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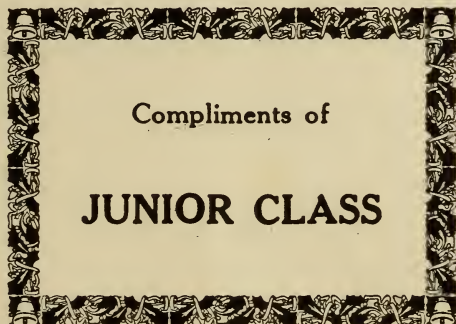
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Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

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PRICE PER COPY, 25 CENTS

Dedication

*To Miss Agnes Walsh and
Mr. A. R. C. Cole, former teach-
ers in Maynard High School and
the founders of this magazine, we
respectfully dedicate our anniver-
sary edition.*

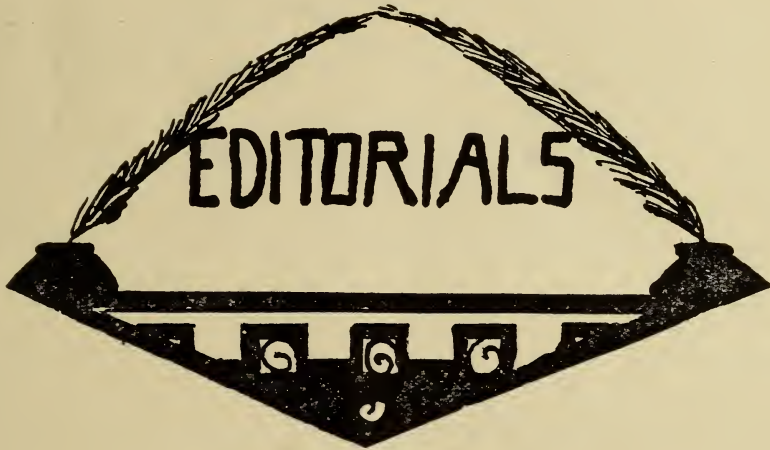


A. R. C. COLE



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OUR ANNIVERSARY

Why have anniversaries? What is their purpose? Why do we utilize this edition of the Screech Owl for the celebration of an anniversary? An anniversary is the annual commemoration of an important event. Three years ago, this time, the first publication of the Screech Owl was edited. Certainly that was an important step in the welfare of the school. Accordingly, the founding of this paper should be commemorated with most sincere celebration, and all due respect and esteem should be given to those influential in its establishment. We must not forget the first supreme efforts nor the numerous difficulties which had to be overcome; and in doing this, by keeping their purpose in mind, we cannot help but carry on the work which they began.

Editor.

ATHLETICS

After four years of hard but pleasant work, Maynard High has produced a pennant-winning athletic team. Looking back, one sees the Maynard High School representatives on the gridiron, court, and diamond always striving to reach the top and winning that coveted title, "Champions of the Midland League." Many years in all the sports they have been within one game of gaining that much sought title; time and time

again they have failed because of their lack of "punch" in that decisive game. But now it has changed; the Maynard High Basketball Team has reached the top of the ladder, having won the Midland League pennant which it so richly deserves. Let us then acknowledge the great victory and place honor where honor is due.

W. Brayden, '30.

DISCOURAGED? DON'T BE!

At this time of the scholastic year, one has the feeling that he has fallen in his studies, his ambition, and his activities in general. His marks seem low, everything is dark and dreary. Discouragement creeps slowly into the spirits, depriving us of our confidence. But don't be discouraged! The secret of this dismal situation lies in the fact that our vitality is extremely low, due to the constant strain to which we have been subjected during the last several months, studying and hibernating more or less through the winter, draining the vitality from the very depths of our systems. We're all human. It's only natural that we should be disheartened. But don't be! Spring and better times will soon be here!

Editor.

THE VALUE OF LIFE

Did you ever stop to consider why we live and of what value we are to

the world? Yes, of course, for most certainly each and every one of us experiences this feeling at some time or another. When we are pessimistic, we cry, "Of what value are we anyway? We live, we die, thousands of centuries will follow ours, and millions of beings will take our niche in the world. Why live, then?"

But when we are happy, we shout to the world, "We live for happiness, for the joy of living! We are struggling to reach an ideal of perfection, one that is never reached in this world, but which is rewarded only in heaven!"

Which of the two is the right attitude? Is it that of continued grumbling, believing that life cannot be changed; and that it is only made up of pitfalls and chasms of despair, where no sunlight ever penetrates? Is it that of disillusion, believing that the dregs of life are only bitter and unsatisfactory? Is it this? No!

Is it happiness then, joy, laughter, sprinkled with a few tears which make us realize even more the supreme happiness of life? Is it earnest struggling to grasp that which we desire? Is it bonds of love,—love that holds home, church, and nation as one? What is it?

It is a question for each individual to decide for himself, for we get only as much out of life as we put into it! If we put grumbling and half-hearted efforts into the bowl of life, an unpleasant mixture results! If we put happiness, zest, energy, the will to do right into it, a concoction of our dreams is made!

Remember and profit by the experiences of others, for it is for the earnest people that life is worth while; all else she excludes from her retinue. Which attitude are you going to take?

Doris Dawson, '30.

AHEAD—

Ahead of us we have three months in which to complete the work of this school year. For a few of us these months will be the last we are to spend in school. Let us make the most of them. Let us make these last school days an aid as we forge ahead. For others of us these last months are merely the last of another school year. There is hardly a thought as to what lies ahead. We say that there will be time for that later. But will there be time? The time to start pondering over the future years is in the early years of high school. We should resolve at that time to make our high school career a worthy one and to strive with our utmost ability to prepare ourselves well for the future.

Ahead of us is Life. We must meet it with squared shoulders and a quick step. We must be courageous and plucky enough to go out and try to attain our goal. The knocks and bruises we receive from life should not crush and defeat us. They should be an incentive to fight more valiantly than before. Nothing worthy is gained without giving something of worth; so let us be determined to give the world the best we have in hopes that the best will come back to us.



The "Screech Owl" staff is printing in this issue two stories chosen as the best of those submitted to the contest. "The Owl" extends its thanks to Miss Ruth Finn, Miss Helen Morgan, and Mr. Guy Fowler, who acted as judges.

SCREECH OWL PRIZE STORY THE LAST CLICK

By Katherine Bariteau

Katherine is an active member of the class of '30. Her literary career has been short and this is her first prize money in that field. Katherine is employed in a local bookstore, which may explain her literary trend. She likes the out-of-doors and is adept at many sports. She is a pleasant associate and finds much enjoyment with her classmates. Katherine intends to enter Bridgewater Normal in the fall.

New York City! Hustle, excitement, noise everywhere, horns blowing, trains puffing, and people rushing to their destination.

Jack Wells, one of the many million visitors to New York, was lounging gracefully on the hotel divan when he heard his name being called.

"Mr. James Wells! Mr. Wells!"

Jack jumped up, looked around him and saw a messenger calling and waving a yellow envelope in the air.

"Right here, Buddy," replied Jack. "I'm James Wells."

The boy handed the telegram to Jack, who signed for it.

Jack carefully examined the envelope and said, "Why, this is the first time I've ever received a telegram! It can't be bad news!" Cautiously, he opened the telegram and read the contents.

"Come at once stop Mother very ill

stop Rose."

Jack's face paled, his hands shook, his eyes glared, visions ran speedily through his mind.

"Mother very ill? It—it can't be. She was well and happy when I left a week ago, but Rose would never send me a telegram if it were not serious. I'll go home immediately."

Hurriedly, but still in a daze, Jack packed his bag and boarded the train heading for home and Mother.

"Oh, why doesn't this train go faster? We are merely crawling." Suddenly his face brightened, "I know. I'll get out at the next station and go by airplane."

This Jack did and found himself in San Diego in an hour.

Arriving home, he was confronted at the door by the dearly loved butler, Perkins, with a horrified look that Jack had never seen before.

"Oh Perkins, what has happened? I must see her at once! Where is she? Answer me, Perkins!"

"My boy," said the butler. "Compose yourself and listen to my advice. Your mother is seriously ill and knows no one. She continually calls your name. Go to her. She will not recognize you, but be brave for—"

"Stop! I must go to her!" cried the boy.

At that, Jack bounded lightly up the stairs and stopped before his mother's door. Gathering his courage, he slowly opened the door and saw his frail, pale, yet sweet mother lying on her bed. Clearing his throat he said,

"Mother, I am here."

"Camera! O. K! Stop!" shouted the director of the Magno Film Company.

"We'll shoot the rest of the scene tomorrow."

Honorable mention has been given to Harriet Frye, a member of the Junior class, whose story follows:

PAUL TO THE RESCUE

"Here is a story, believe it or no. It happened to Cook and I know it's so. The scene was—"

"Oh, preserve it for a rainy day. If you can't talk prose like the rest of us, keep it to yourself," interrupted Bernice's older, and of course, superior brother Paul.

"Well, what I was about to relate to your royal highness," continued the undaunted Bernice, "is that Judy walked in her sleep again last night—but alas!—I fear a most disastrous outcome. She walked up and down the hall by Chloe's bedroom door, waving her arms about and reciting Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene. Poor Cook is nearly frantic and declares she won't stay in this 'ghost's den' another day. She plans to leave on the 7:15 train tomorrow morning."

"For cat's sake," exploded Paul, jumping up from the most comfortable chair in the room. "A fine scrape—with Mother and Dad not due home for a week yet—and, holy gee!—our party's tomorrow night!"

"Yes, dearest brother, and but forty cents remains in the family treasury. None of us can boil water without burning it, let alone cook anything. Oh, we've got to keep Chloe."

"Now listen, you two," said Paul as Judy entered the room, "I'm responsible for us all in Dad's absence—"

"Oh, listen to the child," giggled Bernice, "most illustrious sir, I humbly beg to be allowed—"

But Paul silenced her with a glance (being a football player), and continued: "Judy you're the cause of all this—can you offer any suggestions?"

"Yes, I thought that maybe Bernice could sleep in Chloe's room to-night, and at, say twelve o'clock, I could do the same thing over again. Then Bernice could show Cook that it's only me."

"Marvelous, stupendous, how did you ever think of it?" was Bernice's comment.

"Gee, Judy, that's just the thing. And I'll keep vigil with you, too—when you hear that cat-call of mine you'll know that it's time for your act. I'll have to stick around to see that everything goes off right."

So it was agreed.

The trio spent the rest of the day trying to console pessimistic Chloe, but that negress just wasn't to be comforted.

Came the night.

They all retired early, and Paul found it hard to keep awake the long three hours to midnight.

He started to read "Tom Slade, Dispatch Rider," for the tenth time, but found the repetition too monotonous.

He then proceeded to get out his writing materials and started a letter to Bill, but stopped after writing the salutation because he couldn't think of anything to say.

The remainder of the time was spent by poring over his old stamp album.

Finally the downstairs clock struck twelve.

Paul opened his door, and crossed the hall to Judy's room.

"Me-oow, me-oow!"

No answer.

He knocked on the door and called, as loudly as he dared, "Sis! Judy! Ju-u-u-dith!"

Gentle snores were the only reply. No doubt about it—she was asleep and it would be useless to wake her—she'd get excited and there was no telling what Judith Hazelton would do when she got excited!

Paul crept down the hall and made sure that Bernice and Chloe were asleep—he could easily tell by the sound,—then went back to his own room to concentrate.

Weren't girls just the limit? You never could depend on them. All except Ruth Rhodes, but then she wasn't like other girls!

Suddenly it dawned on him. Why couldn't he wrap a sheet around him and take the part of Chloe's friend ghost?

To think was to act with Paul and it wasn't long before he was pacing the hall in front of Chloe's door and reciting the first thing that entered his head — Bernice's half-finished rhyme of the morning before.

"Here is a story, believe it or no, It happened to Cook and I know it is so,

The scene was—"

"Oh Lord, hab mercy on a poor innercent nigger who nebber done nobody no harm." Chloe was on her knees. Her wails awoke Bernice who remembered her cue.

She opened the door and grabbed Paul.

"See, Chloe, it's only Judy walking in her sleep—just as we said. That is—I mean Paul."

The negress was reconciled at last, and of course she promised not to neglect her charges. She also vowed that they would all have the best refreshments ever, at their party.

"Lucky you interrupted me there," remarked Paul to Bernice, "I wouldn't let you continue that blessed rhyme this morning you know."

And Judy slept on serenely.

A LIE BY ANY OTHER NAME IS JUST AS SWEET

James Carroll brought the smoothly purring limousine to a stop with a lurch, and nimbly sprung from its velvet-cushioned seat. It was spring, and luxury was his. A trim figure he made, too, content with his worldly lot. Who would not be content with fashion's most approved clothes on his back, and the world's largest and handsomest car to drive?

He walked through the park with a jaunty, springing step. Suddenly a dainty white wisp of lace fluttered to the ground at his feet. Ah, an old trick, he thought. But gallantly he

picked it up, catching a faint whiff of lilac as he did so, and held it in his extended hand, bowing.

"Drop your handkerchief?" he asked courteously.

"Oh, thank you," came a murmur of gratitude and surprise as a pair of liquid eyes met his. By George! She was a stunning girl!

Such has been the introduction of many a friendship. Such it was of theirs. They sat together on the park bench; he of the aristocratic mien, she of rustic simplicity.

"So you're to go back to the country soon? You don't like the city?" He did strive hard to keep up conversation.

"I live on Du Pont Crest. Ever heard of it? I'd like to take you there sometime and show you my polo field. Aristocrats live at the Crest. I like to get away sometimes and see other kinds."

"Like me you mean," she said, and turned away. "Oh, here's father; you must meet him." She arose.

A portly gentleman was introduced, and good-byes were spoken almost immediately. They must return to their rural home before nightfall.

When they were gone, James Carroll was still happy. He felt no pangs of conscience or feelings of remorse as he sat at the wheel of the gleaming car and heard his master's voice from the rear order: "Home, James!"

Wieno Sneck, '30.

A CLASSROOM EPISODE (In the Manner of Heywood Brown)

"Hearken ye, my young scholars," quoth the professor as he nimbly occupied his seat behind the bench, "what reports are these that the wind wafts to mine ears? Is't true that thy lessons have been neglected for today?"

Small voice from rear of room: "Ah, 'tis too true, dear professor, erstwhile our time has been occupied with the noble sport of basketball."

"What! thou wouldst't o'erlook thy studies for athletics? True, that is a crime I can never pardon. I will report thy misbehavior to our beloved principal!"

Indignantly he strode towards the head master's office and rapped severely on the door. When, after many frantic knocks, he received no answer, he rushed frantically around the building tearing his hair. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes, but no principal.

Meanwhile the honorable students were raising the roof in the classroom, and great delight was expressed when the passing moments brought no professor. As a last resort, the aforesaid pedant retreated to the gymnasium, where a rapid succession of knocks had attracted his attention. Much to our dear professor's amazement, he found the head master clad in orange and black attire, shooting baskets from all four corners of the gymnasium.

Our weak-kneed professor could but drag himself back to the classroom where he was forced to overlook the pupils' neglect.

G. Garland, '30.

AMBITIONS

We all have our ambitions
 Mother, Susie, Pa, and Ted,
 And suffer inhibitions
 And are dizzy in the head.
 Mother's sole and only reason
 For living till this day
 Is to beat old Mrs. Gleason
 In chasing pounds away.

Susie prinks and curls and fusses
 And is always on the go,
 She fumes and raves and rushes
 To win her friend's best beau.
 The aim that father treasures
 Is easy 'nuff to guess,
 The chief of all imaginal pleasures,
 To beat Si Parks at chess.

You don't get to aspiration
 Until you come to Ted.
 He longs for admiration
 For standing on his head.
 My wish I soon can mention;
 It's easy in the main.
 It's to chuck old darn convention
 And walk bare headed in the rain.

Ma says, "Why child, you're nutty!
 Can that talk and listen here.
 The rain will soak you into putty
 And pour into your ear."
 Though all are rather busy
 In one thing they agree
 That one of us is crazy,
 And that one must be me.

Everywhere there's compensation
 And I have found it true;
 So you may think of others
 What others think of you.

WHAT SHALL I MAKE OF MYSELF?

Ambition — defined by Webster as "a consuming desire to achieve some object or purpose" — is a quality which every student of any high school should possess. If anyone has that characteristic, he will set a goal for which to strive; then he will do all in his power to attain that goal and reach the pinnacle of success. Despite this fact, ambition doesn't necessarily mean that one must have a desire to achieve only one purpose and let all other things go. In these modern times when there is such great competition for all positions in every trade or work, a person must be able to do many things fairly well. In other words, one must be a "jack-of-all-trades." A new-comer in any business or art finds it difficult to be a success because of the fact that there are so many trying for a small number of desirable positions.

The first question, and the most vital question which should be in the mind of a person beginning to prepare himself for the work of life, should

be: "What shall I make of myself?" Every one of the young people entering the higher schools has a desire to follow some particular business or art for his life work; therefore he must, in order to accomplish his purpose, learn everything that is in some way connected with that work. This, however, is a problem which remains unsolved in the minds of the majority of high school students. Even on the night of graduation, many seniors are undecided as to their plans for the future. Some are waiting for some fortunate opportunity to present itself; others go into any work at all, hoping to learn and become efficient in that work, the thing that they should have done before; and still others sit aside and watch the world go 'round, without realizing that their many years of school life have gone for naught.

Therefore, to those who are beginning their high school careers, let this be said: "In order to succeed despite the many obstacles, set a goal for yourself and try to answer successfully that question vital to success, 'What shall I make of myself'?"

W. Frigid, '30.

JOHN

It was the day before the New Year's Social, and a teacher in the front of the room could see many different expressions on the faces of the students.

In one aisle, in the back seat, sat John Wimple. His face had a look of conceit and satisfaction. Upon looking into his mind, we would find that he had his attention on the girl five seats ahead of him. He was sure she would go to the social with her. Three seats ahead sat John Andrews whose face had a rather perplexed expression, for he was trying to puzzle out a way of asking the very same girl, Jane Stewart by name, to the social. His bashfulness was almost overcoming his desire. Jane Stewart, the center

of interest to the two boys, was also wondering who would ask her to the party. She preferred John Andrews, but he was so shy that she might just as well have wanted the moon.

There were five more minutes of school, when John Andrews felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned around and John Wimple was handing him a note. "Would you give this to Jane for me? I have to stay after school."

John said he would, and after school he hastily handed Jane the note. His shyness made him take quick leave of her.

She watched him disappear and heaved a sigh. Then she read the note, and her face beamed with joy. It would seem ages till recess of the next day.

Finally that time arrived, and John Wimple and John Andrews were standing in the school yard. The former had been telling the other that he was taking Jane to the social.

In a few minutes Jane came running up to them. She faced John Andrews and said, "Oh, I'm so glad you wanted me to go with you tonight. Of course I will."

He did not know what to say or do. He had not asked her to go, but if she was asking him that was all right; so he said, "I'll come around for you at eight."

John Wimple could not understand this. Hadn't he asked her to go. But on rereading his note he would have found he had only put down the signature "John".

Harold R. Wilcox, '30.

A SKETCH—INDEPENDENCE

They were brothers — bachelors. They had lived together many years. But one day a change came, a startling change. One renounced his celibacy. He married a good cook.

The other was left alone; alone to live in the room they had shared together; alone to spend his declining years.

Yet his heart was gay. He had something the other had not. He sent his brother a handsome parrot swinging in a gilded cage. Not free to wander was that parrot, but hampered, checked, restrained on every side.

The irony of marriage!

Wieno Sneck, '30.

WAITING AT THE CHURCH

The Carson household was in a tumult. In fact, this precise family had never before been so disrupted. They moved about with despair on their faces. And all because Nora, the cook, was going to marry Patrolman Casey and leave the Carson household. This in itself might have been a minor detail to some but to the Carson household it was an acute tragedy. Nora was "E Pluribus Unum." Never had there been a cook like Nora. And her apple pies—m-m-m—

"We simply must do something about this drastic situation," murmured Mr. Carson.

"We'll raise her pay," suggested Johnny Carson.

"We've already tried that," sighed his sister.

"We've got to do something," snapped Mrs. Carson.

"We'll each adjourn to a separate room and think for half an hour," decided Mr. Carson, "then we'll come back here and discuss our plans."

Thirty minutes later found them again in the library.

"I can't think of a thing," sighed Johnny.

"Neither can I," said his sister.

"I'm as bad as the children," said Mrs. Carson.

"It would seem," said Mr. Carson with asperity, "that, as usual, I must do all the thinking for this family. Well, I've thought of a plan and if I do say so I think it is a wonder; in fact, it cannot fail. Owing to my

ability as a plan maker, we will still have a cook. Now listen. We'll let everything go until the wedding, tomorrow. At the moment that Patrolman Casey arrives, I'll have Johnny run in with a note, supposedly from the chief, saying that a murder had been committed and for Casey to come right over. His sense of duty is so strong that he'll put the wedding ahead for an hour and leave for headquarters. Nora will arrive and I'll tell her that Casey had to go to the station to answer a hurry call from the chief. Knowing Nora as I do, I feel assured that she'll be so mad at being kept waiting at the church that she'll naturally give Casey the go-by. Now, how's that for a plan?"

"I think it's terrible," exclaimed his wife, "but we must keep Nora."

The next day found Mrs. Carson at the church standing beside Patrolman Casey, once the pride of the force, but now a very much shaken and worried man. Mr. Carson and the family were also present. Johnny Carson was seen running toward them with a very excited expression on his face. He had a note in his hand, but, instead of handing it to Casey, he gave it to his father.

"I believe this is for Patrolman Casey, isn't it?" asked his father quickly.

"No, for you,—" this with a semblance of suppressed mirth.

Mr. Carson adjusted his glasses, opened the note, and proceeded to read. Then his jaw slowly dropped, he reddened and coughed his embarrassment.

"Well, I'll be—" he was heard to mutter.

"What does it say?" anxiously inquired his wife.

Mr. Carson looked at the crowd, swallowed hard, and read:

"I have eloped with the janitor.

Nora."

John Horan, '30.

NANCY

By a sudden turn in the value of his stock, Mr. Buffet became rich over night. Immediately upon this change in his fortune he was coaxed into buying a very large house by his daughter, Nancy. As neither of the Buffets was educated beyond grammar school or possessed social position, they did not know just how to go about their new life. The new house was furnished very magnificently, and Nancy had a great many parties, entertaining extensively.

One day Nancy was invited by a girl who lived near her, but was not one of her crowd, to visit a near-by college for girls. Anxious to get into society, Nancy accepted.

The day arrived, and Nancy and her student friend, Marjorie, journeyed over the fifty miles between home and Trixton College. The first person whom they saw upon their arrival at the school was Professor Horne. Nancy immediately became interested in the young professor. She attended the lecture given that day by him and then made a sudden decision.

That night when Nancy was in the library with her father, she told of her visit and her desire to become a member of Trixton College.

Nancy and her father visited the college the next day and had an interview with the college president. After a half-hour in the president's office, the Buffets walked out, looking very downcast. Nancy did not have a high school diploma, therefore she could not join the girls of Trixton College.

It being Mr. Buffet's policy to give Nancy everything she wanted, he spent the remainder of the day and night trying to think of a plan to fulfill his daughter's wish. It was five A. M. when an idea came. He awakened his daughter and at 6:30 they were on their way to Trixton College. They arrived a half-hour before the office was opened, but they waited.

After a long interview with the

officials of the college, the Buffets emerged triumphantly. Nancy could attend Trixton College. But how? Guess! You couldn't!

Trixton is to have a new building, the Buffet Dining Hall.

"I just couldn't disappoint Nancy," said the donor.

Louise Johnston, '30.

CHICAGO

After I had ducked three or four bombs which had been hurled at me from the third story of the "Ritz-Rotz," I started on the run for the nearest police station.

"What's your hurry, Buddy?" questioned a ferocious looking "pug" as he whipped his blackjack from its holster. "Whither be thou bound?"

Utterly frightened, I was unable to answer this simple but impolite question. He loosened his grip on my shoulder, and I heard three buttons drop to the curb. What was his purpose? My mind became a blank.

"If you're going down to the Police Station give my regards to the Chief. Here's my card." The tough looking man drew forth a card from his pocket and thrust it before my face. I cast my gaze over the inscription.

"Michael Casper Jones, Politician, Dealer in Bombs, Machine Guns, etc. See us first. Call Regio 117B663."

I took the card, placed it in my pocket, and hastily bade the politician goodbye. I hurried to the nearest station, but before I got there two men in blue accosted me. Without any warning I was rushed into a padded cell. What the big idea was, I could not tell.

I really didn't like the treatment they gave me there. I protested, but for all the good it did I might have been trying to date up Joan Crawford.

After a very restless night and a tasteless breakfast I was put into an ambulance and taken to the psychopathic ward of the city hospital. Finding me mentally K. O., they shipped

me back to the jail. Upon my arrival they brought me before the judge who had a face that reminded me of a cross between a St. Bernard and a Boston terrier.

"What's the charge?" growled the judge, as he took the card I offered him.

I shrank down to the size of a Mexican jumping bean. My brow became moist. All eyes were focused on me. I didn't know what I had done to cause all this commotion and trouble.

"Your honor," a man with a red mustache said, "I found this lunatic out in the street."

"But your honor!" I exclaimed.

"Shut up!" the judge growled.

"And he was breaking windows and shooting children and using profane language."

"The first few charges are nothing, but for his using profanity I shall give him thirty years at hard labor."

"But your honor, think of my poor wife and children."

"Twenty more years for contempt

of court."

"What! Your honor, I was only—"

"Put him up for life," growled the judge.

After I had served three days, I knew all the tricks of the various illegal trades, such as bootlegging and politics.

The other prisoners let me in on their plan for escape. The zero hour came and we mutinied. We refused to eat stuffed duck. We were fed up on it. We wanted chop-suey for a change. When the chef refused us, we started our escape and burned down the prison.

Gathering together all the ammunition in the supply room, we headed down Main Street to make "whoo-pee."

As we approached the stock yard, someone shot off a cap pistol. A stampede immediately followed and I used up all the bombs that I had and made my escape.

I'll not go there any more.

Harold Lerer, '30.

QUAND NOUS PENSONS EN FRANCAIS

LE TONNERRE DES MAXIMES DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD RÉVERBÈRENT DANS LA FORÊT VIERGE DE LA CLASSE AVANCÉE.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

François La Rochefoucauld, auteur et moraliste français naquit à Paris en seize cent treize. Il servit plusieurs années dans l'armée et prit part à la Fronde. Il fut blessé deux fois. Il ne reçut pas la récompense qu'il espérait d'Anne d'Autriche.

Pendant les dernières années de sa vie il fit la connaissance de Madame de La Fayette. Sa célébrité est due à son petit volume de "Maximes." La note prépondérante des "Maximes" est l'égoïsme. Cette philosophie de la vie est exposée avec ardeur et d'une manière élégante. Ses maximes sont distinguées parcequ'elles sont pleines

de pessimisme.

En voici quelques-unes. Jugez en vous même!

Howard King.

"Les vertus se perdent dans l'intérêt comme les fleuves dans la mer."

"Si nous résistons à nos passions, c'est plus par leur faiblesse que par notre force."

"Le refus des louanges est un désir d'être loué deux fois."

"Ce qu'on nomme libéralité n'est plus souvent que la vanité de donner que nous aimons mieux que ce que nous donnons."

La Rochefoucauld.

SON CARACTÈRE

Amer, cynique, désappointé, La Rochefoucauld, un homme désillusionné en politique, en amour, dans la vie elle-même! Pessimiste confirmé, mais homme remarquable il voyait tout dépouillé de ses faussetés et de ses couvertures protectrices de mensonge que l'optimiste préfère ignorer.

Il n'est pas toujours juste mais il aime le vrai, et c'est ce que nous cherchons tous—la vérité! On admire cette qualité dans l'homme, particulièrement dans La Rochefoucauld.

Son style est animé, correct, précis; son choix de mots est exact, coloré, excellent. Il est brillant dans la conversation, incliné à être caustique, mais badin! Sa théorie: "il n'y a rien dans la vie que l'égoïsme et l'intérêt personnel" est excessivement habile bien que la pensée soit morbide.

Son amertume est reflétée dans ses "Maximes," la philosophie d'un pessimiste. Si l'amour et le bonheur avaient pu entrer dans la vie de La Rochefoucauld, nous aurions l'homme parfait, car un esprit brillant renforcé par l'amour et l'espérance est admiré partout!

Doris Dawson.

Ballotté par les désappointements de la vie, La Rochefoucauld devint un pessimiste confirmé. Il ne faut pas dire qu'il était lâche simplement parce qu'il exprima des idées pessimistes. Ce sont les opinions qu'il a gagnées par l'expérience. Ses "Maximes" sont comme le testament moral de son âme meurtrie par la vie. Quelqu'un qui est blessé au combat certainement n'est pas un lâche!

Cependant, il était fait plutôt pour la méditation que pour l'action et sa nature chagrine l'inclinait au pessimisme. Il était mélancolique et très peu sensible à la pitié.

Je le trouve intéressant!

Mark Kelly.

La Rochefoucauld était un poltron. Tous sont des poltrons qui perdent

leur foi dans l'humanité à cause d'un désappointement. Tous les pessimistes sont des poltrons.

Mais ils sont habiles. Ils peuvent même se persuader que ce qu'ils croient est vrai. La Rochefoucauld était très habile. Il pensait pouvoir éviter les désappointements en attendant le pis. De cette manière-là il pouvait recevoir plusieurs surprises agréables parce que rien n'arrive comme nous l'attendons.

Le pessimisme est une force démoralisante!

Salme Wirkkanen.

D'AUTRES ÉCHOS!

"Je me représente La Rochefoucauld ayant de petites lignes boudeuses autour de la bouche, et dans les yeux un air sévère qui cherche toujours le pire dans les gens.

Il est peut-être égoïste, abattu, au cœur dur, mais ces traits servent seulement à faire avancer ses oeuvres."

Edith Perkins.

"Il est lâche et faible parce qu'il ne peut pas approcher le monde avec un sourire. Il est trop timide pour être admiré."

Winifred Tobin.

"Il avait peur de la vie."

B. Gruber.

"Il me semble qu'il parle comme un enfant gâté."

Olga Anderson.

"Il prend probablement cette attitude pessimiste pour se distinguer et pour acquérir le nom de 'grand pessimiste'."

Irma Wirkkanen.

"Il est ingénieux d'être pessimiste, mais il est plus ingénieux d'être philosophe!"

Edith Perkins.

“Je l’admire pour sa franchise, son courage et sa sincérité!”

Katherine Bariteau.

façon dont il agit quand il rencontre un obstacle.”

Wilho Frigard.

“Il ne réalisa pas que la valeur d’un homme est mesurée seulement par la

“Il a levé un miroir à la société par sa philosophie.”

Dorothy Allen.



ALUMNI NOTES

C. C. Completes the Play

As Harold Glickman, '27, a former editor of the "Screech Owl", was returning home from Dartmouth one day, he was given a ride by the former coach of athletics at Goddard Seminary.

After a general discussion, the merits of two local boys, Kenneth Murray, '28, and Samuel Bachrach, '28, came into view. The coach related this incident about Murray:

"It was during the Middlebury Frosh-Goddard football game that this peculiar event occurred. As you know, 'Ken' is hard to get started but when he does, be careful. It happened that the right guard of Middlebury bumped Murray on the jaw, during a scrimmage. Murray certainly saw stars and was partly stunned.

A few plays later this very same Middlebury guard was laid out cold with his eyes scanning the heavens. Murray walked up to the prostrate figure, picked him up, glanced at the number on his back, and gently placed him on the ground once again.

After the game when I asked Murray why he did this. He said, 'I wanted to see if it was the right man'."

Incidentally Goddard Seminary was the Prep School Champion of Vermont that season. Samuel Bachrach also played on the team. He was a powerful man on the offense and a tiger on the defense. Sam is attending the University of Maine at present, while his roommate and teammate is around town as a promoter.

Alumni Hold Meeting and Dance

The Alumni Association held a meeting at the High School Auditor-

ium on December 30, 1929. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Harold Morgan; Vice-President, Mrs. Jeremiah Lynch; Secretary, Albert Cowles; and Treasurer, Mrs. Sadie Case. The Executive Committee is composed of Rober Lester, Charles Lerer, Loretta Mullin, Mildred Randell, and James Farrell.

After the meeting a dance was held in honor of the class of 1929. The hall was crowded and a good time was had by all.

Alumni Hold Whist

The Alumni Association held a very successful Bridge and Whist party at the High School Auditorium, February 17, 1930. A great number of prominent alumni and alumnae were present.

The hall was crowded to capacity and it proved to be a very enjoyable evening for all. Entertainment was provided by members of the "White Elephant" Club who produced a one-act play entitled "The Wedding Present." It was a very humorous sketch and was appreciated by all. The members of the dramatic club are to be complimented on their unusual ability. The cast included Miss Catherine Coughlan, Denis Farnell, and William Ledgard. It was produced under the direction of Miss Helen Sheldrick of the faculty.

Prizes at bridge went to Stanley Wardzala, Mrs. Reba Taylor, Mrs. George Taylor, and Mr. Gifford Wood.

Prizes at whist were won by Harold Lerer, Mrs. Ida Brooks, Harold Sheridan, and Mrs. Kate Paul.



When Coach Lent called for basketball candidates, more than fifty boys responded to the call. The practices had to be held in the high school gymnasium; therefore a big "cut" in this group was necessary because of lack of space and facilities. However, those who survived this "cut" settled down to hard work to prepare for the coming season. The boys all realized that they had something to live up to this year. In the first place, the boys set the Midland League Championship as their goal, for Maynard High has never had the honor of being Midland League champions in any sport. For many years Maynard has missed the championship by the narrowest of margins, losing the basketball and football titles by one point last year to Marlboro. The boys were out to uphold the reputation made by last year's great team, which did not lose a home game all year, and which did not lose twice to any team during the regular season.

Only two of last year's team reported again this year, four of them having graduated last June. Captain Michael Zapareski, star back on last year's team, and Wilho Frigard were the only lettermen to return. Walter Fairbanks, Joseph Kochnowicz, Sulo Hintsa, Michael Sczerzen, Harold Wilcox, Gilbert Garland, and George Gutteridge were new members on the squad.

Practices were held regularly for two weeks, and by New Years the team was ready for competition.

Maynard 26—Westboro 12

Maynard High opened its 1930 basketball season on January 3rd by de-

feating Westboro High at the latter's gymnasium by the score of 26-12. Maynard took the lead in the first quarter and the result was never in doubt. Maynard gave promise of developing into another strong team, displaying a powerful offence and a tight defence. The Maynard Seconds defeated the Westboro Seconds by a score of 14-3 in a preliminary game.

High School 33—Alumni 8

On January 11th, the Maynard High Alumni came, saw, but did not conquer in the high school gym in a basketball game which was a rout for the school team. The Alumni held their younger opponents to an 8-2 score in the first half; but the school-boys ran wild in the last half, scoring twenty-five points to six for their adversaries.

Clinton 32—Maynard 23

The Maynard High School quintet suffered its first defeat of the season at the hands of the Clinton High School five at Clinton on January 24th, by the score of 32-23. It was an exceptionally fast game, with Maynard taking an early lead, only to succumb to Clinton's rally in the second period. With the game becoming faster and rougher in the last half, Clinton uncorked a great rally in the middle of the fourth quarter to enable it to win comfortably. A large crowd witnessed this game and excitement was at its height throughout the game.

Maynard 43—Hudson 13

Maynard High opened its Midland

League schedule on January 25th in an auspicious manner by trouncing Hudson High by the overwhelming score of 43-13. Hudson showed great strength in holding Maynard to a 14-7 score in the first half; but oh man, that last half. Maynard came out in this period to give its best demonstration of basketball of the year, scoring twenty-nine points and showing wonderful team work. Hudson was never in the running, while the home team gave promise of being league champs this year. A large crowd witnessed this game, which was played at Waltham St. Hall.

In a preliminary game the Hudson Seconds took a 20-14 beating from the Maynard Seconds.

Northboro 29—Maynard 26

Maynard showed a complete reversal of form at Northboro High. Northboro took a commanding lead early in the first period, and although at times Maynard flashed, they were unable to make up that big difference of the first period.

During the last part of the game, the play became faster, with Northboro's lead threatened; but the final score read Northboro 29-Maynard 26.

Maynard 38—Marlboro 20

Marlboro came to Waltham St. Hall on February 1st to give the Maynard High School quintet its second Midland League test of the year. A large crowd was on hand to witness this game, which was closer than the score indicates. Maynard found it hard to get "going", and the score at the half was 16-10 in favor of the home team. At the beginning of the third quarter Marlboro almost tied the game by putting on a rally. The locals showed their real greatness in the last quarter, however, when they "stepped on it" and walked away with their opponents. The final score was 38-20 in Maynard's favor and put the winners into first place in the league standing, with two victories

and no defeats to their credit.

Northboro 21—Maynard 17

Maynard High School suffered its first defeat on a home floor since the 1928 season, when it lost 21-17 decision to Northboro High at the High School gymnasium on February 8th. A 11-9 lead in the first half for Maynard was lost when the locals were unable to cope with the attack of the visitors in the final stanzas. The lack of space in the gym made the game rougher than usual, and in one scrimmage one of the Northboro players was knocked unconscious.

In a preliminary game, the undefeated Maynard Seconds won over the Northboro Seconds.

Maynard 34—Marlboro 19

The Maynard High School quintet assured itself of at least a tie for first place in the Midland League by defeating Marlboro at Marlboro on February 14th by the score of 34 to 19. Again Maynard won by one of its spectacular finishes, for the score at half time was only 16-12 in favor of the winners. In the last half, Marlboro proved to be no match for Maynard, and the locals scored often to win the first game that a Maynard team has ever won on the Marlboro floor.

This win eventually brought the League pennant to Maynard, for Marlboro and Hudson each defeated the other on their home floors, thus putting both out of the running with two defeats apiece.

The Maynard Seconds continued their undefeated record at the expense of the Marlboro Seconds by winning a 24-11 game in a preliminary to the main game.

Maynard 24—Leominster 16

Maynard sprung another surprise on February 18th by defeating the strong Leominster High quintet at Leominster by the margins of 24-16.

The Leominster team was much heavier and taller than its opponents; but Maynard scored first and held the lead throughout by sensational basketball. A furious scoring attack in the first quarter dazzled the Leominster boys and Maynard held a comfortable lead until the final whistle.

The record of the Maynard Seconds was broken when the Leominster Seconds took a 13-8 decision in a preliminary game.

Hudson 22—Maynard 20

The Maynard High School five, already having the Midland League pennant clinched, travelled to Hudson on Washington's Birthday to play its remaining League contest. A capacity crowd came to witness the proceedings, expecting an easy Maynard win. A great surprise was in store, however, for in one of the fastest and most furious games of the year, Hudson took the measure of the League champs by a 22-20 score in an overtime game. Hudson, after trailing for three periods, finally overcame the lead piled up by the Maynardites, and a tie score resulted after the regular periods had been played. Pandemonium reigned when, eight seconds before the end of the three minutes overtime, Hudson scored the winning points. This loss broke the undefeated League record of the champions from Maynard, but did not take the pennant from them.

Midland League Champions!

At last! After years of unsuccessful efforts, Maynard finally won its

first Midland League pennant when the 1930 basketball team carried away the honors. After losing two pennants by one point last year, the Maynard boys came through this year, being undefeated in the league until the final game with Hudson. The champions outclassed all opposition this year, scoring 135 points in four league games against 74 for the opponents. Led by Captain Michael Zapareski, star back, the team played exceptional basketball to win the first pennant that a Maynard High team has ever won in any sport. Every player on the championship squad is a lover of the sport and it was certainly a cause for jubilation when the pennant was won in three straight games. The pupils of the school and the townspeople have cause to be proud of this group of young athletes and champions, who possessed a "do or die" spirit to win that pennant this year.

The regulars of the championship outfit are: Captain Michael Zapareski and Joseph Kocknowicz, guards; Walter Fairbanks and Wilho Frigard, forwards; and Gilbert Garland, center. Substitutes of this outfit are Harold Wilcox, Olavi Warila, George Gutteridge, Sulo Hintsa, Ahti Frigard, and Michael Sczerzen.

All the regulars and two of the subs will graduate this coming June, the class of 1930 having the honor of giving Maynard High its first pennant. However, this pennant is only the first, and may it not be the last!

The final standing in the Midland League in 1930:

	Won	Lost	Ave.
Maynard H. S.....	3	1	.750
Hudson H. S.....	2	2	.500
Marlboro H. S.....	1	3	.250

Our Basketball PENNANT WINNERS

Capt. "Mike" Zapareski

"PiNg" Fairbanks

"Gil" GarlanD

"Horse" FrigArd

"Butch" KochNowicz

"Sulo" HinTsa

Asst. Coach "Al" LeRer

Coach DonAld Lent

Mgr. Howard King

By two of "'30'".

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

After several weeks of strenuous practice, the Maynard girls opened their 1930 basketball season at Clinton on January 24th by defeating the Clinton girls by the close score of 18-17. The Maynard team piled up a commanding lead in the first half, which enabled them to eke out a victory in spite of a Clinton rally in the last half. Despite the fact that it was the first game of the year for Maynard, the game was fast and was cleanly played.

Maynard 18—Hudson 15

The Maynard girls opened their home season at the Waltham Street Hall on February 1st by taking the measure of the Hudson girls in a thrilling game. Again it was a big lead in the first half which won the game for Maynard; for the Hudson co-eds came back strong in the last half to tie the score in the fourth quarter. However, Maynard was not to be denied, and they scored the winning points shortly before the final whistle.

Maynard 45—Marlboro 19

In their next game the fair wearers of the Orange and Black ran wild in the Marlboro High School gymnasium, trouncing the Marlboro girls by

the overwhelming score of 45-19. From the very beginning it could be seen that Maynard knew too much basketball for their opponents, and they romped away with the easiest victory of the year.

The Maynard girls' second team also took an easy win from the Marlboro Seconds in a one-sided game.

Maynard 40—Marlboro 18

The Maynard girls defeated the Marlboro girls for the second time this year, when they trounced their opponents by the score of 40-18 in a listless game at the high school gymnasium in a return game. This was only a repetition of the first game between these rivals; for Maynard scored at will throughout, and it was only a matter of how high the girls could bring their number of points.

Hudson 14—Maynard 13

In a preliminary game to the boys' game at Hudson on Washington's Birthday, the Maynard girls suffered their first defeat of the year in a game that was replete with thrills. Imagine a game with forty-five fouls, twenty-four for one team and twenty-one for the other, and you will have a good picture of this contest. Of the points tallied by both sides, Hudson scored only two floor baskets and Maynard one, all the rest of the

points being scored from the foul line.

Hudson took an early lead in the first half and was never headed, although the score was tied at the beginning of the last period. Because of the numerous fouls, the playing of both teams was not up to standard, and excitement was at its height among the spectators. When Hudson was still in the van at the final whistle, the place turned into a mad-house, as the victory was sweet revenge for the Hudson girls.

Maynard 24—Clinton 14

The Maynard High girls brought their regular season to a close at the high school gymnasium on March 1st by whipping the Clinton girls to the tune of 24-14. Showing the power that brought them through the season with only one defeat, the local sextet completely outplayed the wearers of the Clinton High School colors in a game in which the victors retaliated in great style after the heart-breaking defeat at Hudson the week before.

A Wonderful Season!

The girls' basketball team this year gained a wonderful reputation for themselves on the court by going through the season with only one defeat, and that by one point. With a sharp-shooting forward line composed of Capt. Catherine Coughlan, Dorothy Marsden, and Violet Koskela, Maynard had nothing to fear as to scoring points; and with a defense made up of Eleanor Lawson, Helen Sczerzen, and Edith Perkins, they raised havoc with their opponents.

The best news of all, however, is that the squad will lose only two players by graduation. One regular, Edith Perkins, and Marguerite Tierney, first rate substitute, will receive diplomas in June. Prospects for next year, then, could not be better; for of this great team Coach George Rupprecht will again have five regulars and all but one of his substitutes. It does not have to be said that everyone wishes next year's team the best of luck.



ON THE SPOT



“Believe It or Not”

. . . “ $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 3 eggs, and 1 teaspoon of your favorite flavoring. Do not stir until all ingredients are in, and then beat well. Please stand by.”

“Station B-E-S-T Maynard High School. This program is being broadcasted to you through the courtesy of the Senior Class. Now, little folks, listen well, while Uncle John tells his stories, and then—off to bed.

“The Senior Class had been studying and working exceedingly hard, and so when their teachers proposed that they should take a sleigh ride, they were not at all reluctant to go.

“It was a beautiful, warm, silvery night. On such a night, ‘Thisbe fearfully o’er tripped the dew?’ On such a night as this, stood Dido with a willow in her hand. On such a night as this, a cruel nail relieved its pent-up nerves by ruthlessly snatching a 3-cornered piece of Gil Garland’s trousers.

“The party left Maynard at seven-thirty. The Senior class is everlastingly in the debt of Joe Schnair, for he ran ahead of the horse and kept him going by holding some oats a yard from the poor dummy’s nose.

“The destination of the riding school was “Dud’s”. There a luncheon was served to all. The official cream-pie tester was a member of the group. If ever you want any cream tested, please call Maynard 464. This gifted

young man discovered some sour cream, and obtained another piece of pie for his client.

“After the appetites of one and all had been appeased, the balky horse was allowed to have his own way and return home. When the party showed any semblance of becoming quiet, John Bellows livened it up with ‘Who cares for wife?’

“Many a mustard bath was taken that night, and many a mother feared that her ‘sonny-boy’ would have caught his ‘death of cold’ when he arrived home at ? P. M. (Post Mortem).

“Please stand by, for one moment, and the High School Orchestra will play, ‘Turn On the Heat.’”

The Christmas Social

The Senior Class breezily awoke old M. H. S. with a bang-bang of a social on December 19. “Mary” Christmas was there, and coupled with “John Pep,” gave everyone a jolly good time. When Santa Claus said “Cheerio”, bah jove, all the mice began to squeak (meaning, everyone laughed), but when Helen Bakun got her dolly, “not a creature was stirring—not even the mice.”

Refreshments were served in the gymnasium, free — (free of all germs).

The social closed at the dong of eleven o’clock, Eastern Standard Time.

Now, everyone give three cheers for the Senior Class, and hope for some more sure, safe and sane socials, but full of rollicking, rip-roaring, riotous fun.

A NOVELTY DANCE

The Juniors snatched many laurels from the Seniors when they held their "Novelty Dance."

The novelty lay in the entertainment. There was a one act play in which Denis Farnell, a battling cow boy, succumbed to the wiles of "Wild Nell", our Leona Dudzinski. Harriet Frye was an Indian chief and Helvi Pietila her squaw. The part of the society lady was taken by Sirkka Lehtinen.

Ruth Hull sang a few songs, and Marion Hines and Mae Newman, "Broadway Babies", danced.

Variety is the spice of life, and on leaving, the report was that "a good time was had by all!"

"THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH"

The Senior Class again put its best foot forward and successfully produced "The Goose Hangs High."

The action centered about the Ingals family. Little Wieno Sneck played the part of the aristocratic grandmother; Gilbert Garland and Alice Fearn were Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ingals, indulgent parents; the younger generation was composed of

Norman Walker, the eldest son, who, by the way, was the fiancé of Doris Dawson, and the twins, Ruth Broadbent and John Bellows. Helen Mark was a domineering cousin of the Ingals family, who allowed her only son, George Weaving, no joy. Alec Kulevich was a friend of the family, and the part of the domineering politicians were taken by Eino Ketola and Wilho Frigard. Dorothy Allen played the part of the beloved family maid.

Much thanks is due to Beau (a chow). Modest creature! He took one look at the audience and departed.

Everyone wonders who Father Time was. When the curtain had been down for about two minutes showing a lapse of time and was rising again, there was a flash of green across the stage. Evidently "Tempus fugit."

The goose was in a delectable state and everyone left the hall with a good taste in his mouth.

Alice Fearn, '30.

AMONG OUR MUSICIANS

At the concert of the All New England High School orchestra, composed of two hundred and fifty High School pupils, which is to be given at Symphony Hall, Boston, in April, the following will represent Maynard High School:

Alric French
Harold Johnston
Jennie Bygot
Taimi Nyland





As We See Others

"Beall High Chime," Beall High School, Frostburg, Maryland.

Each issue marks a decided improvement in your paper. From the many clubs, we assume that you have a very sociable student body.

"The Echo", Winthrop High School, Winthrop, Mass.

Your paper is very interesting. We think that the "As the School Sees It" column is an specially good idea for a paper.

"Whittier-Town Sentinel," Amesbury, Mass.

Your paper is improving. Congratulations on the good work. We hope to hear from you again.

"B. H. S. News," Beverly, Mass.

We are glad to include you on our exchange list. May we suggest more literary articles for improvement?

"School Spirit," David Hale Fanning Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

Your paper is well developed. We liked your literary and joke departments especially well.

"The Hebronite", Hebron, Nebraska.

We are glad to hear from you again. We notice that your paper is still keeping up the good work. An exchange column, however, would be a decided improvement.

"Brown and Gold," Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.

Your paper is a well developed one. Your humor is fine and each department is complete in itself.

"Signboard", Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

We are glad to include you on our exchange list. We thought the "Would You Think It" column was especially good.

"Charlton High School High Lights", Charlton City, Mass.

We enjoyed your "Funnyville Column" and thought it contained much original humor. We think if you enlarged your exchange department it would add to your paper.

"The Voice", Concord High School, Concord, Mass.

We are glad to hear from you again. We are interested in the penmanship lessons in your paper and think the idea quite a novelty.

"The Distaff", Girls High School,
Boston, Mass.

We enjoyed your stories and prize essay. May we suggest a few more jokes to increase the humor?

"The Cony Cue", Cony High School,
Augusta, Maine.

Congratulations on a remarkable paper. Your joke and poem departments are well arranged, and the cuts make your paper exceptionally attractive.

"Enterprise", Memorial High School,
Boston, Mass.

Congratulations on your interesting short stories! Your paper is well developed. May we suggest a few more jokes for improvement?

"Reflector", North Kingston High
School, Wickford, R. I.

The "Reflector" is a well organized paper. The cuts in it make it very attractive. Keep up the good work!

The Screech Owl gratefully acknowledges the receipt of other papers that we have received this year:

The "Blue Moon", Chelmsford High
School, Chelmsford, Mass.

"Port Light", Phineas Banning High
School, Wilmington, California.

"Golden Rod", Quincy High School,
Quincy, Mass.

"The Observer", Ansonia High
School, Ansonia, Conn.

"The Noddler", East Boston High,
East Boston, Mass.

"The Oriel", Westboro High School,
Westboro, Mass.

"The Owl", Middletown High School,
Middletown, N. Y.

"The Academy Student", St. Johns-
bury, Vermont.

"The Parrot", Rockland High School,
Rockland, Mass.

Humor from the Exchanges

Eleanor Dean: "What did mother skunk say to baby skunk when they came upon a dog?"

Betty Sturgis: "What did she say?"

Eleanor Dean: "Let us spray (let us pray)."

Next came the Freshman who blushed everytime he saw a table leg.

Miss Brock: "When Jonah was swallowed by the whale what did the whale say?"

T. Libby: "I'll bite."

Ruth: "Why was there no card playing on the ark?"

Ruth: "Because Noah sat on the deck."

Delia: "Why is a man like tooth paste?"

Lorraine: "Because you have to squeeze him to get anything out of him."

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam as his playmate fell out of the apple tree.

"Mother, was your name Pullman before you married Daddy?" asked little Jack.

"No, dear," replied the mother, "what makes you think so?"

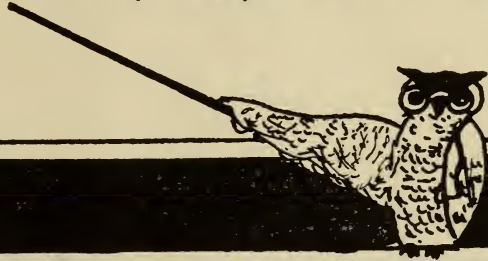
"Well, I just wondered. I saw that name on most of our towels."

A professor of math calls 3781 on the phone: "Give me five multiplied by two, add two, divide by four; seven; the square of four, halved; take one eighth of latter answer; and make it snappy."

He: "I've had this car for five years and never had a wreck."

She: "You mean you've had this wreck for years and never had a car."

THE WISE OLD OWL



The Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know:

1. With whom Louise went walking during vacation.
2. If Howie King ever uses his lunch box.
3. If Phil Wilson knows his way to Fletcher Corner and back yet.
4. Who the three musketeers are who took Lorraine home one evening.
5. What happened to Garland's satin breeches the night of "Pinafore".
6. If Miss Sheldrick ever practiced her stage exit in the Senior Play.
7. If "Micky" Newton and "Rowly" Dawson like Valentine Parties? (And why!!!!!!)
8. If Garland had a "ripping" good time on the sleigh party.
9. If Taimi Nyland had a good time at the Stow Prom.
10. Where Kelley got his material for the debate on "Prohibition."

Mis-Information Bureau

Best-looking Boy—Daniel Meloro.
 Best-looking Girl—Laura Aho.
 Most Gullible—Mr. Gifford.
 Most Punctual—Edward Hannon.
 Teacher's Pet—Stanley Sokolowski.
 School Vampire—Wieno Sneck.
 School Clown—Harold Ledgard.
 Most Studious—Mark Newton.
 Most Pleasing—James Duggan.
 Most Diligent—Ahti Frigard.

Most Polite—John Horan.
 Best Football Player—Francis Keirstead.
 School Shiek—Sulo Hintsu.
 Best Chauffeur—Donat Gagné.
 Most Bashful Freshman—Millard Swett.

Bolonius, '30.

Advice to the Love-lorn Beatrice Barefax

"Dear Miss Barefax:

I have recently had a falling out with my girl. Shall I be the one to make up? N. N."

Ans. No; a woman is more proficient in cosmetics.

"Dear Miss Barefax:

I wish to marry a man of high position. Where can I find one? Helen M."

Ans. Call Kenmore 9000 for a flag-pole sitter.

"Dear Miss Barefax:

My boy friend will be released from Charlestown prison in two weeks. He wants to marry me then. Shall I consent? Julia L."

Ans. No; let him enjoy his freedom for a while.

"Dear Miss Barefax:

Shall I marry when the golden opportunity affords? Sam G."

Ans. Depends on the gold in the opportunity.

“Dear Miss Barefax:

I do not believe in modernism. When my boy friend offers me a Camel, what shall I do? Katie B.”

Ans. Be nonchalant — smoke a Murad.

“Dear Miss Barefax:

I used to live at Old Orchard and had many sailor boy friends. Now, since I have moved I feel so lonely. Am I love sick? Connie.”

Ans. No; sea-sick!

They laughed at me as I approached the piano. But, I was determined to show them. I gave the piano stool a quarter-turn. Then I pushed it aside. I stared the piano up and down. Still they laughed at me. But, I was calm. Suddenly the harsh sounds of splintering wood filled the room. I had lost my senses. I had gotten my correspondence course instructions on “Muscle Building in Your Home,” mixed with “Play the Most Difficult Piano Music, in a Month, With Our Easy Course.”

J. Bellows, '30.

Denis and Bradford went fishing one day.

They went up river quite a way. They struck a good spot and anchored the boat. After catching a good string of sun-fish they decided to leave. Bradford thought it was a good spot so he said to Denis:

“Gee, this is a good place. You’d better mark it so we can come here again.”

They pulled up anchor and when they got near the shore Bradford said:

“Of course you marked it when I told you.”

“Yes,” replied Denis, “I put a cross on the side of the boat.”

“You fool!” shouted Bradford, “How do you know we’ll get the same boat tomorrow?”

H. Lerer, '30.

The Wise Old Owl has, after seeing the way the students have suffered for the last four years, decided to have money appropriated for the following improvements in the high school:

1. Running hot water.
2. Smoking rooms for those who cannot wait.
3. Rest rooms for those who take Physical Education.
4. Softer mats under the parallel bars.
5. Escalators from the first to the second floor.
6. Some robots to clean up after the Chemistry class.
7. More interesting books for the library.
8. A book of etiquette for ready reference.
9. A good watch to be loaned to Albert Foster for the rest of the school year.
10. Inkwells that won't spill.

Harold Wilcox, '30.

Books	Dedicated to
“Prince and Pauper”	Walker and “Jakie”
“The Golden Fleece”	Red Lanigan
“Smokey, the Cowhorse”	Charlie Chandler
“A Man for the Ages”	Horan
“Les Miserables”	The Trig. Class
“The Great Impersonation”	Wilho Frigard
“The Perfect Gentleman”	Nicky Meloro
“Vanity Fair”	Ruth Broadbent
“Three Musbeteers”	Gillie, George, and Philip
“Three Minutes to Go”	Albert Foster
“The Wicked Angel”	Catherine Coughlan
“The Light that Failed”	Harold Wilcox
“Wings”	A. Young
“The Art of Thinking”	Mark Newton
“The Card Board Lover”	Mike Zaporeski
“La Chute”	Sula Hintsa
“All Aboard”	Donat Gagné
	Bolonius, '30.

Epitaph of Our M. H. S. Drivers

George Gutteridge lies under this
thistle;
He didn't heed the choo-choo's
whistle!

And here's what's left of "Burtie"
small,
He paid no attention to slow signs at
all.

At ninety miles drove "Swat",
The motor stopped, but he did not!

Here lies all that's left of "Gil";
At the Railroad crossing he didn't
stay still!

Here lies the body of Howard K.
Who died maintaining his right of
way.

Too fast she drove, fair Julia;
Now the angels sing "Hallelujah!"

Under this stone lies Alice Fearn,
She turned right on the left hand
turns!

Here are the remains of "Perky",
Going around the corner, the car got
jerky!

D. Dawson, '30.

Misplaced Slogans

Onyx Hosiery—"Best in the long
run."

Otis Elevators—"Good to the last
drop."

Klaxon—"His master's voice."

Ford—"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

Fatima—"I's in town, Honey."

Ivory Soap—"There's a reason."

Listerine—"What a whale of a differ-
ence just a few cents make."

Mohawk Rugs—"Save the surface
and you save all."





Old Lady: "What is the title of this picture, dear?"

Daughter: "'Dogs' after Sir Edwin Landseer."

Old Lady: "I can see the dogs, but where on earth is Landseer?"

Boy: "Mother, what are the holes in the board for?"

Mother: "Those are knot holes."

Boy (after due consideration): "Well, if they are not holes, what are they?"

Backy: "My brother is quite theatrical! Next week he's taking part in a Shakespeare play at college!"

Gilman: "Which of his plays is it?"

Backy: "He mentioned the name of it, but I'm not sure whether it's 'If You Like It That Way' or 'Nothing Much Doing'."

Duggan: "Can you give me a more elegant rendering of the sentence, 'The sap rises'?"

Horan: "The boob gets out of bed."

Alice: "I have a book you ought to read. Shall I lend it to you?"

Katie: "Heavens, no! I can't even find time to read all the books I ought not to read!"

Sulo: (to clerk): "I would like to see a bathing suit that will fit me."

Clerk: "So would I."

One day in the other world beyond the Styx, Shakespeare happened to run full tilt with Bacon.

"Who are you?" demanded Bacon, angrily.

"I'm the man people think you are," replied Shakespeare.

McAndrew: "Hooray! The wind has changed."

Convalescent Wife: "Well, now, what of it?"

McAndrew: "Ye ken the doctor said ye needed a change of air."

Mrs. Bluster: "I see Algy is on the scrub team."

Mrs. Fluster: "Oh, dear, and the poor thing would never even wash his ears at home."

My brother on the baseball team is nicknamed "Flu" because he's catching.

Why Professors Go Mad

Prof.: "Where is Washington?"

Frosh: "He's dead."

Prof.: "I mean the capital of the United States."

Frosh: "Oh, they lent it all to Europe."

She: "Are late hours good for one?"

He: "No, but they're good for two."

Him: "You know what I admire in you most?"

Her: "No, what is it?"

Him: "Your wonderful eyes."

Her: "Know what I admire in you?"

Him: "What?"

Her: "Your exquisite taste."

Chorus Leader: "What shall we sing for an encore?"

Wise-cracker: "Sing the same song, they'll never recognize it."

A Scotchman sued a baseball company for injuries incurred while attending a baseball game. He fell out of a tree.



Billy Joyce: "I know a girl who plays piano by ear."

Baker Crowley: "Snothing — I know an old man who fiddles with his whiskers."

New quotation from Hamlet (according to Djerkacz):

"The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath
And in the cup an onion shall he throw."

Teacher (reading a new play to a class): "It was the witching hour of midnight. A white hand appeared out of the darkness. Two white robed figures stole along the corridor and the clock struck one."

Bellows: "Which one?"

"Red" Lanigan: "I say, salesperson! Is this the mirror department?"

Salesperson: "Yes, sir!"

"Red": "Well, I'd like to see something odd in a mirror."

Salesperson: "Yes, sir; just take a look in this one, sir."

Bookseller: "This book will do half of your work for you."

Horan: "Then I'll take two!"

Proprietor: "Now, my boy, if a customer comes in and wants to look at a piano, flute, or banjo, you'll know what to show him."

Boy: "Yes, sir!"

Proprietor: "And if a customer should want to see a lyre—"

Boy (interrupting): "I'll send at once for you, sir!"

Teacher: "How many can go to the globe and point out the place where Hoover has gone for his vacation?"

Pupil: "I can."

Teacher: "Go and point it out then."

Pupil: "Where is the newspaper."

Historian: "Do you mean to say you have never heard of the Mayflower compact?"

June: "No, what is it, a new Djer-Kiss product?"

"Horse": "Was she shy when you asked her age?"

"Ping": "Yes, I imagine, about ten years."

Yesterday we heard positively the last one on our friend, the absent minded professor. He slammed his wife and kissed the door.

Leon: "Aren't you nearly ready, dear?"

Ruth: "I wish you wouldn't keep asking that question, Leon. I've been telling you for the past hour I'd be ready in a minute."

Well meaning Hostess: "Now, Dugan, you need never again tell us you can't sing! We know now."

She: "When we're married I'll share all your troubles and sorrows!"

He: "But I have none."

She: "I said, when we are married."

He: "But Helen, on what grounds does your father object to me?"

Helen: "On any grounds within a mile of the house."

Sirkka: "If wishes came true what would be your first?"

Al: "I would wish, oh, if I only could tell you."

Sirkka: "Go on, what do you think I brought up wishing for?"

Louise: "Gilbert, why don't you propose?"

Gilbert: "Somehow, I can't bring myself to do it, Louise."

Louise: "It's only a short sentence, Gil."

Gilbert: "But it's a sentence for life!"

Sheeny: "I don't believe half I see in print!"

Miss Field: "Judging from your spelling that must include what you see in the dictionary."

Laura: "I have an appetite like a canary."

Sophie: "Yes, you have. You eat a peck at a time."

Senior: "I have a good job down the five and ten."

Junior: "What do you do?"

Senior: "Milk chocolates."

R. Paul: "Did you know that, Socko talks in his sleep?"

A. Paul: "No, does he?"

R. Paul: "It's true—he recited in class today."

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