Do you drink?"

He: "Never!"

She: "Well, what do you do?"

He: "Oh, I tell lies."

* * *

"That soda clerk certainly mixes a nice drink. Where did she learn?"

"Oh, she went to sundae school."

* * *

"Hey, the church is on fire!"

"Holy smoke!"

* * *

He: "Gee, you've got a kind face."

She: "I have?"

He: "Yes, the kind that hurts."

* * *

Freshie: "How in the world did you get so freckled?"

Bernice: "I fell asleep in the shade of a screen door."

* * *

"Won't you give a shilling to the Lord?" asked a Salvation Army girl to an old Scotch gentleman.

"How auld are ye, lassie?" he inquired of her. "Nineteen, sir."

"Ah, well, I'm past seventy-five. I'll be seeing Him afore you, so I'll hand it to Him myself."

* * *

"There's a boy called Eddie Allard working here. May I see him? I'm his grandfather."

"You've just missed him. He's gone to your funeral."

Open Evenings

Free Delivery

Buscemi's Market

MEATS and PROVISIONS

Full Line of Italian American Groceries
Fruits and Vegetables

Tel. 657

179 MAIN STREET

River Street Steam Bath

— OPEN —

Friday	2 P. M.—12 P. M.
Sat.	10 A. M.—12 P. M.
Sun.	9 A. M.—12 Noon

ANTAR WIRTANEN, Prop.

33 River Street

Maynard

Tarny's Barber Shop

For Men Who Care About
Their Hair

6 WALTHAM STREET
MAYNARD

Telephone 352-M or 686-J

Selling - Renting Homes and Farms

William H. O'Brien

Real Estate — Auctioneer

47 GREAT ROAD
MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

The squad of recruits had been out to the rifle range for their first try at marksmanship. They knelt at 250 yds. and fired. Not a hit. They moved up to 200 yds. Not a hit. They tried at 100 yds. Not a hit. "Tenshun!" the sergeant drawled. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's your only chance."

* * * *

Visitor: "I can't tell you how delighted I am; My son has won a scholarship."

Farmer's Wife: "I can understand your feelings, ma'am. I felt just the same when our pig won a medal at the agricultural show."

* * *

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

Gladys: "It's mean of her to have told you that; why, I told her not to!"

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

* * *

Lawyer (for motor accident victim): "Gentlemen of the jury, the driver of the car stated that he was going only four miles an hour. Think of it! The long agony of my poor, unfortunate client, the victim, as the car drove slowly over his body."

* * *

Rookie: "I have a pain in my abdomen."

Army Doctor: "Young man, officers have abdomens, sergeants have stomachs, you have a bellyache."

* * *

"You're a cheat!" the first lawyer accused his opponent.

"You're a liar!" the other retorted.

Then from the judge: "Now that these attorneys have identified each other, we shall proceed with the case."

* * *

First Private: "Why did you salute that truck driver?"

Second Rookie: "Don't be so dumb! That's no truck driver. That's General Hauling. Didn't you see the sign?"

Compliments of . . .

The Maynard Machine Shop

Russo's Restaurant

Excellent Food

Reasonable Prices

Dine and Dance

Tel. 286

51 Waltham Street

Compliments of . . .

The Auto Shop

BROWN STREET
MAYNARD, MASS.

Compliments of . . .

Main Street Steam Bath

JOHN NOKELAINEN
Prop.

Doc: "What you need is an electric bath."

Fritzie: "No thanks, doc, I had an uncle drown that way up at Sing Sing."

* * *

"I got the socks you knitted for me," wrote the soldier to the dear young thing he had left behind him, "but I love you just the same."

* * *

Pete White: "Is this dance formal, or can I wear my own clothes?"

* * *

The three balls in front of a pawn shop mean that two to one you won't get it back.

* * *

Sign at entrance to country home: "Watch out! Our dog is awfully careless since meat rationing."

* * *

This puzzled Pole lived practically on the border between Russia and Poland, and he worried about it for years. "I'm a man without a country," he said. "I don't know where I live." So eventually he got a state surveyor to swing around his way and make an extra special careful survey. "You live," he declared "in Poland." "Hurray," cried the Pole, throwing his hat in the air. "No more of those terrible Russian winters."

* * * *

Nervous old lady: "What happened, Conductor?"

Conductor: "Nothing much; we just ran over a cow."

Lady: "Was it on the track?"

Conductor: "No, we chased it into the barn."

* * *

Pete: "How do you know he was drunk?"

Tony: "Well, he shook the clothestree and then started to feel around the floor for some apples."

* * *

Did you hear about the wife who shot her husband with a bow and arrow because she didn't want to wake the children?

Lauri Toivenen's Steam Bath

— BATH OPEN —

Friday	2 P.M.—12 P.M.
Saturday	10 A.M.—12 P.M.
Sunday	9 A.M.—12 Noon

47 Elmwood Street Maynard

Compliments of . . .

BOESKE BROS.

Cor. BROWN AND CONCORD
STREETS

MAYNARD, MASS.

Compliments of . . .

The Ideal Metal Weatherstrip Company

4 WALTHAM STREET
MAYNARD

Compliments of . . .

Sims' Tire and Battery Shop

Tel. 165-W

12 WALNUT ST. MAYNARD

A man received an indecipherable prescription from his doctor. After it had been made up by the druggist, it was returned to him, and he used it as a pass on a railroad, gained admission to dances, movies, and theaters, while in the evenings his daughter used to practice it on the piano.

* * *

Teacher: "Just for that you'll receive a zero for today."

Student: "Aw, that's nothin'."

* * *

Teacher (in grammar class): "Please tell me what it is when I say 'I love, you love, he loves'."

Student: "That's one of them triangles where somebody gets shot."

* * *

1st class: "What is an outboard motor boat?"

2nd class: "A row boat with athlete's phut."

* * *

Mrs. Box: "Yes, our furniture is very antique. This bed, for instance, goes back to Louis XIV."

Mrs. Knox: "Oh, well, don't feel so bad; our whole living room outfit goes back to Cohen on the 30th."

* * * *

The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth.

* * *

"Would you like to see something never before seen by the human eye?"

"Sure."

"O.K. Peel this banana and take a look."

* * *

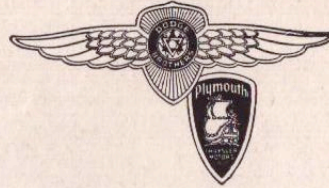
"Mr. Mullen: "In what part of this poem is there a change in the atmosphere?"

D. Sharpe: "In the fourth part, where it begins to rain."

* * *

Father: "Son, how did you like your first day in high school?"

Freshman: "I didn't. The teacher told me to sit in a seat for the present, but I never got it."



SALES
with
SERVICE

Great Road Garage

Dodge and Plymouth Cars and Trucks

John F. Coughlin, Prop.

146 Great Road Maynard, Mass.
Telephone 252

Muzzey's Restaurant

94 MAIN STREET

SPECIAL DINNERS DAILY

BOOTHS FOR LADIES

Compliments of . . .

CLASS

of

1946



Miss Field: "What does, 'Gallia omnia est divisa in partes tres' mean?"

A. Freeman: "All Gaul is quartered into three halves."

* * *

Flunking Junior: "I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Miss Butterworth: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I can give."

* * *

P. Porrazzo: "Father, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"

Father: "Why certainly."

Peter: "Then please sign my report card."

* * *

Donald B.: "If I kissed you would you call for help?"

Alice K.: "Do you need help?"

* * *

Waiter: "Are you Hungary?"

R. Messier: "Yes, Siam."

Waiter: "I'll Russia to the table and Fiji."

R. M.: "All right. Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill."

* * *

Plumber: "I have come to fix that tub in the kitchen."

Small boy: "Mama, the doctor is here to see the cook."

* * *

A. Rogers: "Think of the future, my boy."

P. Stein: "I can't. It's my girl's birthday and I must think of the present."

* * *

Russell G.: "I do my hardest work before breakfast."

James L.: "What's that?"

Russell G.: "Getting up."

* * *

Customer: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

Barber: "It ain't that; sometimes I snip off a bit of the customer's ear."

BRAD'S

Hardware — Paint

Kitchenware

Farming Tools and Sporting Goods

12 NASON ST.

MAYNARD

Telephone Maynard 60

Butler Lumber Company

11 BUTLER AVENUE

MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

Compliments of . . .

Lynch's Bowling Alleys

S. J. Graceffa, Prop.

31 NASON ST.

MAYNARD

Joe's Barber Shop

Specializing in

HAIRCUTTING — SHAVES
FACIALS FOR DRY, OILY SKIN, SHAMPOOS

SCIENTIFIC SCALP TREATMENT
FOR FALLING HAIR — DRY DANDRUFF
ITCHY SCALP — OILY DANDRUFF
ALOPECIA AREATA

Make Your Appointments Now

JOSEPH PORAZZO

35 Walnut St.

Tel. 564-M

Maynard

Colonel: "You say you served with the Army in France?"

Cook: "Yes, sir. Officers' cook for two years and wounded twice."

Colonel: "You're lucky, man. It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

* * *

"When I looked out the window, Johnny, I was glad to see you playing marbles with the boy next door."

"We weren't playing marbles, Ma. We just had a fight and I was helping him pick up his teeth."

* * *

Teacher: "Describe the manners and customs of the people of Central Africa."

Pupil: "They ain't got no manners and they don't wear no costumes."

* * *

Phone rings. "It seems to be some woman— all I can hear her say is 'idiot'."

"I'll answer it, it must be my wife."

* * *

A canny Scot was engaged in an argument with the conductor as to whether the fare was to be five or ten cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the train just as they were crossing a long bridge. It landed with a mighty splash.

"Hoot, Mon," screamed Sandy. "First you try to rob me and now you've drowned my son."

SANDERSON'S

See Our
Large Assortment of Boxed
Stationery

Christmas Cards

For Relatives — Special Friends and
Sweethearts

6 NASON ST.

MAYNARD

TYPEWRITERS REPAIRED

Have your typewriter repaired while parts are still available.

Reasonable Rates — All Work
Guaranteed

Mrs. A. Kangas, Agent

For Well Known and Reliable
Firm for Past 5 Years.

2 Espie Avenue

Maynard

Tel. 687-W

FOR QUALITY PLUMBING HEATING AND SHEET METAL WORK

See

Irvine Astwood

Tel. 224

49 Nason St.

Maynard, Mass.

WALNUT SPA

16 WALNUT STREET
MAYNARD, MASS.

We Serve

GROCERIES — LUNCHEONS

Telephone 180

OBBERG'S

QUALITY SHOES

for the

ENTIRE FAMILY

112 MAIN STREET

MAYNARD

MASS.

Guyer W. Fowler

Walter R. Denniston

. . . Compliments of . . .

FOWLER FUNERAL SERVICE

PRIVATE AMBULANCE

42 CONCORD STREET

Tel. 25-W

MAYNARD, MASS.

CHIN LEE LAUNDRY

Main Street Maynard



Member of
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

JOSEPH'S MARKET

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Monarch "Lion Head" Canned Goods
Tea, Coffee, Fruits, Vegetables

Telephone 461-W

20 MAIN STREET MAYNARD, MASS.

THOMAS GRAMO

CANDY, FRUIT and ICE CREAM

Fruit Baskets a Specialty

Telephone 297

41 Summer Street

Maynard

ALBERT E. LUCOT

D/B/A

LITTLEFIELD INSURANCE AGENCY

GENERAL INSURANCE

Masonic Building

MAIN STREET

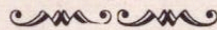
MAYNARD

EVERY MAN'S FAMILY

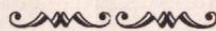
SHOULD HAVE

The Best

IN PASTEURIZED DAIRY PRODUCTS



DELIVERIES MADE IN MAYNARD,
STOW AND ACTON



ERIKSON'S DAIRY

GREAT ROAD

TEL. 438

Parker Hardware Co.

Hardware — Paints — Varnishes

Sporting Goods

Cutlery

Tel. 147-W

77 Main Street

Maynard, Mass.

OFFERING A HELPFUL SERVICE
THROUGH

SYSTEMATIC SAVING

and

MONTHLY PAYMENT

HOME FINANCING

The Fashion Shop



GIRLS' • MISSES'

WOMEN'S DRESSES

NASON STREET

MAYNARD

CONCORD CO-OPERATIVE BANK

CONCORD, MASS.

BUY WAR BONDS HERE

Compliments of . . .

JAY'S SHOE STORE

SHOES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

93 MAIN STREET

MAYNARD, MASS.

Compliments of . . .

JOHN and STANLEY
SUMMER STREET GARAGE
MAYNARD

JACOB'S MARKET

Choice Meats and Groceries

104 Main Street

Maynard

Tel. 527

SEGAL'S
BELL HOSIERY
SHOP

95 MAIN STREET

MAYNARD

Compliments of . . .

JERE F. LYNCH

Compliments of . . .

THE THRIFT SHOP

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S
WEARING APPAREL

70 MAIN STREET

MAYNARD, MASS.

Telephone 538

MONEY AVAILABLE
For Desirable
MORTGAGE LOANS.



**Assabet Institution for
Savings**
MAYNARD, MASS.

Compliments of . . .

Dr. O. L. Clark

D & B MACHINE TOOL CO.
5 BROWN STREET



MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

"Serving the War Effort Now; The Community After"

Compliments of . . .

Dr. J. E. Walsh, Jr.

Compliments of . . .

Dr. F. A. May

HAWES MOTOR PARTS CO.

AUTOMOTIVE JOBBERS

BEN PEARSON ARCHERY TACKLE

AUTO PARTS

Telephone 755

115 MAIN STREET

MAYNARD, MASS.



Compliments of

RAINVILLE'S

Maynard's Finest
MEN'S SHOP

MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

Compliments of

THE SENIOR CLASS

CROWE'S BARBER SHOP and BEAUTY SALON

Telephone 70

7 NASON STREET MAYNARD

ROLAND W. PRIEST

RUG CLEANING
DRY CLEANING

29 CONCORD STREET

Telephone 585-M

LAURSEN'S

First-Class Shoe Repairing



35 Summer Street Maynard, Mass.

BOSTON TAILOR SHOP

CLEANSERS and DYERS

H. Kaplan, Prop.

46 Main Street Maynard

Tel. 415-W

The New **SQUARE CREAM TOP**
SPACE-SAVING MILK BOTTLE

available in this territory only from

MAPLECREST FARM DAIRY

BENT AVENUE

MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

Telephone 73-W

Compliments of . . .

Dr. Julius Gilder
 OPTOMETRIST

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. R. E. HOOPER

Compliments of . . .

M. H. S. DRAMATIC CLUB

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. S. M. CREMER

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. E. J. FLAHERTY



L. ROY HAWES

FLORIST

Flowers For All Occasions

20 NASON STREET MAYNARD, MASS.

Compliments of . . .

F. A. COLOMBO & SON

BARBER SHOP

37 MAIN STREET MAYNARD

SHOE REPAIRING

Protect Your Feet

Keep Your Shoes in Good Condition

Joe's Shoe Repairing

55 NASON STREET MAYNARD

Taylor's

CHEVROLET

Sales and Service

Telephone 190

5 ACTON STREET MAYNARD

King Square Diner

Where **Good**
Friends Meet



MAIN STREET
MAYNARD



Specializing in

Personality Coiffures
Constructive Permanents
Beauty Culture

COATS • DRESSES • HATS
HOSIERY • UNDERWEAR

Alina's Beauty Salon

73 MAIN STREET MAYNARD

Telephone 411-W

SALON DE BEAUTE

96 MAIN STREET MAYNARD, MASS.



Telephone 640

for

Beauty Sake
Permanents

MAYNARD ICE & OIL CO.

Oil: Phone Maynard 519-W 241 Main Street

KEROSENE, RANGE and FUEL OILS



ASSABET COAL COMPANY

Coal: Phone Maynard 519-R 65 Acton Street

ERKKINEN SERVICE STATION

TIRES
TUBES
BATTERIES

Gulf
PRODUCTS

ACCESSORIES
REPAIRING
LUBRICATION

Tel. Maynard 188

Stow, Mass.



REVIVE YOUR
WARDROBE

DRESSES

AND PLAIN
COATS

Get your dresses ready for a new season. Our cleaning will make your last year's dresses look like new. You may not need many new garments when you see how beautifully we can restore them.

\$1.00

SUITS AND TOP
COATS

may look dull and dead and soiled, but wait 'til you see how our style-restoring process renews suits and topcoats — economically, too!

\$1.00

Middlesex

LAUNDERERS & CLEANSERS

Telephone 400

Maynard, Mass.

SEDER & GRUBER

GRAIN FERTILIZER, LIME
and CEMENT

Tested Seeds Of All Kinds

Nason Street

Telephone 251

MAYNARD, MASS.

Samuel's Studio

PORTRAITS

of

QUALITY

8 WALTHAM STREET
MAYNARD, MASS.

MATTI M. AUTIO, Prop.

Telephone 64-M

Powder Mill Rd. Steam Bath

— Hours —

WEDNESDAY 1:30 to 10:30

FRIDAY 3 to 12

SATURDAY 10 to 12

SUNDAY 8 to 12 NOON

6 POWDER MILL ROAD

ROAD 62

MAYNARD, MASS.

PAUL'S FOOD SHOPPE

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY CAKES

Our Specialty

47 MAIN STREET

Telephone 162

**LEDGARD'S
CIRCULATING LIBRARY**

34 NASON STREET
MAYNARD, MASS.

**Murphy & Tannuzzo
TYDOL SERVICE STATION**

Firestone Tires — Hood Tires

Also Retreads

Delco Batteries and Accessories

1 POWDERMILL ROAD

Telephone 184 MAYNARD, MASS.

HERBERT W. MARTIN

FUNERAL DIRECTING — AMBULANCE SERVICE — INSURANCE

12 LINCOLN STREET

--

--

11 NASON STREET

MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

Telephone 10 W or R

Compliments of . . .

Dr. A. T. DeANGELO

W. MANNINEN

SHOES

and

SHOE REPAIRING

32 Main Street

Maynard

Diamonds
Watches
Gifts
★
Radios
Appliances

ARTHUR'S JEWELRY CO.

Engraving
★
Radio
Jewelry and
Watch
Repairing

10 Nason Street • Maynard, Mass.

Residence Telephone 756-M

Compliments of . . .

MURPHY & SNYDER

A. R. MURPHY, Prop.

Printers of "The Screech Owl"

Telephone 473-W

55 Main Street

Maynard, Mass.

Compliments

of a

FRIEND

BUY

U. S. WAR SAVINGS

BONDS and STAMPS

CHARLES WAINIO
BARBER SHOP



43 MAIN STREET MAYNARD, MASS.

Member of The Boston I Stores
R. Salamone and R. Terrasi

Meats, Groceries and Provisions

Beer and Wine

FRESH FRUIT IN SEASON

Telephone Maynard 415-M

14 Main Street Maynard, Mass.

Compliments of . . .

Gruber Bros. Co.

Everything for the Home

MAIN STREET MAYNARD

ZANIEWSKI'S
QUALITY MARKET

Meats, Provisions, Groceries
and Fresh Fish

BIRDSEYE FROSTED FOODS

Telephone 114

51 MAIN STREET MAYNARD

Phone 565-W — Day or Night

MANN'S TAXI

Waiting Room and Stand

Cor. Walnut and Main Streets

MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

Cars Furnished for All Occasions

Something New! Something Sensational!

All the Time

. . . at . . .

ANDERSON'S SPA

Specializing in Fountain Service

83 MAIN STREET MAYNARD

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

Maynard Men's Shop

4 NASON STREET

MAYNARD

JOHN C. KING AGENCY

Insurance and Bonds

Fowler Building

Telephone 75-W

74 Main Street

Maynard, Massachusetts

COMPLIMENTS OF
WHITE'S DINER

P. T. White, Prop.



50 NASON STREET

MAYNARD

Maynard Shoe Hospital

SHOE REPAIRING

HAT CLEANING

SHOE SHINING

43 MAIN STREET

MAYNARD

NELSON'S PONTIAC

Pontiac Cars — GMC Trucks

9 POWDER MILL ROAD

TEL. 64-W

MAYNARD, MASS.

GAVIN TAYLOR**INSURANCE AND BONDS**

Of All Kinds

29 WALNUT STREET

MAYNARD

Phone 36-M

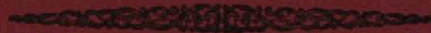
Compliments of . . .

MAYNARD
SUPPLY
COMPANY

FOUR CORNERS OF CO-OPERATION



THESE ALL ARE OPERATED FOR SERVICES NOT FOR PROFITS



UNITED CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

MAYNARD, MASS.

THE SCREECH OWL

Compliments of . . .

SAM

EDDIE

ROGER

MIKE

and Bernie



NEW IDEA STORE

MAIN STREET

MAYNARD