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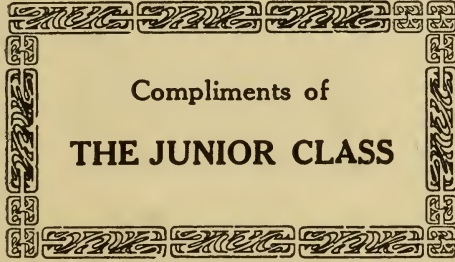
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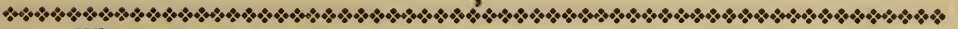
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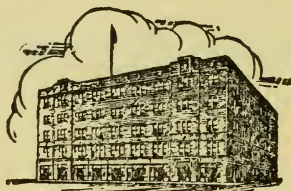
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# THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

MAYNARD, MASS., APRIL, 1931

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PRICE PER COPY, 25 CENTS

## Dedication

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To the editorial staff of 1927, who, by their initiative and perseverance, founded this magazine and gave to the students of Maynard High a much-needed record of school activities, we dedicate this issue.





In this day of drastic changes and new fads it is only right that the "Screech Owl" should join the procession. Since the paper first made its appearance it has had the same cover-design and, like all good things, it had its day. After the publishing of the last issue, the printer told us that the front plate was becoming very much worn and dulled. As a result, the staff decided, instead of renewing the old plate, to run a contest and get another design. This, it will be seen, does not alter the name or general idea of the front cover.

We regret this change because the cover-design is like a memorial to the founders, but the name and the magazine still remain. This change may, we hope, make some new friends among the undergraduates and the townspeople, who we fear have become tired of the old design.

It has been the aim of the staff to have the new cover as simple, as well planned, and as satisfactory as the old one. The winning design was submitted by Guido Carbone, of the Class of 1934.

And now, in its new apparel, may our paper go forth to ever increasing success.

Editor.

Sympathy is a word that is almost obsolete. Most people consider it a quality that is found only in the dic-

tionary. It is rarely found and freely given, but is a quality that is always appreciated.

Sympathy does not mean going into a hospital and regaling a sick friend with a list of relatives who have died of chronic ailments, and encouraging him to think what a fine funeral he will have. No, sympathy is not that. It is, however, a true endeavor to help a friend, an enemy, a stranger, anyone and everyone, with a depth of encouragement and sincerity, a word or two of genuine feeling that makes us look up and respect the giver.

Kindliness and pity are near relatives of sympathy, but friendship is the best. The quiet faith of a friend—how this stands out in our darkest hours. It strengthens the ties which even Time cannot loosen; it lightens the pain which our mistakes have caused us.

Isn't it worth while trying to be a better friend, a better person to know, somebody who's human—and who has sympathy?

A. L. White, '31.

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## SENIORS

Shortly we will leave behind us our school life and enter a new world. Some will win fame and fortune; others will fade away into obscurity. Our carefree and joyous times will only be happy memories.

Seniors, we are on the last lap of

our journey, after plowing our way through musty books, eagerly grasping knowledge or just as eagerly passing it by. We have come through with honours. One stage has been passed and we will be ready to fight new difficulties and remain victorious.

We have but a short time left in which to justify ourselves in the eyes of our fellow classmates, to strive to achieve worthwhile things; something that will live after our merry laughter through the old halls has only become an echo; something which will be passed to the new classes who will take our place and begin where we left off, proud to carry on our work.

Let's never admit defeat. Even the most lowly amongst us yet possesses some quality to be admired and respected.

My message to you, my classmates, is "Never Say You're a Failure!"

Irja Jokela, '31.

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### OUR DEBT

Every public high school must give instruction in indoor and outdoor games and athletic exercises accord-

ing to State Law. Inadequate facilities for a comprehensive schedule demands a flourishing outside activity in this line, which is made possible through the Athletic Association. This organization must annually meet an estimated expense of \$1299, which sum does not include the buying of any uniforms. The sources of revenue open to the A. A. are few: admission to games, plays and socials; profits from candy sale, and A. A. dues. It is easily seen that these are not adequate unless each student contributes his dues.

It has been argued that only those athletically inclined are benefitted by the A. A. This is a fallacy, because the one who participates in sports has only the physical benefit, while the one who does not participate obtains recreation and relaxation. Also, the player pays his dues and then performs for the benefit of the other students.

Every student wants to be a member of a school whose teams perform in a creditable way and win a fair percentage of their games. Nothing will inspire a team to do its best more than knowing that the student body is supporting it.

Catherine Coughlin, '31.





The following article and poem are reprinted from the first edition of the Screech Owl, 1927 (by special permission of the copyright owners).

### MY INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

What am I doing here? Here I am in a coffin. Well I'll be a fish monger. They must think I'm dead. Well I'll wait and see how sorry my family and friends are. Maybe I will change my opinion of some of them when I see how they feel. Here come some of them now.

John Horan and Ken Murray enter on tiptoes (imagine Murray on tiptoes), and quietly gaze on my silent form. A few words pass between them and then J. Horan drops a dime in the coffin (he realizes that it's his last chance to pay something on the bill). But a few minutes later Ken takes the same dime out of the coffin (he realizes that it's his last chance to collect something on his bill), and they go out of the room. In the hall they are met by my brother who grasps their hands and then Ken and J. H. burst into tears (not because of sorrow but because it is a custom). After assuring the family that they would return late that night (probably to get sandwiches and coffee or in other words something for nothing), they went their way.

After they had gone I heard my family in the adjoining room completing the funeral arrangements. A shiver went down my spine as I heard them selecting the bearers and their decision to send for my forty-second cousin. I wished for a moment that I was not playing this trick, but on a second thought I decided to stick it out.

Here come some more mourners. I recognize them as "Sleepy" Weckstrom and "Sheik" Carbone. Like the rest they grasp the hands of my brother and Carbone gives a little speech about how sorry they are. Then they proceed to the coffin accompanied by my brother. As they gaze on the contents of the coffin "Sleepy" tells amid (forced) tears how I sat beside him in English and how I told him the definition of such words as catechising and antifractuosities which enabled him to flunk English. After a few more minutes of unnecessary conversation they leave, using the gait that Grand Army men use when entering a cemetery.

After their departure I am alone again, cramped in that big expensive box. The reason they are so expensive is that they can sell but one to a person. The gloomy aspect of the surroundings and the thought of being buried in a six by three by six makes me shudder with fear. But these thoughts are put aside when the door opens again.

Mr. Edward "Buckshot" Fearn and Mr. F. Y. Z. Ledyard enter with long drawn faces. As they shake hands with my brother, big tears trickle down their cheeks (the results of a little glycerine). My sister explains how I died from overstudy (sniff, sniff) and from practising my music lesson three hours a day (sniff, sniff). They come into the room and as they gaze down upon me several thoughts run through their minds—the five cents he owes me—the schooling I am going to miss by being a bearer—. In a short time they leave the room, assuring my family that they will return since they know

that Carbone is going to make the coffee.

The day of my funeral arrives and the undertaker comes in to close the coffin. The lid comes down with a thud bringing me to my senses, and I look very sleepily into the face of a smiling dentist who had just extracted two teeth.

Leo Mullin, '28.

## THE MARCH OF A GAY COCKADE

(Apologies to Tennyson)

### I

One more step, one more step,  
 One more step onward,  
 Two, three or four abreast,  
 Saunter three hundred,  
 Into Assembly Hall,  
 With not a care at all,  
 Two, three or four abreast,  
 Saunter three hundred.

### II

Into Assembly Hall,  
 We have obeyed the call,  
 Of the Assembly bell,  
 Why should we worry,  
 Our's not to hasten on,  
 Our's not to lead the throng,  
 Our's but to sing a song,  
 Into Assembly Hall  
 Saunter three hundred.

### III

Teachers to right of us,  
 Teachers to left of us,  
 Teachers in back of us,  
 Glower and mumble,  
 Glared at with lowering brow,  
 On through the hall we plow,  
 Into the center isle,  
 Up to our seats, and now,  
 Down flop three hundred.

## VOICE-COMPLEX

Barney Fallon was the tenth child in a family of ten boys—that in itself was enough to weigh him down.

But to make it worse, Barney was a sensitive, music-loving lad, and that in an Irish contractor's family. His father, red-headed Mike Fallon, never understood his youngest son—and Barney certainly had nothing in common with the nine young giants who were his brothers. His mother would have understood him had she lived, but his Grandmother Fallon brought him up; old Mrs. Fallon was anything but understanding.

By right Barney should have been slender and delicate. Instead he grew to be bigger than any of his brothers—something about his features showed him to be different from the other boys. His quick growth made him awkward; he naturally became the butt of all his brothers' fun-making. When his sweet high pitched voice never changed, you can imagine the results. It was enough to make Barney resolve never to speak again. It did serve to give him a deep-set inferiority-complex and make him think twice before uttering a speech.

During his school days, Barney's only chum was Bud O'Leary. Bud played the violin, and Barney spent hours listening to Bud playing; and once in a while Barney sang. It was only once in a while, and he never sang for any one else. Barney didn't go to High School—he couldn't stand the laughter any longer. He and Bud kept seeing each other until Bud graduated, organized a band and went his way. Barney tried various jobs—he was a grocery boy, an ice-man, a boxer by popular vote of his brothers, and finally became a truck-driver for his father. He became famed for uttering few more than two sentences a week.

When Barney was twenty-four he was still driving his father's truck and had cut down his utterances to one sentence a week. One day he was sitting in the truck waiting for his father when a taxi drove by. It stopped a short distance ahead of where the truck was parked. A man got out and ran back to the truck.

"Barney," cried the man. "Boy, I haven't seen you for years. How are you, old man?" He was on the running board pumping Barney's hand.

"Bud!" was all that Barney could say—possibly the surprise forced it out. Bud could and did talk steadily for a time—told Barney that he had risen in the world, that he was leader of a popular band which played nightly at the Colonial Grill.

"Why don't you come to my apartment now, Barney? Then you'll come to the Grill tonight and hear the boys play. Oh, come on." So Barney left the truck and followed his friend to the taxi. That night found him at the Grill in a borrowed dress-suit, watching Bud lead his band. It came time to broadcast; everything was made ready and finally they were on the air. Their soloist, a tenor, hadn't arrived. Bud became more and more nervous — the proprietor began to tear his hair. Poor Bud racked his brain; suddenly he remembered that Barney used to sing. He implored him to take the tenor's place—he insisted, and finally ordered Barney to stand up before the mike and sing. Barney stood up, and finally he sang. Then, the song finished, he sat down. That wasn't the end of it; telephone calls and telegrams kept coming in from the studio and direct to the Grill. Bud was overjoyed — Barney didn't understand it all. But at the end of the year Barney Fallon had crooned his way into the hearts of both his country-women and his country-men — his name was known all over the nation, and yet no one knew anything of his life. Nevertheless, Barney Fallon was receiving only two hundred dollars a week as salary.

Early in April, Maud Allan was sent by her editor to get some sort of an interview with Barney. Maud was thrilled at the prospect. She knew many others had tried and failed, so she was prepared for a long, hard struggle. Next evening found her at the studio waiting for the idol of the nation to finish broadcasting.

Barney used a different exit. Maud waited at the studio night after night, but Barney always escaped. She decided that it was getting her nowhere and so the next evening when Barney entered his apartment Miss Allan was there. Barney went down the fire escape; Maud called to him to come back, but in vain.

Next day when Bud came in to see his friend, Barney was mournfully regarding an official letter from the studio.

"What's the matter this fair morning," asked Bud jovially.

"Look," said Barney, for brevity was still the keynote of his speech. "I can't do it."

Bud looked—then spoke.

"Why of course you can do it. All you have to do is meet Miss Allan at the studio and take her out to dinner. It'll be easy—you won't have to do anything except answer questions. Oh, you'll get through it all right."

Barney took Miss Allan out to dinner. Now Maud Allan was very wise; she was breathless at the honor—very obviously so—and under her admiration, Barney became loquacious. He found himself thinking what a wonderful girl Maud was; he asked her out to dinner again. Barney saw more and more of her and began to feel more and more important. A few months later Maud and he were married. And now Barney Fallon's salary runs to four figures. He has his pet announcer and his temperament. But he still makes one word do for three or four.

Edith Priest, '32.

## REPORT CARDS

'Twas the day for reports cards, and  
down on my knees,  
I hunted in vain for the "A's" and the  
"B's";  
Not a good rank was on it, not even  
a "C";  
The marks were off duty. Oh! Where  
did they flee?

Pursue them dear teacher, have pity  
on me.

I can't pass my lessons on only a "D".

Edith France, '31.

### THE NOBLE RESOLVE

Uncle was a chronic grouch. There was no doubt about it. Uncle was a grouch. Even his nephew, upon whose defenseless head was falling the brunt of Uncle's wrath, conceded this.

"No". Uncle's decisive bark cut the silence of the room. "I can't let you have any more money. This foolish talk of setting up a radio shop, rubbish!"

"Very well, uncle," answered his nephew in a hopeless voice, "I'll go to the law school, but I'm telling you now, that I won't be the success you want me to be because my interests are in the radio and electrical works, and that's—"

"That'll do." Uncle frowned. "You'll get a good education, be admitted to the bar, and I'll set up a practice for you in town here. That's the future I've set my heart on for my brother's boy!"

"Well, if you change your mind, you can find me at the University. I leave tonight. Good-bye, Uncle," and James Lowell, nephew of old Judge Lowell, was stroled out of the office.

It was three o'clock in the morning, but the Judge had not danced the whole night long, on the contrary, he had played poker. The Judge was feeling in as good humor as a chronic grouch who was \$5,000 to the good could be. It was then, in this most amiable frame of mind, that he entered his domain. All was quiet. Everyone had gone to bed, but just as he was about to place in his desk, all the night's hard earned winnings, an uneasy thought struck him. The Judge wanted to use that money; in fact he planned on going to another poker game where the stakes were bound to be high, so he decided to

look for a place in which to hide it so that his wife Martha could not find it. With this in mind, he instantly discarded the desk as a hiding place, for Martha was always looking for recipes, old bills, etc., in the desk. The Judge put in a few minutes serious concentration, then his face lighted up. Selecting an envelope, he wrote his nephew's name on it. Then he put it in his coat pocket.

"Guess Martha won't bother to look in my old coat pocket for money," he chuckled, "and if she does, she won't be likely to open a letter that is going to James!" Thus, well pleased with this brilliant piece of work, he retired.

Jane Ann walked down the street. On her face was a thoughtful look, in her soul THE NOBLE RESOLVE. To the ordinary individual, she looked like an average red-headed, freckle-faced, serious eyed girl of ten years, but to those who knew her, she showed signs of inner perturbation. As a matter of fact, something was preying on her mind. She had just heard a lecture at the school, and it had impressed her mightily. The lecturer had exhorted his listeners to do a good deed, and so spread sunshine. This Jane Ann decided, was good policy, and she determined to try it.

"Uncle will like me to help," she decided. "I guess I'll help him and Aunt Martha all I can. I'll help Jimmie too," she declared in a burst of enthusiasm. "I'll clean out the clothes closet."

Upon arriving home, she found the house deserted. Aunt Martha was out, probably on the trail of new gossip, so there was none to discourage her. With all the zest of new-found enthusiasm, she tackled the old clothes closet. As she took down old dresses of her aunt, she put them aside; they would serve as gowns to be worn when she and her friends played "house". When she came to her uncle's garments, she carefully explored them so that she could gather up all the booty, consisting of cop-

pers, two or three nickels, and perhaps a dime which the Judge had placed in his pockets and then forgotten. In due time she had gathered about eighteen cents in change, two or three old bills, a letter or two, and one letter which bore her brother's name on it. There seemed to be no stamp, so she took two cents of loot and put them aside. After she had cleaned the closet out, she turned her steps toward the post-office.

A few weeks later, the Judge received an invitation to a poker game to be held in the house of a friend. He accepted with pleasure, and left the office early that evening in order to be on time. As soon as he arrived in the house, he hunted up his old coat. He searched every pocket and hole but no sign of a letter could he find. The Judge decided this was getting serious. Accordingly, as a man will do, he yelled for his wife.

"Hey Martha, did you see an envelope addressed to James?" he inquired.

"No," his wife answered, "Where did you put it?"

"In my old coat," answered the Judge. A sudden stir arose from the living room.

"I mailed it," said the young cheer-spreader coming to the rescue from an arithmetic problem in the living room's best chair.

"What!!" The Judge presented a picture of outraged dignity. "Well I'll be doggoned! Confound these women!!" With a muttered curse, the Judge vanished from sight, his coat-tails streaming in the breeze.

Safe in the sheltered haven of his office, he opened a telegram.

**MANY THANKS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN RADIO VENTURE PAYING WELL.**

**JAMES LOWELL.**

With a morose expression on his face, the grouch threw up his hands. Doggone the poker game, his expression seemed to say as he permitted a wry grin to twist his features, when one has a nephew who is bound to suc-

ceed, well, it's an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody good!

Annie L. White, '31.

### DINNER WITH SIR THOMAS

The other day, while visiting with Sir Thomas in Boston, he invited me out to dinner along with a few of his business associates. We had finished our first course and we were patiently waiting for our waitress to bring us some lobster. I meanwhile was chatting with Sir Thomas and his friends. These gentlemen were very interesting company and during our conversation we gave our opinions on the various subjects of the day.

During this time I had also observed many of the people about me. I noticed a waiter seating some ladies a couple of tables away, and as the young ladies looked over their menu the gentlemen closely observed their features and winked at one another. After the ladies had ordered their food they both lit up cigarettes. Not being a frequent visitor to the city restaurants, I found it hard to refrain from staring at the two as they nonchalantly exhaled smoke from their nostrils. To keep my mind occupied at the table I asked Sir Thomas what he thought of women's smoking. This started the ball rolling, and we soon had an interesting discussion on the subject. I have discovered in the past that no subject interests men more than those pertaining to our modern women. Sir Thomas said that the only thing that the women hadn't tried to do was to raise a beard, and he added that he expected anytime to see his daughter invent a way of cultivating one.

Mr. Keith, a theatre manager, now began a lively talk. He stated that so long as the men indulged in smoking, it was hardly fair to expect the women folk to refrain from it. In concluding he said that personally he saw no harm in their smoking if they received any pleasure from it.

Mr. Harding, an old bachelor who was also visiting with Sir Thomas, made the remark that the more he came to Boston and saw examples of the modern women, the better he enjoyed the company of his dogs up Maine. This brought laughter from the whole company including the sedate Mr. Woodcock who now offered his opinion on the subject.

Mr. Woodcock is a lawyer of the city who is held very much in the esteem of his friends. He seldom spoke but when he did speak all listened intently. Mr. Woodcock said that he considered that smoking among women distinctly showed the degeneracy of the female individual, and he classed it as nothing more than utter vulgarity. He added that although he himself smoked, he could see no sensible reason why the women should adopt the bad habits of the men. After further discussion all agreed with him, and Mr. Keith said that the best way in which to stop the practice was for men in general to make known their disapproval.

We now saw our waitress appearing with our lobster and soon all were masticating it eagerly. As I was eating I could not help thinking of our future mothers telling their children to be refined and dignified, while they, with their next breath, blew out a cloud of tobacco smoke. I think that as soon as women discover that they are less respected and admired on account of this practice, they will give it up. For it is one of women's foremost desires to appear well before gentlemen.

S. McCleary, '32.

### LAMENT

You stupid, you stubborn thing.  
Why don't you try to help me — if  
only to please—tho' it be painful to  
you. You—you on whom I spent my  
hard-earned money to make you my  
own—and squandered my last prec-  
ious pennies to buy you gay ribbons.  
How often I brushed and cleaned you

until my fingers were worn almost to  
the bone. Never will I forget the  
times I carried you about in my arms  
and then dropped, exhausted, with my  
whole body aching, into the first  
place of rest. I'll ne'er forget the  
nights when I put on your night-cap,  
and with a sigh of happiness left you  
—to dream of the morrow when I  
would again be with you.

How many times have you caused  
my heart to ache with your cruelty,  
and have wrung the tears from my  
dimming eyes. To think that from  
my temple I once plucked a hair of  
silver—put there by you.

But alas and alack, how'er sad,  
'tis true—even your dearest ones go  
back on you—refuse to help you in  
the darkest moments of life.

But soon I shall leave you. Out into  
the world I shall go to earn my liv-  
ing; and there perchance I will meet  
others of your kind. But, ah, I pray  
they will not be as unkind and as ob-  
stinate as you.

But what more can I expect of a  
Remington No. 10 typewriter?

Sirkka Lehtinen, '31.

### WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE AS ELAINE

#### I

Lancelot, knight of the Table Round,  
Was loved by Elaine the fair,  
And because her love was not re-  
turned,  
Elaine gave up in despair.

#### II

She went to her lonely tower,  
And for many a day she staid,  
Singing the song of Love and Death,  
Refusing comfort and aid.

#### III

And one bright golden morning  
Of a beautiful summer day,  
Elaine, the fair, the lily-maid,  
In silence passed away.



## IV

Alas! poor timid foolish Elaine,  
 When hit by Cupid's dart,  
 Not having her noble love returned,  
 Died of a broken heart.

## V

Where is the modern girl,  
 Who would give up her sports and  
 fun,  
 And pine away in a lonely tower,  
 As gentle Elaine had done?

## VI

"Banish the thought," cries the girl  
 of to-day,  
 What a silly I would be,  
 He's not the only pebble on the beach,  
 Nor the only fish in the sea.

Ruth Bishop, '33.

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 THE IRONY OF FATE

"I hear old Link Conley ain't been doin' so well lately," commented Sam Barker as the group of men sat down on the porch of the old store one afternoon in late spring.

"Yeah, he may kick off any minute, it's thet bad," put in another.

"The pore old feller. Spent all his life out in them thar hills, looking for gold that never was there. He's a little batty, I reckon," observed a third, Wes Moore by name.

Just then two small boys came running in a swirl of dust and halted before the men, breathlessly.

"Link Conley's dead!" panted one, "we just ben up thet way 'n' foun' him layin' in his shack jes' like—" he stopped for lack of breath.

"He was deader'n a rock. We were scairt an' run as fast as we could but he's dead, for sure," finished the other boy.

"Dead?" The men seemed surprised even though they had just been talking of such a happening.

"I reckon we better go there an' give him a decent burial right there

in his place," one said after a slight pause.

"We best take 'long the cor'ner ter make it formal-like, though course ever'body knows what he died of," said a second.

So a party of five or six men started for the old man's place. Lawrence Conley, or Link as he was better known, had first come there more than forty years ago and had spent all his time searching for gold. The hills were scattered with holes which had been made by him in his vain hunt for gold. He kept much to himself and lived as a hermit. Few ever went to see him for he made it plain that he desired no man's company. But on these rare occasions when anybody had gone to see him, it had been discovered that his health was rapidly failing him. Some of the children went to see him out of curiosity, which irritated him very much. Now these children had found him dead.

The coroner pronounced it death due to natural causes. At once two of the men proceeded to dig a grave for the dead man's remains.

After a few minutes of digging one of them exclaimed, "Eh, what's this?"

Together they studied it for a moment and rushed into the shack where the other men were.

"Here's the gold Link spent his life lookin' for. Found it in his grave," cried the first one, excitedly.

And sure enough it was gold. Only a few feet away from one of the hundreds of places where the dead prospector had dug for gold, was discovered a gold vein as rich as ever could be wished. The greater part of his life, Link had spent in searching for this very gold. He had always said that there was gold "in them thar hills." Others had called him crazy and this fact had made him take up the life of a hermit. And now the very men who had laughed at him were the ones who shared in the riches which rightfully belonged to the dead man.

None of his relatives was known to be living so everybody shared in the dead man's property. The news spread rapidly and the town experienced such a boom as it had not known since '49. And the man who had been the cause of it all slept in the hills he had loved, perhaps not very peacefully.

E. Kivinen, '31.

### THE WORM WILL TURN

Rodney Carter uneasily shifted his weight from the right foot to the other as he faced the father of the "only girl" who was to become his wife in exactly twelve minutes. At least, the invitations proclaimed that it would take place at seven o'clock.

"The one thing you must remember is to be firm with Ginny. You've been too easy with her. Don't forget, she has left three bride-grooms standing at the altar and she won't hesitate one moment to make you a fourth," cautioned his future father-in-law, Alexander Morton.

"Yes, sir, I'll try to remember," responded Rodney with all the spirit he could summon after this dampening advice.

The entrance of Stiles, the butler, checked any further conversation.

"Miss Virginia wishes to see Mr. Carter in her boudoir immediately."

"There's your death-summons, Carter. Remember, turn the tables on her. Don't be the 'yes-man' of the past; but dominate—they like it. Think of me, my lad, I have to pay for her weddings," chuckled Morton.

With these words ringing in his ears, Rodney slowly mounted the broad stairway. He now realized that he had always been too ready to answer her beck and calls. The door of Ginny's boudoir opened and she dashed out, bedecked in flowing tulle and orange-blossoms.

"Come in, Rodney. Oh, I don't know how to tell you," she began tearfully.

"You don't have to tell me," interrupted Rodney. "You're afraid of

marriage and so am I. Yes, I'm afraid of marriage with you. What's more, I'm not going through with it and at this very moment Parker is packing my bag. I don't care what you say to the guests. Tell them I'm dead or better still, jilted, only don't try to change my mind."

Virginia Morton stood dumbfounded. It finally dawned on her after a few minutes of stupefaction, that Rodney Carter was actually deserting her, leaving her standing at the very altar—alone.

"Don't you love me any more?" she managed to gasp at last.

"Of course I love you and always will. But I can't let you ruin my career, my whole life. You've deserted three fiancés but you shan't do it to me. The worm has turned, Ginny, the worm has turned."

That was quite well done, Rodney thought to himself. What would be her reaction, what was she going to do, he wondered.

Virginia calmly powdered her tip-tilted nose, picked up her bouquet, grasped the astounded Rodney's arm and determinedly proceeded to lead him, protesting, to the altar.

The worm had turned again!

A. Lampila, '31.

### WISHING

#### I

I wish I were a Freshman again,  
Starting along that venturesome lane  
Of four long years in high school,  
Anticipating the joys and sorrows  
That will come through those long to-  
morrow.

I wish I were a Freshman again—  
A Freshman both in soul and name!

#### II

I wish I were a Freshman again,  
A Freshman in an earnest train  
Of seekers after food,  
The food of knowledge and of work  
With all the vows never to shirk—  
I wish I were a Freshman again—  
A Freshman both in soul and name!

B. Stockbridge, '31.

## QUAND NOUS PENSONS EN FRANCAIS

### Mon Coteau

Que c'est tranquille sur le sommet vert de mon coteau! Comme il est loin du monde! Le ciel est une cour de récréation pour le vent et les nuages blancs; les cieux sont si proches—en même temps, si loin. Du sommet on peut voir la baie, rivalisant en couleur avec le bleu du ciel; ça et là sur l'horizon sont les voiles des vaisseaux—blanches et immobiles. Le village s'efforce de paraître confortable comme il s'accroupit dans sa laideur d'aparavant. Pour moi sa sordidité me le rend plus cher.

Cette après-midi je serai chez moi. Et un peu avant le coucher du soleil, je monterai mon coteau et je regarderai mon cher petit village et la baie. J'imprimerai chaque détail sur mon esprit afin de ne jamais l'oublier. Et quand la première étoile apparaîtra je me tiendrai debout immobile les yeux levés, et je murmurerai bien bas une prière pendant que la brune descendra. Alors ayant choisi dans le village la lumière qui était la mienne je descendrai le coteau pour la dernière fois.

Edith Priest, Fr. II.

### Saviez-vous?

Qu'en France:

l'homme salue la dame le premier.  
les couples catholiques sont mariés deux fois.

les parents sont obligés de choisir pour leur nouveau-né un nom d'une liste approuvée par le gouvernement.  
un étudiant de lycée français étudie jusqu'à quinze sujets par semaine.

il n'y a que 6 divorces pour 10,000 habitants—(aux Etats-Unis presque trois fois ce nombre).

il y a 130,000 titres nobles dont 125,000 environ sont faux ou portés sans droit.

### La société ou l'individu?

Après avoir étudié le Jean Valjean de Victor Hugo, nous nous demandons: qui est responsable pour le succès d'un individu, la société ou lui-même?

Le génie consiste très largement à voir l'occasion dans la collection des circonstances ou des pensées ou des impressions que constitue l'occasion, et à tirer le meilleur parti de toutes choses.

L'individu est responsable pour son succès. Il y a deux éléments fondamentaux dans la vie d'un individu. Ceux-ci sont l'atavisme et l'environnement.

Tout le monde est né avec un penchant pour faire certaines choses, et l'environnement développe ces penchants. On hérite le mécanisme employé en exécutant un problème d'algèbre, mais la science de ce sujet est obtenue de l'environnement. L'environnement ne travaille que sur les traits hérités. Rien ne peut être créé, mais tout peut et doit être développé. L'individu est intéressé et est actif en changeant sa nature pour s'adapter à ses entourages et en modifiant l'environnement pour le faire faire à sa nature.

L'atavisme protège l'individu contre la censure et dégage le poids de la responsabilité.

Catherine Coughlan, Fr. III.

### Certains sons que j'aime

Il y a tant de sons que j'aime—beaucoup trop pour les mentionner tous! Premièrement, les sons de la nature—les chansons des oiseaux, spécialement le son joyeux du rouge-gorge, et le cri plaintif du whippoorwill sont beaux. Et il y a le son de la pluie et du vent à travers les arbres par une nuit pluvieuse. Et j'aime le son sinistre et menaçant d'un vent

froid sifflant autour de la maison.

Puis, les notes harmonieuses de la musique! Et qu'est-ce qui est plus doux que le son d'un amical "Bon jour!" J'aime le son de la sirène du train de minuit, le bruit des bûches dans le foyer. Oh! il y a tant de sons qui me manqueraient si j'étais sourde!

E. Priest, Fr. II.

### Une famille heureuse

Une famille heureuse! Combien de fois la famille idéale est discutée dans les livres et les journaux avec rarement une réponse définie quant à ses conditions essentielles sauf la bonté et la douceur.

Mais il y a beaucoup de familles qui sont très heureuses. J'en connais une en particulier. Dans ce ménage il y a beaucoup d'enfants. Je ne pense pas que je ne me sois jamais souciée de les compter parce qu'il y en a tant. Cela va sans dire que la famille a son père et sa mère qui sont traités avec grand respect. Aussi, il y a des enfants innombrables. Ils ont toujours avec eux quelques étrangers. Une fois ces étrangers étaient une petite japonaise jaune et une petite africaine noire. Mais la couleur ne fait aucune différence dans l'attitude de cette famille. Elle est très démocratique.

Les favoris du ménage sont variés: une fois, quand la famille était plus jeune, la ménagerie était composée de canards, de chiens, de chats et de bêtes très étranges appelées éléphants. Maintenant, depuis que la famille est devenue plus calme, elle préfère des ours.

La famille est très pauvre, n'ayant pas de revenu, mais les enfants ont toujours assez de vêtements. Il me faut admettre que quelquefois ils ne sont pas habillés amplement, mais assez! Ils ne mangent pas bien, ne se lamentent jamais de faim, et ils sont toujours gais.

Voulez-vous connaître le nom de cette petite famille heureuse? Je ne

vous blâme pas parce que le ménage paraît parfait.

C'est la collection des poupées que trois petites filles ont assemblée en seize ans d'enfance.

Dorothy Marsden, Fr. II.

### Notre correspondance étrangère

Depuis quelques mois, la plupart des élèves de français sont en correspondance avec des étudiants en France.

Mon amie française possède une personnalité des plus aimables. Voici quelques unes des choses que j'ai apprises par ses lettres:

Bien des jeunes filles françaises aiment le foyer mais quelques-unes sont aussi modernes que leurs soeurs américaines parce qu'elles favorisent aussi une carrière d'affaires. L'une compte être une sténo-dactylographe dans un bureau ou une banque, et une autre compte devenir étudiante dans une université française.

La morale française demande qu'une chaperonne accompagne une jeune fille quand elle se promène dans un parc avec son fiancé. La jeune fille française d'aujourd'hui obéit à ses parents comme sa grand'mère a obéi aux siens.

La jeune française bien qu'émancipée est loin d'avoir l'esprit d'indépendance de la jeune américaine à cause des traditions de la vieille France. La jeune fille française ne lit pas tous les livres mais seulement ceux qui sont recommandés par ses parents ou ses professeurs. Elle ne va pas voir jouer toutes les pièces de théâtre, et n'y va jamais sans ses parents.

Les gens français ne tolèrent pas une grande liberté entre jeunes filles et jeunes garçons et alors c'est pourquoi il y a les écoles séparées—écoles pour garçons et écoles pour filles.

On apprend beaucoup au sujet des gens français, leurs manières, leurs habitudes, et leurs pensées en correspondant.

Nous écrivons la plus grande partie

de la lettre en anglais avec ici et là une expression ou une phrase en français. Qu'ils doivent sourire quand ils lisent notre français choisi, mais s'ils nous entendaient rire quand nous lisons leur anglais! Mais tout ceci est d'une telle bonhomie, et nous jouissons bien de cette correspondance.

V. Koskela, Fr. III.

### Un toast

C'est étrange comme nous sommes touchés par un livre, comme toute la journée est changée par un mot, une phrase.

Les livres sont des choses merveilleuses. Tous sont bons; s'ils nous rendent dégoûtés ou critiques, eh bien! c'est quelque chose. Et notre sens d'appréciation croît. Les livres nous emportent de la réalité. Nous oublions nos petits rôles dans cette vie.

La même chose s'applique au cinéma. Cela n'est pas une évasion

de la société, mais au lieu un effort pour l'idéaliser. Le monde où nous demeurons est infructueux, mesquin. Sans nos livres et nos impressions, nous faisons partie de ce monde mesquin; et comme une partie, nous le détestons et nous en sommes mécontents. Après que nous avons acquis une connaissance des hommes et une réalisation du bonheur vrai, alors nous pouvons regarder le monde et sympathiser. Nous pouvons obtenir une vue large et libérale seulement par la lecture et l'observation. La lecture et le cinéma, je leur dois beaucoup.

William Ledgard, Fr. II.

### Français idiomatique devenu idiotique

Devinez ce qu'ils voulaient dire:

il était gauche derrière  
un élève-bateau  
une poitrine de pantalons.





## BOYS' ATHLETICS

As the basketball season arrived, it seemed doubtful whether Maynard High would be represented by a team. This would have been a bad "break" for the basketball devotees, as Maynard High has always been able to put a fast team on the court. Last year the boys took basketball pennant, and this year's quintet hopes to repeat it.

Owing to meager financial resources and lack of a court to practice upon, the schedule was limited to five games.

When first practice was announced, a large squad turned out. Among these were Warila, Gutteridge, Frigard, Grondahl and Hintsä. These boys, having had experience last year, assisted in showing the new recruits how to play basketball.

The "Famous Freshmen's" quintet also reported. It is being coached carefully and may later form another championship team. The first game of the year was with a Midland League rival, Marlboro.

## MARLBORO AT MARLBORO

With two practices under its belt, Maynard hopped on Marlboro, but was turned back to the tune of 34 to 19.

All the boys saw service in the game. Maynard showed the lack of practice but they strove to make Marlboro "step to win". Maynard seemed faster, but was unable to connect with passes and cage the ball.

## HUDSON AT HUDSON

Hudson was the scene of the next game. Maynard, with a big following of rooters, traveled there to play a second Midland League contest. The game was fast and furious with frequent spills. Although Maynard was a decided under-dog, the boys kept even with Hudson. Then Hudson started to pull away to a safe lead and the game ended with the opponents on top, 25 to 16. Maynard showed great improvement, especially in their style of playing, and still has a chance for the title.

## LEOMINSTER AT LEOMINSTER

In the Leominster game the boys seemed to have improved even more.

The game kept the fans in an uproar as the play was extremely fast. The Leominster team worked hard to stave off defeat. They were successful, and Maynard went down to defeat 23 to 19.

The Leominster seconds defeated Maynard seconds in a preliminary game.

## MARLBORO AT MAYNARD

In another Midland League tilt, Maynard avenged itself for a former defeat at the hands of Marlboro. At no time did Maynard have an easy time in defeating their rivals 22 to 18. A slippery playing surface handicapped the players and spills were frequent. The game was well played and close at all times. Long distance shots featured in the game, several being caged by both teams.

### HUDSON AT MAYNARD

Playing its old rival before a capacity house, Maynard High defeated Hudson 25 to 19 in a grueling game. Neither team gave quarter and several players were put out on fouls. Grondahl featured for Maynard, tearing around between the Hudson players' feet and sinking some terrific shots. Most of the Hudson team were busy hunting for the elusive Grondahl.

This win for Maynard makes a triple tie among the schools. The tie of course, will be played off. Al Cowles (do you know him?) predicts Maynard to win the title.

Interclass basketball is to start soon and class teams are already practicing.

### BASKETBALL

#### MAYNARD AT GARDNER

The Maynard High girls opened their basketball season at Gardner after several weeks of hard practice. Even though it was the first game of the season, it was played fast and clean.

However, the Maynard offence was considerably weakened by the inability of Captain Dorothy Marsden to play, and the defense, by the disqualification of several. Everyone worked fiercely trying to bring victory to the Orange and the Black, but in spite of this, at the final whistle of the game, the score was Gardner 24, Maynard 13.

#### MAYNARD AT LITTLETON

The second game of the season was played at Littleton. Coach Sawyer was unable to attend, but, even so, the girls turned out victorious. The Maynard girls were handicapped, to a considerable extent, by the slippery floor on which they played, even more so than the Littleton defenders, who were used to holding games on such a floor. This encumbrance did not,

however, hinder the Orange and Black from gaining a victory.

The second team started the game and was relieved by the varsity in the second quarter. Going in fresh each quarter the Maynard girls had faster pass work than did the wearied Littleton girls, and, as a result, the last score was 27-19 in Maynard's favor.

#### MAYNARD AT HUDSON

The next game, also a victory, was played at Hudson. The girls from Maynard, led the score throughout the game, although at times there was but little difference.

The Orange and Black were determined to win; indeed, so very determined that they piled up a score of 36-20 in their favor.

#### GARDNER AT MAYNARD

Gardner's return game proved victorious to them as had the first game between the two, though not in such a great degree. Both first and second teams played; the Maynard varsity lost, while the second team won with a score of 29-7.

Even though the first team was defeated, the girls have the satisfaction of knowing that they made more baskets than did their opponents. Most of the baskets on Maynard's side being counted as one point, while Gardner's baskets scored two points. This difference was because the Maynard baskets were made with a one-hand shot and most of Gardner's were shot with two hands.

All in all the game was close, and only for the good team work of the Gardner girls saved the game for them with a score of 24-20.

#### ACTON AT MAYNARD

Both the second and first teams competed with Acton and were easily victorious. The Orange and Black was in the lead throughout the entire game, and Acton, though fighting

hard, went down to defeat.

The second team was composed mainly of freshmen, who were notified that they would have to play, just before the game started. The freshmen certainly did help defend the school, by aiding in a win over the Acton second team by a score of 13-10.

The varsity raised havoc with their opponents, the score being, at the end of the game Maynard 30, Acton 15.

### HUDSON AT MAYNARD

The girls defeated Hudson, at the Pastime Hall, for the second time this year with a score even better than before. Maynard won with the largest score so far in the season, it being Maynard 50, Hudson 8. The Maynard girls seemed to score at will during the entire game, but Hudson evidently could not score.

### LEOMINSTER AT MAYNARD

Leominster girls were defeated at Maynard by a score of 65-13. Though they worked valiantly toward victory, Leominster was able to score but thirteen points against Maynard. From beginning to end the Orange and Black led, and carried away, perhaps, the easiest victory of the year.

### MAYNARD AT ACTON

The Acton girls were determined to win the return game with Maynard, and almost succeeded in doing so. The score at the end of the first half was Maynard 11, Acton 8. With only three points difference it seemed as

though the game would be very close, but the Maynard defenders rallied and worked too fast for the Acton girls. The ending score was almost the same as the score of the first game between Acton and Maynard—32-15.

The second team of Maynard was triumphant over Acton's second team by a score of 32-15.

### LEOMINSTER AT LEOMINSTER

Maynard girls finished their season with a second victory over Leominster. The play was faster than in the preceding game with Leominster. Maynard triumphed with a score of 53-17.

After having such a successful season the girls were invited to Ware to try for the State championship. Two letters were sent to Maynard, with a telephone call included, asking the girls to come. Every one of the girls was enthusiastic about going, and while they were waiting for final permission, a letter was received stating that Maynard was not eligible because the team had been defeated.

All of March will be devoted to interclass basketball for both boys and girls. Each team has a certain period of the week for practice. A coach was chosen by the pupils of each class, and he or she supervises the practicing of that class.

### TRACK

The girls will probably try their hand at track this year. There are several promising girls, and a successful season is hoped for.



# ON THE SPOT



## Junior Social

A Junior Social was held on January 30, at the M. H. S. auditorium. Music was furnished by Irma Durkee. John Malcolm, John O'Leary, Frank Brayden, and Philip Taylor sang, accompanied by Miss Ruth Taylor. After the entertainment, refreshments were served.

## Jingle Bells

It was a bright moonlight night, the tenth of February, when a group of bright eyed students packed into a sleigh and started on a night of adventure. Because of the congested highway between Concord and Maynard we did not arrive at the "Fairway" until 11.15. The old gray mares they aren't what they use to be, and that accounts for the time it took us to cover the short distance. We dined and danced at the "Fairway" and were entertained by John Murphy and Walter Crowther. Everyone had one grand and glorious time. The after effects were unaccountable, although the next day at school one would think that some pupils hadn't slept at all the previous night.

## Senior Play

"The Gypsy Trail", a three act comedy, was presented by the Maynard High School seniors at Waltham Street Hall, February 13. Despite the

date, unlucky Friday, the young thespians developed the action and merit of the play to perfection. The hall was filled to capacity. The play was a huge success and was followed by a dance.

The cast included Sirkka Hurme, Catherine Coughlan, Harriet Frye, Walter Waino, Philip Wilson, Dennis Farnell, Margaret Lawton, Leo McNammara, and Alphonse Paul. Miss Ruth Finn was director, James Sweeney, property manager, Alric French, business manager, and Deane Priest was in charge of the music which was furnished by Irma Durkee's Orchestra.

## Physical Education Exhibition

The third annual demonstration of Physical Education of the Maynard Schools was given Thursday, February 19. This exhibit was held in the High School Auditorium and was attended by a large audience.

Reginald Sawyer, supervisor of physical education of the schools was in charge of the program. A singing game by pupils of the first and second grades was very interesting. A ball relay game was held between Bancroft, Main and Roosevelt schools. The Main Street School won this game amid the applause of the audience. These schools also held a contest of Indian Clubs, the honor this

time going to the Bancroft Street School.

A wand drill performed by the boys and girls of Junior High was very effective. The boys were very good at tumbling also. The High School girls made a fine showing in flag drills and folk dances. The High School boys surpassed the expectations of the audience in work on gymnasium apparatus, tumbling, Swedish Day Orders, and marching tactics. The boys were a fitting climax to the exhibition. The people left feeling satisfied and pleased at the hold physical education has taken in the Maynard schools.

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### Assemblies

On March 11, an assembly was held in the auditorium. The subject under discussion was "Choosing a Vocation". The speakers were Professor C. Douglas, from M. I. T., Professor W. Storries Lee from Middlebury College, and Dr. George S. Miller from Tufts. Interesting stories and instructive details were given by the speakers.

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### Movies

Friday, March 13, movies were shown in the High School auditorium. It was an industrial film and greatly enjoyed by the pupils.

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### Bits from the Commercial Department

What's all this talk about speed? Commercial Seniors scorn it. The reason is simple. They have an Accuracy Contest on hand, and have decided that safety first consists of accuracy first. Prizes of honor are awarded to the student who has a blank box on the board. This means that the student has made no mistakes, that he is perfect in that subject for the week's work. Not an easy thing to do, but it is being done. On the other

hand, the box which holds the highest number of errors gets a blue band for consolation.

Contests may come and contests may go, but the walking contest goes on forever. Not only for health and vigor, but it gets you there just the same. This contest allows the brains to rest, the wits to relax and the legs to do all the work. A great deal of enthusiasm has been stirred up over this contest, and we are still going strong.

A few names have joined the number who have succeeded in being the victors over the typewriting contest. The requirements are that each person shall pass a test of new material at fifty-five words a minute for fifteen consecutive minutes with no more than five errors. Have you ever tried it? If not, you don't understand what a remarkable feat it is to accomplish it; if you have, you can understand more fully how relieved must that person be who has accomplished it.

New work, new contests, new speeds, but always accuracy first. That is the aim of the Commercial Department, and it has always proved to be a good one.

Annie L. White, '31.

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Monogram letters were presented to each of the following orchestra members at the assembly held on March 30: Norvin Laubenstien, Harold Johnston, and Alric French. For the first time in the history of the school, letters have been awarded to orchestra members. The above mentioned have been to rehearsals faithfully for four years. They have played in twenty-five public performances.

Harold Johnston represented the school in the All New England Orchestra in Boston in 1928-29-30. Alric French represented the school in 1929 and 1930.

Norvin Laubenstien was manager of the orchestra during 1929-30-31.

The New England Festival Association of School Music, voted this year to assemble an All-New England High School Chorus instead of the usual orchestra.

This chorus will be composed of High School students from New England towns and cities, and a concert will be given at Providence, R. I. on May 3rd. The pupils are to be prepared by the local music supervisors. Maynard High School will be represented by at least six pupils.

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Joseph Warszewicz, a member of the Junior Class, sailed from home on February 21, to San Francisco to continue his work. He will resume his duties as an employee of the Federal Government. He has sailed the high seas and has seen nearly all the world. One of the most interesting countries in which he has had the pleasure of visiting was China. We shall be glad to welcome Joe when he returns in June, for his accounts of Shanghai, the Philippines and other remote places, are very entertaining.

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#### Scientific Lectures at M. I. T.

On the 16th of January, Robert Hartin, Philip Wilson, and Walter Wainio attended a lecture at M. I. T. under the supervision of Mr. Reardon. The subject of the lecture was "Wireless and Radio Communication". The outstanding part of the lecture was the practical illustration by use of models of the transmission of intelligence by sound, light, wires, and air. At the close of the lecture all were allowed to inspect the apparatus.

The second lecture attended by Maynard High School pupils was on February the 13th. This group was also supervised by Mr. Reardon. The students present were Robert Hartin, Leo McNamara, and Bronislaw Maskiewicz. A miniature snowstorm was made and a large exhibit of the by-products of coal was shown. A large number of experiments were per-

formed with these by-products of coal.

The third and last lecture held on March 13th was attended by Robert Hartin, Philip Wilson, Alden Young, Leo McNamara, and Walter Waino, also under the supervision of Mr. Reardon. The increased number of students shows that the interest was aroused in the end but which was too late for most students. The subject was "X-Rays and Crystal Structures". This was the most interesting lecture due to the fact that the many mysterious properties of X-Rays were made clear.

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#### On the Spot Twelve Years Ago

Back in 1919, the Class of 1920 gave a Prom in honor of the Class of 1919. It was held in Colonial Hall. The reception was from 8 to 8.45 during which the friends of graduates, escorted by members of the Junior Class, extended their congratulations.

The Grand March was led by Leonard Mullin and Rose McManus, Treasurer of the Senior Class, and followed by Merton Merrick, President of the Senior Class, and Maude Cowsls, Secretary of the Junior Class.

The Matrons were Mrs. Thomas Denniston, Mrs. Mary Powers, Mrs. Charles Courtney, and Mrs. George Merrick.

#### Eleven Years Ago

Baseball letters were awarded to Herbert, Kelley, Mullin, Peascerez, Stuckert, Vodokolys, Manning, Parkin, Clark, Marsden, and King. Mr. Bates, Principal, made the presentation.

The pupils of the History classes appreciated a gift of Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary from the Civics Department of the Woman's Club.

#### Ten Years Ago

A May Festival was given by the children of the Roosevelt School under the direction of the teachers. It was one of the most popular features of the day. The Rose Drill, march

and song, was presented by Ruth Wilson, Pauline Jokinen, Mildred Ax-ford, Mary Sheridan, Gertrude Herbert, Elizabeth Slimond, Florence Wilcox, Edith Whitehead, Mary Hayward, Ranghild Mark, Ruth French, Laura Gault, Bertha Carlson, Dorothy Mosher, Phyllis Naylor, Esther Salo.

A dance around the Maypole was a lively frolic given by Dorothy Allen, Katherine Bariteau, Mary Campbell, Alice Fearn, Tainni Hannau, Tyne Joki, Myrtle Philips, Helen Vodoklys, Berton Gruber, Walter Fairbanks, Albert Foster, Edward Hannon, George Weaving, Warren Johnson, John Derkacz, Francis Fardy and Harold Wilcox.

The Brownies and Fairies danced merrily. The Brownies were Stanley Wasuik, Herbert Bishop, Leo McNamara, Forrest Harten, Manual Glickman, Howard Tucker, Francis Hannon and John Bates. The Fairies were Margaret Murray, Mary Downey, Eva Gudzinowicz, Jeannette Gruber, Myrna Goettler, Leona Howard, Mary Dutkowski, and Mary Donahue.

A spring acrostic in verse and song was given by Harriet Frye, Julia Lynch, Mary Ployart and Barbara Stockbridge.

Even back in 1921 the Commercial Department of the Maynard High

School was very active. At that time business was dull throughout the country but even so, the Seniors of the Maynard High School Commercial Course were able to be placed.

Principal Bates awarded letters to Capt. Roy Marsden, Vodoklys, Case, Stuckert, Lowney, Frigard, Sims, Schofield and Driscoll.

### Nine Years Ago

The Junior Prom of the Class of 1922 of the Maynard High School, held in Colonial Hall, was the brilliant, social affair of the season. The gayly decorated hall, the beautiful gowns of the ladies, and the evening apparel of the gentlemen all contributed to make a bright and merry party. Several new features were introduced in the decorations.

An Italian Arbor was one of the colorful decorations and seated in it were the Matrons, Mrs. H. F. Bates, Mrs. Eli Gruber, Mrs. Morris Herbert and Mrs. Michael Mullin.

The Grand March was led by John Driscoll, President and Mary Vodoklys. Francis Coughlin was Floor Marshal.

The Junior Class Committees were deserving of the commendations heard for the success of the Prom.

Nettie Gruber, '32.



## ALUMNI NOTES

### THE ALUMNI ALPHABET

- A** is for Archer, yes, Frances is she,  
A teacher of music and queen of  
the keys.
- B** follows with Bachrach and Sam is  
his name;  
He's going through college away  
up in Maine.
- C** stands for Cleary and for Francis,  
I know.  
He still sells insurance though  
business is slow.
- D** connects Doris and Dawson as one  
She's in at Mass. General, a nurse  
to become.
- E** is for Elson of the class of last  
year,  
Miss Ethel is working in Boston  
this year.
- F** is for Frigard and Football com-  
bined,  
You can't think of one but they  
both come to mind.
- G** is for Glickmans, to college they've  
gone;  
They're now waiting for their  
Commencement's dawn.
- H** stands for Hooper, Raymond's his  
name,  
A doctor in Maynard who is gain-  
ing fame.
- I** is for Ingrid, Miss Keto is she,  
Four years in this high school, a  
worker, indeed.
- J** stands for Johnston, and Norman  
was smart,  
He's now up in Worcester, attend-  
ing Clark.
- K** is for Kelly, an artist is Mark,  
His paintings do show he is gifted  
in Art.
- L** is for Ledgard, he keeps the news  
store,  
His interests are: Maynard, the  
Alumni—and much more.
- M** stands for Morgan; it's Harold,  
you see,  
Who is Vice-President of the  
Trust Company.
- N** is for Nordberg, Frances, oh gee!  
Her name is now changed to Mrs.  
Fogey.
- O** O'Connor is next and Margaret is  
she,  
Working for Freeman and also  
Clancy.
- P** is for Priest, Arline is her name;  
Her teaching began way out in  
White Plains.
- Q** is for quality, the best that we had  
In this Maynard High School,  
where we went when a lad.
- R** is for Rady, when Mary was here.  
The room was just full of good  
humor and cheer.
- S** is for Sexton; for Gladys we'll say  
She's a success in business and  
hope she will stay.
- T** stands for Tucker, for George who  
now works,  
In a large grocery store on Main  
Street, as a clerk.
- U** is for Unity needed today,  
Maynard's Alumni has it, we'll  
say!
- V** is Vodoklys; "Mike" has gone the  
rounds,  
Playing football in college and  
making touchdowns.
- W** is for Wilcox, the trio of "grads"  
They gave to this school the best  
that they had.
- X** still equals the unknown quantity,  
And Algebra to many is still X,  
you see.
- Z** is Zapareski, Michael hopes to be  
A physical instructor just like our  
"Reggie".
- Y** brings to mind yesterday,  
When a year seemed scarcely a  
day,  
Yet school to us, from A to Z,  
Is just a book of sweet memories.

D. Priest, '31.



"The Academy Student"  
St. Johnsbury Academy,  
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

We can, without hesitation, say that your magazine ranks among the best we have received during the past term. Fine support is shown for your school by the generous amount of ads.

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

Your cuts of the Senior Class of February 1931 and "Who's Who" among them provide a great deal of interest, even for those who are not acquainted with your school. Your magazine shows that time and work have been spent on it.

"The Enterprise"  
Memorial High, Boston, Mass.

All your departments are splendidly arranged, the literary department being especially well developed. The idea of a crossword puzzle is an exceptionally good one and one we have never seen before in a High School magazine.

"The Racquet"  
Portland High School, Portland, Me.

As always, your magazine keeps its reputation of being complete and interesting in every detail. Your liter-

ary department shows that you have some fine authors in your school.

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

Your magazine is such a usually good one that any criticism otherwise than favorable would do injustice to it. We may say, however, that your magazine sets an example of what a school paper should and can be.

"The Beacon"  
Chelsea High School, Chelsea, Mass.

Yours is an excellent magazine, which we are proud to have on our list of exchanges. We rarely see such fine cartoons as your paper contains.

---

The Screech Owl gratefully acknowledges exchanges received during the past term:

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

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

"The Arcturus", Caribou High, Caribou,  
Maine.

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

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

"Pasadena Chronicle", Junior College,  
Pasadena, Calif.

"Brown and Gold", Haverhill High,  
Haverhill, Mass.  
"Dovertones", Dover High School,  
Dover, Mass.  
"The Parrot", Rockland High, Rock-  
land, Mass.

---

### AS OTHERS SEE US

Your departments are all very good  
and it is hard to pick the best. You  
certainly have some good authors in  
your school.

"The Academy Student"

Congratulations on a most excellent  
magazine! Every feature deserves  
commendation.

"The Beacon"

---

### JOKES FROM EXCHANGES

Although Mary's head is a foot  
long, she doesn't use it as a rule.

"How did you like that 'Barcarole'  
at the musicale last night?"

"I didn't stay for refreshments."

Pedestrian to truck-driver:  
"Where's your horn and why don't  
you use it?"

Truck-driver: "Meester, I no needa  
de horn. De fronta my car she say  
'Dodge'."

"So you asked Geraldine to marry  
you?"

"Yes, but I didn't have any luck.  
She asked me if I had any prospects."

"Why didn't you tell her about your  
rich uncle?"

"I did—Geraldine is my aunt now."

Boy—"Have you an opening for a  
bright, ambitious boy?"

Boss—"Yes, and don't slam it when  
you go out!"

---

### HUMOR AND OTHERWISE FROM EXCHANGES

#### Your Best Friend Will Tell You

"Mary, I've wanted for ages to talk  
to you, like this, alone. I have some-  
thing to say to you. Will you—er—  
will you—oh, I don't know how to say  
it. I realize that I'm in to ask you  
to—uh, er—well. I've known you ever  
since we were kids together. You  
won't deny that there has always been  
a certain relationship between us and  
I know that, but who am I to ask a  
girl like you to—pull up her stock-  
ings? But, honestly, they're sloppy as  
the dickens!"

"The Golden Rod"

---

#### The Study Room Teacher

There is a frown upon her brow

For who can ever tell

The way to make them quiet down

When they hear that second bell?

Her voice that once was sweet and  
low

Is now both harsh and loud

From reprimanding dreamers, who

Build castles in each cloud.

Her golden hair is streaked with gray

For this thought preys on her  
mind:

When they choose prize winners

Will my room be way behind?

Alas! What fate's in store for her

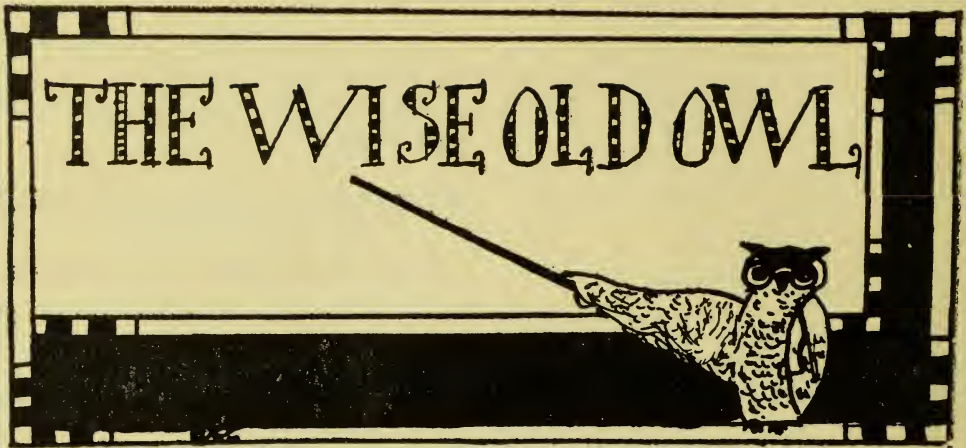
Poor victim of the herd

That whispers, giggles and writes  
notes

'Till that dear last bell is heard?

"The Cony Cue"

Virginia Collins, '32.



**The Wise Old Owl would like to know :**

1. How long "Gutsy" has had the liking for chorus girls.
2. Why Jim Mullin sat on the church steps the night of the Junior sleigh ride?
3. Why the Seniors are in such a rush to pay their class dues?
4. If "Simmie" Seder really likes "Lillies"?
5. If Joe Baccaro ever misses a dance.
6. If Bernard Dawson reads "War Stories" in every class.
7. If "Glicky" could lick Mullin. (With his tongue.)
8. Why a post office isn't installed in M. H. S. so the students won't have to go out of their way to deliver their notes?
9. If Elinor Glyn ever met Ellen Swanson?
10. If "Hank" is following the footsteps of "Pie"?
11. If Mr. Lerer has to "count noses" on his hiking trips?
12. Why "Red" Lanigan is so cold?
13. If "Glicky" and "Tinker" listened to the recent talk on "Safety"?
14. What happened to all the German hair cuts?
15. If Cecelia Nelson has, as yet, found a cure for "insomonia".
16. How low the treasury of the A.A. is?
17. Who said that M. H. S. is "The House of a Thousand Thrills"?

18. What Juniors would rather walk than ride on a sleigh ride?
19. If anyone knows whether Sidney McCleary is really sophisticated or not?
20. If Tonnuzzo ever gets hoarse from talking?
21. If a certain senior girl "made" the photographer?
22. If "Kate" Coughlan believes in "safety in numbers"?

One of our fair students may never get as far as having her name in electric lights on Broadway, but at least she has started by having her initials on every light post in town.

Of all the tales we've heard of absent-mindedness, we've yet to hear of the absent-minded carpenter who hit a hammer with his thumb.

After careful thought and due consideration the Wise Old Owl has selected as:

Best Boy Dancer.....	Joe Baccarro
Best Girl Dancer.....	Isabelle Donahue
Most Silent Boy.....	Tonnuzzo
Most Silent Girl.....	Peg Johnston
Most Punctual.....	Donat Gagné
School Flapper.....	Mary Hanna
School Sheik.....	"Tony" Smalski
Most Industrious.....	"Soko"
Typical "Frosh".....	Robert Hartin
Typical Senior.....	Lillian Sullivan
Star Football Player.....	Dennis Farnell
Most Forward.....	Barbara Stockbridge



**"WOULDN'T IT BE TOO BAD"**

If Jackie were Hits instead of Swatz.

If Annie were Black instead of White.

If Deane were Minister instead of Priest.

If Edith were Ireland instead of France.

If Julia were Hang instead of Lynch.

If Howard were Knitting instead of Weaving.

If Catherine were Sneezelin instead of Coughlin.

If Pileeki were Loser instead of Victor.

If Ellen were Duckson instead of Swanson.

If Alden were Old instead of Young.

Edith R. France, '31.

**W. O. O.****Whose Lips Cannot Smile**

I've stood quite enough of your torture,

I'm not going to stand any more,  
I'd like to put forward this thought:  
your

Behavior has gotten me sore.  
Whenever you've said you would  
want me

I've been at your side right on time.  
You pick on me always and taunt me,  
Though none is more faithful than  
I'm.

You gaze on my pictures you've taken  
And treasure them fondly, I know;  
But soon you will find you're for-  
saken.

You'll see me no more when I go.  
This mouth that I once thought of  
giving

To you I am taking away.  
The dull grind with you's not worth  
living,

I'd much rather slowly decay.  
I'd much rather get some enjoyment  
From life which is painful at best—  
Dentist, listen, your term of employ-  
ment

Is finished. My mouth needs a rest.

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MONDAY

**LADIES' MAN**

Starring  
Thomas Lannigan

TUESDAY

**GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT**

with  
Catherine Coughlan Jeannette Gruber  
Dorothy Marsden Eleanor Lawson  
Helen Scerzen Elma Jokela

Directed by  
R. P. Sawyer

WEDNESDAY

**SULO HINTSA**

in  
**LITTLE CAESAR**

also  
Dennis Farnell Deane Priest

in  
**THE LEATHER PUSHERS**

THURSDAY

Mark Newton Arvo Hankala  
"Stub" Staple Stanley Sokolowski

in  
**ASSORTED NUTS**

FRIDAY

**GOING WILD**

with  
Aili Hermanson Eero Wirkanen

Added Attraction  
Prof. Robert Hartin  
Will Conduct an Experiment

on  
**"STEAM"**

SATURDAY

**VAUDEVILLE**

**"MIKE" ZAPORESKIAN**

and his  
**WEST END YANKEES**

with the  
Dancing Midgets  
Ellie Lawson — Peg Murray  
Dancing in Lobby — 8-11

SUNDAY

**MEN ON CALL**

All-Star Cast  
Mary Hanna Mary Downey  
Laura Alberi Esther Elson  
Dorothy Burnham



"What is salt?"

"Salt is that which causes potatoes to taste not so nice when there's none on them."

---

Mrs. Harris (seeing sky-writing for first time): "Say, Mrs. Higgins, what's that?"

Mrs. Higgins: "I donno, unless it be some of that wireless caught fire."

---

Student (writing home): "How do you spell 'financially'?"

Other: "F-I-N-A-N-C-I-A-L-L-Y, and there's two R's in embarrassed."

---

City (pointing to haystack): "What kind of a house is that?"

Country: "That isn't a house, that's a haystack?"

City: "Say, you can't fool me. Hay don't grow in a bunch like that."

---

Jack: "See this stickpin? Well, it once belonged to a millionaire!"

Dick: "And who is the millionaire?"

Jack: "Woolworth."

---

Compliments of "We"

Soko: "My hair is full of electricity."

Barber: "Well, it's connected to a dry cell."

---

"What is that bump on your forehead?"

"Oh, that's only where a thought struck me."

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

A few minutes later Willie returned and reported: "Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."

---

Lady (at a baseball game, watching Frigard pitch): "Isn't he a fine pitcher? He always hits their bats no matter where they hold them."

---

Foot: "Oh, look, the players are all covered with mud. How do you think they will get it off?"

Ball: "What do you think the scrub team is for?"

---

Mary: "Roseleen, how are you coming along with your Greek?"

Roseleen: "I'll have you understand my boy friend's name is Bisco."

---

"Do you believe in Clubs?"

"Yes, clubs, sandbags or anything else that comes in handy."

---

Tenderfoot (asking ninety-eighth question): "Is a vessel a boat?"

First Class (trying to study): "Well, yes, you might call a vessel a boat."

Tenderfoot: "Then what kind of a vessel is a blood vessel?"

First Class: "A life boat, of course, now get out of here."

Barber: "Do you want a hair-cut?"  
 Patient: "I want them all cut."  
 Barber: "Any particular way, sir?"  
 Patient: "Yes, off, sir."

"I haven't a friend in the world,"  
 complained the despondent man.  
 "Which league did you umpire in  
 last season?" asked the baseball fan.

She: "I don't care for men. In fact,  
 I've said 'NO' to several of them."  
 He: "What were they selling?"

Narrow minds seem to be able to  
 squeeze in anywhere.

R. Dawson: "Does your girl friend  
 have much to say?"  
 R. Hull: "No. But that doesn't keep  
 her from talking."

First Tramp: "I belong to the army  
 of the Lord."  
 Second Tramp: "Yes, but you are a  
 long way from headquarters."

I wake to look upon a face  
 Silent, white and cold,  
 Oh, friend the agony I felt  
 Can never half be told.  
 We'd lived together but a year,  
 Too soon it seemed, to see  
 Those gentle hands outstretched and  
 still,  
 That toiled so much for me!  
 My wakening thoughts have been of  
 one  
 Who now to sleep has dropped.  
 'Twas hard to realize, oh, friends,  
 My dollar watch had stopped.

—Ex.

Fresh: "What's the matter?"  
 Man: "Aw, it's the eternal triangle  
 again, Me, my Studies and my Ma."

He: "I can explain the Einstein  
 Theory to you in three minutes."

She: "Three minutes? Why, Ein-  
 stein himself can't even explain it in  
 three days."

He: "I know, but Einstein can't  
 read English."

"Have you lived in this town many  
 years?"

"Yep; I been here longer'n the steel  
 pens down to the postoffice."

Mr. L. (to Newton entering class  
 late): "When were you born?"

Newton: "On the second of April."

Mr. L.: "Late again."

Sarella: "Know anything about  
 cars like mine?"

Dealer: "Yes. About a thousand  
 jokes."

First: "What is the best method to  
 prevent the disease caused by biting  
 insects?"

Aid: "Don't bite the insects."

An absent minded dentist had to  
 crawl under his auto to make some  
 adjustment in the machinery. Apply-  
 ing the monkey wrench to it, he said  
 soothingly, "Now this is going to hurt  
 just a little."

Whiteman: "So you had to have an  
 operation on your nose?"

Vallee: "Yes, it was getting so I  
 couldn't sing through it."

"Look at that aviator looping the  
 loop."

"Yes, he used to be a Boy Scout  
 and he still does his daily good turns."

"Remember the Junior sleigh ride?"  
 —Nuff sed.

She: "You remind me of an airplane."

He: "Cause I'm a high flyer?"

She: "No, cause your no good on earth."

Recently a Los Angeles shop received the following letter from a distressed debtor:

"Dear Sir: I have many, many bills to settle, so each week I put them all in a hat and draw out one, which I pay. It may be your turn next week, but no more of your threats or I won't put you in my raffle!"

Voice over telephone: "Hello, Mr. Brown! Is your house on the car line?"

Mr. Brown: "Yes—my house is on the car line. Why?"

Voice: "Then you'd better move it off the tracks. There is a car coming."

Him: "Men of my type are not running loose."

Her: "Of course not, that is what the police department is for."

"I know a dog worth \$17,000."

"How could a dog save so much?"

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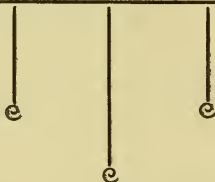
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