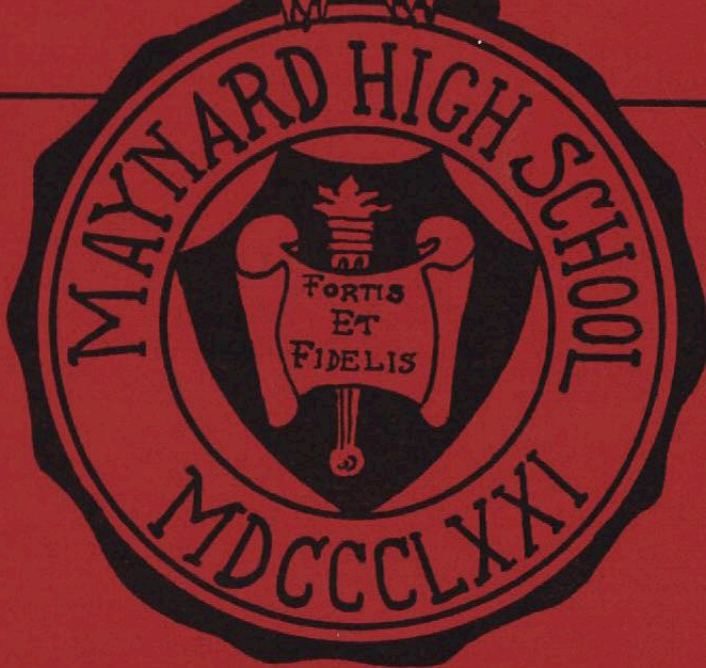


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Fall Number

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THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

Maynard, Massachusetts, November 1935

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PRICE PER COPY, 25 CENTS



Some students of Maynard High School have come to think of it only as an institution of learning, but it should mean more than that to them. Maynard High School should be a place where we can make friendly relations with our fellow pupils, and the best way we can do that is to run socials.

I can find only two faults with the socials as they are now conducted: first, they are too short, and second, they are too few. I think that, in order to break the monotony, socials should be held once every three weeks, and they ought to last from eight o'clock till twelve. The extra hour would satisfy those who have been accustomed to go elsewhere after a dance.

Since undesirables are politely but firmly "shooed" away, surely the environment of these school socials is better than that of the Saturday night out-of-town dances where these persons are allowed to attend because they have the price of admission.

The A. A. or the treasury of some class, I'm sure, would welcome the profit that always accompanies a social. Success is assured by the large attendance at every high school party held in the past.

Why not let the pupils enjoy themselves while financing the school activities?

—Louis Bachrach, Editor.

ON CHOOSING OUR LEADERS

The care necessary in choosing our leaders cannot be too strongly emphasized, as they should be examples for those by whom they have been selected.

Here in school we have many leaders. Our athletic teams are led by captains. The various committees are comprised of those students who are recognized by their colleagues as possessing the faculty of serving capably.

If a leader, who is chosen to act in some capacity, being recognized as well qualified to perform that duty, *fails*, with no pardonable excuse, he is degraded in the eyes of his classmates.

No leader should allow the honor and distinction so accorded him to get so firm a grip on him that he loses all sense of right and the obligations so vested in him.

A leader must have spirit, initiative, and determination. He must be honest and sincere; he must appreciate the necessity of co-operation and harmony in the performance of his duties; he must work for the good of those who selected him as their leader.

There is a tremendous responsibility in being a leader. Many things can arise, during the performance of his duties, that will combat his desire to do what is right and for the good of all concerned.

For him who is able to perform his duties as a leader in an honorable and satisfactory way there is no honor or praise too great. —R. D. Elson, '36.



THE CONFESSION

Don't stand there staring at me! I said I killed Him! Didn't you hear me? I killed Him . . . and I'm glad I did! No, I'm not crazy. I'm just as sane as any one here.

It was this way. I used to be a happy lad until I was ten years old . . . then He came along. Oh, I was a fool! He showed me how I could get more candy than the others . . . and I listened to Him. As the year went along He showed me how I could get many other things that the ordinary child could not have. At first I liked the idea. It was take, take, take, and never give. I found myself gradually getting into His power and could not prevent it. Oh, I tried to do something about it but failed.

By the time I was sixteen His hold on me was as firm as a rock. I prayed to God to take Him away but it did no good. All day long I was as miserable as could be and my nights, instead of being full of peaceful slumber, were filled with horrible dreams.

As the years rolled along I found myself in love with a beautiful girl. But He was not satisfied with what He had already done to me. No, he had to be with me every minute and that horrible Monster would not let me spend much money on her, and all I could talk about while I was with her was how she could help me get more money. Money! How I hate the sight of it! Even the ring I gave her was a fake! Do you wonder she hated me and married some one else?

Then one night I had a dream. My prayers had not been in vain, for in that dream I was shown how I could rid myself of that terrible Beast. For the first time in years I was happy. That day I

helped every one I could find who needed help. I even played with little boys on the street and once more I found myself able to laugh and sing with joy.

Now do you wonder that I am glad I killed Him? He exists no longer in me! I killed Him! Don't you understand? I killed Him! I killed Greed!

—Sylvia Glickman, '38.

MAYNARD AFTER TEN O'CLOCK

The fog rises in rolling clouds from an evil smelling river, tinged with dye from the mill. The street lamps blinking here and there light up a nearly deserted town. Suddenly the raucous scream of an automobile horn breaks the stillness as some wild young group returning from a gay spot come careening around the corner, demanding the right of way. Then from apparently nowhere a crowd emerges into the streets and slowly disappears as the two theatres empty their stream of humanity into the frosty night air.

An hour later everything is in a graveyard silence and left to the prowling of black and white striped cats commonly known as? Has the reader an imagination? The howling of a pair of seemingly stricken soprano-voiced cats pierces the silence like the shriek of lost souls in the Far Beyond.

The moon shining in its pale brilliance casts its mournful eye down on an apparently sleeping town, but ah! Something stirs. As we move further down the main street a crashing, clanking noise is heard and as we round the corner we burst upon the mill in all its greasy, grimy majesty. On through the night the never-ending crash of protesting machinery echoes through the

deserted street and save for a few lonely lights seen from afar, the blackness of an unexplorable abyss has settled over us to serve as a blanket of rest.

—George E. Ryan, '36.

THE HOMECOMING

"Oh I say, I hadn't noticed that Miranda had bought a new hall table—and a lamp too! Hmp, good thing I noticed them because I'll be sure to hear about it in the morning if I don't comment on them. She must've got them while I was away. Certainly is a funny way to come home after being away for a week. Gosh, all the bad breaks are coming my way: train late, no taxi at the station, and now, to crown it all, having to climb in the front window because I've mislaid my key. Well, no use crying over split milk; I guess I'll go to bed. Miranda's got a new coat. Been doin' all right while I was away.

Boy! A new hall carpet too. She must've got a legacy from that rich uncle of hers she's been expectin' to die. Well anyhow the stair rail has the same old curve in it.

Oh well, who cares? I don't; at least not until the bills start rolling in for all this.

Wonder where my pajamas are. They're always on this chair. Must be in the bureau drawer.

Miranda's dead to the world. She never moved.

Hey, don't yell like that! What am I doing in your room? What are you doing in mine. Oh no—this is my room—that's my bed you're in. Yes, but this is my house. Who are you anyway? Mrs. Brown? Our new neighbor? I'd better get out of here before your husband gets home!

Well if this is your house, where is mine? Next door? The one with the green shutters? So it is! Well I guess I'd better be going—good night!

This is what comes of building three or four houses alike on a street. Guess I won't tell Miranda; that Mrs. Brown will tell her soon enough and she'll have

until lunch time to get cooled off. Boy, o' all the tough breaks to have in just one evening."

—M. Lent, '37.

FIELD HOCKEY

In the days when young girls were considered ladies if they wore their skirts well down over their knees and looked on the whole like Dresden china dolls, such a thing as field hockey wasn't even thought of. Then a few years ago the girls firmly decided that they weren't going to sit back and let the boys have all the fun; so some exceedingly brilliant person invented field hockey. It was not long before interest in the game grew and it became nationally known.

Let me give you a bird's-eye view of what happens on the first day of practice, and the impressions I received when I first played field hockey. A flock of over-enthusiastic freshmen troup up to the field and try as best as they can to look wise and act wiser. After a few minutes of watching the "veterans" play and getting a general idea of the game they are handed a stick and told to go to it. With a great deal of confidence and not very much of anything else, they resolve to show these people just how the game is to be played. After a few wild skirmishes they begin to wonder why it is that no one seems to be getting very far with the ball nor getting any nearer their destination—the goal.

Far from daunted they are soon at it again, and after a hot hour or so finally decide to call it a day.

The next day with many creaking joints and aching backs but with a great air of knowledge they admit they played a pretty good hard game.

—Joan Turner, '38.

A CONVERSATION WITH A CAT

It was the witching hour of midnight, and as the last solemn stroke of the town clock faded away into silence, my peaceful slumber was disturbed by a small voice beside me.

Curiosity encouraged me to turn around and find out to whom that peculiar voice belonged. On investigating I was very much alarmed at finding Bing (he's my cat) sitting on the floor beside my bed.

'Bing,' I said immediately, 'How in the world did you get up here? I thought that I had put you in the cellar before I came to bed.'

To my great surprise I received an answer in that high-pitched voice again.

'You did put me in the cellar, but you forgot to lock the door; so I pushed it open and here I am.'

'Goodness! Is that you speaking, Bing?' I exclaimed, hardly able to believe my ears.

'Yes, it is I who am speaking,' responded Bing. 'Some people think that we cats never speak, but they are very wrong, for once in every cat's life the power of speech is granted.'

He continued 'I know that you have to write a theme in English called 'A Conversation with a Cat' and so, this being the only night that I shall ever be able to speak, I stayed awake until midnight, so that you could interview me. You see, at midnight we receive the power of speech for fifteen minutes.'

'Well,' I answered, 'since this is the only time that I shall ever be able to converse with you, I guess I had better ask you to tell me about your ancestors.'

'My first notable ancestor was chief mouser in the palace of Napoleon, and his children and their descendants held the same official position in the palaces and chateaux of France. My father was the 'blacksheep' of the family, for he broke the family tradition that each cat of that family should be a mouser. You see, he wanted adventure so he ran away from home and was taken aboard a French transport vessel bound for America. He reached New York on January first, 1934, and came to Maynard.

'Now that time is short, may I ask two favors of you and your mother?'

'Certainly, Bing,' I responded, 'Name them.'

'Will you please tell your mother not to give me any more of that Kitty Ration? I would rather have a lamb-chop. And as for you, would you mind not pulling my whiskers when you stroke and pet me? It really hurts.'

I certainly shall remember your requests, Bing. Are you sure that you will never be able to speak to me again?'

I expected to get an answer but all that I got was "meow." You see, it was one minute past twelve-fifteen.

—Virginia Bourke, '37.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Many articles have been written in an attempt to define the characteristics of a perfect gentleman. Due to the fact that the definitions depend on one's opinion, they all differ. One person may demand naturalness and good conduct, another a thorough knowledge of the accepted customs of society. Perhaps we can arrive at some solution by beginning negatively and listing some of the characteristics that a gentleman should not have.

A gentleman is never deliberately disagreeable. He never monopolizes conversation; he is never inattentive. He is free from any formal rules of conduct, yet follows most of them because of his inherent desire to do the right thing. He doesn't make witty remarks at the expense of others whether they be present or not. And, for the benefit of the younger generation, he doesn't honk the horn of his auto before his girl friend's door. He doesn't leave his partner in the middle of the floor at the end of a dance. When in the school corridor he doesn't elbow his way through the crowd, disregarding the rights and feelings of others entirely. At assemblies he is considerate of the speaker and never causes any unnecessary disturbance. He doesn't "boo" at sporting events and he is an earnest supporter of all departments and activities of the school to which he belongs.

Those people whom we call "born gentlemen" have been given one of the greatest gifts of the gods. There are many fine imitations but there is no substitute for the real gentleman. I do not mean that all gentlemen are born so, but there is a certain something which once can neither cultivate nor define which goes to make up a true gentleman. Others have tried and failed to define this superman, and now that I have failed I don't feel quite as bad about it as I might if others had not failed before me.

—Charlotte King, '37.

["The Screech Owl" is glad to print the following contributions from members of the class of '39:]

WHAT'S BEHIND THE THREE LITTLE PIGS BESIDES TAILS?

That silly symphony "Three Little Pigs" which was released one or two years ago is still one of the most popular animated cartoons today. Walt Disney, their creator, hires many people to help make these cartoons. Orchestras, people to talk the parts of the dogs, cats, horses, etc., artists, and camera men are only a few of the people involved in the making of an animated cartoon. The evolution of a scene is something like this:

Some one thinks of a dizzy antic for the wolf or Mickey Mouse to do. The staff has to develop this into a story—build something up around it. A person has to go through a maze of meaningless gestures before an artist who notes how the joints of the actor's anatomy work. The artist then starts the hardest part of the whole procedure, drawing the millions of pictures to go into the film. Each picture is drawn, then photographed by a special movie camera. A scene lasting just a second contains from twenty-four to thirty individual pictures.

When this is done the film is shown and sound fitted to it. Preceding this the film is edited by an expert, and the number of individual pictures is re-

duced from about 500,000 to about 10,000 or 15,000.

The whole process I have condensed; so you see what work really goes into the production of a comedy lasting but ten minutes on the screen. The "Three Little Pigs" deserve to be popular!

—Robert Veitch, '39.

LIVE and LAUGH

Think of life as a bowl of cherries.
Live and laugh while you may.
Eat and drink and be merry,
For you're going beyond some day.

Bear your hardships and sorrows alone
But share with others your joys.
Don't act like a selfish baby
Who doesn't want to give up his toys.

Ups and downs were made for all;
Don't try to shirk your share.
There may be a calm before the storm;
If you see a cloud, take care.

—Ann Tucker, '39.

THE ADVENTURES of BILL and ILL

What would you do if you suddenly found yourself in a place where there was food all around you and still more for your friends and relatives? Well, this is what Bill and Ill, two scout ants, had to think about! They were in a box-like structure about three feet long and two feet wide and in the center was a big shiny block that dripped water every few minutes.

These two determined little scouts started up the block, and after struggling patiently, they reached the top.

"We must hurry and get our tribe to come here," said Bill, "for there is enough food to last us all winter."

"Let's have a feast first," countered Ill, who was always getting himself ill from eating too much food, wherefore the ants had given him his name.

"Haven't you eaten enough yet, Ill, without getting yourself sick again?" remarked Bill.

"No, but I'll give in this time; it is the last time, mind you," grumbled Ill.

They proceeded cautiously over the slippery block. After crawling a few minutes, they found it was getting colder. Ill soon fell and lay still. Bill, seeing that he could not wake him up, started to crawl hurriedly for his friends so they could come back for Ill. But after crawling a few minutes, he too fell and lay still.

The next day a door opened, and a man's gruff voice was heard to say, "Tom, if you persist in raiding the ice-box, I wish you would close the door after you. Here are a couple of ants who were after the cake crumbs but froze on the piece of ice." And with these words, he picked up Bill and Ill and deposited them in the ash can.

—John Kulik, '39.

MY DREAM PALACE

1

A silvan spot in the forest primeval
Standing since the times medieval.
Man has not yet seen this place
Where God has surely shed his grace.

2

In the midst of these virgin wilds
Stretches a lake of many miles
Emptied by a chalky stream
Upon which the moonbeams gleam.

3

Wild-life abounds in this wilderness
The quail in its downy native dress
King moose, the bear, the elk, and deer
Live together without any fear.

4

The beaver works on his house
The bob-cat slinks quiet as a mouse
The wolves meet on the council rock
And the whiskey-jacks idly talk.

5

Hundreds of miles from civilization
No one there but the wild population
Inaccessible except by air
And even then chances are rare.

6

Had I but a cabin in such a place
Where God had spared none of His grace!
How I wish that these weren't dreams
And I could dwell beneath moonbeams!

—Stanley Zancewicz, '39.

THE RETURN of the BEADLE

He was the picture of erect and hearty age, and at the Lion Tavern they said that he was a retired minister now become a landowner. His voice was deep and sonorous, and he knew the Bible quite by heart. His clothing, too, bespoke a high calling, for it was very fine and very neat and not at all in the fashion. They wondered a little whether he might at some time have dwelt here; for he seemed to have a certain knowledge of the place, and his eye brightened at the mention of village names. His own name was unknown locally, quite alien; he called himself Squire Newsome.

On this particularly lovely October morning, the old gentleman was making his way very slowly and thoughtfully along the village street, as a man will do who has something on his mind. In truth, he had a great deal on his mind. He was reviewing the past and looking forward with no little trepidation to the immediate future. How, he asked himself, was he going to tell his secret, and whom should he tell, and when? For thirty years his conscience had been pricking him sorely. The more he prospered, the more it pricked. It had lately occurred to him that if he was ever to lay down the heavy burden of his sin in this world, he had better be about his unpleasant task.

In the years since he had left the village, and since his name had become Newsome, time had taken a heavy toll of those he knew. He disliked to confide in strangers.

His idly wandering feet had brought him back to the Lion and into the cozy parlor where a group of ladies and gentlemen were waiting for the coach.

"Good morrow, Squire Newsome," said those of the company who knew him.

The old gentleman returned their greeting, drew a long breath, dropped with a sigh into an armchair, and with determined energy inquired, "Can any among you recall a man by the name of Jonathan Tripp?"

There was an assenting murmur among the company. One lady raised her hands and her eyes and exclaimed, "Our dear Beadle!"

Squire Newsome all but visibly leaped in astonishment. Surely the lady used these words in scorn. But her brow was so calm and smooth that no scorn could ever have dwelt there.

Said a young gentleman, "I have often heard my father tell about him."

The good Squire felt his head spinning, but he had launched himself on this quest and he must go on.

"I, too, have heard of him," he said, "even in the distant colony where I live."

"Indeed, sir," and they leaned forward in their interest.

"Indeed," the old gentleman repeated. "There came a traveller to my door one day from your village. After we had had our supper, we sat before the fire and talked. The speaker said this with the slow precision of a rehearsed speech. "I remarked that he was five hundred miles from home and asked what had brought him to my remote estate over such execrable roads. His reply was that whatever his incentive might have been, it was not the same as that of Beadle Tripp."

The company gasped and drew its brows upward. "Naturally," the Squire went on, "I asked him what his meaning was, and he told me this story:

"In his home village, there was a very righteous man named Jonathan Tripp. He was the Beadle, as had been his father before him, and *his* father. All the citizens admired the Beadle for his goodness, his punctual attendance at church, and his severe moral code. No Beadle ever rapped more smartly the heads of wicked boys, nor ever was more zealous in watching over the behavior of the citizens. He drank no strong waters himself, nor engaged in wicked pleasures. *But,*" said this traveller, "Beadle Tripp was inwardly a sinful man. Yes, a sinful man. He felt the strain of his high position and had often wished that, just for once, he might

sample the draughts which gave others such delight."

"One day Beadle Tripp was commissioned to go to the nearby city to buy a fine horse and carriage as a gift for the minister. Nearly every citizen had contributed a share of the hundred pounds which they now entrusted to the Beadle.

"The sight of all this money was far too much for poor Jonathan's weakening conscience. He set out at once for the city with a strange feeling in his heart that he would never return."

The old man paused. His listeners looked at each other, nodded, and sighed. The speaker went on.

"He found his way to a tavern near the water, a wicked place indeed. He forgot his position. He drank until his head went 'round. In some way, he found himself playing at dice with a scoundrel named Martin, who made only winning throws"

The rising murmur of the company had become almost a shout. Squire Newsome was all but smothered by the indignation of his hearers. One gentleman pounded on his chair-arm and exclaimed, "Your traveller was a liar, sir, an arrant liar!"

"You have been imposed upon," thundered another.

"Indeed," protested another "this is the most disgraceful slander ever cast upon a brave man's name!"

Poor Squire Newsome stared in bewilderment. A *brave* man!

The landlord came to his rescue. "You see, sir," he explained, "we cannot stand by idly while the character of our martyred Beadle is so basely attacked.

"Martyred!" almost shrieked the Squire.

"Ah, yes, he died a martyr's death these many years ago. It was true about the hundred pounds. But far from losing the money at dice, he gave his life to save it."

"Gave his *life!* To save the money!" The Squire's voice was very faint.

The landlord's eyes filled with tears at the memory of Beadle Tripp's sacri-

fice, while the ladies sobbed and raised lace handkerchiefs to their eyes.

"Yes, sir, gave his life. When he failed to return in a reasonable time, a search was begun; and two months later his body was found in the harbor. He was indentified beyond any chance of error by the neat suit of clothes he wore, his watch and seals, his Bible, *and*, good sir, by the hundred pounds which he had hidden in his boots. Everyone realized that he had been followed and beaten by one who intended to rob him; but, devoted to his trust, he had saved the money at the cost of his life."

So, thought the supposed Squire Newsome, it was Martin who had exchanged clothes with him after taking the money. Well, he had not long enjoyed his ill gotten possessions. The old man was so completely lost in thought that he scarcely noted the arrival of the coach and the departure of the company.

The landlord's voice recalled him. "Your traveller, sir, *he* may have been the very one who did for our poor Beadle."

"Perhaps," murmured his guest. What use to tell now a story that no one would believe?

"I hope, sir," the landlord went on, "You will forgive the warmth of those who heard your story. For years, good Beadle Tripp has been held up to all the village children as an example of virtue and faith. If you will walk down this street a little way, to the churchyard, you will see the fine monument erected to Beadle Jonathan Tripp."

The old man who called himself Squire Newsome stood rather sadly before the fine marble monument. He smiled a little wryly as he read:

In Memory of

JONATHAN SAMUEL TRIPP

Martyr

Tomorrow he would begin the long journey back to his home. The burden that had felt so heavy had never existed at all. His conscience would continue obstainately to prick. He sighed once for human folly and once again, very

deeply, for the rascally miscreant Martin who slept so smugly in the Beadle's tomb.

—"Midget, '36

DOUBLE VICTORY

Bill was in no uncertain mood. He was disgusted, discouraged—no—just plain "mad." Kicking pebbles, scuffling leaves, and muttering as he loped along seemed to be his only way of venting his anger.

He, Bill Edwards, quarter-back of Fenton High, to be out-done by Dick Saunders was in itself preposterous. But to think that Kay would go to the Hallowe'en Dance with Dick, his best friend, when she knew he was going to take her—that was a prodigious insult.

Of course he should not have taken her answer for granted, as she had tried to explain, but in his present mood he would not accept this as a sensible explanation. Once Kay had given her promise to Dick, there was no reasonable excuse to retract it. Kay was the most popular girl in school and Bill an athlete of great repute. It was a foregone conclusion to Dick that Kay would go to the Hallowe'en Dance with him only.

Bill, with wounded pride, decided he'd show her. All sorts of plans leaped into his mind. He'd take another girl! No, he was going to take Kay—but how? Ask Dick to release Kay from her promise? No!

He arrived home and after he had eaten a hearty meal his anger had somewhat subsided. He decided that he would challenge Dick, and to the victor would go the honor of escorting Kay to the dance.

It was a matter for the F. T. A. Club, Bill thought. They would appoint the task and see that it was honestly followed. In this righteous way the "Friend-to-All Club" would co-operate in maintaining Bill and Dick's old friendship.

At approximately seven o'clock both boys started out, with the best of wishes for each other's success. It was an

appointed task pondered over by mutual friends and was to settle the enmity between the two otherwise "pals."

To the boys it appeared an impossible exploit. Find an owl! On a night like this! Of all the foolishness! Why, by the time they had found one, if at all possible, the dance would be over.

As they walked along their individual ways, it seemed to be becoming more and more difficult.

Cautiously searching in stumps and old rees with the aid of his flashlight, Bill began to wonder. Suddenly it dawned upon him. The boys had said, "Bring back an owl." They didn't specify what kind, where to get it, or how.

To see Bill now one would not recognize him as the despondent boy of this afternoon. Breathless, he ran through the woods, clearing several stumps in a single jump. Through the town and down to Professor Leonard's home he raced. He had seen this particular owl in the Professor's shop one day while helping him, and recalled it just in time to save the night. Oh! he was the winner, he thought, as he hurried toward the school hall with his prize.

As he rounded the corner he stopped, aghast! What was that Dick, only a few feet ahead of him, was carrying? Another stuffed owl?

—Anna Higgins, '37.

THE COUNTRY ROAD

When the sun slowly sinks to rest,
The country road I like the best;
Like a golden stream it seems to run
Straight into the glories of the sun.

Along its banks gay blossoms nod;
The sun lingers with the golden rod;
The darkening shadows, silent, deep,
Invite the birds to quiet sleep.

The low of cattle, a tinkling bell,
A leafy rustle, the road lies still.
Then, last, a clear sweet voice is heard
The twilight song of a mountain bird.

—Katherine A. Sheridan, '38.

["The Screech Owl" presents two treatments of the same theme, based on an episode from "A Tale of Two Cities."]

MURDER!

The village folk had long since been in bed, and the little French hamlet lay in dead darkness. The tranquillity of the hot, sultry night was broken only by the impatient stamping of the stable horses and the occasional hoot of an owl from the inky graveyard nearby.

In his room the Marquis was preparing for bed. He turned down the lights, slipped into bed, and then pulled the cord which let the thin gauze curtains fall around the massive frame. All settled down peacefully for the night.

But wait! Outside on the balcony crouched a black, menacing figure. This figure has been waiting patiently for some time. About half an hour after the lights were extinguished, the shadow arose from its cramped position and stealthily made its way to the large glass door of the Marquis' room.

With the slyness of a fox it slipped into the bed chamber and in an instant was peering into the stone face of its prey which lay back on the pillow like a Gorgon's head. Quickly from the folds of a voluminous cloak the black spectre drew a sharp stiletto and with the swiftness of a deer plunged it into the heart of its victim. After a serene glance around the luxurious furnishings of the room, the spectre with a sigh of deep satisfaction made its silent exit.

Did you ask the motive of the crime? Revenge!

—Norma Oates, '38.

THE MURDER of the MARQUIS

A pale moon, partly hidden by deep, black clouds, shone dimly down on the country home of Monsieur the Marquis.

Inside this huge, stone structure a solitary man paced back and forth across the floor of his elaborately furnished bedroom. This personage was none other than the Marquis, the most hated and feared aristocrat in all France. But what is there that can

trouble the brow of so noble a person as the Marquis? Surely it cannot be a matter of state or of personal property, for they are well taken care of by his able assistants. Perhaps he is worried over having taken the life of an innocent child, but this is indeed strange, for the nobles usually think nothing of such an occurrence. Possibly he is worried because of the noises heard outside his window while he was devouring his elaborate supper.

Nevertheless, whatever the cause of his anxiety, it was gradually calmed after considerable floor-pacing. The Marquis left a solitary candle burning on his magnificent mahogany table as he went to bed. Like all noblemen, his bed was as luxurious as the rest of his estate. Worry gave way to fatigue and sleep followed.

Outside on the stone terrace crouched a ghost-like figure, practically unnoticeable in the darkness of night, but as he glided silently across the terrace so as to reach the one window of the Marquis' room, the moon's pale beams fell upon him and revealed him to be a tall man whose face was ghostly, and who was clothed in a black cloak, black pants, and black boots. On his countenance he wore an intermingled expression of fear, hatred, and revenge.

Slowly he opened the huge French windows, pushed aside the luxurious curtains and climbed in. Like a spectre, silently, slowly, and unseen, he crossed the room until he stood at the bedside of the Marquis. Swiftly he withdrew his gloved hand from his pocket and plunged a cold steel dagger into the heart of the Marquis. Without a word spoken or an exclamation uttered, the Marquis left this world to receive his reward. More quickly than the human eye could observe, the avenger left the scene of his crime, not to be seen again for many months.

—Daniel Sullivan, '38.

WHO IS GOING TO GET THE GONG?

—And now, ladies and gentlemen, Fuller Sand Coffee, in co-sponsorship

with the Keyless Piano Company, present Colonel Ribbons' Radio Amateur Program!

The studio is filled with eager amateurs ready to do their best. Here in the front row, I am sitting, along with several other nervous geniuses, biting my nails, and quaking in every limb. I'm fourth on the list. Oh heavens, how I wish I hadn't come! I'm so nervous I won't even remember my name when the Colonel asks me! That old cow-boy, or hill-billy, or whatever he is, needn't glare at me so. I can't help it if my knees are shaking. Oh how can every one look so calm and collected!

There goes the Colonel with the first amateur. What in the world is the man carrying? Well, for goodness' sake! I've heard people play on one-string violins, milk bottles, and broken saws, but I never thought I'd live to see a man play on a stove-pipe! It seems as though one can get music out of anything from a monkey wrench to a clothes-pin, now-a-days!

Well, now isn't that nice. Who would ever think that such sweet music would come forth from an old black stove-pipe? It's so soothing.

Oh, is that handsome fellow the next one on the program? Percy McGoof is his name. My, isn't he romantic-looking with that Barrymore profile and Tarzan physique! He's going to sing "Animal Crackers." What a sweet selection. There, he's beginning to sing. Oh, what a wonderful voice! I could listen to him forever and ever.

The announcer is going over to the microphone. I guess it is time for a little advertising. He's raising his hand for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience! The Keyless Piano, co-sponsor of this program, is offering a wonderful gift this week. All you have to do, is tear off the top of your piano and send it to us in care of this station, and we will send you absolutely free, our gift offer of a collapsable piano stool! Please do not fail to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity to possess

such a remarkable gift. And now, on with the program!"

What a huge sinister-looking man the next amateur is! I wonder what he is going to do. An imitator of birds? Can you imagine a great big man like him twittering and whistling? I thought he was going to imitate the "Shadow" or something.

What is Colonel Ribbons looking at me for? What's the matter with me anyway? Every one is looking at me. Oh! My heavens, yes. I'm next. Oh, what's my name? I can't remember. Oops! For goodness' sake, why can't people keep their feet out of the aisle! "Miss Ima Flopp, please."

Can't he see I'm coming? At last I'm here. My name? Er, you just said it. I'm going to sing "The Big Bad Wolf." Ahem. I must clear my throat first, or I'll be sure to start with a squeak. My throat is so dry! What is the matter with my voice? Oh gosh, I started to sing before the piano started! "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? My goodness, I've forgotten the next line! Oh, how does it begin! Oh-h-h! What was that terrifying crash! Horrors! I got the gong, and my "one and only" is listening in!

—Irene Dudzinski, '36.

HUNTING SONG

This is the very silly season
When people shoot without a reason,
When bullets fly in all directions
And hunters are brought home in sections.

S. P. C. A.'s need never fret;
No one has hit a game-bird yet!
But many a celebrated duck-shot
Has lost his trouser-seat to buckshot.
Such hunters need no great endurance
But only lots of life insurance.
While everywhere sad church-bells toll,
You'll find on almost any knoll
A deer alive who should be dead
Laughing his antlers off his head.

—"Midget", '36.

"MY HERO"

I met him one cold wintry day,
When skies were gray above;
He stood ice-still, but wished to say
That he only me did love.

It so did happen that some young girl,
While passing by the house,
Saw this lad and her heart did whirl,
For she wished him for her spouse.

But no, she will not have my "pal"
For whom my love does glow,
'Cause I am just a small-town "gal",
And he is made of snow.

—M. Castelline, '36.

"FAMILY ILLS"

When mom is sick, she never pines
But tries to hide her ills;
When sister's sick, she always cries
And shudders at the sight of pills.

When my brothers have a cut or bruise,
Or things don't agree with them,
They scowl and pout and even abuse;
That's all you get from men.

But oh! when dad comes down with a
cold
And has to stay in bed,
He coughs and sneezes and gives a loud
moan,
Till it makes me go out of my head.

The stronger sex will tell the women
That life's just what you make it,
Yet, I always thought that all real men
Could stand right up and "take it".

—M. Castelline, '36.



NEW COACH AT MAYNARD HIGH

Mike Vodoklys, former football star for Maynard High, St. Anselm's, and Boston College, was appointed football coach this fall to succeed Coach Al Lerer. Mike has taught the boys a new system of football and they like him very much. Mike is one of the home town boys who made good in college football and we are all sure that he will be successful as a coach.

MAYNARD 32—SHIRLEY 6

On September 12 the M. H. S. football team opened its season by defeating the Shirley Industrial School 32-6. Maynard won the toss and kicked off to Shirley. When Maynard got possession of the ball, Downey, Maynard's new star halfback, ran for a touchdown. Other touchdowns were made by Gileney, Flaherty, and Fraser (2). Maynard completed two points after touchdowns. Shirley's lone score came when they completed a pass that had gone over the Maynard secondary defense.

MAYNARD AT MILFORD

MAYNARD 0—MILFORD 0

With sports writers favoring Milford to win, the Orange and Black took the field. As underdogs, Maynard kicked off to Milford, but Milford could gain no yardage through the Maynard line. The third period opened with Milford gaining all their yardage through the air. Kadis, right tackle, played a smashing game. If the backs had not fumbled, the score would have been very different.

LEXINGTON AT MAYNARD MAYNARD 13—LEXINGTON 0

The Orange and Black of Maynard took the field against a heavy, slow-moving team from Lexington. Lexington was favored to beat Maynard by two touchdowns. Lexington won the toss and Maynard kicked off to them. In the first period Fraser, on a spinner play, ran for a touchdown for Maynard. Fraser kicked for the point after. Downey, who seemed to be followed by a jinx, received a punt and ran sixty yards for a touchdown only to be called back by the referee because a Maynard man had tripped his opponent. In the third period, Downey ran nineteen yards for a touchdown to break his jinx. In the last few minutes of play, Fraser on a lateral from Colombo ran for a touchdown, only to be called back, owing to an illegal pass. The whole Maynard team played good football and the backs showed a big improvement when running or blocking.

HUDSON AT MAYNARD HUDSON 7—MAYNARD 0

The largest number of fans this year watched the Orange and Black of Maynard go down in defeat before Hudson, which has one of the finest teams in the history of their school. A forward pass, Cesario to Naize, brought disaster upon the Maynard team. For three long periods, neither side was able to score, but late in the fourth a Hudson man ran for the one and only touchdown in the game. Although Maynard was defeated, the football fans of the town witnessed a great battle, and realized that the home team put up a rousing fight.

MAYNARD AT WINCHESTER WINCHESTER 6—MAYNARD 0

The Orange and Black, with the loss of three regulars, was defeated by a powerful Winchester team Saturday, October 19. Winchester won the toss and elected to kick to Maynard. The only score of the game came early in the first period when a Winchester back, behind perfect interference, scored through the Maynard line, the first time this season that such a play has succeeded. After the score, Maynard then settled down and Winchester was unable to do any damage for the last three periods. Downey starred for Maynard, with Hallowell also playing a hard game.

MAYNARD AT STONEHAM MAYNARD 13—STONEHAM 12

On October 26, after playing a very listless game, Maynard defeated Stoneham in the last five minutes of play, Downey scoring twice and Fraser place-kicking the extra point. Stoneham scored in the first and third periods, Sevello scoring twice. Maynard was out-played for the first three periods but rallied to win the game. For Stoneham, Sevello and McKinnon were standouts. McKinnon was one of the best forward passers we have seen all season. For Maynard, Colombo and Koskinen starred.

BELMONT AT MAYNARD BELMONT 14 MAYNARD 0

Unable to click on the offence, the Orange and Black of Maynard was defeated by Belmont November 2. This loss puts Maynard out of the running for the Middlesex title. The Belmont scores came in the second and third periods. Although the team was defeated, Louis Colombo was the shining star of the Maynard team. He was all over the field making tackles on the defense, and on the offense he gained his share of yardage, catching many forward passes.

MARLBORO AT MAYNARD MAYNARD 6—MARLBORO 0

A slow moving Orange and Black team of Maynard finally played the kind of football that is expected of them by the Maynard fans. Due to a couple of fumbles by Colombo, Maynard was in hot water, but managed to hold Marlboro for no score. Early in the third period, Flaherty scored after he had made a large gain through the Marlboro line. Fraser missed the point after that. Hard Luck still follows Downey as he had another touchdown taken away from him as the referee claimed he stepped offside. For Maynard, Koskinen was a standout in the line.

❖ GIRLS' ATHLETICS ❖

With enough material for seven complete teams the girls' practice season started out with a bang.

Although we all deeply regretted the loss of our former hockey coach, Miss Finn, we have been fortunate in having as our new mentor Miss Ruth Bradley. At the time of this writing the team has not lost a game, and we know that Miss Bradley will keep Maynard's name at the top of the list.

Coach Bradley has had the very fine assistance of Miss Catherine Diskin of

Concord, and was assisted at the beginning of the season by Miss Anna Swanson, star of last year's team.

There are nine veterans on the first team which is as follows:

- J. Aho, Capt., R. I.
- A. Kajander, L. I.
- C. Hoffman, L. W.
- G. Tobin, R. W.
- A. O'Toole, C.
- V. Jakusik, C. H. B.
- S. Siergiej, L. H. B.
- S. Denisiewicz, R. H. B.

E. Tobin, R. F. B.
E. Flaherty, L. F. B.
I. Peterson, L. F. B.
R. McKenna, G.
D. Simila, G.

The girls' first tussle was on October 11 with the strong Ashland team, Maynard's traditional rival. The ball was see-sawed back and forth during the halves, neither team gaining much headway. The final score of the game was 0-0. Due to the fact that it was Ashland's fourth game and only Maynard's first, it was a promising sign that the present team is a worthy successor to former Maynard elevens.

In the second game, the Maynard scrappers swamped Shrewsbury to the tune of 8-0. The forward line's brilliant passing was a feature of the game. The highest scorer was A. Kajander who chalked up four goals. The runner-up was L. Tervo with three goals, and Capt. Aho, who scored another.

In the return game with Ashland on the latter's field, Maynard's

elevens played their fastest game of the year and continued their unblemished record by defeating their rival 1-0. The one and only goal was made by A. O'Toole, with some mighty fine assistance from a strong backfield and an aggressive forward line.

Maynard has two more games scheduled. There is a return game to be played with Shrewsbury at Shrewsbury and a game with Concord at Maynard. The Maynardites feel sure that both of these victories will be claimed by M. H. S. Two years ago Maynard went through an entire season and was undefeated until the last game, Maynard at Concord. Then Lady Luck turned her back on our fair lassies and broke their record. This cannot and will not happen again, we feel sure.

Tessie Tobin led the injured list with the sweetest little black eye ever seen, but every member of the team has had her share of whacks and bangs.

No one player should be given more credit than the other, for every girl is deserving of praise.





ALUMNI NOTES



["The Screech Owl" staff presents the following impressions of college by four M. H. S. graduates of the class of '35.]

REGIS COLLEGE

My first feeling as I entered Regis College was one of confusion. Freshman were running here and there, crowding in droves around the bulletin board, and vainly seeking advice on how to read the huge program card of the four classes.

I felt very superior in that I had visited the college before; I knew the location of the classrooms, gym, dorms, and chapel. Lockers for the "Day-Hops" are located in the first basement.

The college buildings, five in all, are situated on a one-hundred-seventy acre campus in the beautiful and exclusive town of Weston. Over the lawns of the spacious campus are scattered blue spruce, oak, pine, maple, and fir trees. The long winding drives are bordered by tall poplars. From the college library may be seen Boston College. A large athletic field provides two tennis courts, a basketball court, a volley ball court, archery, and a hockey field. Tobogganing and skating are among the winter sports.

Regis has a library of several thousand volumes which prove very useful for research work. It offers a course in Oral Expression by which students may overcome speech difficulties.

Three degrees are awarded; the A. B. or Bachelor of Arts degree, the B. S. H. E. or Bachelor of the Science of Household Economics, and the B. S. S. or Bachelor of Secretarial Science. With a wide choice of subjects, one easily finds the courses suited to her.

—Elizabeth Mahoney, '35.

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

The Mass. School of Art is distinct from other art schools in that it deals with individuals, trying to train one for the field for which he is suited. It

emphasizes not only the study of art, but also cultural and academic subjects. The school offers various courses in design, crafts, and teacher training.

The school itself is a beautiful building, the striking appearance of which is enhanced by the paintings and statues in the corridors and classrooms. There are two galleries in which the work of the students is exhibited. Each Wednesday afternoon in the auditorium we enjoy a program which consists of lectures by the faculty or prominent men of Boston or entertainment given by the different classes or clubs. Among the various organizations are the Magic Poetry and Glee Clubs, orchestra, and the Mascar Theatre, which presents several plays each year.

There is also a large lunchroom for the students which is sometimes used for informal dances.

The attitude of the students is much different here than in high school. There is a greater interest in the work and a greater desire for complete mastery of the subjects. The studies are exciting and fascinating, although often we are dejected and discouraged with our progress. There are, however a few (very few) moments of elation at the least show of advancement. We enjoy our work, the opportunities for meeting new and interesting people, and living through experiences which are entirely new and strange to us.

Gertrude Heikkila, '35.

Stella Rubaszko, '35.

Mass. School of Art.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

College undoubtedly affords excellent opportunity for development both mentally and socially. There one associates not only with learned teachers but with outstanding young people. Many of the students at Boston University are high school valedictorians; all of them are serious, hard-working, and eager to advance. In my opinion, Boston is an ideal place for a school. It has the plays, concerts, museums,

exhibitions, and libraries which are so necessary to an education. I find it a distinct pleasure to study with such companions in such surroundings.

—Elmer Salenius, '35.

MILLIGAN COLLEGE

I think college life is great and Milligan College one of the best colleges I have ever seen. The food and the recreational provisions are fine and the campus one of the best. The congeniality of people makes college what it is, and this one has true college spirit and life. It offers varied courses in coaching, physical education, music, dramatics, elocution, Bible Study and the usual academic courses. It has modern equipped biology, physics, psychology, and chemistry laboratories, and a fine gym, bowling alleys, tennis courts, an athletic field, a swimming

pool, a large library, and excellent football equipment. A great many of the dormitory rooms are equipped with radios, including ours, but the students buy these themselves. The grounds are beautified by over \$25,000 worth of shrubbery and, contrary to popular belief, the buildings are not of wood, but of the most modern brick type, with newly installed sprinkler systems.

This college offers you a chance to earn a large part of your tuition by working two and one-half hours a day. It also finds positions for its alumni, with all of last year's graduates placed by the first of August. It has lived up to my expectations in every way, and I hope to have the pleasure of returning next year. We are all very grateful to Mr. Sawyer for the chance to come down and we hope to succeed.

—Russell Jordan, '35



EXCHANGES



"*The Advocate*," Needham High School.

Your single and group photographs are splendid. The literary and sports departments have many interesting items.

"*The Academy Student*," St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Your club life is starting in fine. Happy Landings.

"*The Spotlight*," South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The literary and sports sections are very good. How about starting an Exchange Department?

"*The Echo*," Tenafly, New Jersey.

Three cheers! Your literary department and club activities are something to be proud of. The poem on "War" deserves praise.

"*The Wampatuck*", Braintree, Mass.

"Us Girls" and "Around the School" have some fine illustrations. It appears that your poets have been busy too.

Mr. Dysart: "So that's your new tie. Why on earth did you select such a loud color?"

Mr. Scott: "I didn't select it. My brother did and he's rather deaf."

—"The Wampatuck."

Loquacious Trainman: "Madam, we just ran over a cat."

Old Lady: "How terrible! Was the poor thing on the track?"

Trainman, (sadly shaking his head): "Oh, no, ma'am, the locomotive chased it up an alley."

"The Academy Student."



SENIOR SOCIAL

Where were *you* on the night of October 4? And *you and you and you*? Why, at the SENIOR SOCIAL, of course! Everyone was there. It being the first *social* event of the season, and run by the SENIOR Class, society turned out in great numbers (top hat, white tie, and tails). For the first time in the history of my high school career (here's hoping I remember my history correctly) the orchestra was on time. Perhaps the fact that the saxophone player and President Bachrach are related had something to do with their promptness. It was a great night for "Backy."

Those in charge were as follows: Louis, Bachrach, Fred Keegan, Alvin Fraser, Sylvia Manninen, and Sophie Bobka. Mr. Brindley, the class treasurer, that tiny fellow from the commercial room, took charge of the financial end. According to him, the dance was very successful, and who should better know than he?

As for the actual dancing, the first dancers on the floor were two courageous girls, Senior Helen Novicki, and Junior Norma Punch. The next four or five dances were enjoyed by girls only. I don't quite remember any set rule stating that boys are exempt from the first half dozen dances at socials, but perhaps it's a new regulation. A large percentage of the ex-seniors were present, all wearing that aspect of grandeur

characteristic only of recent graduates.

Did you ever have the pleasure of listening from the gymnasium to the dancers do a "400"? If you ever yearn for a headache and a good fright at one and the same time, retire to a cozy corner of the gym, relax, and wait for the orchestra to play a good snappy number like "Tiger Rag." First you hear a scramble like that of a movie audience trying to get out of a burning building, then a heavier sound, like that of ponies trotting around the auditorium. Finally, as everyone (by that I mean those dancing, of course—the Freshmen are not included) swings into action, the ceiling begins to shiver, the lights blink, and the rattle of the windows joins the tempo of the dance. The person in the gym below has a mental vision of a stampede of elephants, or perhaps a chorus of them doing the Charleston.

To get back to the Senior Social, during intermission refreshments were sold, consisting of delicious home-made cake and ice-cream. Unfortunately, however, only a part of the customers could be served, the others getting their dimes back, amidst groans and sighs.

Just as everything must come to an end, so came the last dance, and home. For some reason or other the evening's fun was cut short at 11:15 P. M., fifteen minutes earlier than usual. Nevertheless, a good time was had by

all, (or so it seemed) and everyone is now looking forward with eagerness to the Hockey Social.

RALLIES

Thrice has the good old auditorium groaned under the strain of the 500 or more high school students gathered there for rallies before the football games with Lexington, Hudson, and Marlboro. In each instance the pupils rushed into the hall at 12:15 P. M., thereby missing the last period subject. (What a pity! What a pity!) Mr. King acted as Master of Ceremonies, introducing among the speakers for the first rally Mr. Vodokolys, our new football coach, Captain Fraser of the football eleven, and Captain Aho of the hockey team. Our cheer leaders, Aili Kajander, Marion Hull, Catherine Hoffman, Johanna Aho, and Annie O'Toole, led the crowd in roaring cheers for the football and hockey teams and their leaders. The

pianist was Aili Kajander, and the song leader, of course, was Mr. Manty, while every one sang school and football songs.

The second rally was much the same as the first, with the exception of one or two speakers. Mr. Sawyer was the feature of the program, giving an inspiring talk on A. A. dues.

The third assembly took place on Friday, November 8. Mr. Mullin gave an encouraging talk on the past history of football at Maynard High, and the fact that if the players make up their minds to win their games, they *shall* win them. Captain Aho and Manager Wzosek of the undefeated Maynard High hockey team gave short talks. It was surprising to note the great improvement made by our cheer leaders since the first of the season. They now perform as well as any veteran college leaders, and deserve three rousing cheers for their own good work.





No wonder the specials on the candy counter are so good each Friday. Priscilla Kate is the cook.



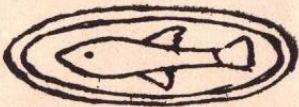
braids are very popular in good old M.H.S this season.



"Ginney" Bourke was recently visited by our charming friend, the chicken Pox.



congratulations to all our cheer-leaders



To freshmen girls
Milk will make you grow,
Fish will make your brain develop.



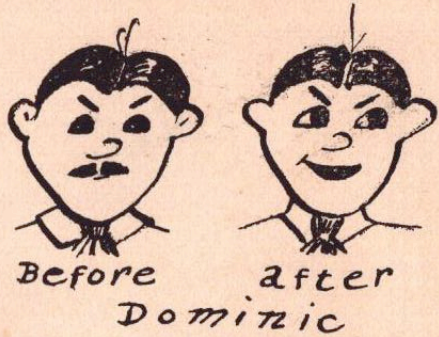
"Tessie," out with the real reason for your "shiner"



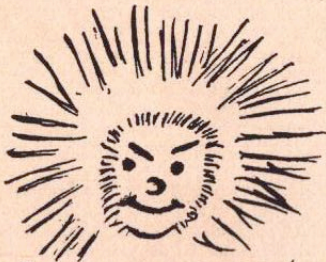
See you all soon.
The screech owl



Guess
Who!!!!



Before after
Domitric



It is rumored that
"Bill" Palmer simply
adores thick
Alaskan blubber



John May can at
least feel superior
to the "Freshies."



Some Freshmen are
waiting for their 1939
graduation to get
their first long pants.



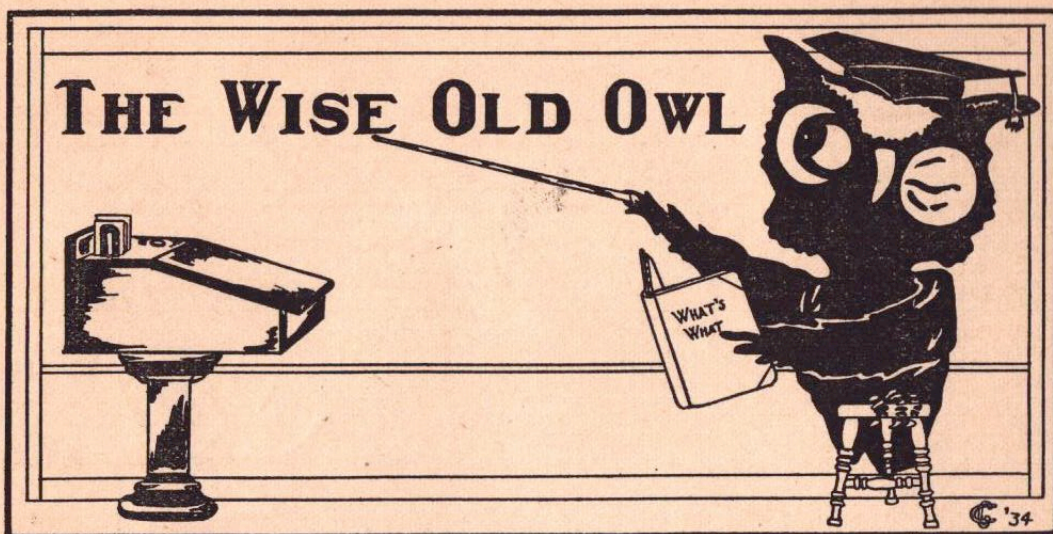
Dedicated to our
Forgotten man.



Kadis after Koskinen
Decided to use him
as a cushion during
the football game



"Yika" Girdziewski
is German by
means of his
elegant haircut.



Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know

1. When Plink will tell Jeannette.
2. What Clinton girl gave Whitty a backhander.
3. Why Keegan keeps clear of Tessie's house.
4. If O'Leary enjoys his nightly walks up Nason St.
5. If Tessie has any new flames in sight.
6. How J. May keeps quiet when he brings the water out to the players.
7. Why Clinton held so much interest for Backy after the senior social.
8. If the freshmen were playing soccer or dancing at the social.
9. Where Smitty's interest points now.
10. Whose hockey stick Tessie's eye ran into.
11. Why some of the freshman boys haven't reported for field hockey.
12. Where Bulldog got his name, with such a perfect profile.
13. If Brindley finds the Clinton competition keen.
14. Whom Jake goes to Lowell with on Saturday nights.
15. Where Swanny gets those dreamy eyes.
16. If someone wouldn't please shoot J. M. with a flit gun.
17. Whom Bulldog entertains when her mother isn't home.
18. What four loyal Maynard rooters outyelled the whole Stoneham cheering squad.
19. Who gets out of a certain room, second period, without being kicked in the shins.
20. If a new car sometimes doesn't make some girl's heart palpitate.
21. The identity of the four Sophomore girls who suffered from a case of shut-eye after the Winchester game.

Popular Songs with Popular People

1. "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" Barbara Whitney
2. "I Can't Dance" Keegan
3. "The Horse with the Lavender Eyes" Swanson
4. "Reckless" Mary Asterkiewicz
5. "Beautiful Katy" Jerry Spratt
6. "When Day is Done" Commercial Students
7. "Without A Word of Warning" Physics Exams
8. "Me and My Shadow" R. Whitney
9. "It's the Animal In Me" Kadis
10. "Mad About the Boys" E. Murphy
11. "It Takes Two to Make A Bargain" Fraser and Backy
12. "I Aint Got No Body" R. Matson
13. "Trucking" D'Agata
14. "Savage Serenade" M. H. S. Orchestra
15. "Hold Your Man" H. Wzosek

Coming Attractions

Monday and Tuesday
"Frankenstein"

Featuring Charlie Sullivan

Wednesday Only

"Broadway Melody of 1940"

With an all star cast: "Bing" Tobin with his different style of singing. Eleanor Powell Schnair, that fast stepper. Jack Benny Kulevich with a million and one jokes. Don't miss it!

Thursday and Friday

"Ah! Wilderness"

With the Class of '39

Saturday and Sunday

"The Great Waltz"

With the great and magnificent dance team of William Brindley—Lois Cooper.

Added attraction

"The Three Little Pigs"

Starring Zaniewski in the three leading parts.

Coming Attraction

"The Call of the Wild"

With Wamba (Lone Wolf) Kadis, playing the savage as no savage ever was played before.

Come see Wamba kill pink elephants barehanded.

See nature in the raw.

Thumb-Nail Definitions

1. Caddie—A boy hired at liberal pay to lose balls for others and find them for himself.
2. Gas—A substance which can neither be seen nor heard but, boy, how it can be stepped on!
3. Chump—Anyone who doesn't agree with our opinions.
4. Echo—The one thing that cheats a woman from having the last word.
5. Golf—An excuse for carrying concealed weapons.
6. Miracle—A speechless woman.
7. Usher—One who takes a *leading* part in the theatre.
8. Philosopher—One, who, instead of crying over spilt milk, consoles himself with the thought that it was over four-fifths water anyway.
9. Alcohol—A liquid good for preserving almost anything but secrets.
10. Bachelor—A man who didn't have a car while he went to school.

❖ KEYHOLE COLUMN ❖

There's nothing we students enjoy more than the brief vacation afforded us by the annual Teachers' Convention, but we didn't know that the teachers enjoyed it also. We wonder if a certain two MALE teachers can tell us ALL that happened during that session? Quite a show, wasn't it "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII"?

We were standing across the street from Johnson's Drug store not so long ago, about half-past six in the evening. We were delighted to see that gay Lothario and football star, Harry Kadis, approaching the drug store, and we wondered what could be his mission. He paused in front of the store and waited and waited and waited some more. But alas! It was all in vain! It

seems that she had promised, through an epistle, to meet him there at half-past the hour of six, but when the time came she was nowhere to be seen. Know anything about it, R. F.? As Harry said afterward, he was pretty sure she wouldn't come, but he wanted to make himself positive!!

We've heard it said that if you want to get the real "dirt" on some people you should listen to what they have to say when they're asleep. Well, we did almost as well. We got "Frankie" Downey as he was coming back to consciousness, after being "knocked cold" at football practice. Just as he came back from the Angels (????) the word "MARY", escaped his lips. They were spoken in such a yearning, affectionate

manner that we have reason to believe that this is more than the ordinary "Puppy Love."

We've always said that what this school needed was one or two really torrid romances, but we've changed our minds after looking over the present Freshmen and Sophomore classes. Now take Donald Jones, for instance. If it isn't M. Hearon it's D. Beane, and if it isn't D. Beane, it's M. Hearon. And sometimes it's both of them!! What's the matter, "Don," can't you make up your mind whether you like birds or vegetables?

This column is always eager to help out any and all fellow-students. Right now we are on the lookout for a book entitled, "HOW TO RUN A LUNCH WAGON—IN SIX EASY LESSONS." "Jerry" Spratt wanted it. When we asked him why, he said he was thinking seriously of taking over the "business."

It sometimes is rather hard to single out one person as being the most popular in the school but we think we've done it this time. Yes, sir, it's "Lem"! All the girls went simply mad over him in the Acton-Maynard scrimmage! Why, the whole grandstand was in an uproar yelling "Lem" on to victory. And what a victory. "Lem" wiggled, and squirmed his way through like a regular veteran, making at least five yards on every play! His brawny shoulders and sinewy muscles could be seen bobbing up here and there, but always in the midst of the fray. Yes, you were a hero that day "Lem," and if scenes in the corridor are any indication, your performance hasn't been forgotten!

We were told very, very, confidentially recently (and that's why we're telling you) that the pupils of a certain home

room were being literally escorted to the door these recesses by the professor in charge. When asked his mission and why all the hustle to get out of the room, all the answer we got was "Important business!" We noticed however that the important business always seems to be in the same direction. If you're still in the dark, this same one thinks PONTIAC coupes are the best on the market!! Come on, Dummies!

These boys that can't be satisfied with the home-town girls! The latest to look beyond our portals is BOB SEDER, a fellow who, we thought, was a regular woman-hater. But then one never knows. The object of Bob's affections is a little lassie from Clinton, and if those at one of our dances recently were any indication of what Clinton has to offer, we don't blame you, Bob!

We were wondering if one of the faculty had any other interests in his little trips on Saturday nights except dancing. After all, there are dances nearer than sixteen miles, but then it really is who goes to the dance that makes the good time. Isn't that so?

CUPID'S LATEST BULLETINS!

(Latest at the time this went to press)

SQUINT—KAREN
 BUD—RITA
 DOLLY—CATH OR DORIS
 LAURI—MARY
 NIXIE—JEANETTE
 FRANKIE—IZZY
 WERNER—RITA
 SONNY—ALYCE
 GERRY—CATHERINE

SO much for the "dirt" of M. H. S.
 Love may it be made into mud pies.

—PEEPING THOMASINA.

Swanson: I want a ticket to New York.

Ticket Seller: Change at Albany?

Swanson: No, right now.

Kadis' big moment in high school came when Koskinen fell on his head at Winchester.

The only thing that bothered Sandy after he was scalped by the Indians was that he had just paid 50c for a haircut.

She was only the ragman's daughter but she wasn't the least bit frayed.

Teacher: Order, please.

Graceffa (sleepily): A cup of java and a couple of dunkers.

Tessie: What's the difference between dancing and jumping?

Keegan: I don't know.

Tessie: I thought so.

Frank: Do you serve lobsters here?

Waiter: Sure, make yourself comfortable—we serve anyone.

Freshman: Do you get any money for pushing that baby?

Tessie: No, it's free wheeling.

Rita: I made this cake all by myself.

Smith: I figured that out, but who helped you lift it out of the oven?

Whitty: Call me something soft and nice.

Helen: Hello, sponge cake.

Visitor to Lunatic: Young man, you are pushing that wheelbarrow upside down.

Lunatic: Am I! Well, I used to push it the other way but they put heavy bricks in it.

Mr. Lerer to physics class: The examination papers are already at the printers. Now, are there any last minute questions?

Bachy: What's the name and address of the printers?

Speaker to Chairman: May I have a glass of water?

Chairman: What do you want it for, to drink?

Speaker: No, I'm going to finish my speech with a high diving act.

Whitty: How is it that your dog knows all kinds of tricks while I can't teach my dog anything?

Bud: Well, you see, you've got to know more than the dog to start with.

Haggerty: Oh there, my pretty maid.

Pretty girl: I'm sorry I can't return the compliment.

Haggerty: You could if you lied like I did.

Manager pointing to cigarette butt: Eddie, is that yours?

Carbary: Oh, not at all, sir, you saw it first.

"I've got you in my grip," sneered the villain as he savagely squeezed his toothbrush into his suitcase.

Keegan: Was there any shade in the desert?

Elson: Yes, but I couldn't get in it.

Keegan: Why not?

Elson: Did you ever try sitting in your own shadow?

Miss Fearn: What happened to Tyre?

Matson: I guess it blew out.

Bulldog: Did you ever hold a perfect hand?

Squint: Yeah, but not in a card game.

Rita: I thought I told you to come after supper?

Werner: That's just what I did come after.

The following essay on mules is typical of the spelling and subject matter of a certain freshman class:

"The mewl is a hardier bird than a guse or turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its

wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about coming forward."

Son: Father, did Edison make the first talking machine?

Father: No, my son, God made the first talking machine, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off.

Karin: I'll never get over what I saw last night.

Squint: What's that?

Karin: The Moon.

The slogan "They shall not pass" seems to have been adopted by both the teachers and the football team.

Father: How is it I catch you going out with my daughter?

Ryan: By sneaking up on us.

Plink: Well, dad, I bought some books on farming for you to dig into.

Dad: Yeah, and I bought thirty acres for you to dig into.

Mr. A. Lerer: It took hundreds of years to build the great pyramids in Egypt.

Pileeki: It must have been a government job.

Making traffic jams is the nearest most high school girls get to cooking now-a-days.

Fortune teller (reading football referee's palm): I see you as a leader of men. I see a great crowd behind you.

Referee (excitedly): Have I got a good start?

Yash: I always drink milk because the doctor says it's a good bone-builder.

Ray: It looks as though your drinks all go to your head.

May: My dog is just like one of the family.

Murphy: Which one?

L. Lerer: Are there any more questions?

Carbary: Yes, how do you calculate the horse power of a donkey engine?

Columbo: How do you like cleaning chimneys?

Jake: It soots me.

Mr. Manty: Give me a well known date in ancient history.

Limb: Anthony's with Cleopatra.

Aunt: Well, Bernard, we don't see as much of you as we used to.

Bernard: Well, I wear long pants now.

Father: Come here, son, I'm going to dust you off with this cane.

Palmer: Aw, don't be so old-fashioned, pop, why don't you use the vacuum cleaner?

Policeman: How did you knock him down?

Vic: I didn't. I pulled up to let him go across, and he fainted from surprise.

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| Electricity, per week..... | .09 |
| Interest on your \$65 investment..... | .07 |
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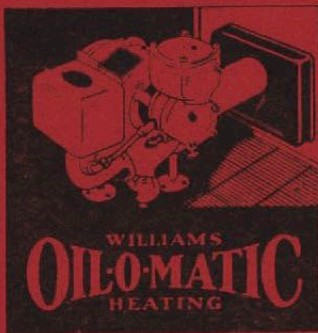
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