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# THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

MAYNARD, MASS., JUNE, 1932

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## PROSPECT

What a mess this old world is in! The President of France assassinated, the Lindbergh baby kidnapped and brutally murdered, another jolt in the stock market, depreciating money standards, a war in China, and depressions all over the place—all results of the hectic and foolhardy existence we are now living.

What possible gain is there in this mad search for pleasure, fame, and money? It can only bring to us as much as it brought to the Romans—a broken empire and a ruined civilization. It would seem that after a few centuries of learning our lesson we might meet our ruin more prettily. But history repeats itself and paves the way through the eternal cycle. That is, unless we do something about it. But what can we do?

We can return to a better and simpler form of living. Although it is foolish to recommend radical changes, it would be a good idea for governments to tear down factories and all other signs of our material "culture," and send people into the country to grow their own grain and make their own bread, to make their own living from the soil. This should be done not in the manner of a Transcendental revolt, but as a practical project. If people's desires are limited to the outcome of potato crops, their tragedies to blights and frosts, and their enjoyments to mild, country

pastimes, life would certainly be far less complex.

We are not to blame for the present situation, nor are our fathers. It was indirectly handed down to us from the War. And as something that can't be helped, we should make the best of it. It is, looking at it from one angle, a good thing. The world is full of fighters, and there's no telling what they might do if they had nothing to fight against. We should be glad we are living today, for we have a job to do, such as no age has had before us. We can exert our influence so that civilization will progress, or we can hold it to its present comparative nothingness.

Depression, you say. You're lucky. The other day a Boston newspaper said that the longest period of depression that the world had ever known was the Dark Ages, and that lasted scarcely eight hundred years.

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## RUMPLESNITZ

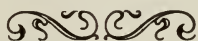
The significance of the word "Rumplesnitz" is to be found in Heywood Broun's essay entitled "The Fifty-First Dragon." In the essay Broun tells the story of a youth who was not particularly bright and not particularly dull, even as you and I, but the poor fellow had what we would call today an inferiority complex. He attended a school where he failed miserably in this jousting,



mock combats, and classes of a like nature. As a last resort the Head Master decided to try the boy at dragon-killing, and, arming him with the magic word "Rumplesnitz," sent him out into the woods. With the aid of his magic word, the boy slew fifty dragons but, facing his fifty-first dragon, he forgot his word. He killed the dragon, but in doing so was disillusioned concerning the power of his word and lost all his confidence. The fifty-second dragon overcame the youth, and feasted on the dragon-killer, armor and all.

A great many of us have our "Rumplesnitz," the magic charm that helps us go ahead and win. It may

be a word, a mascot, or an act we go through before attempting a task or entering competition. Expressing it in a different way, we may say that it is the thing which has helped us attain false confidence. In the case of our dragon-killer, it was only that; but for most people it is more a habit that has grown upon us than something we look to for performance of miracles. Even though over-confidence trips blithely along before disaster, misfortune may be avoided if we realize that our favorite superstition and charm merely helped us gain assurance, and it can be outgrown with no harm.



### AFTER HIGH SCHOOL, WHAT?

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We suggest that students interested in a business career write to Principal L. O. White, at 334 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., who will be pleased to supply full information.

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## CHRYSANTHEMUMS

"Wait until I tend my little chrysanthemums," said Lee Sung, "and then I shall join you in great play."

For an hour or more Lee Sung had been caring for his garden, the pride of his Japanese heart. Of all his plants, his chrysanthemums were his greatest joy. No chrysanthemums in the city were as large, round, and symmetrical as were Lee Sung's.

"Come into our court where father said we might play," shouted one of the boys when later they came for Lee. "Hurry, so that we may have much time to play before the evening meal."

The boys clattered along the narrow streets as fast as Japanese boys could clatter. So fast that the leaders bumped into a woman and a little boy, both of whom had on queer clothes. The little boy fell down and hurt himself so badly that he cried.

Japanese boys never cried and now they had no sympathy for the little boy. That is, none but Lee, who could understand anything. He gave the little boy the seeds he had been planning to take to Madame Yeu, and the flowers to the boy's mother.

"Perhaps the flowers and my seeds will please the little boy," he said politely and gravely in Japanese.

"Thank you ever so much," she answered him, also in Japanese. "I am an American but soon I shall be going back to America. I will plant the seeds so that my son may remember you."

Lee Sung's chrysanthemums grew more and more beautiful but he did not desire to part with them for he loved them so much. He could not release his chrysanthemum seeds, but

the seeds of his other flowers made him rich and famous in Japan. He was still young when his seeds brought him fame and money.

That he might receive more knowledge of his plants, he decided to go to an American college in the United States. He entered a college on the western coast which he had heard had an excellent young professor of botany.

Lee Sung entered the college at a time when the feeling against the Japanese was very high. Lee Sung soon found out that the Americans did not want a "Jap" studying with them, especially a "Jap" who knew more than they, and who would carry America's knowledge back to Japan, for Japan's advancement in the world. The other Japanese in the city did not like him because of his wealth. At first Lee Sung did not mind, for he was intensely interested in his studies. However, the avoidance and refusals which he was receiving were very pointed and hurt his friendly heart. Every day he grew more determined to return to Japan.

"I have here on my desk, one of the most nearly perfect of all chrysanthemums. There are very few as well formed as those I have in my greenhouse. Please come up and examine it after class," said the young botany professor during one class.

Lee Sung stared at the chrysanthemum. It was astonishingly like his! Yet there was only one packet of seeds that had been released!

After class Lee Sung went to the desk with the rest of the class, but remained longer than they did, examining his wonderful flower. The professor, much interested in Lee



Sung's close observation, said, "Have you chrysanthemums as beautiful in your Japan?"

"Very few," answered Lee Sung. "There are only a few similar to these, and they are seldom seen. Did your seeds come from Japan?"

"Why, yes, I believe that's what my mother told me when she planted them, that they came from someone in Japan."

"A little boy, perhaps?"

"I think it was. He must have been about ten years of age, if I remember rightly."

"How old would he be now?"

"Oh, I should judge he'd be nearly thirty."

"I'm about thirty."

"Are you—"

"Perhaps I am, for there are no chrysanthemums as rare as yours and mine!"

The professor took a long look at the young man. Then he smiled and approaching the young Japanese, shook his hand heartily. Having recognized the boy at last he invited him to his home to meet his mother.

"Me, to whom no one else will speak?"

"You gave us your friendship in Japan. Come, let us give you ours in America."

D. Marsden, '32.

---

## THE SACRED LEFT EAR OF THE RED DRAGON

### Synopsis

It was one of the laws of the Order of the Red Dragon, Semple Academy's most select and influential secret society, that their candidate for class president must have in his possession the Sacred Left Ear of the Red Dragon. Just before class elections, the Left Ear was stolen and this took Dave Marsden from the list of candidates. Bob King, Dave's friend, blamed the dastardly deed on Andy Howe, Dave's football rival and opponent for the office. Elections were

almost at hand—the Sacred Left Ear was still missing.

### Conclusion

Two more days passed; the members of the Order of the Red Dragon and the other Seniors whose candidate Dave was grew more and more despondent, finally losing all trace of hope. In three more days elections were to be held—no doubt Andy Howe would be the successful candidate.

On the evening of this second day, Bob King sprawled on the old leather couch in Dave Marsden's room, and watched Dave as he tried to concentrate on his English assignment. More than once a blank look came into his eyes, and Bob knew he was seeing little of what was printed on the page of the book lying open on the desk before him. Dave was worried about the election; so was he.

Whose idea was it, anyway, making the possession of the Sacred Left Ear necessary before a man of the Order could take part in the race for class president? For the hundredth time Bob asked himself this question—and for the hundredth time he told himself that Andy Howe was responsible for stealing the sacred organ, and that he had hated and distrusted the football captain the first time he had seen him.

With a sudden resolution, Bob swung his feet around and planted them on the floor. He rose and started for the door, speaking to Dave as he went.

"Going out—may be late. Don't work too hard and perhaps I'll bring you something nice."

Dave nodded, and moved his eyes to the top of the page, trying once more to make sense out of the page he had been looking at for two hours and had read a dozen times.

Bob strode down the street, his hands in his pockets. The idea that had come to him while thinking of Andy Howe was slowly becoming stronger. He entered the building where the club room was, and found

six or seven fellows, men of the Order of the Red Dragon, gathered there. He called them together and explained in a few words what he wanted of them. Their enthusiasm was evident, and when Bob left the room a few minutes later he took two of them with him. The others waited until half an hour later the telephone rang, and a short conversation ensued.

"They've got him—but we'll have to make it snappy because he's impatient to get home and study."

A few minutes afterwards they were standing before Andy Howe's house, which was in total darkness. Two of the boys went in—the others kept watch outside. The beam of a flashlight moved about in an upstairs room—a quarter of an hour passed before the two returned, disappointed.

"No go—it wasn't anywhere in the room."

"Perhaps he's destroyed it."

When they returned to the club room, Bob was already there. At their story, he looked round at them.

"There's only one thing we can do—call a special council meeting tomorrow evening—I've a plan."

When Bob got back to Dave's house, Dave was lying on the couch that Bob had left a few hours before. Evidently he had given up thought of studying. He looked up inquiringly as Bob came in.

"Where have you been?—pal?"

"Seaching for excitement. Took Andy Howe out for a college ice."

Dave looked at him in amazement.

"You did **"what?"**"

"Took our friend Andy out for some ice cream. And had a nice little chat with him—All right! Wait a minute! I took him downtown to get him out of the way while Ken and a couple of the fellows went in and searched his room—his folks are out of town this week. We didn't find anything."

"You didn't think you would, did you? Of all the clever little boys—"

"Well, it might've been a good idea—would've been good, if it had

worked. But I've got another good one."

"If it's like the rest of your—"

"Quiet! It's a swell idea—can't help but work. I've called a council meeting for tomorrow night. We're going to have a substitute ear made—it'll be just like the other. We'll keep it quiet, and no one can say it isn't the real thing, because if anyone does, he'll be the one who knows where the ear is. How's that for an idea?"

"Why didn't we think of it before? Great, son, simply marvelous. The only trouble is that we may not have time to get our voters alive to the fact that I'm in the run again."

"We'll begin right away—everything'll be easy."

The meeting was duly held, and Bob's plan met with instant approval. The news that the ear had been found spread thru the school like the wind and Dave's friends regained their old enthusiasm one hundred fold. The new ear was eventually smuggled into the sanctum and fitted into the dragon's head. With special ceremony it was handed over to Dave and once again he was a candidate.

Elections were held—Dave Marsden won by ten votes. Football season passed, basketball came and went, baseball reigned at Semple Academy—still, the stolen dragon's ear was missing.

On the second of May, Bob was again reclining on Dave's couch while Dave sat at the desk trying to shake money out of his bank.

"Did you hang any May baskets, Davey?"

"Yeah—only about uh—two dozen—uh—Didn't have time for more."

"**LAUNDRY!**"

"Gosh, I almost forgot—laundry man—be back in a minute."

Dave re-entered the room a couple of minutes later, carrying his laundry bag over his shoulder.

"Guess I'll sort this out—Well—will you look at this! Those laundries ought to know better than to put colored things in with the white



clothes! Guess I'll go out to meet Jones' bull with this scarlet shirt—and these flannels—perfectly good pair of pants they were—Hey! for the love of,—Bob, **look!** What does this look like?"

"It looks like—the sacred left ear of the Red Dragon!!!"

E. Priest, '32.

---

### JUST A KID

We have read so much of George Washington as the best, the noblest, the purest among men, that it was really a relief to read of his life when he was just a kid getting into trouble, like the rest of us. Recently I ran into such an article in the Liberty Magazine, and it appealed to me so strongly that I must write of this Washington, the boy.

As I remember it, George had gone swimming one sweltering summer day in the Rappahannock River. Piling his clothes on the bank he hopped in. As he was splashing around, two so-called modest town girls appeared on the scene. They took one good look at poor Georgie, giggled, stole his clothes, and returned to the village—leaving mankind's noblest son in a most embarrassing situation.

How Washington got home, the author failed to say. But I imagine he returned in a barrel. He would have reached his destination undetected had not Martha caught him creeping up the stairs to his room, without even a necktie on. Then the fireworks started.

"Georgie," she cried none too softly, "Come down to mother immediately. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, roaming around the countryside like Adam himself? Come down, I say!"

Young Washington came down the stairs, head lowered, his face the color of a very red frankfurt.

"Mother," he said, "You know I never told a lie in my whole life . . . Don't you, Mother?"

"Yes, son."

"Well, I went swimming today and

two girls from town stole my clothes."

"They did, did they? Well we'll see about that. And as for you, young man, you go right to bed."

"Without my supper?"

"Yes."

And that night the Father of our Country went to sleep on an empty stomach, and all because of two girls with too much sense of humor.

Fred Johnson, '34.

---

### THE OLD SPRINGFIELD RIFLE

As Sergeant Robert Young looked at his honorary discharge from the A.E.F., he sighed in relief. "Boy," he exclaimed, "It surely seems good to be going back to the United States after six months in France." He looked at his Springfield rifle and smiled. "You've helped me out in plenty of tight squeezes, especially that time in the Argonne Forest—." His voice trailed off as he mused over his adventures.

About eight years later, we find Mr. Young married and with two children, Robert, Jr., and Barbara. By his work as a lawyer he has become fairly rich and has been elected Assistant District Attorney of Illinois.

Bobby, Mr. Young's six-year-old son is at just the age at which he is interested in cowboys and gangsters. He has naturally been attracted by the Springfield rifle hanging over the fireplace and for this reason the rifle barrel has been blocked with cement.

Because of his work as Assistant District Attorney, Mr. Young has, of course, made many enemies among the gangsters and rum-runners of the underworld. He has collected much information that would do a great deal of harm to certain underworld characters if it was ever published. To lessen this danger, two of "Scarface" Moran's henchmen have been sent to steal these papers.

As one man worked to open the safe another collected the more valuable household goods to make it seem like an ordinary robbery. Among

these was the old rifle which happened to catch the robber's eye. Luckily for Mr. Young, the burglars were frightened by a noise from upstairs and escaped without the papers.

There was now only one way for the gangsters to protect themselves. That was to "get" Mr. Young. As their intended victim was walking to the corner for a taxicab another taxi drew up to the sidewalk. As Mr. Young walked over to the taxi a man leaned out with a rifle in his hands and aimed it at Young. As he pulled the trigger a terrific explosion came from the gun as it burst, severely injuring the man in the taxicab.

As Mr. Young recovered from the shock, he picked up the pieces of the gun and smiled as he noticed some pieces of cement in it.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I thought you saved my life for the last time back in 1918 by shooting at others, but here you save my life while pointed at me. That's surely a new trick to me."

Roy Lent, '35.

ALLEGORICAL CHARACTERS

- 1. The breezes.....The future
- 2. Roses.....Pleasures of life
- 3. Thorns.....Hardships of life
- 4. Lad .....Faith
- 5. Mary .....Devotion
- 6. Mrs. Sylvester .....Religion
- 7. Mr. Sylvester.....Disbelief

Lad

Summer had come and a faint breeze stirred in the trees of the Sylvester garden. It was a beautiful garden, filled with roses of every description. There were gay yellow roses, bold red roses, shy pink roses, and even white roses—all beautiful—and all with thorns.

The breeze left the beautiful garden and for one restive moment floated across the face of a boy in a wheelchair, carrying with it the scent of

the flowers. A smile flashed across the lad's countenance.

"Mary," he said, "take me into the garden. The roses are in bloom!"

The girl addressed was about nine years old and with her golden hair and blue eyes she showed a marked resemblance to the boy in the wheelchair. They were brother and sister.

Mary pushed the ugly wheelchair through the arbor and into the garden. For several minutes, then, she watched her brother, happy because he seemed happy.

At last she said, "We had better go now, Lad. Dinner will be ready and you know how father hates us to be late."

"Let me pick a rose first."

"Oh, Lad, I'll pick one for you or get a pair of scissors. You may get pricked. There are thorns, you know."

Lad said, "Thanks, Mary, but if one really loves roses he is willing to endure the thorns. The roses themselves seem so much nicer because of the thorns."

On the way to the house Lad asked Mary, "Why do you wheel me about? You don't have to. The nurse would do it."

"But I like to," was the reply.

"You're a good sister, Mary. But you won't have to wheel me about much longer. I am going to get well soon. I feel it."

At the dinner table that evening Mrs. Sylvester remarked to her husband, "Have you read about the miracles occurring at Notre Dame? Crippled children have walked up the stairs of the church, praying on each step and have come down well!" Mrs. Sylvester was a pretty woman, though she was old, and she was dressed in white—pure white.

Her husband answered, in a deprecating manner, "I really don't believe that those miracles occur. There is something underhanded somewhere."

"Oh, don't you? I was thinking of sending Lad there."

A heated argument ensued. Or rather it was no argument, for Mr.

Sylvester, the indignant father, monopolized the conversation. He claimed that he loved his son as well as his wife, and if he thought there was the least chance for a cure, he certainly would not object. But this was all nonsense—utter nonsense.

However, when Lad spoke, "Father, please let me go. I know I can get well!", the force that his implicit trust gave to his words won the case.

Lad, accompanied by his mother and sister, reached Canada the next June.

When Lad first caught sight of the spires of Notre Dame, he was deeply impressed, and reverently he gazed at "Our Lady."

He was told that he must say a different prayer on each step, if the cure was to take place, but he could think, as he climbed, only of the plea, "God, make me well. Please, God, make me well."

Patiently he climbed, repeating always his simple prayer. At last the top was reached! And lo! When he descended, the miracle had happened. He could walk!

In Canada, there was a family rejoicing, that night. And far off in America, in the Sylvester garden, the breezes gamboled about, playing with the roses. Beautiful roses! Gay yellow ones, bold red ones, shy pink ones, pure white ones, and all with thorns—

But if one really loves the roses, he does not mind the thorns. The flowers themselves seem so much nicer because of them—

D. Glickman, '34.

---

### MAY

I like the way spring pear trees grow,  
Tall pyramids of drifted snow,  
Lifting their heads so proudly high.  
How well they know spring marches  
by!

W. Mikyaniec, '33.

---

### CIRCUS FEVER

Gran'pa's hitchin' up the wagon,  
An' there's 'citement all aroun'  
Even Dobbin ain't a laggin',  
Since the circus came to town.

Gran'pa takes his pension money,  
Then divides it all aroun',  
Buyin' treats for me an' Sonny,  
Since the circus came to town.

Clowns do act most awful silly,  
Rollin' hoops and fallin' down.  
Gee what fun for me 'n' Billy,  
Since the circus came to town.

Bet we've been to ev'ry show  
That's been given on the groun'.  
Ma says we're always on the go  
Since the circus came to town.

Ruth Bishop, '33.

---

### PROLOGUE

Pierrot of the Minute was happy to find  
After so many years, searching in vain,  
That life was not just a long eternal grind  
For the struggle was very sure to bring fame.  
Pierrette was a lover of nature and life  
And her love for Pierrot was so true and strong  
That she fought for him through the greatest strife  
Though blind to the fact that he often was wrong.

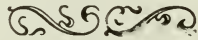
Mary Higgins, '33.



**“ ’TIS THE WOUNDED SOLDIER ”**

(a la Edna St. Vincent Millay)

I'll make allowances for human ills,  
 I'll grant that things will be and they will not;  
 Perhaps you cannot know the love that fills  
 My every part, and makes me rue my lot,  
 But yet a little sympathy you owe  
 To one who cannot keep from trying still,  
 To whom your relief was a ghastly blow.  
 Though in another I may heal the sore,  
 Apply the antiseptic with a friend,  
 Soothe with the gauze of experience's lore,  
 And with the bandage of protection mend,  
 'Tis the wounded soldier, with ev'ry breath,  
 Stanching the bleeding gash, praying for death.



**SONNET**

Above the world of worry and of care,  
 The moon sails high, and with a fine disdain  
 Of all that sordid is, and all not fair,  
 Pretends to overlook the gross, the plain;  
 But 'neath the pretense there is nice attempt  
 To cover ev'ry blight with cloth o' gold,  
 And with a beaming smile fair Luna tempts  
 Each unsuspecting beauty from its fold.  
 As if by magic lawn and garden change,  
 Before my eyes a silent wonder wrought,  
 And peace comes in my heart with moon-glow strange,—  
 Anxiety, the pain of grief are naught.  
 Days limited, should I now wish to live?  
 Then nights like this, what more has Life to give?



# Alumni Notes



**Laura Alberi—"Custard"**

A giggle and a chuckle from any comfortable spot will lead you to Laura, with her customary broad, optimistic smile. Laura intends to be a nurse, and we imagine that many a forlorn patient will be nursed to a grinning healthiness by Laura's joviality.



**Bronislaw Arcisz—"Sheik of the Class"**

A quarterback and a sheik have their numbers to remember, and Bruno remembers both. Bruno's ability as a leader was demonstrated in his rôle as captain in "Submerge."



**Laura Aho**

Laura Aho didn't think him nice,  
So she told him to "go fry ice."  
So Laura now a-hunting goes  
And for a boy friend is on her toes.



**Margaret Allen**

Margaret Allen always has a grin,  
She fondly hopes, will boy friends win.  
Instead of making eyes at Swartz  
Go get him, and show your SCOTCH!



**Edward Anderson**

Edward Anderson looks so meek,  
To get acquainted takes a week.  
"Treat 'em rough" is that boy's creed,  
So watch your step, and watch his speed.



### Isabel Annis

Pet of the Faculty, eh? Well, Isabel, most likely such seasonable dealings and contacts (??) with such an instructive body will have its results in your future. Remember, however, that "faculty" is also defined as "mental capacity, ability, and ease."



### Aulis Autio—"Lassu"

"But then, I'm only human after all" is his favorite saying. Quiet, he has a determined will and set principles. He is one of the go-getters of the class and it takes Aulis to start things. The sky's the limit!



### Dominic Baccaro—"Dom"

Dom is always willing to work—and with a smile. What's more, he always picks the hardest job. You can't go wrong, Dom.



### Anne Bellows

Ambition: to go "ga-ga." Favorite saying: "Really." Did Anne's ancestors off the Mayflower ever meet the Concord patriots? Sophomoric indifference is her forte. Striking originality illumines her artistry. Ga-ga, old girl, ga-ga.



### Jennie Bygot

Of thee we sing Jennie,  
But oh, that violin, Jennie,  
Success lies ahead of you in June.  
Before you go, put your fiddle in tune!



**Virginia Collins—"Ginnie"**

Do all Minutemen come from Concord? Ginnie thinks it's just the "men of the moment." Coming to us in her Sophomore year, more or less a "Maineiac," Virginia has "done very much as we Romans do," with the result of being Most Curious. Curiosity about Virginia's future leads us to predict that her cheery nature will bring her to success.



**Walter Crowther—"Walla"**

Walter's wit and clowning antics make him popular throughout the class. He has been Class Treasurer for three years (enough for any man), has been in two class plays, and in the Senior Play.



**Albert Crowley—"Baker"**

Baker Crowley's a lad so demure  
Of him the girls are never quite sure.  
For Baker is dangerous in more ways  
than one,  
When Jennie's involved—oh my, what  
fun!



**Irving Davis**

Irving's famous smile explains why he can fit into such a variety of classes. Irving is an Eagle Scout, a Sea Scout, and a good scout.



**Bernard Dawson**

Maybe you don't know it, but Bernie's sense of humor has helped him out of numerous scrapes into the good graces of many a fair lady. Bernie's electrical tendencies turn toward soft lights.



### Evelyn De Grappo

Evelyn keeps herself in trim  
Especially with one certain him.  
In sports she is bound to rise to heights,  
But meanwhile she sticks to her road-  
work nights!



### Edgar De Witt

Many a genius has kept his technique  
under his hat until ~~the~~ moment. Edgar's  
consistency and industry show that we  
won't have long to wait for that moment.



### Mary Dutkowski—"Duchess"

The "cream puff moll" from Paul's. Be-  
sides spreading the dough she spreads  
plenty of sunshine. "Duchess" is noted  
for her dancing and her typing.



### Linnea Frigard

Roses are red, violets blue,  
But Linnea Frigard never can be true.  
Like many a sailor, she is a great sport!  
And has a nice boy friend in every port!



### Mildred Glebus

Mildred's employed in a bakery shop,  
And to keep her from eating, they all  
have to hop.  
She eats up the profits until she could  
bust,  
And after the peanuts, she always eats  
nuts.





**Jeanette Gruber—"Nettie"**

Nettie's activity in all fields is responsible for her being the "Best All-Round Girl." Who do you suppose blushes when Nettie says, "He knows I like him."



**Eva Gudzinowicz—"Peanut"**

It's "Peanut's" bright and cheery smile that puts the life into the Commercial department. She has taken active part in athletics throughout her four years in High School. We wonder whose gold football "Peanut" is wearing!



**Forrest Hartin—"Forrie"**

In our opinion "Forrie's" qualified to write "The Trials and Tribulations of an Egg Man," but to quote another famous personage: "there are compensations." (??) As one egg to another, happy settings, "Forrie."



**Toini Holt**

Do Gentlemen prefer Blondes? Toini's popularity and full dance programmes should prove that, despite all the talk, gentlemen do still prefer blondes.



**Leona Howard**

Leona **appears** to be quiet, but you ought to see her annoying her neighbors in school. She has become devoted to tennis, and even plays hide-and-go-seek.



**Gertrude Huhtamaki—"Gert"**

"Gert" is the possessor of a most pleasing personality. If you want to know the extent of her popularity, attend one of the Thursday night "Coffee Dances." Ask "Gert" if she believes in "spooks."



**Reino Hietanen—"Buddy"**

Reino Hietanen, a human skyscraper,  
Has a face as long as sticky flypaper;  
He looks on the world with woe  
Because he's refused by Miss So and So.



**Ahti Jaakkola**

Ahti Jaakkola is such a demon,  
When he's around the girls start  
screamin'.  
For Ahti is a true-born sheik  
Always will be, till he's six feet deep!



**John Karpeichik—"Hokey"**

Champion soda shaker of the Seniors.  
Very temperamental—99% temper, 1%  
mental. He likes athletics, dancing, and  
walking (alone).



**Mary Kasziewicz**

To those of us who have the good luck to know her intimately, Mary is a personification of sociability, and what's more, she's "been places and seen things." We'll miss her winning smile and her quiet manner.



**Lauri Katvala**

Lauri is the "strong and silent" type, whose feelings are revealed only in Art (?). But we are reminded that "Art is everything and everything is Art."



**Ethel Kivela**

Ethel's ability as an athlete and actress is partly responsible for her popularity. Ethel's cheery smile is a great help in these times of depression.



**Blanche Kochnowicz—"Broncia"**

Little (?) girl of the seniors—Snoopy Sam predicts a visit from Hymen—But ah—ah—who is he, "Broncia"? She's Newberry's "Million Dollar Baby."



**Michael Kozak—"Mike"**

"Mike" gave the Special Delivery department a boost when he came in on his bicycle. Keep on peddling, Mike. you'll surely reach the top.



**Eleanor Lawson—"Elly"**

Famous saying: "O nerts!" "Elly" is the beauty of the class, the inspiration of some, but the puzzle of many. The "beautiful but dumb" maxim does not fit in this case. In a few years someone's going to have a snappy secretary. She's supposed to be really, a "stay-at-home girl," but we wonder!



### Reba Lerer

Reba Lerer, so prim and sedate,  
Goes to bed early and never stays late,  
Except when Kevin is concerned,  
And then, the midnight oil is burned!



### Marion Lester

Marion Lester, so quiet, so demure,  
Looks like a home-maker sure.  
Her affections lean toward a Forge  
Village player,  
Who makes a "hit" out of any old air.



### Kauko Luoto—"Kugga"

The great mathematical problem of 1932  
is "Can Kauko eat or sell more candy?"



### Catherine Macey

Catherine Macey can sleep and eat,  
And with a phonograph compete.  
When she orates, she goes quite mad,  
Because she's got a gift of "gab."



### Ebba Mark

Ebba Mark, that cheerful girl,  
The pride and joy of the Commercial  
Room.  
She looks so meek, and yet so sweet,  
That she can be called, ah yes, "petite."





### Dorothy Marsden—"Dot"

Brilliance in studies and athletics has characterized Dot's high school career. She is the busiest girl of the school, but she is always there to lend a hand. Dot does everything well. Can we say more?



### Sidney McCleary—"Sid"

Famous saying: "There ought to be a system." It isn't everyone who can look like a professor and keep out of jail. Sid drops his dignified mien to become a detective hot on the trail of a stray penny for the Screech Owl. Sid's successful "system" in Stow is beginning to make a convert of us.



### Esther Murray

You want to watch Esther—she's full of surprises. Such innocence can't be true. 'Fess up, Esther.



### Lois Murray

Lois, you must understand, is the quiet kind—but she always knows when to do the right thing. She, of all of us, has the habit of letting the teachers lecture undisturbed. Probably it's a sisterly feeling.



### Margaret Murray—"Peg"

Peg is one of the actresses of the class. Her ability was proved in the Senior play and the operetta. Peg is some entertainer. Remember her with her uke on the sleigh ride? We think Peg ought to go on the stage or on the "air."



**James Mullin**—"Moon"

Jim is the tall, blonde, football hero of the class. His favorite mode of expressing himself is "bubbling over." Jim's unhappy knack of being in the wrong place at the wrong time is sometimes relieved by his famous "That's all right." Incidentally, Jim doesn't have to eat Wheaties to have adventures.



**Cecelia Nelson**—"Curly"

There's truth in the proverb, "Good things come in small packages." Don't we know it, finding this package full of energy and smiles? Find Nettie and there's Cele, or listen for Cele and find Net. We expect to see Curly bounce out on the top of her chosen profession.



**Christopher Newman**—"Chris"

At times one see a lad towering above the tumult about him, proceeding unmoved by the surrounding animation, but deep in the meditations and ideals of that higher element. In such a case, one can never fail to recognize Chris—the demon of slow motion.



**Mark Newton**—"Mickie"

Mickie's career has been somewhat adventurous. Dashing is the word for Mick, both regarding the cinder track and the fair sex.



**John Nowick**—"Doc"

Doc makes a habit of keeping his sunny side up. Even golf doesn't ruffle his equanimity. Doc's pep puts him across as a student as well as an athlete.



### Edith Priest

Edith likes secluded spots—especially Forrests. This, however, does not prevent her from helping the class out of many a rut. Edith has filled her Senior year with many outside courses. In other words, the branches of education have many twigs. We'd like to ask, "Is Edith sentimental?"



### Rudolph K. Saari—"Banan"

Will probably be manager or owner of a shoe store after he graduates. He's had plenty of experience. Rudolph received his numerals for inter-class football. And is he bashful? Ask the Senior girls about it.



### Vera Saluski

This shy business pupil takes her school work seriously. Besides homework, Vera loves a good stick of Wrigley's gum. Please, Vera, when cooking, pay more attention to your doughnuts.



### June Katherine Sawyer—"Junie"

June has the distinction of being the vice-president of her class, the most popular girl, and the jolliest girl. Where does "Junie" get her jokes? Probably "Buster," "Hobie," "Freddie," "Bob," "Jimmy," or somebody else could tell you.



### Simmon Seder

Simmy is an athlete, actor, student, and also an explorer of the wiles of Virginia. Versatile,—what?





### Helen Sczerzen—"Helcia"

Famous for her athletic feats and wise cracks. Likes movies and walking. I wonder why? "Snoopy Sam" says she's a swell cook. That's good news to some senior!



### Alec Shinowski

We hardly know that Alec is with us but his record proves that we are wrong. Alec is some short-hand shark! Oui?



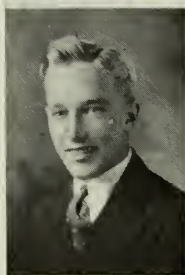
### Kevin Spratt

At football he's unique,  
But if seeing is believing,  
Beware of his big feet!



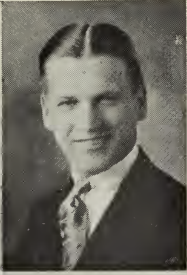
### Jacob Swartz—"Jake"

Jacob is a sheik, and his charms go far when he tries to sell pants—"sew it seams." Some people know their onions from A to Z, but Jake knows his from "A & P."



### Osmo Sulkala—"Ossie"

How the Commercial girls do like to tease Osmo! He's so bashful, doncha know. But in spite of this trait, Ossie made good in hockey, soccer, and track.



**Benjamin Tamulevich—"Bennie"**

The "IT" man of the seniors. Riding is his pet hobby. One big fault with Bennie is, he still blushes behind his ears.



**Ruth Taylor—"Ruthie"**

"Ruthie" has made a success as the orchestra pianist. She also possesses a beautiful voice. You ought to go on the air Ruth. "Forge" ahead!



**John Tobin—"Chippy"**

"Chippy" was voted the jolliest boy in the class. His wink is what gets them. Ever read any of "Chippy's" poems? He's some poet. Maybe the word "Peanut" inspires him. Maybe some day he will tell us how he got the nickname "Chippy."



**Stanley Uglevich—"Ungi"**

Speed demons haven't anything on that fellow. A ride will convince you, but ah-ah—take out your insurance. "Ungi" likes fast Chryslers and certain sisters from Dartmouth Street.



**Elvi Uljua**

Although Elvi appears to be very bashful, she isn't quite that bad. You ought to see her on her "off" days. At Long Lake, maybe?



### Joseph Wasiuk—"Joe"

"Joe" ought to get the C.S.S. degree: Champ Senior Sleeper. Besides sleeping, "Joe" has gone air-minded. A non-stop hop across Mill Pond is Joe's ambition. Happy landing, "Joe."



### Walter Yanuskiewicz—"Shlakey"

A quiet fellow who takes his schoolroom seriously. Shlakey is so quiet, it's a shame, because we can't say much about him! Oh that we were like that!



### Helen Zaniewski

Helen's hardworking and pleasant characteristics have been outstanding during her four years of high school. Foreign correspondence is Helen's hobby. Who has not stumbled through her French letters?



### Miss Cleary

To whose genius as a coach, we attribute the success of our class plays during the past three years. Her whole-hearted interest and her great generosity of time and service have made a debt we can never pay. We can only say we appreciate it.



### William Ledgard—"Bill"

What was it that Aristotle said about Ledgard? Well, as long as we all remember it, why repeat? His talents overcome ordinary capacity, and yet he has the genial dignity of the true Senior. Our only fear is—what will the Harvard atmosphere do to that "genial dignity?"



**Wasil Bukacz—"Joe"**

Big Joe of the Seniors. Due for the B.B. degree. Bashful Bachelor of the class. Besides football, Joe loves books and longer recesses.

**Manuel Glickman—"Glicky"**

"Glicky" is great for starting things. We remember him as an especially energetic little manager of hockey, track, and tennis, let alone several affairs of the heart.

**Leo Holt**

Whenever there's work to be done—look for Leo. He does it—all in good time. For a big fellow he's quite playful, but this does not prevent more serious work in Scenic Architecture.

**Mary Kelley**

Mary carries out her job of Class Vamp with such efficiency that she is never unemployed. Mary's talents, however, are not confined to one field, and she's our bid to succeed Clara Bow or Kate Smith.

**Edwin Loija**

Edwin's earnestness carries conviction. He has shown his wide versatility and his own genial personality in Jorgson, the Bully, and G. T. Warren (himself).

**Archie Murray**

Archie's favorite pastime is wandering about, be it rooms, buildings, or what have you. We sincerely hope you won't develop into another Halliburton, for what would she do then, poor thing?

**Mary Minko**

Mary certainly filled her office as class secretary creditably. Her beautiful voice helped make the operetta a success.

**Bronislaw Maskiewicz**

Bronislaw is one of the unobtrusive members of Home Room 11. His inconspicuousness, however, does not prevent him from voicing his thoughts on occasion. Bronislaw will be making prize-winning posters for leading advertising firms some day.

**Leonard Ollila—"Lenny"**

Lenny was voted the Most Bashful Boy of the class, but you can take our word for it, he's plenty fast on the skates. Lenny is also a football player of no mean ability.

**William Sienkiewicz—"Billy"**

Senior's wrestling champ, Bill expects to throw Pinietzki one of these days.

**Eleanor Slimond—"Ellie"**

Eleanor will probably go through life, dancing and talking, as those are her two specialties. There's a rumor around that "Ellie" taught a certain **Sophomore** to make mud pies!

**Stanley Sofka—"Ginsey"**

Murray's chief customer. His national anthem over there is, "Gotta n'extra check?" Likes dancing and Clinton. Wonda why?

**Howard Whitney—"Snooky"**

Snooky holds down the weight problem of the class amazingly well. If you want Snook, page the drug stores or the candy counters. Maybe he patronizes the "A & P," where he can buy his candy at the cut rates! Incidentally, he has recently taken a fancy to **love sets!**

(By)

"Anne," "Bruno," "Lin," "Simmy," "Peg."



## FOOTBALL

Maynard has justly been awarded her first—but by no means her last, football banner. This banner, to indicate a championship team, was presented to the school, thru Captain Kevin Spratt, by the Secretary of the Midland League, Alfred Riani.

Being unsatisfied with one championship, Maynard went right ahead and landed in a tie for top honors in the Middlesex League with the strong Belmont High team. This justifies the old saying, "You can't keep a good team down."

## BASKETBALL

The boys of the Junior Class proved themselves masters in the interclass battles, sweeping the series with three straight wins. The team, a well balanced combination, was composed of Capt. Grondahl, Ahti Frigard, John Pozerycki, Joseph Arcisz, Francis Gileney, Edward Smith, Uno Norgoal and Tony Kavaleski.

## HOCKEY

Maynard not only proved herself champs in football, but was also unbeaten at hockey in ten starts. Coach Charlie Manty undertook the task of forming the first sextette ever to represent the Orange and Black in this sport.

The talent for the ice team consists of boys who deserve much credit, and their names we will not try to keep secret.

They are: Reino Aho, Leonard Ollila, Alec Shinewski, John Tobin, Osmo Sulkala, Frank Brayden, Stanley Uglevitch, Paul Kendra, George Carbary, and Mgr. Manuel Glickman.

If next years' team does as well as these boys did, no one can comment unfavorably.

## BASEBALL

An exceptionally large squad turned out for baseball practice and of these, the following were picked to represent Maynard High on the diamond for the 1932 season:

Frigard, Kendra, Brayden, Cas-tanza, Grondahl, Uglevitch, Duggan, Pozerycki, Pieciewicz, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, J. Tobin, Chidley, Lehto, Marsden, and Sulkala.

### Clinton at Maynard

Maynard opened her '32 season with a bang by scoring a 7-6 victory over the strong Clinton nine at Crowe Park. With an altogether new lineup in the field, our team sent the boys back to their home town convinced that Maynard is their master.

The batteries for Maynard: Kendra, Lehto, and Uglevitch.

### Winchester at Maynard

In her first tilt of the Middlesex league, Maynard fell victim to the Winchester warriors at Crowe Park by the score of 5-0. Superb pitching, along with some timely hits, enabled the latter to win the contest. Winchester must have been seeking revenge for Maynard, for her second

football victory over them last season, as no mercy was shown in their shut-out victory.

Battery: Frigard and Uglevitch.

Maynard's second Middlesex league game, scheduled with Belmont High, was washed out and will be played later on.

#### **Maynard at Concord**

Unleashing a savage attack, Maynard soundly trounced their old rivals from Concord by the score of 9-2.

This victory puts Maynard in a second place tie. Piecowicz featured the hard hitting with a homer.

Batteries: Frigard, Kendra, and Brayden.

#### **Hudson at Maynard**

Hudson came to Maynard full of pep and vigor and returned otherwise with a 10-8 loss staring them in the face. This is Maynard's second Midland League win in three starts and leaves them in second place in this league.

Frigard didn't lose heart when runs were chalked against him, he kept on pitching great ball and also featured with the willow, getting a triple and two base hits.

Batteries: Frigard and Kendra, Uglevitch and Brayden.

At the time this issue goes to press, Maynard High is in first position in both Midland and Middlesex Leagues.

## **GIRLS' ATHLETICS**

### **BASKETBALL**

The Maynard High School girls had another successful season in basketball, playing but one losing game and winning nine. The Leominster girls defeated Maynard by three baskets and refused a return game.

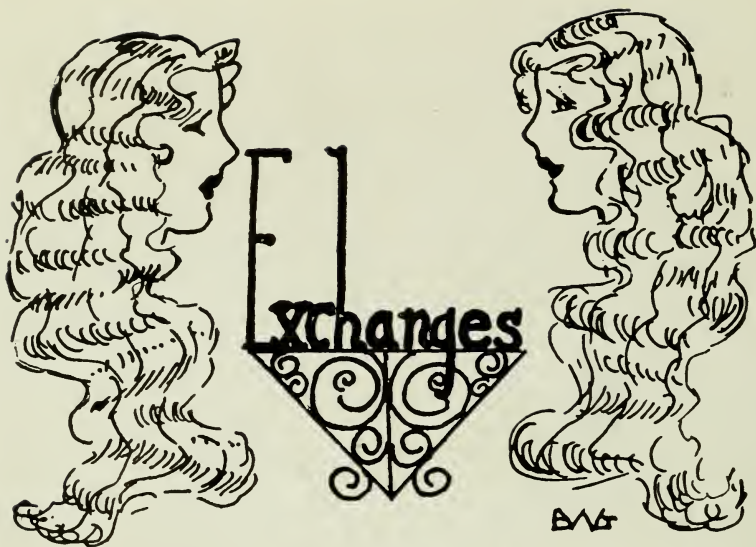
For some reason or other the orange and black victories always come in the last quarter of the game. All our victories, those with high scores especially, were won with a sort of last minute spurt. It was, perhaps, the good condition of the girls becoming evident. The teams defeated by Maynard High were: Northboro, Westford Academy, Hudson, Littleton and Belmont.

Next year's Captain is Helen Sienkiewicz, a basketball enthusiast for the last three years.

### **INTER-CLASS SPORTS**

The Sophomore girls won the hockey numerals, and the Freshmen girls won the inter-class basketball from the Sophomores. This was solely a lower class competition since neither the Senior nor Junior classes had a girls' team.





All farewells should be short and sweet—especially, short—so for Depression's sake, I'm not going to be one bit different this time.

I had started to write to you yesterday because I had neglected you for so long, when I suddenly remembered that I had a date with "The Massachusetts Collegian" at Amherst for an interview, which is going to appear in the "Enterprise" today, if you are interested. On the train I met a pal of mine, an "Academy Student," and he and I proceeded to admire the scenery, particularly the "Signboards." My pal had a "Johnson Journal" and we became greatly interested in the "News of Boston University." We had some difficulty in finding the daily article on the "Oxon Life" and were greatly amazed to hear a "Voice" behind us say:

"Look it up in the 'Index'—"

We turned around and were much more amazed when we saw the oddest "Brown and Gold" "Parrot" you could wish for, laughing at us from his

cage. Our attention was then caught from outside the window by a man who was urging on his somewhat balky mule with a "Long Pointer" on the tip of which was a "Needle." Our amusement, however, was interrupted at this point by the sound of a "Heigh Chime," which told us we were at our station. A "Sentinel" held his "Spotlight" for us while we descended, as it was rather dark in the station.

My friend left me at "Abhis" Hall, where I proceeded to my interview. The "Massachusetts Collegian" was very interesting, I assure you, though you might not think so from my article. However, business is business and you can't always put in the interesting things.

It is with a great deal of regret that I take leave of you but I live in the hopes that our friendship will be carried on by those connected with the Exchange Department next year. As ever,

Your Exchange pal,  
Virginia W. Collins.





## “RIDING DOWN THE SKY”

By Morgan and O’Hara

A comic operetta, “Riding Down the Sky,” was presented on January 21-22, by the students of Maynard High. The cast is as follows:

Ben Baker, an American  
aviator.....William Ledgard  
George McDonald, a mining  
expert.....Ahti Frigard  
Joshua Scroggins,  
deck hand.....John Murphy  
Don Pedro De Garvanza,  
President of Santa Delmonica  
Simmon Seder  
Carmelita, his daughter.....Mary Minko  
Pepita, her friend.....Margaret Murray  
Rosa Escondo,  
a duenna.....Elin Swanson  
Don Jose,  
an elderly suitor.....James Malcolm  
Francisco Bandino,  
a conspirator.....Ahti Jaakala  
Maria, his wife.....Dorothy Marsden  
Sgt. Timothy Riley of  
U. S. Marines.....John Malcolm  
Ferdinand, servant to  
President.....Philip Taylor  
Juanita,  
a Spanish dancer.....Eleanor Slimond

There was a large chorus of Mexicans in picturesque costumes. From the proceeds of the operetta, a set

of Gretsch-American drums and traps were purchased for the orchestra.

## “YOU AND I”

By Philip Barry

On April 21, the Senior Class again showed its talent and originality by presenting a new type of play. It was not a slapstick type of comedy and I am sure that all who saw the play appreciated it. The members of the cast played their parts very well and brought more glory to the name of the Senior Class.

Simmon Seder took the part of an artist who had given up painting and gone into business in order to marry the woman he loved. Edith Priest was cast as the lovable and sweet wife. William Ledgard, their son, planned to give up the study of architecture in order to marry a neighbor’s daughter, in this case Margaret Murray. The sacrifice, however, of the mother and father makes the young ones happy. Ethel Kivela as the beautiful maid whose ambition was to be a lady provoked much laughter. Walter Crowther, an author, is a friend of the family and tries to help them. Edwin Loiija, a successful business man, is also a friend of the family and his motto is “Smile.”

This motto suits the Senior Class also, for they Smiled Through to Success.

**PHYSICAL EDUCATION****EXHIBITION, FEBRUARY 26**

A third annual physical education exhibition, under the direction of Reginald Sawyer, was held in the George Washington Auditorium. Students from all Maynard Public Schools took part.

**SOCIAL**

A social was held in the auditorium for the benefit of the Athletic Association on February 5. Music was furnished by Herbert Comeau.

**SENIOR FAREWELL SOCIAL**

The Senior Class held their Farewell Social on April 8. Music was furnished by Comeau, who played new types of dances. Everyone had a good time.

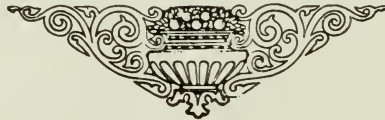
**ASSEMBLY, APRIL 18**

Maynard High was again honored by the presence of Mr. Alfred Riani, who presented our Football team with the Midland League Pennant. The girls' basketball team and boys' hockey team were presented the high school letter. Numerals were given to four different classes for winning interclass championships.

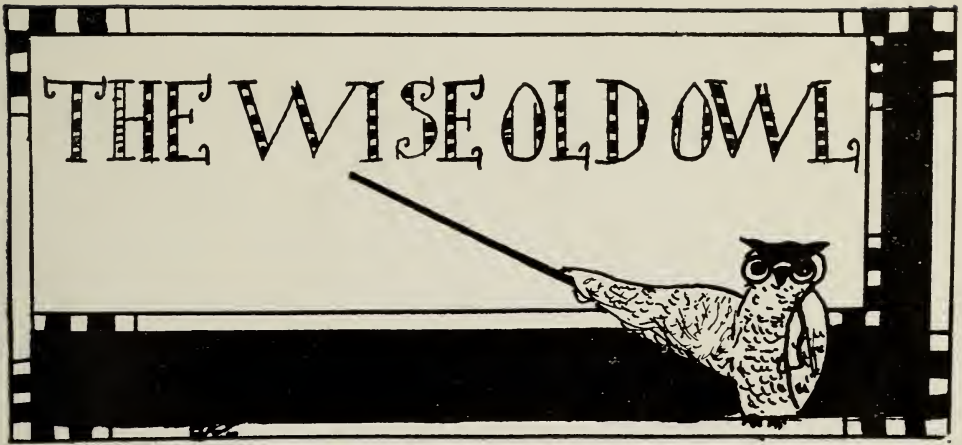
**JUNIOR PROM**

On Friday, May 6, there was a gay affair in the George Washington Auditorium—the Junior Promenade. The hall was decorated to give a rainbow effect and the lovely dresses of the Junior girls helped to make the hall more colorful. The patronesses were Mrs. King, Mrs. Tobin and Mrs. Hellawell.

Music was furnished by George Smith's orchestra.







**The Wise Old Owl Wants to Know:**

1. If non-skid vases are going to be put on biology seats.
2. Which dancer made "Hank" come to school in his slippers after the prom.
3. When the P. G's. plan to enter the class play competition.
4. If Chris Newman will ever grow up.
5. What prominent member applies his knowledge of science to his haircut.
6. If Luoto has gained weight.
7. If there's going to be another hiking club.
8. What makes Concord come to Maynard.
9. Whose model Ethel K. plans to be.
10. Who wins fourth period library debates.
11. Why the balcony is so popular during socials.
12. When "Cookie" Collins got her name.
13. Why Sidney thinks "Stow It" good advice.
14. If Kevin enjoys Sunday movies.
15. If Rita thinks it a coincidence that the tennis court is on Brook Street.
16. If Russ Columbo has heard "Bill" L. sing.
17. Why Forrie Hartin neglects his chickens on Sunday nights.
18. How students can be expected to have eight hours' sleep when there are only seven periods.

---

**THE PERFECT TEACHER**

A lady equipped with perfect poise  
 Who doesn't allow a bit of noise;  
 Her subject matter well in hand;  
 Her classroom neat; her lessons  
 planned;  
 Who holds the interest of every  
 class,  
 And makes both scholars and dumb-  
 bells pass.  
 A nice young lady, equipped with  
 style,  
 Who isn't cross and likes to smile;  
 Whose class is pleasant and doesn't  
 irk;  
 Who won't require too much home  
 work.  
 Now search the country and try to  
 find  
 These qualifications all combined.  
 N. L.

**Poems of Great Sincerity**

Thirty days has September;  
 All the rest I can't remember.  
 The calendar hangs on the wall,  
 So why the heck bother me at all?

Onward! Onward!  
 Time in thy flight!  
 Make the bell ring  
 Before I recite!

**SENIOR CLASS NOTABLES**

Best All - Round Girl — Jeannette Gruber.

Best All-Round Boy—William Ledgard.

Prettiest Girl—Eleanor Lawson.

Handsomest Boy—Ahti Jaakkola.

Most Popular Girl—June Sawyer.

Most Popular Boy—Ahti Jaakkola.

Best Dressed Girl—Eleanor Lawson.

Best Dressed Boy—William Ledgard.

Girl Who Has Done the Most for her Class—Edith Priest.

Boy Who Has Done the Most for his Class—Dominic Baccaro.

Best Girl Athlete—Helen Sczerzen.

Best Boy Athlete—Kevin Spratt.

Class Genius—William Ledgard.

Class Clown—Walter Crowther.

Class Baby—Anne Bellows.

Class Sheik—Bronislaw Arcisz.

Class Flapper—Mary Kelley.

Class Grind—Jennie Bygot.

Class Pollyanna—Anne Bellows.

Class Pessimist—Mary Minko.

Class Egotist—Leo Holt.

Class Wit—Walter Crowther.

Most Original—Ebba Mark and Simmon Seder.

Most Loquacious—Simmon Seder.

Most Curious—Virginia Collins.

Most Absent Minded—Forrest Hartin.

Most Dignified—Edith Priest.

Most Tactful Girl—Edith Priest.

Most Tactful Boy—Sidney McCleary.

Most Infallible—Jennie Bygot.

Most Bashful—Leonard Ollila.

Frankest—Linnea Frigard.

Jolliest Girl—June Sawyer.

Jolliest Boy—John Tobin.

Pet of the Faculty—Isabel Annis.

Class Bluff—Mary Kelly.

**Wouldn't it be strange if:**

Simmie were Oak instead of Seder.

Anne were Hollers instead of Bellows.

Bill were Cliffard instead of Ledgard.

Ebba were Mickey instead of Mark.

Mary were Catto instead of Minko.

Ahti were Johnella instead of Jaakkola.

John were Somewick instead of Nowick.

Jennie were Boycott instead of Bygot.

Edith were Minister instead of Priest.

Michael were Kodak instead of Kozak.

Leo were Halt instead of Holt.

Edgar were Nit Wit instead of De Witt.

Forest were Heartout instead of Hartin.

Catherine were Cansee instead of Macey.

Dominic were Frontcaro instead of Baccaro.

Ruth were Cobbler instead of Taylor.

Mark (Omerod) were Oldton instead of Newton.

Eleanor were Courtson instead of  
Lawson.

Christopher were Oldman instead of  
Newman.

Leonard were Oh la! la! instead of  
Ollila.

Laura were Aha instead of Aho.

Mildred were Omnibus instead of  
Glebus.

Lauri were Dogvala instead of  
Katvala.

---

### We Can't Imagine:

Virginia Collins without her  
"cookies."

What Bill Ledgard would be like  
without Jeannette.

Laura Alberi and Helen Zaniewski  
under one umbrella.

Peg Murray in "Kilts."

Johnnie Murphy in a grass skirt.

Jake Swartz not going in business.

Mark Newton not joining the Sons  
of St. George.

Margaret Allen **downing** the Scotch.

Anne without her "Bellows."

How the Screech Owl survives on  
so much "hot air."

Mildred Glebus not "rolling in the  
dough."

Chris Newman getting benefit from  
"Kellogg's Pep."

Ebba ever missing her "Mark."

Where Catherine Macey parks her  
gum.

Who put the INK in TINK.

---

Peg: "Did you hear about the hard  
luck Jake Swartz had last week?"

Ely: "No, what happened?"

Peg: "He was playing golf, made a  
hole-in-one, and darned if his dad  
didn't sew it up!"

Spratt: "Did you hear who operated  
on Helen?"

Murphy: "No, but I suppose it was  
some SCZERZEN!"

---

Kozak: "Have you heard Rudolph's  
favorite song?"

Crowther: "No, what is it?"

Kozak: "It's Never Too Late to be  
SAARI."

---

Ebba: "Did you see the flower  
Mildred Glebus had on her dress?"

Tobin: "No, was it bread or  
pastry?"

---

Jaakkola: "I just came up the  
street with my girl."

Nowick: "Yeh, June Sawyer, and  
Simmon Seder, and if you don't look  
out, Catherine Macey you too!"

---

Murphy: "Did you ever hear Laura  
laugh?"

Crowther: "No, how does she  
laugh?"

Murphy: "Oh, just A-ho-ho-ho-A-  
ho!"

---

### FOR SENIORS ONLY

#### Spring

"'Tis spring, 'tis spring," the Seniors  
sing,

The corridors with laughter ring;

Hearts aflutter and awirl

Of every Senior boy and girl.

Like adults strutting round about,

Heads high with worldly wisdom,

The lower classmen all barred out

From their gay and lordly kingdom.

Hail, fellow comrades! Hear me tell—

Oh surely, we doth mean it well,

The cuckoo is a bird of spring

And Seniors correspond to him.

T. Niemela, '35.





Chippy: "My grandfather was a gold-digger in the Klondike."

Peg: "So was my grandmother."

---

Hank: I hear the faculty is going to stop petting.

Bertha: Well, I hope they do, they're getting too old for such things.

---

Roger: I just saw you kiss my sister.

Norvin: Here, keep still, put this half dollar in your pocket.

Roger: Here's a quarter back. One price to all—that's the way I do business.

---

Alphonse (troubled) — I'm never going to get married.

Malcolm — Why not?

Alphonse — Because it says you have sixteen wives in the marriage ceremony; four better, four worse, four richer, four poorer.

---

Here lies a man of many lies  
 His name is Catfish Jim  
 He used to dig for worms all day  
 The worms now dig for him.

---

Teacher: One fool can ask more questions than one wise man can answer.

Hokey: That's why I flunk so often.

"Cookie" Collins—Can you dance on one foot?

E. Ledgard—Sure.

"C" Collins—Then keep off my other one.

---

Hartin (gasping at report card)—Well, I'm as famous as Washington.

Mullin—How come?

Hartin—I went down in History today.

---

Officer (to speeding motorist)—What's the idea, do you think you're going to a fire?

Speeder—Um—ah—hic—a—

Back seat driver—Oh, don't mind him officer, he's drunk.

---

Teacher—Move back one seat.

Young—Which one shall I move?

---

McCleary—I'm sorry I ran over your cat.

Anne B.—Well, what are you going to do about it.

"Sid"—I'll replace it.

Anne—Fine! Can you catch mice?

---

John T. and Toini were out strolling the other day and John, seeing two cows rubbing noses, sighed, "Ah, Toini, I'd like to do that."

But Toini frigidly, "Go ahead, father owns the cows, he won't mind."

Net—Can you see any change in me?

C. Nelson—No, why?

Net—I just swallowed my last fifteen cents.

Freshman—How much you getting for pushing that baby carriage?

Linnea—Nothing, it's free wheeling.

Grondahl—Do you know the difference between a sigh, an airplane, and a donkey?

Hintsä—What is it?

G.—A sigh is "Oh dear," and an airplane is too dear.

H.—Ha! Ha! the donkey is you dear.

"Wink"—Something seems to be the trouble with the engine, dear.

Annie S.—Oh, stop your kidding, and wait till you're off the main road.

Fortune Teller—You will soon meet the man of your dreams and marry him.

Helen H.—That's fine, but how do I get rid of my husband?

Guest—Have you frogs legs?

Crowther—No, it's rheumatism that makes me walk this way.

An old lady on a trolley was sitting next to a boy whose sniffing finally upset her so she asked, "Haven't you a handkerchief, my boy?"

"Sure," he replied, "But I don't lend it to nobody I don't know."

Dot B.—Why don't you typewrite your poems?

Lorraine—Do you suppose I'd be writing poetry if I could run a typewriter?

O'Leary—Say, who you shovin'?

Bachy—I dunno, what's your name?

"Jitters"—I must see the doctor today. I don't like the looks of my wife.

"Bitters"—I'll come with you, I can't bear the sight of mine either.

Newton—Between me and you, what do you think of Jack's girl?

Swett—Between me and you, not so much; but alone—oh boy!

Spratt—Let's turn out the light and pretend we're in heaven.

June—But I'm no angel.

Spratt—That's why I turned out the lights.

"Foiled," cried the villain as he unwrapped a chocolate bar.

Teacher (to Freshman) — Some people are born dumb, but you abuse the privilege.

Priest—Do you know paper can be used effectively to keep people warm?

Whitney—I should say so. The last report card I brought home kept the family hot for a week.

The rain it falleth on the just  
 And also on the unjust fella,  
 But mostly on the just, because  
 The unjust borrowed his umbrella.

Jake—That coat fits you like a  
 glove, sir.

Doc—So I see, the sleeves cover my  
 hands.

Did you know that the University  
 of Edinburgh's college yell is "Get  
 that quarterback?"

Teacher—What is it we get from  
 the sun and not from the moon?

Doc Nowick—Freckles.

*On behalf of the staff of the Screech Owl, I wish to  
 extend our sincere thanks to the business men of Maynard  
 for their generous co-operation in contributing advertising  
 material to this paper.*

*Sidney R. McCleary, Business Manager*

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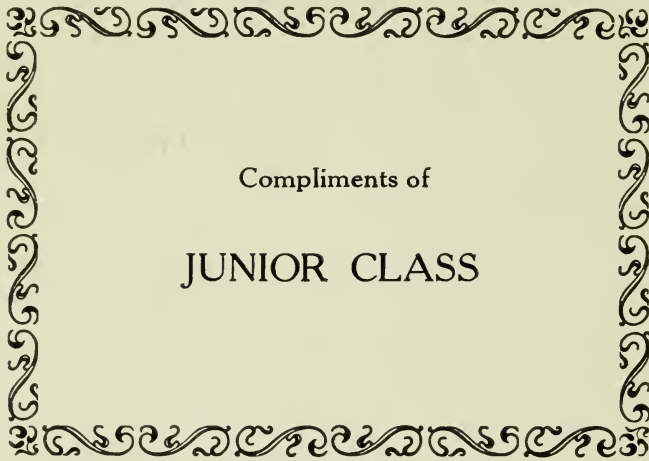


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