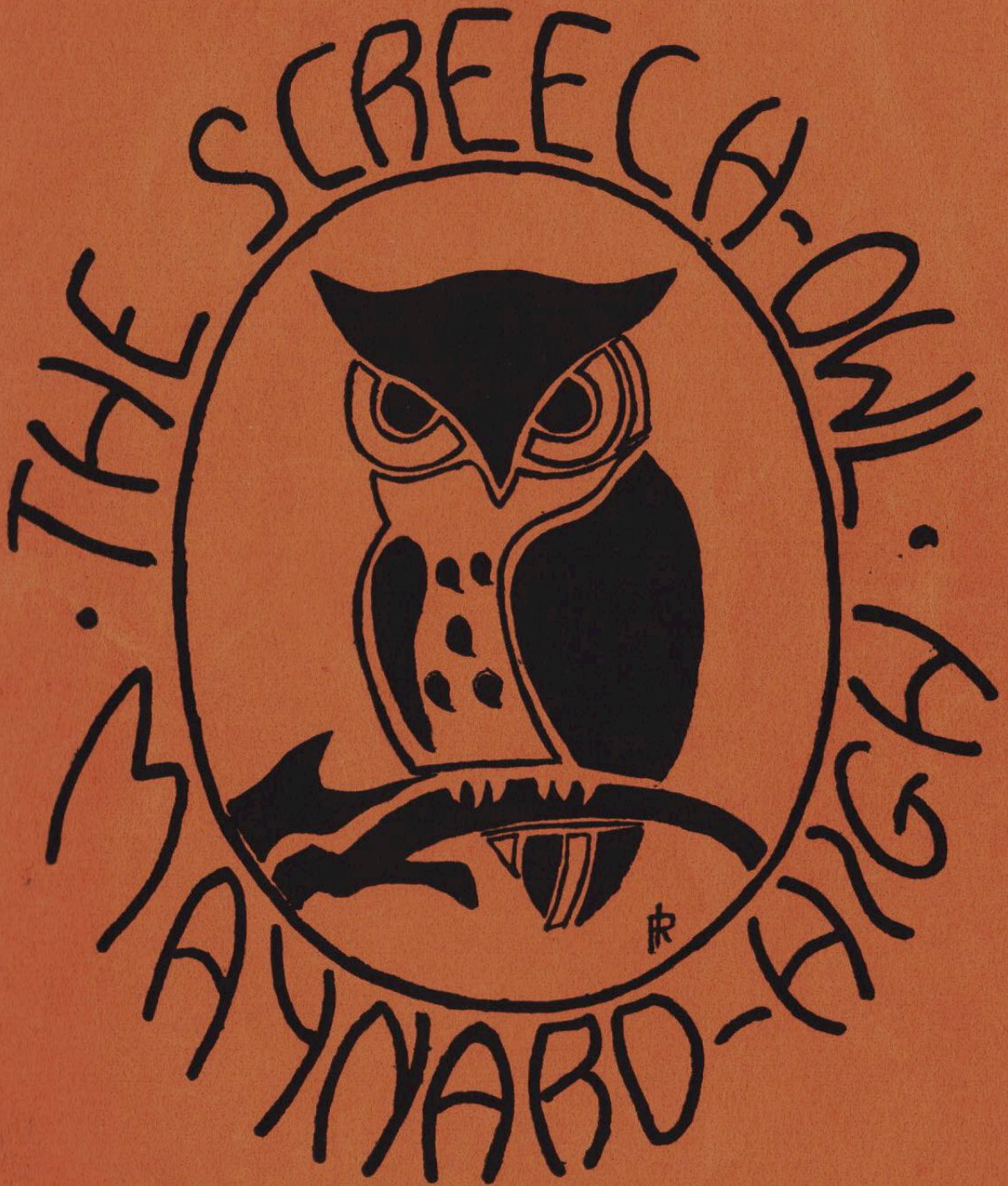


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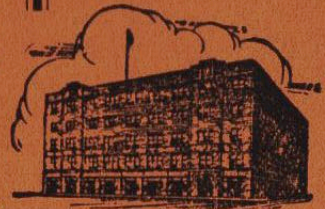
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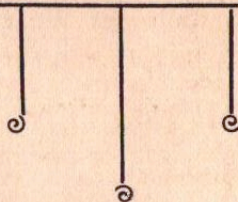
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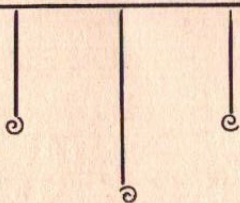


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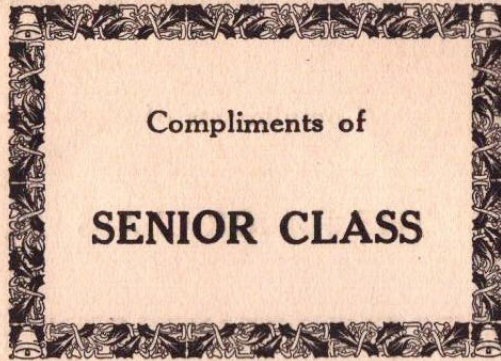
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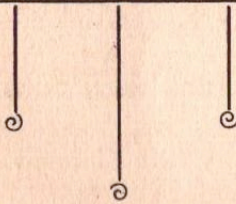
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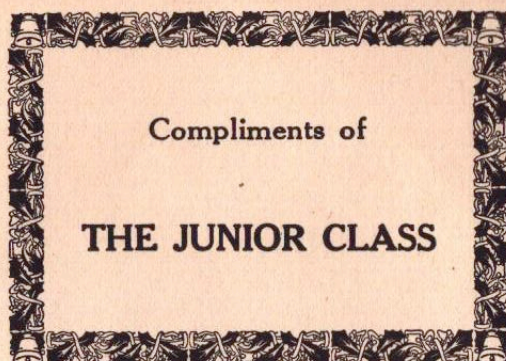
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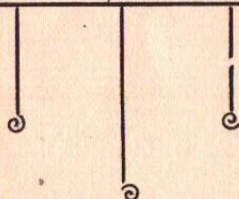
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MAYNARD, MASS., JUNE, 1930

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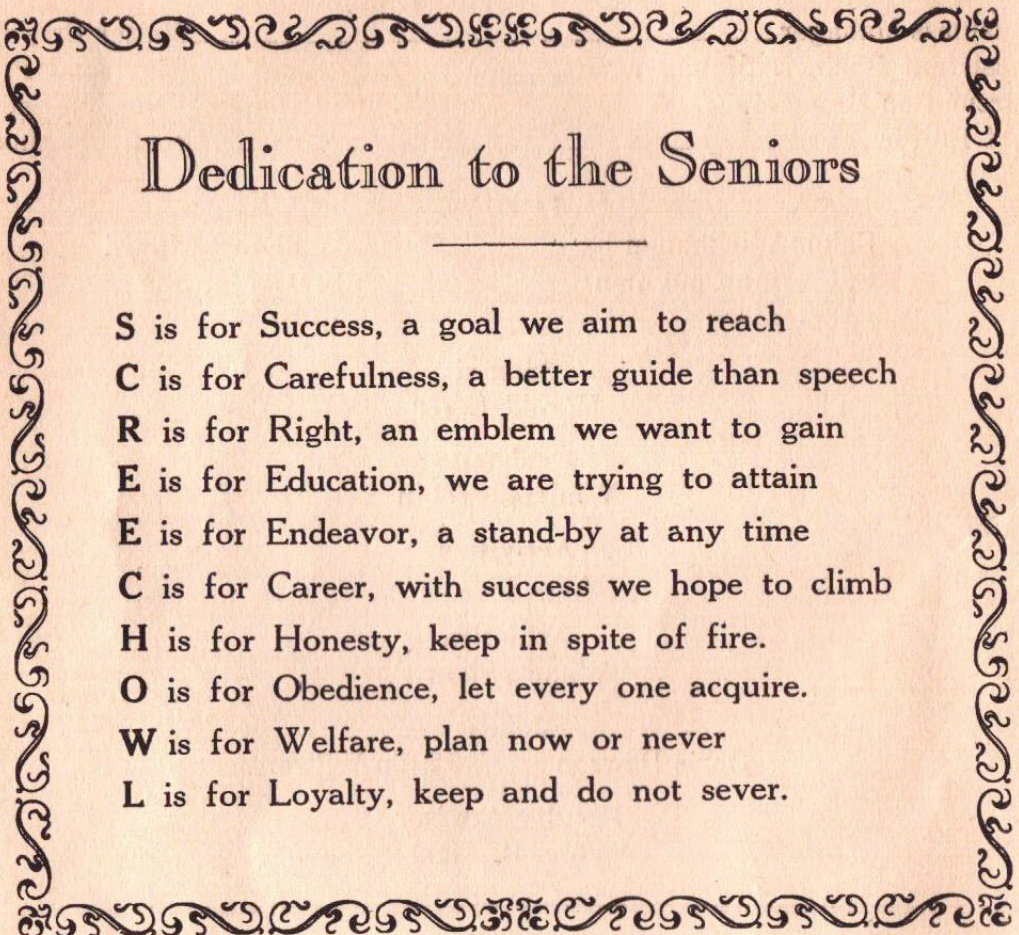
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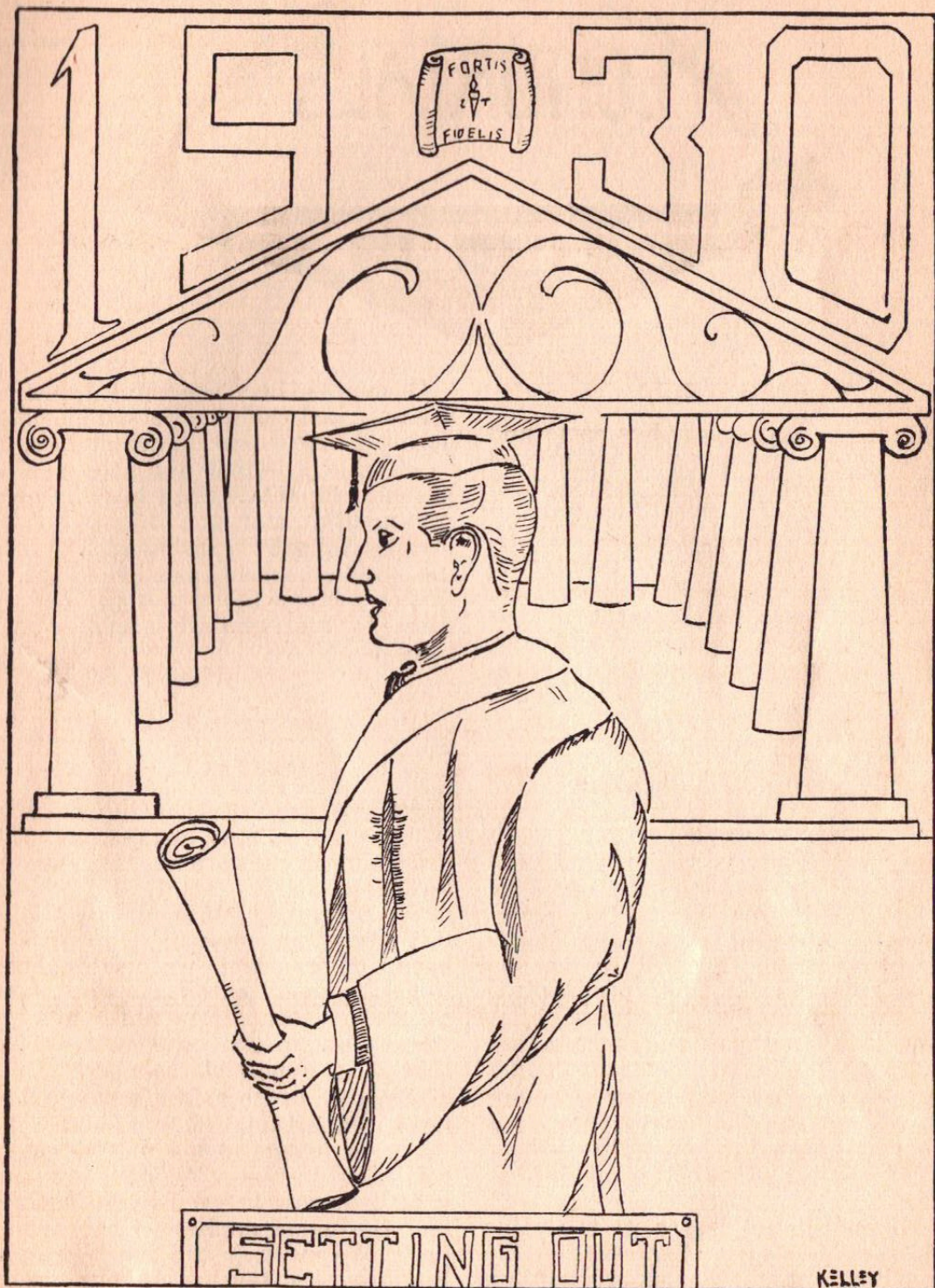
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S is for Success, a goal we aim to reach
C is for Carefulness, a better guide than speech
R is for Right, an emblem we want to gain
E is for Education, we are trying to attain
E is for Endeavor, a stand-by at any time
C is for Career, with success we hope to climb
H is for Honesty, keep in spite of fire.
O is for Obedience, let every one acquire.
W is for Welfare, plan now or never
L is for Loyalty, keep and do not sever.



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FIDELIS

1930

SETTING OUT

KELLEY



FAREWELL!

Once again the year has come and gone. Once again the staff of the "Screech Owl" must be replenished. We extend greetings to the incoming staff and wish them the best of success. We also wish to thank the faculty for their hearty co-operation, and all those instrumental in the success which we enjoyed. And now, our work completed, we say, "Farewell."
—Ed.

ON BEING A SENIOR

Time was when Senior and Erudition were synonymous—when I used to watch those exalted beings pass by with arms piled high with books. They symbolized everything desirable: ambition, the will to do, the assurance and self-confidence inspired by the expectation of success. But now that the proverbial ranks are attained, the word Senior no longer holds such glamour; being a senior is now an every day occurrence; it is no longer a goal to be sought—rather it is the means to a better and higher goal.

No one should depreciate the value of being a senior. However, in his own little sphere, the senior wields an astonishing power over the other members of the school. His conduct influences theirs, and he should keep that fact in mind.

Of course there are many types of seniors: just calling a person a senior does not brand him immediately as a saint or a criminal, for each senior has individuality. Each has his own personality, and the name senior merely designates his mental standing—and sometimes not even that.

The senior's life is not the bed of roses that certain romancers would have us believe.

Wieno Sneek, '30.

OBSTACLES

At this time of year the days in school seem almost endless, and the heat almost unbearable. How uninteresting Latin seems, French, a great bore, and Mathematics is the last straw in breaking the pupil's back. These days we are inclined to get lazy and put off our work until a cooler day, but unfortunately work piles up and becomes so great that it is impossible to make it up. Then, too, as this last term is the most important, effort should be made to bring up low marks or to retain good grades. No painting is of value without the finishing touches, and the same applies to the school year. We must, in the last term, put the finishing touches to our year's work.

In doing this, it is just as well to bear in mind that grades remain unchanged in hot or cold weather, and

that the teachers apply them with just the same care. So let's plug along, and do our best with the realization that June is just around the corner.

D. Farnell, '31.

CAREERS

Seniors, take off your masks of joy and youth. Assume the countenance of thought. The first act of the great drama of life is over. Spring is gone and summer is on its way.

There are roads in all directions. One path is straight and narrow, the other wide and curved. No matter which road draws you, you will find some sorrow. However, the straight and narrow path leads to a clear conscience and mental ease. After all, what is better than peace of mind?

Each one is looking for his groove in life. Perhaps you won't find your right place the first time. Be persistent! Don't lose hope! How many jobs did Abraham Lincoln hold? Remember, though, that each position "Abe" acquired was an advancement over the last.

Perhaps some of the paths of life will lead you far away. But always remember that you are sons and daughters of Maynard High School. She was your first "Alma Mater." All your other schools and colleges will be merely step-mothers. If you, the Class of 1930, think Maynard High School unworthy of your affections in the spring of your life, make her great and renowned by the success and honest fame of her sons and daughters, in the time to come.

Alice L. Fearn, '30.

A HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION

An education means success in your life's work. Every successful man knows the value of a complete knowledge of general principles. From these, he obtains the necessary facts to form a basis for his work.

From observation, we learn the many advantages of an education, and they cannot be overestimated. The standards have been steadily rising during the past few years, so we find that high school is only a stepping stone to higher institutions of learning. In order to be admitted to any school of a high standing, the applicant must be a high school graduate; not only must he be a graduate, but he must also have a high scholastic standing to show that he is able to do the advanced work of a higher institution or college.

In order to make the most of a high school course, you must know what to take up and follow the course to the best of your ability, thereby obtaining a good foundation on which to build the future. We are too prone to give too little importance to high school, and to regard it only as a necessity, but the case is exactly opposite, because if we cannot do our work in high school, we certainly cannot advance in a higher school. Too often we realize, when it is too late, the importance of a good foundation.

Do your work to the best of your ability and use your initiative. Take your high school course seriously; reserve your fun and put it into its proper place. Do your work completely, and you will find that the satisfaction you get is well worth the effort.

Alice Hekkala, '30.



As you know we'll soon be leaving.
Do good now—or you'll be grieving;
So when you look back in years to come,
You'll think and remember a real true chum.
Seniors now or seniors never,
To do our best now let's endeavor.
It's not too late, so now let's try
To be worthy Seniors of Maynard High!

W. Tobin.

THE BLUE MOON

By Edith Priest, '32

(Winner of First Prize, Screech Owl
Contest)

There was once a little princess of the Land-of-the-Silver-Sands who had everything in the world she could wish for—a lovely palace with one hundred minarets, all the gowns, jewelry, and pets she wanted, a sapphire necklace, and a blue peacock whose vanity was excelled alone by the nobles of the court.

That is, she **had** had the necklace until a few days previous; she had lost it while playing in the gardens of the palace. Also, the vain, foolish peacock had lost his most beautiful tail feather which quite marred his wondrous beauty. So, although the princess had everything a girl (even a princess) could want, it was characteristic that she should long for what she had lost.

Then again, she had a suspicion that she had lost more than her sapphires and the feather which spoiled the beauty of her beloved bird. Ever since a certain prince (the son of the King of the Land-of-Beautiful-Waters, in fact) had come

to the court to pay her suit, she had felt a vacant spot in the place where her heart had been. Certain it was that every time her eyes beheld the handsome young man, she felt an ache in the region where her very healthy little heart had been.

Is it any wonder, then, that the princess heaved a tremendous sigh as she sat on her throne beside her father?

"What is it, little one?" asked the king from his great height (for if the princess was tiny, her father was big—besides, his throne was very very high). "Is there some new thing your heart desires?" And all the while a certain prince gazed at her adoringly.

The princess sighed again, unheedingly, and spoke to her parent.

"If Your Majesty will permit, I should like to retire."

"Oh, sure, child," (the King always called her child although she was almost sixteen) "go ahead. You must be tired."

The little princess kissed her father and mother good night, curtsied to the assembly, and went out of the hall. She didn't go to her rooms—instead, she went out into

the gardens. She walked around restlessly and finally came to a gate which she had never seen before. It was a rusty iron door in a high hedge. The princess opened the gate and went through. It closed behind her, and she walked on aimlessly. How different the country was from the country she was used to. Here it was all grass and trees—there it had been silver sands. She became a wee bit frightened—what if the inhabitants of this land were enemies of her father's people? But she met no one, and so she went on.

Suddenly she stopped short,—“Why, how queer! I,—I never saw a moon like **this** before. I've seen cold white moons, and warm orange ones, and there have been red ones when father's warriors rode in from a battle, but whoever heard of a **blue moon**?” She looked at it curiously, then said softly, “It's so beautiful!”

She walked on slowly, and all of a sudden she came face to face with the strangest woman she had ever seen—a woman with bluish white hair and cold blue eyes who wore long blue robes.

“What have you come for?” asked the woman.

“Why—I just came for a walk,” answered the princess with surprise. In her country one didn't ask a person what he came for; first of all one was hospitable and made him at home. She didn't know but what the lady was angry with her.

“Have you lost something?” the woman asked softly.

And then the girl knew she was not angry. For some queer reason the tears did want to come;—perhaps she had walked longer than she knew. Because she had to say something, she asked, “Why is the moon blue?” and then laughed at such a foolish question.

“The moon holds all the lost blues of the world—all the lost blue of kittens' eyes, the blue of last summer's violets. That is why the moon

is blue. But you have lost something—what is it?”

“My sapphires—the most beautiful necklace I ever had—, and the most beautiful feather my peacock ever had. The poor dear goes around with his head drooping, and I'm so sorry for him. Besides—I **think** I've lost my heart.” She looked at the woman a little defiantly. “Do you wonder that I'm miserable?”

The woman smiled for the first time.

“Here are your necklace and the peacock's feather.” She reached into a bag and drew them out. “As for your heart—I'm afraid it will be lost until you willingly give it to the Prince. But here is his heart which he has lost to you.”

The small princess was very happy. She tried to thank the woman but was interrupted by her.

“You may go back now. If you ever need me again come to me.”

The princess was a daughter of kings and knew this for a dismissal. She turned and walked away. She went through the gate which opened for her, and which closed after her. She went through the silent gardens, through the silent palace, to her room.

The prince slept fitfully in a room of the palace, and in the summer house, a peacock was sleeping sadly with his head under his wing, vanity wounded. If they had known what the morrow was to bring, they couldn't have slept at all from sheer joy.

GRIT

(Honorable Mention)

By Harriet Frye, '31

The day was a windy one for June. Through the half-opened windows the history students dreamily eyed the fresh green campus of Gately College.

“Now this document is priceless. It was lent to me by a personal friend,

the founder of Lakehurst Museum. The museum has been offered five thousand dollars for it. Napoleon's signature is in the lower—."

"Gong! Gong!"

The professor was given no chance to continue, for the students had rushed into the corridor at the first sound of the fire alarm.

Steve Bryce had lazily risen and slowly sauntered to the crowded doorway, a contrast to the animated group of classmates who eagerly hurried to the outside, glad of any sort of diversion, no matter what.

When the confusion of the ordinary fire-drill had finally relaxed, the class was resumed.

"Now it can be easily seen here—why, where is the paper? It doesn't seem to be here."

A thorough investigation proved the professor's statement.

He turned to the now wide-awake, gaping students and demanded an explanation, believing the incident to be nothing but a practical joke. The boys still stared.

Guy Brandon, popular school athlete, was the first to recover.

"Why, it can't be anything but that," he stammered, "we're all willing to be searched, of course."

The professor faced the class and asked those willing to be searched to rise.

Every student jumped to his feet. Every student but Steve.

Steve had been an applicant to the paramount fraternity at Gately—"The Grit Club," as it was commonly called. To become a member one had to do some outstanding deed that showed grit. The honesty of the members was taken for granted. Steve had been an applicant for some time, but as he had done nothing spectacular he had been refused.

At first the boys let friendly shoves speak for them, but when they saw that he grew more determined, they became quite unfriendly.

The bell would, and did, ring just

then, and classes were dismissed for the day.

The boys gathered around him and called Steve all sorts of "loving" names. Finally Brandon outdid them and voiced their thoughts by calling him a thief.

"You're a liar, I'm not a thief. I refuse to be searched, that is all. I repeat—you're a liar." Steve added a blow between the eyes for emphasis.

"Oh, so you want to fight it out—thief; well, take this rose with my compliments."

The fight was on!

More students came running around the corners, dashing from rooms along the hall, and leaping up the stairs.

Guy, plainly the better, very soon succeeded in putting Steve to sleep.

The professor, unable to maintain order, had rushed for help. Naturally, or unnaturally, the first person he met, of the faculty, was the school physician, whom he led to the scene.

Steve's vest was quickly removed and he was carried to the infirmary.

The new arrivals scattered, leaving most of the history students standing there, a dejected group who dazedly watched the dean coming toward them as fast as his dignity would permit. They were all conscious that they were "in for it," but no—

The dean gave Brandon a sheet of paper and hurried off, after instructing him to give it to the history professor and to tell him that the janitor had found it under the windows of the history room.

Of course it was the missing document, which had been blown out of the window during the excitement of the fire-drill!

Guy's eyes pounced on Steve's vest.

"Say, fellows, there's something in that vest pocket. Remember he wouldn't remove it when we were fighting," exclaimed Brandon.

Simultaneously they went to the vest lying on the floor. Then they raised their questioning eyes to

Guy—would it be right?

Let's see what's in it, just for curiosity's sake. That is, of course, if you'll promise to keep it to yourselves."

He put his hand in a pocket and drew out a picture—a picture!

"Didn't know he had a girl, thought he was bashful when girls were around," ejaculated Guy.

He opened the picture and the boys looked into the sweet face of Steve's mother. Her frail, cameo-like face with her large, beautiful,

sympathizing eyes cast a spell over them.

"The poor boob," exclaimed one of the awed students, "he was afraid we would tease him—and we would have, too. Say," as a new thought come into existence, "she just died last year. I remember when he was called home for the funeral, don't you?"

The boys nodded mutely.

At the next meeting of "The Grit Club" Steve was elected a member . . . And he still wonders why!

TO THE SENIORS

We are singing, oh, we're singing
 In a chorus low and sweet,
 We are tripping, oh, we're tripping,
 Gleaming star-dust at our feet.
 We are dreaming, oh, we're dreaming,
 And our dreams are pierced with gold;
 There is much to be accomplished
 While our hearts are gay and bold.
 We are seeing brilliant visions
 That are shining in the skies;
 And a thousand lovely stars gleam
 Lighting our eager, shining eyes.
 We are facing toward the sunrise,
 Bathing in the rosy light;
 We have youth and we have visions
 And our dreams are wondrous bright.

Harriet F. Bamford, '30.

THE GYPSIES

By Sirkka Lehtinen, '31

(Honorable Mention)

"The gypsies are coming! The gypsies are coming!" rang through the streets of Loine. People came out on the muddy street or stuck their night-capped and tousled heads out of the windows, for it was still early morning.

There was the usual commotion: barefoot boys running ahead of the caravans in which sat fat women with

chubby babies lolling in their laps. Brawny men sat grimly with whip in hand ready to slash the horses if they lurched or became excited. From the tiny windows of the vans, sun-tanned maidens with gay kerchiefs twisted around their heads and large hoop ear-rings flashing and dangling in the sun, peeped smiling at the young men in the streets.

The town people watched the gypsies pass through the streets and to the edge of the forest where they would camp for the day. In the eve-

ning they would extinguish their camp fires and head their horses toward the town again where they would hold a fair with baskets and reed mats for sale, fortune telling by cards or by the lines on the palm. Here also Stinga, the most beautiful of the gypsy maidens, would dance to the lively tune of the old fiddler.

For three Springs the gypsies had been coming to the town with no objection from the Duke of Loine. Not at all the towns where the gypsies camped were they received thus. Often they were refused permission to hold their fairs and were driven from the town forests where they camped for the night.

That evening all the people wended their way to the square where tents had already been set up and a bonfire was blazing brightly.

Gaily bedecked women and men squatted on reed mats behind baskets and piles of mats calling to the passers-by to buy their wares. Dark-eyed women stood at the opening of the tents beckoning to have their fortunes told.

The strains of a lively dance were heard and all gathered near the fire. A slender, dark girl stepped out of one of the caravans. She hesitated on the first step, swept her flashing eyes over the crowd as tho searching for some one, then tripped into the ring and proceeded to dance to the accompaniment of her clashing tambourine and the violin. With her blue-black hair shining in the light of the fire and her graceful arms waving in the air she held her audience thrilled. Her bright skirts flounced around her and her tiny sandalled feet scarcely touched the ground. Faster and faster she danced, then fell in a heap on the ground. A silence—then she raised her head, smiled, and rose to her feet, gathering the shillings that were thrown at her feet. The people called her by name asking her to dance again but she smilingly disappeared into one of the

caravans and the disappointed crowd left.

A full moon shone on the sleeping town and on the bright colored caravans. Not a sign of life except the sparks that lay smouldering in the ashes of the bonfire.

A click—and slowly but deliberately the door of one of the caravans opened and Stinga, the dancer, quietly slipped out. Looking slyly around her she made her way across the square and then to the town well which was under a huge willow tree. She stood in the shadows waiting when suddenly a man was seen riding on a dark horse towards her. He dismounted, and, gathering his black cape around him, took her little brown hand in his and touched his lips to it.

“Why did you send for me?” asked Stinga.

“Stinga, I want you to marry me. I have loved you ever since I saw you dance two Springs ago. I have asked you before but although you refused I have always hoped you would learn to love me.”

A sneer formed on Stinga’s lips and she stepped back, pulling away her hand which he still held.

“Become a duchess and live in that gloomy prison you call your home? No, far dearer to me are the sun, the birds’ song and the clear open sky, than a title and a castle.”

The duke dropped his head and turned away. She watched him disappear with a wistful look on her face. With a sigh she again crossed the square and entered the caravan’s circle.

The morning sun saw the gypsies again on their way. Horses had been fed and jugs had been filled with water from the town well.

From his tower window the Duke of Loine watched the line of bright caravans as they left the town and disappeared into the shadows of the forest.

DREAMS—THAT COME TRUE

The final shrill stacatto of the saxophone, the high pitched murmur of the revelers, the bright dazzling lights, the vivid colors of the masqueraders's costumes;—this was midnight at the "Palais des Reveurs!" A glorious midnight to an accidental spectator, a midnight where joy and gay nonchalance ruled;—but to Joan Carston, a midnight of disillusionment and of unhappiness, of longing and of bitterness.

Her thoughts were of a midnight three years before,—a midnight on the Western Prairie. The stars above, the hazy reflection of the moon on cactus and stone, a gentle breeze rustling softly, and Tim—we must not forget Tim.

But now, no moon, no stars, no Tim, nothing but the cheap glitter of the night club, the synthetic laughter of the dancers,—and Joan! A bitter sigh escaped her lips—yes—"and Joan." What a fool she has been,—still was for that matter! The Palais des Reveurs, — h'm, — translated, meant Palace of Dreamers. Well, wasn't she a dreamer? No—no, she was a fool, snatching at a lost ideal, eagerly waiting for some one who she knew would never come; waiting, but that was all.

The irony of it! Here she was thrilling with eager expectancy like a weak, romantic school girl, waiting for that tall bronzed figure, whose every feature was an indelible picture drawn on her soul,—waiting for him who would never come again unless,—well, do dreams come true?

Scientists tell of telepathy; perhaps he was waiting too; would her thoughts be transmitted over the innumerable waves of ether, calling to him,—to tell him that she waited his return? Perhaps her costume would help her, for Joan, clinging to a last romantic reminder, had dressed as in days of old; the happiest days of her life, golden hours on Daddy Jim's western ranch.

When Alice and Red had asked her to accompany them to the night club, her first thought was of emphatic refusal, but on second thought, because of her exceedingly low spirits she had accepted. Then as it was a costume dance, there had been a question of what to wear. Among the various remnants of former parties and happy occasions,—she had suddenly chanced on an old Western sombrero, a knotted handkerchief, a rather worn leather skirt, her old stained cow hide boots, and a pair of elaborate silver spurs, the last a gift from Tim. It was then that a wistful inspiration had seized her; somehow it seemed so fitting to go dressed as Tim loved to have her; so with misty eyes she had donned her almost forgotten clothes and recalled dear incidents, while she reminisced.

And now, here she was, tall and slim, like a handsome young boy, yet lacking the fiery energy, which had been her's once, but lost now. She seemed more like a crushed little rose, beautiful still, but rather tired and wilted.

Sighing, she pushed aside a rebellious tendril escaping from under the wide-brimmed hat, and gazed somberly at the dance floor. The music has begun again, young couples were drifting by. A vivid young gypsy was in the arms of Robin Hood,—Pierrot was flirting with gay Columbine,—Mary Queen of Scots was dancing with a terrifying pirate. Here and there a clown was amusing the dancers with his gay caprices. The scene had an aspect of the ridiculous, costumes were not mated according to "rhyme or reason,"—yet their costumes only were symbolic of the past; their minds were of the present!

All this embittered Joan. She felt alone, a sad, pessimistic ranch girl, searching in the crowds, but there were no signs of a tall, sun-bronzed figure with silver spurs, a crinkly smile—

The air became uncomfortably hot

and depressing, things began to stifle Joan, to press her, and crush her. A mistiness enveloped her, her eyes groped to see, the dancers revolved dizzily before her, while darkness slowly enveloped her. A tall rangy shadow was approaching—she was sinking—into the cool depths of oblivion into a new land—a land of stars and moons—a tall knight mounted, with silver spurs, was riding toward her—searching—she was trying to tell him where to find her—she was tired—she cried—but he didn't hear, then strong arms grasped her, pulled her from the depths—he had come!

"Tim! Tim!" With a shock she had come to, fearing to open her eyes lest he be not there.

"Joan," a hoarse voice replied. "It's I—Tim! Come to take you home."

"Oh Tim, dear, I've waited so long. The Palace des Rêveurs. Palace of Dreams, h'm, — well, aren't I a dreamer?—and dreams do come true."

Mike, the foreman of the Palais des Rêveurs was cleaning up next day.

"Ex—try! Extry!" the newsboy yelled.

"Right here, Buddy."—and Mike received his morning daily,—as was his usual custom.

"Wal, wal, another society dame kicked off. F'heaven sakes,—the Palais des Rêveurs,—noted artist falls in swoon, rushed to hospital,—dead on arrival, husband killed in an accident three years ago! Say, that must be the one that fainted here last night, the one that was talking of dreams, and dreamers, sentimental stuff. A society gent and dame with her,—telling her that some Tim had come back,—a lot of bunk and hooley—. Artist? H'mph. They always did act kinda queer anyway—!"

Doris L. Dawson, '30.

HEY, FALLERS, YOU CATCH HIM UP POET?

Techer says, by wan look so stern,
To write for poetry we otto learn.
My head she feel lak butter churn.
I can't write for poetry.

She says, "Mak subject for you theme."
Well—anny tank to plez de queen
But never I catch him up one scheme
For make write poetry.

Somtam mebbly write wan story true
Like "Take for shot de Dan McGrew"
But mak da lines I no can do
Never write dat poetry.

Ollum Mammy, Sonny Boy,
In Shakespear's hands she's only toy,
But write for poem by me no joy.
Don't know dat poetry.

I guess better give him up right now
When come for write poetry I good milk cow
So, fallers, guess better take it bow.
No can do—poetry.

Exit, '30.

BENEFITS OF ATHLETICS

Why have athletics come to the fore so rapidly in recent years, and why are they so closely connected with schools and other institutions? The answer is simple. Athletics are now on such a high plane because people have realized that they are one of the biggest and most important factors in developing the youth of today in body, mind, and character. If a boy or girl of today indulges in athletics wholeheartedly, that is, with an intense desire to play fairly and get something more than money out of them, it will be seen that in later years this boy or girl will have had a good preparation for the great game of Life. Many great men have said that Life is but a game in which all mankind participates; so in what

better way can one play it successfully than by learning in athletics how to play a game?

Careful investigation will show that the athletes of today are better developed in body and mind than the athletes of yesterday. Formerly, in many athletic contests, the participants went into a game with the idea of winning all the time. It didn't matter what deception or trickery was used as long as they were returned the victors. Today, boys and girls are taught that it is not necessary to win all the time; for, at one time or another, everyone meets his master. Therefore, the modern athletes know that, as long as they give their best and play fairly even in defeat, it is no disgrace to lose. They take defeats as a part of the game, and these losses inspire them to try all the harder in the next game. Anything that sets them back temporarily is taken as one of the "breaks" of the game and they realize that the luck cannot always go against them if they continue to play hard and live up to all the rules of the game. Just as in these games, these things happen in our game of Life. Therefore, who will doubt that these young men and women will do the same in Life as in these games?

They will take the "breaks" as they come and go on trying harder, knowing that "you can put a good man down but you can't keep him there."

Another thing which happens in these modern times especially, and which a boy learns to overcome in athletics is the "razzing." He learns to control himself at times when everyone on the sidelines seems to be condemning him because of lack of interest or poor playing. He gets down-hearted at first, but then he awakes to the fact that everyone, at one time or another, comes to a time when, despite his best efforts, he just cannot play according to his natural ability. He begins to grin and laugh, taking his beating like a man. This is the kind of a man the whole world

admires, because the test of a true athlete and real man comes at the time when he is "up against it," both physically and mentally. This lesson from athletics is the most important link in the chain of success in actual life, for in Life also when one seems to be kept back by others who do not know the real circumstances. Perhaps if the others knew that the forced grin on this boy's face or girl's face was only a sign of great courage in a battle with his or her inner self, they would encourage him at the time when he needs friends most. A real man is the one who has learned to take these "breaks" with a smile on his face. What does it matter if others laugh at you and try to make fun of you as long as you know that you are playing your own game of Life in your own way, and you know that the time will come when you will make good and have the laugh on them. It is at this time also that you can pick your real and true friends, for those who do the most laughing and seem to best the biggest thrill from some blunder of yours, are the kind of people who act as friends when you are having a good time, but who readily leave you when you are in great need of help. They are also the ones who laugh at you when you are driven to drastic movements in your effort to pull yourself back on your feet. Real friends will come to your help at your weakest moment.

Co-operation and loyalty are also learned in athletics, for every athlete sooner or later learns that there can never be a one-man team. He finds that the only way to win championships is to have loyalty in his fellow-players and co-operate with them at all times. Many great men of the times have proven these facts in real life; for, by looking carefully, it can be seen that all successful men have, on their way to success, been helped by others and have in turn helped others. Whatever anyone may say, it cannot be proven that one man has ever reached the pinnacle of success

with any co-operation by his friends and contemporaries.

It is no wonder, then, that athletics are now so popular, and are now required in almost all schools.

W. Frigard, '30.

EVENTIDE

When the sun is brightly setting
 In the hills out in the west,
 Then man is homeward coming,
 To seek his daily rest.
 This is the way with everyone
 When the evening shadows fall,
 The worker and player will home-
 ward come,
 As if by magic call.
 When the beckoning shadows fall,
 With the same old eager zest
 Again will come the magic call,
 And man comes home to rest.

Walter Fairbanks, '30.

A LIE IS SOMETIMES JUSTIFIABLE

A shrill whistle penetrated the fog that lay like a blanket over the shell-torn field of the American section. It was the zero hour, and the second division climbed out of their mud-filled trenches, and with grim faces and fixed bayonets swept on to a surprise attack on the Germans who were strongly entrenched. This attack was not accompanied by the usual barrage from the artillery, and it depended on its suddenness and surprise for success.

At the extreme right flank was a Connecticut regiment, made up of young men who were scarcely more than boys, but the roar of the guns, the bursting of shells, the waves of poison gas, cries of the dying had lined youthful faces, that made them appear much older.

For three weeks now, they had occupied the front line without relief, and the rain and cold had almost broken the morale of the whole regiment.

First Lieutenant Arthur Lynch, known as "Hard-man" Lynch, picked his way cautiously through the wire entanglement. His automatic rifle was held in readiness, for he knew that in a few moments hell would break loose.

Suddenly a star shell broke, and the murky darkness was changed to glaring light. As if this was a signal, the enemies' guns broke loose. Machine-gun's steady chatter mingled with bursting hand grenades made bedlam in a moment. Men began to fall on all sides, but the line of khaki-clad men advanced. Their orders were, "Keep going and make your objective at any cost."

In the half light a form coming towards Lynch made him swing his rifle to cover the advancing man. Before he pressed the trigger, he recognized the uniform. It was one of his own men, a boy from his home town, scarcely eighteen years old.

"Where are you going?" asked Lynch, as he grasped the arm of the boy. A sob was his only answer. He looked at the fear-crazed eyes and white face, and read the truth. This boy was running away from the fight. "Hard-man" Lynch did not know fear and had no patience with it in others. He roughly swung around, and with his automatic in the middle of the lad's back, told him to get back into the fight. The lad protested but with no avail. With rough kicks and jabs of the rifle Lynch forced him on.

The attack was halted in a moment, as the enemies' machine gun nests poured a withering fire into the oncoming Americans.

Lynch forced the boy down into a depression, and waited for a lull in the firing. It soon came, and he had marked the location of the most dangerous machine gun nest.

Lynch took two hand grenades, handed one to the terror-stricken lad, and said, "When I give the word we will charge that gun and if you don't do just as I tell you, I'll blow a hole through your yellow back."

The lad protested and begged, but to no avail. Lynch was relentless and at last said, "Let's go, you yellow dog." It was a strange sight, two men charging across that bullet filled field space, the younger forced on by Lynch. At last they were close to the guns. "Now throw them!" cried he, and the lad, acting by Lynch's suggestion, threw his grenade. Lynch threw his. A burst of flame, and the guns were stilled for ever. But two khaki-clad figures were seen to stagger at the impact of many slugs, and the advancing column found them at the door of the German dugout. The lad had made the great sacrifice, but Lynch still lived. They brought him back and when he made out his report of the affair it was worded, "Private John Smith, with extreme bravery, charged the enemy machine gun nest, alone and unaided and captured the machine gun. I, First Lieutenant Arthur Lynch recommend him for the D. S. C."

Back in the valley of the Naugatuck in a little Connecticut town, is a gold star mother, who gazes upon a picture of a boy in khaki and her heart fills with pride as she presses to her lips the D. S. C. Who cannot say that a lie is sometimes justifiable?

A BUG

I spied a bug
I watched it crawl
Along the wall.

It crept so slow,
Where? I don't know,
Nor care I, ugh!

Irma Wirkkanen, '30.

WOMAN-HATER!

Two large feet crossed on the desk before him, a large cigar in his mouth from which curled heavy clouds of smoke, hands in pockets, a satisfied expression, and what do we have?

None other than his highness, the imperial J. Casper Harrington! And who is this J. Casper Harrington? A hard business man whose motto, "Never be beaten", awed all his associates, a man whose orders were obeyed and respected, but above all, a woman-hater, and how J. Casper Harrington hated women. Everyone knew that! It was a perpetual boast of his that no woman had ever crossed his threshold,—and we can truly believe this too, considering,—well, considering J. Casper Harrington!

"Women," he snorted in an interview previous to this time, "Women! Nothing but a paint box! Everything on the outside,—nothing within!" And so J. Casper Harrington continued his solitary way in the world, spurning all attentions of women until,—well, that's my story!

It began with the rivalry of another company, the Smith-Patterson, who seemed to be making competition rather "hot" for J. Casper and Company at every turn! Yes, it was this exasperating manager who was the cause of the innumerable tantrums, the sudden outbursts, and the extreme anger of J. Casper Harrington. Anyone could tell you that. Why, just mention the name of M. Howard Pierce, and watch for results! They would not be long in forthcoming, also a volley of fireworks! In fact, there was nothing J. Casper Harrington desired more than to tell M. Howard Pierce in plain, outspoken English, just what he thought of that "impossible, good for nothin' gentleman!"

And then came the shock! M. Howard Pierce was a woman! Tim Smuthley could vouch for that as he had met her at the conference of the leading iron plug factories.

"A woman? Good Lord!" and J. Casper Harrington, sank down in his chair, wiped his face nervously with a large stupid handkerchief, proudly displaying the rather large initials J. C. H., and chewed his cigar into shreds! Then he exploded and what

J. Casper Harrington didn't say about women,—well, if he hadn't said it, I wouldn't have had this story. "No woman is going to get ahead of me, I'll beat her at her own game," he ejaculated, and, having exhausted his innumerable supply of adjectives as to the unworthiness of women, he paused for breath. Robert Clive, his manager, was then summoned and after whispered instructions, J. Casper Harrington snatched his coat, jammed his hat on one side of his head, and left.

Outside in the office yard, he jumped into his car. (No, it wasn't a roadster, for roadsters were women's cars) and sped off into the country.

Fifty . . . fifty-five . . . sixty . . . the speedometer crept steadily upward, but J. Casper Harrington was oblivious to that and all else! In fact, he even disregarded the motorcycle policeman who had been following him for the last five minutes. He was so engrossed in the disturbing thoughts of M. Howard Pierce, that he failed to notice the sharpness of the next curve and before he knew it, J. Casper Harrington was wrapped around "yonder sycamore tree."

Women to the right of him, women to the left of him, women all around! J. Casper Harrington tried to escape, but he couldn't elude them! They were clutching him, catching him! He awoke with a start! Blue eyes were peering into brown! A woman! Good Heavens! He tried to resist, but sank feebly down again!

"There, there, be quiet!" the voice was crying, "Next time you try to 'lay me down to sleep', at least find a more comfortable place!" The blue eyes laughed good humoredly. Then, questioning anxiously, "Are you hurt much? Take my arm, see if you can walk!" J. Casper Harrington tried to rise to his feet, but his leg was broken. How disgusted he felt with himself, to let a woman find him in this predicament!

But then she was such a nice girl and so pretty, and she was really

making him feel so much better! His heart warmed gradually, . . . women weren't so bad after all!

As J. Casper Harrington was about to be removed into an ambulance, he requested the name of his unknown benefactress! And lo and behold, she answered laughingly, "Mary Pierce, or M. Howard Pierce as my business associates call me." J. Casper Harrington fainted.

But what of his views? Did he change them? Perhaps the best answer to this question is that Smith-Patterson lost a most able manager to J. Casper Harrington who hired her for life! And so endeth the story—for the J. Casper Harringtons lived happily ever after!

Doris L. Dawson, '30.

ESSAY ON READING

Read the preface first. It was probably written last. But the author put it at the beginning because he wanted to say something particular to you before you entered the book. Go in through the front door. Read plenty about people and things, but not too many books about books.

The only way to know a great author is to read his books for yourself. Read one book at a time, but never one book alone. Well-born books always have relatives. Follow them up. Read them slowly, carefully and thoroughly. They will help you to note the difference between the new ones. Read no book with which the author has not taken pains enough to write it in a clean, sound style. Life is short. If he thought so little of his work that he left it in the rough, it is not likely to be worth your pains in reading it. Read over again the ten best books that you have already read. The result of this experience will test your taste, measure your advance and fit you for progress in the art of reading.

G. C. Garland, '30.

THE "ALSO RAN"

We have crowns for the conquering
hero,
And a prize for the man who won;
We twine his brow with the laurel
wreaths
And are proud of the work well done.

We carve his name on the tablets
Kept in the hall of fame,
And sing of his glorious conquest,
And honor his very name.

But I sing of a work unfinished,
Of an effort uncapped with pride,

Of a hero who won no honor;
He failed, but at least he tried.

He had no cheers to help him
But he did his very best,
And drove his tired muscles on
When nature demanded rest.

And I think at the final judgment,
At the end of struggle and strife,
There's a rich reward for the "also
ran"
In the great eternal life.

J. White, '30.

QUAND NOUS PENSONS EN FRANCAIS

JE PENSE

Quelquefois on se fait mal
A regarder derrière soi

Parce qu'on se rappelle
Un jour heureux

Ou un passé prospère
Qui a pris sa volée.

Et on n'ose pas
Regarder devant soi

Parce que ça semble
Si noir.

Mais il y a toujours
Une manière de regarder

Et cette manière est de
Regarder en haut.

D. Dawson.

L'araignée

A quoi la comparé-je cette chose
fantastique que j'appelle mon esprit?
A une corbeille à papier ou au baril
plein d'écume et de rebut flottant?

Non, ce à quoi il ressemble le plus
c'est une toile d'araignée suspendue
sans sécurité sur des feuilles et des
brindilles, et arrosée de gouttes de
rosée, et de mouches mortes. Et au

centre, assise, immobile, l'âme calme
est comme une araignée.

I. Anderson.

Les jours à venir

Partis sont les beaux jours généreux,
Rendus par nos parents si heureux,
Mais bravant les nuages de la nuit
Nous restons sur le rocher de la vie.
Regardant les forêts effrayées,
Et les vagues de la mer agitée,
Souhaitons à tous un futur exquis
Rempli des gemmes rares de la vie

W. Tobin.

La classe française en épigramme

Un diplôme ne confère pas sur nous
un droit aux richesses du monde;
c'est plutôt une commission de ser-
vice!

V. Sneck.

Les hommes rusés méprisent les
études, les hommes simples les ad-
mirent, et les hommes sages les em-
ploient.

D. Allen.

Avec toutes ces inventions élec-
triques automatiques seulement un

électricien peut faire le ménage.

Beaucoup de gens reçoivent une éducation tard dans la vie et les autres n'ont pas d'enfants pour leur apporter des devoirs.

I. Anderson.

Avec beaucoup d'élèves qui déraisonnent ici et là, la chose la plus sage est de rester muet parce qu'on peut être mis en combat.

H. Lerer.

—————
Sourions

"And what in France," asked a

friend, "did you enjoy the most?" "Well, I think" said the lady, "it was the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise."

Beall High Chime.

—————
Je sais my French est très, très poor,
Mon English, elle est pire,
Mais I'll explain so voulez vous
A few more lignes to lire?
Mon père spoke très bonne English
Ma mother's French was fine
Mais moi, vois-tu, was born et bred
Upon de boundary line.

High Lights.





After a very successful basketball season, during the course of which Maynard captured its first Midland League pennant in any sport, the athletes began to turn their longing looks toward the coming baseball season. When the coach had the first look at the candidates, he noticed that he had very few veterans. Capt. Walter Brayden was found lingering around his old position at shortstop, and "Bertie" Gruber was on the other side of second base; while "Bill" Frigard was on hand for first base. Eino Ketula and Sulo Hintsu were outfield veterans. Due to a serious illness after the basketball season, "Mike" Zapareski, veteran catcher, was lost indefinitely from squad, leaving a big gap to be filled. Sulo Hintsu was brought in from the outfield to try his hand at catching. The pitching department, with not a single experienced veteran, was the unknown quantity of the nine. None of the pitchers, including Ahti Frigard, Jorma Huhtamaki, Harold Wilcox, Urho Lampinen, Olavi Alto, and John D'Errico, had had any real experience to speak of, and the true calibre of each had to be found out after the season got under way. For the outfield, Coach Lent received as candidates Eino Ketola, Bruno Jokisaari, John Mullin, Joseph Castanza, and a few of the pitching staff who thought themselves capable of playing the outfield also.

On Patriot's Day morning the team travelled to Leominster for its opening game. The Maynard pitchers could not stem the heavy hitting of the Leominster boys, who pounded out three home runs during the con-

test; and although Maynard managed to bunch two triples and two singles in the last inning for four runs, they were not able to overcome the lead taken by Leominster in the opening innings. Although the final score read 7-4 in favor of Leominster, many thought that one of the home runs which scored two runs for the winners was a lucky hit and should never have happened. Incidentally, this was the first sport victory Leominster has scored over Maynard in many a moon, the last victory coming back in 1928.

On Patriot's Day afternoon, the Maynard High team entertained Clinton High School for its opening home game of the season at Crowe Park. Maynard had to be content with the wrong end of a 7-0 score. Although the Maynard boys hit the ball often, they were unable to score; and very poor fielding gave the visitors an easy victory.

On the following Saturday, with no game on its regular schedule, the High School played the Town Team in a practice game. As was generally expected, the Town Team carried too much punch for the High School lads and won by a 13-4 score. However, the game was a nip and tuck affair for six innings with neither team scoring; but in the last three innings the Townies unleashed a terrific batting attack for thirteen runs. When the youngsters filled the bases in the ninth and scored two runs, it was just a dying gasp, for thirteen runs is a big lead to overcome in one inning.

On the following Wednesday, Maynard continued to play foolish



What's What
and Why?

Is it Hard Work
Sulo?



baseball in a game with Lexington High. In this game, it was learned from the scorer later, Lexington earned only three or four of its runs, the others being gifts as a result of numerous Maynard errors. With any kind of good fielding, Maynard could have won, for they pounded out fourteen hits for eight runs. The final score read 14-8 in Lexington's favor.

On Saturday, May 2nd, however, a newly inspired bunch of boys from Maynard travelled to Marlboro to open its League season with a 4-3 victory over the Highland City boys. Despite the fact that the day was marred by a terrific wind which carried many a sure hit into foul territory, the game was fast and cleanly played. Ahti Frigard gave only four hits during the nine innings, one being lucky. After having a three run lead wiped out by a Marlboro rally in the eighth, Maynard scored the winning run in the ninth when Capt. Brayden tripled to score a man on first base.

Milford High came to Maynard on May 10th to give Maynard its second league contest. The final score was 10-5, with Milford the victors. This is the game that was made famous by Joe Castanza, Maynard four-footer, who stepped to the plate without a bat in his hands. He was called out for not reporting, and Coach Lent protested the game, for Joe had played two innings before he came to bat and the umpire had no right to call him out. This incident has caused nationwide interest, it being a question whether or not a man has to carry a bat when he goes to the plate.

Maynard High continued its long losing streak at Concord on Wednesday evening, May 14th, by losing a game by the score of 7-4. Maynard's habit of having one bad inning during the first of a game gave Concord five runs in the first inning when good fielding would have held them scoreless. Outside of the first inning the game was a thriller, both teams

fighting on even terms.

On Saturday afternoon, May 17th, Hudson High came to Crowe Park to tighten its hold on first place in the league at the expense of the local team. Seven runs in that terrible first inning again ruined Maynard's chances and started Hudson on its way to a 14-1 romp. Hudson showed its superiority in the league by hitting hard and often to score at ease.

TRACK

There was great interest in track this season in Maynard High, and when Coach George Rupprecht called for candidates for the team, a record number of boys reported for practice. Nearly all the veterans and consistent point scorers of last year's squad graduated last June, so the fight for the various positions on the team was interesting and keen. Mark Kelley, '30, was elected captain of the team. Last year Mark scored many points in the quarter and half mile events, and he expects to have a better record this season. Norman Walker, also a veteran from last year, will carry the school colors in the 100 and 220 yard dashes. O. Warila is also entered in the list of the sprinters, besides being considered as an entrant in the broad jump and pole vault. John Bellows, who ran the mile last year, completes the list of veterans. The newcomers on the team include Tony Kavaleski in the mile and the half mile; Aulis Autio in the high jump; W. Yatkiewicz in the high jump and shot put; R. Archer in the mile run; Alric French, S. Wasiuk, and M. Ignachuck in the pole vault; A. Saari, Sulkala, and E. Williams in the shot put.

In the interscholastic track meet held at Harvard University on May 10th, Maynard was represented by Capt. Kelley, Walker, Autio, Kavaleski, Yatkiewicz, and Warila in their specialties. Maynard High School was entered in the Class B competition, and although none of the boys

placed, they gave a good account of themselves when one considers that all the others teams entered had had more experience in organized track meets. It is hoped that next year we can place a few boys from our school in some events; when the boys have had a whole season of experience in dual competitions with other schools.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

By coincidence, everyone was also elated over the brilliant basketball season of the girls representing the orange and black, and greater interest was caused when the Maynard blondes and brunettes decided to try their hand at playing baseball this year. This game has never been played in Maynard before by girls, and the novel experiment was tried after a challenge had been received from the Concord High School girls. It is needless to say that a challenge from such a traditional rival is always accepted with great excitement and interest. Greater still is the enjoyment that comes from the fact that the Maynard girls, after only two days of practice, went out and whipped their rivals by a 10-9 score at Crowe Park on May 21st. When the game started, Concord scored

three runs in the first inning, and it began to look like an easy Concord win. But lo! what does a little lead like that mean to girls who are determined to make a good showing in their first appearance on the baseball diamond? The fair wearers of the Maynard colors gradually decreased the lead until they were trailing by only one run as they entered their half of the last inning. And did those girls get that run back? And how! In as thrilling a finish as has ever been staged, the Maynard girls scored two runs in that hectic last inning to gain a victory in their first baseball game.

Among the girls listed on the basketball squad are Mary Sawyer, Eleanor Lawson, Catherine Coughlan, Jeannette Gruber, Sylvia Nyholm, Mildred Glebis, Alice Kitowicz, Dorothy Allen, Margaret Johnston, Eva Gudzinowicz, Mary Dutkowski, Elma Jokinen, Helen Sczerzen, Edith Perkins, Mary Hanna, Mary Donahue, Helen Nugent, Mary Canella, Dorothy Seluyski, Aune Salo, and Helen Swanson.

Many of these girls have already made a name for themselves in other sports, so there is no reason why they can't put Maynard on the map by their baseball efforts. Good luck, girls!





EXHIBITIONS

School teaching is sometimes compared to the grocery business. A parent orders and pays for some groceries, and then sends her son to the store after them. The grocer sets the articles on the counter but the son refuses to take them home. The school teacher sells her knowledge but some children leave it suspended in mid-air. However, the people of Maynard had a chance to see how many groceries their children bring home when Miss Pasakarnis and Mr. Rupprecht staged their exhibitions.

The general arrangement of the exhibition of school work was in charge of Miss Pasakarnis, and every teacher in the school system was represented. There were exhibited many prize posters and sketches which go to prove that many students find their medium of expression in other than academic studies. Other school work, from the sand tables of the first grade to the Latin themes of the Senior Class, was exhibited. Everyone who took part deserves to be congratulated.

Mr. Rupprecht's Physical Education exhibition took the form of an entertainment which fairly amazed the people of Maynard. Of course, almost everyone knows the liabilities and assets of Maynard High School's football, basketball, baseball, and track teams. Mr. Rupprecht showed

what athletic ability he was able to bring out in his pupils. The little tots of the first grade were as agile as the more developed students of the High School.

THE INTERCLASS COMPETITION PLAYS

The battle was fierce. Each side fought with its greatest vim. The meek but "game" Freshmen marched out to the field of battle with "The Ghost Hunters." The Juniors, holders of that contested Silver Cup, sturdily and cleverly produced "The Two Dicks." But the Sophomores proved their valiance when they produced "The Valiant." Last, but not least, came the pugnacious Seniors, old and experienced in the struggle. They had won the cup in '28 and had come second in '29. Alas, in spite of their gallantry, again they were doomed to second place, for the Sophs were the worthy victors.

These Interclass Competition Plays should show the best spirit of Maynard High School. Naturally, three classes must always be disappointed when but one can win the battle. However, the real proof of the pudding is in the eating. It was the Senior Class, gallant and chivalrous, that stood and cheered the winning Sophomores. The Seniors were just as disappointed as the other two classes but the Class of 1930 won a

moral victory for itself when it gamily and sportily cheered.

3,500 years ago Aesop said, "Be humble if you win and be game if you lose."

THE SENIOR SOCIAL

The Farewell Social of the Senior Class was held on May 2. Snappy music was played by "Spike's Collegians," favors were distributed and refreshments served. Ruth Hull showed the good will of the Juniors by tap dancing for us—the result was a jolly and snappy party.

THE JUNIOR PROM

At the door of the auditorium stood a group of gaily dressed gypsies,

ready to usher people into the magic tent within. The auditorium was bright with orange, red, and brown streamers and the colored lights shed a soft glow. Four women entered the hall and took their places near the door. These were the patronesses, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Gifford, Mrs. French and Mrs. Wilson. When the music started, the floor was soon thronged with boys in conventional dark blue and girls in beautiful fluffy chiffons and silks. Philip Wilson and Leona Dudzinski led the gay assemblage, followed by Alric French and Rachel Ojinen. After they had formed their class numerals, their voices rang out in the class song. General dancing followed, and the members of the Class of 1931 made merry on this, the night of their Prom.

A. L. Fearn, '30.



ALUMNI NOTES

The following students will soon be admitted to the realms of Alumni:

Leo Aho—"Specks"

Leo is about to enter the business world. We hope that the typical office blonde won't—.

Dorothy Allen—"Dot"

Class Secretary (4), Dramatics, Glee Club 1-2-3

Her dependability, faithfulness, loyalty, and kindness are all assurances of success for her chosen career,—nursing. Mr. Reardon will certainly miss your smiling face, Dot.

Olavi Alto

Baseball (4)

Sometimes as you glance at groups of students you see a tall lad, seemingly unmoved by the animation about him, and you draw your breath in sharply. You wonder why you have never noticed it before. Olavi has the benign dignity worthy of a true Senior. Congratulations, old top!

Olga Anderson "Ken"

Glee Club (3), Le cercle français

Olga is one of the supposedly quiet members of the class. Her pleasing personality and her winsome dimples have made her very popular. She is going to be a teacher. Wouldn't we all like to be her pupils?

Irene Anderson—"Iria"

Le cercle français

To those who know her, Irene is a rare personality,—one who is neither lost in the depths of despair nor in jocular hilarity, and a good friend to have.

Joseph Bachrach—"Backy"

Dramatics, High School Orchestra 1-2

At times "Backy" tries to produce weird noises on a sax without stretching his vocal organs. He has a secret liking for Hudson and enjoys dancing in any form. It is a known fact that he won't bite unless extremely provoked.

Helen Bakun—"Buckles"

To us Helen is the incarnation of sociability and what's more she's mighty interesting; never boring or exasperatingly "dumb," but vivacious and a good sport. Just the girl for—you know. Why be specific?

Harriet Bamford—"Harry"

"Harry" represents the good-natured office stenog. She likes roller skating and must really be seen to be appreciated. We don't doubt that in a few years she will be able to stand upon the skates. We hope so anyhow.

Katherine Bariteau—"Katsy"

Dramatics, Le cercle français, Screech Owl Prize (4)

Oh boy! won't the town of Bridgewater wake up when "Katsy" enters the realms and shatters every precept of peace? We bet that she'll break all swimming records. We mustn't forget that she is taking the laurels from Vina Delmar. She was voted the jolliest girl.

John Bellows—"Sheeny"

Baseball and Football Manager (4), Dramatics, Track 3-4

We all know Sheeny's got an imagination without requiring any proof. He is allied with the "Big Five." Sheeny has managed 'most every kind of athletic team in M. H. S. and wears the coveted "M."

Walter Brayden—"Ty"

Baseball (2-3-4), Captain (4),
Football (4), Class Pres. (3),
S. O. Staff (4), Prom Committee

Walter is one of the quiet members of R. 14. He hardly ever steps out. He is the target of many air arrows. His spectacular playing in football kept the players on their feet. He is well known in Hudson as well as in Maynard.

Veronica Bubnowicz—"Vera"

Veronica ranks high as a commercial student. Her affability, efficiency, and precision spell "Success." She represents the quiet and industrious commercial girl.

Herbert Croft—"Reggie"

Herb is fast becoming known as Reginald. He's considered bashful but——(significant dash).

Doris Dawson—"Dot"

Class Play (4), S. O. Staff (4),
Dramatics

Doris is one of those girls who believe in kidding the boys along. It is bad policy to get on unfriendly terms with Doris (but who could)—because she has charge of the joke department and your picture may be in it if you get fresh. So be careful. Howie is the King of Trumps just now.

James Duggan—"Red"

The orange haired fellow of our class always looks on the bright side of life. He spends his spare time cutting up—meat. We all wish him loads of luck.

Mildred Duggan—"Millie"

There really is no end to "Millie's" good nature. She'll bring sunshine into some busy business man's office. Perhaps a busy business man won't get a chance to boss "Millie" if a business man who isn't busy sees her first.

John Dzerkacz—"Yuska"

H. S. Orchestra

Who killed Cock-Robin? Ask John D. Maybe he knows. He'll probably deny it, though. Maybe those Worcester girls know. This John D. is no relation to the other John D.

Ethel Elson—"El"

S. O. Staff

Ethel is one of the indescribable Peter-Pan sort. She has those wide, blue, wondering eyes and one of those innocent looking faces. "You can't judge a book by it's cover." Remember the Junior Outing? We do.

Alice Fearn—"Buckie"

Class Treasurer (1-2-3), Vice-President (4), S. O. Staff (3-4),
Lincoln Essay Medal Winner (3),
Dramatics, Prom Committee, Orchestra—ad infinitum

Alice is always in the lime-light, she deserves to be! Brains, tact, ingenuity, appreciation, show the futility of wishing her success—it's bound to come!

Walter Fairbanks—"Ping Pong"

Basketball (4), Baseball (3),
Dramatics, H. S. Orchestra (2)

In a few years "Luckygolds" will be autographed by a new star in the firmament of singers—Walter is his monicker. That is, if he doesn't get swallowed up by a basketball court before then.

Helen Forsten—"Hillie"

Helen is one of the quiet members of the class. She is ambitious, industrious, and doesn't even smoke a Murad.

Albert Foster—"Al"

Football (3-4), Prom Committee
If every member of the class was as hard working a man as Albert, we'd all amount to something. Al is likely to be "popped off" at any moment and we know the pretty Junior who'll do the popping.

Edward France—"Ed"

Edward is one of those women haters. He is seen but not heard. He knows the age of all movie actresses and actors including Doris Dawson's. He might be of help to the government around Maynard in taking the census. These women are forgetful.

Wilho Frigard—"Pony"

A. A. Council, Senior Play, S. O. Staff, Football (3-4), Basketball (3-4), Baseball (3-4), et beaucoup d'autres.

What did George Meredith write about Wilho? He's one of those energetic, up and doing people, clever and always ready for fun. We mean Wilho, not George.

Gilbert Garland—"Swampy"

Basketball (4), Dramatics (4) "Swampy" has made a name for himself as a poet. We hear he had many an inspiration on the Senior Sleigh Ride party, as it was a "ripping" time. And How! Gilbert is said to be bashful. Line forms on the right.

Grace Greenleaf—"Gracie"

The Commercial Department of M. H. S. is proud of Gracie's originality, individuality and personality. Where do you get your jokes, Grace?

Burton Gruber

Baseball (3-4), Prom Committee An easy going lad of the class who, it is reported is collecting rare specimens for his botany collection. One may see him collecting maple leaves on Maple Street or "Mae"-be he has other reasons for being there.

Alice Hekkala—"Al" Dramatics

When Alice speaks, the class of 1930 listens. Perhaps we realize that she's been out in the world a little more than we have. Anyway

the Seniors thank her for her welcome advice. What would the W. History II do without Alice? We ask you.

Jouko Heikkila—"Yoko" Football (4)

Jouko has become quite a mathematician. His date book is filled with numbers and from these he has made a law: "Many are called, but few are answered." He also states that beyond a certain point, it is impossible to make the operator return your nickel. But for every nickel that he loses in a telephone booth he wins ten cents at matching pennies. Keep it up and you'll be rich.

Signe Holt—"Sig"

Sig, although a small, sweet, demure, young Miss of our class is somewhat of an athlete. For an exhibition of her ability as a swimmer, patronize Vose's.

John Horan—"Exit 30"

Dramatics, Football (1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3)

Other classes may claim John but we have the honor of having him graduate with us. He has been a great help to M. H. S. (for the last 6 yrs.) and his contributions to this paper have been appreciated.

Flora Johnson—"Flo"

"Flo" is one of the most popular girls in the class. Neatness is her specialty. She admits boys are interesting, but appears bashful. Give her credit for tact.

Warren Johnson—"Gundy"

Warren is just a good natured kid, ready for a laugh, ready to give a laugh and always game for a good time. We believe his interest in chemistry will lead to new discoveries in science.

Louise Johnston—"Lou"

Prom Committee

Lou ought to go ahead in the world rapidly. She has ideas. It certainly takes more than her opinions to reform the Senior Class. She's a reformer in some ways and a wrecker in others.

Mark Kelley—"Markie"

Football (1, 2, 3, 4), Track (3, 4)
Capt., S. O. Editor (4), Prom
Committee

Mark runs on the track team and glides on the dance floor. He does both superlatively well. We wonder why Mark is so interested in "art."

Ingrid Keto—"Ingrie"

Ingrid is capable of doing quite a few things the average girls finds hard. Doing her daily letter is apple-pie for her.

Eino Ketola—"Sheik"

Baseball (3, 4), Dramatics

We wouldn't go as far as to say Eino is bashful but we will say he blushes. It took a lot of coaxing to get him to go out for the Senior Play but he did an excellent job. He is now starring right and left.

Signe Kivinen—"Sig"

Signe is one of those quiet commercial girls of whom we hear much. She usually can be found with an agitated look on her face in Room 23. "Sig" seeks to calm her worries in two ways. When she is alone, she reads; when in company, she observes.

Joseph Kochnowicz—"Butch"

Football (4), Basketball (4)

Look a few years ahead. There stands a man with horned rimmed spectacles, hair parted in the middle, a business-like look on his face. It's Joe. He is the leading chemist at the American Powder

Company. It may not be so, but we wish him all the luck. Probably his interest in lab has something to do with it.

Alexander Kulevich—"Plop"

Dramatics

We've watched Alex grow up—rather, try to grow up and we've discovered that he'll always be a "kid" in some ways—especially if he does not get rid of "Hippy." You know those two ought to go on the stage, but not around here. It is rumored that he takes after H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Harold Ledgard—"Ding"

Class Treasurer (4)

Harold recently made a name for himself when he persuaded our perennial member to pay his class dues. He is a hard working ambitious lad and his salesmanship has kept the treasury in surplus. The best is none too good for our Harold.

Miriam Lehto—"Mim"

Le cercle français

"Mim is one of our class who is always the same and greets you with a smile. She is planning on entering Normal School, and we wish her loads of luck.

Harold Lerer—"Noochie"

Dramatics, S. O. Staff

Did you ever know a person who was popular because of a sense of humor? Many of them, you say. Well, "Nooch" has a sense of humor all his own—mirthful and keen, but not malicious. He sets more hearts aflutter than he knows, but he's no trifler. We expect great things of him.

Eileen Mahoney—"Slattery"

Le cercle français, Basketball (4)

"Slattery" will surely make a Latin Professor after struggling through four years of translations. Eileen, please don't show the old masters up **too** much.

Helen Mark—"Markie"

Glee Club (1-2-3), Dramatics,
Prom Committee

"Markie" is one of those fair damsels of the Commercial Department who always has a pleasant word for everyone. Helen enjoys companionship but will never let anyone interfere with her career. May the best of luck enfold you.

Stanley Maskiewicz—"Starshka"

H. S. Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4)

Stanley is known for his permanent wave. He is one of the sharks of our chemistry class. We just know that he will dissect or break down the atom. Please be careful, Stanley.

Taimi Nyland—"Ty"

Basketball (3), H. S. Orchestra
(2, 3, 4)

Taimi, although very efficient found plenty of time for fun. She is at present someone's stenographer. We wouldn't mind being the lucky man.

Arne Ollila—"Sheik"

We'll always remember Arne for his studious attitude and his blush. Arne's rule is "Let the women alone and they'll come home." He certainly knows his "onions." He has worked on a farm for 16 years. Pretty soon he'll be able to write to Congress for farm relief.

Lillian Pekkala—"Lill"

"Lill" is a demure little femme from the Commercial Department. She is very efficient. For recommendation write P. O. box 1036.

Edith Perkins—"Edie"

Dramatics, Glee Club (1-2-3),
Girls' Athletics (3-4)

"Edie" is the curly headed blonde that can be seen any night at Exchange Hall. Her motto is "All play and no work makes Jack a

popular boy." She follows this rule to the best of her ability.

Myrtle Phillips—"Myrt"

It has been rumored that "Myrt" has joined the Royal Mounted Police. We feel sure that she'll get her man. Never forget the class of '30 or English IV B.

Niilo Rahkonen—"Boika"

Orchestra (1), Football (4)

Niilo is the famous "Butt-Butt" man of Room 23. His cute dimples made him the target for many missives. Let's not forget it was Niilo who suggested having an outing back in '27 and we've had them ever since.

Michael Sczerzen—"Mike"

Basketball (4)

"Mike" looks like the Prince of Wales. His solemn exterior hides a disposition for mischief. He enjoys attending summer resorts and giving the girls a treat. You're a good scout, old boy, and we all like you.

Avron Seder—"Avie"

"Avie" is the Class Baby in age, size and weight. What would Mr. Reardon do without his good advice? Miss Lovely also has a great liking for petit "Avie."

Dorothy Sheridan—"Dot"

Dot has been very faithful and we wish her loads of good luck. Although she is regarded as a quiet girl she has her "off" moments.

Nicholas Shinowski—"Nick"

Who said bashful? No, of course not. He is just being faithful to his girl friend up at the West End. That blush is just practice, that's all.

Beatrice Smith—"Bea"

Glee Club (2-3), Girls' Athletics
Beatrice is planning to enter the
Massachusetts General Hospital in
Boston. We know she will bring
sunshine to some poor tots and we
feel sure she will be successful in
every sense of the word.

Wieno Sneck—"Vyano"

Prom Committee, S. O. Staff (3,
4), Valedictorian, and general ac-
tivities

Wieno is the most studious girl of
our class and has been chosen
Valedictorian. There is no one in
the class who deserves this honor
as much as this loyal student. Her
pleasant smile and blush will
always be remembered by her
classmates. Good luck, Wieno; may
the world be at your feet some day.

Josephine Sofka—"Joe"

"Josie" is another of the quiet
commercial girls and has been very
loyal to the class. Her style and
ways have made her many friends.

Marguerite Tierney—"Peg"

Girls' Athletics (3, 4)

"Peg" is one of our athletes. "Peg"
says her hobby is boys and that
her favorite movie actress is Rudy
Vallée. Keep up the good work,
"Peg."

Winifred Tobin—"Weenie"

Mgr. Field Hockey (4), Girls'
Athletics (2, 3, 4), S. O. Staff
(4)

"Weenie" is not the talkative sort
of girl yet she has exchanged com-
ments and criticisms with people
she hardly knows. Why Winifred!
She's the Exchange Editor for this
periodical and we are greatly in-
debted to her. Her favorite expres-
sion is: "But Chardenal may be
wrong."

Helen Vodoklys—"Vodo"

Girls' Athletics (3, 4), Capt.
Field Hockey (4), A. A. Council

Has she personal efficiency? We
ask you! We think so. Helen has
played field hockey and is especial-
ly interested in baseball (boys').
She stops short when the short
stop stops short. Helen will be
someone's private secretary.

Norman Walker—"Nocky"

Class President (4), Dramatic
Club (3,4), Track (3,4), Dra-
matics (4)

Normie is the lad that gave May-
nard High School a name,—and oh
boy—what a name! Those Brook-
line High girls are certainly not
very patient. Are they, Norman?
Good luck to you, old bean, and
keep in condition.

George Weaving—"Shine"

Football (3,4), Prom Committee,
Captain (4), A. A. Council

Shine's smiling countenance is his
business as well as his social asset.
He is at present with the Cadillac
Co. of Boston. Who said "Gentle-
men prefer Blondes?" Not "Shine?"
No sir.

Julia White—"Judy"

Glee Club, Dramatic Club (3, 4),
Dramatics (4)

"Judy" is the one girl in Maynard
High that really enjoys the movies.
She also has a liking for Concord.
Maybe she has relatives down
there. Won't be long now.

Harold Wilcox—"Hip"

Football (3, 4), Basketball (4),
Baseball (3, 4)

"Hip's" hobby is kidding Kulevich.
He delights in working logarithms
in six places. The football coach
made him quarter-back because he
knew a lot of numbers. He is plan-
ning to enter Tufts in the fall.
Good luck, "Hip."

Eino Williams—"Sheik"

Football (3, 4), Track (4)

Eino is very efficient. Who's going fishing? No, he's not going fishing, he's going fishing. Oh, I thought you said he was going fishing. When Eino puts the shot, it's not a short put. Between engagements he finds time for dates.

Irma Wirkkanen—"Speed"

Le cercle français

Irma is the life of the Chem I lab. Class. You may always find Irma working hard. Lately she has been trying to find out what hydrogen sulphide reminds her of. If she succeeds we are sure she won't go in for raising poultry.

Salme Wirkkanen—"Salme"

Salutatorian, S. O.

Salme has been voted the quietest member of the class. La Rochefoucauld looks like an optimist when Salme characterizes him. She

certainly knows her poetry. The S. O. Staff wish to thank her for her valuable aid in contributing material and ideas for the periodical. Place credit where credit is due.

Dolores Zaniewiski—"Dolor"

Le cercle français, Glee Club

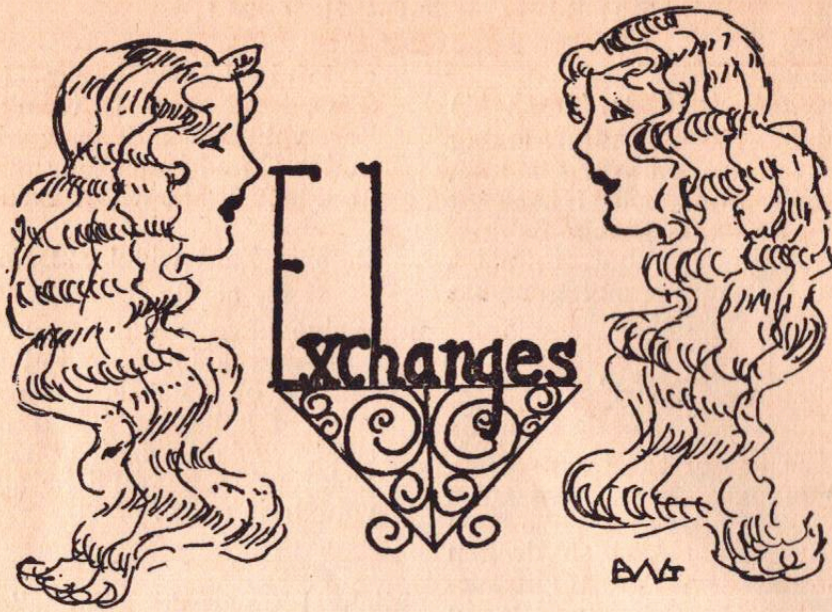
We've always watched "Dolor" in class and doomed her to be a school teacher or a nurse. Lately we discovered a hidden talent in her in the line of music. Good luck to you, Dolores. Now you'll be able to let your hair grow.

Michael Zapareski—"Spike"

Baseball (2, 3), Basketball (2, 3, 4), Captain (4), Football (4)

Spike has a method all his own with women. His favorite pastime is to keep them in suspense until the last minute. This goes big until someone crashes in ahead of him and then there is trouble. Such beautiful dimples!





“School Spirit,” David Hale Fanning
Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

It is a pleasure to receive your paper again. We notice that you are still keeping up the good work. We liked your exchange and joke departments especially.

“The Mirror,” Wilmington, Vermont.

We wish to compliment you on your fine poetry. We also enjoyed the “Parady” by Marion Vogel. Your Exchange Department is also well developed.

“The Oriel,” Westboro, Mass.

Your essays were very interesting. We enjoyed “My Favorite Character in Fiction” as we have studied it, too. Your joke department is also well developed. Let us hear from you again.

“The Port Light,” Wilmington, California.

Your paper is small but “newsy.” You have the ability to put a lot in a little space. Keep up the excellent work.

“The Parrott,” Rockland, Mass.

We enjoyed your poems a great deal. From the appearance of your paper, we take it that most of your students are fervent baseball fans. We wish you good luck this season.

“The Voice,” Concord, Mass.

The few jokes in your paper were good. From the many games recorded in the paper we know that you must have a very active student body. We wish you a successful season in sports.

“Brown and Gold,” Haverhill, Mass.

Your paper is small but full of news. The few jokes contained in it were good. The cut was also interesting. We were glad to hear that “She Stoops to Conquer” was a great success.

“The Owl,” Middletown, N. Y.

We enjoyed the article entitled “Scientific” very much. “The Robin” was also deserving of praise. The talent in your student body is very pronounced. We hope to hear from you again.

"The Hebronite," Hebron, Nebraska.

Your paper is keeping up the good work, we notice. We have found it a companion all through the year. We hope to hear from you again.

"The Meteor," Berlin, N. H.

May we congratulate you on a remarkable school paper? The poetry is most interesting. Each department, however, is complete in itself. We certainly have no adverse criticism to offer.

"The Noddler," East Boston, Mass.

Your "Dumb-Dotes" were most appealing. These cartoons add a great deal to your paper. We also enjoyed your short stories and poems. Yours is a very attractive paper.

"The Blue Moon," Chelmsford, Mass.

Once more we have the opportunity of reading your fine paper. This time we enjoyed your short stories and cuts a great deal. Each section is getting better and better. Keep up the good work.

"Authentic," Stoneham, Mass.

We liked your Jokes a great deal. You seem to have scottish fever. At least the Jokes appear that way. We also want to congratulate you on your fine athletic spirit. From reading your paper we learned that you had great success in both football and hockey. We wish you every success in sports this coming season.

"Golden Rod," Quincy, Mass.

Your publication is one of the best that we have received this time. You have a marvelous Exchange Department which shows the popularity of your paper. We must once again commend you on your cuts. They are certainly a great attraction.

"The Echo," Winthrop, Mass.

We are glad to exchange with you again. Your student body must be active and clever to produce a paper so "newsy."

Winifred Tobin.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Golden Rod," Quincy, Mass.

From front to back yellow cover your football number was most enjoyable. Your short story writers understand the art, and your "Pickings" are indeed choice.

"The Echo," Winthrop, Mass.

You certainly put out one fine paper. Keep up the good work.

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

Your school notes are very well written and add to your fine paper.

Winifred Tobin.

HUMOR FROM EXCHANGES

Two gentlemen riding on a train were very much intoxicated.

First Gent: "What time is it?"

Second Gent (after extracting a match-box from his pocket with much exertion, and gazing at it intently): "Thursday."

First Gent: "My heavens I've got to get off here."—"School Spirit."

The pastor who was fond of figures of speech was making a funeral oration. He began his address: "Friends, we have here only the shell of the man, the nut is gone."

—"School Spirit."

"We actually knew a generous Scotchman—he blew his nose every day."—"Authentic."

"This is the last straw," said the soda jerker.—"Authentic."

Her about the two taxicabs colliding and thirty Scotchmen being injured?—"Authentic."

Campus Agent: "Sir, this encyclopedia will tell you anything you want to know."

Joe College: "Is that so? You turn to the page where it tells who killed Cock Robin and read it for me."

—The Herald.

Pitiful Cases

The Florida woman who was so out of shape that even a coat of tan wouldn't fit her.—"The Owl."

"Love's Labor Lost"

The union steno who wouldn't kiss her boss after five o'clock.

—"The Owl."

"Let us give thanks," said the minister after they had passed the plate.

"Why?" asked a parishioner.

"Because we got the plate back."

—"The Owl."

Timely, But Not Unkindly

Teacher—"Who is the smartest man living?"

Pupil—"Thomas A. Edison. He invented the phonograph and the radio so people would stay up all night and use the electric light globes."—"The Balance Sheet."

The latest one is about the Scotchman who paid \$5.00 for a 20-minute sight seeing trip in a plane. While he was up there he tried to persuade the pilot to try for the endurance record.—"Authentic."

Winifred Tobin.





Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know

1. Why Gil Garland is staying in Maynard?
2. Why the Senior girls made cakes for the social?
3. Where John Horan got his inspiration for a certain theme?
4. Why Myrtle Phillips can be seen down town about five o'clock?
5. Who does the most talking in the Problem's Class?
6. Why Dolores likes to write mystery stories?
7. Who took Leon Frye home from the Social?
8. Who went to the Prom with Sulo?
9. If Latva has found his belt?
10. Why certain Juniors hang around Fletcher Corner?
11. If Mickey Newton found any girls living in Bolton?
12. Why John Bellows goes to Lincoln?
13. Where Kate Coughlan spends her Sunday evenings?
14. If Miss Field had a good vacation "up thar"?
15. What two teachers took up horse back riding?
16. If Mr. Lerer likes lilacs?
17. Who the "big five" are in Problems?
18. If we're going to have final exams?
19. Where Nutchy Lerer gets his jokes?
20. Who next year's P. G's will be?
21. What the Screech Owl will do with its bank account?
22. If the class of 1930 are really going at last?
23. If John Horan has prepared his diploma acceptance speech yet?

THE FRATERNITY OF THE SPOTTED LETTER

A new fraternity makes it bow at Maynard High School—the fraternity of Spotted Letters. It is composed of all the lettermen of all the sports who successfully abide by all the rules. A letterman is not a member until he acquires the tell-tale spot. On acquiring the spot he automatically becomes one of the brothers.

The rules and by-laws of our order are quite simple:

1. The spot must be acquired accidentally.
2. The spot must be soup, milk shake, college ice, or ice cream soda.
3. No five-cent soda spots will be allowed.
4. No dues shall be collected unless a letterman wears his letter for two months and fails to acquire a spot. Such a case appearing, one cent shall be collected from each brother and sodas shall be bought until aforesaid letterman rightfully gains the accepted frat-pin—a spot.

5. There will be no officers in the fraternity; members are strictly male, and the meetings shall be held in the shower-room of the gym.

You can readily see the good qualities in this new brotherhood and also see the benefits it will bring to the school. These fraternities are spread all over the United States in every city and town although they are not as well organized as ours. If letters must be given out—they

must be spotted. No one likes to see a husky, athletic-looking young man walking down the street with a nice, new, shiny letter on his chest, without a spot or two on it. It brings out the color, shows up the quality of the felt and throws an air of prosperity over the whole person.

And now fellow sufferers of this High School, get out and win yourself a nice orange letter that ye may spot it and join this budding society.

John M. Bellows, '30.

NOTABLES OF M. H. S., '30

Prettiest Girl	Doris Dawson
Handsomest Boy	Mark Kelley
Most Popular Girl	Dorothy Allen
Most Popular Boy	Walter Brayden
Best Dressed Girl	Flora Johnson
Best Dressed Boy	Gilbert Garland
Girl Who Has Done Most for Her Class	Alice Fearn
Boy Who Has Done Most for His Class	Albert Foster
Best Girl Athlete	Marguerite Tierney
Best Boy Athlete	Michael Zapareski
Class Genius	Wieno Sneck
Class Clown	Kulevitch and Duggan (a tie)
Class Baby	Avron Seder
Class Sheik	Norman Walker
Class Flapper	Louise Johnston
Class Grind	Lillian Pekkala
Class Pollyanna	Mildred Duggan
Class Pessimist	Herbert Croft
Class Vamp	Louise Johnston
Class Egotist	Wilho Frigard
Class Wit	John Horan
Most Original	John Bellows and Ethel Elson (a tie)
Most Gullible	Joseph Kochnowicz
Most Loquacious	Katherine Bariteau
Most Curious	Do lores Zaniewski
Most Absent-Minded	Olavi Alto
Most Dignified	Helen Vodoklys
Most Tactful	Norman Walker
Most Infallible	Salme Wirkkanen
Most Bashful	Edward France
Frankest	John Bellows
Jolliest Girl	Katherine Bariteau
Jolliest Boy	Harold Lerer
Pet of the Faculty	Winifred Tobin

Song Titles	Dedicated to:
"Lovable and Sweet"	"Dot" Allan
"Honey"	Doris Dawson
"Sweethearts on Parade"	Helen and "Hip"
"Should I?"	Louise Johnston
"Happy Days"	The Seniors
"My Little Gypsy Sweetheart"	Olga Anderson
"Sonny Boy"	John Bellows
"K-K-K-Katey"	"Horse" Frigard
"All I Want Is You"	"Joe" Kochnowicz
"Memories"	Maynard High
"Will Ya', Huh?"	"Gil" Garland
"Say It Again"	"Nutchie" Lerer
"Waiting for the Dawn and You"	"Alec" Kulevich
"Lonesome in the Moonlight"	The Freshmen
"The Vagabond Lover"	"Nick" Shinowski
"I'm Following You"	The Juniors
"Strike Up the Band"	Alice Fearn
"Puttin' On the Ritz"	Julia White
"You Belong to Me"	Helen Vodoklys
"That Man from the South"	Stanley Maskiewicz
"You're Always In My Arms But Only in My Dreams"	"Katsy" Bariteau
"The Prisoner's Song"	Big Five, Problems of Democracy
"Sleepy Valley"	Third Period Chem. Class
"Kitten on the Keys"	Dolores Zaniewski
"Cross Your Heart"	Eino Williams
"Dream Train"	Olavi Alto
"Piccolo Pete"	John Dzerkacz
"Charlie My Boy"	"Dot" Sheridan
"If I Had a Talking Picture of You"	Taimi Nyland
"I'm In the Market for You"	"Jim" Duggan
"I'm A Dreamer, Aren't We All?"	Seniors
"There's a Rainbow 'Round my Shoulder"	Graduates
"Will You Remember Us?"	Juniors
"Sweetheart of Six Other Guys"	Ethel Elson
"Congratulations"	Horan
"Keep Your Sunny Side Up"	Mike Zapareski
"Till We Meet Again"	Seniors





SEZ ME

Jedging from them thar Report Cards some uv them marks musta bin a German issue.

Also ef Knowledge es power some of us ain't payin' much attention tew physical culture.

Socko seems tew think that the song "Beside an Open Fireplace" is a hot number.

Deloryes wuz tellin' us yesterday that her boy friend down tew Harvard wuz working fur the Pust Office neow. She showed us a piece in the paper which sed he hed becum a letter man.

We allus hed an idee that Casey wuz the only feller who would take a long shot when he strode up tew the plate. But Snubby has them all beat. Sez Yeou?

After studyin' problems of Ameriky Democracy we want tew suggest that fishin' licences be issued under pole taxes.

Peepul hev bin askin' us haow 'tis we git so much fur sech a small paper ez the Screech Owl. Well, folks, did yeou ever try tew buy radium?

Exit, '30.

"To Bat or Not to Bat; That Is the Question"

"We are lost!" the captain shouted, as Snubby came to bat;

"How can I pitch to a guy that plays a game like that?"

For there stood Snubby at the plate—batless—with look of scorn,

As the Milford pitcher threw four, wild—and passed him right along.

And through this great wide nation, in every happy home

The question stands unanswered, wherever you may roam;

If a batter bats without a bat is he a batter? that's a thought.

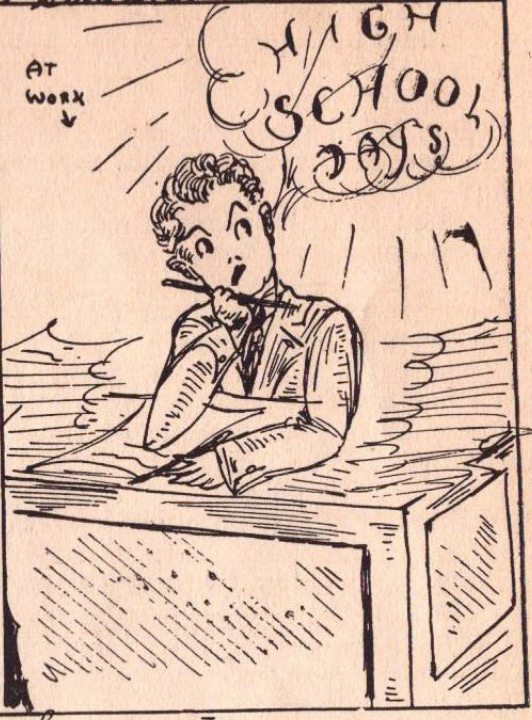
Now I'd gladly tell the answer, folks, but I think I'd better not!

Exit, '30.

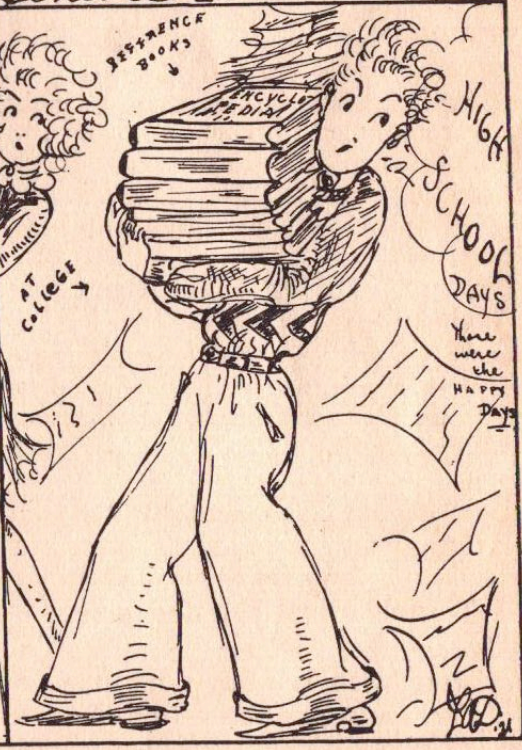
HARD JOBS

1. To fill the holes in cooked spaghetti.
2. To pass Trig.
3. To take report cards home.
4. To stay on the horse during Physical Education.
5. To find enough laboratory manuals.
6. For Juniors to find girls to take to the Prom.
7. For the Freshmen to keep awake.
8. For Seniors to select class photographs.
9. To predict the outcome of the M. H. S. baseball team.
10. To stay in school after twelve o'clock noon.

Commercial Seniors



Academic Seniors



Aviator: How would you like a trip?

Rastus: No. sah. I stays on terrah firmah, and the more firmah the less terrah.

Seder: What's become of all those mugs you used to see in the barber shop?

Gruber: Oh, most of them are shaving themselves now, I guess.

Jakie (to salesman): I want one of them clean, honest pianos.

Salesman: Clean, honest, pianos? But I don't understand.

Jakie: Sure you do—one of them uprights—

Author: Will you be much longer, dear?

She: No, darling, I've got to put only my hat and gloves on.

Author: Oh! All right. I'll just write another chapter.

Jazz So

"Jazz is a wearisome and irritating reiteration of cocophonic imbecility" says Mr. Lionel Berlyn. It is dangerous though to stand directly in front of a trombone player and tell him this.

Backy: My girl is threatening to leave me.

R. Paul: That's tough. Can't you get her to promise.

Spirit Medium (holding seance in dark spooky room): Ah done hear strange rapping. Can't you all hear dem?

Scared One: Ah dun hear nuffin but mah knees!

T'would Rival Her Costume

Father: I like that young fellow you were with the other night, so I told him to drop around to dinner in his business clothes.

Katie: But father,—he's a swimming instructor.

Fancy Work

"Whah you all going in such a rage, man?"

"Ah's going to git that doctah what sewed up my appendix with white thread."

Oh! The Cat

And this is why there is that chilliness between them: She had on a new dress, just from the dress-makers. "Oh my dear," greeted her friend, "your dress is so pretty. I like it made up this way better than ever before."

An Irishman offered twenty-five cents to the boy who could tell him the greatest man in history.

"Christopher Columbus," answered the Italian boy.

"George Washington," answered the American lad.

"St. Patrick," shouted the Jewish boy.

"The quarter is yours," said the Irishman, "But why did you say St. Patrick?"

"Right down in my heart I knew it was Moses" said the Jewish boy, "but business is business."

"Good mornin', Mrs. Murphy, an' how is everything?"

"Shure, and Oi'm having one grand time av it betwane me husband and the furnace. If Oi keep me eye on the wan, the other is shure to go out."

Mike (to Ellie, watching ball game): That pitcher is very wild.

Ellie: How interesting. Do introduce me.

Wordy Battles

First Maid: How did you like working for that college professor?"

Tested,—And Found Good

"Rastus, is my bawth warm?"

"Yessa, the warmest ah was evah in."

L.: Where will we go tonight?

Gil: Let's go up on the belfry.

L.: Nothing doing. I was there once with a fellow and the bell tolled on me.

Second Maid: Oh, it was a rotten job. He was all the time quarreling with his wife, and they kept me busy running between the keyhole and the dictionary.

Proprietor: You know how to serve customers?

Croft: Yes, sir, I can serve them either way.

Proprietor: What do you mean either way?

Croft: So's they'll come back, or so's they won't.

Ellsworth—"I have been bored the whole afternoon."

Whitney—"Another party?"

Ellsworth—"No, the dentist."

Mother—"You've been fighting again and have lost four front teeth!"

Willie—"No I haven't here they are right in my pocket!"

Question: What happened to Garland when he did the standing back?

Flip answers: See his Tailor.

Fair Friend (as band strikes up classical air): "What's that out of?"

Distinguished Musician: "Tune."

Winnie—"I know Alice wouldn't be satisfied in Heaven."

Dot—"Why not?"

Winnie—"Well, she couldn't send postcards back to her friends saying, 'Wish you were here'."

"Why is acrobatic work so profitable?"

"Easy! Consider the quick turnover!"



SCREECH OWL STAFF FOR 1930-31

Editor.....	Philip Wilson, '31
Assistant Editor.....	Catherine Coughlan, '31
Business Manager.....	Raymond Paul, '31
Assistant Manager.....	To be chosen in September
Art Editor.....	Leona Dudzinski, '31

Literary Department

William Ledgard, '32

Sirikka Hurme, '31

Ruth Weir, '33

Walter Wainio, '31

Edith Priest, '32

Alumni Editor

To be chosen in September

Joke Editor

James Mullin, '32

Wise Old Owl Department

Julia Lynch, '31

Boys' Athletics

Sulo Hintsa, '31

Girls' Athletics

Sylvia Nyholm, '33

Exchange

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Activities

Jeannette Gruber, '32

Faculty Adviser

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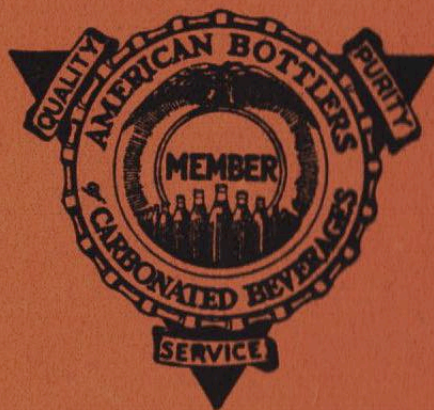
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