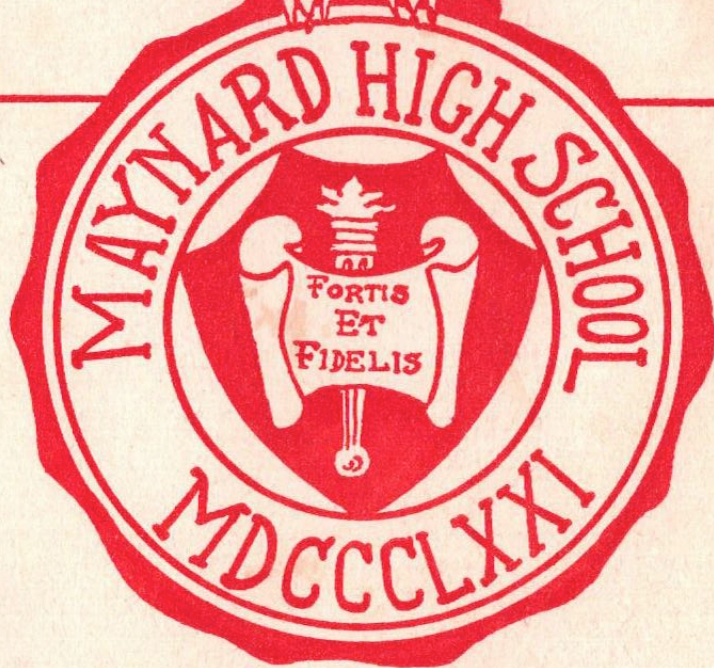


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THE SCREECH OWL

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

PRICE, 25 CENTS

DECEMBER, 1942

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Editorials	5
Literary	7
Alumni News	20
Athletics	23
Exchanges	25
On The Spot	26
Gloom Chasers	29

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We are proud to dedicate this issue of the Screech Owl to you, the graduates of Maynard High School, who are now in the armed services of the United States. We hope that you still remember your Alma Mater and the good times you had during your high school careers.

We must all see this war through to the finish; that is certain. With our soldiers, sailors, and marines fighting side by side, there is no doubt that victory will be ours.

If you still have the fighting spirit you so valiantly displayed on the football field a few short years ago, and can smash the Axis as you crushed rival teams on the baseball diamond, we can be sure that the Maynard High boys will be a credit to the school, whether they serve in Iceland, Africa, Australia, or the Solomons.

Keep fighting, sons of Maynard, for our hearts go out to you wherever you may be.

Alice Thane, '44.



Days To Remember

Here it is the fall of 1942, and once again, as in the beginning of every other school year, the portals of Maynard High were thrown open to admit that group of newcomers from the farther side of the auditorium. And who are these newcomers? None other than the Freshmen, typical of every other Frosh class that has ever entered this high school. As is the custom, they are the object of tricks played by upper classmen, they are taunted and teased about taking home practically every book in their desks, and are called everything from "Greenhorn" to words which would be inappropriate in an article like this. But does it bother them as it has other freshmen in the past? The answer is no, for they make a brilliant comeback, replying in the most nonchalant way, "Well, we aren't Seniors yet and naturally we can't be as brilliant as you people!"

But now, all joking aside: let's turn to the serious side of things. Do you realize that the class of '46 is the first to enter Maynard High in World War II? I don't doubt but what quite a few of the boys in the class are yearning to leave school for the service for the purpose of "taking a good poke at Hitler or Hirohito." That's all well and good and you are admired for your willingness and courage, but there is another side to this question. Have you thought how important an education is? Do you realize that it comes first, before all things? If you receive an education now, it will be a great help in securing a position after the war is over. It will help you to advance farther in the service. With this thought in view, fellow students, make the most of your high school

career. Don't grumble about little things which tend to bother you. Take all the chances thrown your way and make use of every opportunity.

You will be called by your government when you are needed, and until that time do everything you can to fit yourself for the great task ahead. If you follow this simple pattern, your high school days will be days to remember and Maynard High will be proud to claim you as its alumni.

MARIAN SHERIDAN, *Editor.*

* * *

Merry Christmas and War

All through the world a day which should have been heralded with peace and plenty was hovering about many scenes, some peaceful, some destructive. Let us look in upon one which could be occurring in any one home of the United States.

The date, Christmas, December 25, 1942, wartime all over the nation. The place, a quiet home located in any one of the numerous suburban towns in the country, which are rejoicing in the holy atmosphere of Christmas. As we enter the house, we step into the parlor and over there in the corner stands a Christmas tree, adorned with glistening ornaments of splendor and beauty which instantly remind us of the day. The radio, too, is doing its part in bringing Christmas into the American home, for it sends forth its own message of glad tidings through a choir which is singing Christmas carols that enfold the room in a blanket of angelic and peaceful feeling. The children are playing about the floor with the toys that the

ever thoughtful Santa has brought to them, but these are not as plentiful as last year. No, not as many toys and not all the members of the family either. There is something lacking in this scene of contentment. Look over there on the studio couch. It's mother and dad. They aren't thinking of what is going on in this comfy room. Their thoughts are wandering over to their son who is "Over There", somewhere across the sea. If only he were sitting here beside them opening his Christmas packages like the other occupants of the room; if only he were here to enjoy the bountiful Christmas they were enjoying, — if only, if only! How many "if only" thoughts race through the minds of human beings all over the world! Come over here in the corner. Look, it is Sis. She is crying. Now why should she be sad? Her pile of Christmas packages is as high as anyone else's. What is that tear-stained postcard she is holding in her hand? Come, we will move in a little closer and read it over her shoulder. Why, it is dated November 12, 1942, and the picture is of an Irishman doing a jig. The writing is scribbled and hurried looking, but it holds a place of honor on her Christmas pile. The words upon it read, "My darling Mary, I am still fine and dropped you a line so that you would not worry. I know now that whatever happens it is all for the best. All my love, John."

Yes, that is what is lacking. Husbands, sweethearts, brothers, fathers, and sons. Oh, yes, they know what day it is, but they cannot sit about dazzling Christmas trees and enjoy the holy and lovely Christmas spirit encircling them with beauty and splendor. No, they must fight so their loved ones may enjoy this. They have to suffer bombs and bullets, and watch their friends and comrades fall about them like so many stones. Some day when this war is won maybe then they, too, will enjoy the luxuries of life. Christmas is coming, yes, but so are the horrors of life like Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japs. Before we can enjoy a "Merry Christmas," we must win a war, not by talking, but by working where we are needed most. Christmas cannot be truly merry unless there is a true peace in the air and not a false lull.

MARILYN EMRO, '45.



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Heroes We Are

"And our Führer has said that the Aryan race is the one, the only race that can and that will exist upon this earth. Therefore, people of Germany, our Führer has asked us to . . ."

Thus blared the Nazi radio out over Germany on a dark night in December, 1941. But this broadcast was suddenly interrupted when a voice announced:

"This is the forbidden voice of the Underground Radio once more bringing you the truth, the facts about Hitler and his regime. We have with us this evening a man who is at the present time being sought by the Gestapo for escaping from the concentration camp at Zobbenitz."

Then after a moment's silence, one was able to hear the voice of Josef Schmitt. It began thus:

"I am Josef Schmitt. You wonder why I let the Gestapo know my name? I do not care. It does not matter. They know what I look like, and having been looked for a year now without being found does not make me worry. Let me relate to you the story of my work against Hitler and let me encourage you to do as I have done. Here is my narrative:

"In 1933, when Adolf Hitler came into power, I was a baker, peacefully making bread for the tranquil people of Waldkappel. Then, when volunteers for the German army were asked for, thinking that I would make an immense amount of money, I enlisted. I got extremely good pay until 1936, when the pays were reduced. They they were reduced in 1938 again. In 1939, when war was declared, I was whisked off to the front. There I saw the cruel and savage treatment of enemy prisoners. During the winter, the soldiers would chop holes in the ice on the lakes and rivers and put the prisoners into the icy waters. After watching this for a few months, I decided that I had been wrong in thinking that the Nazis were right, that there was to be only one superior race on this earth. So I escaped from the front

and went back to Waldkappel. However, I was found two weeks later and placed into a concentration camp. After spending two more weeks there, the Nazis began to lose a major battle and I was brought up to the front with many other former soldiers. I again baked for the soldiers of Hitler and now, thoroughly despising them, I set about to do all kinds of little mischievous tricks that tormented them. For instance, in baking bread I would place stones, dead lizards, and frogs in the dough.

"However, these little tricks weren't enough for the soldiers, so I joined the Underground. They arranged that I be moved to Berlin to bake at a restaurant where all the foreign diplomats and Gestapo leaders ate. There by some misfortune or other a time bomb found its way into a loaf of bread, and if you happened to be listening to your radio on November 13, 1940, you would have heard that a restaurant in Berlin had collapsed. In the accident three special envoys of Mussolini, two colonels, and five lieutenants lost their lives. Perhaps the fact that a certain cook disappeared from the tragedy quite quickly raised suspicions but, anyhow, I was caught in Hamburg a week later. I was deposited with no gentleness into the concentration camp at Zobbenitz. With another prisoner, Rudolf Zierach, I was placed in a small hut about five feet by four feet. We sat down for hours at a time, for both lying and standing were out of the question. Every other week we would be taken out of the hut for exercise and then we would be placed right back in again for another two weeks. After four months of this torture, Rudolf finally died. I remember that it was a cold night. We were huddled together in a corner sleeping. In the middle of the night I awoke thinking that I heard bombers. I shook Rudolf, but to my surprise he fell over to the floor, dead. Rudolf had died of starvation and the cold. I began to call out and pound on the door of the hut. Finally it was opened by a Nazi soldier.

"What is the trouble?" he bellowed.

"My friend has died," I answered.

"He leaned in and took ahold of Rudolf, shook him, and then, satisfied that life had left him, pushed him back into the hut. He left but soon returned with a sack.

"Put him into this," he said, and walked away grumbling something about "so many of these swine dying that there isn't time to bury them, just throw them into the river."

"I sat there for an hour pitying the fate of Rudolf, perhaps fearing that my own would be the same, when suddenly the words that the soldier had grumbled came back to me. ' . . . there isn't time to bury them; just throw into the river . . . ' Of course, an escape, the road to freedom. The sack! My salvation! I quickly dressed myself in the dead man's clothes and hid him into mine. Then I put the body in such a position that the face was downward towards the floor. After this, I struggled into the sack and tied the string at the opening into such a knot that by simply pulling both strings at the same time the knot would open. Then by a series of wiggles and crawls I managed to get near the body. I placed my head near his. No sooner had I done this when I heard a Nazi patrol coming. The door was opened and some one shouted:

"What is the matter with you?"

"Leave me alone," I whimpered in reply.

"Let him be," someone commanded. "Take the body, Kraut."

"I felt myself being lifted and then I was thrown over someone's shoulder. I could hear the soldier's boots on the board walks. Then a halt was called and I knew that we were on the bridge. On the command "Throw!" I felt myself falling through space and when the icy water hit me, I lost consciousness for a few seconds. However, I came to quickly enough to pull the two strings before I drowned. I had been holding on to them for life and now with a jerk, I freed myself from the sack and rose to the surface under the bridge. I swam to shore and hid in the undergrowth under the bridge for some hours. At about five o'clock in the morning I saw on the other side of the river a farmer going towards Hamburg with a load of hay. I swam over to him and got to Hamburg hiding in his hay. At Hamburg he drove me to the Underground Headquarters from which I have come to make this broadcast.

"Once more I wish to stir up you people against Hitler and his followers, because as you have seen from my experiences, his ideals are nothing more than"

Here the broadcast was interrupted by static, which meant that the Gestapo had located the wave length and were making static so that the broadcast could not be heard. Soon, however, a very calm voice announced that now the radio audience could be able to hear singing by a group of young boys. And soon the childish voices rang out with:

"We love our Führer,
We honor our Führer,
We follow our Führer,
Until men we are.

"We believe in our Führer,
We live for our Führer,
We die for our Führer,
Until heroes we are."

ROY HELANDER, '44.

* * *

Why Study

Tom and Mary were two average high school students. They had made it a weekly habit to stop at old Professor Martin's house every Friday afternoon after school let out. Professor Martin was a friendly old man with sound, frank judgment.

"Where are the red cheeks and happy smile, Tom?" Professor Martin asked, gaily.

"I don't know, sir," Tom answered, meekly.

"Leave them with Shakespeare?"

"No, sir," Tom responded, forcing a smile.

Professor Martin frowned. Then, turning to Mary, he said: "I didn't hear you laugh once. What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well, sir," Mary began, "we feel we're wasting our time studying when there are more important things going on."

Professor Martin smiled to himself.

"I'll be going into the army soon. Why should I waste my last free months studying?" Tom asked, a little proud of himself.

"I'm going to join the Waves," Mary smiled.

"Many others feel the same way," Tom assured him.

"Tell those others they're wrong," Professor Martin said, gruffly.

"Wrong?" Mary repeated.

"What kind of soldier are you going to be if you lack the basic education?" Professor Martin asked.

"The army teaches military tactics," Tom answered.

"Yes," the professor agreed," but they expect you to know the fundamentals of knowledge. How can you fight for the ideals you know nothing about?"

"We're fighting for freedom," Mary put in.

"What good is freedom when you don't know how to use it?" he asked with great emphasis.

The two students held their silence.

"Young folks seem to think this war is going to last forever. They want to study for war, not for peace."

"I'm sorry," Mary apologized.

"Go back to school and study hard," Professor Martin advised. "Study for the future, but consider the emergency."

"We will," Tom and Mary smiled.

"The world will need educated people after this peril to put it back on its feet, and preserve free institutions. You won't waste your time if you are building for the future," Professor Martin assured them, strongly.

Tom and Mary left Professor Martin's house, ready to tell the others to study hard so that they would be able to help find better ways for better living.

The world is what we make it.

A. CHODNICKY, '44.

* * *

The Poet

The night was cold and the rain fell in torrents. The wind whistled weirdly as it scurried 'round the house. Now and then the dense clouds were pierced by darting flashes of lightning.

Within, a low fire glowed in an open grate. A dim light on the table cast shadows. Thus the atmosphere was as cold inside as outside. The room remained shrouded in darkness.

Behind an old table a poet slumped limply in his armchair. His chin rested on his hands, and his eyes stared blindly into space. To his left lay a heap of crumpled rejection slips; to his right, a poem of "Despair" scarcely completed.

As he sat there in utter dejection, he seemed to glimpse the brimming cup of Success, ornamented with the jewel of Hope. He extended his arms as if to reach for the coveted object, only to discover that he was unable to partake of its contents. He withdrew to his former position and seemed to say,

"Why has fate dealt me such a wicked blow? Why can't I lunge forward and peer into that

bejeweled cup of Success? I am forlorn, crushed by the rolling wheels of Time. I am tossed about on the waves of Sadness, soon to be cast into the Sea of Despair."

Suddenly the poet was roused from the reverie into which he had drifted.

A flash of lightning illuminated the room for a brief moment. At the same moment a ray of hope penetrated the poet's heart. He seemed to see himself as the ominous clouds unmercifully whirled about by Fate. Just as the lightning pierced the heavens, so, too, Hope blazed its way to his heavily laden heart.

And as the sky became clearer and brighter after the storm, so, too, his heart became lighter after the siege of despair.

Without, the rain ceased, the wind's incessant howl was hushed, and silence reigned supreme. Within, the fire glowed more brightly and the room appeared to be bathed in a peculiar light. The poet's transformed soul was reflected in his eyes, as he took up his neglected pen and finished his bit of poetry.

MARY HOWE, '45.

* * *

My Opinion of Girls

In this article I am attempting to make a few suggestions to my feminine classmates, who greatly outnumber the boys.

The first fact that should be impressed on these girls in general is this: Looks count only about 10%, while personality and proper conduct add up to the other 90%.

Next, I think that girls should be more careful how they dress. This may be wartime, but I don't think the war board would miss an inch or two of cloth to add to girls' skirts.

Also, I wish to comment on the behavior of certain girls on the street. Just a few days ago, when I was on my way to work, I met a couple of girls I know quite well. I said, "Hello," and was greeted by a loud, "Hiya, kid!" and "Whatchaknow?" Being used to this, I thought nothing of it, but soon one of the girls began singing while the other danced around like a mad woman.

Plucked eye-brows, reddened lips, rouged cheeks, powdered faces, painted fingernails, and conspicuous clothes make up the average girl of today.

And now that I have expressed myself on this subject, give me a five-minute start so that I may climb the tallest tree on Summer Street.

DONALD MARCHANT, '44.

Courage

A tall, dark, handsome young man entered the room to be greeted by an attractive girl in her late teens. The expression on his face was a troubled one and he hesitated to speak, but soon gained courage and broke the silence.

"Marion, I've been going to ask you something for a long time."

"Yes, David, I'm listening."

"I've been wondering if you'd like to er-ah-well—"

"Yes, David."

Just then the door-bell rang, and David was left alone in the room. Soon Marion returned and suggested they'd better continue their conversation on the porch. As they went out, another young man greeted them.

Turning to Marion he said, "How about a walk before lunch?"

"I'd love it Bob. Will you join us, David?"

"No, thanks, I guess I'll rest before lunch."

David then turned and went upstairs to his room. He had engaged a room in Marion's house while he worked at a defense plant near by.

"Darn it! I never get up my courage to ask Marion. I haven't the nerve, I guess. Something always interrupts us."

That night, after the dishes were done, David found Marion alone on the porch, much to his joy. He went over and sat down beside her. Again —

"Marion, would you, that is, please—?" he began bravely.

"Marion, you're wanted on the phone," came her mother's voice.

"Excuse me, please, David, that's probably one of the boys."

Poor David, he had gotten exactly no place with Marion, so he decided to do the next best thing — to see Marion's mother. He got up and went into the room.

"Mrs. Morgan, I've been trying to ask Marion all week, but I've never succeeded in doing so. I don't like to bother you, but I've three buttons off my coat and I wondered if it would be too much to ask if you'd sew them on. Would you?"

"Certainly, David."

"At long last I've got it off my chest," said David.

REGINA HINDS, '46.

My Sister Eileen

["My Sister Eileen" was enjoyed by many students of Maynard High. We present a review of the play which enjoyed a successful run last season.]

My Sister Eileen, one of the funniest shows to hit Boston, was, in my opinion, a four-bell hit. Georgette Leslie, the curvacious blonde who took the part of Eileen, turned in a top-notch performance in acting and also popped out many an eye in the "bald-headed row." (I was sitting there, too.) She is Hollywood-bound, sooner or later. The well-known Betty Furness, as Eileen's sister, was very good, and her sarcastic remarks brought down the house. The cast was excellent and the snappy scenes and dialogue, which might have shocked some dowagers and old maids, were hilarious.

Some of the oddest characters ever thought of were in the play; from Mr. Appopolous, the Greek landlord with a flair for painting, (not much of a flair) and the Wreck, a professional footballer who ran around in a track suit, to the Brazilian Navy. The play, authored by the same men who have just put out *Junior Miss*, follows the trials of two Ohio sisters in a basement apartment in Greenwich Village that offered a dog's eye view of everything they did to whoever passed by, and to the girls it gave a view of the legs of passing life.

I was amazed at what comedy could be suggested in pantomime and even without faces.

Some of the most amusing scenes in the play were the scenes in which they rented the apartment; the famous undressing scene which, incidentally, brought down the house too; right after it, the scene with two drunks; and near the end of the scene in which the Brazilian Navy made its entrance.

A list of characters includes Eileen; her sister; Mr. Appopolous; the Wreck; the pair of drunks; six future admirals in the Brazilian Navy; and besides the Wreck's wife, the Wreck's wife's mother; the policeman; the Duchess; a doorman at a night club; a newspaper man; an editor of a high-hat magazine; George, one of Eileen's bewildered boy friends; several subway men; and sundry other pairs of legs and dogs that strolled by the window.

This play is just the type that is needed to keep the public's mind off the war. Congratulations to its authors and may they turn out many more like it. In my opinion, this play is one of the best farces ever played in Boston.

RICHARD TRENCH, '44.

The Screech Owl presents its own "Inner Sanctum" in the following three stories:

Out of the Sea

The night was dark and gloomy, as the thunder roared in the heavens. In fact it was a perfect night for a murder! The sea was like a wild, murder-crazed monster, reaching out at you and wanting to pull you down to "Davy Jones' Locker."

There was only one figure out on this night and that was a weird monster with slimy sea weed all over him. He seemed to be heading for Widow Flag's home. Just in case you haven't heard, Widow Flag's home is haunted! Yes, I know you don't believe in ghosts; at least, that's what you say, but you will. Mmm.—

Come on up here on Mrs. Flag's porch out of the rain. Why, look, that wasn't any monster we saw; it was Mr. Flag, who had been lost at sea thirteen years ago. Just look at him! Those glassy eyes that seem to look right through you, the slimy sea weed in his hair and around his wooden leg, and that odd green glow on his skin. But wait, here comes Mrs. Flag. She looks terrified. (Do you blame her?) Mr. Flag is rising and walking toward her. Nearer and nearer he comes. Suddenly there's a blood curdling scream and a low thud and the green light disappears toward the sea. All is quiet except for the continuous drizzle of rain and distant rumbles of thunder. A MURDER has just been committed!

Of course, we immediately reported all this to the police. When we first told them, they looked at us suspiciously, but when they found the body lying in seaweed and blood they turned as pale as a lump of sugar. (If you haven't forgotten what sugar looks like.) But soon, in steps the great detective, Ellery Holmes.

"I can tell you that it wasn't any ghost," he said.

Of course, we all phoo-phooed him. Why, how could he have proof it wasn't a ghost? We had seen Mr. Flag with our own eyes and he'd been dead thirteen years, and what about that green glow around him? Could Mr. Holmes answer that? He tried to, although we all felt sure that some spirit had risen and murdered Mrs. Flag. Now for the answer to the murder.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Ellery.

Suddenly his eyes became wide and a queer look came into them. His hands clutched his throat and he let out a wild scream and fell to the floor.

"I know'd he's better not stick his nose into any ghostly business. Tain't healthy!" shouted the old hermit that lived up in the mountains.

He certainly told the truth, for up to this day no one has solved the murders of Widow Flag and Ellery Holmes, and at night you can hear the sea moaning loudly as a figure surrounded in a green light floats up to the Widow's home.

So you don't believe in ghosts. Tonight when you go to bed and hear the stairs creak, don't let General Science fool you by saying it's the heat expansion because it's really some relation of that unnamed spirit who has left the village of Tired Hollow to rove in search of a new victim. But there aren't any ghosts! Oh, no?

EILEEN FAIRBANKS, '46.

* * *

A Haunted House?

Now this can be just another tall story or the absolute truth, but this is the way "I heered it."

Near a certain village in a remote section of Finland, an elderly man lived the last years of his life alone and forsaken on his farm. All his relatives were dead or had moved away. He had no children to be his heirs, so when he passed away the farm was doomed to the auctioneer. The buildings being in fairly good condition and the land quite fertile, it was quickly bought and then rented to a large family, who soon moved in.

One night, as the family was about to have supper, a queer, if not supernatural, thing happened. Just as the soup bowls full to the brim were placed on the table they were swept off, as if by some invisible hand, and crashed to the floor. In those days a floor was laid in the rafters above the kitchen and kindling wood was placed here to dry. Unexpectedly and very suddenly it came tumbling and crashing about the occupants' heads. Soon things came to such a dreadful state that the family moved out.

Scoffing at the former resident's warnings, another family settled down on the farm. It wasn't long before they too began to notice strange things. At milking time, even though there wasn't a breath of wind in the air and no one was near the milk buckets, sand and all

sorts of rubbish were found thrown into the milk. This not only vexed but greatly awed the farmer, and when his horses were found morning after morning sweating and foam-flecked as if they had been ridden far and fast during the night, the farmer and his family quickly bade good-bye to the farm.

By now the place had quite a reputation, but, undaunted, a young couple decided to try their luck.

The very first night an old harp that hung on the wall began to play by itself and the following morning the cold ashes from the fireplace were found scattered all about the house. The couple stood it as long as they could but when the mistress reached in back of the stove for wood and withdrew her arm horribly scratched and bleeding, with no sign of a culprit in sight, they made a hasty departure.

No one wanted to live on the farm, so it fell to rot and decay as the years passed by. Some people believed the spirit of the old man had come back to haunt his former home. You may draw your own conclusions, but there it still stands, sheltering no one, but perhaps the ghost of a lonely old man.

ETHEL SALONEN, '46.

Believe It or Not

A few years ago, in Maine, a family moved into a house that was very old. As time went on they grew accustomed to the house, but every now and then they heard a tapping noise going from room to room with doors opening and closing behind it. Each member of the family thought the other was playing a joke.

One night as Mrs. Grey laid her daughter's clothes aside for school, she heard a strange noise in the attic. Rushing up she saw that a box of old shoes had been pushed over, but she went to bed without mentioning it.

The next morning her daughter's left shoe, a sock, and her husband's left slipper were missing.

That day Mrs. Grey went to visit a friend who had lived in the town for over eighty years and asked him about the former occupants of the house. He said that years ago an old sea captain with a wooden leg, had lived there. Now do you still believe there are no such things as ghosts? I wonder.

BARBARA OLSEN, '46.

Blackout

As I recall, 'twas a Sunday night
And darkness covered the world so tight.

But it wasn't too dark for me to go
On the street as the whistle began to blow.

I looked at a house across the street,
And all I could see was the warden on his beat.

I yelled and asked when it would be over.
He answered, "When the bluebirds fly over the white cliffs of Dover."

I stood wishing I could be of service,
For I felt myself getting a little bit nervous.

I went back to the refrigerator, and after I ate
Sat at the window to ruminatate.

What if "they" came over (which of course they hadn't dared)
Would you honestly say that *you* were prepared?

I'm certain of what your answer would be,
And I don't have to use a dictionary.

So think of the boys in the camps, on the sea,
And buy War Bonds and War Stamps to keep us free.

EVELYN RUSSO, '45.

The Mad Paper-Hanger

* * *

Once in a little town that nestled by the sea
There lived a little paper-hanger and very good was he.
He could saw, he could hammer, he could paper, he could paint,
Though he was but a paper-hanger, he thought himself a saint.

He would be the savior of his people, a monarch, a king,
But what his "liberated" people thought would be a different thing.
He strutted up and down in a palace big and fine,
And in a feverish mood he cried, "The world will soon be mine!"

But he reckoned without Uncle Sam — a mighty man is he —
And his ally, Great Britain, who lives across the sea.
He forgot about China, Greece, France, Holland, and the rest.
Now he's finding his abilities are put to a grueling test.

Those illusions of power and grandeur and ideas of that kind
Are being rather dimmed as doubts filter through his mind.
If "Keep 'em flying!" "Keep' em rolling!" "Buy Bonds!"
Our mottoes will be.
We'll have that cockeyed paper-hanger just where he ought to be.

ETHEL SALONEN, '46.



Personal — To the Seniors

* * *

The freshmen are so very meek, or so the seniors think,
They are so quiet 'round the school the way they slide and slink,
But the seniors should remember, as they criticize the shy,
That they, as we are now, were once freshmen of Maynard High
We freshmen are, yes — very proud, as you were once before
And when for home we finally turn we're just a little "sore"
Because the seniors tease us so, but we never think to cuss,
'Cause that's the lot of freshmen, and the rest are just like us.
But when our home we finally reach we're exultant to the sky,
When kid brother or kid sister looks up with awed eye,
And after that we feel so proud we hurry up the chores,
And take kid sister for a walk and stories upon her pout.
Remember? You were freshmen once, so please don't kid or sneer,
But think of the fine time *you* had, in *your* first high school year.



MARY E. WHITE, '46.

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Passing flowers are these of freedom's flowered bed,
 Passing on to life or heaven — be it death.
 Behind them lie the fields of green,
 Places familiar, places loved.
 Before them lie a bloody field and evil foe.
 Cheering millions rise up left and right and all around,
 Cheering these passing soldier flowers of freedom's bed
 Who are to die a needless death
 Because people cannot learn to live and share alike.
 Passing flowers wilt not!
 Let God water your brave souls.
 Brave are these marching soldiers
 Who give so much so that a banner of freedom
 May unfurl amidst the dew against the dawn.
 March! Brave soldiers, march!
 Let no cross mark thy bed,
 Let no poppy mark thy head.
 Pray to God that He give you and your cause life.
 March! Brave soldiers, march!
 For you are not alone.
 Millions stand ready to lend a helping hand
 And enlighten your sacred burden.
 It is to you, marching soldiers of freedom,
 That my heart stands tense in salute,
 To you who march with heads high in faith,
 Hearts brave that know no cowardice,
 Eyes bright with hope as are the rays of the morning sun.
 March onward! Forward! At freedom's head!
 And carry high the torch
 So that the blind may see
 And the oppressed rise in freedom's sacred glow.
 Hold it high and let its light shine in every dark corner,
 Hold it high and guide the world to peace and freedom,
 And let its rays bring forth its holy cause.
 For this time, freedom shall prevail.

A. CHODNICKY, '44.

**The New Flock**

Winging in like a flight of scatter-brained birds,
 The new flock of freshmen, too green for words,
 Hustling about like a pack of bees
 As noisy, too, as every one sees.
 Passing notes, but always on the sly,
 Floating around with heads in the sky.
 No one knows all the things they do,
 But no doubt they'll grow up like YOU and YOU.

LOUISE DWINELL, '45.

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Study Period

Study periods, teachers say,
Are only for work, and not for play.
Now I ask both you and you
Is that all you ever do?
As for studies, I have three,
And the way it looks right now to me,
I'll never get my homework done
If I keep joining in the fun.
There's some one whispering on my left;
She gabs enough to make me deaf.
There's another fooling on my right,
While I slave away so I'll be (ahem!) bright.
In front there's always one boy clowning
As I try my best to keep from frowning.
In back they never cease to giggle
As some one who makes a loose desk jiggle.
Of course, it's not for me to say
To use your studies for work or play,
But I just thought I'd warn you now,
'Cause later you'll regret — and how!
So please take a brand new freshman's word —
Be seen in study, but *don't* be heard.

AGNES FINOCCHI, '46.

**Social**

Maynard High is quite the tops
The Friday nights it holds the hops.
The fat, the thin, the short and tall
Are gathered there within the hall,
Why do they go and spend their money?
To me it seems unusually funny.
Some are dancing and having fun,
While others are sitting there looking glum
Some go just to laugh and dance
While others only sit and glance,
Some patiently wait and smile,
While others dance the whole long while.
And, when it comes to ladies choice,
I think the bashful boys rejoice.
When finally we get them up to dance,
Then you should see how they can prance.
Eleven-thirty, when it's time to part,
We leave for home with a happy heart.
Every girl that you chance to meet
Seems to exclaim, "Oh, my poor feet!"

BARBARA MARCHANT, '45.



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While the Vultures Cheer

Listen, my children, and you will hear
A tale of courage and lack of fear,
A tale of lads with hopes high,
And a pigskin cutting the deep blue sky.

Upon the grandstand the vultures sat,
Rolling their eyes and patting their fat.
Cheering on their well known hero,
While the score remained Visitors six and Us zero.

Above the cheers the ref's horn blew
The end of the quarter, everyone knew.
Rest came to our lads, sore and lame.
One more quarter and the end of the game.

A fight on the sideline kept the fans in mood,
While a large black mongrel off the field was shooed.
A horn's toot reported the "time out" at an end.
The lads returned to beat foe or friend.

The foe to the vultures seemed small and light,
But they held our team on the fifty-yard stripe.
Signals were called; the ball was flung;
Our hero hit their line and birdies sung.

But wait, dear vultures, there was a gain;
So the huddle was formed: signals the same.
This time our hero did get thru,
Way down the field to the thirty-two.

The next play called was the famous reverse.
The play made twelve yards; the foe did curse.
Our lads were on the ten-yard line
With zest to win, but very little time.

The quarterback called a quarterback sneak.
With the ball he tumbled over, tired and weak.
He got up and wiped away a tear
While the vultures took the occasion to jeer.

A pass play did the quarterback call.
The end with the ball o'er the goal line did fall.
He got up with a grin from ear to ear
And the vultures son began to cheer.

The score was tied and a point we'd need.
Kick! Kick! Kick! The stands did plead!
While a breath was held by tense hosts.
The pigskin did sail between the goal posts —
While the vultures cheered.

RAYMOND WUORIO, '45.

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Autumn

The season that is most picturesque of all
When the once golden corn stalks are brown and tall,
And the leaves that flutter so softly down
Are gold, and green, and scarlet, and brown,
Is autumn.

The time when the breezes blow night and day,
Making the world so lively and gay,
And farmers are gathering vegetables and fruit
To store away safe like a robber's loot
Is autumn.

The season when children are in fanciful mood
And forget to do chores, such as bringing in wood,
Looking ahead to the promised holidays,
To cheery Thanksgiving and a White Christmas Day
Is autumn.

MARY ARCIERI, '45.



A Pledge to the Servicemen

These men who were boys not so long ago
Are giving their lives as they meet their foe.
For this land of ours so happy and free
They are fighting to preserve democracy.

We pledge our support and allegiance too
To these boys in white, in khaki, in blue.
We'll do our best to help them win
By saving and salvaging with a grin.

Their job is to protect us, to keep from our shore
The mighty force of a total war.
But, meanwhile, we must do our part
To help keep courage in every heart.

So let us all just pitch right in
Let's save our tires, our gas, our tin,
Though we can't all fight for this land of ours.
We *can* help our boys beat the Axis powers.

SHERLIE BABB, '45.

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Winter

The winter is coming, cold and bleak,
And chill winds blow the snow and sleet.
The world is covered with a blanket of white,
The trees almost bare, a few dried leaves in sight.
And then the morn, encased in snow,
Rises up from the world of down below,
Greeting all with its bright and luminous rays,
As can only winter in its wondrous ways.
The earth is still — how quiet it seems
When first you awaken from your dreams,
But dawn has come, and another day,
As rise we must and be on our way.
Over the hill and down the road,
Watching the ever-growing load
Of snow as it bends the trees to the ground.
Winter and Beauty are the same, we've found.

LOUISE DWINELL, '45.

To The Boys Away From Home

Cheer up, Private, you're not too far from home
Cheer up, Sergeant, you'll get your chance to roam.
Comes a day when you'll be leaving
Bound for parts unknown,
Comes a day when you'll be grieving,
A long, long way from home.
You've got a job to do for us
Keep fighting on and on,
And meanwhile, we'll keep praying
For those of you who've gone.

You know, we've got a wonderful country,
With freedom of speech and press.
You can say what you want, think what you want,
And there's no special manner of dress.
No one to "HEIL" or bow down to in praise,
Just health and happiness.
But Soldier, when this is over,
Back to your home you'll return,
Back to good old America
Where the light of freedom still burns.

God will protect you young fellows,
Heroes, each, one and all,
Who answered the urge for enlistment
When America sent out her call.
Remember your dads in old '18,
Some of whom didn't return,
Think of them — with revenge in your heart,
And that light will always burn.

This can't go on for ever
It's bound some day to cease,
So keep on fighting, soldiers,
For an everlasting PEACE.

ALBERT SULLIVAN, '44.

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For You and Me

The boys of this land are fighting today,
And they won't stop 'till they get their way,
And that is to keep America free
For all of us, for you and me!

Some boys are down in Guadalcanal,
They're doing a job, and doing it well!
They're guarding our land, they're guarding our sea!
For all of us, for you and me!

And up in the air our war-birds fly,
Not knowing whether they'll live or die!
And you might ask, "Why should this be?"
I know it's done for you and me!

But they can't win this war alone,
They need help from us folks at home,
And we will help them! Who are we?
Why, all of us — yes — you and me!!!

ANN FLAHERTY, '45.



For Victory!



**BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS**



Alumni News



Three boys who would have graduated with the class of '43 left school to join the Navy and Marine Corps. We regret that we were unable to obtain a photograph of Joseph Tomyl in time for publication.

He is now stationed at Parris Island, South Carolina, and we all wish him the best of luck.

* * *

One of our best known alumni submitted this poem. If you want to know his name — well, he's right here in the high school.

★

No Church Bells Sound in England

No church bells sound in England
In towers old and gray;
They hang in doleful silence,
Await the fateful day
When Albions' shores shall feel the weight
Of an oppressor's heel
And Albions' sons shall give their blood
And wield true English steel.

No church bells sound in England.
Theirs is a silence long;
And English towns and villages
Still miss the Sabbath song.
But Englishmen can take it,
And Englishwomen too
Now grimly wait the fateful date
When bells shall ring anew.

No church bells sound in England,
But Englishmen can see,
In the not too distant future,
Their country's victory.
The ancient bells of England
Are set again to ring,
Not as the grim alarum,
But triumphantly to sing.
Throughout the world the people pray
That God in mercy haste the day
When church bells sound in England.

ALUMNUS.



Victor Kizik, who is now in the U. S. Navy, was one of the most popular boys in his class. In January, 1941, his Sophomore year in high school, he was elected class president and was re-elected in '42, his Junior year. Victor was active in all social events. He played football during his high school years and if he had not left school to join the navy he would have been co-captain of the football team. Good luck, Vic!



William O'Connell, who would now be in his Senior year of high school, has also joined the U. S. Navy. "Billy" was popular with his classmates throughout his three years with them. He was on the Junior Prom Committee last May and joined the navy shortly afterwards. From his classmates and teachers, "Best Wishes".

Joseph Tomyl, also one of our better known students, has joined the U. S. Marines. Joe was very active in all sports of the school and cooperative with his classmates. He was on the football team during his three years of high school and a member of track for two years.

Maynard High School is proud to present this list of boys in the service who graduated within the past eight years. We should have liked to publish a complete record of all alumni serving their country, but space would not permit. We do not guarantee this list to be complete, inasmuch as not all names have yet been submitted to the committee in charge:



Aho, Arne A.	1935	Elson, Richard D.	1936
Aho, Urho A.	1939	Emro, Guy V.	1941
Allan, Walter	1938	Fava, James M.	1939
Allen, Charles E.	1935	Fayton, John F.	1934
Arcisz, John	1938	Fidanza, Joseph A.	1940
Ayotte, Arthur	1941	Flaherty, Edward J.	1939
Bamford, Raymond	1940	Foley, Gerald M.	1937
Blanchard, Charles	1938	Fraser, James	1934
Bobik, Edward	1936	Ferrara, Gaetano	1936
Bobik, Alexander	1940	Girdziewski, Joseph P.	1935
Boltrukiewicz, Edward	1937	Girdziewski, John	1937
Bachrach, David	1938	Greeno, Joseph	1940
Bachrach, Theodore	1934	Grekula, Taito	1936
Baker, Alphonse	1942	Grunwald, Edwin	1937
Boeske, Howard	1937	Grigas, Anthony	1936
Bowse, George	1942	Gudzinowicz, John	1939
Brigham, Robert	1940	Haapanen, Charles	1939
Cannella, John C.	1940	Haduk, Edward	1939
Castelline, Dominic	1940	Hakala, Pentti	1936
Catania, Raymond	1941	Heinonen, Eero J.	1939
Catania, Joseph	1939	Higgins, John J.	1939
Chernak, Wasil Jr.	1937	Hyden, Aaro	1936
Colombo, Charles	1936	Iannuzzo, Guy	1940
Colombo, Domenic W.	1938	Ignachuk, Frank W.	1935
Colombo, Frank Jr.	1940	Jakusik, John	1938
Colombo, Michael P.	1938	Jakusik, Stanley	1940
Creighton, George H.	1939	Jarvinen, Kenneth	1938
Creighton, John A.	1937	Johnson, Robert A.	1941
Crotty, Norman J.	1936	Kane, Raymond	1941
Crowley, Raymond J.	1936	Kansanniva, Bruno	1939
Cuttell, Wilson	1939	Karhumaa, Toivo K.	1939
Carruth, Earl	1941	Karpeichik, Chester F.	1940
Carey, Thomas	1942	Katvala, Robert J.	1938
D'Agata, Charles	1939	Kavalchuk, Alexander	1935
DeGrappo, Charles	1941	Kavalchuk, Nicholas	1936
DeGrappo, Jerry	1940	Keegan, Francis H.	1935
Donahue, Edward L.	1939	Keegan, Frederick J.	1936
Downen, Donald R.	1940	Kitowicz, Edward S.	1939
Downey, George P.	1938	Koch, Albert W.	1939
Duckworth, William Jr.	1940	Kolenda, Anthony E.	1940
Duggan, Robert	1935	Koski, Paul J.	1938
Dudzinski, Daniel	1942	Kuchun, John	1937
Edwards, Howard	1941		

Kugima, Stanley	1937	Priest, Donald O.	1934
Kulevich, Charles	1936	Primiano, Frank	1935
Labowicz, Vincent	1935	Punch, Francis W.	1934
Labowicz, John	1938	Quinn, Lawrence	1938
Lalli, Alfred	1937	Raikey, Joseph	1934
Lalli, Constanzi	1935	Reini, Paul	1938
Lalli, Victor	1936	Riley, Robert J.	1940
Lalli, Nicholas	1934	Rudziack, Nicholas	1936
Lampila, Oliver H.	1940	Rivers, Leslie	1939
Lankiewicz, Walter	1939	Salenius, Elmer W.	1935
Lattuca, Louis J.	1938	Saluski, John	1935
Ledgard, Edward J.	1935	Sebastynowicz, Anthony	1939
Lent, Roy G.	1935	Silkonis, Frank	1937
Lent, Donald	1940	Sinicki, Alphone	1940
Lester, Robert J.	1935	Smaha, John	1937
Lickorai, Felix	1936	Smaha, Joseph	1941
Lickorai, Joseph	1935	Smith, Melvin C.	1938
Loika, William	1939	Sofka, Benjamin	1934
Lowney, Edmund	1942	Sokolowski, John	1939
Lubin, Francis	1934	Soroka, Walter	1937
Makrecky, Stephen	1940	Spratt, Gerald F.	1937
Mariano, Angelina	1936	Stefanowicz, Stanley	1938
Mariano, Edmund P.	1939	Sullivan, Daniel F.	1938
Mann, Gilbert R.	1935	Sullivan, James V.	1935
Manty, Frederick W.	1936	Swanson, George	1936
May, John F.	1938	Sweeney, Walter	1934
Mikolajczyk, Frank	1938	Thane, George F.	1937
Mikutajcis, Frank J.	1940	Thompson, Donald R.	1942
Miller, John	1940	Toivonen, Lauri Jr.	1939
Minko, Joseph	1935	Tomyl, Anthony	1936
Molloy, Peter	1939	Trachim, John	1938
Murphy, William J.	1938	Trees, Malcolm	1935
Murray, Edison C.	1934	Tuomanen, Reino	1936
Miller, Hugh	1941	Tuomanen, Ero	1935
Newman, Frederick E.	1934	Tuiano, James G.	1940
Norgoal, Arvi E.	1935	Tobin, Bernard	1939
Novick, Frank	1940	Waterhouse, George W.	1936
Novick, Henry S.	1937	Wainio, Allan C.	1942
Nyholm, Waino	1939	Wasuik, Walter	1937
O'Donnell, Edward	1935	Wasiuk, William	1934
O'Leary, Daniel	1939	Weir, John H.	1937
Osmo, Jouna J.	1934	Weir, Vincent M.	1939
Pakuc, Benjamin	1936	Whalen, George	1940
Palmer, William F.	1937	Whalen, Walter E.	1937
Parker, Francis B.	1938	White, Joseph K.	1934
Pekkala, Lauri	1938	Whitney, George A.	1939
Pekkala, Ralph	1934	Whitney, Ralph	1936
Pekkala, Weikko	1938	Wojtkiewicz, Joseph	1939
Petrowski, Joseph W.	1936	Wojtkiewicz, Frank	1939
Pieciewicz, Benny	1939	Yanusiewicz, John	1939
Pieciewicz, John J.	1936	Zwirbla, Michael	1939
Popienuick, Alexander	1935	Zwirbla, Stanley	1936
Pozericki, Joseph	1938		



BOYS' ATHLETICS

The Maynard football team faced many difficulties when the season opened. Most of the players were inexperienced, and the line lacked weight. In spite of a large number of losses, the team played with spirit and did its best at all times.

Hudson 6 — Maynard 6

"This is the story of a starry night."

It was the first night game Maynard had ever played. The Hudson team kicked to Maynard, and after trying line plunges without making much yardage, Maynard was forced to kick. Hudson took the ball and on third down scored on an end run by Fieldson, the Hudson halfback.

During the second quarter nothing much happened, with each team having an equal share of carrying the ball.

After the half, Maynard came into the game with renewed spirit and started a march up the field. On third down, with five yards to go, Maynard tried an end run, which resulted in a two-yard loss. Fourth down — seven yards to go for a touchdown! The next play was a forward pass, Flaherty to Emro, who tallied for the score. Both teams missed the point after.

Concord 8 — Maynard 0

The traditional battle between Maynard and Concord ended with Maynard on the short end of an 8 to 0 score. Concord scored a safety against Maynard in the first quarter of the game when Crowley was tackled behind his own goal line. With the score 2 to 0 in favor of Concord, the opponents scored again in the second quarter when Mandrioli crossed the line on a center plunge.

Marlboro 33 — Maynard 0

Marlboro's classy and fast team rolled all over Maynard to make the Armistice holiday very enjoyable for Marlboro. The touchdowns were by Allaire, who made two, Bunnell one, Ward one, and a substitute end who caught a pass and made a brilliant run for another 6 points. Three of the points after the touchdown were converted by Allaire, who kicked two of them and threw a pass for the completion of the third. Summing it all up, it was a roll-away, 33 to 0.

Winchester 24 — Maynard 0

The fast running and football ability of West, a certain all-scholastic candidate and star of Winchester's eleven, was a big factor in Maynard's loss to Winchester. The scores came in the second, third, and fourth periods by brilliant runs plus a quick play which caught Maynard sleeping. West made a touchdown in the third period, also, on a twenty-five yard run around right end. The last score came in the fourth period by a pass from West to Tracy, Winchester's end. The kicks were all incomplete, most of them being blocked by Tobin, whose hard playing has been noticed by many.

Framingham 12 — Maynard 6

Framingham took to the air to break up the Maynard defense. The first score came in the second period when Morris threw a thirty-one-yard pass to Abelli in the end zone for a touchdown. A twenty-yard pass in the last period accounted for the second score. Maynard's score came also in the last period when full-back Flaherty threw a pass to Sarvela, Maynard's left end, which was completed for six points.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Field Hockey

The following girls went out for hockey this year:

<i>First Team</i>	<i>Second Team</i>
Elsie Burgess (Capt.)	Helen Girdziewski (Capt.)
Elvira Greeno	
Mary Lawler	Rose Hansen
Ann Hamlin	Julia Palaima
Marian Smith	Shirley Bain
Alice Brown	Barbara Croft
Jennie Denisewich	Pat Louka
Mary Tobin	Rose D'Agata
Helen Smaha	Alice Syvanen
Dorothy Fayton	Virginia Whitney
Sirkka Koskinen	Madeline Hansen
	Celia Lalli
	Ann Walls
	Ann Flaherty

Miss Mahoney, our coach last year, was able to coach us for only one game, when she left to assume a position in Lynn. We appreciate her splendid work and the field hockey girls wish her lots of luck in her new work.

Miss Marsden then was chosen to coach field hockey. Most of the girls on the team had part time positions afternoons, which made it difficult to hold practice. Considering the few girls that went out for hockey, Miss Marsden also deserves a great deal of credit, and we thank her very much.

Maynard - Acton, Oct. 7, 1942

The Maynard hockey girls went to Acton in high hopes of winning the first game. We thought our dreams would come true, but in the second half Barbara Howell of Acton made a goal, with only three minutes to play. The final score was Acton 1, Maynard 0.

Maynard - Weston, Oct. 14, 1942

It was a brisk, cold day and we weren't at all sure of winning the game, as Weston has always had a good team and hadn't been beaten by Maynard for four years. In the first half Marian Smith scored two goals and Elvira Greeno one for good old Maynard High, which made the score in the first half 3-0 in Maynard's favor. In the second half Beryl Enholm of Weston made a goal. At the final whistle the score was 3-1, and Maynard had won its first game.

Weston - Maynard, Oct. 21, 1942

Weston came to Maynard, eager for revenge. We thought we would certainly win the game, but perhaps we were overconfident. The Weston girls won, 1-0. It was our first game in Maynard. Our second team came through with flying colors in the second half, with the score 3-0 in favor of Maynard.

Acton - Maynard, Oct. 26, 1942

The Acton Hockeyettes came to Maynard expecting to beat us, but were surprised when Marian Smith made a goal in the first half of the game. In the second half no goals were made. The final score was 1-0 in Maynard's favor.

Concord - Maynard, Nov. 6, 1942

This was our last game. The girls knew they couldn't beat Concord, which had the best team ever to represent the school, but were determined to put up a good fight. Mary Richardson of Concord scored a goal in the first half and another in the second, which made the score 2-0 in Concord's favor. The second teams played a scoreless tie.

* * *

The cold facts seem to show only a mediocre season, with several losses by our team, but in the matter of spirit, they were beaten by no one. Hockey is definitely on the up-grade and we predict an unbeaten season next year.

Girls who will receive letters include:

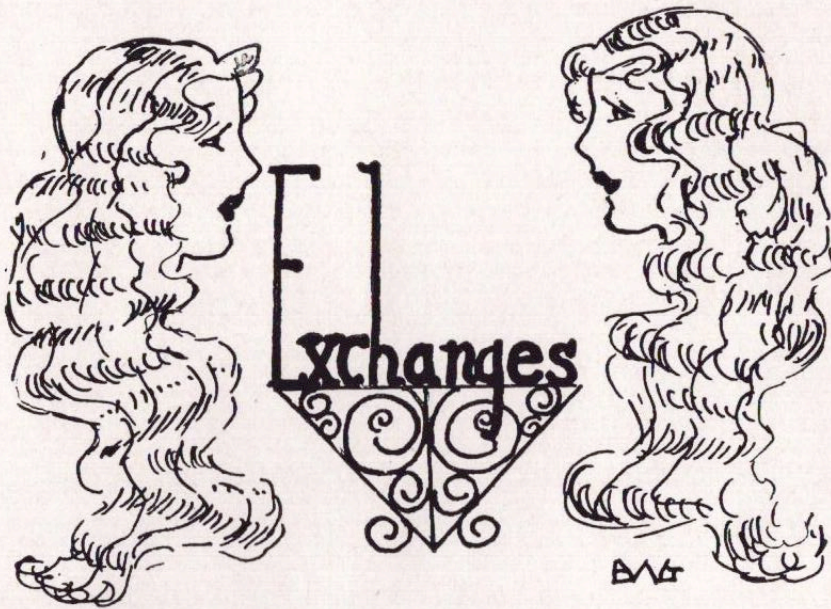
* * *

FIRST TEAM LETTERS

Elvira Greeno	Helen Smaha
Mary Lawler	Elsie Burgess
Ann Hamlin	Dorothy Fayton
Marion Smith	Mary Tobin
Alice Brown	Sirkka Koskinen
Jennie Denisewich	

SECOND TEAM LETTERS

Helen Girdziewski	Virginia Whitney
Rose Hansen	Madeline Hanson
Shirley Bain	Rose D'Agata
Barbara Croft	Patricia Louka
Alice Syvanen	



The Stylus — Northboro High

Your joke column is original and it provides a good deal of entertainment. We have borrowed a few selections. The names of Maynard High School students have been substituted for those of Northboro students.

"Newfie" Tobin — "All my ancestors were fishermen. I'm at the end of the line."

Shirley B. — "Oh, I see, you're the worm."

Teacher — "Did you write this poem yourself?"

W. Byrne — "Yes, every line of it."

Teacher — "Then I am glad to meet you, Lord Tennyson. I thought you were dead long ago."

REVISED SCOTT

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never once has turned his head and said,
"M-M-M-M. Not bad!"

* * *

The Record — English High, Boston

Sincerest congratulations for your fine liter-

ary accomplishments. They are some of the best compositions I've read in high school magazines.

* * *

Canary and Blue — Allenton High, Pennsylvania.

In times like these this column wouldn't be complete without a patriotic note. I think this short poem written by a student of Allentown High expresses how we all feel.

I'M GLAD I'M AN AMERICAN

I'm glad I am an American
To live in this great land,
To share its wealth and happiness,
And to do the best I can,
To be a loyal citizen
Devoted to a cause,
To help in my community,
To obey all its laws,
To do my duties faithfully
In great things and in small,
And pledge allegiance to the land
Of liberty to all.

MARY SHARPE, '43.





The Senior Social

The seniors, who are privileged to have the first dance, opened the social season at Maynard High on October second. Everyone seemed to be there, renewing friendships and having a marvelous time. The freshmen, as tradition has it, came in their best and certainly proved themselves above par in dancing. The decorations portrayed tiny girls and boys gayly stepping along through high school. Music was furnished by Di Grappa's Orchestra.

Patronesses were Miss Wilson and Miss Mahoney. The Committee consisted of Joseph Watkiewicz, Kenneth Tucker, Jimmy Richardson, Edwin Sarvela, Richard Flaherty, Marion Smith, Marie Olsen, Marion Brown, and Bernice Greenaway.

* * *

Assembly

An assembly was announced to us on October seventh and the majority of us didn't know what was going to happen. When we saw Mrs. Baker, we were immediately at ease, but as soon as she began to speak we grew uneasy, for although everybody enjoyed listening to her, she did make us blush at our own faults. (Girls, do you still comb your hair in public? Boys, do you still refuse to hold the doors open for girls?) As Mrs. Baker was such an entertaining speaker, we would like to hear her again.

The Student Council Social

The Student Council sponsored a social October 16, the proceeds of which went to the Athletic Association.

The decorations were appropriate for the harvest season, with corn stalks on the lights, and the front of the stage covered with fruits and vegetables and the squash which won the Student Council first prize.

Charles Di Grappa and his orchestra furnished the music.

The patrons and patronesses were Miss Butterworth, Miss Winchenbaugh, Mr. Mullin, and Mr. Lerer.

The committee consisted of the whole Student Council headed by its officers: Kenneth Tucker, President; Doris Newman, Vice-President; Kathrun Louka, Secretary; Albert Crowley, Treasurer.

ANNE WHITE.

* * *

Autumn Social

The Junior Class held their first social on November sixth. The decorations certainly reminded one of autumn. At the front of the stage was a scene with rakes and gayly flitting leaves in autumnal colors. Everybody enjoyed himself thoroughly. Polkas, which the students seem to vote as their favorite, were played many times. There was a conga also for that "good neighbor" policy. Music was furnished by Lee Temple's Orchestra. Patrons and patronesses were Mr. Mullin, Miss Wilson, Miss Dempsey, and Miss Winchen-

baugh. The committee consisted of Albert Sullivan, Esther King, Arthur Le Sage, Eleanor Dimery, Robert Kane, Harold Lyons, Alice Brown, and Barbara Murphy.

* * *

"Junior Miss"

Miss Wilson's Junior English class, along with a few other students, went to see "Junior Miss" at the Wilbur Theatre in Boston. On the way a few almost got lost in the elevated, but in a few minutes came along safely. The play was a great success as far as Maynard High was concerned, for pupils talked about it for days. Everybody wished to remain in town for dinner, but later train connections made it impossible. After getting on the train, everyone was satisfied that the trip had been both exciting and tiring.

* * *

Armistice Day Assembly

Armistice Day was observed with an assembly on November tenth. The program was begun by Joseph Wojtkiewicz who led the school in a salute to the flag. Following his Donald Hanson read the proclamation. Other speakers were Mary Moynihan, Marion Sheridan, and Patricia Louka. A duet "Rose of No Man's Land," was sung by Ethel Burgess and Florence Croft, and a piano duet was played by Ann Hamlin and Roy Helander. The school sang "God Bless America" and the "Star Spangled Banner". We marched to and from the auditorium to a "snappy" march played by our orchestra.

* * *

Thanksgiving Social

The Thanksgiving Social, sponsored by the Senior Class, was held on November 20, from 9 to 12 o'clock. It was something of a novelty for the students to dance until 12 at a social, the change of time being made because the auditorium was in use during the oil rationing period.

Decorations in pastel colors enlivened the scene. Music by Lee Temple's Orchestra made a hit with everyone.

The committee consisted of the class officers and James Richardson, Dick Flaherty, Ken Tucker, Mary Sharpe, Edwin Sarvela, Marian Sheridan and Marion Brown.

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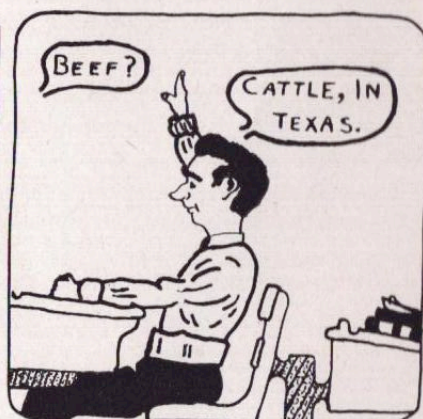
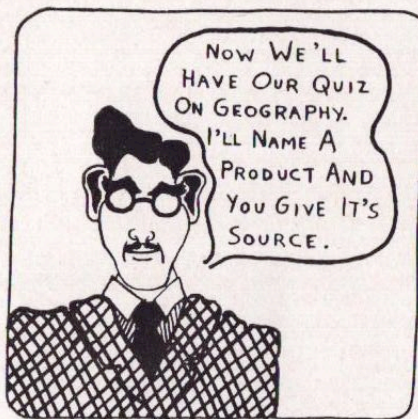
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SCHOOL (?) DAYS

By
—Ruvorio—



(DESK M.M. CANNON)

Gloom Chasers

Ninety Days at Fort Maynard

(A modern version of Maynard High's famous Wise Old Owl.)

The regiment found out, when reporting for duty September 9, that reveille had been changed to 7 o'clock, with the manual of arms at 8. This was pretty tough for Privates Flaherty and Rodway, who had been accustomed to staying in their bunks for another fifteen minutes. However, when Bugler Jim Richardson blew the first bar of "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," every one hit the floor at once.

The first few weeks were the hardest. First there was K.P. duty. One "yardbird" had to pick up all the papers in the barracks because the Top Sergeant caught him spilling some on his way to Platoon Headquarters 23.

Even the W.A.A.C.'s found that they couldn't break Uncle Sam's rules. Second Lieutenant Bain was observed reporting for duty fifteen minutes early every day.

All the regiment has been greatly pleased to receive an unexpected furlough during the opening of a "second front" in the Auditorium. As the general staff had to be employed there in tactical maneuvers, the troops were dismissed early each day.

There have been several Service Dances given for the boys and girls. These functions are the one time all ranks mingle with no distinctions drawn.

An item of interest to the soldiers was contained in the report of a Commando Raid made on a Maple Street barracks kitchen Halloween Night. The raiders took no prisoners but made away with all the ice cream and cake destined for a dance held there that night. Not a man was lost in the raid, but several wounded feelings and sore heads were reported.

Everyone is now looking forward to the Thanksgiving furlough of four days. While on leave they will probably attend the skirmish between the Maynard Orange and Black Rangers and the Clinton Flying Tigers.

And now "Taps" is sounding, so we'll see you all at Reveille tomorrow.

Signed

GENERAL W. O. OWL.

Any resemblance between the names in these poems and those of Juniors and Seniors is purely intentional:

A popular fellow named Dick
In football knows many a trick,
But he surely does hate
To get up before eight
And the sight of a clock makes him sick.

There once was a boy named S——e
Who in history was somewhat dense.
He thought that Gandhi
Was a new kind of candy
And the Axis a weapon of defence.

A football player called Artie
Stayed out at a Friday night party
In the game the next day
He got in his own way
And played halfback like Charlie McCarthy.

A tall Junior boy (R. K.)
Went asleep in study one day.
As the bell rang at noon
He awoke from his swoon
Crying, "Air raid drill! Hip, hip, hurray!"

* * *

Draftee: "What outfit would you like to get in? The cavalry?"

Pal: "Naw, when that bugle blows the advance, I'm not gonna wait for no horse."

* * *

Mary: "My father landed in this country with bare feet. Now he's got millions."

Bill: "Gosh—a centipede."

* * *

Shirley (to friend): "May I introduce Mr. Tobin?"

Debutante from Stowe: "Sure thing! Why do you suppose I came?"

* * *

Teacher: "Where is the Dead Sea?"

Stooge: "I didn't even know it was sick."

* * *

Captain (to Private who has just passed him without saluting): "Look here, did you notice this uniform?"

Private: "Sure, it's swell. Now look at the darn thing they gave me."

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Professor: "What is a synonym?"

Pupil: "A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the other one."

* * *

Storekeeper: "I want a good, bright boy to work partly indoors and partly outdoors."

Lydon: "O.K., but what happens if somebody slams the door?"

* * *

Employer: "Miss Dawson, can you write shorthand?"

Lois: "Yes, sir, only it takes me longer."

* * *

Judge: "Were you ever arrested before?"

Thug: "Now, Judge, do I look as if I wuz makin' me debut?"

* * *

Porter on train: "May I brush you off, sir?"

Marcelonis: "No, thanks, I'll leave in the usual way."

* * *

Cook (to Bill O'Connell): "Look at you! Why, anyone would think there'd been a famine."

Seaman Bill: "Yep, and one look at you would tell 'em who caused it."

* * *

The teacher had been describing the unusual features of animals, such as the camel's hump, the elephant's trunk, and the giraffe's neck. Then asked, "Kane, why couldn't a giraffe come in by that door?"

Kane: "Oh, I guess he couldn't turn the knob."

* * *

Shirley Bain: "Ma, you know that vase that has been handed down from one generation to another generation."

Mother: "Yes, why?"

Shirley: "Well, this generation just dropped it."

* * *

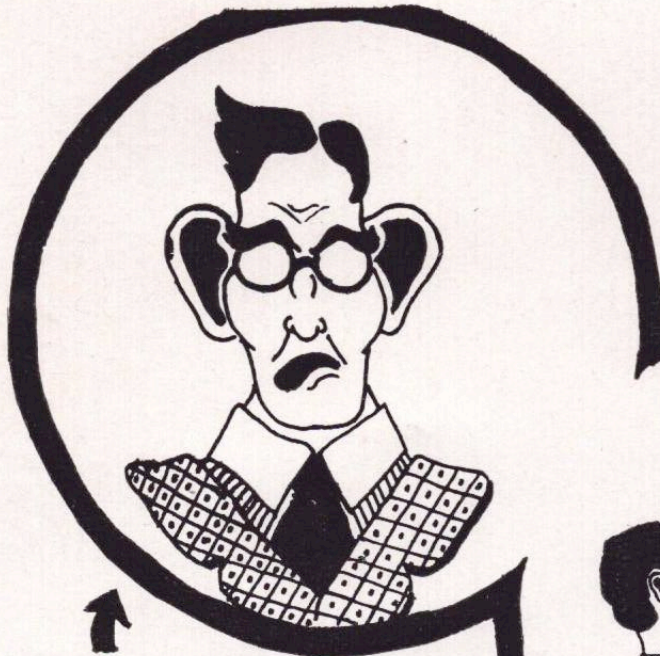
English Teacher: "Name three collective nouns."

O'Clair: "Vacuum cleaner, fly-paper, and wastebasket."

* * *

Erickson: "If you had a dollar in one pocket and five dollars in the other, what would you have?"

Dawson: "My father's pants on."

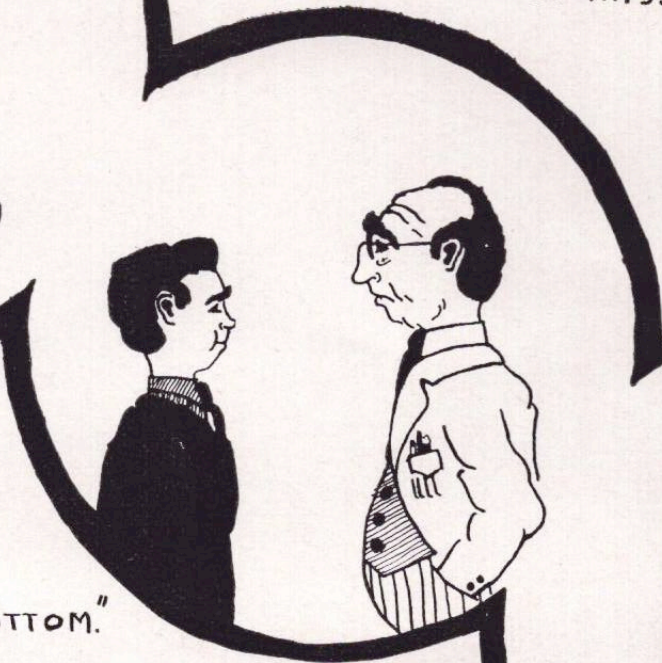


TEACHER: WHEN I ASKED
 WEPPEL WHERE
 THE CONSTITUTION
 WAS SIGNED, HE
 SAID, "AT THE BOTTOM."

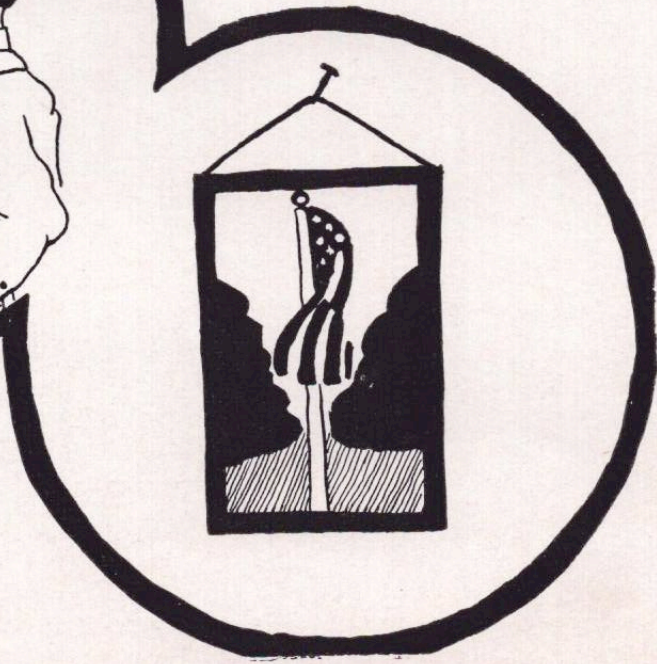


R. WUORIO

TEACHER: YOU'RE LATE AGAIN, WHAT'S THE EXCUSE?
 BOBO: MY DOG DIED LAST NITE.
 TEACHER: I'M SORRY.
 BOBO: I'M SORRY, TOO. HE COULDN'T WAKE
 ME UP THIS MORNING BECAUSE
 OF THIS.



WERE YOU — O ?





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Reporter: "Do your football men get up bright and early?"

Coach: "Just early."

* * *

Sister: "Say, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?"

Rose: "Well, it's raining, and you wouldn't want me to get your dress wet, would you?"

* * *

Will Rogers, invited to dinner by a friend, replied, "No, thanks, I've already et."

"You should say 'have eaten,'" his friend replied.

"Well," drawled Will, "I know a lot of fellows who say 'have eaten' who ain't et."

* * *

D. W.: "I lost the quarter the teacher gave me for the quietest boy in the class."

Dad: "Never mind. Here's another quarter. Now how did you lose it?"

Dick: "I wasn't the quietest."

* * *

Sluggo: "This typewriter's no good."

Nancy: "What's the matter?"

Sluggo: "I have to write the word 'book' and there's only one 'o' on this typewriter."

* * *

Teacher: "What are you chewing?"

L. W.: "Nothing."

Teacher: "Well, will you kindly stop chewing nothing?"

* * *

"They shall not pass" is the slogan of the football team. The teachers are also considering it.

* * *

Notice—No vegetables must be thrown at Freshmen humming the Maynard High School song.

* * *

John Holly (entering barber shop): "How long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber (critically): "Oh, I should judge about two years."

* * *

Elsie B.: "I want a ticket to New York."

Ticket Seller: "Change at Albany?"

Elsie: "No, right now."

* * *

An interjection is a sudden explosion of the mind.

Teacher: "Give the passive of 'John shot my dog.'"

Maxie: "My dog shot John."

* * *

Clerk: "This Shorthand book will do half your work for you."

D. Fayton: "Great! I'll take two of them."

* * *

REPORT CARD

I handed my rank card over to dad
It wasn't so good—gee, no, it was bad.
I said, "Sign here—I'm late for school."
He took one look and yelled, "Think I'm a fool?"

My name was on the absent list that day,
But now I'm back, and I hopefully pray
That never again will my marks be
Two F's, a D, and one lone C.

QUIZ

1. When a church is on fire, what stands the least chance of being saved?
(Ans.) The organ, because the engine cannot play upon it.
2. When did Moses sleep five in a bed?
(Ans.) When he slept with his forefathers.

* * *

Sergeant: "What do you think of the army now?"

Private: "Too much drilling between meals."

* * *

Lady (entering bank): "I wish to get a War Bond for my husband."

Clerk: "What size, please?"

Lady: "I didn't know exactly, but he wears a 15 shirt."

* * *

He: "My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

She: "Lucky they did. The immigration laws are stricter now."

* * *

Two Irishmen were looking in a jewelry store window. One said to the other:

"Mike, how did you like to have your pick in there?"

"Faith," said Mike, "I'd rather have me shovel."

* * *

Father (opening letter from Bill): "Say, Bill reports they have driven the enemy back."

Mother, indignantly: "Did you say 'driven'? I'd have made them walk."

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Doctor: "My dear girl, there's nothing wrong with you. All you need is a rest."

Helen K.: "But doctor, look at my tongue."

Doctor: "That needs a rest, too."

* * *

Byrnes: "I always drink milk because the doctor says it's a good bone-builder."

Kane: "It looks as though your drinks all go to your head."

* * *

R. Flaherty: "Are you going to hang up your sock this Christmas?"

F. Finizio: "No, indeed; too old."

Flaherty: "Nonsense, you're not too old."

Finizio: "No, but my socks are."

* * *

Bill Tobin: "I've added these figures ten times."

Teacher: "That's fine."

Bill: "And here's the ten answers."

* * *

Di Grappa: "How is your television set coming along?"

VanVorse: "Great! Last night I could see the static."

* * *

George: "Did the school play have a happy ending?"

Joe: "Sure! Everybody was glad when it was over."

* * *

Al's father: "If you make a touchdown against Marlboro, I'll give you a nice shiny fifty-cent piece."

Al: "If it's just the same to you, I'd rather have an old ragged dollar."

* * *

Elsie took a first aid course and hadn't had a chance to practice it. One day when she was coming down Powder Mill Road she saw a man lying in the street.

"Quick, call an ambulance! I'll give him first aid!"

With that she began applying artificial respiration until a loud yell came from the man.

"I've brought him to!" she cried proudly to the crowd standing around.

The victim staggered to his feet and cried, "Listen, lady, would you mind going away and letting me finish putting this wire down the sewer?"

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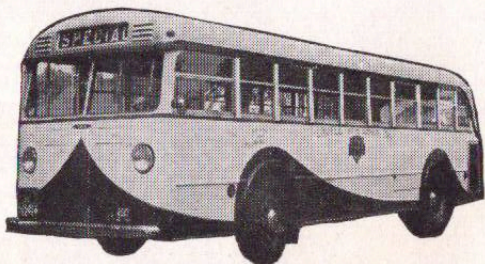
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My Opinion of Girls

In this article I am attempting to make a few suggestions to my feminine classmates, who greatly outnumber the boys.

The first fact that should be impressed on these girls in general is this: Looks count only about 10%, while personality and proper conduct add up to the other 90%.

Next, I think that girls should be more careful how they dress. This may be wartime, but I don't think the war board would miss an inch or two of cloth to add to girls' skirts.

Also, I wish to comment on the behavior of certain girls on the street. Just a few days ago, when I was on my way to work, I met a couple of girls I know quite well. I said, "Hello," and was greeted by a loud, "Hiya, kid!" and "Whatchaknow?" Being used to this, I thought nothing of it, but soon one of the girls began singing while the other danced around like a mad woman.

Plucked eye-brows, reddened lips, rouged cheeks, powdered faces, painted fingernails, and conspicuous clothes make up the average girl of today.

And now that I have expressed myself on this subject, give me a five-minute start so that I may climb the tallest tree on Summer Street.

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