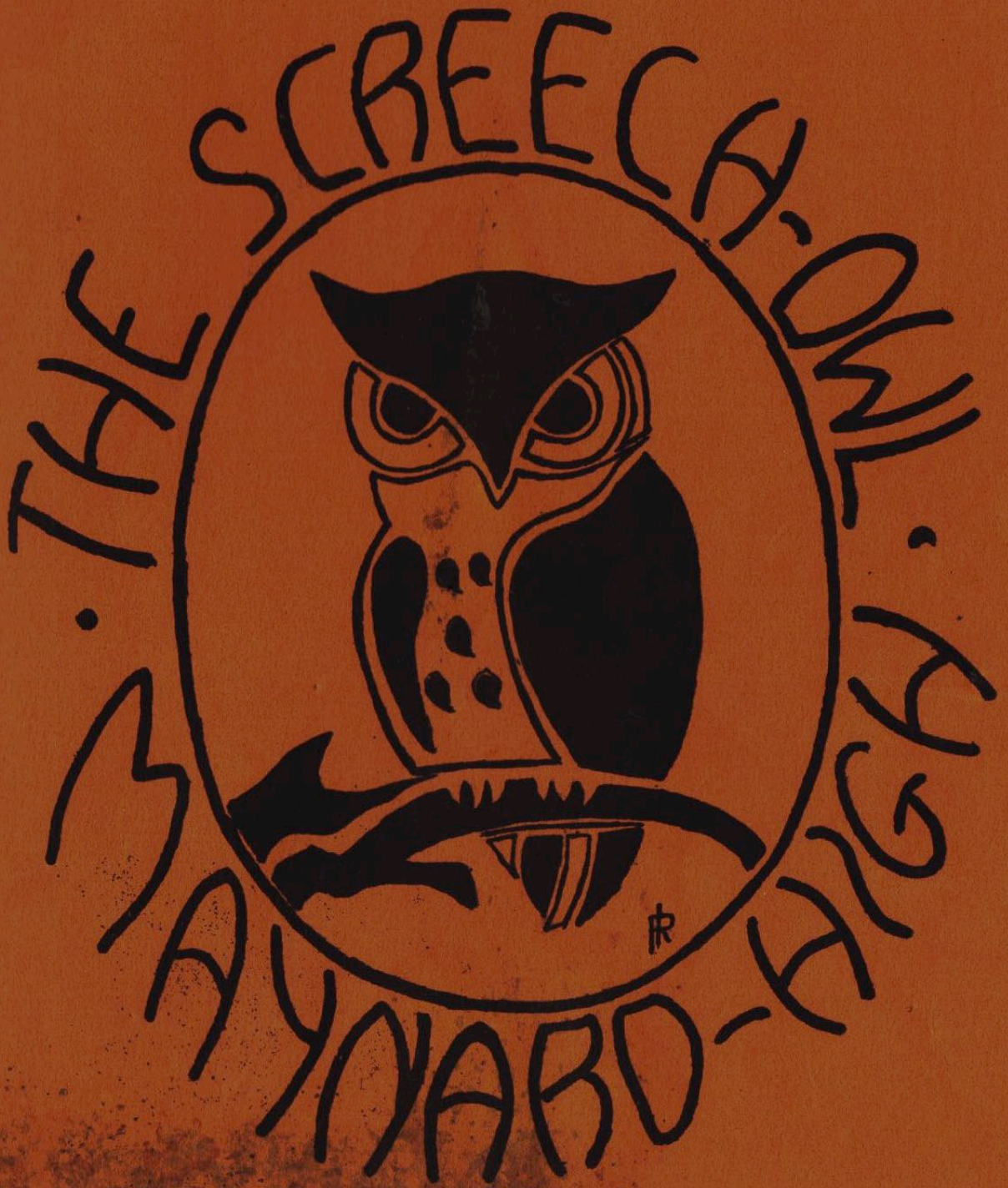


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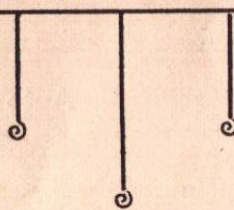
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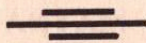
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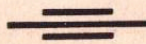
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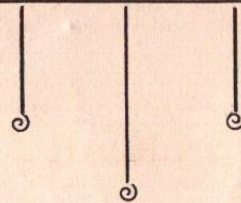
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THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

MAYNARD, MASS., MARCH 1929

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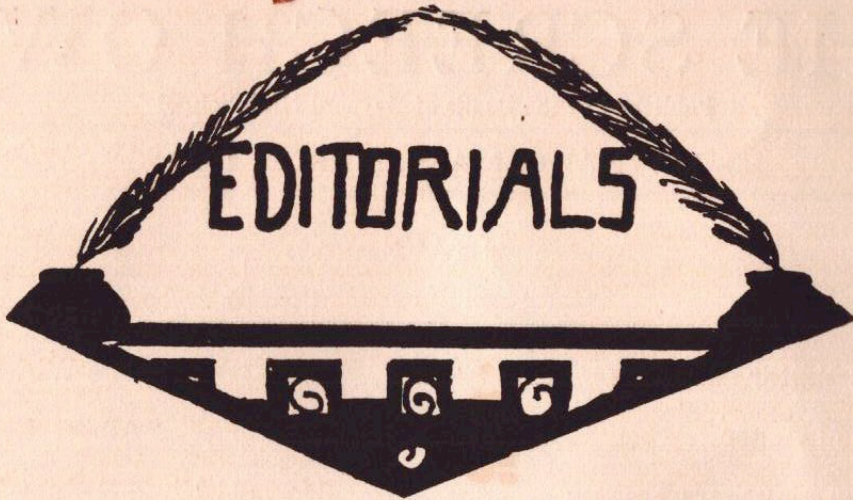
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"RANKS"

The report cards have been issued for the last semester and the excitement that lasts for about one minute has passed. Then begins the comparing of report cards, followed by caustic comment. One pupil will take another aside and say, "I certainly can't see why I should get such a low mark, and look at the high mark Johnny Jones got. I don't know what he does to deserve it!" If an average high school student is asked the reason for a low mark, the answer is, the teacher doesn't like me, and besides Johnny Jones is a teacher's pet." This last remark would find its place when we were seven or eight years old, but now that we are more mature it is like feeding "custard pie" comedies to the public.

It would be more profitable for these students to hesitate for a moment to analyze themselves, and not be too eager to criticize. Stop and ask yourself if there is not the remotest possibility that something may be wrong with you. You probably will say, "I received 'A' in one or two tests, 'C' in those minor tests," and you forget how many times you said, "I don't know," when asked to recite. But of course, you think these things should not affect your rating in any way.

The remark, "the teacher does not like me," is very childish and foolish. Personally, I believe a teacher does

not care whether a student gets A or F. He allows you what you earn.

Why should students be so concerned as to their marks? Their ultimate concern is what they will retain after graduating. The report cards and diplomas are materially nothing but paper—objects to be somewhat proud of if honestly earned. Therefore, give more thought to what you will know in the future, after you are through high school, than to criticism of your marks and teachers.

Editor.

TO OUR READERS

Among the various complaints that have reached our honorable ears is that the literary department is too "Sunday-school". We would wager a guess that this complaint is from those who have never seen the inside of a Sunday-school, and to whom such an experience would not be very detrimental. We are not trying to compete with certain magazines which we shall forbear to name, but which evidently are very highly acceptable to our critics.

There is such a thing as "mawkish sentimentality". But the staff also has some discrimination. It is not very commendable to us as a whole to have the staff reject an article on the grounds that it is too "high-brow" and might offend the esthetic sense of our rising young cynics.

There is never too much material

from which to choose. The best is presented to our readers. The most effective means of their getting what they want is to contribute. This would be highly appreciated.

S. W.

THE USE OF THE LIBRARY

The school library, as any other library, is an accommodation for reference work and study; and, as many other conveniences, it is often abused. A true lady or gentleman has consideration for books and treats them accordingly. He takes care to replace books as he found them and to leave everything in its proper place. He keeps in mind that there are, perhaps, other students who wish to study, and acts so as not to cause disturbance. More thoughtfulness is all that is required in many phases of life, to bring about a more harmonious atmosphere.

S. W.

ATTENTION!

The annual Junior Prom will be held this year on Friday, April 26. It is to be the best and prettiest prome-

nade ever seen in Maynard High.

The necessary committees have been elected, and are putting their hearts and souls into their work to make the Prom a success.

The Junior Class has much class spirit as well as school spirit. Many of you remember the interclass competition plays of last year. You will also remember that we were presented with the first prize for our play. Does that not prove to you that our Prom will be most successful?

A word to the classes:

Freshmen, this is your chance to show your school spirit by attending our Prom. There are a limited number of tickets and there will be none sold at the door. Order your tickets now.

Sophomores, your Prom is next year so you'd better come and get some ideas for decorating, etc.

Seniors, remember the large number of Sophomores who watched your dance last year? Why not show your spirit and return our generosity by being present at our "Event of the Year."

—So, remember the Class of 1930.

K. B., '30.





A FRIEND

There is a hunger in every heart
A longing in every soul, to hear
The voice of a true friend
And to have that friend forever near.
Like candles lit to show our way
Steadfast beams dim yet plain
So do we have a true friend
Whatever our lives may be.
To a true friend we all have claim,
From the adoring eyes of children,
To the weary eyes of men
Broken, conquered by relentless memory
All paths lead to that true friend.

Ruth Bradley, '29.

GRANDEUR

I stood on a high over-hanging cliff
The sun was setting, and its dusky gold
Brightened the threatening shadows near me
A play was going on—one that is never old.

I looked across the unfathomed sea
That tossed filmy white lace on its crest;
A bright red flame slowly stained the sky,
And the sun gently beckoned Light to rest.

I saw Night rise—laugh at Day
Then a shadow swept the sea.
People walked gaily near the heartless surf
But I had the portals of Heaven opened for me.

Ruth Bradley, '29.

A MISTAKEN OPINION

"I'd rather like to know that pretty Jones girl—Helen, I think her name is," remarked Jane to the girl walking beside her.

Mary tossed her proud little head. "I don't think she's pretty; her hair is too straight," she retorted disdainfully, "and besides, she's secretive. She must have something to hide."

Jane said nothing. She was always careful not to offend Mary; for who wouldn't be careful about irritating the richest and most beautiful girl in Littleville? All the girls catered to her except Helen, who was hindered by a sense of inferiority, and who was afraid to annoy Mary with her attentions.

"Perhaps that's why Mary dislikes her," soliloquized Jane, "because she doesn't flatter her with attention. Or perhaps she's jealous of Helen's looks, for I do think she's pretty in a way. Straight hair is becoming to her, and anyway it isn't perfectly straight, it's wavy."

The two girls were approaching the corner. Suddenly they were confronted by a crowd of youngsters, all yelling who burst around it. The group consisted mainly of the unpopular children of the town, desiring to "get even" with Mary for certain snubs received from that proud, haughty individual.

Dancing around her, making faces and pointing derisive fingers at her, mimicking her "airs", they shouted, "Stuck-up, stuck-up, thinks she's smart, ya-ah."

Deserted by Jane who feared to be included in the derision, Mary's cheeks burned with humiliation as she realized that for the first time in her life she was alone and friendless.

But no. Who was that irate figure in a faded blue cotton dress and with straight—no, wavy, black hair, denouncing her tormentors in scathing tones.

"How dare you insult my best

friend, you low-down worthless bunch?"

You're jealous because you're not rich and pretty as she is. Off with you, before I get mad and knock the lot of you so far your first stop will be the moon."

The crowd stood speechless, dumb-founded until she fixed her blazing eyes on each in turn and quelled him with her scorn so that he slunk away in shame.

When the last one had sneaked off like a whipped puppy, Helen turned to Mary, who was standing stock-still in amazed, fascinated wonder. Why, this girl was beautiful with her flashing eyes, which were now fast returning to their customary mild state.

Helen's face suddenly crimsoned and she turned and walked rapidly away.

"Helen, Helen," called Mary, hurrying after her. "Wait, Helen, please do."

Helen halted and turned to face Mary. "I'm sorry I said you were my best friend," she apologized. "Of course, I know I'm not good enough to be your friend, but the words slipped out before I thought."

It was Mary's turn to blush. "I've been very rude to you and don't deserve your friendship," she said humbly, "but if you'll be my friend I know I'll improve. Won't you, please?"

Helen glanced shyly at the new Mary. "May I really?" she asked.

For answer Mary took her arm and led her triumphantly away from the scene, casting not even one backward glance at Jane, who had returned, again seeking Mary's favor.

Saimi Keto.

LECTURES

As we receive invitations or summons to a public speech, we usually despair as we see before our mind a long evening gone to waste, an even-

ing which could be employed in much more an enjoyable manner than having to strive to keep eyes and ears open so as not to appear conspicuous by appearing to have come there for rest. But after all, there may be some enjoyment in going to a lecture, be it philosophical or for purpose of entertainment.

I have been to many lectures—lectures in at least three languages—English, Finnish and Russian, and I have always managed to keep awake. If you are at all anxious to become educated, and desire to start having control over your will power, they are perfectly suitable performances to attend. But the reason that I listen to the driest forms of oratory during evenings which might well be spent otherwise, is that I find here my best opportunity for “judging character by appearance,” and also through actions and words. You know, whenever you hear, for example, big sister say that she’s bringing one So-and-So home for dinner tonight, if you’re at all interested you usually try to see in your mind, the kind of person he is, a picture which corresponds with the name. That has often happened to me when I see the name of the speaker of the night. The real fun in it is the aftermath—that is to say, to find out just how near you come in judging the man’s appearance and character.

As for the actual speech, it is very necessary to acquire a suitable seat. Often times it may be necessary to change your point of view, in order to see what the man looks like from certain sides. First you must sit so that he faces you directly, and you must pay close attention to any movements of the face, his manner of gesticulating. All speakers have a habit of waving their hands, slamming their palms with their fist and making a slight turn of the wrist so as to make the hand move a little. After having seen him from all sides, you must try to sit in a place where you cannot see him, so that you may

get a distinct impression of his voice. While noting the motions it may be well to place cotton-batting in the ears so that the effect may not be spoiled. After having done all this, go home and write what you have seen and heard, and should you ever have the opportunity to hear Finnish, Russian, and English speakers, you will have learned a great deal of the characterization of all three nations.

Laura Grondahl.

FOR SAM'S AMUSEMENTS

Clandestine meetings were taking place in the Harran Preparatory School. Most of the pupils were aware of this fact, but the one exception was Sam Lemmet. He went blissfully about his studies as usual. No one told him about the mysterious gatherings merely because he had no chums. He was disliked by the boys because he ranked highest in his studies, and besides, he was snobbish.

Every one’s curiosity was aroused by these secret conferences. They knew that Jed Barker, the star athlete of the school, was responsible for them. Beyond this, they were in the fog.

Behind the door of Jed’s room, strange things were happening. The boys made plans for some queer actions. They were going to seize Sam, for the meetings centered around the punishment of Samuel for his “high-hattedness.”

They would take him to a deserted sawmill ten miles away, and, after giving him a good scare, leave him to walk back to school. This was to take place on the coming Saturday night.

Late on Saturday afternoon, Jed Barker induced the unsuspecting Sam to leave his books long enough to go with him in his car for a ride.

There was not much conversation on the ride, because of their different personalities. Jed was full of fun, and Sam was very serious. Jed chuckled inwardly, whenever he thought of the outcome of the ride.

Two miles from the sawmill in a dense woods, the car stopped for want of gasoline just as Jed had arranged it should. Jed, very apologetically said, "I'll go back and get some more. Gee! I might have known enough to fill the tank."

Sam protested, "Really, this does not matter to me. While you are gone, I can make myself quite comfortable."

Sam drew out the inevitable book and Jed hurried away, supposedly for gasoline. Sam fell asleep and softly snored.

Sometime later, after dark, Sam was aroused by six silent figures with flashlights. "Wh-wh-at are you trying to do?" he sputtered.

They instantly seized, bound, gagged, and blindfolded him. He was helpless as a baby in their hands.

After replenishing their gasoline, they drove on to the sawmill. They took Sam into the shack and built a fire in the fireplace.

"We'd better get out of here before it burns down!"

"You said it; I don't want to be browned!"

After these comments they silently went outside, slammed the door, and chained it. The remarks were supposed to convince Sam that they had set fire to the shack.

Several minutes later they re-entered. As one of them unbound Sam's hands, he overheard him whisper, "Let's get Jake's police dog. He'll think it's a bear."

"Just the thing," another replied, almost as audibly. The boys went outside again and chained the door securely.

Left alone Sam heard the boys walking away through the underbrush, laughing and talking.

He thought, "They're trying to make a fool out of me. Well, I guess I shan't play up to them. I'll never have a minute's peace if they put this over!"

So, with great effort, he freed his

hands. Then he removed the blindfold and gag.

He paused a moment, listening intently but he heard no sound. Quickly he jumped to his feet, crawled out the window, jumped into the car and drove away.

The boys returned hilariously, Jed leading the dog, expecting a wonderful time, but instead of Sam walking home, they did.

Catherine Coughlan.

ON SWIMMING

Swimming is one of the best and most pleasureable forms of exercise; authorities say so and it must be true. Mowing the lawn, or doing your wife's washing is good exercise, too, but not so pleasureable.

Swimming is really very easy, once you learn. I feel qualified to speak as one who knows since I have been a swimmer for some time now,—four days, or was it five?

The first thing to do is to select the right kind of water. Personally I prefer salt; the horror of getting a mouthful spurs you to keep afloat longer. Fresh water is all right, however, provided it is soft. It is very necessary to have soft water, particularly if you aspire to diving.

Next, you must gain complete confidence in yourself. It is said that the best way to do this is to learn to float. I heartily agree with that statement. Why, the very first time I tried, I felt great waves of confidence breaking over my face and simultaneously filling my eyes, nose, mouth and ears. I was only in two feet of water, though.

The world of swimming is open to you if you master as I did, the art of floating. Breast stroke, side stroke, trudgeon, you can learn them all after you have been a swimmer for the length of time that I have. The main thing is to get your arms and legs to co-operate. This is essential. Do not be discouraged if at first you find yourself kicking forward with your

arms and reaching backward gracefully with your feet. You will learn in time.

Jane Boicourt.

THE CAUSE OF JAZZ

I shall say a few words in behalf of the worthy cause of Jazz. I have studied and written a little about music before so I think I know a little about it. If you chance to read anything else of mine, you will find that music is rather an obsession with me.

There is a law which regulates the speed of our automobiles. Lots of times I wish there were a law which would regulate the man next-door from playing jazz at race-horse speed, distorting it until it sounds like whistling sirens.

No music can give its true message when there is no sense of proportion. Much jazz is deprived of its stimulating variety by being produced in a manner which hopelessly destroys it. It is no wonder that we have dissenters against jazz. Yet nothing has done as much in its way for music as good jazz. It certainly removed that innocuous and cloying sentiment which threatened to enshroud it.

I trust that these few words will help the cause of jazz, and besides, my better vocabulary seems to be failing me, so I think I will end.

I. K. Wirta, '29.

THE MISSING TELEGRAM

As the war fumes of the despotic Kaiser slowly drifted from this universe after a devastating presence of nearly a decade, they left a certain Cullen Delaney destitute of health, a prize which he had boasted of back in '14. Now it had been snatched from him, leaving but a shipwrecked hull of a man. Cullen had money, a nice estate in Scuddertown outside of Chicago, a most pleasing mother, and besides Mary Hansen lived at twenty-

two Crescent St. Mary had been his lifelong friend and Cullen wished to have her for his wife some day.

But all these worldly assets were constantly menaced by Cull's ever-failing health. He was informed that gassed veterans didn't live long. It worried him. Finally, upon the advice of his mother, Cull called Dr. Walton from Chicago.

Dr. Walton was about thirty-three years old and had known the family for some time. He examined Cull and immediately recommended that he travel.

All of Cull's interests were in Scuddertown, so he decided not to travel, and obstinately refused to be persuaded.

The following Saturday, Dr. Walton walked into a room in which Mrs. Delaney was resting and said, "Send him to Chicago for a week, will you Mrs. Delaney?"

"If I can persuade him to go," answered Cull's mother without turning.

The sun, upon rising Sunday, found Cull stretched out on his Aunt's guest bed in Chicago, beside Lake Michigan, on the "Loop". He had finally consented to come and was enjoying it, for he liked the beauty of the "Loop", each house with its own little patch of green before it.

While returning from a sally in the city about two weeks after he had arrived, Cull was encountered by a messenger boy.

"You live at 1057 W. Austin Blvd., Mr.?" inquired the boy.

"Yes," answered Cull as he took the telegram. He opened it and read:

"Scuddertown

Dear Cullen:

Your mother was buried yesterday. stop. Sincere regrets.

W."

Cullen reread the letter, hurriedly packed and dashed off for home.

II

"And why, Monsieur, didn't you notify the police?" asked the little

man at the table of dreams in Moulin Rouge.

"Revenge is all mine, Frenchy, and if I tell the American police I won't have a look in. As I was saying, this is some swell dump you have here, n'est ce pas?" It was Cull talking.

"But go on with your histoire, Monsieur, c'est une bonne histoire!" requested the Frenchman.

"Well," continued Cull, "After I had found the killer of my mother in Chicago, I prepared myself for anything. He was a dark and tricky person. I followed him to New York City, and finally shipped to Havre with him. I never could meet him alone, but when I do, there'll be fireworks. I trailed him into Paris and here I am, Frenchy."

"Trés bien, Monsieur. I would like to be around when you meet him."

The Frenchman heard the saxophone guffaw, and the cornet blare, but Cull only saw his mother's picture before him.

"Some good wine?" offered Frenchy.

"Might's well," accepted Cull.

III

Winter had set in. Necessarily it made the Yukon Valley in Alaska wonderful. Yes, wonderful to look at, but a hell to live in, especially if you're following a trail over "Dead Horse Path."

Cull was on "Dead Horse Path," braving death, still after his man. "He couldn't go much further," Cull kept muttering to himself. "He'll die." Many times he became discouraged, but by reclaiming a few of the golden moments spent with his mother, Cull had managed to renew his pledge. He had followed the "killer" from Paris to London, thence back to U. S., and finally into Alaska, where every day seemed alike.

One day as he was tramping along a plateau, desolate and bare, here and there a berry bush thrusting its twisted silhouette against the gloomy sky, he suddenly found himself on the

edge of a gloomy ravine, and saw on the summit of the opposite ridge a crudely constructed log cabin, into which a newly broken path led. The "killer" must be there thought Cull, aroused.

Despite the extreme harshness of the ravine's sides, Cull descended and ascended in short time. He cautiously approached the cabin, gun in hand, and threw open the door.

Dr. Walton emerged from behind the shaken door, with head bowed. He said not a word. Cull stood aghast, dumbfounded.

"Why, Doctor, it's you, but it can't be," shouted Cull.

Dr. Walton smiled, and embracing Cull's shoulders spoke enthusiastically, "You've got it Cull, what you been looking for!"

"What?" asked Cull in a crazed tone.

"Your health, my boy, feel of those arms."

IV

The ocean breeze played gently upon the weather beaten cheeks of Cull and Dr. Walton as they sailed down the western coast bound for home.

"I forgot my health, doctor, I didn't realize I was traveling. I'm glad to hear that mother is safe at home and that it was all a trick," said Cull, beaming over his new found strength.

"It was a good trick, though," answered the Doctor.

V

"How'd you enjoy your trip, my son?" asked Cull's mother after she had warmly received him home. "I suppose you received my telegram in Chicago telling you to travel?"

"What telegram?" inquired Cull in excitement. "All I received was a letter stating you were dead, mother!"

Both stood startled, each endeavoring to solve the newly arisen mystery. At this point Dr. Walton broke the conversation.

"It was I," he confessed. "You re-

member the telegram you sent, Mrs. Delaney? Well I put a false one in its stead, stating you were buried. It was a drastic move, but I realized how little an impression your pleadings would make upon Cull. His health was worth it all though, I believe."

"Certainly," responded Mrs. Delaney, "We owe you a great deal."

"Don't mention that," said the Doctor, "Look at the nice trip I had, and another cured patient to add to my list."

VI

Night came in Scuddertown just as it does any other place, and with it came Cullen Delaney, joyfully hopping the back fence at twenty-two Crescent St. He rapped at the door. Mary Hansen answered.

"It's me, Mary," he gasped, "And you, you've waited for me?"

"Certainly Cullen, dear," she calmly said.

And as the moon enshrouded the garden at twenty-two Crescent Street with its waning light, two hearts beat fast, engaged in the silent code of love.

M. Kelley, '30.

WHY SLANG IS UNDESIRABLE

Slang expressions are a fad of the moment. They have their short moment of triumph, to be replaced the next minute by something newer and more popular. Anything new! And like sheep we follow the common crowd, with vacuous expressions of pride in our faces as we utter the exalted phrases of the newest slang!

Slang is undesirable because it is not necessary, and because it is not enduring. The English language in its pure state has lasted for centuries. Of course there have been changes, but these are of a minor character, and the general form and framework remains the same. Why can we not find sufficient means in this language to express ourselves, instead of resorting to cheap, insipid, graceless,

passing words and phrases? The English language has a beauty, breadth, and facility of expression suitable for every occasion. One who finds it inadequate does not truly know it, and displays his lack of knowledge and education by using terms outside its sanction.

There is always a definite reaction when one hears slang. One instinctively brands the speaker as uncultured. He might be educated in the the limited sense of the word, but he is uncultured, or he would recognize the distinction between what is vulgar and unrefined, and that which has grace and dignity and beauty. If his education is deficient, there should be that innate culture and breeding which would repulse the objectionable, trite, and common, and recognize the approved and desirable. The companionship of books affords one ease and facility of expression, and shows the niceties of language. One need not feel himself hindered or restricted for lack of an adequate vocabulary.

To follow the crowd and to re-echo its inane phraseology, is to show a lamentable lack of originality. Be brave enough to adhere to what is accepted and approved, and be not led away by frivolous, common, slang phrases which will be forgotten tomorrow.

S. Wirkkanen.

THE DESKS AT SCHOOL

"Fools" names, like fools faces,
Are often seen in public places."

How true! In fact, to use a trite expression, it is "more truth than poetry!" And it is lamentably true in connection with the desks at school.

A veritable maze of initials and names elaborately carved may be seen on my desk in the home-room. Two huge hearts gouged out of the wood with a pen-knife, appear in the center, joined together by a feathery arrow worked in pencil. Inside are

two names well-known in high school society.

You can learn much about the pupils who sit at your desk during the day by the pictures and initials you see there.

Once when I returned to my home-room at one o'clock, I discovered a fresh line of footballs neatly drawn along the pencil groove. Evidently a football player had been inspired artistically! And the next day an evening slipper with a ridiculously high heel adorned one corner of my desk. Perhaps a girl had sat there whose mother always denied her shoes with heels any higher than cuban! If she could not possess evening slippers, she must satisfy her longing by decorating school property with heart-thrilling pictures of them. It would be cruel for the school to deny her that simple pleasure!

Judging from this, we might almost make bold to divide the pupils of a school into two classes: Those who draw on the desks, and those who don't. I wonder which class would represent the majority!

J. B., '29.

No. 507

"Packed by No. 507—held responsible for damaged goods." Paula read the slip of paper and throwing it down on the table resumed her work of counting folders. As she placed the pile on the table, a line of writing on the back of the inspection slip caught her eye.

"What's this!" she exclaimed, catching up the paper. Her astonished eyes met these words. "I need help. Please. Hurry!"

"Who could have written this?" she wondered. Paula remembered that the box of folders from which the message had been taken had been sent from the storehouse of Gordon Folder Company that morning. She surmised quickly that since the design was the latest in folders, the

packer of the box must still be at the factory.

"It isn't too late," she cried, "and it won't do any harm to investigate. I might be able to help some poor unfortunate person."

Paula made up her mind quickly, for to her, thinking was acting.

That afternoon she secured permission from her "boss" for time off and was presently on her way downtown.

"I do hope they'll let me in," she said hopefully as she emerged from the crowded subway. "I can tell them I've come to find out about the process of manufacture."

She pushed her way through the bustling Christmas shoppers and finally turned down a quieter street.

Her courage began to fail her as she mounted the steps but her intentions were good, so she lifted her head and entered the building.

"May I look around the packing room, sir? I was sent by the photographer I work for to make a report on the process of manufacture."

The clerk she addressed dropped his very business-like manner and felt a little flattered that such a nice girl should ask him such a little favor.

"Why certainly," he said. "Just show this card to the door-keeper and he'll admit you."

Paula thanked him and presently she stood inside of the packing room. The whirl of the machines, the musty smell of cardboard and glue and the pale light streaming through dusty windows reached her senses and caused her brave heart to swell with pity for the person who needed her.

"Such a place to be in all day," she said as she passed down the aisles searching for the number 507. She paused as her eyes fell upon the faded gold letters on the back of a chair. She glanced hurriedly at its occupant.

"Why surely," she gasped, "this person can't have sent the message—He doesn't look as though he needs help!"

And, indeed, the person to whom these thoughts were directed did not give the appearance of need. His unbent back and flying fingers denoted independence and superiority to his fellow workers.

Paula thought, "He might have a starving family or a sick mother."

She timidly tapped him on his shoulder. Quickly he turned. Paula felt a distinct shock as his eyes met hers and for a minute she could not speak. Finally, "D-Did you write this," she stammered as she held out the slip of paper for his inspection.

"Why, yes," smiling broadly. "So you are my fairy godmother!"

Paula blushed and wondered why the gate keeper did not reprimand this bold fellow for inattention to his work. Her embarrassment grew as she saw the looks of amusement on the faces of the other workers.

"I must go," she said. "You don't need my assistance."

"But I do! Wait, I'll explain. You see, I'm one of these begin-at-the-bottom-and-work-up fellows. My Dad owns the place. I wanted to meet a person that possesses that rare spark of sympathy and kindness for his fellowmen. I did not believe it possible until you came," he concluded frankly. "I'm so glad it's you!"

Paula knew that he was sincere and answered faintly, "I'm glad it was I, too."

To make my readers happy I shall end my story saying that Gordon Jr. and Paula lived happily ever after and had lots of grandchildren.

Ethel Elson.

TRIVIA

SORROW

The Sorrows of the ages seem to grip my heart with their icy fingers. A melancholy mist of gloom enshrouds me. Suddenly the sun rises over the hill and stares at me accus-

ingly, where I toss upon my bed. The gloom lifts, and the sun tries to pierce the darkness of my soul. But always the weight of the Sorrows lies heavy there.

J. B.

JOY

With a laugh, a frolic, a caper, a song. Joy dances among the hearts of men. Often she is welcome—in the soul of a mother, of a child with a new toy; in the heart of a girl graduate, or of a man, sweating in honest toil for his family. But sometimes the cold finger of Sorrow touches Joy and she can dance no more.

J. B.

AMY LOWELL

More than once I have asked myself what it is I find in this genius. Sometimes I hear the soft rustle of wings, and the flame of my candle rocks bravely to and fro, then Pretense rises out of the darkness and brushes Life away. She beckons me to a garden bathed in moonlight and surrounded by the purple haze of night. A black cat softly brushes the dew from the heavily laden flowers.

Out on the street the unsuspecting world rushes by.

R. B.

A CERTAIN TREE

After all I think trees are perhaps the best expression of silence standing there massed together as they are, with arms outstretched, and occasionally breathing the merest suggestion of a sigh. But no, the melancholy man who sits under them gazing wistfully at the sunlit clouds of Life, and smiling reluctantly at Youth as he slides pertly down the tree.

Thus must old age give Youth its rightful heritage.

R. B.

THE PET

Wild heart that hungers for delight, sad heart so eager to be gay, whose star shining rides in a sky of opal fire. I see your upturned face with its rapturous gaze as you lunge for the brimming cup—how I long for one gaze at the pearls hidden there.

IT MAKES THE WORLD GO
'ROUND

Claire entered her home-room, her face delicately flushed, and her warm, grey eyes glowing with a tender light. The warning bell had not yet rung, and groups of students were gaily conversing. She replied briefly to their greetings, and hastened to her own seat, that they might not notice her perturbed look, or question the cause of that rosy blush. She had a secret.

She could hear several girls talking about the Junior Prom. She knew they were all hoping that Prince Charming would not overlook them.

"I'm going to have a finger wave instead of a marcel," Jeanette declared, and added in a condescending tone to straight-haired Laura: "You see, my hair's naturally curly, and hot irons take out the natural wave."

"I'm determined to have a marcel, so I'm glad I have no natural waves to interfere with my desires," Laura retorted.

"Well, you needn't get peeved," Jeanette admonished, "I don't want a marcel, anyway! You don't suppose my mother would let me spoil my hair, do you?" She shrugged her slim shoulders and pouted.

Claire's first period was a study, but she found it hard to concentrate. It was a nice day for building Dream Castles. In this world-old occupation she was engaged when she felt a light tap on her shoulder.

"Miss Lindsay said I might speak," whispered Jeanette, smiling engagingly. Claire graciously received the little intruder with the words:

"Do you need help in physics again?"

"Of course, but let's not do that. I came to talk about the Junior Prom. Has anyone asked you to go yet?"

Her secret! Should she impart it to Jeanette? "Yes. Has anyone asked you?"

"Um . . . hmmm. If you tell me who asked you, I'll tell you who asked me," Jeanette proposed.

"Richard asked me," the other softly answered.

"Richard! Richard Randolph?" Jeanette's eyes widened.

"There's but one Richard in the Junior Class, and that's Richard Randolph," was the terse answer. Jeanette could certainly be provoking.

"But he asked me to go with him," Jeanette said. "He asked me last night."

Claire tried to make her voice sound unconcerned. "He asked me this morning. Since he asked you first, you go with him."

"Why, yes," Jeanette conceded. "What is your dress like? Mine is a mousseline de soie, and gathers . . ." but she stopped. Claire was not listening.

Claire was returning home from school with slow and silent footsteps. She was very bitter. Richard . . . false, deceptive! He had smiled at her across the History room. She had thought of a "goodly apple rotten at the heart." She wondered if he had read the disappointment and accusation in her eyes.

Some one was accosting her, speaking to her. "Need some one to go to the Prom with, don't you know." The Dude of the Junior Class! "Ma says I can't go alone; provident woman, don't you know; suggested you. Knows you're not frivolous; wants me to be safe. You can take me home all right. Oh, I say. . . ." Claire heard his pleading voice die in the distance as she sped home.

"Say, sis," her Freshman brother said as she came in, "Richard Ran-

dolph saw me after school and said: 'What's the use! as soon as you ask a girl to go to the Prom she gets mad at you.' What did he mean?"

"Ask him," Claire replied dryly.

The next morning everybody talked about the Prom again.

"I'm going with Robert Randolph," Jeanette told Laura.

"Isn't Richard going?" Laura asked.

"O—oh, I forgot!" Jeanette said, and straightway betook herself to Claire's seat. There an explanation and apology ensued. Jeanette looked very penitent as she said: "I'm awfully sorry, but I always do get the names of those Randolph twins mixed. And Richard and Robert are so easy to mix. Can you ever forgive me? I meant to tell you yesterday, but I forgot."

That night Richard's mother was surprised to see him unwrap his Junior Prom suit from the mothballs into which he had so tenderly deposited it just the night before.

"WALLFLOWER IN BLUE"

If clothes make the man, they even more effectively make the girl. Take for example, the case of Elizabeth Harwell. She was an alleged wallflower,—always had been, although strangely enough she attended almost every school dance and social. Besides that, she had once taken two private dancing lessons at a very exclusive school, and both Elizabeth and her mother widely exploited those dancing lessons in the vain hope that some promising youth would be influenced thereby. But boys at dances believe in playing safe, and choosing only those girls for partners who have been tried and found successful. There is an insufferable "Let George do it" attitude when it comes to dancing with a different girl, who does not have the good fortune to be listed in the local catalogue of safe dancing partners! And that was the

way it was with Elizabeth. No one ever had danced with her, why should any boy take that plunge and begin the thing? The youths carefully avoided seeing Elizabeth when they danced by her. The company of stags which filled the doors somehow managed to look quickly away whenever she happened to glance appealingly in their direction. And so matters dragged on for Elizabeth until the announcement of the all-important Junior Prom.

Now any Junior Prom is important, but this one was especially so, for it happened that Tom Browning, handsome Yale football star had his vacation the week of April 10, and was to attend the Prom with his cousin. Great excitement among the girls; outward scorn from the boys. Nevertheless the decorating committee redoubled its efforts. They'd show Yale what a real Prom could be. The girls used twice the care in selecting their filmy gowns and made frequent pilgrimages to the hairdressers. And rumor had it that Elizabeth Harwell, even though she was a Senior, was buying a brand new dress, and shoes and stockings for the occasion. "She's probably planning to score a touchdown with Tom," was the sarcastic comment.

Elizabeth, it seemed, had always had expensive clothes, but they somehow were not suited to her. (It might be noted that her mother selected them herself). They completely overshadowed her personality which was certainly never striking. Her costumes were too impressive, grown-up; people found themselves gazing at her clothes and quite unaware of the girl who was wearing them. But the Blue Dress was different. Elizabeth picked it out and bought it one afternoon while her mother was sick with a head-ache. It was right for her, and somehow seemed to have always belonged to her. The shade of blue was particularly vivid and beautiful. Elizabeth looked almost pretty as she

entered the school hall on the night of the Prom.

Tom Browning was aware of an attractive girl in a blue dress as he whirled past. It was a first-rate shade of blue, he thought as he danced, by George! he liked that color! It happened that he stopped in front of the pretty girl in the blue dress during a pause in the music. He looked straight at her and smiled! After he had escorted his cousin to a seat, he returned. "May I have this dance?" he asked.

Elizabeth blushed. A gasp was audible from the stag line, and a sigh went up from the waiting mass of fair ladies and "safe dancing partners." The music began, and the couple dashed off, Elizabeth striving her utmost to dance creditably. Everything was a blur of lights, color, music and noise. At last came the end of the dance and Elizabeth went back to her corner completely dazed. In fact, she passed the rest of the evening in that condition; for five boys asked her to dance, and at one

o'clock a local Romeo, of no mean importance escorted her home. A gala night, truly a gala night for Elizabeth.

When Mrs. Harwell received a report of the affair, her spirits rose by leaps and bounds. She forgot that she had a frightful sick headache, and the very next day she journeyed to the city to buy some new clothes for her Elizabeth. She brought home a gorgeous creation in bright rose chiffon and as a special surprise, two lovely \$5.00 diamond ear rings. When the next social was given, Elizabeth was there in her old corner, decked out in the chiffon and diamonds. Her mother had made her come, no one asked her to dance, in fact no one seemed to know that she was there. The glory and splendor of her attire was wasted; worse than that they had made her a wall-flower again. But she didn't mind so now, for hadn't she gone to the Prom in the Blue Dress, and hadn't Tom Browning danced with her?

Jane Boicourt, '29.





Northboro 56—Maynard 23

Maynard High School opened its 1929 basketball schedule on Jan. 15th by going to defeat at the hands of the Northboro High five in that town. Although the inexperienced Maynard team was playing with a few of its regulars out of the line up, the game was closer than the score indicates.

In a preliminary game Maynard girls defeated the Northboro girls.

Maynard 37—Hudson 13

Maynard High School won its first game of the year on Jan. 19th at the expense of the visiting Hudson High School team. Maynard displayed a good brand of basketball throughout, and Hudson never threatened to overtake the lead piled up by the local boys at the start of the game.

This game does not count in the Midland League standing, for Hudson came here for an exhibition game.

Marlboro 33—Maynard 27

Maynard High School traveled to Marlboro on Jan. 23rd to play its first Midland League game of the year. The fast passing attack put up by Marlboro, and the inability of the Maynard boys to shoot foul shorts, were the main factors of the 33-27 defeat suffered by Maynard.

In a preliminary game, the Marlboro seconds defeated the Maynard seconds by the score of 20-15.

Maynard Second 9—Shirley Industrial School 36

The Maynard High School seconds proved no match for the Shirley In-

dustrial School team on Jan. 25th at Shirley. Maynard could not cope with the fast attack of the Shirley boys, and were beaten in every department of the game.

Maynard 29—Hudson Boy Scouts 19

The Maynard High School quintet won an easy victory over the Hudson Boy Scouts on Jan. 25th at the Hudson Boy Scout Gymnasium. Maynard held the lead and was never in danger, although the victory came by only a ten point margin.

Maynard 39—Westboro 26

In a fast game in Waltham St. Hall, Maynard High School handed Westboro High School its first defeat of the year; the score being 39-26. Westboro gave Maynard a scare in the first period and scored eight points before the local boys registered two points; but as soon as Maynard got "going", the lead was easily overcome and the result of the game was never in doubt.

Maynard High School 57—Alumni 29

The Maynard High School Alumni battled in vain to overcome the boys of the present team at the Waltham St. Hall on Feb. 2. It was one of the fastest games of the year, as well as one of the most colorful, and the points came thick and fast. But "youth must be served", so the graduates had to give in by the score of 57-29, but only after a "game" attempt. The high school trio of T. Frigard, Capt. J. Sczerzen and T. Torppa again showed their great scoring powers by scoring 51 of the 57 points piled up by the youngsters.

Leominster 38—Maynard 30

Maynard High School lost a hard fought game to Leominster High at Leominster on Feb. 5th by the score of 38-30. After battling their strong opponents on even terms for three and a half periods, the "game" Maynard High quintet saw Leominster score four baskets in rapid succession to win the game. Despite the defeat, Maynard gave a good account of itself.

Lawrence Academy 29—Maynard 27

In one of the roughest and toughest games of the year, Maynard High lost to the Lawrence Academy five of Groton on Feb. 6th by the hair-line score of 29-27. Fouls came in great numbers, and three Maynard players were put out of the game on fouls. Despite the loss of these men, the Maynard boys fought like "demons", and the result of the game was in doubt until the whistle signifying the end of the game was blown.

The Maynard seconds defeated the Lawrence Academy Seconds by the score of 7-4 in a preliminary game.

Maynard 31—Westboro 16

Maynard High paid a visit to Westboro on Feb. 15th, and defeated Westboro for the second time this season; the score of this game being 31-16. Neither team put up its best kind of basketball; so the score was kept very low. As in the first game, Westboro could not stop the fast attack by the Maynard team. T. Frigard, Capt. J. Szczerzen and T. Torppa scored all the points among them, raising havoc with the Westboro defense.

Maynard 26—Marlboro 22

Waltham Street Hall was no place for a weak-hearted person when Maynard and Marlboro clashed in an important Midland League game. Both teams played good and fast basketball throughout the entire four periods;

the crowd being kept on its feet and yelling itself hoarse in the meantime.

Maynard was on the short end of a 10-7 score at the end of the first half; but came back fighting to take the lead itself, as a result of a brilliant offensive in the third period. All the action was packed into that final period in which Maynard held off the invaders and kept the lead.

When the final whistle for one of the fastest basketball games in this part of the state blew, the crowd went into hysterics over the Maynard victory. A tie for the Midland League race was the immediate result of the local win.

The Marlboro Second took a 15-13 decision from the Maynard Seconds in a preliminary game.

Maynard 63—Hudson 34

Maynard High School piled up its biggest score of the year against Hudson on Washington's Birthday when it garnered a total of 63 points against 34 for Hudson. The "invincible trio" of T. Frigard, Capt. J. Szczerzen and T. Torppa could not be stopped by Hudson, and they played their opponents "ragged" by scoring 61 of the 63 points. This popular trio functioned perfectly and drew a great deal of applause from the fans, enemy as well as friend. It was a Midland League contest.

Maynard 45—Shirley Industrial School 27

Maynard High experienced no difficulty in defeating the Shirley Industrial School basketball team at the Waltham Street Hall on Feb. 23rd. It was a clean, hard-fought game, with very few fouls being called on either team. The Maynard second team boys played the greater part of the game, giving a good account of themselves. A good defense presented by Shirley kept the Maynard total within reasonable limits.

Maynard 40—Clinton 39

A record crowd witnessed the closest game of the year at the Waltham Street Hall on Feb. 25th, when Maynard took Clinton High's "scalp" by the score of 40-39. The game started off like an easy win for Maynard, when the locals piled up a big early lead. By continuing its fast offensive and good defensive, Maynard still held the lead at half-time by the score of 20-14.

Clinton came back strong in the last half to tie the score at 36 all in the middle of the last period. But Maynard could not be beaten when they scored two quick baskets and then completely stopped the Clinton attack.

The Maynard second team gained a win over the Clinton seconds in a preliminary game by the score of 11-8.

Clinton 31—Maynard 19

Clinton High got revenge for a defeat earlier in the week by trouncing Maynard on Mar. 1st by the score of 31-19. Clinton gained a 15-4 lead in the first quarter, and Maynard fought in vain to overcome this margin. The orange and black quintet could not get "going" in the first half; thus giving Clinton a comfortable lead to protect. The second was almost a repetition of the first, with Clinton always in the lead.

The Clinton seconds also got revenge on the Maynard seconds in a preliminary game. The score was 18-6.

Maynard 49—Northboro 31

The fast Maynard High School basketball team turned the tables on Northboro on Mar. 2nd, when it easily won a fast basketball game at Waltham St. Hall. Northboro, confident of winning again, was sadly disappointed as the "Three Basketeers", Capt. J. Sczerzen, T. Frigard and T. Torppa, again functioned to perfection to score 41 points among them.

This combination scored baskets at will throughout the game, and Northboro had to be content with the short end of the 49-31 score.

Maynard 47—Hudson 21

Maynard High remained in a tie for first place in the Midland League by defeating Hudson High on March 8th at the Hudson Boy Scout Gymnasium by the overwhelming score of 47-21. Although Hudson kept the game fairly even during the first stages of the game, Maynard's lead was never contested by the last place Hudson team.

The Maynard girls lost a close game to the Hudson girls in a preliminary game. The score was 25-24.

Maynard 33—Leominster 29

Maynard High defeated Leominster in an exciting game at the Waltham Street Hall on March 9th, a record crowd watching the fray. The Maynard boys, evidently tired from the hard game the night before, were held on even terms for three-quarters of the game. In the fourth period, however, the locals managed to forge into the lead by caging five quick baskets; the final score of the game being 33-29.

The Maynard girls trounced the St. Charles girls by the score of 54-10.

The Northboro girls bowed to the Maynard girls in a preliminary game.

At the writing of this article Maynard has one game left on its regular schedule; with Marlboro for the League title.

The High School will also play the Y. P. S. L. for the town championship after the regular season is over. Many people contend that the school-boys can give the Y. P. S. L. champs a beating; but the arguments will be settled when these friendly rivals clash on the basketball court. A record crowd is expected to attend the series.

Baseball

Baseball candidates will be called out shortly by Coach Lent, and it won't be very long before we hear that famous expression, "Play Ball."

The letter men from last year's nine who will be available this summer are: T. Frigard, J. Sczerzen, W. Brayden, M. Zaporeski, G. Tierney.

No captain has been elected as yet for this year's nine, but it won't be long now.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Maynard Girls' Basketball team opened their season in a game with Northboro in their adversary's hall, January 15. Our team played a superior game, and maintained a lead throughout, the final score being 32-17.

February 2. The girls' team played their second game with the alumni at Waltham Street Hall. Judging from the first half of the game, the Alumni was predicted to be the winner. In the second half, however, the high school came to the front and made the score 19-13 in their favor before the finish.

February 12. The Girls' team opposed the Marlboro team in the latter's gymnasium. Marlboro's endeavors to break up the pass work were futile. Maynard's third game proved to be an overwhelming victory, championing over the opponents with a score of 56-11.

February 19. A return game was played with Marlboro in the Maynard High School gymnasium. Although Maynard was victorious, the game was not as successful as it might have been. The team seemingly lacked enthusiasm. They won by a score of 32-19.

February 15. In Maynard High School Auditorium a furious battle was played between sextettes of Maynard and Gardner. The first half of

the game was played rather smoothly and effectively, the score being 16-15 in Gardner's favor when time was called. However, in the last half numerous rules were disregarded, and in the confusion the referee found it difficult to predominate. Gardner was victorious, with a score of 33-24, their winning points being scored shortly before the whistle sounded the end of the game.

February 22. A return game was played with Gardner in their High School gymnasium. This game lacked the spirit and thrills of the preceding one played in Maynard. Gardner won over our team with a score of 40-15.

February 27. The Maynard team encountered St. Charles School of Waltham in their gymnasium. Maynard's team work was far superior to that of their adversaries and they won an easy victory, leading by a score of 36-14 at the close of the game.

March 2. A return game with Northboro was played at the Waltham Street Hall in Maynard. Both teams played strenuously, and the teamwork was far superior to that in the game at the opening of the season. Maynard maintained a lead through the entire game, the final score being 36-13.

March 8. Maynard met their third defeat in a game with Hudson in their hall. Hudson maintained a small lead through the entire first half, but in the second Maynard caught up to their opponents and from then on the score was an up and down affair, favoring first one team and then the other. When the whistle sounded at the end of the game, Hudson was leading by a score of 25-24.

March 9. St. Charles School, Waltham, played a return game with Maynard at Waltham St. Hall. They showed little competition, and Maynard scored an easy victory. They won over their opponents with a score of 56-10.

"A Bit of News"

At practice in the gymnasium one afternoon, "Peg" Murray, a freshman who succeeded in making the position of side-center on the varsity team, received an injury to her elbow and will be unable to participate in any further games this season. However, she is a ray of light to the team of 1930.

Inter-Class Games

Inter-class teams have been formed

under the supervision of Mr. Rupprecht. In the first game between the Freshmen and the Sophomores, the freshmen emerged victorious with a score of 23-17. The second game was played between the Sophomores and Juniors. For a second time the Sophomores were defeated, the final score being 24-16 in favor of the Juniors. The final inter-class game, which will be played for the championship by the Freshmen and Juniors, has not yet been arranged but the winning team will receive some reward.





M. H. S. GLEE CLUB, 1929

ON THE SPOT



SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Class presented its annual play, "The Family Upstairs" at the Waltham Street Hall, Friday evening, February 8. It was an uproarious comedy and kept the audience not only coughless, but quite breathless. Those poor unfortunates who did not attend might well bewail the fact.

The parts were all well taken by the following members:

Mrs. Heller.....	Jane Boicourt
Mr. Heller.....	Waino Sjoblom
Willie	George Brayden
Louise	Virginia Lawson
Annabelle	Margaret Murphy
Charles Grant.....	Albert Connors
Mrs. Grant.....	Irma Wirta
Herbie	George Glickman
Miss Callahan.....	Ruth Bradley

JUNIOR PROM

If the Senior Play was the first big event of the year the Junior Prom will unquestionably be next in line.

The Class of '30 will hold their "prom" at the Auditorium, Friday evening, April 26. The committee in charge of the dance includes Walter Brayden, Alice Fearn, Mark Kelley and George Weaving, General Chairmen.

The hall will be attractively decorated in the class colors. The Junior

Class which is well known for its inventiveness, is cheerfully confident of its success, and cordially invites everyone to attend. Just incidentally, the entrance fee is 75 cents.

GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA CONCERT

The concert to be given May 10, by the united efforts of the High School Glee Club and Orchestra has much in the way of its novelty and real worth to draw the attention of the High School students and the general public.

The program will consist of classical music including standard overtures by the orchestra and folk music and two and three part chorals by the glee club. We might mention here a few of the members: violin solo, Harold Johnston; clarinet solo, Teppo Hurme; vocal solo, Alice Donahue; piano solos, Jane Boicourt and Alice Fearn, besides many other numbers. The program in tabulated form will appear later.

The concert is in charge of Miss Ethel Lovley, supervisor of music in the Maynard schools.

The Screech Owl wishes to announce the following changes in its personnel:

Misses Helen Nee and Estelle

Lerer, both alumnae, taking a P. G. course, to the Alumni Department in place of Miss Laura Grøndahl.

William Ledgard, freshman representative in place of Miss Dorothy Marsden; Miss Ruth Bradley to the Literary Department.

Walter Brayden, assistant Business Manager.

Students of M. H. S. recently attended lectures on "Gases, Liquids and Solids," "Artificial Coal and its Applications," and "Color—its Nature and Measurement," at M. I. T.

Miss Adams who taught French at the High School for two years has left us to fill a position at Greenwich, Conn.

We miss Miss Adams greatly and wish her the best of luck in her new position.

Miss Désy of Fall River, a graduate

of Bridgewater Normal School, filled Miss Adams' place here.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club has been faithfully rehearsing a new play entitled "Be an Optimist."

If we judge the Club's future achievement from their past laurels then we expect something above the average next time.

TRAVELER STORY CONTEST

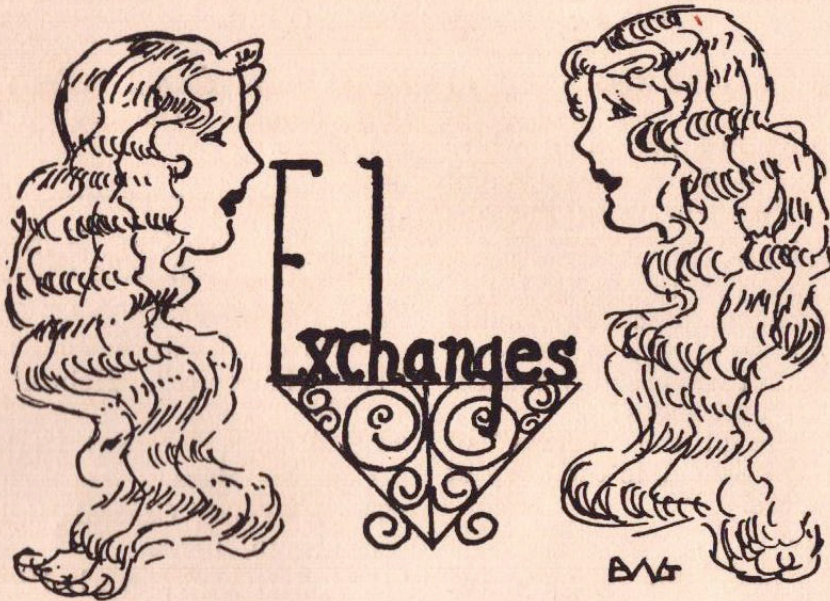
The Boston Traveler has announced the tenth annual short story contest to open March 4 and to close March 30. The rules of the contest may be found on the bulletin board in Room 14. It is to be hoped the pupils of Maynard High, with all their natural aptitude for story-telling, might make known that knack to their own financial betterment and to boosting Maynard High School.

Honor Roll

Pupils who have received a grade of "A" in four or five subjects for the period from September 5th to February 28th.



Estelle Lerer	'28PG	Saimi Keto	'32
Jane Boicourt	'29	William Ledgard	'32
Wieno Sneck	'30	Dorothy Marsden	'32
Salme Wirkkanen	'30	Sidney McCleary	'32
Eppa Kivinen	'31	Edith Priest	'32
Rachel Ojanen	'31	Simmon Seder	'32



A PROMENADE OF EXCHANGES

The Promenade had begun. Down the hall came the "Enterprise" clad in a gown of green. On her dress she bore the imprint of "Memorial High School."

"The Enterprise"

You are a notable example of a magazine whose good points are beyond enumeration.

There is a space after the "Enterprise" in this Promenade of Magazines. Ah, no; it is the little "Port Light" which comes all the way from Wilmington, California.

"The Port Light"

While your magazine has a number of excellent features, we think more of them would be helpful.

With firm and manly steps a sailor appears. He comes from the ship on the cover of the "Noddler" which has its home port at East Boston.

"The Noddler"

We eagerly await the solution of the mystery of the "Tangled Skein" in your next issue. We also wish that you would solve the mystery telling us who is responsible for your well balanced paper.

Next in the march of papers appears a magazine wreathed in smiles

and chuck full of "chuckettes". It's the "Reflector" of North Kingstown High School, in Wickford, R. I.

"The Reflector"

You may be certain that we welcomed the magazine of a school in which Mr. Dunlop of Maynard is teaching. We are still chuckling over "chuckettes." Please exchange again.

A staid and serious man clad in a sombre black suit appears. He is a learned philosopher to be sure. He, however, wears a Red and Black necktie, not at all in accordance with the apparel of a philosopher. Closer inspection proves this man to be "Pat the Senior" of Rogers High School, Newport, R. I. He is the representative of the "Red and Black".

"The Red and Black"

We enjoy your magazine immensely. "Pat the Senior" evinces as much originality and ingenuity as ever.

In a home made dress, simple yet attractive, the Blue Moon of Chelmsford walks down the hall.

"The Blue Moon"

The fact that you mimeograph your magazine makes it entirely the product of your student body. We suggest that you add an Alumni Depart-

ment to your otherwise excellent magazine.

A very dignified person in white approaches. Her gown bears the red seal of Dean Academy of Franklin.

"The Megaphone"

We welcome you to our exchange column. Your Athletic and Alumni Departments are worthy of commendation. Couldn't you possibly squeeze in a few more exchanges?

The plumage of the "Parrot" of Rockland High School, is the envy of all promenaders.

"The Parrot"

Yours is a very wide awake magazine. Your business manager must be quite industrious for the number of your advertisements exceed that found in the average magazine.

Directly from the cover of the "Green and White" comes a girl dressed for tobogganing. She is from Sudbury High School.

"The Green and White"

It certainly is pleasant to exchange magazines and ideas with one's next door neighbor. We enjoyed your editorials very much, and are looking forward to the time when we shall receive the next issue of your magazine.

The Item found it necessary to send three representatives to our Promenade. They were of "young America" and carried the flag of the United States. These three children of Dorchester were welcome to our "big parade".

"The Item"

You girls ought to be proud of your magazine. Every department is well written and full of pep.

Last, but certainly not least, a young girl with golden hair, and a blue dress appears. She is the "Golden Rod" of Quincy.

"The Golden Rod"

Our power of speech is lost; our

minds have ceased action; we can only admire. You are an excellent magazine.

The "Screech Owl" is glad to acknowledge the following exchanges:

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

"The Hebronite", Hebron College, Hebron, Nebr.

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

"The Hi-Talk", Central High School, Sherman, Texas.

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

"The Index", South High School, Worcester, Mass.

"The University Student", Johnson C. Smith University, Charlotte, N. C.

"The Alligator", Ware High School, Ware, Mass.

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

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Golden Rod",
Quincy High School.

"Our friend from Maynard High School is thoroughly enjoyable. We searched to find the picture which was for Freshmen alone. It was a donkey. Poor, poor Freshmen, how much abuse they must stand."

"The Owl",
Middletown High School.

"Your paper is very interesting. Why don't you add School Topics and Class Notes to your paper? Your Joke Department is original."

"The Port Light",
Phineas Banning High School.

"The pep displayed throughout your football edition is wonderful. We like your many different departments. The exchange department deserves

particular attention. And your stories are excellent."

"The Enterprise",
Memorial High School.

"The stories and poems in the November Freshman number were excellent. The pages devoted to 'Pickings' are also very fine."

"The Parrot",
Rockland High School.

"The articles under 'On the Spot' are interesting reading."

"The Alligator",
Ware High School.

"An excellent magazine. Your literary and humor departments are the outstanding features."

"The Noddler",
East Boston High School.

"Your cover is most austere and compelling. 'Pickings' is very good and quite novel. In fact, the entire magazine is worthy of praise."

"The Item",
Dorchester High School.

We enjoyed the football number of the 'Screech Owl' ever so much for every department is just full of interest. We liked the stories and exchange column especially well. A few more cuts would add to the interest of the magazine."

Echoes From Our Exchanges

"One man dies in New York every minute."

"Yeah; I'd like to see him."

"The Hi-Talk"

"Have you ever been up before me?" asked the judge sternly.

"Well, I don't know, yer honor," replied the unabashed prisoner. "What time does your honor get up?"

"The Voice"

Miss McHardy: "We will now take the grasshopper by detail."

Noble: "My grasshopper's tail is missing; shall I take him by de-feat?"

"The Golden-Rod"

Haggarty: "How are you?"

Noss: "Oh, I can't kick."

Haggarty: "Rheumatism, eh?"

"The Reflector"

Doctor (just arrived): "What on earth are you holding his nose for?"

Pat (kneeling beside victim): "So his breath won't leave his body, of course."

"The Enterprise"

"Quotations by Pat the Senior"

"If life were a bed of roses, some people would be picking thorns out of themselves all day long."

"Some people at their wits end haven't had far to go."

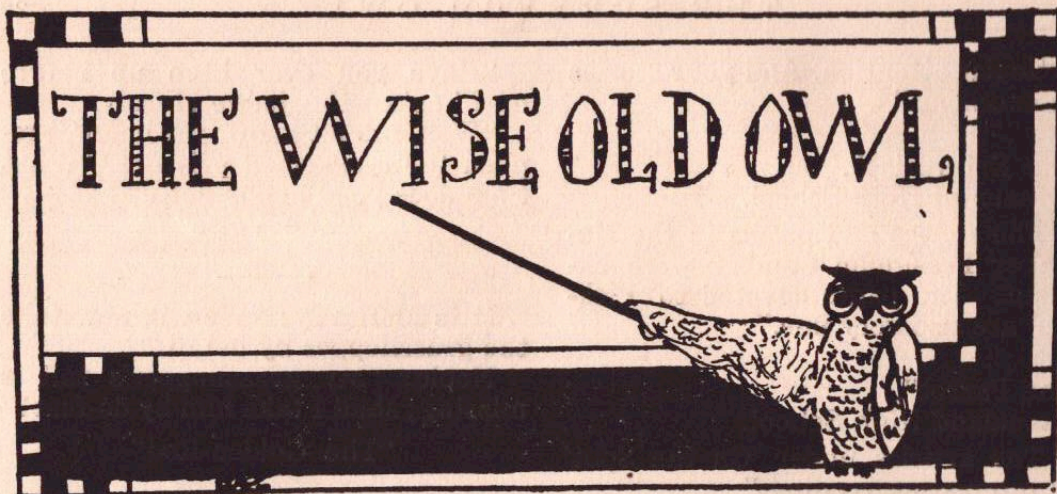
"Some people are healthy because no self-respecting germ would go anywhere near them."

"No, lady, a meadow lark is not a party thrown in the country."

"A pedestrian is one whose wife has gone out with the car."

"Signboard for a golf course, 'Keep on the grass'."

"The Red and Black"



The Wise Old Owl would like to know:

Who passed in two long themes?
(We'll bite.)

What three Junior boys frankly admit that "Luckies" do not affect their wind?

Who originated the saying "50,000 freshmen can't be right?"

Why Walker always leaves the English class by the rear exit?

Who Mike Zapareski is going to the Prom with?

Who Speck Sjoblom waits for every morning at Paper Mill Corner?

If Scotty will ever get thin?

If Mr. Rupprecht likes to wash dishes?

Where Al Connors got his technique?

Observations of the Wise Old Owl:

"Peg" Murray, our Scotch friend won't buy her little cousin any candy Easter chickens because they won't lay eggs.

Miss Eames asked Ty Brayden to give his opinion on offensive and defensive war. Exact words of Brayden: "I'd rather chase someone than get chased." I don't think he could have been referring to war.

Miss Laura Merrill, an authority on etiquette, says that it is vulgar to count your calories out loud while dining in a restaurant.

Why are the Junior girls always quoting: "I'll come home—but you will not?" Sheeny Bellows has enlightened me. He says that they are referring to their bank roll—when they get their Prom dresses.

The Wise Old Owl thought that the Postoffice was on Main St., but what to his surprise—he discovered that it is in our own M. H. S. halls. Perhaps Peg Tierney will give us a line on it.

Alex Kulevich, local chauffeur, it has been rumored, has been learning the manly art of shoe shining. He is very good at this, as a girl of the Junior class was heard to say: "Alex shines in the dark."

It is very evident that Louise Johnston has had her home room changed to Room 13 from 7.50 A. M. to 7.55 A. M.

Direct from the Junior Prom:

The Numbers	Dedicated To
The Big Parade	The Juniors
The Varsity Drag	The dancing school pupils
Yes, Sir, that's my baby	Hippy

All I Want is You	Joe K.	Mac	Stanley Sokolowski
Lonesome in the Moonlight		Barney Google	Lee Aho
	The Freshmen	Freddie the Sheik	Norman Walker
Don't Be Like That	The Chaperones	Katzenjammer Kids	Paul Brothers
I'll Take You Home	Chuck Tierney	Mr. and Mrs.	Speck and Laura
It All Depends On You		Happy Hooligan	Alec Kulevich
	School Committee	Billy the Boy Artist	Bernard Greene
Side by Side	Doris and Howie		
Thou Swell	Eddie Hannon		
My One and Only	The Prom Dress		
I'll Get By Because of You	Alec		
Just Once Again	Ty Brayden		
Sitting in a Corner	Matrons		
A Kiss in the Dark	After the Prom		
Dawn of Tomorrow			
	Juniors arriving home from the Prom		
She's a Great, Great Girl	Dolores		
My First Sweetheart	Norman Walker		
He's the Last Word	Harold Ledgard		

Prom

The Junior Prom is on its way
 The night of fun, not work but play.
 Gathered together in a jolly group
 The class of '30 will make its debut.

Come on Juniors; show your pep.
 Fall in line and keep in step.
 Don't stand back and say, "Oh, gee,
 I can't march, I've got a sore knee."

The class of '30 now can see
 A night of fun and jollity
 And in the distance a beacon bright
 Will bring success to us that night.

Characters from Comics

Tillie the Toiler	Sirkka Lehtinen
Bubbles	Helvi Pietila

D. A. '30.





Sister: "What does your card say?
 Brother: "This is the mountain from which the ancients used to throw their defective children. Wish you were both here. Dad."

Aged millionaire suitor: I think I would die of joy, if you'd marry me, Miss Jones.

Miss Jones: I think I would marry you, if you would.

He: Won't you go out to dinner with me some night?

She: But I warn you, I eat like a horse.

He: Oh, well, hay isn't expensive.

Soph: They say that mosquitoes weep.

Frosh: That's nothing, moths ball.

Maynardite: In Maynard we faw down and go boom.

Chicagoan: That's nothing, in Chicago we go boom and faw down.

Mother: Alex, how are you getting along at school?

Alex: Great, ma, they are teaching us words of four cylinders now.

Little Boy: Ma, did daddy go to heaven?

Mother: Yes, Elsworth.

Little Boy: But I never sawed any angels with beards.

Mother: That's all right, men usually get in by a close shave.

Hippy (at Prom): Where is my fraternity pin?

Helen: I have left it on my chiffonier.

Hippy: On your chiffonier—well, don't forget to take it off before you send it to the laundry.

She: He's too old to be considered eligible.

He: Say—he's too eligible to be considered old.

We generally pay on credit as we go. But a Scotchman pays as he goes unless he goes with someone.

Hippy (between dances): May I print a kiss upon your lips?

Helen: Er-yes, print it, but don't publish it.

He: I'm hungry for a kiss.

She: Are you dieting?

Ty Brayden: It was a case of love at first sight when I saw her at the Prom.

Backy: Then why didn't you marry her?

Ty: I saw her again on different occasions.

Dot Allen: What were you and Joe arguing about at the Prom?

Peg Tierney: The same old thing. I was right and he wouldn't agree with me.

He: They say she has been moving in fast circles.

She: Yes, I heard she took up automobile racing.

Cosmetics now her features make
Uncertain as a lottery.
For, if the sun her face should bake
She'd be a bit of pottery.

Rich Heiress (from Chelmsford):
My dear, I don't want to think that
you are only dancing with me because
of my money.

Walker: That goes double, I don't
want you to think so either.

"What a lovely fur coat you have
on. Your husband must have a better
job."

"No, I have a better husband."

M. H. S. Girl: Did you say that
Prom dress was only \$15.00?

Assistant: No, madam, \$12.00.

Boss: Vy, Abie—you know our
slogan is "De customer is always
right."

City Tourist (to farmer): Can I
take this road to Hillsville?

Farmer: You can if you want to but
they got one there already.

Dumb: Why are ships called she?

Bell: Because sailors think they
can handle them.

Pony Frigard: What's good to clean
ivory?

Kelley: Try a shampoo.

Magistrate: McNamara are you
sure you understand the nature of an
oath?

McNamara (scared stiff): Sure.
Ain't I yer caddy down on the links?

Judge: Come now, have you any
excuse?

Motorist: Well, my wife fell asleep
in the back seat.

I hate revolving doors
Said Dad
You cannot slam them
When you're mad.

La Belle Dame: But officer, you
mustn't arrest me for speeding. I was
hurrying downtown to see my at-
torney.

Sans Merci: That's all right, lady,
Just think how much more you'll have
to tell him, now.

Very few fellows that go with M. H.
S. girls drive their own cars. They
only think they do.

Tramp: 'Elp me, lady, please. For
3 years I have worked for the cause
of temperance.

Lady: Were you a temperance
orator?

Tramp: No; I was the 'orrible ex-
ample.

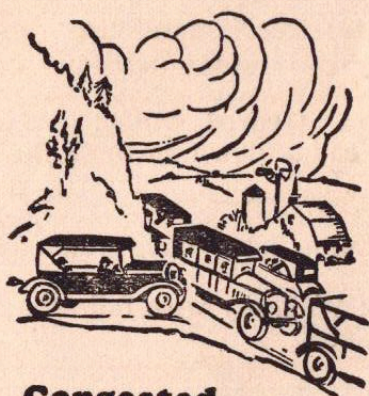
Heard at the Junior Prom:

Glickman: May I have this dance?

Sirkka: I don't know.

Glickman: Who does?

Sirkka: Ask the Junior Class. They
are giving the dance.



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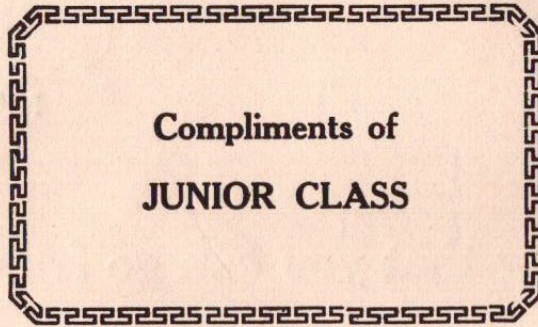
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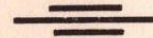
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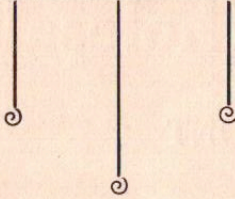
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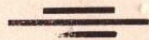
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