

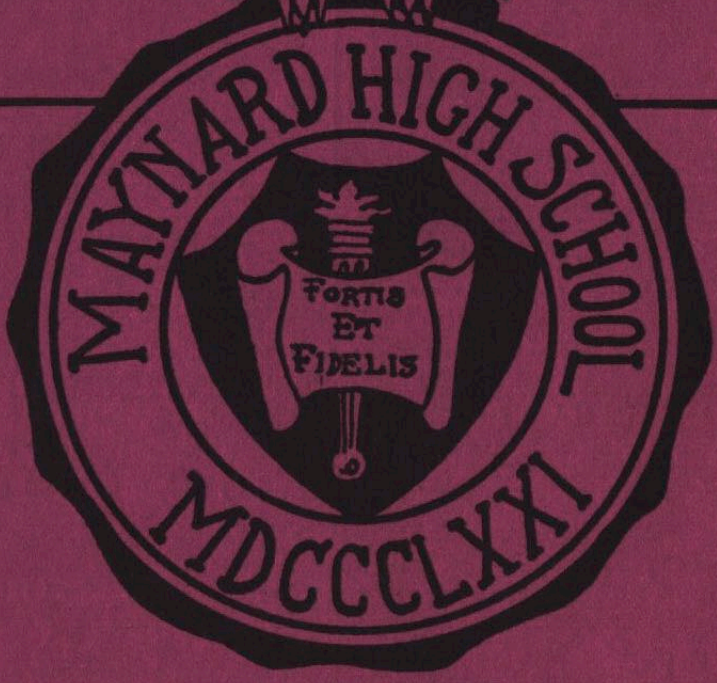
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# THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

MAYNARD, MASS., MARCH, 1934

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# SPRING FEVER

## SPRING FEVER

It ain't no fun to stay in school,  
When I could be at the fishin' pool,  
Or maybe in a pitcher show,  
Watchin' a wild west Rodeo.

G.C. '34.





The class of 1934 will graduate from High School in a few months. Although preparations are already being made for our Graduation, there is still time enough for many things to happen. It is not too late for a good record to be spoiled and it is not too late for a poor one to be somewhat repaired. You who have done well up to now, continue your fine work to the very last day of school so that at Graduation time you can look back upon your High School career as four complete years of accomplishment. You who have not done so well, put forth your best efforts in these last few months so that your final impression may be a good one. It is said that "a good beginning is half done." Similarly a successful termination sheds luster and glory over the entire High School career.

Editor.

### BE YOURSELF

With Emerson I sing non-conformity. (But he practiced it, wherein lies the difference). The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. (The credit for this goes to Emerson, although anyone could just as well have said it if he had thought of it). The sentiment might well be observed in a study-room. It is, indeed, a good policy—but short lived. Either one is accused of ethereal fantasies, rebuked by his fellows for unbecoming absorption in studies, or smitten in the nape

with some hand-made projectile. Paper airplanes and elastic slings (romantic reminiscences of Roman warfare, without doubt) are the chief occupation of the male population when some venturesome being deigns to set the example. Then conformity reigns, and not one sling, but innumerable slings provide labor for the unemployed.

In fact, the high school is conformity personified. A corduroy blouse, hitherto unseen and unheard of makes its appearance. It reigns for a day, neat, chic, and novel, praised and admired. But by geometric progression this article of apparel increases in number to great proportions; and a succession of similar sights is the result.

Not only outwardly but inwardly do students combine. Any group, be it athletic, scholarly, or anything else, soon adopts the same mannerisms, the same mode of speech, the same methods of self-expression. Sometimes the conformist spirit of a group is carried to such an extent it becomes conspiracy.

This is probably, the result of our democratic education. We naturally must conform to rules, either in obedience, or in the fear of punishment. Voluntarily, or unconsciously, however, we carry this conformity to a disparaging extent, into every phase of our living. Then, it is not entirely our fault. When in any way we act with self-reliance or initiative, it happens as with Oliver, when he asked for more.

Bertha Sneek, '34.





## A MEETING OF THE LITERARY CLUB

The thick grayness of the London fog stifled and oppressed me. Already it was early twilight, and flickering lamps began to beckon with hazy beams, to the home-coming worker. For a short space of time, the clickety-clack of heels of the cobblestone walks, droning voices, and occasional laughter permeated the steadily deepening gloom. Then, once again, silence descended over the gray world.

I was alone. As I walked along Fleet Street, stumbling over an occasional loose cobblestone, I meditated on the fact with due seriousness. Warmed by the cheering contents of a glass of excellent port, and more than conscious that this was my last day in London, I resolved that to-night must leave me memories to cherish.

I had not walked far when the chill dampness of the night air began to sift through my light suit. I made a quick decision, and turned down a dark, narrow lane directly off Fleet Street. It was here that I came face to face with the "Green Devil's Tavern."

My entrance was noticed by none but the half-witted fellow at the bar. Evidently he did not sum me up as a prospective customer, for he merely glanced at me, and settled back on his stool, puffing at an evil-smelling pipe.

My attention was attracted toward the center of the room, where an animated conversation was in progress. Seating myself as near to the small company of men as possible, I did a bit of excusable eavesdropping.

"That man"—I thought excitedly, "that man is Dr. Johnson." Huge and deformed, he sat there, noisily gulping

down a cup of scalding tea, while his eyes darted from one member of the club to another, in quick succession.

For I had the good luck to be one of those present at a meeting of the famous Literary Club, which was composed of Johnson, Burke, Boswell, Gibbon, Goldsmith, and Reynolds.

I sat with bated breath as Johnson cleared his throat and began to speak:

"Goldsmith, my good fellow, you have partaken of little food this evening."

"Perchance," put in Boswell, with a sly glance at Goldsmith, "he feeds upon the wisdom of your words, Dr. Johnson."

"Well," Goldsmith retorted, with a show of peevishness, "if that is the situation, I shall certainly suffer a fine case of indigestion to-night."

Roaring with laughter, Johnson sat pointing his finger at Goldsmith, who finally joined in with the rest of the company, laughing with great heartiness.

Sir Joshua, I noticed, sat quietly absorbing the conversation, while an occasional smile played over his kindly face. He had recently finished the "*Age of Innocence*," and he sat with the contentment and deep satisfaction of a man who has accomplished something fine and worthwhile.

During a lull in the conversation, Boswell said to Johnson:

"Dr. Johnson, if you and I were confronting a lion, with no means of retreat, what would you do?"

"Why," rumbled the great man indelicately, with his sides heaving, "using you, Boswell, as a bait would certainly strangle the poor beast."

Laughter again shook the company



seated around the table, and when it had somewhat subsided, Burke added with quiet humor,

"That would be a question of policy, not of rights," causing merriment to break out once more.

"Well," said Gibbons rising, "the dutiful son acknowledges the wishes of his father, as supreme. I have been duly informed that I must dine and make merry elsewhere to-night—at the request of my family, of course. One must humor one's family—".

"Especially, Gibbons," put in Goldsmith sarcastically, "when one's family makes it worth one's while."

Gibbons merely smiled, and bade good-night to the company. From that point, the club proceeded to discuss the intricacies of the political situation in England, and Sir Joshua's newest painting. They leaped from one subject to another, with lightning rapidity. Conversation became heated, then it would die to a few words. Ale was served, and they drank toasts to each member of the company.

After I had listened for a good two hours, I noted the time, quietly slipped from my seat, and walked out the door.

Many years have passed since that foggy night in London, when I happened upon the "Green Devil's Tavern." I am now an old man, but my heart still cherishes the memory of the time when I, as a humble, unknown listener, experienced the thrill of listening to a group of famous men, known as the Literary Club.

M. R. B. '34.

### OVER THE AIR

Ladies and Gentlemen--Station W. B. Z.  
A program of dance music comes to thee  
The orchestra will be sure to play  
Only songs that just came out today.

The first on the program—the duckiest  
song,  
Which will start with the peal of the  
musical gong,

The words will just make you dream of  
June,

The title, my friends, is "Paper Moon."

From sunrise till sunset—even all  
through the night—

We hear these words come over the  
mike,

Rudy Vallee's on next—but we're wait-  
ing for Penner

We're sick of listening to that crooning  
tenor.

If we had our way, we'd make it seem  
fair,

To tell those crooners to get off the air;  
Away with crooners—away from our  
land,

Let's give Joe Penner a great big hand.

Miriam Uljua, '35.

### PAGING MR. RIPLEY

It is strange how many uncanny things happened in the old days, which this generation refuses to believe; yet, those who lived during the past generation would stake their lives on the truthfulness of some of their weird tales.

When my great-grandmother told her children about these supernatural happenings, they sat, wide-eyed, stricken with awe, believing every word. One of the most absurd stories, yet interesting for the wonder it created, is the following one:

My great-grandmother lived with her mother in a very old house in England. The kitchen floor was made of brick tiles, and there was a huge brick fireplace at one end of the kitchen. Up to a few years before the time the family moved in, the house had been occupied by a little old woman who had died without ever having become acquainted with anybody throughout the village.

One bitter winter night the three children were left alone, as their parents had gone into town to do the week's marketing. They were seated before the huge brick fireplace, each one attempting to hide her timidity in being



left in the house, for in those days children were even more imaginative than they are now. Suddenly they heard the latch of the door click, and were just about to speak, as they believed it to be their parents. They soon sat back in their chairs, however, horror-stricken. The door slowly opened, and in walked a little old woman. She looked at nobody, but walked over to the fireplace, warmed her hands, and as quietly as she had entered, walked out.

The three girls were speechless upon seeing such a thing, and sat huddled together until their parents returned. With white faces the panic-stricken three poured out the story of what had happened. Needless to say, nobody slept very soundly that night, and they packed their bags and moved the very next day!

It is said that the woman returned to the house as each new family moved in. Despite the warnings of the villagers there was always a family brave enough to move into the so-called haunted house. As each family moved out, the village would be in a chaotic condition for some time.

No, I'm not related to Robert L. Ripley!

Marion Lent, '34.

### RECIPE FOR AN ACADEMIC GRADUATE

1 year of Latin.

4 years of English.

1 half year of history.

1 or 2 years some kind of mathematics.

1 or 2 years of French.

Dashes of art, music, or other conditions according to taste.

Any other suitable subjects for the seasoning of this delectable dish.

### Method

Stir well and let soak for the first year and your outcome is supposed to be a "fresh" Freshman. Next, let rise and presto! you have a good (?) Sophomore. Proceed for another year and mix in a Junior Prom, and quite a few other socials and you have a sophisticated Junior. The next process must be carried on very carefully for it is on this that the finished product depends. You bake in a moderate classroom for one year and serve with a Class Day, Graduation, and a Reception. This is to be served to the parents and friends of the Graduating Class.

The flavor may be changed by substituting for the ingredients above some good and worth while Commercial subjects.

Irja Nelson, '37.

### MY FAVORITE MOVIE ACTOR

The actor who, in my estimation, holds the spot light of popularity is none other than the inimitable Mickey Mouse. What other actor—or actress—can be so relied upon to give the fans the laughs they crave? There is hardly a person to be found in the theatre who does not thoroughly enjoy antics of this little mouse who seems so human in his performances. People who have not laughed for weeks will come and roar at Mickey. Fortunately this popularity has not turned the head of this charming little personality. Probably Mickey himself, were he to read this article, would detest my continually referring to his as "little," but as that will never be, I think I may continue safely. Mickey, though growing in years, fortunately does not grow in size, and he continues to be as he was when he first found the way to our hearts. Even with such competition as the "Three Little Pigs" he continues to hold his own and I hope he will continue to do so through the years to come.

Charlotte King, '37.



## THE VILLAGE, MAYNARD

## I

Around a spreading woolen mill  
The town of Maynard stands  
This town a sturdy one is it  
With rich and fertile lands.  
About seventy-five hundred  
Its population expands.

## II

We boast a pond, so broad and deep,  
A river, Assabet,  
A golf links green where golfers keen  
A record try to set;  
A park we have in memory  
Of those who paid their debt.

## III

We have all these and still some more:  
A park for playing ball,  
Fine schools, a gym, two theatres, too,  
For the benefit of all;  
And yet we rent our library,  
And we have no town hall!

Irene Lemoine, '36.

## SACRIFICE

The moaning wind swept the snow around the low mound of ice, piling high the drifts on the further side. Occasionally, the wind rose to a shrieking note that filled the igloo with a strange muted wail, not unlike that of a person in great sorrow. Four men were crouching around a guttering candle, that forever threatened to go out, and the wavering flame threw grotesque shadows on the wall. The eyes of the occupants were like holes burned in a sheet with live coals. Not a word was spoken to shatter the deadened moaning that bore down on the raw, quivering nerves of the haggard men.

The eyes of the leader turned their fiery glance from a too meager store of food to a greasy deck of cards. He glanced significantly at both the foods and the cards ironically embossed with

palm trees and a huge southern moon. The cards were shuffled and re-shuffled and finally dealt and the dealer murmured, hesitantly, "High card goes."

The burning orbs of the dealer saw the three of hearts, ten of diamonds, and king of hearts dealt to his comrades. The youth, for he was only that, moaned, and his face slowly whitened when he glimpsed the cursed king of hearts. The hardened dealer saw the growing fear in the youth's eye, his son's eye. Suddenly, he decided and dealt himself the ace of spades. As the card was turned, audible sighs of relief escaped from slightly parted lips of the others.

Fifteen minutes later, he set out on foot for St. John's Inlet, a distance of about two hundred miles. The wind increased to a howling gale, carrying needle-like particles of snow that soon left his face a frozen mass of small cuts.

For two days and two nights the man strode on and on, but Nature wanted a life, and she was determined to get it. The wind rose higher and higher and the exhausted man could hardly stand. He tripped, and, as he started to rise, felt his knee give under him. As he realized the knee was sprained beyond any thought of use, he cursed bitterly. He was forced to crawl on his knees for hours upon hours until he fell and could not rise. His limbs were numbed with the cold that precedes the Eternal Sleep.

Several hours later, a trapper found him frozen stiff as a board, with his arm extended and fist clenched. When with difficulty the trapper opened the clenched hand he saw that in it was a card embossed with palm trees, and on the face of the card was written directions to "save three starving men."

Ralph Pekkala, '34.

## FAME

The last strains of "Alma Mater" were just ringing out when a shrill whistle announced the end of the game. A mad bedlam broke loose, for once



more State University had emerged the victor over her ancient rival, Center College, by the narrow margin of 7-6. Every voice shouted praise for the great Bill Williams, State's outstanding triple-threat man.

A little huddled figure standing by the gate in the drizzling rain watched the huge mass disappear quickly in the direction of the campus, eager to begin the various fraternity dances, which always followed the last game of the season, and smiled occasionally in response to friendly nods. He pulled his coat collar closer, and moved toward the friendly bright lights of the locker room. The muddy gridiron, which had a moment before supported a great physical combat, now lay still and quiet. Suddenly, the quiet was broken by loud shouts of joyous laughter, and several players appeared, among them Bill Williams. He left his companions, with a carefree "See you later, fellows."

This young athlete, who but a short time before had scored the winning touchdown, greeted the huddled figure and the two set out together, Bill Williams, the most popular man at State University, and Ted Hughes, Bill's Latin tutor, insignificant except for his work in the college orchestra. It had been the happiest moment in his life, when Williams had accepted Professor Mitchell's suggestion that he speak to Ted Hughes about private instruction in Latin.

The football season passed, and the months rolled on. Finally, the most impressive moment, Graduation Day, arrived, and Bill as Class President, addressed his fellow students. Ted sat huddled in the orchestra pit, his head hot and red from the sun, gazing on his idol with admiration. When the ceremonies were over, Ted tried to reach his friend to say good-bye, but it was impossible to break through the group which affectionately surrounded him.

Years passed and Ted saw Bill but very little, and then he was always evasive.

Then Ted's big night arrived, the

night on which he was to direct for the first time the Symphonic Orchestra at the dedication of the massive music auditorium. He had risen from violinist to this exalted place through hard work and practice.

As the thunders of applause echoing from all parts of the hall greeted his ears, Ted turned about to face his admirers and the first pair of eyes which met his were those of Bill Williams, smiling proudly. He felt glad now that he had sent Bill those tickets, although at first he had been doubtful about it.

The crowd had departed and the musicians were carrying off their instruments when Ted heard a slight cough behind him. He turned about to face the man who ten years before had led a triumphant State University football team to victory. The two men shook hands and laughed for a while and chattered over memories. Ted was elated over such intimacy with the man who had always been his idol. Suddenly Bill said, "Say, Ted, you seem to be a pretty popular chap around here, and I was just wondering if maybe you could fix it up for me to sort of help the janitor, or pick up peanut shells or something like that."

Frances Fearn, '34.

### THIS MODERN EDUCATION

Oh, I just got back from college,  
 And my head's a store of knowledge.  
 I know all a professor ever thought.  
 Yes, I'm full of information  
 On the kings of every nation  
 Teachers thought me rather clever  
 In Latin, Greek, and French I learned a  
 lot.  
 In exams they "flunked" me never.  
 I can name ev'ry battle ever fought.  
 Yet my father often mentions  
 That in spite of my contentions,  
 He truly thinks his money went to  
 naught.  
 How can I forget his ire,  
 When, in doubt, I did inquire  
 "Say, dad, should eggs be stood on end  
 or not?"

Dorothy Glickman, '34.



## THE OLD, OLD STORY

"Write something for the '*Screech Owl*,'"
   
The English teacher said.
   
Friday I remembered it,
   
While getting into bed.
   
"I'll do it then tomorrow morn,
   
Why, that will surely be fine."
   
But Saturday quickly passed away.
   
Alas, I found no time.
   
Sunday came, as Sundays do,
   
But though I searched my mind,
   
Not even one worthwhile idea
   
Was I able to find.
   
Time for school has come again,
   
As for that homework of mine,
   
I guess it is the same old tale,
   
I'll say I had no time.

Elmer Salenius, '35.

## THROUGH MY WINDOW

What strange things I see
   
Through my window.
   
Why just a cat, (you'd say) on a tree,
   
But when I move my head to see,
   
A large black panther peers at me
   
From a vine-draped jungle-tree
   
Near my window.

Anonymous.

## SPRING

Spring—the feel of rich brown dirt
   
Between earth-stained fingers.
   
Against my heart
   
The rhythmic, throbbing pulse
   
Of Nature, wakened once again to
   
Life—
   
To Color—
   
To Beauty.
   
Spring—the sweetness of rain—drenched
   
lilacs
   
Filling the early twilight,
   
Evening star—and dusk
   
Alive with the vague yearnings
   
Of gallant Youth
   
Dreaming . . . .
   
Dreams.

Ruth Bishop, '34.

## THE LONE SKIER

While gazing o'er a windswept hill
   
I saw a skier glide in view.
   
He paused awhile to gaze on still
   
White fields beneath the heaven's blue.
   
Then swooping down in graceful flight
   
As from a bowstring, tautly drawn,
   
The arrow speeds beyond our sight;
   
So the figure flies into the morn.

Gertrude Heikkila, '35.







## THE INTERVIEW

The *Screech Owl* takes great pleasure in presenting to its readers an interview with one of the foremost ski jumpers of the world, Carl T. Herstad. Mr. Herstad, a Norwegian by birth, has achieved fame and success in both Europe and America. In this interview, he has kindly consented to tell us about his colorful career and a little about the sport of skiing in general.

"As early as I can remember," he began, "I was fond of skiing. My first skis were a pair of barrel staves which I fashioned as well as I could into the shape of ordinary skis. At ten years of age I entered a ski meet in Norway. I emerged with the twentieth prize and felt as proud as though I had won the world's championship.

"I was sixteen years old when I entered my first major event, a championship contest. The age requirement was eighteen years, but I had no difficulty in passing for that age. This time I was much more fortunate and received the first prize. All through high school and college, and later in technical school, I devoted a great deal of time to skiing. I used to get excused from classes for a week or so at a time in order to compete in ski meets. During this time I was quite successful and I won a total of about one hundred prizes. I was three times selected as Norway's representative to ski meets in Sweden, and I won the skiing championship of Norway twice.

"About seven years ago I came to this country. I was a civil engineer and came to Quincy, Massachusetts to continue in my chosen profession. The first American ski tournament that I ever was in took place in New York,

about a year after my arrival in this country. I represented the Norwegian-American Ski Club of Boston and captured the skiing championship of New York state. After that I took part in many tournaments, held at various places in this country. A few years ago I established the record at Lancaster for the longest standing jump. Last year I came to Concord and took over the Fairway and since then I have been too busy to do much skiing."

Mr. Herstad was asked to tell about some of the interesting things he has either seen or personally experienced.

"I have seen" he replied, "many thrilling skiing feats and have also witnessed a few tragedies. I have seen one of my friends break his neck when, after he landed from a jump of great height, his skis stuck to the snow. He was stopped so abruptly that his neck was broken. The poor fellow died the next morning. I have seen some ski jumpers go completely unconscious while in mid air, so great was their fear. They fall, lifelessly, to the ground but usually are unhurt because the snow is so deep.

"Of all my personal experiences, there is one that especially stands out in my mind. In a cross country race, I was going down a steep hill when I saw that one of the other contestants was lying on the path a little before me. He had fallen just where the ski path took a turn. He was totally unconscious, and there was nothing left for me to do but to try to jump over him and at the same time to make the turn. So when I came close to him I jumped, and as I did I turned so that when I landed I would again be on the ski path. I succeeded in landing safely and continued with the race, but ever since the memory of that



experience has remained with me.”

Asked to tell about cross country skiing, Mr. Herstad declared, “To my mind, there is no more strenuous sport than a cross-country skiing contest. To go up and down hill for thirty or so miles is enough to test the endurance of any man. Ski jumping requires plenty of nerve and a fine coordination of parts, but cross-country skiing requires almost super-human endurance and perseverance.”

He was asked whether or not the thought of having to make a big ski jump caused him to be nervous. “If I have been skiing regularly,” he replied, “I think nothing of making a big ski jump, but after a period in which I

have done no skiing I feel quite nervous, to say the least, when I am about to perform.”

In conclusion Mr. Herstad wished to have it known that the famous Alps of Switzerland are not a bit more appealing to the lover of the sport of skiing than are the picturesque mountains of Norway. “The only Norwegians that go to the Alps are those who go there to teach the Swiss youth the art of skiing. Anyone acquainted with the two countries will agree with me that the Norwegian mountains afford the skier just as good an opportunity to perform as do the Alps.”

EDITOR





## ALUMNI NOTES

### Well-known Alumni of M. H. S.

#### Frank Murray

Frank Murray is a former student of Maynard High School who has made good. In high school he did not play football or enter into any form of sport; therefore he has the unique reputation of being a successful coach without experience in the games in high school. Many people say that he is the only person who has secured a coach's position in such a manner. He is the coach at Marquette University now and before he obtained this place, he studied at Tufts College. We wish him continued luck in his athletic career.

#### Arne Frigard

Another person who has done almost as much but who has not become as well known is Arne Frigard. He is the opposite of Mr. Murray since he played an excellent game of football at Maynard High School. He, a relative of the other "famous Frigards," upon his graduation from M. H. S., attended Dartmouth College to which he had received a scholarship. He made his name well-known while at college and his Maynard fans took keener interest in the Dartmouth games when they discovered that his name was on the list of participants. He is now the able coach of football as well as a worthy teacher at Gloucester High School.

The Alumni Dept. has selected the following article from the "Screech Owl" of 1930 for reprinting:

#### Scenes In a Library

Why must shoes always squeak at the wrong time? There are so many stairs leading to our library, and a squeak for every stair makes us realize

that we are rendering quite a musical solo, but instead of the welcome applause which every "Opera Star" looks for the only thanks for the overture one receives is "Hurry up in and close the door, and please be more quiet in the future when entering this library."

By the meek expression on our face, a close observer would realize that we hold no little fear of the librarian, and we go quietly to the book case to search for a History Topic.

But, alas, accidents will happen. As we go our quiet and peaceful way, the dull air of the book room is suddenly pierced by an "Ouch" and across the aisle we "fly" into a handy and much thanked for chair. Why do people who have big feet not know enough to keep them out of the aisle? After recovering our breath we carefully lift our innocent eyes to meet the eyes of the librarian which, by mental telepathy, convey the idea to us that our departure from the Library will be soon and swift unless we settle down to study.

We decide that we **will** study and we proceed to search for our History Topic. Was it Henry VII or Henry VIII we had to look up? After making certain that the librarian is employed, we cross the room to ask one of our friends, and after a whispered consultation we discover that she didn't hear the assignment; but alas, our dignity is sorely insulted by receiving a severe lecture on the "Value of Silence In the Library," by the elderly gentlemen who is trying to concentrate on some scientific phenomenon.

We decide to look up both Henry VII and Henry VIII for safety's sake. The volume of H's ends with Henry VII and we have to take down a second large volume of that valuable but hated encyclopedia. As we cross the aisle we think of the man whose feet have the happy faculty of tripping people and we look down, but looks are deceiving and

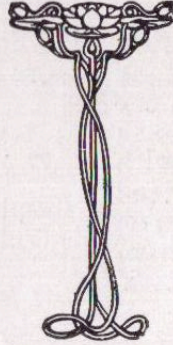


we take a false step. The next instant, we hear, "Crash," "Bang. . . both volumes find their perilous way to the floor. The next moment we realize that our disgrace is complete, for someone is coolly ushering us through the door of the library.

Do our shoes creak as we descend?

Who can tell us? Surely we do not know, for descent is so swift that our heels seem to precede our toes and we are on the street before we realize that our exit from the library was anything but in keeping with the dignity and honor of a High School Sophomore.

Alice Fearn.







Midgets 20 . . . . . Heathens 15

Beginning the first game of the new league, Jimmy Malcolm's Midgets took Flaherty's Heathens into camp to the tune of 20 to 15. From start to finish the game was thrilling and exciting with neither team ever being far in the lead at any time. Loiaka was the big gun on Malcolm's team, dropping five goals from the floor to make half of the victors' points.

Lion-Tamers 27 . Shooting Stars 18

With the league under way, O'Leary's Lion-Tamers defeated Eddy O'Donnell's Shooting Star's easily by the convincing score of 27 to 18. Labowicz, teaming with Archer and the rest proved too much for the opponents.

Cubs 14 . . . . . Dark Horses 28

The Dark Horses captained by Lubin took the Cubs over the rocks by the convincing score of 28 to 14. Girdziewski and Pileeki split the honors for the Dark Horses, both caging four floor baskets. Gilleney was the point-getter for the Cubs, scoring eight points himself.

Lion-Tamers 6 . . . . . Midgets 16

The Midgets swamped the Lion-Tamers as each played his second game. Malcolm's team put on such a defense that O'Leary's quintet scored only two points in the first half, both by foul shots, while Malcolm's scored 9. In the second half, it seemed as though O'Leary's team meant business by getting two baskets before two minutes of

the half had been played. Stopping them here, Malcolm's boys made seven more points and the final score was 16-6.

Cubs 18 . . . . . Shooting Stars 21

In the tightest game yet played in the league, the Shooting-Stars defeated the Cubs 21-18. The game seesawed back and forth with the Shooting Stars leading by one basket at the end of the half. Starting the last quarter, the Shooting-Stars began an offence that put them into the lead and won the game for them.

Heathens 24 . . . . . Dark Horses 20

The half ended with a 12-all score. Beginning the second half Flaherty's team began a shooting and passing attack that put them into the lead which they held till the end. Flaherty was the star, dropping ten points.

Cubs 7 . . . . . Midgets 11

With the Midgets on the short end of a 6-3 score at the end of the half, O'Leary's team, determined to win, stopped the Cubs the next half without a basket while they themselves made seven points to give them the game and the lead in the league.

Midgets 5 . . . . . Dark Horses 13

This game proved one-sided and not especially thrilling. Malcolm's team could not penetrate the airtight defense, while Lubin's scored steadily during the game.



Heathens 26 . . . Shooting Stars 18

Flaherty's team again came out victorious, with an easy win from O'Donnell's. Each man on Flaherty's team made one or more basket while John Malcolm was the big scorer for O'Donnell's, chalking up twelve points.

Lion Tamers 14 . . . Dark Horses 26

Using every man on his team, O'Leary had an easy time beating Lubin's by the convincing and overwhelming score of 26 to 14. The airtight defense and the offensive power of O'Leary's team was too much for the smaller opponents.

Cubs 23 . . . Heathens 18

Making all the foul shots that were called on their opponents, Frazer's team piled their score up in the first half and then played defensive basketball the rest of the game. Frazer and Suala were the two high scorers making ten points between them.

Midgets 10 . . . Shooting Stars 20

Living up to their name, the Shooting Stars shot baskets from all parts of the floor. Girdzewski was the high scorer, making all of the baskets for the Shooting Stars, with the exception of two made by Loika. This victory put O'Donnell's team out of the winning of the league Championship.

Lion Tamers 14 . . . Heathens 21

With a chance to take the lead in the battle for the first place O'Leary's Lion Tamers received a set back which came as a surprise to all the fans. Flaherty's team ran wild with every man figuring in the scoring of those 21 points, while Archer scored over half the points for the Heathens.

Cubs 14 . . . Midgets 17

Malcolm's team, with the championship practically in their hands, almost lost it to the lowest team in the league. This victory gave the championship to the Midgets after a long and interesting league which created a great deal of competition among the students and classes.

Shooting Stars 27 . . . Dark Horses 30

At the end of the half Lubin's team led easily but as the game neared the end O'Donnell's team tied the score and it looked as though an extra period would have to be played. Then a foul was called and this ended all thought of an extra period, Punch sank the free throw and Pileeki followed with his second basket to clinch the game for the Dark Horses.

Results  
Of  
Inter-School League

Team	Won	Lost	Pts. Scored	Pts. Against
Team	3	4	79	58
"	2	3	83	76
"	4	3	103	95
"	6	3	105	96
"	5	1	95	121
"	1	1	76	95

Winning Team

Jim Malcolm, Capt. . . . .	Scored 16 Pts.
John Loika . . . . .	" 15 "
R. Koskella . . . . .	" 6 "
John Girdzewski . . . . .	" 33 "
U. Norgoal . . . . .	" 6 "
Benny Sofka . . . . .	" 3 "

Total . . . . . 79 Pts.

Leading Scorers In the League

	Team	Points
Joe. Girdzewski . . . . .	6	39
John Malcolm . . . . .	5	35
John Flaherty . . . . .	4	33



I. Pileeki . . . . .	6	32
Ed. O'Donnell . . . . .	5	32
John Girdzewski . . . . .	3	33
Wm. Liverman . . . . .	4	25
V. Labowicz . . . . .	2	23
Dick Archer . . . . .	2	23
A. Fraser . . . . .	1	24
Staszewski . . . . .	4	22
Jim Murphy . . . . .	1	17
Jim Malcolm . . . . .	3	16
John O'Leary . . . . .	2	16
John Loika . . . . .	3	15

49 boys took part in this league.

## Girl's Athletics

### HOCKEY

Crash! on November 8 of last year, the Maynard Eleven, coached by Miss Finn, suffered its first defeat at the hands of a bitter rival, Concord.

At the final whistle the score stood 2-0.

The game scheduled for November 18 with Ashland in Maynard was cancelled. The athletes representing the orange and black were disappointed as they had looked forward to this game.

However, all disappointments were washed away when Miss Finn an-

nounced that in place of the Ashland game there would be a "party!" This more than suited everyone.

The last get-together of the Hockey girls proved to be a great success.

Here's hoping that in future years Maynard High will have as successful a hockey season as that in which it was led by Captain "Britt" Sneek in the year of 1933!

### BASKETBALL

In January, the girls interested in basketball were pleased to find on the notice an announcement which stated that basketball was to begin that day at 2.30.

At the appointed time, the school gymnasium was filled with enthusiastic players, some Juniors, Sophomores, and many Freshmen, but not one Senior among them!

Coach Sawyer immediately set himself to fashion these recruits into a well seasoned and fast playing unit. As he wanted the teams of the near future to be faster and in just as good condition as teams formerly, he allowed the girls to play boys' rules.

There will be inter-class basketball this year. These games will be played according to schedule as before.

Which class will win is soon to be determined.





### JUNIOR SOCIAL

The Class of 1935 conducted a most successful social on February 9, at the George Washington Auditorium. The Black and White Inn Orchestra made the night complete by its excellent music which was ideal for dancing.

The Auditorium was cleverly decorated with red and white hearts appropriately arranged in view of the joyous valentine season.

The matrons were: Mrs. James P. King, Miss Helen Morgan, Miss Ruth Bradley, and Mrs. Arthur Jordan.

During intermission chocolate-covered sweethearts and cake were served.

The Juniors showed their ingenuity by conducting a novelty, a Valentine Raffle, which added much to the enjoyment of those present.

Miss Ruth Wilson, Class Adviser, exhibited her skill in conducting this affair which was so successful, both socially and financially, and it is with enthusiasm that we look forward to a promising Junior Promenade.

### SENIOR SOCIAL

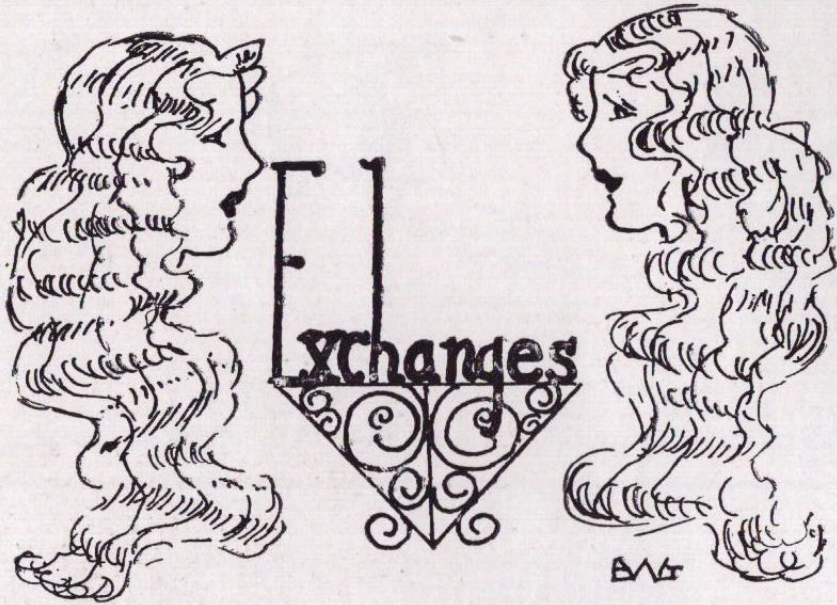
Beneath a cluster of soft lights and to the enchanting notes of the Black and White Inn Orchestra, the Class of 1934 held its first social, on December 22 at the George Washington Auditorium. The Auditorium was attractively decorated in colors appropriate to the approaching Christmas Season. The lighting system was arranged cleverly under the direction of Joseph Schnair.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Edward MacPherson, Mrs. James P. King, Miss Ethel Butterworth, and Mrs. Fred Newman. Members of the faculty who attended were: Mr. and Mrs. Donald Lent, Miss Elizabeth Teehan, Miss Anne Pasakarnis, Miss Ruth Wilson, Miss Helen Morgan, and Miss Ruth Bradley.

Refreshments consisted of ice cream and Christmas cupcakes, daintily arranged by the members of the committee. They were served during intermission, preceding which several accordian numbers were rendered by Henry Salmela.

Much credit for the success of the social belongs to Miss Marie Cassone, adviser for the Class of 1934, who has worked tirelessly in directing the class.





### Their Opinions

"The Screech Owl," Maynard, Mass.

"Writing in Text Books," "The Last Play" is just the kind of a story we like. "Pickings," the "Wise Old Owl," and "Exchanges" all take our notice.

—*"The Red and Black."*

"Mr. Screech Owl" came over from Maynard to see me. He certainly is a representative for any school to be proud of.

—*"Philomath."*

### Jokes from Exchanges

Customs Official: "Anything to declare?"

Haughty Dame: "Not a thing."

C. O. (politely) "Am I to take it that the fur tail hanging down under your coat is your own?"

—*"Philomath."*

Lam: Where's May?

Lake: May who?

Lam: Mayonnaise.

Lake: Mayonnaise is dressing.

—*"The Noddler."*

Sam Pritchard (holding test tube up to his ear): The chemistry says "intro-

duce ferrous sulphate, then slowly add sulphuric acid and note the ring." Blamed if I can hear a sound.

—*"The Student."*

Miss Dain: What kind of birds are frequently kept in captivity?

Elizabeth Murphy: Jailbirds.

—*"The Student."*

"Bob," said Paul Reed, as he caught up to Bob Main on the way back to camp, "are the rest of the boys out of the woods yet?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"All six of them?"

"Yes, all six of them."

"And they're all safe?"

"Yep," answered Bob, "they're all safe."

"Then," said Bob, his chest swelling, "I've shot a deer."

—*"The Student."*

### Our Opinions

"The Noddler," East Boston, Mass.

Your art work is very good. "Cracked Ice" was very amusing. Your sports section is well-written.



*"The Philomath,"* Framingham, Mass.

Your editorials and stories are excellent, and "Old and New Gags" are laugh-getters. The cartoons add a great deal to your sports section.

*"The Lawrencian,"* Lawrence, Mass.

This is a small but well-written paper, full of interesting school news.

*"The Wampatuck,"* Braintree, Mass.

You have a very fine magazine. The department headings are excellent and so are the Poets' Corner, The Exchanges, and the Book Reviews.

*"The Student,"* Malone, N. Y.

You have plenty of good humor and athletic write-ups. Why not include more stories and poems?

*"The Red and Black,"* Newport, R. I.

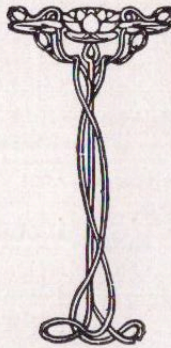
Your school news is very interesting. We would like to have been at Rogers on Pep Night. "Pat, the Senior" is as good as ever, and "Quotations and Facts" are cleverly written.

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

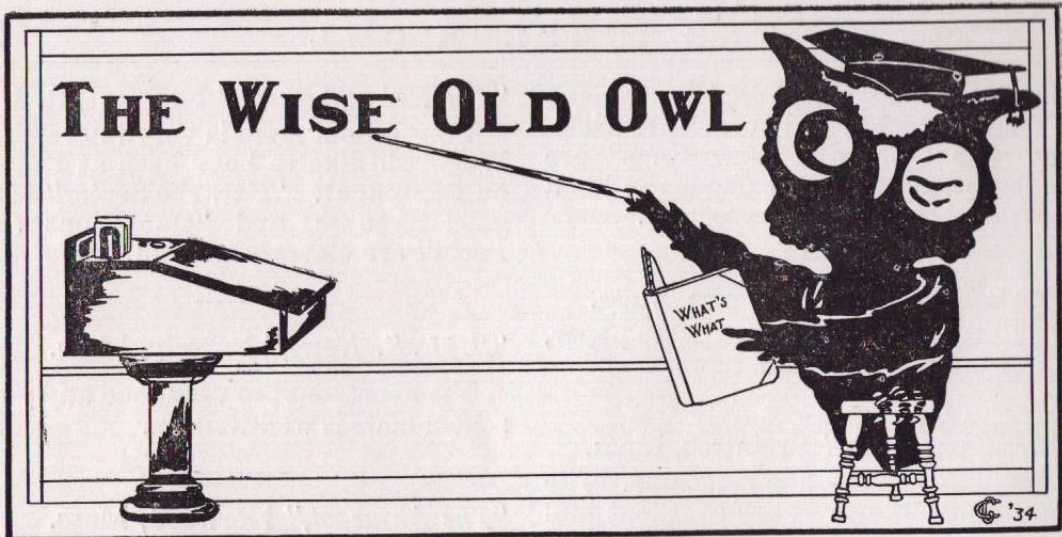
Your cartoons are very good and your school news is well-written.

*"The Arguenot,"* Norwood, Mass.

The fine cover of your magazine attracts attention and the original literary department holds it. "Double Merry Christmas" and "Captain Kelly of the Miranda" are very good. The Foreign Language Department is very interesting.







### Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know

1. Where Joe Serafinko got his "sex appeal."
2. Where Gladys Zapereski got her '33 class ring.
3. When Malcolm Trees is going to "grow up."
4. When Lena Christian is going to have her appendix out.
5. Where V. Pozericki spends his evenings.
6. Who the "Spies" are.
7. What Freshman girl goes skiing with her boy friends.
8. Where Jerry learned to tap dance, and did he fall for the teacher.
9. What Junior boys dance on their own feet.
10. Why the "Cash Only" sign is on the candy counter.
11. If Jim Creighton found out anything about Ruthie from out of town.
12. If Lillian Sullivan goes to S. Acton to see "Bill."
13. Why so many people like to contribute to this department.
14. If *The Screech Owl* should start a Walter Winchell column.
15. If R. Crowley has turned gigolo yet.
16. If R. Marsden is ga ga over a certain man in the Commercial Room.
17. If Annie had anything to do with Hank's shiner.
18. What happened to the Chemistry Club.

I have been snooping around and in my travels I accidentally stepped upon an amazing discovery. I have known all along that we have nitwits in our old Alma Mater, but I never dreamed we had wits too. I changed my mind when I overheard these remarks. If you do not see the point, you are one of the nitwits.

It was that illustrious sophomore, Victoria Jakusik who said, during the course of her history talk on the subject, of war veteran's compensation, "The soldiers who had the biggest 'cuts' were not injured."

Even teachers occasionally have good ideas. Listen:

—(Blank stands for teacher). Bring a piece of silk and a piece of flannel in for your homework Monday.

Taylor—We have only one piece of flannel at home and if I took that my old man would kill me.

—Do take it then.

By the way, how well do you know your history? Here is a question.

What was the longest battle in history?

(Answer on page 26).

Coming at "The Student"

Sunday

"Lets Fall In Love"  
with J. King and Frances Fearnis



Short Subject  
**“What the Scotch Started”**  
 with Joe Serafinko

Monday

**“My Lips Betray”**  
 starring Francis Keegan  
 also

Same Star in **“Super Snooper”**

Tuesday

**“Women In His Life”**  
 with Ray Crowley

Wednesday

**“My Weakness”**  
 Starring Catherine Smith  
 Short Subject

**“The Spy”**

Anonymous Cast

Thursday

**“Gallant Lady”**  
 starring Lena Christian  
 Short Subject

**“Hold That Girl”**  
 with Hank Brayden

Friday

**“His Double Life”**  
 with Mr. Manty

Short Subject: **“Fog”** with **“Dingle”**  
 Ledgard also Sport Reel: Malcolm Trees  
 in **“How to Throw the Bull.”**

Saturday

DOUBLE FEATURE

**“Master of Men”**  
 with Annie Swanson  
 also

**“Hot Air”**  
 with Ruth Fayton

Short Subject

**“Sing and Like It”**  
 starring Miss Lovley and the Seniors

DAILY ENTERTAINMENT  
 AT THE “HIGH SCHOOL”

Monday—Tuesday

**“Palooka”**

with John Malcolm

On the Stage: M. Hatch and W.  
 Pyszka will give their version of the  
 Carioca.

Wednesday—Thursday

**“Search for Beauty”**

starring Annie Spence and F. Punch  
 On the Stage: An inspiring talk on  
**“Why I Like Catherine”**  
 by N. Hannon.

Friday—Saturday—Sunday

**“Tarzan”**

with Bob White

On the Stage: The real **“Irish Jig”**  
 with F. Fearn, B. Whalen, L. Sullivan  
 and E. Murphy.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY

“Is My Face Red” . . . . . Waino Laasanen  
 “I’m A Night Owl” . . . . . Joe Lubin  
 “Smoke Gets in Your Eyes”  
 . . . . . “Smoky” Chidley  
 “I’ll Be Faithful” . . . . . Sophie Bobka  
 “Big Bad Wolf” . . . . . “Al” Lerer  
 “No More Love” . . . . . “Bull” Newman  
 “Parlez-moi d’Amour” . . . . . Dot Glickman  
 “You’re in My Power”  
 . . . . . “Red” Koskinen to Rita Sheridan  
 “You’re Going to Lose Your Girl”  
 . . . . . Haggerty  
 “Temptation”  
 . . . . . The Candy-Counter Girls  
 “Heading for the Last Roundup”  
 . . . . . The Senior Class  
 “Throw Another Log on the Fire”  
 . . . . . Leo White  
 “Gather Lip-Rouge While You May”  
 . . . . . Lena Christian  
 “You’re Devastating”  
 . . . . . Ernest Tannuzzo





Old Man: So you came to see my daughter?

Touch: Yes sir.

Old Man: And you play the sax there?

Toucy: Yeah!

Old Man: Well, blow!

Fayton: What's that in your pocket?  
Newman: (in a whisper) Dynamite. I'm waiting for Laasenen. He's always hitting me on the chest and breaking my cigarettes. The next time he does it he'll blow his hand off.

A bright bell-boy met a salesman at the door. "How many trunks sir?"

Salesman: None.

Bell boy: I thought you were a salesman.

Salesman: I am, but I sell brains, hear me? Brains.

Bell boy: Well you're the first salesman without any samples.

Reporter: I've just been taking some pictures of your team.

Mr. Lerer: Did you catch any of them in action?

Reporter: Sure I did.

Mr. Lerer (Shaking his head): Science is a wonderful thing!

Newman: I put my whole mind in this verse.

O'Donnell: I see, it's blank verse.

Teacher: Can you give me an example of a paradox?

Doe: A man walking a mile but only moving two feet.

Teacher: Archer, why are you not writing?

Archer: I ain't got no pen.

Teacher: Where's your grammar?

Archer: She's dead.

Music Teacher: Why don't you stop? Those marks mean rest.

Seniors: What's the use of resting, let's get through with it.

A thoughtful old gent met little Charlie one hot day. "Hello Charlie, how's your grandfather standing the heat?"

Charlie, "Haven't heard yet, he's only been dead a week."

Judge: How big was the brick?

Foolish Defendant: As big as your head, but not as thick.

Judge: Guilty or not guilty?

Elson: Well you're the one to decide. I'm not here to do the work.

First Man: Well my wife went for a visit to the West Indies.

Second Man: Jamaica?

First Man: No. She wanted to go.

Clerk: May I have a day off to get married, sir?

Boss: And what fool is going to marry a clerk getting only \$12 a week?

Clerk: Your daughter, Edith, sir.



Teacher: What is a saw horse?

Joe: Past tense of sea horse.

Roberta Marsden: What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

Ruth Lehto: I don't know, if I did I'd take some of the stuff.

Art teacher: I suppose you call that hideous cartoon modern art?

Art pupil: No, ma'am, that's just a mirror.

The celebrated Dean Swift was walking along the street one day when a young man stepped in front of him. "I never go out of a fool's way," he said.

"I always do," was Swift's answer, stepping aside.

Boss: There's two dollars missing from this drawer, and we two are the only ones with a key to this drawer.

Tanuzzo: Well, let us put in a dollar each, and forget it.

Teacher: (to pupils who are not listening): Now, boys, try and pay a little attention. I am about to discuss the peculiarities of the monkey and the least you can do is look at me.

Warden: This is last year's license you've got.

McGarry: Well, I'm only shooting the birds I missed last year.

Grigas: Say, Benny, that apple you gave me had a worm in it, and I ate it.

Benny: What? Here take some water and wash it down.

Grigas: Aw, let 'im walk down.

A man who considered himself quite a wit was invited to a banquet. When the meat came he held up a piece on the end of the fork, and inquired, "Is this pig?"

"To which end of the fork are you referring?" inquired a quiet man at the end of the table.

Joe: Why is it all short, stout men are so good natured?

Ed H.: Because they're too small to fight, and too fat to run away.

Pupil: Teacher, we're going to play elephants at the zoo, and we want you to come.

Teacher: What on earth can I do?

Pupil: You can be the one who gives them peanuts and candy.

Trees: I have nothing but praise for our new pastor.

McGarry: Yeah, I noticed that when they passed the collection plates.

Teacher: I'd like to go one day without punishing you.

O'Donnell: You have my consent.

Keegan: I'm a bill collector, madame.

Lady: Just a moment, and I will give you the biggest collection of bills you ever saw.

"Dingle" Ledgard, Junior Philosopher says, "Women don't give secrets away, they merely exchange them."

Bob: I'm in an awful predicament.

Osmo: Why?

Bob: I've lost my glasses and I can't look for them until I find them again.

Jim: Is that fellow all right to take on our fishing trip?

Bill: I'll say he is; he can cook and think up lies for the whole crowd besides.

Annie: I can read you like a book.

Hank: Why don't you then? You skip what you don't like in a book, and linger over it in me.

She (while dancing): What's the big idea, holding me so tight?

He: What's the matter? Can't you take it?

She: Sure, but I can't stand B. O., halitosis, and strangulation all at the same time.



Latin Teacher: What's that awful odor in this room?

Student: Probably the dead language.

Teacher: Tannuzzo, how far were you from the correct answer to that problem?

Tannuzzo: Just about two seats.

O'Leary in giving a History oral talk made a humorous remark. Newman burst out laughing.

Mr. Lerer: Newman's not laughing at you, O'Leary. He's laughing at something that happened last period. Next period he'll laugh at your joke.

Answer—The Battle of Hastings. It began in 1066 and she's still raging.





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