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# The Screech Owl



Sophomore-Junior Issue

MARCH · 1940

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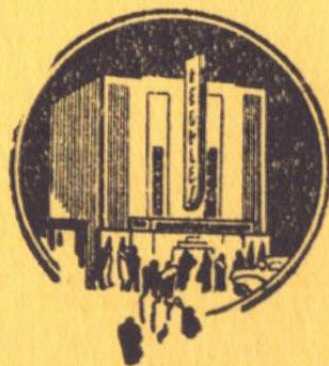
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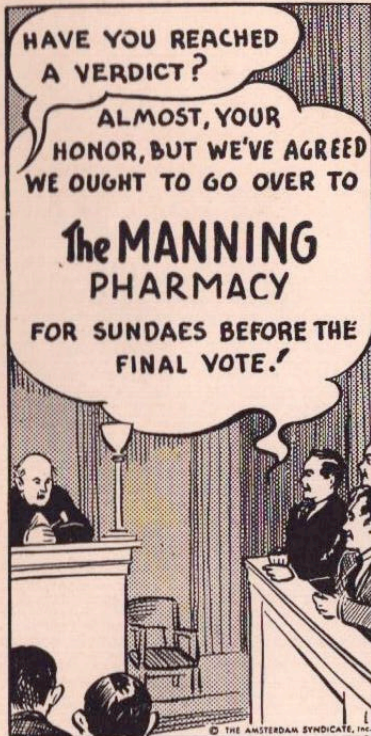
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# THE SCREECH OWL

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

PRICE, 25 CENTS

MARCH, 1940

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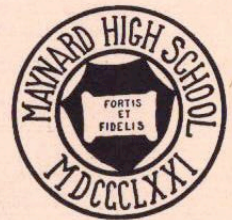
## DEDICATION

For many years there have stood in the background of the student body of Maynard High, two important, but forgotten classes—the Sophomores and Juniors—to whom we dedicate with all due respect this publication.

In the past it had been our policy to dedicate the Screech Owl to the Freshman and Senior Classes, but today the two in-between classes have their activities recognized in history-enduring print.

In the classrooms both Sophomores and Juniors have distinguished themselves as scholars and have attained a record of which they should be proud. In athletics, their members, in goodly numbers, have honorably upheld the traditions of Maynard High on the track, grid-iron, baseball, and field-hockey squads.

May they carry on as brilliantly as they have in the past, maintaining their splendid records in the years to come. All Hail! Sophomores and Juniors.



**CLASSES OF 1941 AND 1942**



## TRADITION UPHELD!

Upperclassmen look down on lower classmen; Lower classmen look up to upperclassmen.



*Left to right:* William Lesage, President; Leona Arciszewski, Vice-President; Edward Higgins, Treasurer; June Carbary, Secretary.



*Left to right:* Irma Koivu, Secretary; Walter Higgins, Treasurer; Mary Punch, Vice-President; Francis Crowley, President.



# ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

On April 16-17, 1936 the Maynard High School Teachers' Club presented the play *The Hoodoo* for the benefit of the Student Scholarship Fund. The cast was composed of students from all four classes in the high school. Inasmuch as all students taking part in this play have graduated, we thought it would be interesting to see what they are doing now.

## Class of '36

Victoria Jukusik is now working in Boxboro doing housework.

Eleanor Flaherty is a Senior at Regis College, where she is specializing in Biology.

Constance Dawson, after leaving Maynard High, went in training to become a nurse at Nashua Memorial Hospital. She left nursing to enter matrimony, and is now Mrs. Earl Wilkins. She lives in Nashua, N. H.

Margaret Castelline is employed by the Utica Mutual Insurance Company in Concord. She is doing secretarial work.

Irene LeMoine is a Senior at Regis College. She is specializing in Mathematics.

Helen Wojtkiewicz, after graduating from Maynard High, was employed by J. J. Newberry & Company. She is now Mrs. Francis Brayden and lives in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Benny Hakala is employed by the American Woolen Company in Maynard.

Richard Elson is working in the Business Department of the Boston Globe in Boston.

William Smith is studying to be an Oblate Missionary in a Seminary in Newburgh, N.Y.

Alvin Fraser is a Senior at Milligan College at Milligan, Tenn. He is specializing in Biology.

Louis Bachrach is now a Senior at Harvard. He is studying to become a doctor.

Charles Kulevich is employed at the Middlesex County Sanitorium in Waltham.

Barbara Jordan is employed with the Middlesex Insurance Company in Concord.

Helen Wzosek is now employed as a hairdresser in Brookline, Mass.

Ruth McKenna has just been elected Vice-President of the Senior class of Boston University—College of Liberal Arts.

## Class of '37

Charlotte King is a Sophomore at Framingham State Teachers' College. She is studying Home Economics.

Catherine Hoffman is employed by the Southbridge Optical Company.

Virginia Bourke is a Junior at Simmons College.

## Class of '38

Sophie Denisewich is now in training at the McLane Hospital in Waverley, Mass.

Rita Foley is studying at Fisher's Business College at Boston, Mass.

William Murphy is a Sophomore at Fordham College in New York.

Joseph Boothroyd is a Sophomore at Boston College.

## Class of '39

Charles Sullivan is at present unemployed.

Eleanor Murphy is in training at St. Vincent's Hospital in Worcester, Mass.

Another group of graduates selected by the Alumni Editor for review was the Screech Owl Staff of 1930.

## Class of '30

Mark Kelly was the Editor of this staff. He is now employed as Traffic Agent in the Efficiency Office of the American Woolen Company in Maynard.

Vieno Sneck was the Assistant Editor. She graduated from the Massachusetts General Hospital and is employed there.

Walter Brayden was the Business Manager. He is now First Lieutenant in the C.C.C., and he is stationed in Townsend, Mass.

Salmi Wirkkanen was a member of the Literary Staff. She is employed as a housekeeper in Weston.

Ethel Elson was another member of the Literary Staff. She is married, and her name now is Mrs. Archie Banks of Hudson, Mass.

Harold Lerer was the Alumni Editor. He is the manager of the New Idea Store in Maynard.

Winifred Tobin was Exchange Editor. She graduated from St. Elizabeth's Training School for nurses in 1933. She is now Mrs. John Bradley of Belmont, Mass.





Now in the Ranks of The Alumni



Alice Fearn was Activities Editor. She graduated from Boston University in 1934. She is now instructor of English and History at Maynard High School.

Wilho Frigard had charge of the Athletics. He is now a Freshman Baseball Coach, Varsity Basketball Coach, and Assistant Football Coach at Mass. State College.

Doris Dawson had charge of the Joke Column. She is now Mrs. Richard Knowlton and she lives in Dumount, New Jersey.

### Class of '31

Raymond Paul was Assistant Business Manager. He is now stationed at Fort Devens in Ayer, Mass.

Leona Dudzinski was Art Editor. She is now Mrs. Norman Walker and lives in Dalton, Mass.

Catherine Coughlan was a member of the Literary Staff. She graduated from Boston University and is now Mrs. Albert Mathers of Wellesley, Mass.

Sirkka Hurme was also a member of the Literary Staff. She is married and is now Mrs. Matti Tervo of Maynard.

Philip Wilson was a member of the Joke Staff. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College and Boston University Law School. He is now a lawyer and is in business with his father, Judge Howard A. Wilson.

William Ledgard was a member of the Literary Staff. He is a graduate of Harvard College and is now an instructor at Mt. Herman School for Boys.

### Class of '33

Reino Grandohl helped "Simmie" Seder in the Circulation Department. He is a graduate of Harvard and is now employed at the Nortan Grinding Company Worcester, Mass.

Ruth Weir was a member of the Literary Staff. She is employed as a Secretary in the Welfare Department in the town of Maynard.

### Class of '39

Frank "Gabby" Wotjkiewicz, captain and star pitcher of the Championship Maynard High baseball nine last year, will be given a try-out with Saranac Lake Club of Northern New York semi-pro league, this spring. He is an all-round infielder and outfielder, also a good batter. Frank has the sincere wishes for good luck from all his friends at Maynard High.

The Alumni Editor sent a questionnaire to a few graduates of Maynard High School to ask them about their present positions and to seek advice for us undergraduates who would like to follow in their footsteps.

Grant Denniston graduated from Maynard High in the year 1919. He is now manager of "The Surf Club" in Miami Beach, Florida where he is responsible for the maintenance and operation of the organization. Mr. Denniston states that the Commercial Course is necessary for this type of work. Here are the maxims which he considers essential for success:

1st. Mr. George A. Kennedy's "Accuracy First" still holds.

2nd. Do more than your immediate position demands.

Harold Glickman graduated from Maynard High in the year 1927. He attended Dartmouth College and graduated in the year 1931. Today he is the owner of seven furniture stores. He acts as Buyer, Treasurer, and Director of all major merchandising policies. Mr. Glickman believes that accounting and business management provide a good foundation for this type of work. The two qualities he believes essential for success are:

1st. Thoroughness—You can make the most menial job great by being thorough.

2nd. Faith in yourself—All men, on the whole, feel as you do. Those who have faith speak their convictions and are heard. Most men are afraid to speak.

Joseph Catania graduated from Maynard High in the Class of '39. At present he is a first class Private, 6th class specialist, at Fort Kamchaneha, Honolulu, where he plays in the army band and dance orchestra. As a drummer in the band he performs at parades and park concerts, and he helps bid "Aloha" to incoming and outgoing army transports. For the musical side of his work, he advises the study of all types and variety of music; for army advancement, he says that good use of English is very important. Joseph believes the two qualities which are essential for success are first, the willingness to listen to those who know the facts; secondly, to put those proven facts to use in one's daily life. He also stated that in the army, *courtesy* and *will power* are the "big guns."

P. S. He sends his regards to all his friends.



# ❖ EXCHANGES ❖

## "The Record"

Boston, Massachusetts

Your pictures of school activities and cartoons of the students are some of the best among school magazines. You also have some very interesting short stories and poems. Here is a poem that we thought quite interesting.

### "Lest We Forget"

Their voices are stilled—their lips are sealed  
But the message rings out from Flanders Field,  
From those valiant sons of God.  
They steeped their bodies in bloody gore,  
They paid with their lives—could they offer  
more?

Those brave true sons of God?  
They died for Peace. Now we homage pay.  
Long may we keep faith each Armistice Day  
With these noble sons of God.

## "The Voice"

Concord, Massachusetts

Your paper has some fine write-ups on sports. Why not add a joke column, gossip column, and exchange column?

## "The Spotlight"

South Hadley, Massachusetts

Your newspaper is quite complete with sport news, jokes, and a large literary column. Your exchange column could be improved by including criticisms of other papers as well as selections from some.

## "The Bantam"

Stow, Massachusetts

For a small magazine, with no advertisements, and mimeographed pages, your magazine is well worth reading. We understand the difficulties of mimeographing which leaves some pages a little indistinct.

## "The Signboard"

Springfield, Massachusetts

You dedicate much of your paper to sport news. Why not give some space to other things to arouse student interest—such as a joke and gossip column?

## "Impressions"

Scranton, Pennsylvania

You have one of the most original and distinctive covers among the school magazines that I have read. You also have one of the best joke departments. We liked this humorous ditty:

Before I heard the doctors tell  
Of the dangers of a kiss,  
I had considered kissing you  
The nearest thing to bliss!  
But since I took Biology  
All I do is groan.  
Six million mad bacteria  
And I thought we were alone!

## "The Student Crier"

Framingham, Massachusetts

We especially liked your sport column, but we missed your joke and gossip column.

## "The Meteor"

Berlin, New Hampshire

Your magazine has many novel features such as "Laugh and the World Laughs With You" and "From the Library." Your cartoons are also well worth noting.

## "Salt Spray"

Eastport, Maine

Your magazine is very good for a mimeographed work. Your book contains one of the few exchange columns among books.

## "Red and Gray"

Fitchburg, Massachusetts

Your magazine has a very original cover. Your column "All the Votes Were Counted" is a very good plan to bring out the students' ideas on hobbies, music, and other student interests.

To All Magazines:

I notice, in reading magazines from all over the country that very few include an Exchange Column. Exchange columns are a means of comparing your magazine with others and benefiting by another's criticism. I therefore think that all magazines should include such a department.

DOROTHY TIERNEY, '40.



# HOBBIES

A survey in our school showed that nearly everyone has a hobby, the most popular of which are as follows:

- |             |                 |
|-------------|-----------------|
| Photography | Coin Collecting |
| Athletics   | Corresponding   |
|             | Reading         |

Some of the unusual hobbies indulged in by our fellow students are:

- Collecting bottles
- " first editions of literature
- " miniature houses
- " baby pictures
- " wishbones
- " birds' eggs
- " sports' articles on Maynard High
- " napkins from restaurants

- Tinkering
- Writing to movie stars and orchestra leaders
- Hunting

The following are statements from the papers of a few students about their hobbies.

- "My hobby is girls".....F. Riley
- "I collect glass elephants".....M. Hinds  
(Not real ones)
- "I take apart old and new cars to see what makes them tick" .....A. Saaristo
- "Mix-ups in developers, short-stops, hypo, shutters, speed, and apperture openings, but my pick is still photography" .....W. Luoma
- "I have five hundred thirty-seven keys....J. Pendergast

## My Hobby

After a day filled with work, worries, and discouragement what is more satisfying than a few hours of skating? With the wind in your face and the sun shining brightly all about you, all cares and troubles are soon forgotten. It is by no means surprising to hear while gliding smoothly over the ice, the remark that, "This is the life." Nothing can take away the enjoyment of this wonderful pastime, no matter how frequent or painful the tosses and tumbles. So, with full apologies to those book-readers and knitters, I offer my recommendation for a few hours of skating in times of leisure.

MARY ELLEN PUNCH, '42





## My Hobby

At present my theme song is, "He goes through his turns with the greatest of ease, the daring young man on the hickory skis." Although we have had much snow around here, conditions for week-end skiing have been better up country. It's great fun to get your own gang together and go on a skiing trip. One meets many people and quickly makes new friends. But best of all is the thrill that comes when one comes down a slope or trail under full control, sure that he can stop in an emergency. That's real skiing. It's great when the wind whistles in your ears and brings tears to your eyes. On the way home we stop at a lunch room and boy, do we have fun there! We become one happy family. So get your duds and let's go skiing!

Remember, even the best of them fall.

FRANK NOVICK, '40

\* \* \*

## My Hobby

One would hardly believe that my hobby started when a boy wanted me to lend him fifteen cents so he might buy a package of cigarettes. For security he allowed me to hold a Civil War medal. The agreement was that he would pay me three days later, and if he failed to do so, I would be rightful owner of the medal. The outcome was the failure of him to pay within the agreed time; thus my hobby started.

I do not have many medals but among my collection are army medals, national guard medals, and a three pound cannon shell that was supposed to have been fired during World War I in Europe.

I prize the Civil War medal the most of the few medals that I have. In order to make sure the medal was genuine I looked up its history in a Civil War book at the Maynard Public Library. The investigation proved successful by showing pictures of Union soldiers with this same medal on their coats. A diagram was also in the book

and my medal was perfect in every detail. The medal is approximately 75 years old and is the oldest article in our household.

RAYMOND KANE, '41

\* \* \*

## My Hobby

My hobby is not a strange nor even a new one. I share it with other people from all over this earth. It is education in a sense because it makes me look up information about my country to tell to others in exchange for interesting facts about their lands. As you probably have guessed, my hobby is corresponding, and what is more fun than receiving letters?

I suppose that the first thing that the reader wishes to know is how I acquired my hobby.

Opening the Sunday Herald one day to the "Good Sport Page," I noticed a letter from a girl from Springfield, Massachusetts, who said that she would send the address of a girl who lived in Ireland to anyone who would write to her. A letter from this Irish lassie told that she was an American girl who had moved to Ireland and gave an interesting comparison of Irish and American schools. She then gave me the address of an English friend with whom she exchanged letters. The English girl told about her school, in which different colored uniforms signify the rank that the student attains. A Canadian letter described the King and Queen of England on their visit last summer. Although I now have pen pals from many places, my favorite is a true American, an Indian girl of seventeen who lives in Waquoit, Massachusetts. She is quite talented in art and often sends me pictures that she has drawn.

Anyone who has not tried corresponding cannot possibly imagine all the enjoyment I get from the letters which I receive, and how interesting this hobby really is.

PRISCILLA MARCHANT, '42





## Boys' Athletics

During the winter months, the boys and girls of Maynard High keep in condition by hurling a big ball through a little iron hoop. Basketball occupies the attention of all the males and females who like a good fast game with plenty of "zip." Sad to say, we haven't in the past few years been playing any interscholastic games. If we did we know we'd win. Oh, for the pennants of old! But you'd be surprised at the competition that exists within these four walls. By the sounds of the hoots and boos that hit the ceiling of the Gym you'd know that Walter Lankiewicz and his team didn't walk into any easy win over the seven defeated groups of male "hoopsters."

Here are the results:

### Boys' Intra-Mural Basketball, 1940

	Captain	W L	P.C.	PF	PA
Team 6	Lankiewicz	7 0	1.000	184	114
Team 8	Smith	6 1	.857	142	107
Team 4	Gudzinowicz	5 2	.714	159	113
Team 7	Fouratt,	4 3	.571	107	103
Team 5	Higgins	3 4	.428	147	155
Team 2	Flaherty	2 5	.285	113	120
Team 1	Graham	1 6	.142	100	174
Team 3	Priest	0 7	.000	98	164

W. Lankiewicz, Capt.  
 S. Milewski  
 S. Jakuisk  
 H. Miller  
 J. Pendergast  
 M. Sidorovich

Name	Team	Points
Lankiewicz	6	81
Milewski	6	66
Smith	8	55
Turano	4	53
Kari	5	51
Columbo	7	40

Bobik	1	38
Dudzinski	2	37
Mackrecky	4	34
Carlton	5	30
Karpeichuck	8	27
Zwirbla	5	27
Greeno	4	26
Kizik	2	26

GEORGE WHALEN, '40

## Girls' Athletics

The girls of M.H.S. have been giving the muscular males a few lessons in speed during the past two months. The gymnasium has been the scene of several royal battles as the fair damsels did everything but bite and pull hair in order to determine the best girls' basketball team at Maynard High. There has been fun aplenty, fights galore, and noise abundant—but also a mighty fine showing of skill and speed. If ever we girls get a chance to take on some neighborhood schools—we'll show 'em!

Here are the lineups and scores of the skirmishes:

TEAM 1	TEAM 2
L. Nivelá (Capt.)	M. Hickey (Capt.)
T. Grekula	F. Shymonowicz
H. Novick	S. Piecewicz
E. Greeno	M. Punch
E. Swartz	A. Perillo
E. Mark	M. Smith
J. Kolenda	H. Bygot
	H. Batulin

TEAM 3	TEAM 4
A. Hull (Capt.)	M. Crowe (Capt.)
F. D'Agata	H. Arciszewski
G. Tobin	N. Mikolajczyk
E. Perry	H. Wasiuk
R. Garside	J. Piecewicz
	A. Kuchun
	C. King



<p>TEAM 5</p> <p>L. Arciszewski (Capt.) J. Carbary G. Hanson M. Sharpe D. Lent D. Fayton G. Kaskiewicz</p>	<p>TEAM 6</p> <p>E. Burgess (Capt.) G. Boeske J. Girdziewski T. Mariano D. DiPersio N. Maki T. Dawson M. Olsen T. Maria V. Oberg</p>
--	--

TEAM 1 vs. TEAM 6  
13            21

Baskets were made by Nivelá, Grekula, Greeno, and Novick.  
The winning team's points were made by Boeske, Dawson, and Burgess.

TEAM 2 vs. TEAM 5  
20            4

Team 2 was one of the best, if not *the* best girls' Intra-Mural Team. The opposing side received only 2 baskets, while H. Batulin and F. Shymonowicz scored for Team 2.

TEAM 3 vs. TEAM 4  
8            39

A. Hull and F. D'Agata made all the baskets for the losers, Hull scored 6 points and D'Agata 2.  
The most baskets for the winners were made by H. Arciszewski with M. Crowe a close second.

TEAM 1 vs. TEAM 5  
22            10

The winner's points were made by Grekula and Novick.  
G. Hanson and L. Wasuik made the points for Team 5.

TEAM 4 vs. TEAM 6  
8            7

This was the best game of all,—so the "specs" say—for Team 6 was ahead until the last 30 seconds of play when Miss Crowe dropped one in to change the score from 7-6 to 8-7.  
Team 3 wasn't prepared to play, so a practice game was conducted between Team 2 and pick-up players. Team 2 won, 42-4, with F. Shymonowicz making twelve baskets. Sophie Piecewicz also made quite a few.

TEAM 1 vs. TEAM 4  
10            28

Crowe made most of the baskets for her team, and each player on L. Nivelá's team made a single basket.

TEAM 3 vs. TEAM 6  
0            2

A. Hull's team did not show up, so that made the score 2-0 in Team 6's favor.

TEAM 4 vs. TEAM 5  
36            6

Team 4 certainly went to town in this game. Crowe and Mikolajczyk were high scorers.

Points Scored	TEAM 1 Scored Against	1st game 2nd game 3rd game 4th game
12	21	1st game
22	10	2nd game
10	28	3rd game
16	10	4th game
Points Scored	TEAM 2 Scored Against	1st game 2nd game 3rd game 4th game
20	4	1st game
2	0	2nd game
25	8	3rd game
14	13	4th game
Points Scored	TEAM 3 Scored Against	1st game 2nd game 3rd game 4th game
8	39	1st game
0	2	2nd game
0	2	3rd game
10	16	4th game
Points Scored	TEAM 4 Scored Against	1st game 2nd game 3rd game 4th game
39	8	1st game
8	7	2nd game
28	10	3rd game
13	14	4th game
Points Scored	TEAM 5 Scored Against	1st game 2nd game 3rd game 4th game
4	20	1st game
10	22	2nd game
2	0	3rd game
11	28	4th game
Points Scored	TEAM 6 Scored Against	1st game 2nd game 3rd game 4th game
21	12	1st game
7	8	2nd game
8	25	3rd game
28	11	4th game





They Smile in Their Typical Fashion.

## The Typical Boy and Girl

By means of the pictures on the following pages, the SCREECH OWL will take you on a trip through the typical day of the typical American boy and girl in the typical American school in the typical American town—in other words, Virginia Taylor and George Whalen are just two people who look, talk, and act just the same as all the other students in the American high schools.

These two students who were elected by vote of the SCREECH OWL Staff for this photographic study are both seniors at Maynard High; George is the president of his class, the captain of the football team, a well-liked and popular boy; Virginia, better known as Ginny, is the vice-president of the same senior class. One of the most popular girls in the school, Ginny is a jolly, ready-for-anything girl.

Ginny has one brother and no sisters while George has one brother and three sisters. They both lead full, active lives and have a grand time doing so.

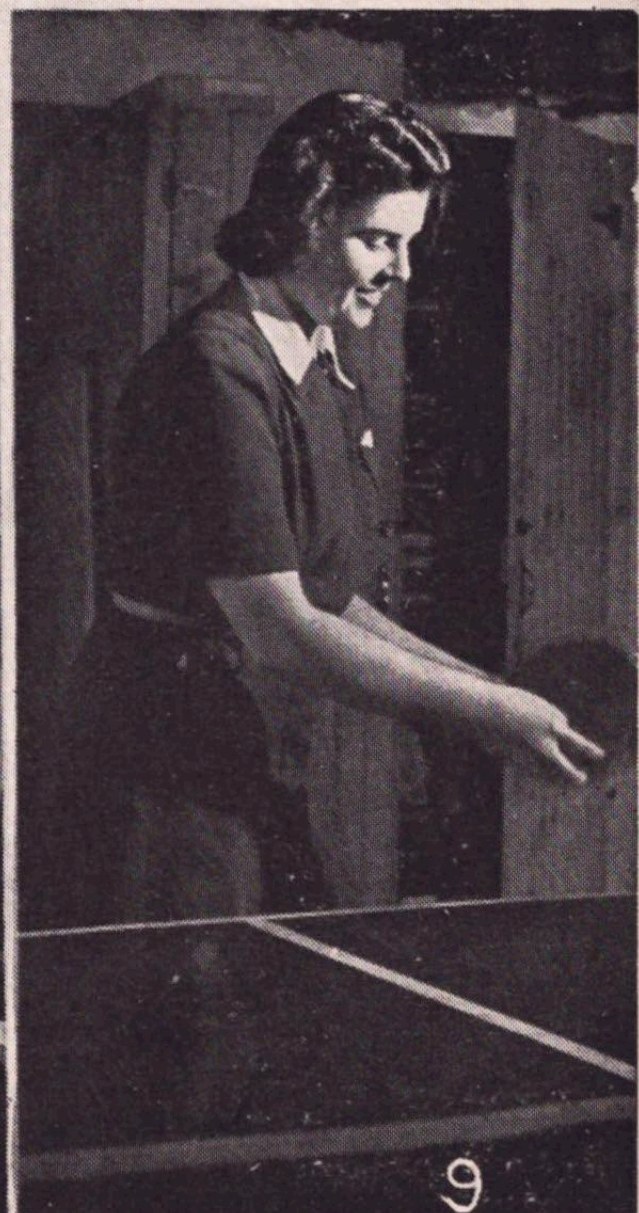
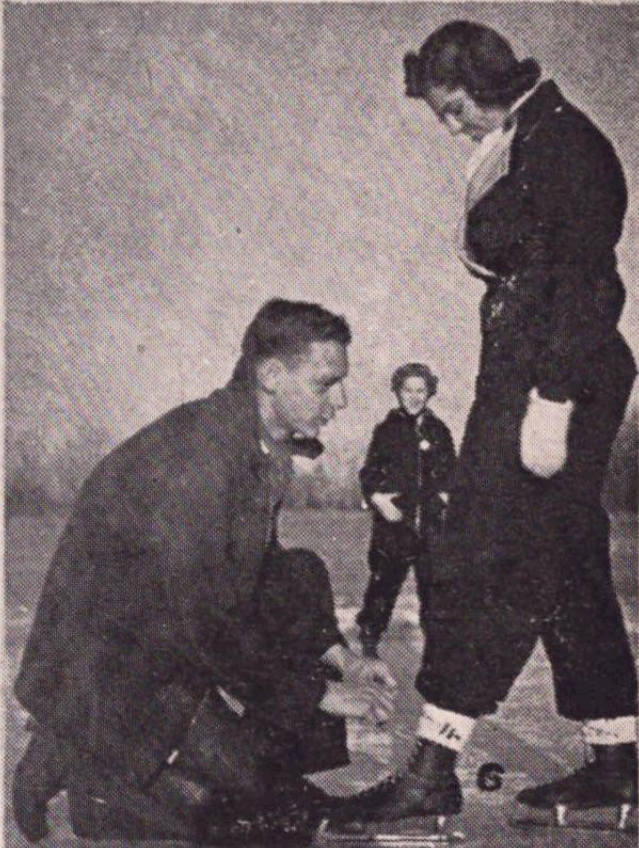
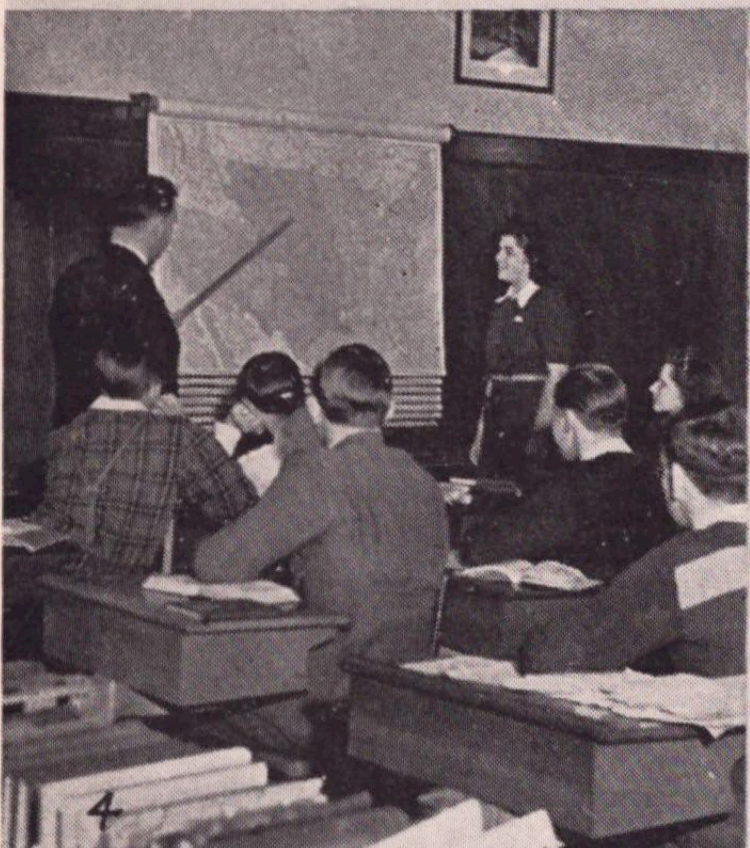
All pictures on these pages were taken by the staff photographer, Walter Luoma, and were captioned by Helen Arciszewski.

## Key to Composite Picture

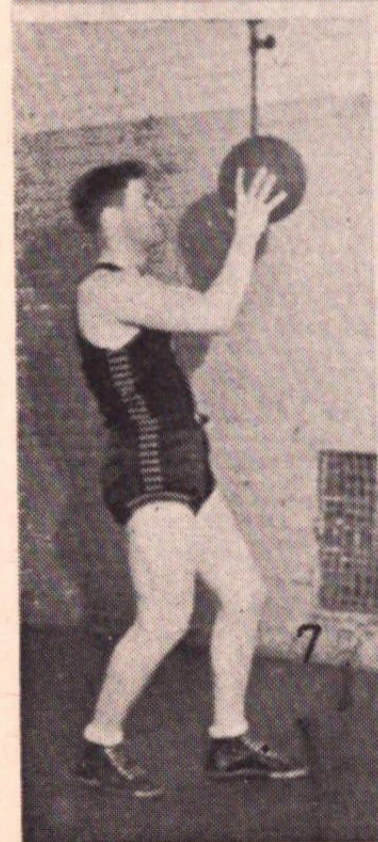
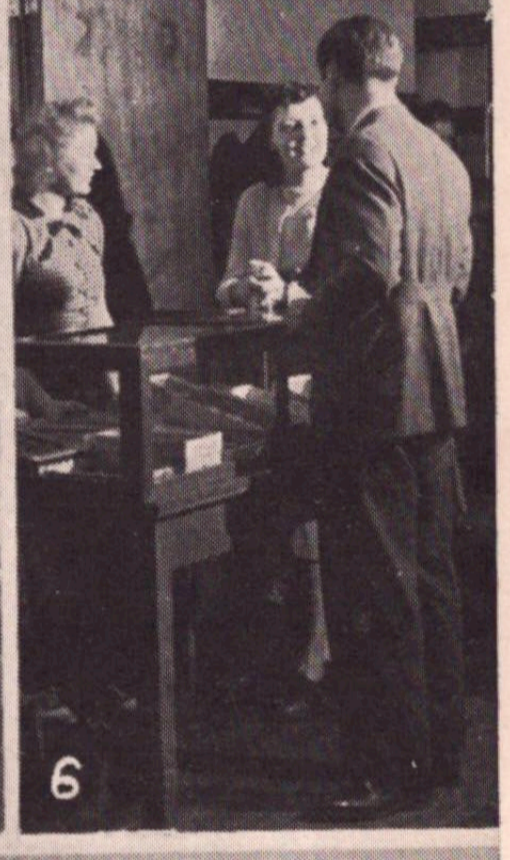
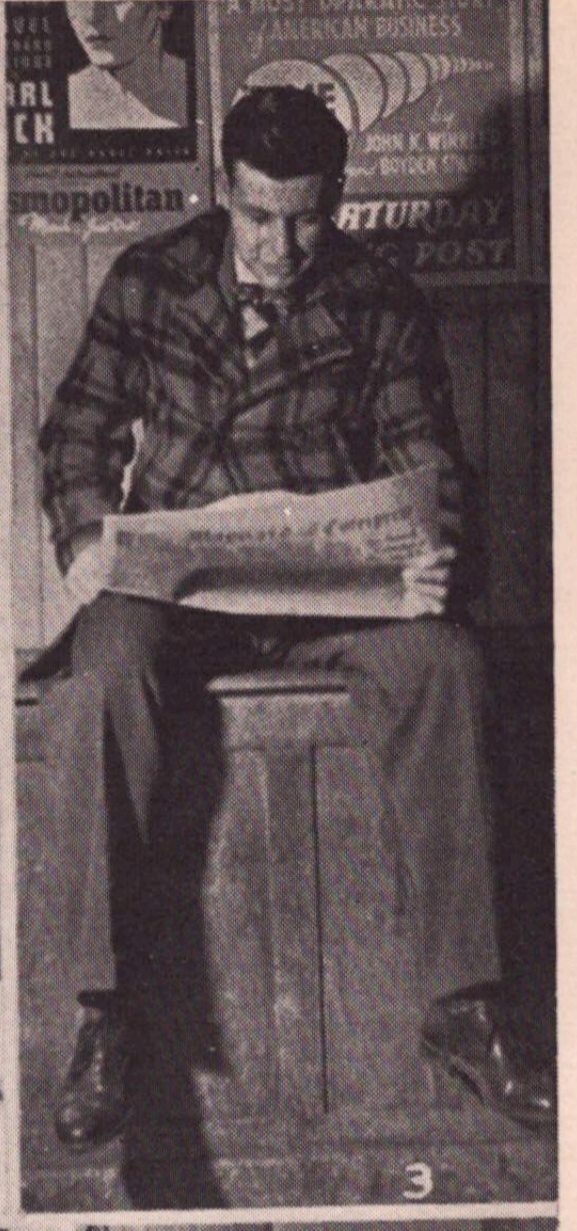
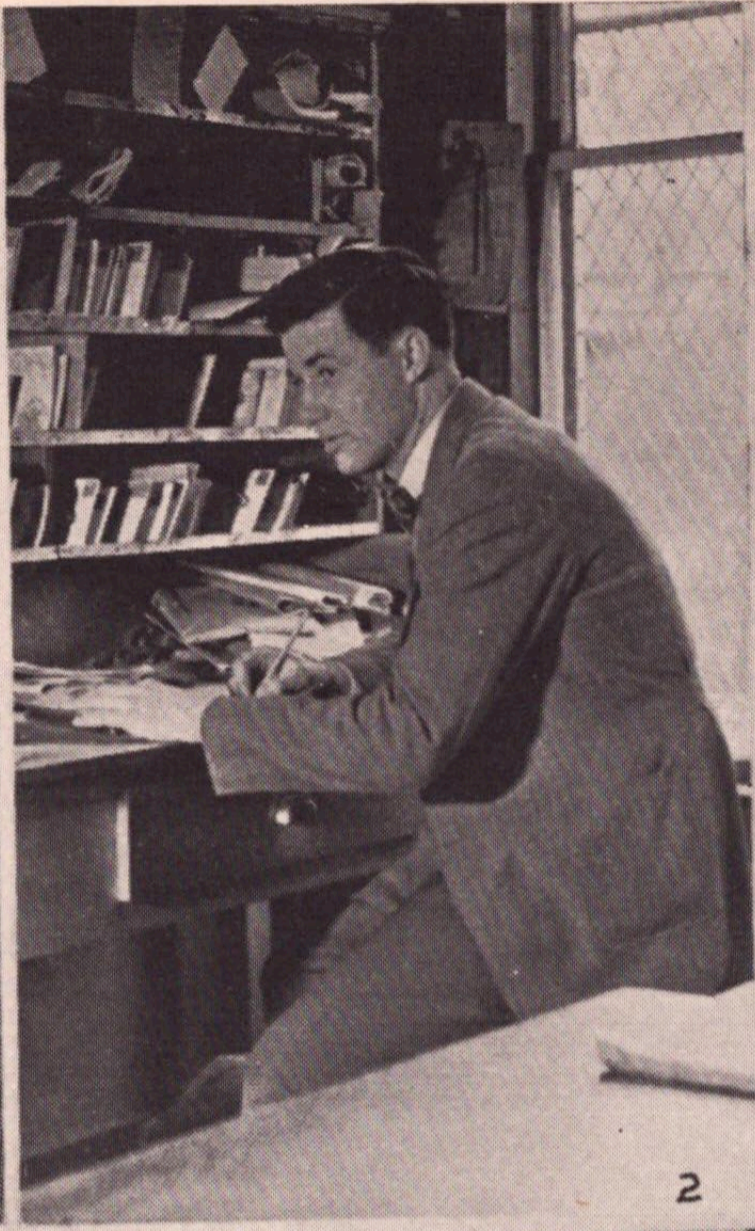
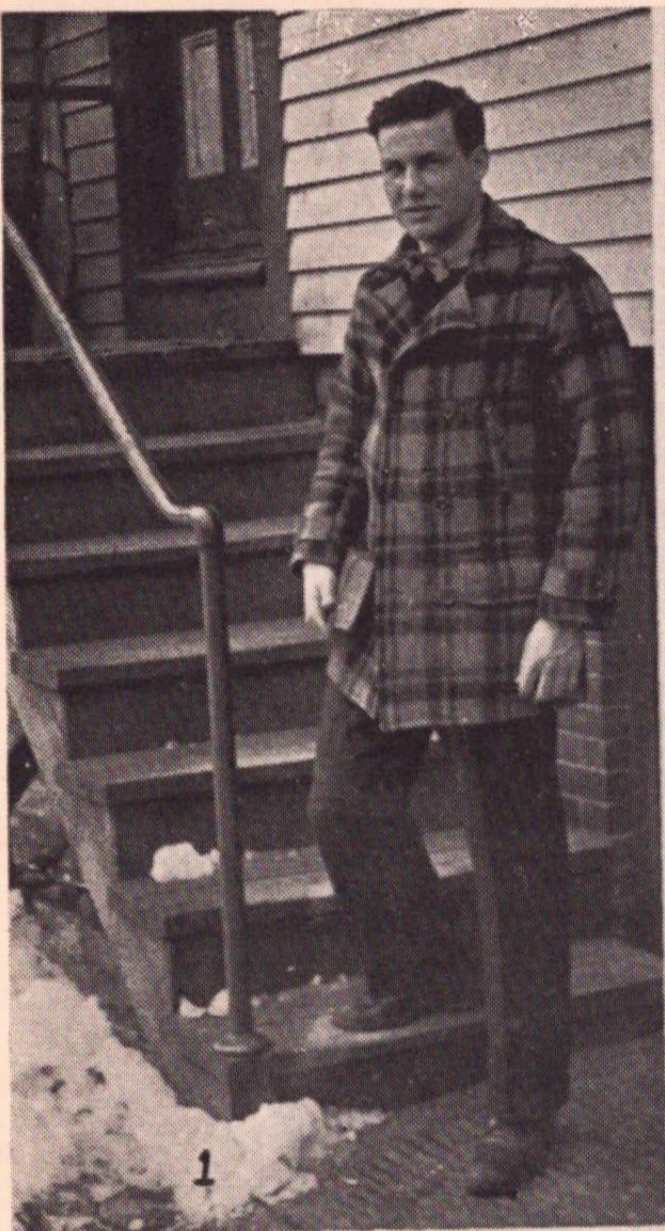
1. Virginia lives in a big white house on Concord Street. She gets up around 7:25 each school morning for there's a lot of hurrying to do before she's ready for school. Here she is eating her breakfast.
2. Ginny's friend, Loretta Dionne, lives near her and calls for her each morning. Loretta moved to Maynard from Lowell last year and is in Ginny's class in school. The two girls are pictured as they are leaving Ginny's house, starting on their five minute walk to school.
3. On the way Loretta was detained by something or somebody (?) so Ginny finished walking to school with another of her friends, Margaret Crowe. We wonder what is being so earnestly discussed. I'll wager it's not algebra but more likely what happened last night.
4. In her history class Ginny seems interested in what Mr. Lerer is pointing out to her on the map. She takes the academic course and gets good marks. In the fall she plans to go on to college to further her studies, but she hasn't decided upon which college or what vocation.
5. Recess time sometimes finds Ginny at the candy counter, but this doesn't happen too often for Ginny counts her calories. She's just the right height for her age, 5' 5" tall, and 17 years old. She is attractive with her sparkling blue eyes and dark hair—and is one of the best dressed girls in her class.

(Continued on page 17)



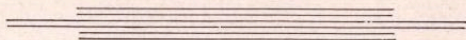








6. As soon as school's over for the day Ginny hurries home for dinner and speedily gets into her warm snow-suit for a whirl on the ice at the country club. Skating is one of her favorite sports as well as skiing, swimming, tennis, and field hockey. That's Frank Novick, one of Ginny's school friends, doing a Sir Walter Raleigh act for her.
7. On the nights that Ginny goes out she does her homework in the afternoon, which means that she does her homework frequently at that time. Once a month on a Tuesday afternoon she and her friend, Loretta, attend the meetings of the Maynard Women's Club to which they were elected last year.
8. Ginny is a very good piano player and plays for the junior-senior chorus in school. She has been taking lessons for several years and plays well enough now so that she studies only an hour a week. She is shown playing "Pomp and Circumstance" but she can also do justice to a swing number.
9. When Ginny's friends come in of an evening, a favorite pastime is a fast game of ping-pong in the playroom downstairs. Here she is shown playing the game at which she is very adept. The playroom was fixed up in the cellar recently and now it's the favorite room in the house.



1. George is up and out of his house much earlier than Ginny is. He lives on Main Street, right in the middle of the town just a step from the post-office where he works in the early morning.
2. George works part time in the post-office taking care of the special deliveries. He starts work daily at seven and sometimes has quite a long walk before he's ready to get back home for a hot breakfast. After breakfast he picks up his books and starts for school.
3. On the way to school he has the special privilege of reading, free of charge, the morning papers at Ledgard's on Nason Street, where he used to be one of the busiest paper boys.
4. George manages to get to school on time in spite of all the work he does before 8:15, which should make some of the other students hang their heads in shame for just getting in by the skin of their teeth. His two friends pictured with him are John Smith and Leo Nurmi, whom he met on the way.
5. George scratches his head in his English class as he vainly tries to think of the answer while Miss Fearn smiles at his dilemma. English is his favorite class although he may seem puzzled at the moment. George, as well as Ginny, gets good marks and plans to enter college in the fall. He favors a combination teacher-coach job.
6. Recess time is time for George to buy sweets for the sweet. He spends all his recesses with Margaret Crowe who seems very absorbed in George at the moment. Margaret also has the privilege of George's special Friday night dates.
7. George is a good basketball player and this year made his debut on the Firemen's team when they played the Policemen. He is shown practicing in the gym. George was on Charlie Fouratt's team in the intra-mural games this winter and helped the team win four out of seven games.
8. The library, where George is pictured submerged in books, is a popular rendezvous of the high school folk. Finding a good book for a book report is a job that calls for some searching and perusing of books. It seems to have George stumped for the moment.
9. Just as Virginia, George, when he does his homework, does it in the afternoon when he plans to be out that night. Here he is pictured in his favorite easy chair trying hard to forget that good-looking Scotch lassie and to concentrate on his work.





### Xmas Social

"Throw away your books, chillun, for tonight's the night. We're having a dance," shouted the sophisticated Seniors. "Time to get rid of all your cares and worries. Come one, come all." This is what was heard in every classroom on December 21st, and it certainly obtained results. The auditorium was just filled with holiday hoofers that night. They knew the holiday wouldn't be complete without a dance or two.

The auditorium was very artistically decorated. On the lights were little snowmen smiling down on the dancers, and strange to say they hadn't even melted by 11:30 p.m. Between each light, on the wall, was a spray of pine with bits of tinsel hanging on it. The balcony had sprays of pine strewn across it with colored lights showing through. Santa Claus, tucked up in one corner, watched over his chillun through the evening.

Ray Harrington was the maestro for the evening.

Every one had a wonderful time, and all agreed that it was a swell way to start the Xmas holidays.

At the dance Miss Fearn's was completely surprised by a gift which was presented to her by her Senior Class.

The chaperons were Mrs. James P. King, Miss Ruth I. Wilson, Miss Ruth Bradley, and Mr. Leo F. Mullin. The committee under the supervision of Miss Alice Fearn's was as follows, Class Officers and Russell White, John Smith, Loretta Dionne, Gladys Tobin, Stanley Palaima.

### A. A. Social

On January 12, the Maynard High School Football Squad had completed a work out harder than any that Coach Vodoklys had ever put them through. The boys had marched down the corridors and zigzagged through the classrooms of "deah ol" M.H.S. to down every boy or girl with a quarter in his pocket, a tune in his head, and a tap in his heels. Most of the pupils fell easily, however, for we all realize that the A.A. deserves the full support of the student body.

The dance was great. The "Jitterbugs" had their fling, but the waltzers and the "walkers" also had their innings. The fair damsels were given a chance to show their bravery when Will Tolman, the orchestra leader, announced a "Ladies' Choice." We had a little bit of everything. Did you ever see a "Jiver" doing a Paul Jones? Well, you should have been there.

The chaperons were Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer.

### Valentine Dance

The last week of January was a busy one for the Juniors and Sophomores who were preparing for their social on February 2. They couldn't let St. Valentine's Day pass without some recognition, and as it was so near at hand, they decided to decorate the auditorium with hearts and darts.

On the stage were pieces of string which extended from the side of the stage to the middle. On each strand of string hung about 20 or 30 valentines. These, by the end of the dance, had





1. A Few Members of the Screech Owl Staff at work(?)  
*Left to right:* Bennie Gudzinowicz, Editor; Virginia Taylor, Assistant Editor; Dorothy Tierney, Exchanges; Gladys Boeske, Girls' Athletics; Jean Davis, Art.
2. Faithfully Tapping Out Copy.  
*Left to right:* Jennie Girdzewski and Helen Kaziukonis.
3. Students at Play or should we say at Dance.
4. Eddie Wasiuk keeps up on the latest steps while his limb mends. Leo Nurmi of our business staff smiles nearby.



disappeared and the crime was blamed on souvenir hunters. On the clock hung a lacy valentine and when one looked up to see the time, he was confronted with the question, "Will you be my Valentine?" Three or four of these big hearts were strung throughout the hall. The lights had silhouettes of Dan Cupid with his bow and arrow. I wonder if he used them that night? The Juniors and Sophomores are certainly to be complimented on the dance. Every one agreed that Ray Harrington played better than ever that night, and as some put it, "He didn't spare the horses." When the last dance drew near you could tell by the look of the "swingsters" that they hated to leave.

The chaperons were Mrs. James P. King, Miss Alice Fearn, and Mr. Leo F. Mullin.

The committee under the supervision of Miss Bradley and Miss Field was as follows: Class Officers and Juniors, Albert Brown, Wilbur Walls, Gladys Boeske, Fred Savella, Marie Flaherty, Jean Davis, Raymond Kane. The Sophomores were the Class Officers and John Hoffman, Sophie Piecewicz, John Stuart, Beverley Denniston, Ruth Garside, Helen Kisley, Morgan Molloy, and Waslaw Lankiewicz.

### Snowflake Dance

What could be more fitting than a snowflake dance right after the great blizzard of 1940? On Wednesday afternoon, February 21, the Seniors held the frolic. Every one had a chance to dance. There were no wall flowers that afternoon. Mr. Mullin and Miss Fearn were at hand to see that every one was dancing and all the bashful Fred Astaires were introduced to all the retiring Eleanor Powells. There were boys and girls too, who had never been on a dance floor until that afternoon, but they were real "Jitterbugs" when the dance was over. The recordings of popular band leaders such as Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and Kay Kyser were played, and they were a big success. As someone said, "If you didn't look at the stage you would think you were dancing to a fourteen piece band. A good time was had by all.

The committee under the supervision of Miss Alice Fearn was as follows: Class Officers and Ruth Hodgess, Edwin Wasiuk, Benny Gudzinowicz, Alec Bobik, and Helen Kaziukonis.

### Picture Naming Contest

Because of the modern trend toward photography, pictures have become the medium of advertising. Pick any magazine up that has advertising in it and you will find that photographic illustrations always lead the pack. Pic-



He Brought Money to One Boy

tures have a selling power that plain written advertising has not. Of course the write-up has to be effective to put the ad over, but pictures attract the eye and cause a person to read the ad *after looking at the picture.*

With these thoughts in mind the SCREECH OWL Staff has set out and now is ahead of times, by putting out an issue that will be remembered in M.H.S. history as the one which set off the photographic craze among the students and faculty.

On February 5 a poster on which was mounted a picture of a white Spitz dog appeared on the bulletin board. On closer examination it proved to be a contest sponsored by the SCREECH



OWL Staff. The grand prize was \$2.50 in cold cash.

Mrs. Mary Moynihan and Mr. John Hannon graciously accepted the hard task of judging the entries. After struggling many days they finally chose "Waiting for the Master," the brainchild of John Korpi, as the most fitting title.

WALTER LUOMA, '40.

## Everyone Knows Him

Interview With Mr. Harold Lerer

One of the SCREECH OWL's longest and most faithful subscribers is Mr. Harold Lerer—better known by his friends and customers as "Noochie." Ever since the SCREECH OWL's first publication, an ad from the New Idea Store, one of the favorite shops in town, has appeared in every issue. The store has been in business for a period of thirty-five years and Mr. Lerer, who attributes part of the store's success to advertising in the local papers and magazines, has been at work there for ten years, assisted by his father. Mr. Lerer enjoys working at the store very much, which is probably why he makes such a good impression upon customers.

Mr. Lerer graduated from high school in 1930, at the time when Mr. Gifford was principal. This year, that same class is planning to hold a class reunion, probably in the spring. Although Mr. Lerer has attended four or five class reunions since he last graduated, he feels that this one should be the most interesting because he expects to see there two fellow students—one of whom is now in Hawaii and the other in Europe. Mr. Lerer is a former member of the SCREECH OWL Staff and still recalls some of the articles which he submitted to the Alumni Department. He was and is a sports enthusiast and consequently enjoyed writing about that subject as well as participating in it. He enjoyed his high school days very much and sometimes wishes he was a student once again. He is a junior advisor in the local DeMolay and wears the ring signifying his life-long membership in the DeMolay Order of Chevalier. He is also a past patron of the Magdalene Chapter O.E.S., in which masonic work he was very active and interested.

Mr. Lerer has several favorite hobbies, one of which is fishing. He enjoys going on deep-sea fishing trips, but recalls that "the biggest one that got away" did so at Moosehead Lake in Maine. Mr. Lerer is also well known for the long trips that he takes during his vacations in the



When the New Idea was a Young Idea

summer. Last summer he and one of his friends traveled over two thousand miles, by car, as far as the Gaspé Peninsula in Quebec—where the fishing was enjoyed and proved to be very successful. The scenery there is incomparable, and the place itself a wonderful spot for vacationing. This trip to the Gaspé Peninsula is Mr. Lerer's most recent one, though he has also been to the Adirondacks, the Catskill Mountains and on a tour throughout eastern Canada. This year Mr. Lerer is, once again, looking forward to another trip.

Whenever we see that ad on the back cover advertising the merchandise of the New Idea Store, we'll know that the man behind it is so well known and so well liked, not only because he's a salesman or most regular advertiser, but because he's so congenial and everybody's friend.

LEONA ARCISZEWSKI, '41





#### TWO ANSWERS SHORT

*Front Row (Left to Right):* Bennie Gudzinowicz, Leo Nurmi, Russell Edwards.  
*Rear Row (Right to Left):* Miss Alice Fearn, Senior Class Adviser; Dorothy Tierney, Helen Arciszewski, Anna Allard, and Leo F. Mullin, Submaster.

#### Radio Quiz

On last January 5, history was being made on the air-waves. That steadily conquering Maynard High team consisting of Anna Allard, Helen Arciszewski, Dorothy Tierney, Bennie Gudzinowicz, Urho Mark, and Leo Nurmi, were easily gaining another victory over that fighting team from Tourtellotte High School, of North Groversdale, Conn. This was the second time the radio quiz team from Maynard were contesting and they were all in the spirit of the game. These smiling, confident youngsters made a pleasing appearance in a well groomed, meticulous way. They entered the radio station that night hopefully, and anyone could tell they had won by well over 200 points when they left the station in high spirits.

This victory entitled the Maynard Team to a participation in the semi-finals. On February 2, the team with substitute Russell Edwards batting for bed-ridden Urho Mark left Maynard so eager to win and get it over with in a hurry that it was no wonder Brookfield High had to succumb before the onslaught of these six Maynardites.

The key to the whole matter was the social going on in the auditorium that very night. Six brains were working hard in Worcester on February 2, but six hearts were all back in that auditorium in Maynard. How could Brookfield or any other team win over a team in such a spirit? Those six Maynard pupils couldn't go back to that hall and tell all those expectant fellow-students that they had lost. Neither did they have to, for when, after breaking all known speed records, they got back to Maynard in time for four or five dances, they announced the 2400-2200 victory. Six people were the belles and beaux of the ball, that night. It seemed more like a "Hail, the conquering heroes!" Ball than a Freshman-Junior Social.

They didn't wait long until they were once again summoned to Station WORC on February 9 to take part in the most important contest of all—the finals. The opposition was a team from Spencer—a very intelligent, congenial group. Both teams were eager for a victory and the score was therefore close throughout the contest. The questions seemed to be more difficult than they had ever been before, There was a



large audience in the station, representing both Maynard and Spencer, and pleasure plus disappointment were both recorded alternately on their faces as they intently hung on every word. It was a hard fight and it was even harder to lose, but someone had to, for we all can't win all the time. Spencer managed to get ahead of Maynard at the halfway mark and diligently held onto their slight lead to the very end when the final score announced was Spencer—1500, Maynard—1385. Just 115 points to victory.

Many well-meaning people have sympathized with the team by saying it was too bad they lost. But, fella, that isn't the way to look at it. They didn't lose the finals—they won second-place in the contest.

HELEN ARCISZEWSKI, '40

### Interview With Georgia Mae

The following interview with the well known radio star, Georgia Mae, was granted to me at Parker Street Hall on January 9. As I was very excited and didn't want to be late, I went over to the hall at a quarter past seven.

Walter Luoma, our SCREECH OWL photographer, came over with me to take some pictures. The star arrived about seven forty-five, so you can be sure I had plenty of time to talk to her.

As we entered, we were met by a pretty young girl. I was a whole five inches taller than she, for she is only five feet tall. Her weight varies



AM I SURPRISED!

from 96 to 100 pounds, so you have some idea of her size.

I guess I wasn't the only one who was curious to know whether or not Georgia Mae was a true westerner, for everyone seemed to ask the same question. Well, she was born in Colorado eighteen years ago. For some reason, her father was transferred east to Massachusetts and they have been living here ever since. Her grandfather, who, Georgia says, is a grand old chap, is still in Colorado.

Her present address is Walpole, Massachusetts, but a lot of her time is spent in Boston, where she broadcasts. She comes over the air at one fifteen, station WORL, every day except Sunday, on one of the best Cowboy Programs you've ever heard. She is the main performer, with occasionally a song from her bashful brother Bill, or by another character known as the "Mystery Woman." She has a little dog who gives a good performance.

Georgia certainly loves her radio broadcasting, for she has been on the air daily, for almost seven years. During this time, she has also been featured in person in most of the New England states, always giving a grand performance.

While talking about hobbies and ambitions, Georgia stated that she likes horseback riding, (which is only natural for a westerner) swimming, crocheting, cooking, and then, last but not least, roller skating, and believe me she is a marvelous skater. She proved this by doing a roller skating dance and a bit of fancy skating in the show at the hall.

While backstage we talked as all girls do when they get together. She is what a boy would call another boy "a regular fellow." Her brother, who was seated close by, said very little but proved his ability as a performer by singing on the program. He is a shy fellow, not a bit like Georgia who can talk without hesitation. Now don't get me wrong; she only talks when she should, and says only what is called for.

I asked for her opinion of Maynard and she said it is a nice place. Although she has been here twice, both visits were limited to Parker St. (The next time she comes out we'll have to show her the town!). The people, she thought, were all very nice and especially kind to her.

Now we needn't think her high-hat, for, with all her success, she is still as sociable as ever, with never a patronizing air.

HELEN KAZIUKONIS, '40





## Confucius Say

Confucius say this one big day  
For juniors and sophomores;  
Worthy dedication to them, hey-hey,  
Of SCREECH OWL and all its lores.

Confucius say times so changed,  
Romances old all deranged,  
Comes love and kiddies no delay,  
With three, four bachelors leading way.

First bachelor—Dickie Flaherty,  
Is traitor to other three,  
Mary O'Neil is now by chance,  
The subject of new romance.

Their letters keep the mailmen busy,  
For Mary lives in Brighton, you see,  
And Confucius is so very dizzy,  
Busy as traditional bee.

Sophomore bachelor—Tommy Brown,  
Certainly makes Confucius frown,  
Tommy remains too evasive—  
But girls can be so persuasive.

Guy, the Junior bachelor that isn't,  
For Mary Hickey has seen to that,  
No waste time. To his heart he listened,  
And now, to Mary, off goes our hat.

Now Leo, the sly little schemer,  
Had a girl but didn't tell;  
I'm afraid Kitty didn't beam—er,  
When Confucius fell.

Leo was declared a bachelor  
And almost got reprieve,  
But to Hudson he go by his car,  
And now they're laughing up two sleeve.

Confucius saw when George Whalen  
After Margaret Crowe start trailin';  
Confucius say nice boy, nice girl,  
Nice romance starting with a whirl.

'Gainst Barbara MacClane and Charlie Fouratt  
Confucius placed a heavy bet;  
Playing with Charlie when Helen's around,  
Is taking chance on trip—Rebound.

Barbara's friend, Marion, fared li'l better,  
For Eddie Higgins on pedestal set her;  
His gold football pin she wearing,  
Whie Eddie to her his faith swearing.

Confucius see June Carbary  
And Kennie traveling bumpily  
To meet each other merrily  
On that rough road, verily.

Confucius say Yash better watch out—  
Molly's tired sitting about  
Waiting for business to be slow,  
So now she's going out with Bo.

Confucius saw Dan Cupid fan  
Flame for Harriet Moynihan;  
Wasil Chernak, a handsome lad,  
Is now Harriet's latest fad.

Harriet's pal, Marion Hinds,  
In dark Victor Lalli finds  
The answer to one maiden's prayer,  
And so we have another pair.

Another group we've seen about,  
Pairing whom, give us doubt,  
Are Eileen Perry and Anne Perillo,  
With those two seniors, Peewee and Arlo.



Confucius say how can he keep tabs  
On every one when all the gabs  
Link Maynardites with out-of-towners;  
Let's name the favorite towns of clowners.

Blanche Sergei is in such a thrill  
Over someone who comes from Graniteville,  
It one time Hudson, could have been Stow,  
But out of town it must be, statistics show.

Olga Luhaink favor Actons,  
Not for its scenery but for sons;  
Peggy Whalen is in same boat,  
And in it to Acton she'd like float.

Bobby Ey's cute little interest  
Hails from Sudbury—you know the rest,  
His girl's got sister, you know,  
You don't? Well, Jerry DiGrappo does so.

Confucius say when you can't get, you fret;  
That's not Aline Keough, I'll bet,  
For Johnny Creighton she doesn't care,  
Not when Koch or Rivers are there.

Confucius say each Thursday night  
On Walnut street you can sight  
Sirkka Koskinen and Tuovi Karhumaa,  
As he walk her home from church—true rumor.

Confucius say on Glendale Street,  
Harley Dwinell finds his treat;  
We know because we heard him warn  
The boys from Helen Matson be gone.

Confucius say that Freddie Sarvela  
Would like to be Mary Sharpe's fella,  
Well now it's up to Mary,  
So for Freddie's sake, don't tarry.

Confucius say that Billie LeSage  
For Clara Gogolin is all rage;  
But, by chance, Billie doesn't seem to be  
The only one this girl see.

Confucius say that that glamorous blonde,  
We mean one Ima Koivu, is fond  
Of Lauri Pekkanen, lucky lad,  
With Irma his, he not do so bad.

Confucius say Tommy Foley  
And Marie Olsen could be—  
Well, you all know what we mean,  
If you don't just use your bean.

Confucius say that Johnnie King  
To five senior commercials gave a ring,  
We know Jennie and Blanche are two,  
The other three are up to you.

Confucius say Sophie Zaleska  
With Ronnie Newman come far,  
Sophie and Ronnie have been doubles  
For a long time without troubles.

Confucius say there are three girls  
From Concord fellows getting whirls,  
Helen Cuttell and Marie Flaherty,  
And Eleanor Primiano, you see—

They are all getting too interested  
In Concord we no contest it,  
So don't blame us if there isn't a chance,  
Because what we advocate is romance.

Confucius say Elsie Burgess  
Is the cause one boy's fuss,  
Between two girls he torn apart;  
We predict that with Elsie Ray will start.

By now you've all had a chance to glean  
What happened when Irish colleen,  
Red-headed, at that, visited here  
Three weeks ago—you simply must hear:

Confucius say this striking lass  
Certainly has knack to amass  
So many hearts in such short time  
No matter what the weather or clime.

Confucius say if you're in plight  
About finding someone most any night,  
Nine times out of ten, doughnuts to dollar,  
You'll find them in the Arciszewski parlor.

Confucius say you'd better be good,  
Confucius will get you if you brood,  
Confucius can catch you in any old mood,  
Especially when doves have cooed.

HELEN ARCISZEWSKI

### Cousin Zeke's Mail Box

Dear Cousin Zeke:

I am very fond of athletics, especially jump-  
ing. Alas! I am one legged what do you suggest?  
A.A.

Dear Aloyius Athlete:

Lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

Dear Cousin Zeke:

I am bothered by nightmares. What should  
I do to get rid of them.

M.M.

Dear Maurice Mare:

Get a halter and tie them to the bed post for  
the night.



Dear Cousin Zeke:

After stoking the furnace I find that the house gets too hot. What shall I do?

H.H.

Dear Harry Hothouse:

Open the window and see the fire escape.

Dear Cousin Zeke:

The Bank for which I work is going bankrupt. What shall I do?

E.E.

Dear Elmer Emptypockets:

Cheer up! the building is supported by its foundations.

WALTER LUOMA, '40

## Just a Good-Looking Boy

(Dedicated to all the M.H.S. Romeos)

Johnnie thinks he's quite a blade  
And that his charms will never fade.  
A dozen girls are on his string,  
And all are fighting for his ring.  
Johnnie hands them a line so bright  
And then he kisses them all good-night.  
He squires them round with a cheery air,  
And goes on whistling without a care.  
The girls all fall like a ton of lead  
His flattering praises go to each head.  
Tho' the girls eat it up with a wide-eyed stare  
In our opinion it isn't quite fair  
To delude the poor little innocent dopes,  
Then leave them bereft of their fond little hopes.  
But you will find when the bell is rung  
The girls are the ones who are going to get stung.

So we wish him luck and a very good time  
'Cause we must admit he's got quite a line.

"ANONYMOUS"

The character depicted in this poem is entirely fictitious and any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely premeditated.

## A Plea

*Remember Me?* someone said. *Have you Met Miss Jones?* I took one look at you, *Who Knows Where or When, And Then My Heart Stood Still. You Made Me Love You; I Didn't Want To Do It* for I have *Always* said *I Only Want a Buddy, not a Sweetheart* but you were *Oh, So Easy to Love. You* became my *Every-*

*thing.* It seemed as though *Fate* had decided *It Had To Be You* but *Who Were We to Say? Why Couldn't it Last? Why Couldn't I* remain your *Little Girl?* You grew *Careless* and went away leaving me all *Alone* and it was *All Over.* I was left *Crying the Blues.* *Was That the Human Thing to Do?* Wherever you may be in this *Changing World* will you still *Remember?* What has become of the *You and Me That Use to Be?* Surely you must recall the nights we spent in an *Old Dutch Garden, Seventh Heaven,* by the *Mill Wheel,* and on *A Little Street in Singapore,* where you told me there were *Stars in My Eyes.* I could see *Tears in Yours.* *Oh, Johnny, Please Come to My Rescue* and say there will be no more *Blue Rain,* only *Blue Skies* for *You and Me.* Say you haven't forgotten *The Girl You Left Behind You. We've Come a Long Way Together. Can't We Be Sweethearts Again?* just as we were *Way Back in 1939 A.D.*

Always

Fifi

MURIEL PETERSON, '40

Latin—*Tell Me That I Know It Tonight*

English—*If I Only Knew*

French—*Mon Cher, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup*

History—*When?*

Art—*You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby*

Domestic Arts—*This Can't Be Life*

Biology—*Give Me The Wide Open Spaces*

Chemistry—*Who Blew Out The Flame?*

Physics—*Stardust*

Mathematics—*Pick A Number From One to Ten*

Bookkeeping—*You're A Sweet Little Headache*

Shorthand—*Simple and Sweet*

Typewriting—*I'm Going To Sit Right Down and Type Myself A Letter*

Mechanical Arts—*Whistle While You Work*

Basketball—*Stop—They're Wonderful!*

Football—*You Gotta Be A Football Hero*

Hockey—*I Fall Down And Go Boom*

Baseball—*Take Me Out To The Ball Game*

ANNA ALLARD, '40

## What If:

What if:

Richardson	were	Richardsfather
King	"	Queen
Sharpe	"	Dull
Grahame	"	Educator



Hanson	"	Ugly
Beane	"	Carrot
Gibney	"	Kidney
Lent	"	Borrowed
Baker	"	Cook
Kane	"	Stick
Crowe	"	Sparrow
Brown	"	Red
Mark	"	Erase
Holly	"	Mistletoe
Wasuik	"	Is-sick
Hull	"	Deck
Hill	"	Valley
Moore	"	Less
Byrne	"	Singe
Hoffman	"	Hoffwoman
Punch	"	Sock
Reini	"	Cloudy
Wright	"	Wrong
Tobin	"	Coalbin
Walls	"	Floors
Kolenda	"	Calendar
DaGata	"	DaSuspende
Hickey	"	Oak
Schnair	"	Trap
Baldi	"	Vitalis
Whalen	"	Fishin'
Watt	"	Why
White	"	Black
Weir	"	Where
Bygot	"	Gotby
Newman	"	Oldman
Miller	"	Butcher
Bamford	"	Bambuick
Carlton	"	Carl pound
Taylor	"	Cleaner
Karhumaa	"	Dry humor
Burnham	"	Scorchedham
Whitney	"	Witless
Kenfield	"	Kenmeadow
Perry	"	Cherry
Arciszewski	"	Kane

H.A. '40

### The Wise Old Owl

1. The "Snooky" Whitney, Thelma Dawson affair has been going on for quite a while. Now, was The Owl surprised when "Snooky" blossomed out wearing an Acton High School Class ring. We wonder!
2. "Scotty" Graham sure surprised us all when the "redhead" arrived in town. We have an idea he spent most of his time up

- Main Street. Too bad she isn't a permanent resident.
3. Charlie Fouratt is again with Helen Wasuik. Charlie won't you quit bouncing around? The Owl finds it is hard work trying to keep tabs on you!
  4. W. LeSage has surprised us all by going in or out for German names. We find his vocabulary consists of one word, Clara! Seeing the Juniors have not as yet received neither their class rings or pins we find Billy to be sporting a "horse" pin which he thinks "the world of!"
  5. Priscilla Marchant has surprised us all by recently admitting that nobody comes up to the codes and marks of Colby Sewall. Well, well, so it's been he all along. *Hm!*
  6. Billy Gallagher's records sure have caused quite a bit of "grand entertainment" for us High School students. We want to thank Billy for letting us hear them when we wish. They sure are "swell."
  7. What has got in to Elsie Burgess lately? First we hear that there is no one like B. Gudzinowicz; then we hear its Eddie Higgins; next Ray Bamford! As for Bennie you've got something there!
  8. It seems as if F. Dudzinski, Olga Luhaink, M. Whalen, etc. have all gone Acton! Why? Isn't Maynard good enough for you? You know we are pretty nice!
  9. What's got into the Arciszewski sisters lately? Can't they make up their minds? We hear you have "to sign" before going into the house saying, "You came of your own free will and accord" *Hm.* Strange!
  10. It must have been Frankie Novick's green shirt that got them. We hear there are quite a few little misses that think Frank quite the tops. Better be careful!
  11. It took Jimmie Gibney quite a while to summon up courage enough to speak to the one and only! We find that he isn't wasting time, now. We see it is none other than Marie Olsen. You have a competitor in the person of Tommy Foley, Gib!
  12. We hear D. Downen spends a great deal of his time between Acton and Sudbury, Say, Donald you're not going to desert us for a couple of blonds are you?



13. R. White has surprised us all by writing notes to Helen "Sluggar" Novick. Say, what's the idea, "Whizzer?" We thought you were "off girls" for life?
14. J. Ayotte's birthday is on St. Valentine's Day so that must be why he is of such romantic nature. We hear he spent over two hours down in one of the local stores buying valentines that wouldn't get him into trouble.
15. It seems that three of our Commercial Seniors have already gone in for Business.
16. We wonder why Harriet is so interested in the milk truck. Could it be Wassie?
17. We wonder why Helen is so interested in airplanes. Could it be Brony?
18. We wonder why Marion is so interested in the fruit truck. It *must* be Vic.



B. Denniston—Why were you so brief during that telephone call?

J. Lynch—Because the girl said it was a long distance from New York and I said, "Yes, it sure was."

C. Sewall—How many bones have you in your body?

J. Steward—900

C. Sewall—That's a great many more than I have.

J. Steward—Yes, but you didn't have sardines for dinner.

D. Depersio—That doctor says I need salt air.

R. Garside—Oh go fan yourself with a her-ring.

W. Walls—You have a lot of bum jokes in this issue.

R. Johnson—Oh, I don't know. I put a bunch of them in the stove and the fire just roared.

Mr. Mullin—Ayotte, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?

A. Ayotte—A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face.

L. Arciszewski—What can be kept in the ice-box and still be hot?

W. LeSage—Horse radish.

Boss—So you want to quit working. What's the matter? Aren't the wages high enough?

G. Kari—Sure, but I'm afraid I'm doing a horse out of a job.

F. Riley—You know your griddle cakes always remind me of a baseball game.

M. Dwinell—What do you mean?

F. Riley—The batter doesn't always make a hit.

Butcher—Round steak, Miss?

A. Allard—The shape doesn't matter, just so its tender.

F. Sarvela—I want a book called, "Who is your Principal?" but I don't know who wrote it.

Librarian—"Hoosier Schoolmaster" is the book you want.

Father—What marks did you get on your report card?

J. Pendergast—Well, they were a little under water.

Father—What do you mean, under water?

J. Pendergast—Below C level.

Sober—My grandfather lived to be nearly ninety and never used glasses.

W. Duckworth—Well, lots of people prefer to drink from a bottle.

N. Tucker—As a dancer, I'm tops.

J. Carbary—Yes, you're on top of my feet most of the time.

J. Tobin—You're a coward—you're even afraid of your own shadow.

R. Hatch—Well, why shouldn't I be? It looks like a crowd following me.

J. Pendergast—Lady, could you give me a quarter to get where my family is?

Woman—Certainly, my poor man, here's a quarter. Where is your family?

J. Pendergast—At the movies.

D. Lent—Would you give ten cents to help the Old Ladies' Home?

I. Koivu—What! Are they out again?

L. Dawson—What are you shivering for?

F. DiGrappo—I've got \$3.00 in cold cash in my pocket.



F. D'Agata—Lend me a dime for carefare.

A. Whitney—Sorry, all I have is a dollar bill.

F. D'Agata—Good, I'll take a taxi.

Cannibal King—What's good for lunch today?

Cook—Some American gangsters.

Cannibal King—Oh, goodie! Scrambled yeggs!

J. Davis—The night watchman was fired for talking.

D. Downen—Shouldn't a night watchman talk if he wants to?

J. Davis—Sure, but not in his sleep.

M. Dwinell—What a pretty bird that is!

C. Fouratt—Yeah, it's a gull.

M. Dwinell—I don't care if it's a gull or a boy; it's purty.

R. Catania—You know I'm very fond of birds. Yesterday one actually settled on my head.

E. Carruth—It must have been a woodpecker.

J. DiGrappo—If looks could kill, I'd murder you with a glance!

O. Saari—If looks could kill, it would be suicide for you to use a mirror.

E. Primiano—Hello, how are you?

R. Riley—Wonderful.

E. Primiano—Well, I'm glad someone thinks so.

H. Edwards—Gosh, I need ten bucks—and I haven't the slightest idea where I'm going to get it from.

E. Higgins—I'm glad to hear you say that, I was afraid you thought you could get it from me.

W. Luoma—"Did you fish with flies?"

R. White—"Fished with them, camped with them, ate with them, and slept with them."

D. Brayden—What's the time?

L. Downen—I don't know.

D. Brayden—Isn't your watch running?

L. Downen—Yeah, but it's an hour slow.

M. Hull—I think I'll commit suicide.

M. Babb—Good. But turn off the gas when you're through.

A. Brown—Isn't that a butterfly on my knee? It must think I'm a flower.

A. Kenfield—That's no butterfly. That's a horsefly.

R. Richardson—What are you thinking of?

D. Downen—Oh, nothing much.

R. Richardson—Don't be self-conscious.

M. Peterson—Have any of your childhood hopes been realized?"

F. Crowley—"Yes. When my Mother used to comb my hair I wished I didn't have any."

A. Whitney—"The horn on your car must be broken."

E. Gately—"No, it's just indifferent."

A. Whitney—"What do you mean—indifferent?"

E. Gately—"It just doesn't give a hoot."

Mr. L. Lerer—"Give me the definition of space."

M. Dwinell—"Space—is where there is nothing. I cant' explain it exactly, but I understand it perfectly."

Graham on his new job—as boss—"Fellows, I guess you know this is pretty dangerous business. Lower the shot as carefully as possible, and as soon as it goes down to the right level, run away from the rig as fast as you can. I'm a bit lame, so I'll start now."





## Double Trouble

MARY E. AYOTTE, '40

Now I can always see the other fellow's side of the story, although I seldom let it influence me except to my own advantage. What I mean is that when there is just one piece of pie left, I can understand my brother's wanting it just as much as I do, but that doesn't affect me, if I see it first. That's why when I looked out and saw Rick headed up the street I beat it upstairs. I preferred to hang around in my old brown slacks with the green paint spilled on 'em, but I could see Rick's side too. He prefers to have me less comfortable but more easy on the eyes.

So, I rushed around smearing lipstick on my mouth and, envying the girls you read about in books—the ones that say, "Thankful that my hair was naturally curly, I ran a wet comb through it"—I tried to coax some of my permanented fuzz into curls. He'd hardly landed, when I sauntered casually into the room, puffing slightly, but valiantly mustering all my poise, a job made much easier by the perky bows on my new blue dress.

Rick was awfully good looking. All the girls had been after him, until Barney came down to spend the summer. Now they were all hanging around Barney, all but the steadies, so Rick just had to take what he could get. YOU never would have guessed it though, the way he rushed me.

When I came in he turned on his most charming smile. (That always made me mad, but being no Cleopatra I had to take what I could get, too,—and get thin trying to hold on to him after I got him). He said that he had a favor to ask. His aunt had to be out of town all afternoon, and he'd told her I would take care of the children. He knew I just loved kiddies, and there was no one else. I would help them out, wouldn't I?

So it was arranged. He was to come after me at two o'clock, and escort me to his aunt's house, where he'd leave me. He was so sorry but he had promised Spike that he'd go fishing that afternoon, but he'd surely stop in before supper. Then he left, and I went upstairs to change back into my slacks. He wouldn't be back until two, and there was no sense in eating dinner in my new dress. I knew myself too well to think that I could get through a meal without dripping gravy somewhere, or dropping my fork on my lap

On the way over, I didn't talk much, being busy figuring up my assets and liabilities. My experience was rather limited, I had to admit. But I had my theories, and I never missed the "Parents and Children" column in the paper. I figured I had quite a bit of information stored up that ought to come to my aid if anything should go haywire. I decided that "Kindness and Firmness" would be my motto, and by the time we got to the house, I felt very businesslike and confident.

Mrs. Lamner received me cordially (as they always say in books), a bit too cordially, I thought, but perhaps that was just because there was so much of her to feel that way. She chatted cheerfully about her darlings for ten minutes steady and then rushed out with about two minutes and three seconds to catch her bus, so I went in to the twins.

They had kept up the twin tradition all right, by looking nothing at all alike. John was dark, and sort of noble looking and awfully shy. Jane was a homely little brat with mousey hair, and kind of a scared look. I figured I could manage them all right. My job would be a cinch, and when Rick found out how well I could handle kids—well who knows?

I sat down on the divan between them and asked if they'd like a story. They didn't say a word so I guessed it was up to me. "How about 'Red Riding Hood,'" I asked, "or 'Goldilocks'?"

"Yes, 'Goldilocks,'" said John.

"Yes, tell us about Red Riding Hood," said Jane.

Well, I told them both. And I told them about the three billy goats, and I told them about Cinderella, and I told them about the little red hen, and the more I told, the more they wanted, and the more they howled when I stopped.

Finally I remembered something I'd read in the "Parents and Children" column. Something about getting the little brats to answer their own questions. So I said, "I'll tell you what. First you tell me a story, Jane, and then you tell me one, John. Won't that be fun?" Jane, who'd recovered from her shyness when she found out that I wasn't as bad as her own family, began.

"Once there was a dog. And a cat. And a rat. And a pig. And a bat. And the dog bit the cat and the cat bit the rat, and the rat bit the pig, and the pig bit the bat. So the bat flew away, and the pig ran away, and the rat ran away, and the cat ran away, and the dog just stood there and laughed because nobody bit him."



You could have knocked me over with a feather. That guy, O. Henry, we'd been studying about in school had nothing on her. The child was a genius.

But I didn't have time to do any congratulating, because just as she finished there was a noise like a herd of buffaloes at the back door, and in came Angel and Paul. They ran across the kitchen like Old Nick was after them, but they stopped right outside the



*I was sitting on the Angel whaling the devil out of Paul*

parlor door. Finally they opened it, and Angel swaggered around the room, with Paul right behind trying to look just like her.

"Hello," I said as friendly as I could.

"N'yah!" they said together.

I always was kind of hazy about what happened that afternoon. But when Rick came in about half past four the twins were running around the room screaming, while I was sitting on the Angel whaling the devil out of Paul.

Blood is thicker than water, so they say, and of course they were Rick's cousins. He got awfully excited and said some pretty mean things. All lies! But I had gone through too much that afternoon at the hands of those little demons to give a darn about a few words from Rick Heyton. I just got up and walked out cool as you please. I was awfully mad though. So mad I cried all the way home.

When I got there, I stuffed my new blue dress viciously into the rag bag (much good it would do me in that condition) and dug out my old slacks. I called up Gen to find out if she could go to the movies with me, and not to see the quints either.

That's why Rick and I aren't speaking, and I'm off men for life. But just suppose it hadn't happened, and I never knew until I was married to Rick and had an Angel and a Paul of my own. I'm afraid I'd have to leave him.

\* \* \*

## Face To Face With Father Divine

FLORENCE DUDZINSKI, '40

During my Christmas vacation I stayed with an aunt and uncle, who own a large grocery store in Milford, Connecticut, which is the home town of Father Divine.

On one occasion I happened to be in the store getting a loaf of bread for my aunt when I noticed a big, black car drive up to the curb. It was very odd-looking. The seats were not like the ordinary ones found in a car, but were made like thrones and were trimmed with gold. One of the chauffeurs, who was exceptionally tall, got out and opened the door for a man who was about five feet five inches tall. There was nothing unusual about his attire, but at a glance I sensed that he was someone of importance. One man whispered to me, "It's Father Divine." He came into the store and several of the customers wished him a good morning, to which he replied in a quiet tone, "Peace." (I found out later that this was his way of greeting people.) When he walked by me he said, "Peace, young lady, peace." I was dumbfounded (I still am) to think he had spoken to me!

During the days that followed I learned a great deal about him. He lived in a beautiful mansion just two streets from the house in which I was staying.

There is no need for me to go into detail about his work, for we've all read about him in the paper. He mingles with people freely and does most of his own shopping.

My cousin told me of a time when he came into the store in which she was working and bought twenty dollars worth of seeds. He did not have any money smaller than a fifty dollar bill. Another incident occurred in which two of his servants came into the store and gave an order amounting to ten dollars and some odd cents. It happened that they were one cent short, and they refused to take the groceries home until they returned with the other penny.

It really is surprising when we come in contact with people whom we never expect to meet in a life time. If I should ever meet the King of England shopping in the Five and Ten, I'll let you know.

\* \* \*

## Oh, Buzz!

HELEN ARCISZEWSKI, '40

Well, Buzz has done it again. Wait until I shut off that radio. "Scatterbrain" reminds me too much of last night. I wonder if that song has been dedicated to anyone yet. If it hasn't I've got a swell candidate for it. Yes, you guessed it—Buzz.

Last night he—but let's begin where he never does—at the beginning. First of all, Buzz doesn't look like a person with the name Archibald Wellington, Jr. Imagine carrying that around. He stands about five feet ten inches in his stocking feet and tapers down from his broad shoulders to a waist that Scarlett O'Hara might look twice at. He has the darkest brown eyes to go with his brown waves, and a complexion that looks like the end of two weeks vacation with pay—in Florida. Only they never taught him how to sit still for more than two minutes at a time.



I reach almost to his nose in my three inch spikes, and my waist is a good ten inches smaller than his. My hair is the subject of much of Buzz's comment—it's red. My eyes, he insists, are grey when I'm smiling and green when I'm scowling. Did I forget to mention that after a few hours with Buzz I find silver streaks in my auburn tresses?

As I was saying, yesterday morning at about 6:30 I was dragged out of bed by my mother to answer the phone. Buzz wanted to know what kind of flowers I wanted that night. You see, the biggest dance of the year was held last night in the school gym. We had the place decorated to represent a little Dutch garden, with white tulips everywhere and a little Dutch mill to one side. It took plenty of work and worry to make the windmill go, especially with Buzz threatening to form a labor union for shorter hours and more pay.

Speaking of Buzz reminds me of Buzz. He delivers morning papers and get up at 6:30 to do so. Hence my getting up at that time, too. He was so thoughtful about it, though. He told me the reason why he didn't call the night before was because it was so late when he left me, and he didn't want to disturb anyone.

Well, anyway, that was one morning I got to school on time. It would have been better if I hadn't because I bumped into Slat Jones who kindly informed me Buzz had tried to borrow \$3.00 from him to pay for my violets. Worry over whether I was going to receive violets or buy them myself made me the center of all eyes in algebra class when I nobly tried to prove the third example while everyone else was still on the second.

I staggered through the rest of the morning somehow. At 2:30 I met Ann and Kay on the corner of First and Elm Streets. The three of us had appointments at Louie's to have our hair done. We were walking down the street towards the beauty salon when we bumped into one of those advertising boards that men carry over their shoulders. You know, "Eat at Bill's. The biggest hamburgers in town. 5c." The somebody inside the thing was no other than Buzz. I was speechless. Really, I couldn't utter a monosyllable.

Before I regained my native poise, Buzz was knee-deep in explanations. For the sake of my violets I forgave him, after he promised to keep off the busy streets.

I forgot to be angry with Buzz after I saw my wave. It came out the way I had been dreaming it would for days.

Kay and Ann were waiting for me when I got through, and as we walked out of the shop there was Buzz waiting for us in the car, he took pity on and rescued from becoming parts of other cars. Kay and Ann climbed over the back door which refused to open and I turned contortionist to remain on the one good spring in the front seat.

We dropped the girls off and finally pulled up in front of my house at 6:00. I just had time to dash in and have my supper and then to devote the rest of my time up till 7:45 to get myself ready. We were

all supposed to be at the gym at 7:45 ready for the grand march which began at 8:00. At 7:56 Buzz arrived with my violets and a car full of "Hurry up" and "We're going to be late."

I had the corsage pinned on, my wrap slung over my shoulders, and myself seated in the car at 7:57. Buzz's father had weakened and given him the family car for the night.

Two minutes later we all jumped out of the car and made a mad dash for the gym. Sometimes I wonder why I bother getting my hair set. Buzz and I always arrive places with him looking as cool as a cucumber and me like I've just run twelve miles cross-country.

The dance was a great success. The music was soft and low, the lights were dim, the stag-line indulgent, and Buzz was on his best behavior. At midnight I began to worry about Buzz—he had been acting unnatural all evening. He had actually seemed like a decent, well brought up, considerate, young gentleman.

Then the dance ended and we drove out to a little town about seven miles away for a midnight snack. Then things began to happen. First of all, Buzz ordered fried clams, french fried potatoes, dill pickles, and ice cream—then cajoled the waitress into bringing him more pickles. I almost saw the green men he insisted were hanging by their tails from the chandeliers.

Buzz and I were in the most intricate part of the jive when he began helping the singer sing, "Oh! Johnny, Oh!" with emphasis on the "Oh!" I began to pity the clams, pickles, and ice cream.

When the manager started looking us over, we decided to leave before we were requested to. Slat was elected to drive home while Buzz and the clams and I got in back. Everything was going along nicely; Buzz had restricted his groaning to one every seven minutes, when Slat suddenly decided that, since Judd Stevens was a delivery boy he should know how to shift gears with his knees, and without using his hands.

Slat stopped the car and started again without touching the gear-shift with his hands. Judd watched intently while Slat did this three or four times; then he took the driver's seat. With a little practice Judd on his fifth try started the car, shifting with his knee.

Slat wanted to drive so Judd stopped the car again and opened the door—to find a man in a blue uniform standing there.

"All right, you grasshoppers," he rudely interposed, "Let's see your license."

After ten minutes searching with Buzz talking during every second of it, the policeman still wasn't convinced; the hunt had resurrected for me after a three week's absence, my newest compact. We found Buzz's fountain pen, his father's cigarette case, and Kay's blue comb, but no license. The little yellow slip the man in blue gave us dampened the atmosphere a bit. It meant that we would be riding on the street car instead of in an automobile.

We pulled in at 2:00, and I was sleepily waving "good bye" from the door-step when I was startled



by a terrible crash. Buzz and the milkman didn't have to take physics to find out that two different things can't occupy the same space (like my driveway) at the same time (2:00 A. M.).

The Messrs. Archibald Wellington Sr. and Jr., had a little private conference this morning, and the results were disastrous. Buzz's allowance (which never seemed adequate anyway) was cut in half, and he's got to help replace the wide open space where a fender used to be.

Do you get what I mean when I say that I see streaks of gray in my auburn locks?

\* \* \*

## The Pleasures of Rain

DOROTHY TIERNEY, '40

When dark clouds hover in the sky,  
And worried birds begin to fly,  
People, at this warning call,  
Know that raindrops soon will fall,  
Soft, the drops begin to patter  
Growing louder to a clatter.  
Daisies, once so proud and tall,  
Now lie wilted from it all.  
Farmers, joyful as can be,  
Gaze at gray skies merrily.  
Children sail their boats of dreams  
In the water of raindrop streams.  
No look of sadness on any face,  
But joy and happiness every place.  
And when the drops forget to fall,  
And the sun shines glorious o'er it all,  
The thoughts of joy of this grand day,  
Will not be quickly tossed away.

\* \* \*

## A Man Without a Country

BLANCHE SIERGIEJ, '40

How I hate it all, this stinking ship that reeks of bilge water and the stench of men's sweating unwashed bodies; the endless, stretching, never-ending sea that goes on and on forever, slowly driving me mad; and the rotting bodies of men as they lie dying of scurvy and fever. I am a man on the brink of death with the *Imperial Victoria* as my only foothold on life. Why then do I not escape from this living hell? Why doesn't a mouse escape from the cat when the feline is about to devour it? I was a man without a country, a criminal, forced, by the country I believed in and loved, into a bondage that was far worse than death.

Equality, Justice, Fraternity. I scorn the words as I write. I am a man and as human as the rest of them, but yet the dirtiest and heaviest work falls to me. Cleaning the bilge and climbing the mast to fix a rigging has become my work.

Many times I thought of falling from my perilous position on the mast to the deck below, but I was held back by a greater force than the one that prompted me. Cowardice.

As I sit here secretly writing with a piece of charcoal on parchment which I stole, I try not to scream from the pain of the lashings inflicted on me by the officers and the men in charge. If my writing becomes unintelligible it means that I have fainted from the bitter pain of salt water in my wounds, but I must go on writing. I must complete this. I hope and pray that this parchment will be found and read and my name cleared of this—this terrible crime.

The story goes back ten years to the year 1789. I was a young man then, with serious thoughts of becoming a magistrate in his Majesty's court. Oh, I had big ideas. I had won my lawyer's degree and was on my way upward. I married Myrna Dodd, a girl of high rank and lineage whom I loved dearly but often found trying because she hated the thing I loved most.

Of course, as most rising men, I had enemies; some very bitter ones who envied me, and were beginning to realize that I meant to reach my goal. One of these enemies I soon learned was Lord Whitechild who was also ambitious. He had tried many times to make me appear ridiculous in the eyes of the populace, but in turn, I outwitted him. The most pronounced reason for his hatred for me was my lovely wife. His wife was fat and ugly with a large mole on her chin.

One day after I had come in contact with Lord Whitechild, I came home and quarrelled with Myrna. I walked out of the house in anger and strolled along the river. I was so deep in thought that I almost failed to see the small company of men coming toward me. I noticed one man in particular who was in the rear. He was pale and panting from the weight of a heavy box that he carried. Suddenly he stumbled and fell flat on his face, the box rolling from him. I ran to his side to see what the trouble was, but he convinced me that he was all right. I stooped to help him to his feet. I noted with surprise that the man heaved a sigh of relief and the color came back to his face.

Afterward, as I walked on, I wondered at the strangeness of the incident, but upon reaching my home immediately forgot it.

One day, many weeks later, as I was defending a client before the Court of Justice, a scrap of paper fell from my waistcoat to the floor. I did not see it fall but the court did. Lord Whitechild, being the nearest, picked it up and glanced at the contents of it carelessly. A look of amazement and then one of triumph crossed his face.

"I presume you dropped this?" he asked.

"Why no!" I said in surprise, "I don't believe I did." I took it and opened it to make sure it was mine. My face blanched at the sight of it. The paper contained plans for the position of the fleet and many military secrets that were vital to the government.

I was tried and found guilty of treason. The sentence was hanging, but because of the lack of seamen,



I was put on the *Imperial Victoria* to serve out the rest of my life. I was never to set foot on "terra firma" again.

I do not actually say that the incident of the sick man had anything to do with the injustice done me, but the strangeness of the occurrence convinced me that I had been duped. It may have happened to anyone, but I was the one selected by Fate.

Ten years of my life have I served in this germ-infested hole, and I know I shall serve ten more and ten more for the rest of my life if some sympathizer does not investigate further. I know this will not be, for my wife is dead and I have no friend who will fight for me.

I shall not wait that long. I have asked God's forgiveness, and tomorrow when they send me up to mend the rigging I shall not be a coward.

\* \* \*

## All to the Same End

WILBUR WALLS, '41

### Characters—

Dick Adams—a soldier, formerly a mine-worker.  
Baldy—a coward.  
Lieutenant Richardson—a commander.  
Other soldiers.

The scene is the front line trenches just south of the Marne River in France on July 14, 1918. In the rear of the trenches is the war-torn village of Chateau-Thierry. It is 10:00 P. M. This particular section of the line is occupied by the Americans. Raw and unseasoned, they have yet to receive their baptism of fire. At last their chance has come. They are to advance at 12 o'clock sharp. Occasionally a shell whines overhead. Baldy, a weak-looking individual in an ill-fitting uniform, sits cowering and shaking with fear under an outcropping of rock. The other soldiers ignore him, but Dick Adams sits quietly smoking, peering at him through half-closed eyelids.

*Baldy:* (With a shaking voice) But I tell you we'll all be killed! I don't want to die! I won't go out there, I won't, I—

*Soldier:* Shut up. (Baldy subsides but mutters to himself as he resumes his former position.)

*2nd Soldier:* What time is it gettin'? (Dick pulls out a cheap watch and looks at it. He puts it to his ear and assures himself that it is going.)

*Dick:* About half-past ten. (Puts away watch and douses cigarette.) What do ya say to a game of stud poker, men? (No answer. Baldy moans.) All right then. Guess I'll have to play with myself. (Takes out a worn deck of cards and starts to play on an old box.) From the rear of their lines comes a rumble of artillery fire. It is the start of the cover-up barrage before the charge. Baldy opens his mouth to speak; a soldier pushes him down roughly. Dick starts to sing:

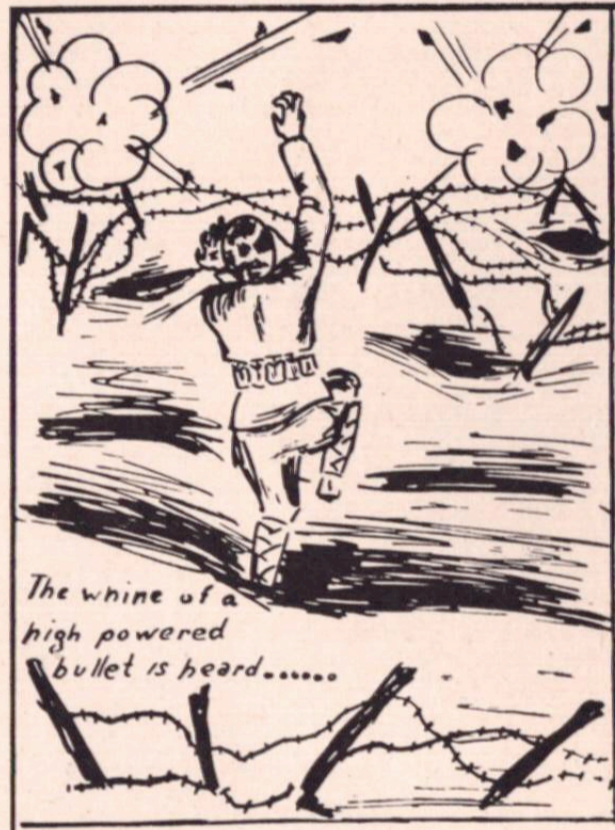
"Oh we won't come back until morning.  
And maybe not even then,  
Oh we——"

*Lieut. R.:* That will be enough, Adams.

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

*Lieut. R.:* It isn't a question of whether or not I can take it, it's the men. (Dick stands up.)

*Dick:* Hang the men. I take my chances too. I got a right to do as I please.



*Soldier:* Pipe down, will you?

*Baldy:* For God's sake, have mercy!

*Lieut. R.:* See, Adams, it's bad enough as it is.

*Dick:* All right, I'll stop. (Resumes card playing. Soldiers assume various attitudes of ease, but each man's face reflects the strain he is under. Artillery fire increases in violence. Baldy's condition is steadily getting worse. He shakes with fear.)

*Lieut. R.:* What's the time, Adams?

*Dick:* 11:30, sir. (At this, the men except Baldy, start looking at their guns. Baldy sinks lower and lower, his face livid.)

*Dick:* (Notices Baldy) Ho, ho, look at the man, will you? By the looks of him he won't be goin' with us tonight, men. (Baldy is unconscious of what is transpiring.)

*Soldier:* Boy, this must be some war to do that to a man! (All laugh; queer, strained laughs.)

*Lieut. R.:* Time, Adams?

*Dick:* 11:50.

*Lieut. R.:* All right men, heave to. Line up along the trench an arm's length apart. Move on, now. (Men obey swiftly. Each man has a set look on his face as he clips his bayonet onto his rifle.)

*Lieut. R.:* Adams!

*Dick:* Yes, sir.

*Lieut. R.:* Count out the minutes. On the last minute, men, over the top with you.



*Dick:* (Counting) 11:55—11:56—(No one notices Baldy who is beside himself with fear. His eyes grow wide and a scream mounts in his throat as the time goes on. The artillery fire reaches a screaming crescendo.)

*Baldy:* (Terrified) No! No! I won't do it. I won't go! I won't die! (He staggers to his feet and climbs up the back of the trench screaming, "I won't die! I won't!") As he reaches the top, the whine of a bullet from a high-powered rifle is heard. Baldy's words stick in his throat and with a gurgling sound issuing from his lips he topples back into the trench. The men stand silently, but Dick continues counting as though nothing had happened.)

*Dick:* 11:57—11:58—11:59 (The men ready themselves) 12:00! (Lieutenant Richardson leaps to the top. Dick throws his watch away and follows. The men then follow, firing their guns and shouting. They disappear in the night. The sounds of battle die in the distance. Only a figure, huddled queerly, is left behind and once again, "All's quiet on the Western Front.")

\* \* \*

## Looks Plus Brains

WALTER LUOMA

As I waited for the curtain to rise for the Prologue of the play, *Kind Lady*, I studied the oil painting on the curtain. From this painting I have attempted to write a short story.

The sun dial on the Northeastern shore of Big Bear Lake showed that it was exactly nine o'clock in the morning. The sun blazed brightly over the lake entire eighty mile length of sparkling blue water, which was more dangerous than it seemed.

By the Old Grant Boathouse three boys were fitting out their sail boat. It wasn't the usual kind one sees on lakes for this was equipped with a gasoline motor, cabin with two bunks in it, and was somewhat longer. The wheel and compass were just in back of the cabin about fifteen feet from the stern of the boat. It was a seaworthy craft and was painted a dull gray over a base that had once been mahogany brown.

The boys were loading food and supplies into the cabin. Bob and Rusty were "lake wise" while Joey had been brought up in the city and the only water he had ever seen was that in swimming pools and the kitchen sink.

"There," grunted Rusty as the last of the supplies went into place. "Now we had better start and catch some of this wind in our sails, Dave Jones only knows how long it'll last."

"Sho' nuff," drawled Bob, in a nasal twang, as he cast off the ropes that held the boat to the dock. The atmosphere was clear and the day was windy, not too windy but just right for sailing. The wind filled the sails and Rusty turned the wheel over and the boat swung gracefully to the south-west. It was a pretty

picture as the boat rounded the little jut of land called the old Willis Place.

The wind spanked into the sails and the boat tilted gently to one side. The blue of the water and the deeper blue of the sky seemed to fight for prominence while the green foliage on the shores was subdued in the bright sunlight.

"I got a funny feeling in my stummik," complained Joey as he sat down against the cabin. Bob and Rusty grinned knowingly at one another for the water was just a little rough and this was Joey's first trip on a large body of water.

"Better go lie down in the cabin, after a while you'll feel better," said Bob.

"Sure, then you'll feel more like eating," suggested Rusty slyly. Joey stayed in the cabin all day but resolved to come out the next day whether it killed him or not.

Then to himself, "Most likely it will." And then he fell into a restless sleep.

The second day dawned partly cloudy but the wind was just the same as it had been before. The boat was anchored in a little cove. The boys stripped and dived off the bow and swam and frolicked in the water for half an hour until Joey suggested eating. So eat they did. Ham and eggs, blueberries gathered off the bushes on the shore of the little cove, and then coffee and biscuits to top it off—a feast fit for a king, so they thought.

Late that morning they reached their destination, the black cliffs on the southwestern shores where they were going to hunt for eagle's nests and try to photograph them. The boat was anchored and the supplies and tent were brought to shore. It was a tired group of boys that hit the hay that night for anyone who has tried to make camp shipshape before turning in knows what a job it is.

As the skies brightened in the East, the air around the white, balloon silk tent was filled with snores of the young adventurers. Soon the noise awakened the mischievous one, Rusty, who grinned when he listened to the off-key duet that his bed-fellows were making. He cautiously crept out of the tent and got a pail full of water from the lake. He dashed a dipperful of water over each of the snorers and the noise ceased abruptly. Then followed a merry scramble as Joey and Bob threw Rusty into the lake, pajamas and all.

It was still early when the boys started up the cliffs. In about a half an hour they reached the top and were scrambling over boulders looking for eagles' nests.

"I see one," exclaimed Bob as he and Rusty leaned over the edge. Soon both were sliding down the face of the cliff.

"Look out!" shouted Joey as he saw them totter on the edge of the ledge. The warning came too late as they both fell to the ledge below. When Joey reached them he found that Bob had a broken arm and Rusty was unconscious. How they ever got down to the boat they never remembered, but Joey remembers doctoring Bob's arm and then carrying Rusty to the boat and putting him in his bunk.



Joey started the gas engine and hauled up the sails. "Sail northeast," Bob said as he winced with pain. Joey's hands blistered and he couldn't keep the boat on its course very well but he soon fixed that. A high wind came up and that motor kept them going at a good rate of speed. If Joey judged right they should reach the boathouse by eleven at night. They did reach it then and a doctor took care of the boys. When they were fairly well recovered Bob asked Joey, "How did you manage to keep the boat on the course all the time? Gosh, when I first met you I thought you must have been born han'some 'stead of bright."

"Aw, it was easy. The compass gave me a little trouble at first on account of the needle kept swinging from side to side but I soon fixed it with a piece of paper so that it couldn't move and kept pointing straight northeast and then bi-gosh it was easy as pie. Betcha boots I was born handsome and with brains."

\* \* \*

## Waiting — Just Waiting

ELSIE BURGESS, '43

I've shined my shoes,  
I've brushed my hair  
To ultra gleaming brightness.  
I've sprinkled perfume  
Here and there  
To add to my heady lightness!

I'm sitting prim and proud  
In my best bib-and-tucker  
I'm waiting in the parlor  
(He's taking me out to supper!)

Listening to the radio,  
Humming in time to a song  
Of little fishes in a pool  
(Wish he'd come along )

Five minutes!—ten!—eternity!  
I try to keep on humming.  
I won't be nervous, impatient—I won't!  
(I think I hear him coming!)

The resounding jangle of the bell  
(He never rang before!)  
Mom is busy in the kitchen  
I'll have to answer—the door!

But lo! Upon the topmost step  
Is not the one, whom I await.  
There I find a messenger boy  
Extending a note—a trifle late—  
Which subtly breaks the news that "be"  
Has to break his date with me.

At this moment, I am thinking  
As I brood—in bib-and-tucker,—  
That in spite of all our airs,  
A girl can be an awful sucker!

## Unwanted?

JEAN LYNCH, '42

Tick-tock, tick-tock. The usually unnoticeable tick of the clock now sounded like a gong to Sally Page, who was nervously chewing away on her handkerchief. It was dusk in the quiet old Virginia Hills. Sally sat in the lounge of a palatial old boarding school. It was the winter vacation and the rooms and corridors so recently ringing with girlish laughter now seemed depressingly dull. Sally, five other girls, and two faculty members, all whose homes were many miles away, were the sole occupants of the school. All but Sally were enjoying a movie in the village, but Sally, feigning a headache, had pleaded to stay behind. At first the teachers had hesitated but had finally yielded to Sally's persistence and had been gone for three hours.

She had had a strong desire to be alone. Not on account of a headache, but the real reason, it was her birthday. It was the first ever spent away from home. Always before it had been an important date that called for a big celebration, a party, and presents. Tears came to her eyes as she thought of her family a thousand miles away in New England. She had tried her best to fit into the Southern atmosphere but it was still all so strange. The girls had been especially nice to her, but she seemed a foreigner among their gentle ways and superstitious customs. They, too, were unaccustomed to her crisp, matter-of-fact New England manner.

Consequently there was always friction. One against a hundred, a man without a country, that's how Sally felt this misty afternoon. She had a strange sense of not belonging here, and all the objects in the room seemed to taunt her. True, there had been presents from home, a wonderful letter, and a huge box of fudge from Mother, a check from Dad, and an exciting book from her brother Dick, but even all these could not console her.

As she sat there, her thoughts returned to the night before, when seated around the fire-place, she had heard the tragic stories of runaway slaves and the ghostly rumors of the old people who were supposed to haunt this very house. Last night, as the timid Southerners had glanced fearfully over their shoulders, Sally's New England blood made her scoff at such nonsense and feel much superior to these cowards. But now here she was alone, and she began to wonder as the creeping shadows lengthened on the walls. Were they right after all? Did ghosts haunt this spooky old mansion? Sally outwardly made herself laugh at these silly ideas, but nevertheless her pale face and shaking hands betrayed her innermost feelings as another fifteen minutes ticked away.

What was that? She froze in her chair. Slither, slither, bang! All was quiet again. With lagging footsteps, she forced herself into the hall from which the noise had come. There to her relief she saw a large carelessly laid fountain pen had slipped slowly off a desk and had landed with a loud crash. Sally returned



to the lounge, humming to keep her spirits up, and another half hour dragged slowly by.

What was that! She was positive she heard something!

"Don't be silly, Sally Page," she told herself, "You know it isn't anything." But there it was again. A distinct crunch, crunch of someone or something creeping stealthily up the gravel drive. Sally, nearly sick as she cowered in the corner, heard the front door open. Was someone coming to murder her, or was it a ghost actually walking? As she stood there, cold beads of perspiration lying on her forehead, shouts of "Surprise! Surprise!" and "Happy Birthday!" broke her reverie.

Sally opened stunned eyes to see a merry group of classmates confronting her, heaped high with birthday cake, candles, presents and everything for a party.

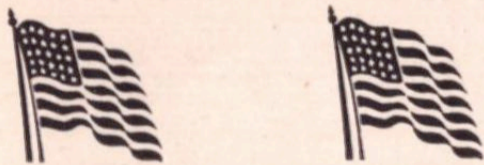
In a flood of remorse she remembered all the mean things she had thought about these girls. These very girls who were doing all this just for her. So they really liked her! She really had made a place among them!

Still in a daze she accepted the tiny white package extended to her in the palm of a grinning comrade. Upon opening the box she found a beautiful gold bracelet with a card attached. On the card bore these words: "To the little New Englander, who has endeared herself to the hearts of all." Fervently she clasped the trinket on her wrist.

As she raised her head the Southern girls drew back in amazement. Something which had seemed impossible, was happening. Sally Page, of all people, was actually crying.

\* \* \*

## Maynard High School Seniors Speak Out On Democracy



MURIEL PETERSON

"What a wonderful country we have over here! Plenty of room, sunlight, and fresh air. Freedom, the right to worship God as we please, bountiful food, clothing and minerals. Rich in everything—that's the United States."

ELVIRA D'ERRICO

"The high-minded men of today across the water visualize a time when the world is theirs to govern. Our leaders try to make our country a better land in which people may find contentment of mind with no fear of war."

MARION HINDS

"The dictionary meaning of Democracy is: a government ruled by the people living therein. Our meaning, today, of Democracy is peace."

BLANCHE SIERGIEJ

"There is but one 'ism' in such a democracy as America. That is Americanism."

FRANK NOVICK

"Democracy also helps the working man. If the workers do not like their conditions or wages, they have a union which speaks for them, and if their protests are considered fair, they are given better conditions."

LEO NURMI

"For the youth, America gives a free education and a chance in life; for the parents, she gives freedom to earn a decent living."

WALTER LUOMA

"Children should play when they are young and not be forced to enter training corps to learn the bloody business of killing fellow-men."

VOITTO KALLIO

"We should be thankful for the kind of government that was set up by the early pioneers, and not grumble about what Congress is doing in Washington."

EDWIN WASIUK

"The average American is grateful that he has the Atlantic Ocean between him and the madmen of Europe."

FRANCES SHYMONOWICZ

"It is true that we all have desires, but how could anyone have such a fantastic desire as to conquer the world?"

RUSSELL WHITE

"At a recent football dinner, Nile Kinnick, who was voted the most outstanding player of 1939, said in a speech that he was glad that he was dodging tacklers instead of bullets."

ANNA ALLARD

"A knock at the door of a German or Russian home would lead the people to quiver and quake for fear that it be some official of the country coming to take them to a Concentration Camp. If this were to occur in America, one would probably open the door with a cheery "Hello," to find the next door neighbor wanting to borrow a "cup of sugar."

(Continued on page 40)





### Latecomers, Beware!

What is it that is very prevalent in nearly every secondary school of our country? Here in Maynard it seems to have become the customary procedure of a certain group of students, boys as well as girls. It happens regularly every morning, occurring only on the days on which school sessions are to be held. Have you guessed what it can be? Give up? Well, it's the puffing and panting arrival of certain students at the door of M.H.S. at 8:16. School starts at 8:15. They say miracles do happen, but if there should come a day when everyone is present on time at school, that would truly be the greatest happening since Columbus discovered America, or Confucius began his popular tour of America with his witty sayings.

At one time, school sessions began at eight o'clock; but due to the fact that many were late, the starting time changed to eight fifteen in order that they might be given an opportunity to arrive on time. But as usual, there seems to be always some black sheep in the flock, and it was because of these latecomers that the problem of over-sleepers was again to become a serious one with which the school authorities have to control.

In the opinion of many, whether school is to begin at nine, ten, or high noon, there would probably always be someone whose appearance would be made somewhat later than the others'. The only possible way to discourage these lazy-

bones would be to list monthly, on the bulletin board, the names of those persons who continually arrive late. We could name them the "We Couldn't Get Here On Time Club."

In this manner, through their own embarrassment at having been classified indirectly as lazy heads, they might appear thereafter at the same time as the other students.

Who knows, this solution might be adopted in the future or a similar one substituted?

So therefore, latecomers, beware!

BENNIE GUDZINOWICZ, *Editor*, '40

\* \* \*

### Musicians Needed!

What's the matter with all you music lovers? You know there's no better way to express the music that is in your soul than to bring your instruments and join the orchestra.

There are about twenty pieces in the orchestra now, but how many show up for rehearsals? An average of about eleven. People seem to feel that they can come in at will, and that naturally hinders the others a great deal. How can the orchestra progress and keep up with the latest music when hindered by absentees?

And there are plenty more who should join, but either they are too lazy or feel that they couldn't keep up with the music. Must people



be coaxed and pushed to join? The music isn't difficult and even if you are a beginner, you can take the music home to study in private.

Now that graduation time is approaching, it is especially important that the rehearsals be well attended. Night activities, assemblies, and the minstrel show will all make use of the orchestra, so let's pull together and give them something good!

VIRGINIA TAYLOR, '40, *Asst. Editor*

\* \* \*

### A Letter of Suggestions

My Friends:

I am about to suggest some improvements that could be made in or about Maynard High.

The first one is a touchy subject. The chairs! We girls ruin approximately 20 pairs of good stockings a year on them, and I think it's about time something was done about it. Of course I'm

not laying the blame of all the ruined stockings upon the school. (They have to wear out sometime.) Still, can't we sandpaper around the chairs, or get some new chairs, or something?

Secondly, I think it would be a good idea to hang on the inside of the door leading out of the school a nice big sign on which is printed in huge letters, "HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?" with a few suggestions underneath. I'm willing to bet a nickel that half of the female population of the school would troop back up the stairs after some little forgotten gadget or book.

Thirdly and last, teach the boys manners where we girls are concerned. If any of them are well bred, they certainly are magicians at concealing it. Rumor has it that they don't regard us as their equal. Well, just remember this, boys. Girls always appreciate considerate and well-mannered boys. Give special attention to your behavior in 1940. Remember it's leap year.

MURIEL PETERSON, '40.





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ANNIE HAMALAINEN

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RUTH HODGESS

"As I read over the affairs of the European countries and learn of the unnecessary suffering of the people, I thank God that I was born in a country experienced in democratic ideals."

\* \* \*

## College Fun

RUTH HODGESS, '40

"Yippee!" yelled Phyllis, bursting into Pat's room at Cranton Hall. "Have you heard the good news, Pat? Allen Foster has invited Anne to the Military Ball tomorrow night. Isn't that great? After two months here at college poor Anne has finally landed her first date."

Anne was the only child of a typical old-fashioned, country family. She had come to college entirely ignorant of the latest vogue in dress and hair-do.

"Allen Foster!" exclaimed Pat with great surprise. "Why, he's the captain of the football team. How is it that he asked Anne to go?"

"Well, it seems that Jean's mother suddenly took sick and she had to go home, so I suppose he had no better choice at such a late date. Anne was so anxious to go that she couldn't refuse."

"Jiminy, that's great!" replied Pat with joy. "Here is Anne's chance to make a hit with the fellows, and we've got to do our best to see that she does. You go and round up Bee, Kay, and Ginny, while I tell Nancy and Dot. Then we'll talk the thing over."

Soon Pat's room was full of girls, all chattering excitedly about Anne.

"Anne is just about my size," Nancy said. "She can wear my royal blue gown. That will look lovely with her golden hair."

"I'll let down her hair and curl it a bit so she will look a little more glamorous," burst forth Bee, who had a knack for curling hair and always wore the latest hair-dresses.

"She can wear my pearl tear-drop necklace," said Phyllis, "and we'll buy a couple of gardenias to put in her hair."

"Imagine," giggled Dot, "poor innocent little Anne suddenly becoming a glamor girl over night. This is going to be fun."

This matter settled, the girls departed to their rooms, all excited over their scheme. The next day's classes hardly passed fast enough for them, but at last four o'clock rolled around, and again Pat's room was full of chattering little magpies.

"Here she is," yelled Ginny, leading Anne through the doorway. "Let's go to work."



Without any explanations as to what was happening, frightened Anne was pushed into a chair and became the victim of seven rather rough beauticians. After much protesting, struggling, and great excitement, they were on their way with Anne's renovation.

"Look," cried Kay when Bee had her hair all done up in little curls, "she looks like a different girl already."

"Wait until she puts her gown on, and Pat applies her make-up technique; you'll think you're looking at Anne Sheridan instead of Anne Martin," replied Dot.

"Golly," choked Phyllis when the finishing touches had been applied, "you look beautiful, Anne. I never dreamed a girl could change so much with so little help. Just wait until Allen sees you. If he doesn't forget he ever knew Jean Lincoln, I'll miss my guess."

How right she was! Allen wasn't the only boy at the ball, however, who forgot his girl. Anne was the center of attraction. Even the boys who took Phyllis, Pat, and the other girls were quite interested in Anne—much to the displeasure of the girls.

"If I had known," said Kay, disgustedly, as she sat in Phyllis' room the next evening, knitting, "that Anne would be that great a success, I wouldn't have been so enthusiastic over the idea. Here I sit at home knitting while she goes out with my boy friend!"

\* \* \*

## Well, Folks

JEAN TUCKER, '41

Well, folks, it all happened when Maw decided us kids needed an edication. Of course Paw was agin it, but Maw chewed the tobaccy in the family so Paw didn't put up any fight. Miss Graham, the school ma'am didn't like us Todds but we 'ated her just as much.

Celia, Sammy, and I was the ones that hadda go ta school so we decides right then and there that the old hag, Miss Graham, was gonna 'ave 'er hands full. The quicker we get outta the darn place, the better we was gonna like it. Well, the first day at school wouldn't 'ave been bad only them Carter kids from over the hill was there. Us Todds 'as bin feudin' with 'em for nigh on a 'undred years. Sam, when he sees Ted Carter just let go, even though Ted was two years older than him. Well, Sammy got a black eye and a coupla teeth knocked out, but Ted was sure in a awful condition.

Miss Graham sent Sammy home so I was just gonna start a fight so's I could go home too, when I saw Maw comin' up the path. She 'ad her gun with 'er, and she was spittin' fire. She took Celia and me by the hair and told us to git 'ome. Pretty soon she came home, but that look in her eye told me things didn't work out the way Maw wanted 'em to, so before she could see me I ran aroun' the other side o' the

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house and began to chop the wood. Celia, I guess, musta seen her too, 'cause she was peeling the 'taters for the supper when I looked in the window.

When Maw got up the hill I heerd her yell to Paw ta get the guns ready; we were gonna have it out-n-out with them Carters. Celia, when she heerd it, was awful sad 'cause she's kinda sweet on one of the Carter kids, but you can bet your cent Maw didn't know about it.

Well, everyone got his gun and we started for the Carters. There was fifteen of us and nineteen of them but any of us Todds could take care of two o' them. Ted had told his Maw what Sammy had done to him so they was already to start the feud. Well, we only fought a few hours 'cause the ammunition run low. Maw, Uncle Sy, and Pete they done got killed so they couldn't come home with us. Four o' the Carters got killed so we didn't feel too bad losin' three.

Sammy and I went over to the Carters a coupla days after and well we decided that as long as we was livin' in the modern age we'd call the feudin' off but if any of them came on our land or if we went on their land and stole or hurt the property we could kill 'em daid.

After that all us kids went ta school and hung around with the Carters. Paw didn't care what we did just as long as he didn't have to work, so everyone was gettin' along fine.

Well, folks, the old clock says it's time to say good-bye until tomorra but before I go I think I betta tell ya Celia done got married to that Carter boy she was sweet on.

Well, folks, don't forget to listen in to Uncle Zeke's stories every Tuesday night. Good-bye!

\* \* \*

## Mercy Flight

BENNIE GUDZINOWICZ, '40

The morning papers in the various cities of the state related briefly to their reading public the heroic flight of a young, dauntless pilot, but little did they know of the actual facts. The real story as I was told it by the pilot's best friend was as follows:

"All pilots report at the manager's office," echoed the voice over the amplifier in the Johnston's airport recreation room.

Disgustedly, a few of the men left their poker game and prepared to go with their raincoats on, across the airfield through the wind-swept rain. But all wondered as to the purpose of the assembly, for weather conditions had grounded all commercial planes in the vicinity.

"What could they want with us?" asked Bill Walters as he lazily arose from the cot in the corner of the room and, sitting on its edge, pulled on his



boots. "I thought the boss said we weren't doing any flying tonight."

"He did," answered Tom Barton, a tall, broad-shouldered youth in his early twenties, who had always craved adventure and excitement. "Maybe," he added in a joking manner, "he's going to give us all a raise or some tough assignment."

"Oh, yeah!" exclaimed Bill. "The only raise he'd give would be a kick in the pants, and as for an assignment on a night like this, you'd be the only fool who'd tackle the job, you maniac."

Bill having dressed rapidly, walked with Tom to the office of the manager and entered.

Already in the dimly lit room of the chief executive of Johnston's airport, there was assembled around the boss's desk a group of pilots, each eagerly waiting to hear the reason for their summons.

The manager, a former veteran pilot of twenty years experience who for his valuable services to the corporation had been appointed to direct its business at Johnston, rose slowly and scanned quickly the group of anxious faces, then said in a grave tone, "As you all know, many people are dying in the section around Billings where the hurricane did the most damage. Reports from state officials say that all roads to that area have been closed and all bridges destroyed. An urgent appeal has been just made to hospitals to send immediately all possible serum in order to stop the spread of disease. That now brings us to the purpose of this meeting. To come to the point, a pilot is needed to carry some serum to Billings tonight. You all know the weather conditions. The rain has grounded all planes, but the serum must be sent tonight!"

A murmur arose from the group of which many were men with families and wives. They knew that it was insane for a man to attempt to cross the wind-swept mountains, especially during a thunder storm, with only his instruments to guide him. They knew that death lurked at every mountain pass on the route to Billings. But there was one who thought differently and that was Tom, the adventure-seeking pilot of the company.

Then, the room became silent and the manager spoke pleadingly, "If anyone has decided to volunteer, will he please step forward?"

Tom Barton, the youngest pilot of the crew, who saw now his chance for another adventure, thought little of his personal welfare but of that of the people in the stricken area as he stepped forward to volunteer.

At the same time, outside in the darkness of the night, an airplane could be heard warming up. All the eyes of the group were focused upon Tom. Quickly he pulled on his flying togs with the aid of a few other men.

After checking the gas in the tank of the plane, he climbed quickly into the cock-pit with his precious cargo. With a cheerful smile, he waved his hand to the group of men standing against the walls of the building where they stood to avoid the rain as much

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as possible. Those in the group watched anxiously his take-off into the darkness and listened until the sound of his motor became lost in the distance. All feared for his safety, but Tom, in the rising plane, hummed the tune of a lively song. Leaving the airport he rose rapidly taking the northern course. With his eyes carefully watching his instruments he calculated his position. At various times flashes of lightning lit the heavens. The mountains should be near, he thought, so he pointed the nose of the plane heavenward to avoid the ever-dangerous mountain peaks. Everything was going all right when suddenly his airplane hit an air pocket. Down shot his plane. With frantic pulls on his control stick he steered the plane upward. From nowhere there loomed in front of him the side of a tree-covered mountain that he had chanced to catch a glimpse of as a streak of lightning illuminated the skies. Acting quickly he swerved the ship upward and to the right.

As he reached a higher altitude to clear the menacing peak, he regained control of himself and wiped the perspiration from his face before he resumed his route. By radio he learned that at Billings he would need much skill to land his plane on their partly flooded field. He looked searchingly over the side of his plane for the lights of Billings. Yes, just as he thought, there they were below. Hooray! He had made it.

But his joy was short-lived, for suddenly his motor began sputtering. "What bad luck I must have," he said to himself.

Was he out of gas? No, that couldn't be it. There was only one answer. Engine trouble. Suddenly his plane went into a twisting dive. He tried to put the plane into a glide, but found it impossible to do. Well, he thought, the only thing to do now is to bail out with the serum and pray he wouldn't land on someone's roof who'd probably mistake him for a modern Santa Claus. Always remain calm in the face of danger was his motto, and thus he remained.

Over the side of the plane he bailed out with his anxiously awaited cargo. He floated not too gently in the high wind and looking earthward, he made out the Billings airport where brilliant light pierced the dark sky, searching for his arrival. He landed with a splash on the water covered ground. Quickly two attendants rushed out and took over the precious cargo. Well, he had arrived all right, he thought, but resolved that further trips which called for an adventurous person would not be taken by him, for this one tonight had taught him how foolish he had been before, flying with death as his companion for no cause other than the search for new adventures.

Thus ended the story of the flight that brought aid to many sufferers and some sense into the mind of a very fine pilot who had repeatedly searched for excitement, thinking little of the danger that had continuously followed him.



**"Our Town"**

HELEN KAZIUKONIS

Have you ever noticed the beauty of our Town,  
 Hidden amid the green and the brown?  
 Some streets are narrow; some are wide,  
 Some are inward, others outside.  
 The beauty in winter and summer is nice.  
 To keep it that way, we all pay a price.  
 Price isn't money, as you all know,  
 We can pay a price without giving dough.  
 We haven't the noise one finds in the city.  
 But when I think of them, I say, "What a pity."  
 We enjoy the simplicity of life out here,  
 And go out both day and night with never a fear.  
 We have three grammar schools for children to go,  
 To learn what they at present do not know.  
 We have a high school that is great,  
 For successful careers, it is a bait.  
 We have a lot of cozy homes,  
 That prevent our children from starting to roam.  
 Now we are sure of all these facts.  
 Please keep the roads free from all tacks.  
 So we can ride the road to fame,  
 And come back to Maynard, and find it the same.  
 And when you look to the East and West,  
 I'll bet you will say "Our Town" is the best.

\* \* \*

**Sea Tale**

LORETTA DIONNE, '40.

The old captain sat mending his nets while I waited  
 patiently for the story which the old tar was sure to  
 tell.

It was one of those serenely beautiful summer days  
 with a clear blue sky overhead but a horizon that was  
 gradually darkening, portending one of those storms  
 so numerous along the coast. The little fishing dories  
 tugged gently at their moorings, and the gulls screamed  
 and flapped their wings as they discovered some new  
 food. A huge mass of rocks formed an impressive  
 background to this scene, and it was to these that the  
 captain at length drew my attention.

"See that old fellow yonder climbing that hill?"

I looked to see an old man laboriously picking his  
 way up the incline. I was musing on the dejected stoop  
 of his shoulders when the seaman again interrupted  
 my reverie.

"Back in 1895," he began somewhat abruptly, and  
 I settled down to listen to his story—"in the days of  
 the sailing ships. there was a young man named Jim  
 Stearn. At that time there was a ship called the

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Wavebreaker which was ideal for carrying a load of cargo. All the seamen refused to sail it, believing it to be a cursed ship, but Jim in his youthfulness refused to believe such a tale and willingly consented to be captain on the next voyage. After considerable delay a crew was at length gathered together, of which crew I was first mate.

"The night before the sail, a young lady, Elaine Cruger, announced her intention of sailing with us. It was in vain that Jim warned her of the perils she would have to face. She stood firm and was able to have her way because her father held the largest share in the boat on which we were sailing. So the following day, accompanied by her maiden aunt, she boarded the boat for the fatal voyage.

We had been gone over a hundred days and were being buffeted about by storm, when things began to happen. Our food supply ran out; we were driven off our course. The westerly wind brought a raging storm, and it was to men, weary with hunger and work that the cry was brought, "ship's leaking." Water began to pour into the hold in torrents.

Jim was at the wheel when Elaine came out of her cabin. She stood there watching him for several minutes. Jim, wanting to go below to assist at the pumping, turned to her and said, "Come, take the wheel."

Standing close to him, I whispered in his ear, "Do you think it's wise, sir—if anything should happen—"

Before I could finish, he turned to me saying, "All men are needed below. "Besides," he added as an afterthought, "she has sailed ships since childhood and knows how to handle them as well as you or I."

Elaine, eager to be of help, seized the wheel. Jim and I were half way down the steps when we heard a scream. Jim rushed on deck only to see Elaine being carried away by an avalanche of water, and disappearing forever from his eyes.

When I arrived on deck, Jim was repeating to himself, "I did it. I did it."

Never before had I heard such remorse in a man's voice, and I don't believe I shall ever hear it again. It was a disheartened Jim that docked the ship at the nearest port, for he had loved the girl sincerely.

As my friend was about to continue, thunder sounded ominously in the sky, rain came, and I withdrew as Jim Stearn dropped from sight over the top of the hill.





## "James J. Peters, Theatrical Agent"

JEAN DAVIS, '41

The sign on the door advertised James J. Peters, more commonly known as J.P., as a "Theatrical Agent."

Outside everything seemed calm enough but behind that closed door, James Peters, "Theatrical Agent," was pacing back and forth like a caged lion. The frayed thing in his mouth that had once been a respectable looking cigar wiggled up and down frantically. His bald head had the appearance of a rosy billiard ball. J.P. was mumbling imprecations under his breath. The phone rang. He bounded into the air like a startled deer and jerked the phone from the hook.

"Hello! Who? What!! You mean to tell me you can't find any trace of her? Hasn't she been at the apartment? Wasn't she there at all? What did you say? Oh never mind, stay right where you are. I'm grabbing a taxi and coming right over there."

Snatching his coat and hat, he made a mad dash for the door. There he stopped short, went back to his desk, snatched a couple of cigars from the box, and then practically flew out the door.

Fifteen minutes later J.P. was cross-examining the maid in Lee Thayer's small, well furnished apartment. The maid was visibly frightened. The little white apron she wore was badly wrinkled as the result of her fright.

"You're sure she didn't sleep here last night, eh?"

"Yessir-er-that is-well-no, Mr. Peters, I don't think she did."

"You don't think she did," he mimicked her. "Well, for Pete's sake, young lady—don't you know?" he roared.

"All I know is that she—that is—her bed wasn't slept in last night. You see, sir, I don't come till ten every morning and I leave at nine every night—"

"Okay, never mind. Tell me, did she come home at all yesterday afternoon?"

"Oh, yes sir. She came in about four o'clock an' she seemed awful nervous. Every once in a while I saw her take a note out of her pocket and read it. Oh, Mr. Peters, I know she's been kidnapped by some awful gangsters and I'll never see her again." With that she burst into tears and J.P., who couldn't stand hearing a woman cry, tried to calm her down a bit. When she had become sufficiently quiet, he started questioning her again.

"What makes you think that she's been kidnapped?" he snapped, pacing up and down the room, and chewing vigorously at his cigar.

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"Why, sir, every time she read that note she glanced around to see if anyone was around to see her. Once when the phone rang she jumped. When I started to answer it, she hollered, 'Don't touch that phone, I'll answer it!' She answered and I heard her talkin' an' she sounded terribly frightened. I heard her say once, 'But I can't get all that——'

"I didn't hear the next word but it must have been 'money'. And, sir, after that phone call she ran into her own room and locked the door. I could hear her in there sobbin' as though her heart would break. Why, what's the matter?"

J. P. had sunk onto the couch and buried his head in his hands.

"If she's been kidnapped then there goes the show. She's opening tonight in the biggest hit of the season and we were so sure that she'd be O.K. that we dismissed the understudy. I'm ruined, absolutely ruined."

All this was just a mumble, and J. P. moaned as he thought of the "Sold Out" sign that had been hanging in the front of the theater for the past week.

"Had we better call the police?" suggested the maid timidly.

"What! Call the police? Not on your life!" snorted J. P. "If we do that we'll have the news hounds down on our necks like that!" and he snapped his fingers.

He rose from the couch and began to wander around the room. If they'd only hear some news. If only—the phone rang. Afraid to answer it for fear it would be bad news, he sank to the edge of the couch, chewing steadily at what was left of his cigar, while Julie answered it.

"Hello, what? No, not really? That's awful. Yes, he's here. Hold the line a minute and I'll tell him. Mr. Peters," she said, turning to that worthy gentleman, "it's Mr. Parker's man; he says that Mr. Parker is miss—Mr. Peters!" Turning back to the phone, she said, "I'll call you back later; Mr. Peters just fainted."

Several minutes later, J. P. revived to see Julie bending over him solicitously, asking him what the trouble was. He lay there a moment, trying to collect his scattered thoughts. Then he looked at her and groaned.

"A fine thing, the female lead kidnapped and the male lead missing. Here it is opening night and they're both gone. Ow-w-w! What am I going to do?"

He jerked himself up off the couch and started toward the door, a strange look in his eyes.

"Mr. Peters," cried Julie seeing it, "Mr. Peters, where are you going? What are you going to do?"

"Do?" he said, turning on her. "I'm going out and get darned good and drunk."

His hand was on the door knob and he was about to turn it when the bell rang.



"Julie," said a soft musical voice, "Julie, open the door. I've forgotten my key."

J. P. jerked the door open and was confronted by his two stars. He stared at them and then, as if to make sure that they wouldn't get away again he grabbed them and pulled them into the room, slamming the door with his foot.

"Sit down," he growled, pushing them roughly onto the couch he had just vacated. "Now then, suppose you explain yourselves. Where the deuce have you two been? Don't you know that tonight is your opening night? Are you aware that the theater is all sold out; that there isn't even standing room left? Are you both aware of the fact that there's a fortune sunk in the play? Tha——"

"Pipe down and sit down, J. P." said Jon Parker, idol of millions, trying to calm his boss and succeeding only in getting more angry himself.

"Let me handle this Jon," said Lee, soothing the actor back on to the couch. Then turning to Peters she said simply.

"You see J. P., we were married las—— Why J. P., what's the matter?"

Mr. James J. Peters, great Theatrical Agent, had fainted again.

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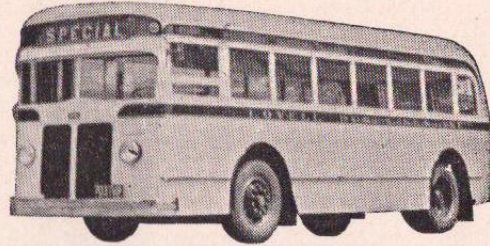


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