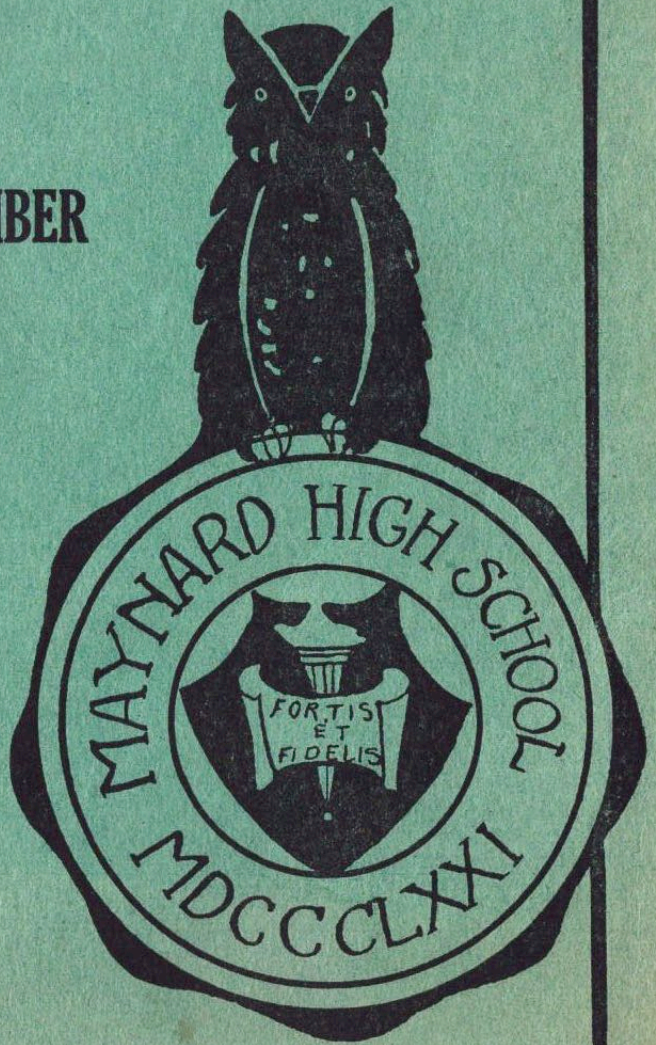


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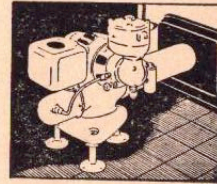
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THE SCREECH OWL

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

PRICE, 25 CENTS

DECEMBER, 1939

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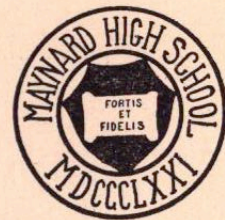
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<i>Editor</i>	BENNIE GUDZINOWICZ
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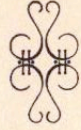
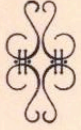
The Freshman Class went to the polls on election day and voted unanimously for the following favorites:

- CandyBaby Ruth
- DrinkMilk
- CarBaby Carriage
- Radio CharacterBaby Snooks
- ColorGreen
- Movie ActorBaby Dumpling
- Lyric "Rock-a-bye Baby"
- Poem "The Children's Hour"
- Ambition.....To become a Sophomore

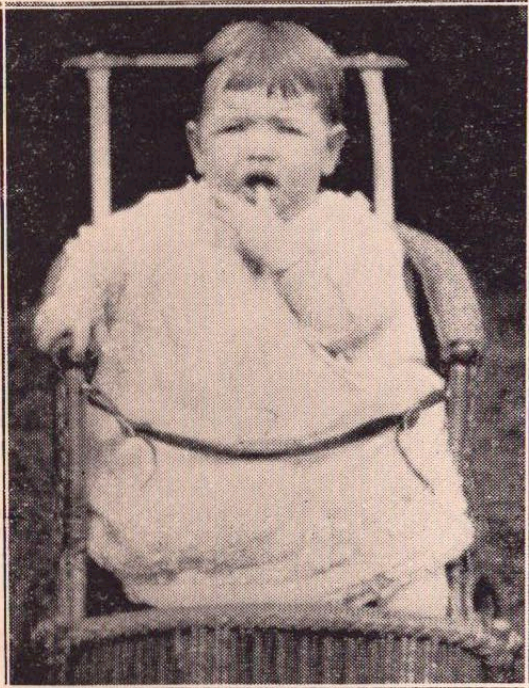


.. CLASS OF 1943

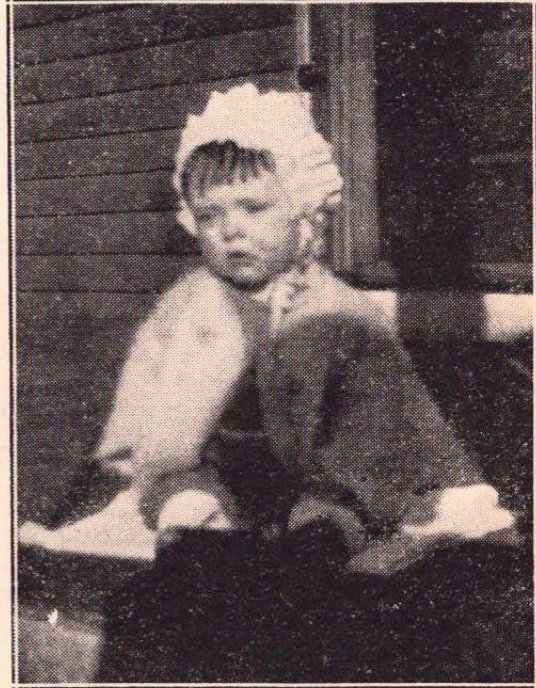
The destinies of the Class of 1943 will be under the auspices of the following officers



WALTER MOYNIHAN
President

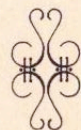
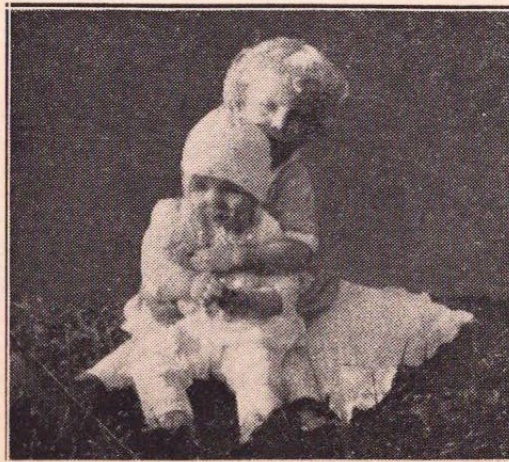


MARY SHARPE
Vice-President



ELSIE BURGESS
Secretary

FRANK SPENCE
Treasurer





Trade Schools for Everyone

There are today in the United States a great number of schools, established for the purpose of giving the average youth an opportunity to choose a profession in which he might become a proficient worker. Few people realize the great importance of these trade schools sponsored by cities and states for the improvement of one's skill in a selected field of work.

Yearly, thousands upon thousands of students are graduated from high schools, with no ideas as to what field of work they would prefer or what specialized qualities they must possess to enter into certain vocations. To be a mechanic, for instance, you just can't find a suitable position without experience in repairing the defects of motors or other machinery.

In order to avoid an increase of unskilled workers, many of whom come out of high schools and apply for work for which they possess no ability, or little knowledge, schools have been formed for those who, with a great determination to succeed in life, wish to make a place for themselves in this world. These schools, which guarantee to place a large number of their students in profitable positions, prepare one to go into the world

with an understanding of the work for which he has specialized and they increase one's chances for an early success in life.

While a person is in high school, it is his privilege and opportunity to attend, during the evenings, a trade school at a small cost. It is possible that these unheard of students who seize the opportunity to learn will become leaders of their professions in the near future.

Therefore, why wait for the job to come to you? Don't be a laggard! You, who have not the means to attend higher schools of learning after graduation, should seize the opportunity and enroll in a trade school now.

BENNIE GUDZINOWICZ, '40.

* * *

Watch Your Step!

Now that we are finally getting our athletic field in good shape, why not keep it that way? The tennis courts have been completed; the football field has been reseeded; and plans for a girl's hockey field and field house are on the way. We've always wanted a place like that, haven't we? Most of us won't be in High School when these are finally com-

pleted, but let's help the future students to have the best.

I know it's a great temptation to cut across the seeded field instead of walking around it, but with every step we hinder the growing. After all, the boys must have a soft turf to fall on! (I really don't mean to "slam" our future gridiron stars). The little tufts of green that now show won't progress much in the coming cold months, so let them have a chance.

And tennis courts are for *tennis*! Almost everyone realizes that rubber soles should be worn, but what about the bicycling and roller skating? We know they're lots of fun, but please keep them in their correct places.

You can also help by explaining to the little tots about the above conditions. They probably mean no offense, but if they have poor examples, what can you expect?

So keep these things in mind, and may the future bring us a place to be *enjoyed* by all and *kept* by all.

VIRGINIA TAYLOR, '40.

* * *

Maynard's Alumni Field

How many of you have noticed the great change in our Alumni Field since last year? No doubt all of you have, for I myself remember the field as more of a dump than a playground. The public dump itself was practically up to the track and it seemed that every time there was a football game, there was much refuse to be burned. As soon as the fire was started, all the smoke blew right across the gridiron and people began to call our field the "Dump Bowl."

Now look at the place! It is without doubt looking better and better every day.

Now at last Maynard High can be proud of the field. I expect Maynard High to have a good football team next year and when out-of-town people come to our home games, it won't be a "Dump Bowl" but a "Rose Bowl."

ALECK BOBIK, '40.

* * *

Our New Lilliputian Population

Three guesses as to the ones I mean. The seniors? Not on your life! The juniors? Hardly! The sophomores? No, but you're getting warm. Naturally, it's those new comers from the other side of the auditorium, those people you trip over every time you take a step, the freshmen. To them the seniors and juniors must seem like so many hundreds of Gullivers. The largest of these can't be more than three, perhaps four, feet in height, and, barring the ever present exceptions to any rule, their weight, per person, is, I should guess, about seventy-nine pounds. There are quite a number of (gentlemen prefer them) blondes, several half-way-betweens, some brunettes, more than a dozen beauties(?) with crow wing tresses, and, perhaps, an occasional red head. One thing, however, can't be denied. They're here for fun and they mean to have it. The Gullivers ought to sit on them and make them behave, but they are so fragile they might break if we tried it.

Oh horrors! An awful thought just struck me! Suppose the Lilliputians should come upon Gulliver while he's asleep. I seem to recall another time when they did just that, and they trussed him up tighter'n anything. Maybe I'd better stop before I make these people too angry. So run, Gulliver, run, and make the Lilliputians think you're afraid of them. (As if you could be afraid of such little mites.)

JEAN DAVIS, '41.



The Last Charge

A bleak, grey dawn was breaking as we stood in the trenches awaiting the word to go over. Then came the shrill whistle and the cry, "Up and at 'em." We dodged in and out between the shellholes always ready to fall flat if we heard the terrifying whistle of a shell. The batteries behind us opened up laying a barrage to clear our way. We approached the enemy lines, and a machine gun went into activity dropping men like flies. Then came the hum of a shell which was going to be close. I fell flat in a crater of mud. Then came a blinding flash, and darkness. I was hit. I came to with a burning pain in my side. Looking around, I saw men and parts of men all around me. I crawled over to a soldier and asked him where he had been hit. Incoherently he groaned, "Water." Over and over he repeated that word. His stomach and chest were red and hot. He had been shot with an incendiary bullet which was burning his insides. Another fellow had been hit by an explosive bullet which had blasted a hole in his body, but he still lived. I crawled away from him faint and weak. Then I saw a man lurch to his feet and stagger away sobbing, "I'm blind, blind, I can't see." Ping! and he fell, shot by an enemy sniper. I heard a man praying to the Lord to save him so that he could go home. Another was "cussing" a steady stream that would put a mule skinner's vocabulary to shame. Then came the relief, and I was carried back to a base. Here many men were drinking in an effort to drown in liquor the horrible sights they saw. Finally the enemy surrendered, and we went home. A group of cripples — the result of man's greed for power.

FRANK NOVICK, '40

Flashes from the Sidelines

HUDSON VS. MAYNARD

History was being made on this side of the Assabet —

URHO MARK, '40

On the sidelines stood numerous spectators. Among them, many fair ladies, each anxious for the welfare of her particular hero.

JEAN DAVIS, '41

We stopped Hudson's passes, we stopped its end runs — but we couldn't stop Ryan during those last few minutes.

FRANCIS CROWLEY, '42

What is there about our cheer, "We want a touchdown" that always brings one for the other team?

VIRGINIA TAYLOR, '40

It was a "heart breaker" to the Maynard boys for all the scoring was done in the last minute of play.

CHARLES FOURATT, '41

An out-played team with music to inspire them and help them in the tight pinches can win. Yes, sir, music hath charms!

WALTER LUOMA, '40

When the center of interest is buried under half a dozen tacklers, his first expression is of pain. Then the feel of the pigskin inspires him to a radiant smile — as he is carried off the field.

LEONA ARCISZEWSKI, '41

After a chilly first half the spectators gouge themselves with hot-dogs and scuddle back to the ropes.

GLADYS BOESKE, '41

Spectators fled in terror from a flying mass of fur when two biting, snarling, and yelping dogs had a game all their own on the side-lines.

ROBERT JOHNSON, '41

* * *

The Easy Way to Beauty

Beauty! Ah, what an asset! Where is it found? Where? Did someone ask where? Why right in your own back yard! To begin with, run out in your back yard and dig a hole (no, don't jump in). Take the dirt and put it in a large bowl half-full of water. Now comes the formula: dirt plus water equals mud. Then the real test! Stick your head in the bowl. Without removing your head, place the bowl on the stove and heat. If you get a weird sensation, hold on to your face for it's only the mud drying. This is the crisis. Grab a sharp paring knife and whittle the mud off your face. Now, how does your face look? Skinned, we hope. Next comes the oil treatment. Drain some oil from your automobile and grease your pan. After this is carefully done, take the daily paper and rub vigorously over your face. (This rids you of the head-lines). Now, for the final touch, wash your face in dish water and dry it with the dish cloth. (Nothing's too good to use when you're seeking beauty). Well, what's the result? Not so good? Well, who cares? After all it's your face.

MARY ELLEN PUNCH, '42.

* * *

Recalled to Life

For three hours the jail and surrounding countryside had lain in a mist of uncertainty. On this pitch dark night as the tower bell ominously chimed two, an air of suppressed mystery penetrated the darkness. Under the feeble flickering light of a candle a strange scene was being enacted. An aged man, seemingly unconscious, with long white hair and beard, was being half led, half carried across the prison yard. A dark, sallow-faced prison guard clanged the rusty iron gate behind them with a nervous air. As the man

was lifted into the waiting carriage, the driver quickly and silently drove away.

The released prisoner stared around him with an utter blankness of expression. It was evident he was quite oblivious of his surroundings. As they drove through the countryside, the whole atmosphere was filled with rebellion. This was the humble reception received by Dr. Mannette when he was "recalled to life."

JEAN LYNCH, '42.

* * *

And Sudden Death

Joy Wynn, screen star, killed late last night!

That was the headline on every newspaper in the country. That was the story that newsboys on every corner of every street in every city in the country were shouting. Yes, Joy Wynn's brilliant career had come to an end.

The story of her career was like one you had often read about in newspapers and magazines, but never thought of as being true. Born rich, she had a father, mother, sisters, brothers, a host of friends, and everything she could possibly want until she was ten years old. It was then that her father lost all his money through the betrayal of his best friend and adviser.

This friend, who seemed to be so nice, was a mean, selfish, scheming man. While pretending to be faithful to Wynn, he was plotting how to take his money away from him, and finally succeeded. After losing all their money, the Wynns were forced to move to a poor section of the city and from there to a poorer one and from there to a still poorer one until they were in the poorest. After a while, her mother, her brother and two sisters got tuberculosis and died, leaving only Joy, her father and little brother. Because he was disappointed with life and so grief stricken over the death of his loved ones, her father could do hardly any work and the only thing he could find was a job as caretaker of the grounds at a school.

Joy hardly ever went to school, but tried to do the house work and tried to look after her brother and father. They lived in poverty until Joy was eighteen years old.

Joy's one friend had a small part in a play that was being shown in a theatre in the city, and had practiced it so often before her that Joy knew it almost as well as her friend. On the night of the play, her friend was taken ill and as there was no one else to take the part, Joy offered to substitute. In the audience was a woman who owned a large playhouse on Broadway and after seeing Joy in the play, decided to give her a part in one of hers. From then on it was only a few years before Joy was given bigger parts which led to principal parts in plays and a motion picture contract.

One night, when she was at the height of her career, she was invited to a party in a large hotel in New York. As it was a very

warm night, she and her friend went up on the roof of the hotel from which they could look down upon the city. Rising up about eight feet from the floor of the roof, was a round chimney about six feet in diameter. This chimney was five hundred feet from the cellar of the building to the roof. Thinking that it was some sort of platform, she climbed up the little ladder at the side. When she got to the top, she stepped up thinking that she was stepping on to the floor of the platform, only to feel herself fall down and down. A little while later, they found her at the bottom of the chimney, a broken mass of skin and bones as a result of the fall which brought to an end the exciting career of Joy Wynn.

AGDA REINI, '42.



We, Freshmen

What is it that meets you on the stairs,
 What is it that stalks around in pairs.
 Oh nothing, but children — three feet tall.
 Just youngsters who can barely crawl
 Who, armed with pencil, book, and pen
 Dare to greet their upper classmen
 Who like to answer just for spite,
 "Hi ya', Freshman, where's your fight?"

Each arm's a carrier for books galore
 That oft go sprawling on the floor
 When some big monster, twice his size
 Is on the run for exercise.
 And oh, oh, oh, what sneaky looks
 Pass round the crowd o'er the books
 While poor young Freshman, red with shame
 Has to shoulder all the blame.

Brunettes and blondes dark and fair
 And heads that pop up and give you a scare.
 Amongst them all a red head or two
 Whose carrot top mop glistens like dew.
 And the names that they have all end with a "ski"
 And when spelling, you ask "Is it 'i' or 'e'?"
 But difficult names — so common to find
 Will never again enter into our mind.
 These tiny people, we musn't forget,
 Are on their way to be Seniors yet.
 And when they are they'll look down upon
 The Freshies — with, oh what a glance of scorn!

M. SHERIDAN, '44.

Memories of Days Gone By

Speaking of hobbies, I have quite a few ways of passing my leisure time. The most enjoyable of them to me is to sit in an easy chair and think of my former days. To rest and lean my head against a soft pillow and think while everything is quiet, is something that I really enjoy.

My thoughts usually travel over the stormy Atlantic Ocean, back to a beautiful northern country where I spent the happiest days of my life. I think about the wonderful times when I skied over the hills on a winter's day, as nature was resting under a light blanket of snow, or, the time that I was racing with the wind on my flying skates on ice that resembled a mirror. Sometimes I think of the twilight of beautiful summer nights when everything was so peaceful. The birds were singing, the majestic pine trees were murmuring the stories that every child knew and loved so much. The sun, like a huge ball of fire, shone the clock around.

I then sigh and think, "Ne paivet ovat menneet ohi." Those days have gone by.

MARY E. KOTILAINEN, '43

* * *

Do You Know Our Freshmen?

On a bright and sunshiny Tuesday morning after Labor Day, to the intelligentsia at Maynard High School were added 95 unsophisticated but willing "Freshmen." Of these 95 intellectual students were numbered 46 boys, comprised of 15 handsome blondes, 30 stunning brunettes, and 1 ravishing carrot top. As to height—the tallest fine gentleman is none other than Dick Flaherty. The weeniest of the sons of Maynard High, is Wayne Lampila.

And now the more interesting statistics on the feminine side. Did you know that there are 49 fair damsels in the freshman class? Yes, and in this charming group are 14 that are touched up with peroxide, 33 beautiful brunettes, and 2 glamorous red heads. The tallest "femme" in the baby class is Elsie Burgess and the most "petite" is Elvira Greeno.

The Freshmen have taken part in sports. Four sturdy, brave, stout-hearted, young, iron men went out for the football team, namely: William Brown, Joe Tomyl, Len Carbary, and that flashy fullback, Bob Graham.

And to the beauties that took their stand for Maynard High and fought gallantly for the Field Hockey team this season were; Elsie Burgess, Mary Sharpe, Dorothy Fayton, Bernice Greenaway, Rose Maria, Marie Olsen, Viola Oberg, Sophie Walluck, Marion Smith, Joan Weir and tiny Elvira Greeno.

Now don't you think that these newest sons and daughters of our great school have lived up to its reputation? So let us give a loud cheer and a helping hand to the "dear" Freshmen of Maynard High.

CHARLES FOURATT, 41.

* * *

The Last Mile

It was nearly dawn when Speed Williams took his second coffee at the lunch room of the Central Airport. Joe Daniels remarked, "This will be a million miles of air mail flying without accident when you finish today's flight."

Speed nodded. Together they left and went down to hangar eleven, where a sleek, clipped wing job rested eagerly for the take-off. The ship was silver, powered with a 1250 horsepower Pratt and Whitney radial.

"Neat looking job," smiled Joe whimsically. "Inspector says she'll hit 350 m. p. h."

They rolled her out onto the tarmac and filled the tanks with fuel.

"I've got leave at 6:27. Hope to make Dallas by 11:10," said Speed.

They departed. The plane was loaded with mail sacks. A little later they came out of the weather man's shack.

"You'll strike bad weather after a few hours out," said Joe.

"Can't help it," Speed laughed. "This is a big day for me!"

As the fog cleared from the field, the wasp motor of Speed's ship roared into life.

"Everything's O. K.!" the mechanics shouted as Speed climbed in, checked the controls, and adjusted his parachute.

"I hope she performs well," he shouted above the roar. "The Army may order some if she does." A moment later the chocks were pulled away and the ship roared down the field and into the air.

Some hours later, the radio operator picked up a report that read: Speed Williams landed and refueled at Dallas, heading west.

Still later, a report saying that Speed had circled Denver and had headed into the Rockies came into the radio dispatch office. It was noted with interest by all those present — but that report was the last of Speed Williams for many months to come. He did not reach Reno as expected. Searching planes and parties on foot, scoured the mountains — but finally, the search was given up.

Next spring, Joe Daniels, flying the mail route, noticed a plane wreck on the side of a mountain, as he passed through a cloud. He circled the spot looking for a level spot on which to land his ship, hopped out, and ran towards the wreckage — and there found the plane and the body of Speed, who had died the death of a hero. Joe looked at the instrument panel and noted the figures. Speed Williams had flown a million miles without an accident. He had flown a million miles — to his death.

COLBERT SEWALL, '42.

* * *

Over the Air

After dragging the overstuffed chair nearer the radio and getting some delicious McIntosh apples, I settled down to listen to the broadcast. It was about sixteen minutes past nine when I was side-tracked by a swing band.

The chair being comfortable, the apples being good, the program being on somewhat the better side, I soon forgot that Maynard was in a quiz contest, or that there ever was a station called WORC.

As I bit into the core of my next to the last apple, I was suddenly jolted by the

thought that I had missed the program. But no, I was only twelve minutes late.

I was in time to hear the Maynard side answer some questions like small sized Einsteins. Then the static got so bad that I missed out until after the musical interlude. When the smoke cleared up, I heard that Maynard had emerged the victor and with this thought, I reached for my last apple.

WALTER LUOMA, '40.

* * *

Over the Mike

Standing before the mike,
I wished I had my bike,
So I could pedal home,
Never again to roam.
But we had to wait,
Till we met our fate,
It really wasn't bad —
The results were not so sad.
We won — we can't be beat
We'll give you all a treat
We'll try with all our might,
Next time, to be all right.

HELEN ARCISZEWSKI, '40.

* * *

I Meet "Mike"

There was great excitement on the night of the Senior radio debut. All the Maynard fans were at home, seated beside the radio, waiting for the sound of familiar voices. The battle of the century was to take place and no one wanted to miss it.

We were all anxious to arrive at the radio station and to meet our opponents in this battle of wits. When we were all assembled, both teams drew lots in order to find our positions in line. I was lucky and drew one of the last numbers. We had to pin our names on us so that the announcer would know us.

Almost before we knew it, the program started. The master of ceremonies, Mr.

Daly, began by saying, "Before me stand the teams of Northbridge and Maynard High and there isn't a quiver in the group." My, if he only knew how I felt.

Each student took his turn in answering the questions, and the program proceeded swiftly. We were very successful and when the scores were tallied, we had defeated Northbridge by the large score of 1765 to 1200.

Before we started home, we congratulated the other team on their fine sportsmanship, and had our pictures taken. On the way home we felt like soldiers after a hard-won victory.

DOROTHY TIERNEY, '40.

* * *

Nobody Wins

We never learn, for we're at it again.

One needs only to look back into the pages of history, and I don't mean ancient history, to realize how futile and profitless a war really is, but here is another one going on. There is nothing surer than history repeating itself.

No, I may be wrong. There might be one thing more certain than history repeating itself. That is that nobody ever wins a war. I don't consider a war as being won when, because of it, millions of men are killed, women and children made widows and orphans, and cities and other places of habitation are ruined, destroyed, razed.

A war can go on for what seems an interminable time, ending only after it has sapped all the strength from every nation engaged in it. When it is thus technically stopped, some one is found sitting on top of the wreck.

This certain some one is accredited with having won the war, but consider all damage done by the war. Gone are most, if not all of its national resources. Gone are millions of men who were from all parts of the

country, engaged in all sorts of labor. Gone are cities and productive fertile lands. Acquired are huge war debts, millions of widows and orphans, the great majority of whom were wholly dependent upon the father who is now a soldier killed in the service of his country, and in place of proud cities and acres of farm lands are sad reminders of a war-mad world.

It takes a country years of hard work to get back on its feet after a war. Remember the countries who still owe the United States millions of dollars from the last war.

Modern warfare is horrible, and second to it only is the period of reconstruction which must necessarily follow the actual fighting. During this period one has plenty of time to stop to think of what those bombs and shells and bullets really did. No, nobody wins.

HELEN ARCISZEWSKI.

* * *

The Day's Pay

Pete, the tramp, looked hopelessly around. He had just gotten off the last train to stop at Quartersville. The town was quiet and peaceful. No lights were burning except a few street lamps. It was nearly half past eleven when Pete walked up to one of the houses. From a distance it seemed to be in utter darkness, but getting closer, Pete saw a flicker of a candle in the window. Warily he walked to the door and knocked. No answer. Again he knocked, but still no answer. Just as he was going to leave, he heard someone groping for the door. A mean, ugly old man opened it.

"Wha' da ya want?" he grumbled.

"Just a piece of bread and something warm to drink," replied Pete.

"We don't feed tramps in this house," growled the man and lifted his arm as if to slam the door shut, when a large red-faced, kindly lady appeared on the scene.

"Of course we'll give you something to eat. Step right in," said the woman.

The man looked annoyed but said nothing as he met his wife's cold stare.

"Come right into the kitchen and I'll fix you something," retorted the woman.

Pete followed into the warm kitchen and ate to his stomach's content. The chicken, salad, apple dumplings, and hot coffee all tasted mighty fine.

"Now of course you must be tired," sympathized the woman, and to herself she thought, "He has such an honest face. He couldn't possibly do any harm."

Pete agreed hastily, and the woman fixed the couch in the livingroom to serve as a bed.

The next morning bright and early, long before anyone else, Pete got up. Slowly he crept to the desk that stood in the corner, and scribbled a short note of thanks to the woman. Then he hastily left and was just in time to catch the first train passing through Quartersville.

As he lounged leisurely in the hay of the box-car, he took out of his pocket eighteen pieces of silverware. He eyed them with a pleased expression and said to himself, "Not bad, considerin' the conditions."

IRMA KOIVU, '42.

* * *

Hosteling

What is hosteling? Do you know? It's a movement that is literally sweeping the country. Young and old alike love it. Not many know much about it, but the ones that do are all enthused. You may hostel by foot, bicycle, horseback, canoe, or skis. If you're interested in being a foot hostler, I could make it sound dreadful by telling you of the endless miles of walk, walk, walk, in the burning sun or pouring rain. Blisters, perhaps; at least tired feet and aching muscles! But the other side is the side that makes it hosteling — meeting countless new compan-

ions, traveling in strange and beautiful sections of the country, and "roughing it."

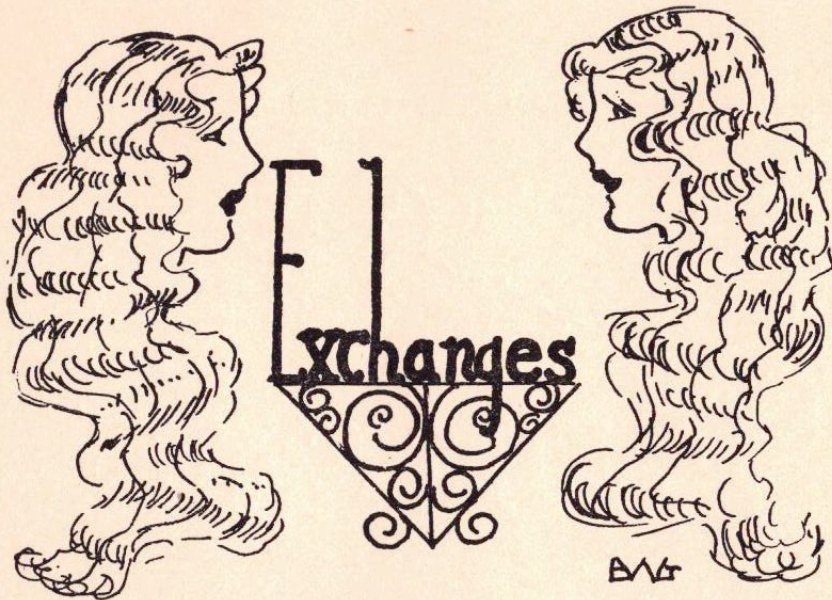
Anyone may hostel. All that is needed is a passport, a sleeping sack, and enough money (at twenty-five cents per night) to tide you over. Organized hostels have been set up in about every section of the United States and all over Europe. What a perfect way to spend a summer — and cheap! Each person carries a knapsack with the least possible amount of clothing in it. I might add that almost everyone hostels in shorts.

Perhaps you don't know just what a hostel is. It's a regular house, more often a farmhouse, that has been made to accommodate at least twenty boys and twenty girls. Sometimes these accommodations, which are just a cooking place and sleeping place, are in a barn or a huge porch. The bedding is a straw mattress, or tick, as it is called. The owners of the house are called house parents and are always very nice. They make very few rules. Just keep your share of the hostel clean, and keep the plans you have made. You must specify beforehand if you expect to stay at one place more than one day. There is no difficulty in getting this permission, but it is necessary that it is made before you start out. It's best to make a route and to have somewhere definite to go. I might also add that, if possible, start from headquarters at Northfield, Massachusetts. To spend a night there will teach you much about hosteling, and experts will gladly help you plan your route.

It's funny, but you can always tell hostelers on the road. There is a sort of unwritten code between them. They always speak or wave and at night when there is more than one group at a hostel, there is much gaiety. Singing, folk dancing, the swapping of experiences and, perhaps, advice as to the routes, all take place. Often you meet European groups which are *very* interesting.

Pages could be filled with the excitement and fun of hosteling, but I would urge anyone and everyone who likes camping, nature, and other types of outdoor pleasures to go themselves and really get the thrill of it.

VIRGINIA TAYLOR.



Exchanges

"The Spotlight"

South Hadley, Massachusetts

We especially liked your editorials on "When is Thanksgiving?", "Welcome Freshmen," and "You Can Do It." How about a little more stress on the lighter and finer things of life? Where is your joke column?

"The Bantam"

Stow, Massachusetts

Your new magazine has made an auspicious beginning, and we foretell great things for the future. Keep up the good work! Your literary department is one of the best!

"The Signboard"

Springfield, Massachusetts

Your alumni department is good, and your placement articles are well worth reading. Why so serious? How about a smile in the form of a joke column?

"Canary and Blue"

Allentown, Pennsylvania

What originality! Congratulations on your novel ideas. Your "Letter Box" as a joke

column is something new and interesting. We liked it so much we are passing it on.

"UNCLE JOEY'S LETTER BOX"

Dear Uncle Joey:

I am troubled with falling hair. Please help me.

Dear Inquisitive Egg:

To avoid falling hair, step to one side.

Uncle Joey.

* * *

"The Red and Gray" of Fitchburg, Massachusetts and the "Argus" of Gardner, Massachusetts have many fine photographs of school events. Magazines should follow their example.

Congratulations to the "Red and Black" of Newport, Rhode Island, "The Record" of Boston, Massachusetts, and the "Bromfield Beacon" of Harvard, Massachusetts. All are well organized magazines.

DOROTHY TIERNEY, '40.



Class Elections

Senior Elections, Class of 1940

<i>Adviser</i>	Miss Fearn
<i>President</i>	George Whalen
<i>Vice-President</i>	Virginia Taylor
<i>Treasurer</i>	Roger Burnham
<i>Secretary</i>	Margaret Crowe

Junior Elections, Class of 1941

<i>Adviser</i>	Miss Bradley
<i>President</i>	William LeSage
<i>Vice-President</i>	Leona Arciszewski
<i>Treasurer</i>	Edward Higgins
<i>Secretary</i>	June Carbar

Sophomore Elections, Class of 1942

<i>Adviser</i>	Miss Field
<i>President</i>	Francis Crowley
<i>Vice-President</i>	Mary Punch
<i>Treasurer</i>	Walter Higgins
<i>Secretary</i>	Irma Koivu

Freshman Elections, Class of 1943

<i>Adviser</i>	Miss Wilson
<i>President</i>	Walter Moynihan
<i>Vice-President</i>	Mary Sharpe
<i>Treasurer</i>	Frank Spence
<i>Secretary</i>	Elsie Burgess

* * *

"Rally"

To get in the mood for the football game the next day between Maynard and Hudson,

a rally was staged on October 11 with the whole student body attending. The usual procedure is to have the team upon the stage to say a few words and, of course, it wouldn't be a football rally without cheer leaders. But to add a little color to the rally Mr. Mullin spoke. His topic wasn't about school but about football and his plan for winning the game. The students enjoyed him immensely and showed their appreciation by loud applause. Everyone went out confident of a victory the next day. Did we win? The score was Hudson 6 Maynard 0.

* * *

Junior Trip to Boston

When Mr. Mullin suggested that the Juniors go to see *The Mill on the Floss*, there was hardly anyone who didn't want to go. The bus left at 1:15 with an enthusiastic group of movie fans. Everything from *Roll Out the Barrel* to *Maynard High School* was sung by the merry group on the way to the theater. After the show everyone bought something to eat. The football players were putting away apple pies and hamburgs as fast as they came. I bet their punishment was a sleepless night. Oh, the show? — it was wonderful.

The chaperons, who accompanied the happy Juniors, were Miss Bradley, Miss Field, Miss Fearn and Mr. Mullin.



—Courtesy of The Maynard News

Radio Quiz

Settling down in my easy chair I turned on the radio to listen to the program of the week. Tommy Dorsey? Why no! The radio quiz contest between Maynard High and Northbridge High. Scanning the push buttons I saw that WORC wasn't anywhere to be found. I wondered why they put minor stations like WEEI and WNAC on the push buttons instead of WORC and WTV where important programs are broadcast. I pushed the dial back and forth many times, but I couldn't seem to find anything that sounded like a radio quiz. Ready to give up, I heard a voice that sounded quite familiar. I listened for a few minutes and said, "If that isn't Anna Allard, I'll eat my shirt." Then she stopped and another voice came over the air waves, but this one I couldn't place. "Why sure, that's a Northbridge High contestant," I said. He got it right; oh, well, it was kind

of easy anyhow. Then it was Maynard High's turn. I wondered who it would be. "Name the capitals of New England," the radio announcer said. "Augusta, Maine; Concord, New Hampshire; Montpelier, Vermont; Boston, Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island; and Hartford, Connecticut," said a voice. That's Bennie Gudzinowicz. Ah! I knew he'd get it right. So they went for a full hour with Maynard right there every time with the answers.

The quiz ended and everything was tense until the winner was announced. Maynard High won by more than 500 points over Northbridge High. What a victory! It took courage to stand up before that little mike and speak to a listening world.

Congratulations to Anna Allard, Helen Arciszewski, Dorothy Tierney, Urho Mark, Leo Nurmi, and Bennie Gudzinowicz!

Social

The Seniors were the first to start the social season on October 26, when they had their first dance. The Seniors always were said to be original, and they sure did display cleverness with their decorations. Did you ever see a pumpkin with pants? Well, neither did I. But the Seniors, instead of having just plain pumpkins on the lights, put pants on them, and they all looked like pumpkin men ready to come right down off the lights and dance with all the other jitterbugs. October is the month for big moons, and the Seniors were allowed to borrow the moon for the night and there it was perched on the wall large as life. Balloons hung over the heads of the dancers, and there was a mad scramble for them after the dance. Some said they wanted them for their little brothers and sisters, but I wonder. Roland Brunet, a newcomer to these parts, furnished music for the swingsters. An enjoyable time was had by all and as the last note sounded, each said to each, "Swell time."

The committee under the supervision of Miss Alice Fearn, class adviser, was as follows: the class officers, William Duckworth, Anna Allard, Helen Arciszewski, Leo Nurmi, and Edwin Wasuik.

Patronesses were Miss Wilson, Miss Bradley, Mrs. Tierney, and Miss Doyle.

Patrons were Mr. Mullin and Mr. Tierney.

* * *

Junior Social

On November 27th the Junior Class held its first social. The auditorium was decorated so as to create a real Hawaiian atmosphere, and the orchestra, The Tropical Serenaders, completed the setting. The colored leis dangling from the lights and the bright streams of paper extending from light to light added a gay and colorful touch.

Refreshments, consisting of tonic and cake, were served at intermission.

After intermission, in a very mysterious manner, the lights were stripped of their decorations. I guess the boys and girls thought the leis looked better around their necks than on the lights.

Everyone seemed to enjoy himself right up to the last dance and the happy crowd parted singing "Aloha Oe".

The committee under the supervision of their class adviser, Miss Bradley, were the class officers, Jean Davis, Fred Sarvela, Raymond Kane, Gladys Boeske, Frances D'Agata, John King, Wilbur Walls, Albert Brown, William Stades, and Marie Flaherty.





Belmont 0 — Maynard 0

SEPTEMBER 23

Maynard and Belmont battled to a 0 to 0 tie at Alumni Field.

Belmont proved to be the better team, but Maynard's defense would not let them cross the goal line.

The orange and black's team did a good job on the defense, but their offense was not clicking. Maynard was kept with its back to the wall by poor handling of the ball and fumbles. The team did not cross the mid-field mark once.

It was the great defense work of Belmont and Smaha that sparkled in the goose-egg game.

* * *

Stoneham 12 — Maynard 0

OCTOBER 7

Stoneham defeated Maynard 12 to 0 at Stoneham.

Stoneham's tricky pass combination, Russell to Bingham foretold defeat for Maynard. The first score came toward the end of the first quarter on a pass from Russell to Bingham.

Although Maynard proved to be the leaders on the ground, they didn't have enough "oomph" to score.

Maynard and Stoneham battled fiercely during the next two periods but neither succeeded in scoring.

In the last period Stoneham again struck via the air to score their second touchdown.

Maynard put up a stiff defensive battle but they could not hold against Stoneham's never-fail pass combination.

* * *

Hudson 6 — Maynard 0

OCTOBER 12

In one of the most thrilling of all Columbus Day battles between two old rivals, Hudson defeated Maynard 6 to 0.

For nearly four periods these two rival teams fought without scoring any points. During the last minutes of the game, Hudson fumbled deep in its own territory. Smaha broke through and recovered on Hudson's 22-yard line. Maynard came out of the huddle, and the ball was snapped back to Crowley who faded and passed. Alert Ryan leaped into the air, caught the ball, and on a sensational broken field run scored the sole touchdown to defeat Maynard 6 to 0. It was Hudson's first win over Maynard in three years. Sarvela, Smaha, Bamford, and Brigham were outstanding on the defense, and Crowley, Higgins, Wasuik, Buscemi, and Whalen did a bang-up job on the offense.

* * *

Maynard 32 — Concord 0

OCTOBER 21

From the opening whistle of the Concord-Maynard game, the orange and black were slated to defeat Concord 32 to 0 at Emerson Field.

MAYNARD 25 - - - MARLBORO 0



(At left) Crowley dashes around end for 25 yards.



(Below) Captain George Whalen leaves the game after another stellar performance.



(Middle left) Captain George Whalen snares a pass for a long gain.

(At left) Fouratt plunges through the line to chalk up an extra point.

(All pictures on this page by staff photographer, Luoma.)

The game had hardly begun when Crowley ripped off 46 yards to set the stage for Maynard's first score. From the 11-yard line, Buscemi smashed through for the first touchdown.

The second tally occurred as a result of a pass from Crowley to Whalen which was completed on the one-yard line. Wasuik then took the ball over.

Maynard then opened up with an aerial attack. Crowley to Whalen and Crowley to Priest once again put the ball in a scoring position. Novick on a reverse ran the remaining 20 yards for a touchdown.

The last two touchdowns came in the final quarter. Brigham blocked a kick and Sarvela fell on over the goal line for a touchdown. Then on straight line plays, Maynard marched 57 yards for the final touchdown. Novick once again carried the mail successfully to pay dirt and at the final whistle the score read Maynard 32, Concord 0.

* * *

Winchester 21 — Maynard 6

OCTOBER 28

The mighty Winchester High team defeated Maynard 21 to 6 at Winchester's Athletic Field.

Winchester's first score was gained in the first period. Crowley got off a poor punt which gave Winchester the first break in the game. On straight-line plays, Winchester managed to get to Maynard's 5-yard line, where Maynard held for three downs. On the last down, Galuffo plunged through for the score and Marabella kicked the extra point.

Crowley's second punt went to Maynard's 33-yard line. Winchester opened up with spinners, reverses, and laterals to bring the ball down to the goal line, where McErwin went over for the second score. Marbella again kicked the extra point.

During the closing minutes of the first half, Crowley threw a pass to Whalen which bounced off a Winchester player into Wha-

len's arms. Captain George went over for the lone Maynard score.

Winchester in the second half opened up with an aerial attack which resulted in the third score. Marabella scored the touchdown and kicked the extra point.

* * *

Maynard 25 — Lexington 6

NOVEMBER 4

Maynard High defeated Lexington High 25 to 6 at Alumni Field.

The orange and black opened up with a new attack against Lexington which meant defeat for that team. In the first period, Maynard started with Wasuik and Crowley carrying the mail, and swept down the field, and King smashed over for a touchdown.

In the second period the hometowners opened up with spinners, reverses, fake reverses, and straight line plays to score a second touchdown. This time it was Buscemi who led the way to Lexington's 21-yard line where Crowley took the ball to push his way over the goal line.

In the third period, Lexington pounded their way down the field to Maynard's 20-yard line where they were finally stopped. The ball exchanged hands and Maynard once more marched down the field. A pass from Crowley to Whalen went to the goal line where Crowley plunged over for the score. Higgins kicked the extra point.

It was on the next kick-off that Wasuik broke his leg.

During the last period, Higgins intercepted a pass and after a few plays, Maynard was once more knocking at Lexington's goal. This time it was Fouratt who carried the ball over that last white line.

Lexington's sole tally was scored by Primmerman's pass to Busa who crossed over for a touchdown.

Crowley, Higgins, Wasuik and Whalen paced their team to victory in this game.

Maynard 25 — Marlboro 0

NOVEMBER 11

Maynard defeated its old rival, Marlboro, 25 to 0 at Alumni Field.

Shortly after the opening kickoff, Marlboro fumbled, and Priest recovered for Maynard to make it possible for the orange and black to march deep into Marlboro territory. Here the visitors put up a stubborn defense which held Maynard.

In the second period Crowley's punt put Marlboro in the hole again. Their attempt to kick was blocked and recovered by Glebus. Then Crowley took the ball to hip-shake his way over the goal line for the first score.

Maynard scored again in the second period when Marlboro got off a poor punt. This time it was Novick who carried the ball over on a reverse.

In the third period Marlboro again fumbled in its own territory and the ball was recovered by Glebus. Maynard got the ball as far as the goal line where Marlboro a second time dug in and held us back. Again Marlboro took the ball and again they fumbled. It was recovered by Maynard on about the six-yard line from where Crowley crashed over for the score.

In the final period Crowley turned on the heat by racing 60 yards for a touchdown in the last few minutes of play.

Crowley was the most outstanding player on the field with Novick and Glebus close behind.

* * *

Milford 13 — Maynard 12

NOVEMBER 18

Milford defeated Maynard 13 to 12 at Milford. This loss eliminated Maynard from the Midland League Championship race.

In the closing minutes of the first half Milford marched the length of the field combining passes and running plays to make the first touchdown of the game.

An inspired Maynard team marched onto the field to start the second half. About the middle of the third quarter Bamford recovered a fumble deep in Milford's territory. Then Maynard tried a line play which didn't gain a yard on the first down. On the next play Crowley threw a perfect pass into the arms of Whalen who stepped over the goal line to even up the score.

In the final period, Milford scored again on a wide end sweep. Milford's attempt for a point was good, making the score 13 to 6 in their favor. In the closing minutes of play, Buscemi threw five perfect passes to Priest and Whalen, the latter catching the final one over the goal line. Maynard's try for the point failed.

Crowley was by far the most outstanding player on the field.

* * *

Clinton 6 — Maynard 0

NOVEMBER 30

Maynard's intrepid gridiron warriors were turned back 6 to 0 by Clinton in their annual Turkey Day battle at Clinton.

Playing under perfect weather conditions, the two teams battled furiously and the contest was not decided until the final quarter. Maynard's running game flashed brilliantly in the opening minutes and the pigskin was on the two yard line when an unlucky fumble gave the ball to the enemy.

The lone touchdown was scored on a wide open pass play into the end zone in the fourth quarter. The score came after Clinton's passing attack moved the ball rapidly into scoring position.

We may be prejudiced, but we think the Maynard forces deserved to win.

The History of a Broken Leg

It was a brisk Saturday afternoon in Autumn, and I was watching the football game between Lexington High School and Maynard High School. Maynard had made a touch-down and had just kicked off to Lexington. The ball soared up into the air, and a Lexington man caught it and began to run, but was soon tackled by a Maynard lad. The play was over, but as the players were getting up off the ground, there was one player, with an orange and black jersey, who did not arise. Coach Vodoklys and Doctor Flaherty rushed onto the field and examined the boy. At first I could not make out who the player was, but I finally got a glimpse at the number on his jersey. It was number 77; I knew without hesitation that it was Edwin Wasuik. A few minutes later he was carried off the field. Hardly any of the spectators knew what had happened to him. They learned later that he had a broken leg.

The following Sunday afternoon, about five football players and I went to the Emerson Hospital to visit him. We were allowed to go in to see him two at a time. As another boy and I went in, he gave us a great big smile. I asked him how he was, and he said he was feeling fine. He said that he would much rather be out and going to school with his friends. He wanted badly to see the football game on the following Saturday. We all wanted him to be there to cheer the team on to victory. He told us the whole story. He told of the ride to the hospital, the way Dr. Flaherty put the cast on his leg, and of other happenings. He was very happy because so many friends came to see him.

With a big smile he bade us good-bye and asked us to come again. We went, leaving him to his magazines and chocolates, that his friends had brought him.

JOSEPH GREENO, '40.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Before starting practice, the Maynard Hockeyites first had to have a coach. Miss Lyli Tervo coached last year, but was unable to assume the task this year. We appreciate her splendid work and wish to thank her for it.

Miss Annie Swanson volunteered and has been doing excellent coaching having lost over half of the first team last year, she had to work extra hard to train girls to fill the vacant positions.

The following girls went out for hockey this year.

A. Hull (Captain)	T. Dawson
V. Taylor	G. Boeske
F. D'Agata	J. Lynch
G. Tobin	M. O'Brien
R. Hodgess	G. Hanson
R. Garside	L. Arciszewski
E. Burgess	T. Grekula
D. Fayton	L. Nivela
R. Croft	O. Kuchun
M. Smith	E. Perry
M. Hickey	J. Kolenda
J. Carbary	K. Crotty
E. King	T. Mariano
M. Flaherty	

* * *

Weston at Maynard

OCTOBER 4

It was a wonderful day with the sun shining brightly, but all the joy and sunshine were overhead because we lost by a single goal; the score was 1-0. Both teams played a good game.

* * *

Maynard at Acton

OCTOBER 16

Another warm day for an important game. In the first half, Acton scored a goal, but in

the second half, Gladys Tobin came through for the orange and black, making the score 1-1. At the final whistle the score was still 1-1—nothing gained—nothing lost.

* * *

Maynard at Concord

OCTOBER 18

Another exciting day for the girls who wield the sticks. Concord beat both our first and second teams by identical scores, 2-0, but they still picked an argument. F. D'Agata played on the second team, and Concord didn't like it when Coach Swanson put her in as fullback of the first team in the second half. We won the verbal contest.

* * *

Acton at Maynard

OCTOBER 23

The girls were determined to beat Acton and they definitely did. The score for the game between the first teams was 3-0, with G. Tobin making two goals and M. Hickey making the other. The second team beat Acton with a lone goal made by R. Hodgess.

* * *

Shrewsbury at Maynard

OCTOBER 24

The visitors beat Maynard's first team 3-0, and the second team, 2-0, but the losers played a good defensive game.

Maynard at Ashland

OCTOBER 26

On the way down, the girls resolved to win this game or die. The slaughter was unnecessary because the game ended in a scoreless tie.

* * *

Maynard at Shrewsbury

OCTOBER 30

It was a chilly day, but the girls played despite the fact that the sun was taking a rest. Shrewsbury won, 2-0, but the Black and Orange was colorful in defeat.

From the above statistics, one can see that Maynard didn't win many games but played hard and took defeat in the right way. Our hopes are high for a good team next year.

* * *

Letters will be awarded to: A. Allard, A. Hull, V. Taylor, F. D'Agata, M. Hickey, J. Carbary, G. Tobin, M. O'Brien, G. Hanson, L. Arciszewski T. Grekula, L. Nivela.

Sticks will be awarded to: J. Davis, R. Hodgess, T. Dawson, E. King, M. Flaherty, G. Boeske, J. Lynch, M. Smith, O. Kuchun, E. Perry J. Kolenda, K. Crotty, and T. Mariano.

GLADYS BOESKE, '41.

ALUMNI NOTES

We thought it would be of interest to our readers to learn when the first class graduated from M. H. S. and who the members of that class were. Investigation revealed the following information: On June 18, 1886 the first class graduated from Maynard High School. Forty-four years ago five young people received diplomas and had the same desire of conquering the world as we have today.

In this class were:

George Newton

*Brooks Reed

Florence Winkley (Mrs. Samuel Lawton)

Emieli Robinson

Effie Flood (Mrs. Star King)

The School Committee or Board of Education, as they were called, were at that time:

Edwin Smith

Joseph Seagrave

James Sweeney

William B. Allen, Superintendent

* Deceased

* * *

Last June two graduates of Maynard High School, class of '33, received their degree from the College of Engineering, Northeastern University.

Mr. Oiva E. Hintsä received the degree Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering. He played football for four years and ran with the track team for four years. He is now employed by the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad at Providence, Rhode Island.

Mr. Willis C. Stockbridge received the degree Bachelor of Science in Industrial Engineering. He was a member of the band for two years, the orchestra one year, the Alpha Kappa Sigma fraternity and the Society for the Advancement of Management, for two years. He is employed at the Warren Telechron Company in Ashland, Massachusetts.

* * *

Class of 1938

Olavi Alatalo is attending the Bentley School of Accounting.

Doris Beane is furthering her education at Tusculum College.

Helen Boothroyd is in training at the Carney Hospital.

Joseph Boothroyd is studying at Boston College.

Bernadine Carey is in training at the Clinton Hospital.

Marian Cuttell is in training at the Framingham Union Hospital.

Mamie Heikkinen is in training at Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.

Rita Foley is attending Fisher's Business School.

Helen Isner is in training at the Framingham Union Hospital.

Kenneth Johnson is attending Boston University.

Donald Jones is furthering his education at Portia College of Liberal Arts.

Esther Kauppila is a student at Bridgewater Teachers' College.

Elenor King is furthering her education at Massachusetts State College.

Mary Latva is in training at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

William Murphy is attending Fordham College.

Helen Marsden is in training at Framingham Union Hospital.

Timothy Hickey is a mason's helper in Somerville.

Kenneth Jarvinen is employed by the Brookline Auto Body Repair Company at Stamford, Connecticut.

Sylvia Mark is employed at Concord Academy.

John Maskiewicz is employed by the American Woolen Company.

John May is employed by Manning Drug Store.

Robert McLane is attending Roger Babson School.

Stella Novicki is employed at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Delia Pronko is working in Arlington.

Peter Pronko is working in a factory in Roxbury.

Lawrence Quinn is employed by Postum Cereal Company.

Paul Reini is employed by P. Merriam Company, South Acton.

Annie Rolynowicz is employed by President Suspender Company, Shirley.

Melvin Smith is employed in the First National in Concord.

Daniel Sullivan is employed by an East Boston firm.

Lyli Tervo is employed at the local Woolworth store.

Reino Tervo is working at Fletcher's in Stow.

Karin Saarinen is in training at Massachusetts General.

Norma Oates is in training at the Newton Hospital.

Katharine Sheridian is furthering her education at Bridgewater Teachers' College.

Harold Simila is attending the Bentley School of Accounting.

Helen Smalski is attending the Vesper George School of Art, where she is majoring in designing.

Stanley Stefanowicz is attending Massachusetts School of Art.

Walter Allan is working at the A. & P. on Walnut Street.

Albert Bachrach is working at I. Bachrach's Feed and Grain Store.

Charles Blanchard is doing farm work.

James Buscemi is employed as a clerk in Buscemi's Store.

Nettie Chernak is working for the Fisher Shoe Company in Hudson.

Dominic Columbo is employed by Columbo's Barber Shop.

Michael Columbo is employed at the G. Merriam Company, South Acton.

Walter Donahue is employed by the American Woolen Company.

John French is working at Cutting's Greenhouse, Sudbury.

Rita Gallagher is employed at Macone Brothers in Concord.

Anna Gudzinowicz is employed in a factory in Shirley.

Sylvia Glickman is furthering her education at the University of Michigan.

Irene Carey is in training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Elvira D'Errico is working at J. J. Newberry, Maynard.

* * *

Class of 1939

Helen Batulin is taking a Post Graduate course at Maynard High.

Edna Boothroyd is employed at the Davis Turkey Farm.

Alice Byrne is planning to go in training at Waltham Hospital in February.

George Creighton is furthering his education at the University of Virginia.

Charles D'Agata is attending Milligan College.

Juliet D'Errico is in training at Symmes' Hospital, Arlington.

Edward Donahue is attending Lawrence Academy.

Charlotte Duckworth is taking a Post Graduate Course.

Priscilla Edwards is working in Concord.

Edward Flaherty is attending Saint Anselm's College in New Hampshire.

Aaron Glickman is taking up business administration at Boston University.

Dorothy Hansen is going in training in Massachusetts General Hospital in February.

John Higgins is employed by the American Woolen Company, Maynard.

Viola Hirvonen is planning to go in training at Framingham Hospital in February.

Myldred Holly is attending Vesper George School of Art.

Sylvia Johnson is employed by Alina's Beauty Salon of Maynard.

Toivo Harhumaa is employed by the South Acton Woolen Mills, South Acton.

Gertrude Kauppila is attending Vesper George School of Art.

Albert Koch is attending Curry School of Expression.

John Kulik is employed by American Woolen Company, Maynard.

Walter Lankiewicz is working for the American Woolen Co., Maynard.

Lempi Lehto is in training at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

Jane Lent is taking a Secretarial course at Burdette College.

Barbara Whitney is employed by the N. Y. A.

George Whitney is working at the Red & White Store, Acton Centre.

Frank Wojtkiewicz is working in the Shoddy Mill as Floor Man, American Woolen Company, Maynard.

Edmund Mariani is employed by American Woolen Company, Maynard.

Sylvia Mark is in training at Rutland, Vermont.

Irene Morrill is working for the L. J. Peabody Furniture Company, Boston.

Eleanor Murphy is in training at the St. Vincent Hospital, Worcester.

Daniel O'Leary is employed by the American Woolen Company, Maynard.

Emma Paul is employed by the Battleground Café, Concord.

Broncia Pileeki is taking a Post Graduate Course in Maynard.

Mary Quinn is planning to enter St. Elizabeth's Hospital in February.

Leslie Rivers is studying Business Administration at Boston University in Boston.

Miriam Sarvela is in training at Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.

Eunice Sewall is studying Beauty Culture at Wilfred Academy, Boston.

Helen Smith is taking a Secretarial course at Bryant & Stratton.

Harold Tornell is taking a P. G. to prepare him for Wentworth.

Ann Tucker is studying Social Service at Mary Brooks' School.

Robert Veitch is attending Chauncy Hall.

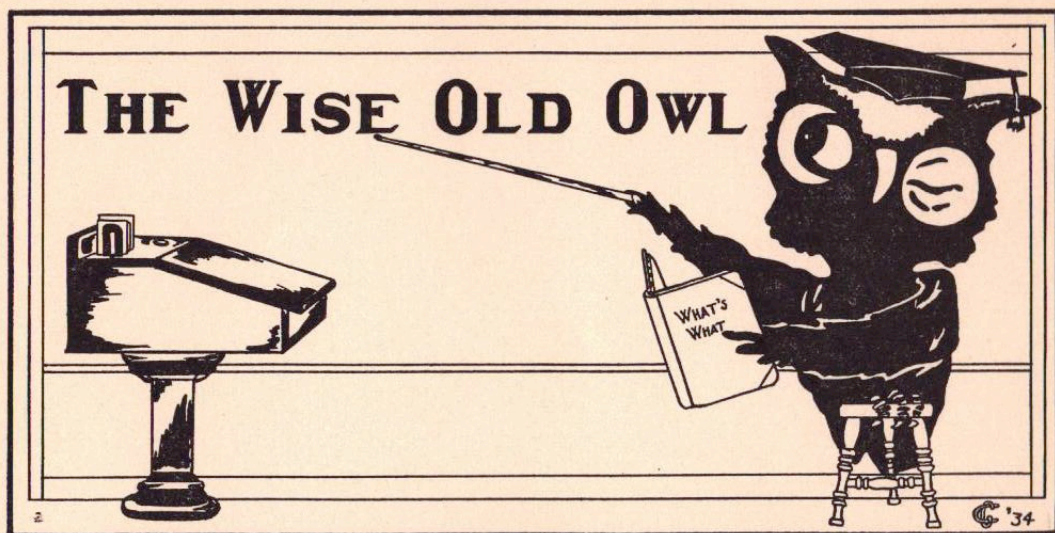
Phyllis Weir is working in the N. Y. A.

Vincent Weir is at State Teachers' College, Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

Doris White is at Regis College, Weston, Massachusetts.

Stanley Zancewicz is at Alliance College, Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania.

Michael Zwirbla is taking a Post Graduate course to prepare him for Northeastern University.



The Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know:

1. How Bennie Gudzinowicz and Smaha got their black eyes?
2. What time the Seniors got home after the broadcast?
3. Where Mary Hickey got her tennis racket?
4. When Marion Hinds is going to decide whether it is to be Framingham or Lowell?
5. Why B. Denniston would like to spend all her week-ends in Connecticut?
6. Why Annie and Catherine wouldn't ride home from Ruth Croft's party?
7. What is the secret to the Freshmen's popularity? In other words why are they always invited to every party that comes around?
8. Who's going to awake first—Muriel or Frannie?
9. Why has Roger Burnham a sudden interest in red heads?
10. What two Freshmen blondes is Guy Tannuzzo so interested in?
11. Why David Foley is so interested in Marlboro?
12. What certain Junior boy hasn't settled down to the fact that he can't get that certain Junior girl?
13. Why the football Captain found it such a long walk last year, but finds 8A Powdermill Road such a short walk this year?
14. What the boys find so interesting on Euclid Avenue?
15. Where is that certain tree on Powdermill Road that interests Richard Flaherty so?
16. Why would it be better for that certain Junior girl to have a date with "Dike" once a week, rather than every night?
17. Why Marie Flaherty is so very, very interested in WESTON?
18. What little Sophomore boy practices his lovemaking on the family cat and then goes over to Sudbury to find out if it works? I don't suppose that Joseph Ayotte would know anything about it?
19. What certain Commercial Boy by the name of Russell just loves to be called Beverly and Why?
20. What last year's boys have, that enables them to hold on to their "girl friends"? Glamour?
21. Why Jeannette Kulik is so interested in Wachussetts Potato Chips?
22. When Elsie Burgess is going to decide who?
23. Why Eddy Wasuik had to have his leg broken just before the party?
24. When Annie Hamalian is going to give Saari a break?
25. Who W. A. L. receives letters from in New York? And how many times a week does he write? And if this person in New York is coming down for Thanksgiving?

26. Why Oliver Lampila blushes when a girl speaks to him?
27. Why Joe Fidanza finds Marlboro so interesting?
28. What E. Lilja sees in the seat in front of him?
29. Why "Dizzy" Saari plays the trumpet?
30. What Junior girl nicknamed Fran, last name beginning with D, is so interested in Alfred and his car?

* * *

Cousin Zeke's Mail Box

Dear Cousin Zeke:

I can't sleep or study during the music period in the auditorium. What should I do?

S. S.

Dear Sleepy Sam:

Carry a flask of nitroglycerine in your hip pocket and also a sign pinned to your back saying, "Kick me." You will soon be asleep and you will be able to study—the harp.

Dear Cousin Zeke:

What is the longest word in the world?

C.

Dear Curious:

The longest word in the world is "smiles" because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

Dear Cousin Zeke:

I and my Polar Expedition are in the Hawaiian Islands looking for the North Pole. How do I get there?

L. B. H.

Dear Lost But Hopeful:

Come back to Maynard, then take a right at the Paper Mill corner, another right at the corner of Nason and Acton Streets, and go straight ahead for a few thousand miles.

Dear Cousin Zeke:

I am a Senior boy, rich, handsome, with blond wavy hair, and 5 feet 6 inches tall. How can I get a girl to ride home with me in my new car?

S. C.

Dear Self Conscious:

I would ask her. If that doesn't succeed I would trade in my car and become a hermit.

WALTER LUOMA, '40.

* * *

Fashions in the News

My, my, what's the high school coming to?

These daring females (and right in the classrooms, too—J. Lynch, B. Denniston, J. Davis, A. Keough—plus a few others) in those adorable $\frac{3}{4}$ length socks—what would grandma say????

To males only:

Listen, boys, lend an ear and take it from a few on how to win a damsel's heart. The secret of success lies in the following: plaid shirts (you know the kind—a sunset with buttons) plus suspenders; shoes—worn and battered, new or old,—highwaters, and plaid socks (just between us, the louder the socks—the harder she'll fall); suit-coats, buttoned with the top button, only—plenty smooth; as for hats (with no advice from Scotty Graham—the man with 6,000 enemies among fashion experts) felts, with a perky little feather on the side, are always the thing. That's all for now, boys—and lots of luck!

Girls, brothers can actually be of use (!)—

what with the modern fad of sloppiness and comfort as the keynote to smartness this year—so, just don your brother's loudest shirt, or what have you, and you'll be in the swim of fashion!

Hip length cardigans galore—why they're even a favorite of the teachers—and very becoming on the girls, wearing all sorts of youthful colors—an entirely different blue

for C. Gogogolin, L. King; a true yellow for V. Oberg; beige for D. Dipersio, J. Tucker, B. Greenaway; and that very new fireman red for J. Carbary—and so many more! Slobby Joe knit sweaters also, worn in true collegiate manner with the sleeves pushed up—as seen sported by M. Flaherty, R. Hodgess, M. Sharpe, E. Primi-ano—to mention a few . . .

Highlights from the byways:

- A. Bobik's powder blue, shirt-like, garbaine jacket—chic plus!
- M. Dwinell's red snood—dazzling? Yes—and mighty pretty against those dark tresses . . .
- R. Brigham's flashy, brown tweed pants—neat.
- J. Wojtkiewicz's white lumberjack blouse.
- G. Whalen's plaid shirt—which deserves honorable mention when combined with those green pants.
- F. Glebus's three-quarter length, tan wind-breaker (and heartbreaker)—ideal for football.

That's all now — till the next review of fashions.

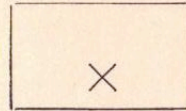
* * *

Our Song Sheet

- If You Ever Change Your Mind* — Sarvella to Primiano
- Made For Each Other* — Helen Wasuik and Charlie Fouratt
- Just A Kid Named Joe* — Ayotte
- We've Come A Long Way Together* — Wojtkiewicz, Girby, and Hanson
- You Couldn't Be Cuter* — The Freshmen Girls
- Sweet Moments* — At the candy counter
- Get Out Of Town* — Frank Glebus
- Ain't Cha Coming Out* — Any night on Euclid Ave.
- If I Loved You More* — Ray Kane to Lee A.
- You Can't Tell A Man By His Hat* — Scotty Graham
- You're First On My "Hit Parade"* — Marion Sheridan and Arthur LeSage
- We'll Never Know*—Maynard High's Theme Song

Shabby Old Cabby — Donald Hatch's
The Lamp Is Low — So were our report cards
Day In—Day Out — Ruthie Katari and Carlo Makki
Chew—Chew—Chew — Any recess time
I Hadn't Anyone 'till You — J. Tobin to Helen A.

Uncensored picture of our favorite character in song.



× Marks the spot where:

Last night I saw upon the stair a little man who wasn't there. He wasn't there again today. Gee! I wish he'd go away!

* * *

Big Chief Sleuth

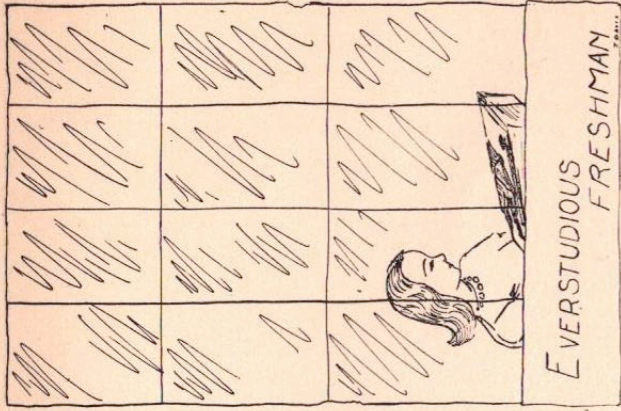
By MINNIEHAHA

First of all, Big Chief would like to cast a few wise words on the subject of these Freshmen, to whom this noble SCREECH OWL is dedicated. The two outstanding things about this class are (1) the girls, (2) the boys. First, let's take the girls—now, boys, don't grab. This class takes the cake for its cuties. We don't recollect ever having seen so many good-looking girls all in one class before, since ours were freshmen. Now, the boys. Any over the five-foot mark may be called smoothies with a capital Smooth. Maynard High can't improve very much on their technique but it can offer them bigger fields. Happy hunting—

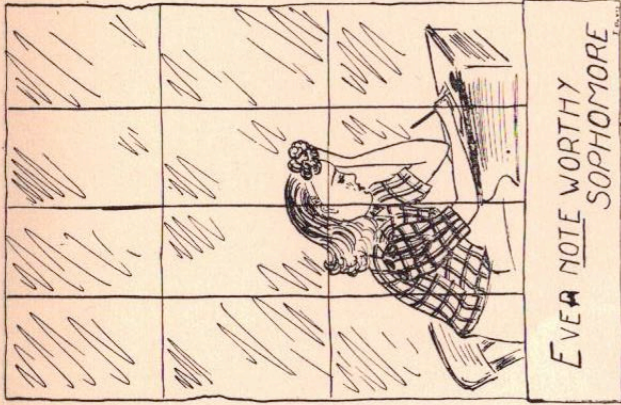
Now for the dirt—

First hand information tells us that the roofs of several tepees on this reservation have been raised this moon. It started on the Euclid Avenue trail and spread over to the Main Stem, thence to Prospect Street. Powdermill Road caught the fever and so did Great Road. Even the witch doctor doesn't know where it'll end.

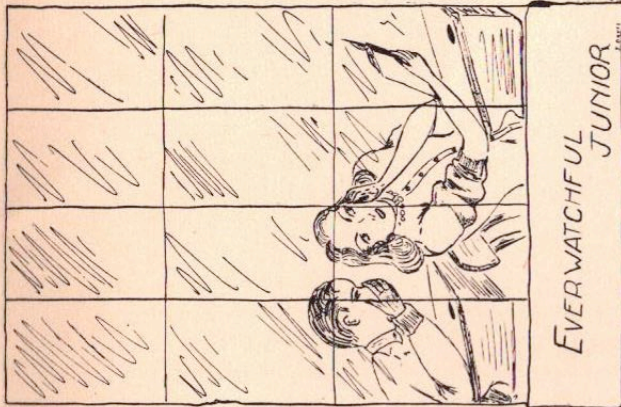
A freshman squaw whose initials are E-L-S-I-E B-U-R-G-E-S-S is currently getting the biggest rush since the west had one over



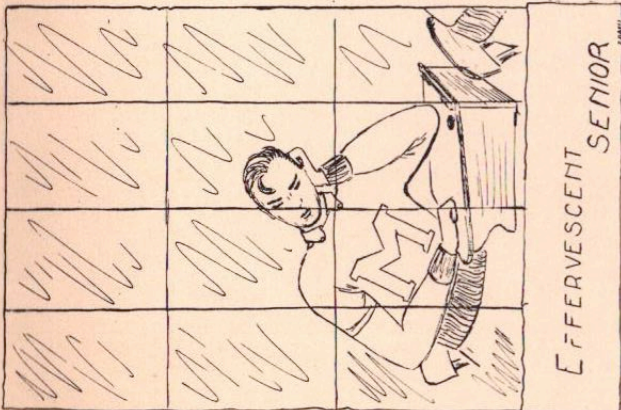
EVERSTUDIOUS
FRESHMAN



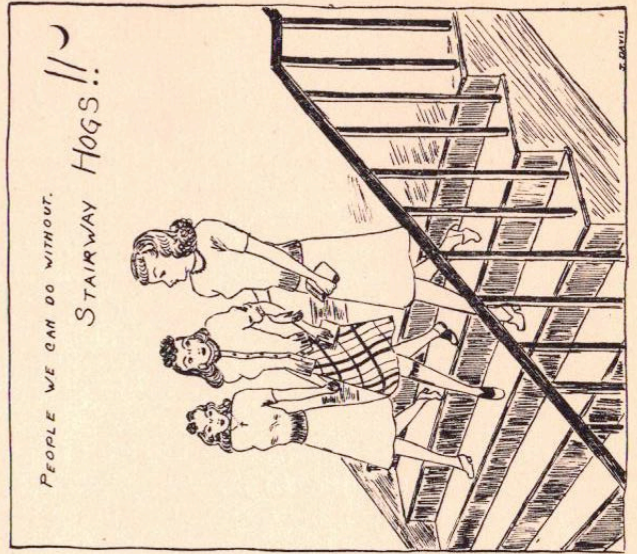
EVER NOTE WORTHY
SOPHOMORE



EVER WATCHFUL
JUNIOR



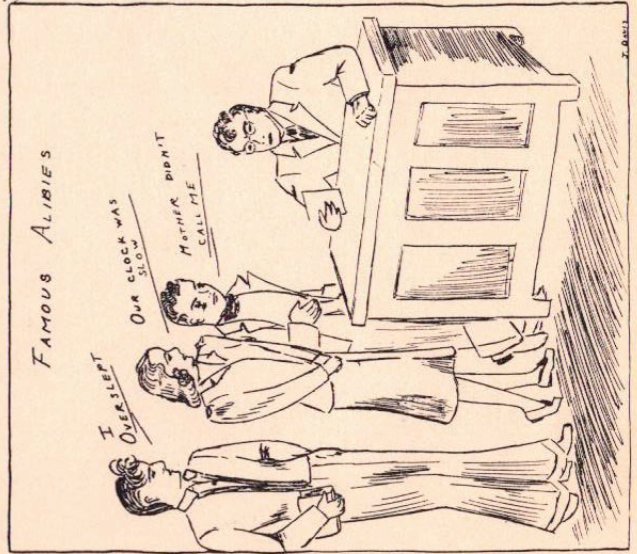
EFFERVESCENT
SENIOR



PEOPLE WE CAN DO WITHOUT.
STAIRWAY HOGS!!



TO MAYNARD'S
GRADUATION HEROES



FAMOUS ALIBIES

I OVERSLEPT
OUR CLOCK WAS SLOW
MOTHER DIDN'T CALL ME

gold. Eddie Higgins saw her first but George Whalen is trying hard to beat Higgy's time. If these two would only let up a little there are 250 other boys in Maynard who are ready, willing, and able to sub.

The redheaded squaw, Nancy Smith, who moved to Allston last summer stole a lot of scalps here. That up and coming James Gibney lost his last month (incidentally, he's No. 1 now). Many wistful glances are cast at this squaw when she treks to Maynard now and then.

Speaking of Gib reminds us of his frans, Ray Kane and Jim Tobin. These two have been doing puhlenty of squatting inside the Arciszewski tepee, lately.

Are those tom-toms we hear beating out a war-dance? Anyway, when you have one red-headed Kenny, added to Margaret, divided by June, and multiplied by Ernie, you're going to get your wires crossed somewhere.

We know Arlo Sinicki wouldn't mind losing his scalp—pardon, his heart, to one of the cuter cuties, Helen Kisley. But we don't know whether Helen's going to hang Arlo's scalp at her belt. Time will tell.

Will Gladys Boeske please make up her mind? Big Chief is getting grey hairs. He was all ready to publish a Flash that she and Dike were calling it quits, going to prophesy John King as next on the list, and then Dike showed up again to take Gladys home from a recent party.

Talk about grey hairs—we've been trying to get the low-down on Mary Sharpe but it's impossible to get his name. All we know is that he is a Junior. Come on, 'fess up.

We hardly dare to write about Ray Bamford before the deadline. All in one moon our spies have teamed him with Elsie Burgess, Mary Dumas, Doris Kelley, and currently, Helen Novik.

Howie Edwards has a new technique. He doesn't play favorites with his squaws and consequently Elizabeth Cutaia and Jean Davis are both in a fog over Mrs. Edwards' little boy.

Brooks Thompson had better hold tight to his scalp before it belongs to one of several squaws who seem to be casting favorable glances in his direction.

Whom did we meet going to Dorothy Tierney's tepee recently? Could it have been Albie Brown, Wilbur Walls, and Olive Beane? Hm, could be.

Euclid Avenue has a double value on it, now. Viola Oberg and Doris Kelley both camp there. Consequently half of Maynard High does, too—

Big Chief went into a powwow to decide what to do with all those good catches floating around loose, remaining emotionally unattached. He decided to publish the names of one of the most eligible bachelors from each of the four classes and see what the results would be. Here are the names, girls—now go to work.

Freshmen — Dickie Flaherty

Sophomores — Tom Brown

Juniors — *Guy Emro

Seniors — Leo Nurmi

*Guy's our latest addition to Maynard High and he certainly does add something to the place. Ask any squaw—

And now, my little squaws and all you braves, be good—at least until the next edition, or Big Chief will get you if you don't watch out!

* * *

Helen A: Look, the girls still wear bustles!

Jean D: You're a back number,—that's a parachute.

F. Novick: Why weren't you in school?

R. Snair: Because I washed my face yesterday and the teacher thought I was sick and sent me home.

D. Dudzinski: Name five things that contain milk.

W. Walls: Butter and cheese, ice cream, and two cows.

A. Gilman: Marion, what is convalescent?

M. Smith: A person that is still alive.

R. Hatch: How much do you charge for weighing hogs?

Mr. Peterson: Oh just get on I'll weigh you for nothing.

F. Riley: Why do people in Somoa wear so little clothing?

H. Miller: It is too hot for Somoa.

A. Whitney: Give me a sentence, Whalen, with "Rotterdam" in it.

Whalen: My sister ate my candy, and I hope it will "Rot-ter-dam-" teeth out.

A. Lerer: All extremely bright men are conceited.

W. Duckworth: I wouldn't know about that.

Mr. Manty: Did any of you ever see an elephant skin?

F. Di Grappo: I have—

Mr. Manty: Where was it?

F. Di Grappo: On the elephant.

A. Columbo: Did you hear about the awful fright George Bouse had at the Social the other night?

B. Dennison: Oh, yes, I was there. I saw her.

R. Garside: What do you say to a tramp in the park?

E. Perry: I never speak to the horrid things.

M. Sheridan: I always do my hardest work before breakfast.

P. Marchant: What's that?

M. Sheridan: Getting up.

R. Flaherty: Gibney, why do the dentists call their parlors dental parlors?

J. Gibney: Because they are drawing rooms.

Miss Kuprianchik: Can you help me? My name is Miss Kuprianchik—

Mr. Mullin: No, I am sorry; I simply can't do anything for that.

J. Lynch: Is your dentist a careful dentist?

B. Denniston: Sure, he filled my teeth with great pains.

F. Riley gave Mary Dwinell his seat. She fainted. On recovering she thanked him. He fainted.

N. B. Sealy: Jimmy makes me tired.

L. Holly: It's your own fault, you should stop running after him.

H. Edwards: As we walk out on a cold winter day, what do we see on every hand?

A. Ayotte: Gloves.

V. Taylor: Every living thing has a purpose. What is the mosquito's?

R. Hodgess: Shows how easy it is to get stung.

F. Spence: Say "Moynie", would you like to be buried in the Mill Pond?

W. Moynihan: I'd rather die first.

J. Richardson: Is a chicken big enough to eat when it is two weeks old?

F. Glebus: Of course not!

J. Richardson: Then how does it live?

L. Wasiuk: Did you knock them cold in the Latin quiz?

N. B. Sealy: Yes, zero.

Miss Fearnis: Give for one year, the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States.

E. Wasiuk: 1492—None.

Smaha: You look depressed, Bamford. What are you thinking about?

Bamford: My future.

Smaha: What makes it seem so hopeless?

Bamford: My past.

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Pretty girl—tumble in.

Saw a boy—on the bank;

Gave a shriek—then she sank.

Jumped right in—helped her out.

Now he's hers—very nice;

But she had—to break the ice.

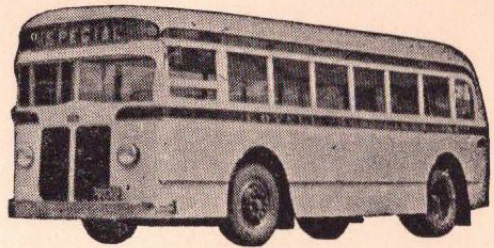
—Scholastic

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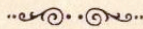
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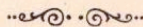
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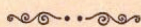
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