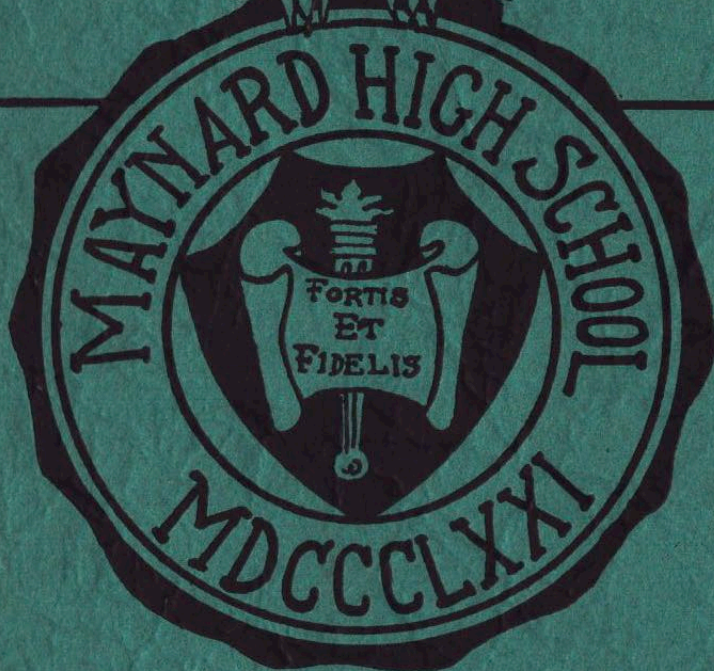


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Freshman Number





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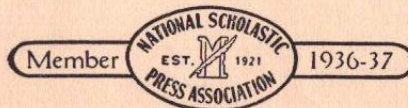
NOVEMBER, 1937

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# EDITORIALS

## IMPORTANT DATE?

With the opening of school in the morning at 8:15 (mind you—fifteen minutes later than before), the majority of pupils gather for their daily studies, while continually, others come trudging in late. It wouldn't seem as serious if the illustrious Seniors, who are supposed to be setting an example for the underclassmen, would arrive on time, but when they compose the greater part of this group, then—it is something to think about. What do these pupils expect? Taxis to call for them? Opening sessions to be detained until their arrival?

If pupils living at a mile's distance from the school can get here on time, why can't those who live in the adjacent districts arrive promptly? The oncoming winter season will, no doubt, provide many a new alibi.

Anyone of these students, if they had a "date" with their best girl at the movies or library would be there "on the dot", if not five or ten minutes earlier. Why don't they consider the arrival to school on time just as important a "date"? Isn't your character just as important in the estimation of your teachers as in that of your girl friend?

The new term is well on its way—how about a little more co-operation on your part and more attempts to get to school on time.

—K. M. Saarinen, '38.

---

## THE A. A. MARCHES ON

From year to year, it has been the custom of the pupils of the Maynard High School to contribute one dollar to the Athletic Association, which, in return, pays for all the expenses that pertain to sports carried on in the High

School, and also, entitles the student to free admission to all of the games held in Maynard.

The following is Mr. Manty's record of the contributions made to the A. A. by the pupils of the past four years.

	1934	1935	1936	1937
Seniors . . .	49%	42%	75%	69%
Juniors . . .	28%	41%	50%	47.5%
Sophomores	39%	43%	44%	51%
Freshmen . .	48%	31%	40%	56%

The percentage of the whole school is as follows:

1934—	40%
1935—	39%
1936—	40%
1937—	55%

This year, Mr. Albert Lerer's home-room was the first class ever to have a 100% contribution, thanks to Mr. Lerer's unflinching request to "bring in the money on time."

I have noticed that instead of the student's living up to this responsibility he tries to avoid it. Why should the teachers hound you as if they were bill collectors? That is not required of them! The A. A. is only preparing the students for later years, by striving to teach them that there are taxes to be paid while one lives. In school the tax is the sum of one dollar, and any pupil is able to save up this sum by giving up some of his other pleasures for a week or two.

There is such a thing as doing your part. You can help! A team without equipment is like a ship without a bottom—they both founder. See that our boys and girls have the safest and best athletic equipment that money can buy.

—Karin Saarinen, '38.





## THE CRIME WAVE OF JOHNNY'S OLD MAN

(The Screech Owl has been especially favored by four anonymous contributions. Your guess as to the identity of the writers will be as good as ours—well, almost as good.)

"Boy-o-boy - o-boy-o-boy!" whooped Bill Creamer as he burst into the garage where Johnny Hanson was busily engaged in dissecting a bicycle at his father's work-table. "Hey, Johnny, did you hear about the holdup?"

Johnny dropped everything and jumped to his feet. "Gee whiz," he exclaimed, "what holdup?" His freckled face was a picture of astonishment.

Bill, who was chubby, sat breathlessly down. "You know that filling station out at the end of Garden Street—away, almost out of town? Well, it was there. There was three men that broke in and stole a lot of money, or took it off the owner or sumpin. And Sergeant Callahan and another cop came along in a cruising car and there was shooting and everything and Sergeant Callahan got shot!"

"Aw, that's terrible," wailed Johnny, "he used to play football with us kids. Aw, gee, he was an awful nice fella."

"Oh, he ain't *was*," Bill hastened to explain. "He just got shot in the stummick or maybe it was the neck or anyway somewhere if you get shot you don't hardly ever die."

"Oh," sighed Johnny, greatly relieved by this perfectly clear explanation. "Oh, that ain't so bad."

The two eleven-olds stopped for breath.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you!" Bill resumed after a moment. "The other cop shot one of the holdup men and killed him deader'n a mackerel; but it

wasn't the one that got the Sergeant. Him and the other guy got away."

"The other cop hadn't ought to let them get away," observed his pal critically. He couldn't've aimed very good."

"Aw, heck, he did pretty good to hit even one with them running and beating it in a car," protested Bill. "I bet there ain't anybody around here could have done any better."

"I bet my old man could," said Johnny.

"Go on!" Bill's voice was filled with disgust. "He couldn't, either. Your father couldn't shoot anybody."

"He could so!" shouted Johnny. "He could shoot a man deader'n a mackerel."

"Huh!" snorted Bill. "He'd get jugged if he did."

"I mean, if he was a policeman," explained Johnny.

"I never knew your father was a policeman," remarked Bill, a trifle absently, now transferring his interest from holdup men to bicycles. "What's that you've been taking apart here?"

"I never said my father was a policeman," argued Johnny. He, too, was getting bored with the subject. "What'd you say? Oh, that's part of the brake. Wait'll I show you what I was going to do with it."

The fascinating repair on the bicycle occupied their attention for the greater part of the afternoon. Eventually, Bill observed that it was getting near supper time and prepared to leave.

"Come on over home with me," he invited from the doorway.

"Nope, got to finish this," and Johnny went back to work.

Bill ambled down the street in the general direction of home. Ahead of him was a small boy in the battered remnants of a football suit. His helmet



was canted over one ear, and his general appearance indicated recent rough usage. It was Joe Kennedy. Bill caught up with him.

"Hi, Joe!"

"Hi, Bill!"

"Who won the game?"

"Aw, them big seventh grade kids," grumbled Joe. "They're a lot bigger than us, and, boy, are they crooked!"

That reminded Bill of something. "Hey, look, did you hear if they got the guys that held up the filling station?"

Joe looked up in round-eyed amazement. "Who held up what filling station?" I never heard anything about it."

That was good news to Bill.

"It's that big one away out Garden Street," he said. "It was last night,—no, this morning—well, I don't care. Anyway, Sergeant Callahan got shot but he ain't going to die. And, look, you know something else?"

"What?" gasped Joe, who was hanging on the ropes.

"Johnny Hanson's old man used to be a cop and once he shot a man and killed him deader'n a mackerel!"

"No never!"

"Yes, honest! Johnny told me himself."

"Well, ain't that sumpin!" Joe pondered this a moment. Then his recent sufferings rose once more to the surface. "I wish I could shoot that seventh grade kid that walked all over my face."

From there to the corner where Bill lived, they played the afternoon's game all over again. At the Creamer gate Bill turned in, and Joe went on down town.

Down the street, boys were yelling something over and over. The evening papers were out and the newsies were telling the world about it. Joe met a kid he knew.

"Hi-ya, Tony!"

"Hi-ya, kid! Didja hear about the holdup?" He held up the screaming headlines. "Look!"

"Oh, sure, I heard all about it," answered Joe with elaborate nonchalance.

"Sergeant Callahan got shot."

"Yeh, and I bet I know who shot him."

"Huh, you're nuts!" Tony stared curiously at Joe's serious face.

"I do so know who shot him," persisted Joe. "It was Johnny Hanson's old man."

"It was not!"

"It was so!"

"How do you know?"

"Johnny said so himself." Joe informed his spellbound audience. "He was bragging about how his old man shot a cop and killed him deader'n a mackerel."

Tony glanced at the paper. There were the big headlines HUNT TWO IN COP SHOOTING, and below that the words "five hundred dollars reward" stood out in the blackest of type. Two seconds later, Tony took off on a non-stop flight to the police station.

A startled desk sergeant looked down into Tony's wild eyes and exclaimed, "What was that again?"

"I said I know who shot Sergeant Callahan," replied Tony hoarsely. "It was a kid over on Fourth Street's old man."

Blue uniforms converged on Tony from all directions. Questions were asked. Telephones rang. Sirens wailed. Tony had the time of his life.

In the Hanson home, Johnny's mother was preparing supper. She glanced at the clock and observed that, for once in his life, her husband was late when she wanted him to be. There had been callers all the afternoon, and she was late with the evening meal.

But the hands of the clock moved on and on, and still no husband. That was strange. She began to worry. Just as she was going in to call his office, she saw the lights of the car coming up the driveway.

The car-door banged, feet stamped up the back steps. A moment later the kitchen door flew open and there stood the maddest man that had ever entered the house. His face was red, his eyes were blazing, and his hat was pushed to the back of his head.

"Where's that kid?" he bellowed.



"For goodness sake, what ails you?" demanded his wife. "What's Johnny done now?"

"What's he done?" roared Johnny's father. "He's been telling wild yarns and got me in a jam with the police! Do you want to know where I've been, my lady? I've been detained—detained, mind you—by the Chief of Police and questioned about a blasted filling station holdup. Oh, they were polite enough, and they apologized all over the place after I proved who I was. But you wait till I get my hands on that young liar! Where is he?"

"Now, darling," soothed his wife, "There's no need of losing your temper. You haven't heard the poor child's side of the story at all."

"I've heard enough!" shouted the irate husband and father. "Told every kid in town I used to shoot policemen. I'll spank the daylights out of him!"

"Johnny never did anything like this before," Johnny's mother defended stoutly. "And, my dear, let me remind you of what you said when he broke my rock crystal water-pitcher. Boys, you said on that occasion, will be boys. Now do, for pity's sake, try to control yourself. I assume from that closed door that Johnny's working in the garage."

In the garage a moment later, the young mechanic stared up into the furious face of his father.

"What do you mean by telling lies about me?" roared father.

Bewildered and frightened, Johnny backed away, winking away the tears.

"I never told any lies about you!"

"None of that, now," ordered father grimly. "The Creamer boy says you told him I shot a man dead."

"I never!" and Johnny began to sob. "I'll bust his nose! I didn't say you did; I said you *could*. I said if you was a policeman, you *could*."

"What the devil put that idea in your head?" demanded father.

"I know you can do everything else," Johnny was really crying now, "So I thought you could do that."

"Hey! What's that? . . . You know I can do . . . everything . . . else. Well, for the Lord's sake!"

"Father's are only men, after all. Johnny's father dropped limply down on the work bench, pinched his lower lip between thumb and forefinger, and stared at his son.

At last he reached out and drew the weeping culprit toward him.

"There, there now," he comforted, "There's no sense in crying. You just come here, kid, and tell you old man all about it."

—Anonymous

---

### THE SKIER

With the forthcoming season in anticipation,

With no fancy declamation,

I submit this doggerel

To warn beginner, one and all:

Here's to a skier,

Lord rest his hide,

Were he more careful

He'd not have died.

His life had but one big yen

To ride his skis just once again.

With skis he slept, with skis he ate,

On skis he flew and met his fate.

Telemark, Christy, and Gelandesprung

Jump Turn, Stem Turn, with a loud Achtung!

He skied all over the United States;  
Now he's knocking at the Pearly Gates.(?)

'Twas in the Alps that he met his fate.

In mid-air the cliff he saw too late.

Killed he was by the impact.

Dead he is, that is a fact.

So my friends beware you, too,

Lest you be fools as he

When you come to a risky spot

Sit down and let it be.

—Anonymous

---

### A BOY'S STORY

The rumbling of the guns and cannons seemed to grow louder as Nana and I gazed out of the window. Nana was rocking to and fro upon



grandfather's chair; I was standing. Both of us were terribly frightened.

Nana is my sister. She is six years older than myself, but I am a boy and, even though I was but ten upon that occasion, I felt compelled to encourage her.

The people of France had been warned to abandon Paris lest they be killed or be severely wounded by this awful monster called "War."

We did not know this—Nana and I. Mother had died four years before and dad was doing duty as a good citizen of France. Our relatives, mindful of their own families, had no time to bother with us.

Suddenly there was a boom that rocked the universe. Both my sister and I were thrown upon the floor.

Nana screamed—a screech that still rings in my soul.

"He is killed! I know it! They are all killed!"

There was a lump in my throat as I answered. "What is the matter, Nana? Nothing has happened to anyone. We are safe and always shall be. Never will I let any harm come to you."

But she could not be calmed. All through the dismal night she sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

The next morning we went to look at the list. Nana was trembling all over as she read. She read it once. She read it twice. Then she seized my hand.

"He is alive, Jean," she whispered. "He is alive!"

It is the year 1918. We are very happy because the War is over, and we have won! Today the brave soldiers will return home, and dad will come home too! Won't that be marvelous?

I wonder whether he will recognize me. I have changed a great deal. Now I am fourteen—quite a man!

Nana has gone to meet him. I cannot comprehend why she has refused to allow me to accompany her.

Maybe it was that telegram that arrived a few days ago. My sister paled when she opened it.

Here she comes now, and here is father!

"Papa! Papa! It is so good to see you again!"

What is wrong? Papa is not looking at me, and Nana's eyes are filled with tears. She is leading him to the rocking chair just as though he were blind.

—S. G., '38.

---

## AUTUMN LEAVES

### I

Glancing around this world of ours  
We see the trees so bright,  
The leaves hanging from drooping bows  
Seem to change color over night.

### II

A gorgeous red, or yellow so gay  
Mingle with leaves of brown,  
Against the sky of somber gray  
Swirling winds from Heaven gust down.

### III

Oh, what a gorgeous sight to behold  
While walking in nature's land,  
If some one could only paint so bold  
These colored leaves of every band.

### IV

Soon the leaves all colored so bright  
Are trodden under foot,  
Then all our brilliant shades at night  
Are burned up into soot.

### V

The rest of our leaves when winter is  
here  
Shall be covered with snow of white,  
And under this blanket of snow shall  
bear  
Their colors of red, so bright.

—Clarence Carbary, '38.

---

## THE CHINESE FLUTE

Yang Chin's parents were wealthy, and Yang had had the best education that universities in the United States and in China could afford. He had traveled extensively too. On all his journies he had carried with him the little flute that his father had taught him to play. Now, with the shadow of war hanging heavy over his beloved



country, Yang carried his little flute into the army. He was one of the first to volunteer when the call for a "suicide squadron" came.

In his first battle, with the white band on his arm he escaped unscathed; but now the big drive was to begin. Invaders from the "Land of the Rising Sun" were closing in around Shanghai and they must be held off at any cost. Yang's squadron was called to go to what seemed an unimportant position, but when the big drive began that section of the city was the first to be bombarded. Great confusion reigned. Coolies and their families scurried about in terror while bombs tore great holes in the street. The Japanese soldiers began their offensive. Machine guns chattered; a shell came with a low whine and burst near the startled Yang with a loud roar; screams and groans from the wounded and dying rent the air and Yang suddenly felt a tug at his jacket. He reeled and fell. His flute! He must find his flute! Ah, there it was. He must play. He must not give in to the pain. He raised the flute to his lips. Amid the confusion came the sweet melody of a Chinese flute. It softened, almost died away, and then was taken up again. The last note rose to a high peak, fell away and died, and with it went the spirit of a promising young man who some day might have been a famous doctor or writer.

—Irene Morrill, '39.

### PITY POOR MOTHER

"Monday again," sighs poor mother, reluctantly rising from her bed. Even the dazzling ray of sunlight streaming through the window cannot brighten her gloomy aspect toward life.

After having prepared breakfast, which has been an ordeal of many minor misfortunes, she calls father with a peremptory "For heaven's sake, get up or you'll be late to work!"

Father scrambles up from bed, the creaking springs offering an excellent accompaniment to his mumbled groans.

After several insistent commands for the children to rise without avail, mother finally, with a determined expression on her face, stamps up the stairs to rout them out of bed, however unceremoniously.

Sally's stockings have evidently disappeared into thin air, and only mother's added efforts produce the lost articles, one in the bureau drawer, the other under the bed.

At this point father's harassed voice demands to know who has been tampering with his shaving brush and where . . . . is the soap? Simultaneously Jimmy shouts for his shirt, and the baby begins to wail amid this frightful bedlam.

At last, peace is at least temporarily restored by the unceasing efforts of mother who must rush from one to the other, relieving their distress, offering sharp reprimands, and declaring that she never saw such a family. Finally the family is seated at the breakfast table, mother having to leave the table every few minutes to calm the baby. Father keeps one wary eye on the clock and the other on his cereal which he swallows in huge mouthfuls and nearly chokes in the attempt. Sally declares decisively that she will not eat her cereal, and Jimmy immediately chimes in that she must, for he has already eaten half of his. The verbal combat between them becomes so heated that a few physical blows result before mother can apply her forceful means to end the quarrel.

Peace restored, father asks mother between gulps of hot coffee to get his coat and hat for he has only two minutes to catch the bus on the corner. Mother gets up with a sigh and begins her daily eulogy of the general indolence of this family when she is rudely interrupted by father who snatches the coat, pulls it on, uttering inarticulately words scarcely printable when his arms do not seem to find the armholes. Slamming on his hat he strides to the door and bangs it so forcefully behind him that a fork on the edge of the table clatters to the floor.



Mother raises her arms but lowers them with a sigh, realizing the futility of protest.

Meanwhile Jimmy and Sally are both attempting to read the comics at the same time; inevitably a squabble results and is only abated by mother's snatching it away from both of them and telling them to hurry up and look at the clock! This sharp command prompts them to attack their cereal with renewed vigor.

"Where's my history book?" demands Jimmy, rushing from room to room, leaving a scene of havoc in his wake. At last the missing book is discovered under the sofa cushion in the living room. After much commotion the children finally leave, incessantly arguing, and bang the door forcefully.

Mother sinks into the nearest chair breathing a sigh of relief. The sight confronting her eyes is similar to a scene through which a miniature cyclone has passed, leaving behind destruction. The baby's long wail dampens her already wilted spirits and she arises reluctantly to give him attention. Her day has only begun.

—Sylvia Syvanen, '38.

### SECLUSION

A vague, restless wind  
Stealing thru the solemn stillness of  
night

Raises its voice to a moan.  
It stifles a sputtering candle  
Lit for yesterday's joy,  
And sends shadows creeping into my  
heart.

The gale shrieks defiance  
And the solid trees  
Turn blanched, fearing faces  
To welcome the soothing rain;  
Its fingers tap frantically  
At my window.

The wind retreats into sullen silence,  
While in the blackness, the throbbing  
rainfall

Mourns in quiet grief  
My slowly dying hope,  
The return of my sorrow

—Anonymous

### BOOBY

Booby was dumb. He was about as dumb as they make them. However, he was a wonderful football player, and Coach Gilbie was lucky enough to have him come to Wabash College. Now, if Wabash didn't have a winning team, she would lose her few remaining students. Students were turning to the colleges with noted football teams.

Professor Killjoy was Coach Gilbie's greatest football problem. He always insisted upon having an important examination before the football season. Anyone failing in this examination was ineligible to play football. The coach had to find some way to have dumb Booby pass the test. So he called upon two of his football players to connive a little "borrowing"—that is, he told them to borrow the examination questions without the professor's knowledge.

Upon looking over the questions, the coach found that all he had to do was put a check aside of the numbers of questions which had true answers. He then gave Booby the paper with the correct answers checked, and he explained to Booby what had to be done.

The next day in class the professor passed out the examination papers, and he then made the following statement: "I have decided to give you last year's exam instead of the one I made out this year. The reason for this is so that I can compare your marks with those of last year. Now, make sure you check only those statements that you believe are true."

Booby wasn't even listening to the instructions, and he was half through the examination by the time the professor stopped talking. Booby, to the amazement of the class, was the first one to finish and walk out of the room.

Bill was the next to leave. He was one of the football players and seeing Booby he said, "Tough luck. We gave you the wrong exam answers. You might as well pack and go home."

The next morning Bill rushed into Booby's room as the latter was packing, and shouted, "How did you do it?"



"Do what?" asked Booby in a dull voice.

"Why, you got a hundred in your exam!"

With a dumb stare, Booby took out a piece of paper from his pocket and said, "But I used this paper that the coach gave me."

"That's not the paper the coach gave you," shouted Bill, "that's your laundry check-item slip."

—Aaron Glickman

## THE SCHOOL REUNION

### PART I

"Bring me my morning mail and breakfast, Bella," yawned Linda Grey as she awakened in her luxurious bed in her home in Beverly Hills. As she tossed about in bed she caught a reflection of herself in the large mirror on the opposite wall . . . small, blonde, and looking not a day older than she had on that balmy June evening when she had graduated.

"When she had graduated . . ." How that phrase could bring back memories! Those were the days when Linda Grey had never expected to be where she was now. Then, she had happened into the room in which try-outs for the annual school play were being held. Miss Lynton, who was directing the play, had seen her and nothing else would do but that Linda should play the lead.

Linda had liked the acting so much and she had received so much encouragement that she had furthered her dramatic talent, had tried bits in summer productions, and had even worn her shoes out looking for parts in Broadway plays.

The years between her graduation and that glorious day when she was finally given a part in a play were long, hard years of sheer fight. Her luck had seemed to change with that first play. She received several small but prominent roles, then had come her great success. After that . . . Hollywood had called and here she was.

Linda was brought back from her reverie by Bella's entrance with the morning mail and her breakfast. As

Linda looked through her mail she exclaimed, "Why, here's one from my home town!" Quickly she tore the envelope open and read its contents.

"Bella!" cried Linda, "Start packing my trunks! We're going home."

"Why . . . eh, what?" came from the astonished maid.

"A school reunion, Bella! Just imagine, I'll meet all my old friends again, see all the classrooms. Why, I'll even act in a play if they want me to. But, Bella, start packing."

### PART II

Jim Saunders made his way to the desk and inquired whether or not there was any mail for him. The clerk looked at him and answered, "Yeah, you got one. Here ya are."

Jim tore the envelope off and read the contents.

"Well, fer . . ." he exclaimed, as a look of surprise crept over his face. He made a move to throw the letter away, but on second thought he thrust it into his pocket.

"School reunion! Humph! Not for me. Let the others go back; I'll stay where I am."

He pulled out a crumpled package of cigarettes, fumbled around and finally pulled out a battered cigarette which he lighted and puffed at a few times.

"Wonder where Tony is. Let's see. Oh, yeah, I'll try Charlie's. He ought to be there." Thereupon he spent several minutes working his way across the city to Charlie's, which proved to be nothing more than a cheap pool-room. Several men were loitering around inside the smoke-filled room.

As Jim glanced around, his mind went back to his school days. He could remember the fast gang he had run around with, the mischief they had gotten into, and the trouble they had caused. Several of the boys had been much older than he, and they had led the younger ones on, teaching them irregular hours and taking them from bad to worse.

"Where's Tony?" asked Jim.

"In the back room," someone shouted.



When Jim entered the back room he noticed Tony was excited and upset about something. Upon seeing Jim, he exclaimed, "Hey, Jim, listen, kid. We got to separate and lay low for awhile. One of the boys gave his moll a bracelet we picked up at the Bolton Jeweler's and it was seen. Have you got any place where you can go?"

Jim pondered awhile, then an idea seemed to come to him and he pulled the crumpled envelope from his pocket.

"Yeah!" he shouted, "Boy, I got a swell place. No one will ever know Jim Saunders that used to run around with the fastest gang in town is on the lam. Listen. The school I used to go to is having a reunion. I could go there. No one there knows what I do in the big city. I haven't been back for years. Will I rip that town wide open? Say, I could even pull a couple of jobs . . . oh, well, never mind . . . But, Tony, I'll need some money . . ."

### PART III

A car stopped with a jerk in front of a little bungalow surrounded by trees and flowers and the car door slammed shut as Roy Bellows ran up the flagged path and into the house.

"Mary! Mary! Where are you?" he shouted.

"Here, in the kitchen," answered his young wife.

Roy hurried into the kitchen, caught her up, and whirled around the room.

"Have I got news! Look, we're invited to attend a school reunion," he announced, "Do you remember that desk in Room II?"

"Now let me see . . . You don't by any chance mean the one that has a pierced heart with R. B. and M. E. engraved on it?"

"You do remember!"

"How could I forget? Especially when Mr. Jones caught you carving it!"

From out of the adjoining room came a long wail.

"Ah, my master's voice," cried Mary as she rushed into the next room with

Roy following her. "Roy, let's take Roy, Jr. We couldn't leave him behind."

"Aren't you afraid he'll steal the show? The old grads haven't seen him yet."

"Ol' gra's," gurgled Roy, Jr. as though the sound pleased him.

"Remember how all the kids used to tease us about each other? I can remember how proud I felt whenever you ran down the field for a touchdown and how I used to walk on air every time you waited for me after school to carry my books home."

"And the time we went into Joe's Spa and I kidded him about leaving my money in my other pants . . ."

"And I seem to remember your washing some dishes because you had left the money in your other pants."

"That was his idea of a joke."

"Mummy, whe' we goin'?" demanded Roy, Jr.

"Why, dear, we're all going on a nice, long trip. You like that, don't you? And you and daddy can help me pack right now," answered Mary as Roy swooped up Roy, Jr. and clambered after Mary up the stairs.

\* \* \*

A study in contrast . . . an actress, a gangster, a young married couple and their small son, brought together through one common bond. By chance, together for four years, separated for almost double that time, and now all to be together once again. Four years of "the world's ours", eight years of happiness and sorrow, triumphs and failures, . . . all these would be compared at The School Reunion.

—Helen Arciszewski, '40.

### FOOTBALL PSYCHOLOGY

Joe Fero was one of the best ends in the state. He had played marvelous football all through his college career.



He was scouted by the professional teams and soon was given a three-year contract to play for the Eagles. But now it was different. Joe no longer played for his dear old alma mater but for money. This made him nervous, for if he should make mistakes not only he, but all the players would lose money.

This year the Eagles were picked to win the professional championship. They would win that afternoon if they defeated their nearest rival, the Bulldogs.

"Flash" Batero, the regular end, had been injured, which meant Joe was to take his place. Joe became very nervous before the game started and played so poorly in the first quarter that the Bulldogs made six points. In the second quarter the worst happened; the quarterback was to have thrown a shovel-pass to halfback Manners, who would run from the left half position to the ball which would be sailing in the direction of the right end, who was Joe. Somehow Joe, standing at the line, forgot the signal and when the ball was tossed to the quarterback he turned around, and when he saw the ball flying towards him he decided to catch it. Just as he was to have grabbed the ball more securely there was a terrific crash, immediately followed by the piling of players from the Bulldog team. After the referee blew the whistle, the players piled off. The ball was still in Joe's hands; but Manners, the best player, did not move. He was unconscious and the doctor found out he had a sprained wrist and a broken leg. Now what chance did the Eagles have with the star out? Everybody booed Joe, which made him all the more nervous. The half came and the Coach, still angry at Joe but hopeful of his ability, told him Manners wished to see him. Joe walked quietly into the training room where Manners was lying. Manners told Joe, "It was all my fault. Now go out there and fight." These words seemed to have a marvelous effect, for in the next half Joe made practically every other tackle and by

catching a magnificent pass won the ball game.

The newspapermen were curious to know how Joe, after being so nervous in the first half, changed so remarkably in the second.

The coach told them he had used psychology, for he told Manners to tell Joe that it was all the halfback's fault. He knew this would positively restore him to normal and he would then try to make the public take back their booing.

—Leslie Rivers, '39.

### COFFEE, A PRIEST, MORE COFFEE

There is no question about the fact that the Finnish people are the best coffee makers in the world. Every one knows it. If you don't believe me, just one sip of Finnish-made coffee will remove every doubt from your mind. Of course, if you'd like to test my word, don't choose for your coffee hostess some inexperienced young slip of a girl (because she happens to be pretty), but a real old-timer who has made the beverage three or four times daily for the past forty years. Then you will obtain the most satisfactory results.

Don't feel discouraged if your coffee doesn't taste "so hot" at first. The following incident shows that even the "Finns" had to learn by trying experiences:

Coffee was introduced into Finland about seventy years ago. Packages were brought for the first time to a small, northern, Finnish village. Several ladies took it upon themselves to entertain the people lavishly and usher in the new-found product. All received invitations.

A hushed and expectant group gathered about the long table. All eyes were fastened as one upon the waiters bearing trays of coffee. The hostesses explained that they had boiled the grains twice, but since they had not even then become soft, they assumed that the coffee should be eaten thus.

The people were bravely trying to down the coffee grains, sprinkled



here and there with pieces of butter, when a priest wandered in. Scarcely could he suppress his mirth, seeing such an array of wry faces. However he came forward quickly and explained to the greatly disturbed and disappointed hostesses that he had read that the liquid and not the coffee grains themselves was to be consumed.

The next time you make coffee, bad as it may be, console yourself by saying that even your coffee is preferable to that first made by the Finnish ladies.

—Mary Latva, '38.

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### RENEGADE

Along the vast flat valley floor could be seen black moving splotches, apparently herds of buffalo. In front of them was the most noted leader of buffalo in the West. Hunters especially attempted to catch this leader, Hodo, but thus far they had failed.

The herd stopped, and Hodo went ahead to see that all was safe. Climbing up to a grass knoll, just out of sight of the herd, Hodo came upon a young bull who had previously attempted to entice him into a battle to attain supremacy of the herd.

The young bull snorted a challenge to Hodo and charged. Hodo, not being able to avoid the battle, pulled in his thick, heavy, massive head and waited. A desperate battle ensued, from which emerged a new leader.

Meanwhile in the valley Hodo staggered to a standing position. Deep in his heart, he felt a sharp pain . . . the mortal wound of defeat. He was conquered and broken. Now he could never return to the herd, for they would find some way of disposing of him. He was now a condemned bull.

The days passed by, and Hodo now knew the pangs of despair in facing the wilderness alone. Twice he had been attacked by wild animals, but had escaped.

A week passed after he had been condemned as a renegade bull. Stopping at a stream to drink some water, he heard a howling behind him. Wolves!

The most feared enemy of buffalo! Five or six could kill a buffalo in a very short time.

Hodo quickly ran for a thicket to hide from the wolves, but it was too late, for the leader of the pack had heard him and was on his trail.

He gained the thicket and ran into one of the pack. C-r-a-c-k! Bull met wolf! A horrible howl was emitted by the wolf as he was hurled a score of feet by the impact of the collision.

The ex-leader, old and not very fast, burst into full stride and tried to outdistance the pack. Running in no particular direction, he came to a sudden stop. He was on the edge of a steep cliff. Looking down, hope of escaping the mad pack died, for it was a high perpendicular ledge. Should he have run aimlessly over the cliff he would have been killed instantly.

He turned to face the advancing pack and felt the sudden thrilling impulse of battle. His wildly pounding heart, his eyes glowing with fire bespoke his desire to fight. It meant his life. Now he realized how important it was to be a member of the herd.

The wolves crept slowly forward, ready for the kill. Suddenly it seemed as if a tornado had broken loose. Hodo charged at the nearest two, hurled both over the cliff. Then he turned to meet the other three. Fangs and horns clashed. While Hodo crippled one wolf, the other two rushed in and tried to get at his throat. He kicked one with his hind legs, and the last howling wolf ran away, foiled in the attempt.

Hodo made his way gingerly from the cliff, lest he be attacked unexpectedly again. Searching for a sign of the herd, he caught the unwelcome scent of visitors. Peering carefully from the thicket, he saw hunters!

Meanwhile Hodo had caught sight of the herd beyond. Frantically he trumpeted a warning call. The buffalo, beholding him on the knoll, continued to eat and rest, for they cared not for a renegade.

There was only one way out. He must defeat the leader. Hearing a commotion behind him, Hodo beheld



the young bull, his enemy. The sight of him brought every fighting instinct to the surface. The battle was terrific from beginning to end, but Hodo was triumphant. He snorted challenge to the others, who had witnessed the battle, but they made no move.

Turning, he directed the herd away from the hunters' camp, but too late. A bullet whistled through the air; there was a cry of agony. The hunters were firing at the buffalo. The herd burst into stampede, headed straight for destruction. Hodo foresaw immediately the fate of his herd. The hunters would collect the hundreds of dead buffalo at the base of the cliff and ship them to market.

Hodo trumpeted to turn the herd about, but to no avail. The buffalo in mad flight thought only of escape from the hunters. The blind cliff drew nearer and nearer. Three hundred yards . . . two hundred yards! Instant action was necessary.

Hodo realized that meeting the onslaught might result in death, yet he stood ground fearlessly. He braced himself for the collision. Crash! A heap of buffalo piled up, Hodo at the bottom. The herd started milling and turned about, colliding into the hunters.

Hodo struggled from the pile and staggered to his feet.

The leading huntsman, Slake, cursed his men for the blunder and told them he'd show them how to kill buffalo. He fired upon the great mass.

Hodo enraged, lowered his head, snorted, and charged at the horse. Slake's frightened animal threw him. He fired at Hodo. Still the buffalo came on and crashed into the hunter! A shriek of mortal agony escaped the dying man's lips.

The other hunters seeing this, rode swiftly away from this fighting tornado.

Hodo, although hurt, trumpeted to his herd to follow him away from this valley of death.

As the thundering herd passed, the hunters came forth from their hiding place in the thicket and watched the last of the beasts disappear over a hill.

"Yuh know, Joe," said one hunter, "I'm kind o'grateful to thet bull. Slake was an ornery leader and sportsman an' I'm kind o' glad thet thar leadin' bull got rid of his no good soul from this 'arth."

"Yuh," answered Joe. "I guess we do owe somethin' to him. Ain't it funny though, he was a renegade when thet ornery snake hired us tuh git him, an' when this bull smelt o' Slake's ornery hide he went plumb crazy an' got rid o' him, for he must o' knowed Slake was a no-account killer."

And so our little episode closes with the comeback of the renegade, he and his herd waiting for what the future might hold in store for them.

—Paul Kozak, '38.

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### MY HOBBY

Some people have taken as their hobby book collecting, nature study, or the like. This is all right if you can find some subject which satisfies and fascinates you. However, if your interests are many, I would suggest foreign correspondence.

By pursuing this hobby, you can study various subjects in a very interesting manner. I don't mean that a complete study of any subject can be made in this way, but foreign correspondence may act as an incentive to urge you to use an encyclopedia and other instructive books.

Foreign correspondence takes in many other hobbies, some of which are stamps, coins, languages, geography, nature, and travel. It also provides a source of general information.

Not many people would be apt to know that there is only one lake in Scotland. The reason for this is that all the bodies of water which we would call *lakes* are called *lochs* in Scotland. Therefore all except Lake Menteith are lochs. This was explained to me by a Scotch pen-pal.

From an English friend I learned about Aldershot, where most of the British army is stationed.



My foreign writers have many of the same interests that I have. I was surprised to learn that they liked the movies (or cinema, as they called it). Trixie, my English correspondent, has Robert Donat as her favorite actor, proving she is loyal to her fellow countrymen. Ginger, the Scotch girl, prefers Katherine Hepburn, Franchot Tone, and Rosalind Russell. She has a particular dislike for Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby.

They also enjoy the same sports and dislike the same studies as my own classmates do.

In writing of a morning at a Girl Guide camp, Ginger wrote, "We arrived at camp last night. We pitched tents on a field sloping down to the

shores of the island. The mainland is very close, and we are surrounded by great mountains. I woke up about four o'clock this morning and looked out. It was that kind of a morning that promises a good day. The sun was just peeping up over the headland, and the clouds were tinted a delicate pink; pale fleeces drifted peacefully across a blue sky. In the northwest a great mountain had shrouded its proud head in a golden wreath of mist."

Doesn't that make you want to travel? It affects me that way, but for a while at least, I'll have to be content to read the descriptions that my unknown friends across the sea send me.

—Ann Tucker, '39.

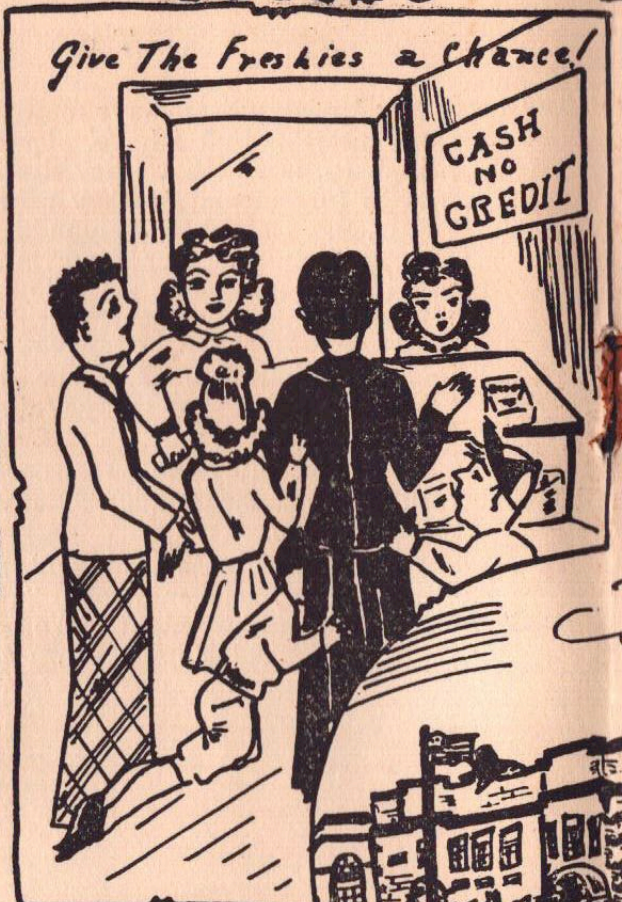




# FACTS AND FANCIES



Congratulations  
Football-boys for The  
Splendid playing!!!  
This Season!!!!



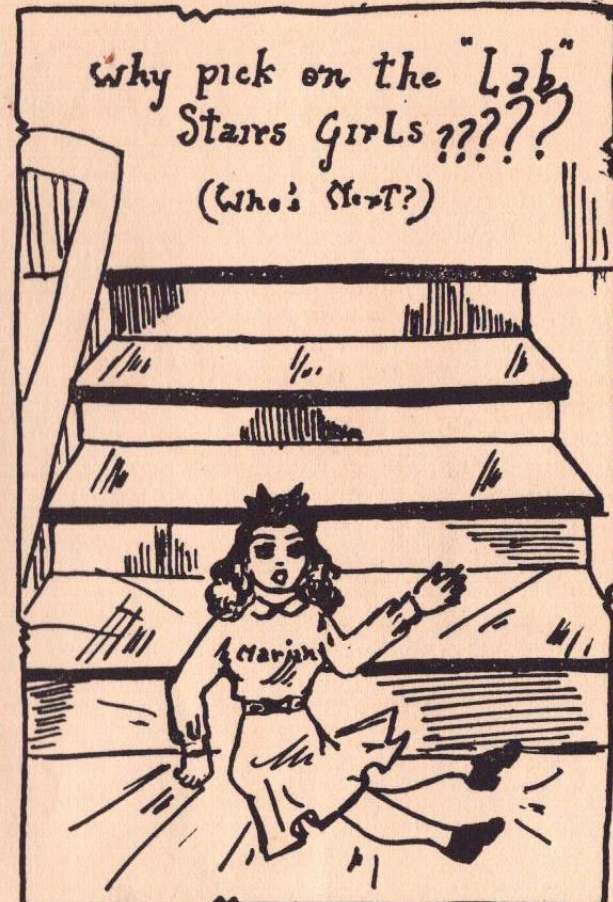
Give The Freshies a chance!

CASH  
NO  
CREDIT



Modern Houdini!

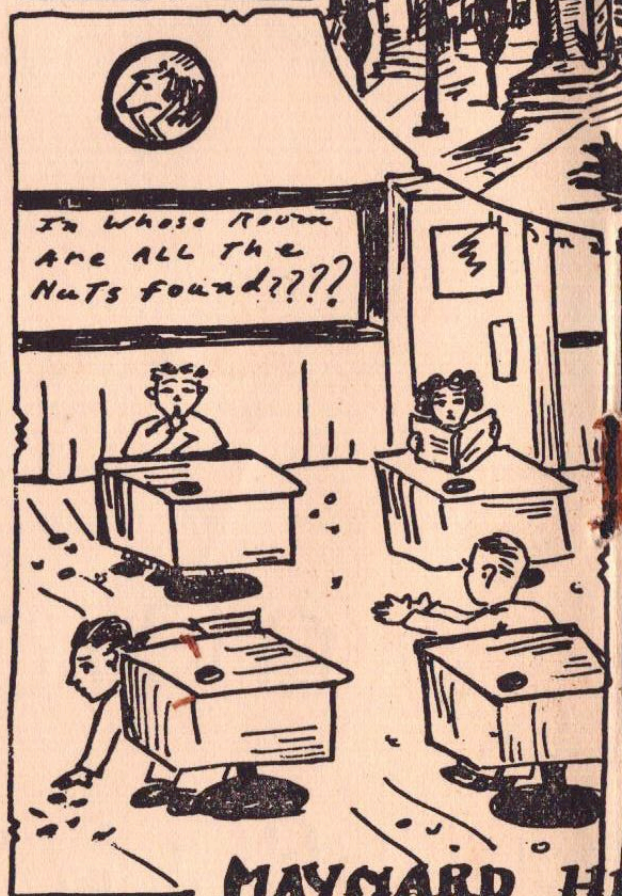
Billy M. doesn't  
know his own  
Strength!!!



Why pick on the "Lab"  
Stars Girls?????  
(Who's Next?)



Hasn't Rozeryki  
Decided to bring a  
Clipping To Art Class yet??



In Whose Room  
Are ALL The  
Nuts found????



What have  
The Freshmen  
Girls got

That The  
Senior Girls  
Lack!!!!



Latest Fad Girls CoCurlS!!!!

What's  
Next?



# EXCHANGES

As Mary and John met on the way to school, the following conversation took place.

"Hia, Mary. What's new?"

"I was reading some of the magazines from other schools last night . . . you know, my sister's got the EXCHANGES this year."

"Gee, that's queer . . . I read a lot of the mags friends in other schools send my older brother, Tom. Maybe we've read some of the same ones."

"Did you see *"Salt Spray"* from Eastport, Maine? They had a good editorial against war . . . things like that will keep us out of world entanglements."

"Wasn't that the book with the Sketches and the biology notes? They had a lot of articles about local industries, too. Did you see *"Red and Black"* from Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.?"

"Yeah, I thought their sports and literary departments were swell."

"They were good; their gossip was pretty complete, but I thought the magazine could be improved with some original jokes."

"Speaking of jokes, what do you think of this bit of "wisdom" from *South Side High School*, Newark, N. J.?"

"A bachelor is a man who goes through life meeting its mistakes but not marrying them."

"You would! Did you read *"High Life"* of Littleton High School?"

"Uh Huh . . . I thought it was a little serious, but their poems and stories showed real talent."

"I thought *"Advance"* was well planned—did you see it?"

"Guess I missed that one. What was it like?"

"Well, I memorized one poem I thought was clever:"

I wouldn't grouse  
About my homework  
If only I  
Could make my dome work."

"But there were lots of other unusual articles."

"I think the *"Philomath"* of Framingham was well done." I liked the story "CURLS AND SWIRLS", but I missed the school gossip."

"Well, they put a lot of 'dirt' in the *"F. H. S. News"*, so I guess that makes up for it."

"I believe the *"Noddler"* from East Boston High is about the most complete school magazine I've ever seen."

"Yeah, the Senior Couplets were really different and it was just chuck full of school doings."

"You know, I've come to the conclusion the 'swing' dominates the modern high-schooler's life."

"How so?"

"Well, almost every mag I've looked at had some reference to swing. Read these I copied and see for yourself."

"They laughed when I walked onto the dance floor with a bucket of water, they didn't know I was going to swing it."—*"Red and Black"*.

"What is the craze that is sweeping the nation,  
That blasts out from every radio station?

It isn't jazz, this contagious thing,  
Every one knows that the King is Swing.

The leading dance bands swing high,  
swing low,  
You grab your partner and away you go.

All you need is an inspiration  
And you'll find you've made a dance creation.

It all began with 'The Music Goes Round,'  
And spread to each little village and town,

So the next time everything seems to go wrong  
Just turn on the radio and 'swing' a new song."

—*"The Philomath"*



# ALUMNI NOTES

Many graduates of Maynard High School are pursuing their studies in institutions of higher learning.

## Class of '31

Saimo Keto—Boston University.  
Philip Wilson—graduated this year from School of Law.  
Mary Tobin—St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

## Class of '32

Sidney McCleary—Harvard College.  
Simmon Seder—Harvard College.

## Class of '33

Reino Grondahl—Harvard College.  
Henry Salmela—Massachusetts State College.  
Willis Stockbridge—Northeastern University.  
Oiva Hintsa—Northeastern University.

## Class of '34

Stanley Loika—Boston University.  
James King—Massachusetts State College.  
John O'Leary—Brown University.  
Dorothy Glickman—Radcliffe College.  
Howard Johnson—Northeastern University.  
Robert Gogolin—Northeastern University.  
Walter Sweeney—Fordham College.  
Richard Archer—Milligan College.  
Bertha Sneek—Mass. General Hospital.  
Julia May—St. Elizabeth's Hospital.  
Hilja Tuikka—Waltham Hospital.

## Class of '35

Elmer Salenius—Boston University.  
James Ledgard—Harvard College.  
Malcolm Trees—Massachusetts State College.  
Peter Piecewicz—Tufts College.

Stella Rubaszko—Massachusetts School of Art.

Elizabeth Mahoney—Regis College.  
Angelina Gandolfo—Regis College.  
Robert McGarry—Northeastern University.

Vincent Labowicz—Northeastern University.

Edward O'Donnell—Milligan College.

Jane Tobin—St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

## Class of '36

Ruth McKenna—Boston University.  
Louis Bachrach—Harvard College.  
Robert Seder—Harvard College.  
Eleanor Flaherty—Regis College.  
Irene LeMoine—Regis College.  
Elias Hiltunen—Northeastern University.

John Loiko—State Teacher's College at Fitchburg.

William Smith—Boston College.  
Barbara Hamlin—Katherine Gibbs School.

Alvin Fraser—Milligan College.  
Constance Dawson—Nashua Memorial Hospital.  
Marie Colombo—Tewksbury Hospital.

Adele Allbee—Tewksbury Hospital.

## Class of '37

John Zaniewski—Tufts College.  
William Palmer—Vesper George School of Art.

Victor Castelline—Worcester Trade.  
Joseph Lalli—State Teacher's College at Fitchburg.

James Sullivan—State Teacher's College at Fitchburg.

Evelyn Sawutz—State Teacher's College at Framingham.

Virginia Bourke—Simmons College.  
Auno Koskinen—Milligan College.





### SENIOR CLASS

The election of the Senior class officers occurred the third week of school. The results are as follows:

Class Adviser—Miss Anne P. Pasarkarnis.

President—Albert Bachrach.

Vice-President—Karin Saarinen.

Treasurer—Daniel Sullivan.

Secretary—Lyli Tervo.

A class meeting was held on October 19, in the George Washington Auditorium and was a great success. The loyalty and enthusiasm of the senior members was manifested by the large number that attended. Apparently, "big things" are in store. After business transactions were completed, dancing was enjoyed. Such well known orchestras as Wayne King, Benny Goodman, and Ben Bernie furnished the music. Needless to say, a good time was had by all.

Plans for a Thanksgiving social are now in progress. The committee for the dance is as follows:

Leonard Hakkarainen	Lauri Pekkala
Helen Sofka	Sylvia Mark
Rachel Tucker	Irene Carlton
Stella Novicki	Regina Ayotte
Lawrence Quinn	Nettie Chernak

### JUNIOR CLASS

The results of the Junior Class election are as follows:

Class Adviser—Miss Ruth I. Wilson.

President—Daniel O'Leary.

Vice-President—Helen Dzerkaz.

Treasurer—John Kulik.

Secretary—Irene Morrill.

The class sponsored a dance at the George Washington Auditorium, on October 28, 1937. Owing to enthusiastic efforts of their adviser, Miss Wilson, and the fine co-operation of the committee and the class officers, the social was a big success. Music was furnished by Anne Hodgman's novelty band. Refreshments were served in the gym.

#### Junior Social Committee

Eleanor Murphy	James Eaton
Helen Dzerkacz	Charles Sullivan
John Kulik	Daniel O'Leary

### SOPHOMORE CLASS

The sophomore election resulted as follows:

Class Adviser—Miss Alice L. Fearn.

President—John MacPherson.



Vice-President—Virginia Taylor.  
 Treasurer—George Whalen.  
 Secretary—Doris Kelley.

The Sophomore social season will begin on November 10, with a real "get-together."

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### FRESHMAN CLASS

Class Adviser—Miss Ruth G. Bradley.

President—William LeSage.  
 Vice-President—Gladys Boeske.

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A football rally was held on the Friday before the Milford Game. Coach Mike Vodoklys spoke to the assembly about his team. Also Peter Pronko, Manager, said a few words in regard to forthcoming games.

Lyli Tervo, senior captain of the girls' field hockey, made a report on the team and the encounters ahead of it.

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An A. A. social was held on October 8, at the George Washington Auditorium. Music was furnished by Bernie Cotter's swing band. According to reports the event was a success in more than one way.

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Another rally was held on October 11, in preparation for the holiday game. Coach Vodoklys asked each player to say a few words to the audience. They certainly obeyed orders for they said "very few" words. The cheer leaders, Virginia Taylor, Margaret Crowe, Arlene Hull, and Beverly Greene, did their best to take the rust off last year's cheers and introduced a few new ones.







Coach Mike Vodoklys' call to football practice, September 8 brought out an impressive and husky squad with a strong, veteran nucleus. Coach Vodoklys was very optimistic in the team's chances in copping the Midland League pennant, although the absence of "Bull Creighton and Captain-Elect Ed Flaherty will be keenly felt.

After a couple of weeks of vigorous practice, with the forming of almost an entire new line by our worthy Reg Sawyer and the drilling of the experienced backs by Coach Mike, the team was ready for its first game, the opener with Milford; the line-up;

Right End . . . . . George Whalen  
 Right Tackle . . . . . John Maskiewicz  
 Right Guard . . . . . Waino Nyholm  
 Center . . . . . James Eaton  
 Left Guard . . . . . Lauri Toivonen  
 Left Tackle . . . . . John Sokolowski  
 Left End . . . . . John Jakusik  
 Quarterback . . . . . Daniel O'Leary  
 Fullback . . . . . Charles D'Agata  
 Right Halfback . . . . . George Downey  
 Left Halfback . . . . . Ernest Priest

And—r. e., Shimonowicz; r. t., Saaristo; r. g., Karakian; c., Colombo; l. g., Quinn; l. t., Brigham; l. e., Pozerycki; q. b., Pekkala; f. b., Hajduk; r. h. b., Cuttell; l. h. b., Howanski.

Before the first game Downey and Priest were made Co-Captains.

#### MAYNARD AT MILFORD

Maynard beat the heavier Milford easily by the score of 14-0, using mostly line plays with few passes or trick plays. Two plays after the kick-off, when Milford fumbled to Toivonen, D'Agata went over for the first count, Downey kicking the point. Later the opposing backfield fumbled with Wha-

len taking possession. Downey scored, then repeated his point kicking. The team looked green and, without the breaks, would have had a hard time defeating their opponents, although at times their plays clicked, showing power.

#### BELMONT AT MAYNARD

On October 2, the Belmont Blue-Bloods invaded the Maynard Marauders with a dazzling attack that completely bewildered the home-team, and, when the final whistle blew they had piled up the score of 19-0. The Maynardites just couldn't get their wheels rolling, and but for a few moments were completely beaten.

The fence around Alumni Field with ticket booths at each gate was ready for the first home game, and the new parking space was also completed for use. A record breaking crowd of some 1500 fans attended the opener.

#### HUDSON AT MAYNARD

One of the biggest crowds ever to witness a Maynard High football game at Alumni Field saw the team get revenge on Hudson after a two-year defeat. The Red and White proved to be Maynard's second victim with the score of 13-6, which keeps the locals in first place in the Midland League.

The first count came in the first quarter when, after a successful drive down the field, Downey went over and then kicked the point. In the second quarter Hudson, with deadly passing, managed to make six points. With only a few minutes to play, Maynard completed their only pass of the day, a spectacular heave, Downey to D'Agata, that was good for the team's second touchdown.



MAYNARD AT CONCORD

After having either beaten or tied Concord for nine years, Maynard finally bowed to a 7-6 defeat. With a veteran team Concord was lucky to beat a convalescent home team that had played a strong Hudson just four days previous.

In the earlier minutes of the game, after gainful runs by Downey and D'Agata, the latter put the ball over. The all important point by placement-kick failed. Then ensued a three-period battle royal with neither team scoring until, in the middle of the last period, the embattled farmers rallied to an attack that couldn't be stopped; they

scored and made the winning point.

Motion pictures were taken of this game by People's Theatre and were later shown in Maynard.

LEXINGTON AT MAYNARD

The game postponed from Saturday to the following Monday because of rain, few spectators were present to see Maynard's revenge in skinning the Minute-Men, 19-0, in a poor spirited scrap.

The scores, one in the first period and two in the third, were divided among the backs. The opposing team was helpless and even the second team ran over them for a period.

« GIRLS' ATHLETICS »

The hockey team were sorry to learn that their coach, Miss Ruth Bradley, who for two years led an undefeated, untied team, had resigned from her coaching duties. The girls wish to express their gratitude for her excellent work.

Miss Dorothy Marsden has worked up a strong aggregation in a few short weeks. It took plenty of hard work on her part to do this, for only three members of the first team were left, but there was nearly a full second team who were ready, willing, and able to fill in the shoes (or rather the suits) of the graduates.

First Team  
 2.—R. Gallagher  
 f.—N. Oates  
 c.—L. Tervo  
 f.—D. Hansen  
 w.—A. Hull  
 w.—H. Batulin  
 hb.—H. Sofka  
 hb.—S. Denisewich  
 hb.—D. LeSage  
 hb.—H. Arciszewski  
 fb.—A. Rolynovich  
 fb.—I. Morrill  
 fb.—H. Boothroyd  
 g.—S. Mark  
 Manager—A. Lyons.

Second Team  
 M. Cuttall—w.  
 G. Tobin—f.  
 M. Sarvella—c.  
 J. Carbary—f.  
 G. Boeske—2.  
 F. Kulevich—hb.  
 M. Hickey—hb.  
 T. Dawson—hb.  
 V. Taylor—fb.  
 M. Coburn—g.  
 Subs.  
 S. Greenblatt  
 B. Greene

SHREWSBURY AT MAYNARD

October 6

The morning dawned gray and gloomy, but soon even the sun had to peep out and see our game. We were up against a tough fast team, but the girls were more than a match for their opponents and Maynard won 3-0. Dotty Hanson was the fighting player in this game. The full-backs and goalie played a beautiful game. Goals scored by: Dorothy Hanson—2, Lyli Tervo—1.

VARSITY VS. ALUMNI

October 13

The "old-timers" certainly gave the varsity field hockey team a stiff workout. They had three or four former captains on their team, but even so, varsity came out on top and won 2-0. Both goals scored by Dotty Hanson.

ACTON AT MAYNARD

October 14

Acton brought down a fighting team, greatly improved since last year. Doris LeSage proved her strength by knocking out one of the Actonites. Almost every girl bit the dust during the game because of the slippery field and hard playing.



Maynard won 2-0. Goals scored by:  
Dorothy Hanson, Lyli Tervo.

### WESTON AT MAYNARD

October 20

The hockeyites faced one of the best teams in the state, and met their first defeat in three years. The Maynard girls put up the gamest fight ever, but one ball passed our goalie who played an unusually good game, blocking and kicking the sphere. Weston won over Maynard by the narrow margin of 1-0.

### CONCORD AT MAYNARD

October 22

The usual rivalry between Concord and Maynard certainly existed in this game. Much of the excellent playing is credited to Doris LeSage and Annie Rolynowicz, who seemed to be everywhere at the same time, and to Norma Oates, who is always dependable when it comes to receiving passes. Maynard won over Concord 1-0, goal scored by Lyli Tervo.

### ASHLAND AT MAYNARD

October 26

Ashland brought down a swell bunch of girls who proved to be just a little too much for us. Here was one game we should have won, but didn't. We are looking forward to our return game, Ashland, so look out! Ashland 1, Maynard 0.

### MAYNARD AT ACTON

October 27

Because we had official referees, this game was far better than the last we had with Acton. Dotty Hanson scored a beautiful goal just before the end of the first half. As a matter of fact, Acton did not think this goal should have been counted but the ref. did, so that's that. Helen Sofka and Sophie Denisewich played even better then usual, and that is saying a lot. Maynard beat Acton 1-0.

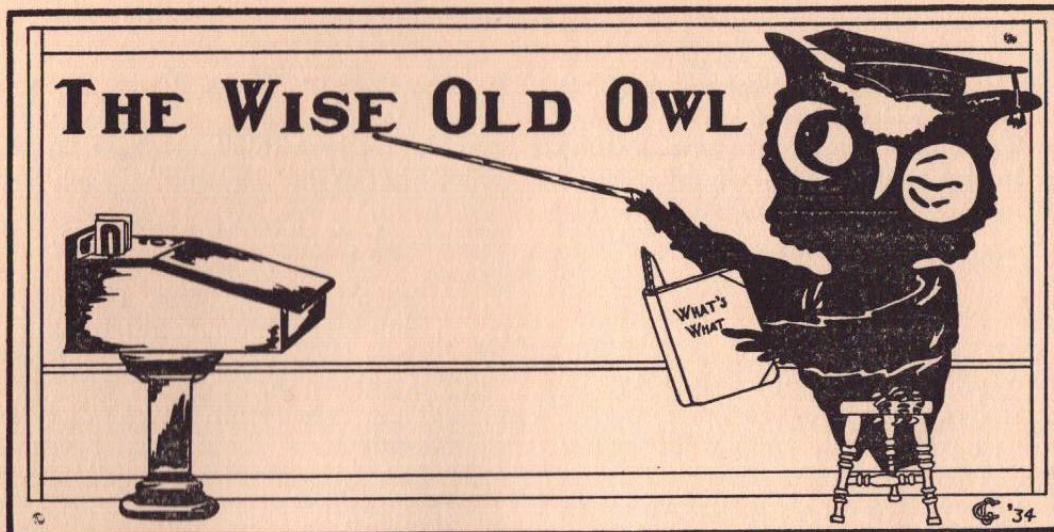
### MAYNARD AT WESTON

November 3

Maynard again met defeat in the hands of Weston. Their swift, hard playing surpassed Maynard's and gave them the game 1-0. Helen Sofka stole the show in this game by actually playing two positions at the same time.







**Wise Old Owl Would Like to know :**

1. If Rita Gallagher likes being "caught" by *his* younger brother.
2. If the Misses Glickman and Latva's alarm clock has gone off yet in the teachers' room.
3. Why Brigham and Eaton were cast aside by Loretta.
4. If Anna Sinicki really has a competitor in Mary Dwinell for chatterbox honors.
5. What Freshman boy calls on M. G. every Sunday afternoon.
6. Whether or not John May and Olga are anxiously awaiting the next carnival.
7. If it was the crowd at the A. A. social or too many clams that made Davy Bachrach sick.
8. If Babe Allen has turned Sir Walter Raleigh for Antoinette's benefit.
9. If Francis P. has abandoned the Amesbury "gal" for Home Grown Products.
10. If Olive of Stow has taken the place of Gretchen of Sweden in the affections of Kenny.
11. Did G. D. enjoy the "Victory Banquet" held in his honor at the home of a Maynard Debutante after the Hudson game.
12. If anyone tried to sell Brooklyn Bridge to Donald on his recent visit to New York.
13. If Doris Marsden enjoyed her seven-course dinner after her visit to Cushing Academy.
14. If Fouratt and LeSage are ever going to appear on Major Bowes' program.
15. When the cheer leaders are going to give a cheer for the "team."
16. If Bachy is eating "Pep" these mornings. (Senior Meetings.)
17. What Senior boy is rushing "a petite blonde" from Worcester.
18. If Dorothy Dix is Rita Foley's real name.
19. If Charlie D'Agata has turned Sherlock Holmes on us to find out who wrote those mysterious letters about him in the library.
20. If Boob McLane lost anything in that sociable game prior to Senior Class Meeting.
21. If a certain Senior girl is deserting her old stand-by for a taxi man.
22. If A. L. knows how to say "Yes" when out walking Monday nights.
23. If D. J. is that way about Swimore, Swimore.
24. If "Peeping Tom" is the real reason for certain Senior girls not wanting to go home unescorted.
25. If Alyce Priest will outlive her "secret passion" for G. T.
26. If John Trachim enjoyed putting U. S. History class through the third degree.
27. If we have a squirrel in the geography class. (How about it, Billy?)
28. If John Arcisz has a habit of betting carnations at the football games.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 29. If our bashful Senior boy is showing sign of life. (Ask June!)                          | 2. "Saturday's Heroes" — Football Players. |
| 30. To whom that mysterious blue button belonged. (Could it have been Helen B. or Helen M?) | 3. "The Big Apple"—Robert Hatch.           |

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### THEME SONGS

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. "Gone"—Doris Kelley's appendix.                            | 5. "Exclusive"—The Seniors.                 |
| 2. "My Old Flame"—Mr. Lerer to the Bunson Burner.             | 6. "New Faces of 1937"—Freshmen.            |
| 3. "I've Got You Under My Skin"—Dirt.                         | 7. "Rarin to Go"—Mary Dwinell.              |
| 4. "Lovely to Look At"—An A in anything.                      | 8. "Blond Trouble"—Paul Koski.              |
| 5. "My Buddy"—Rita Foley.                                     | 9. "They Gave Him a Gun"—Roger Matthewman.  |
| 6. "Seventh Heaven"—Where the Bachelorettes can gab in peace. | 10. "That Uncertain Woman"—Mamie H.         |
| 7. "Roast Beef Song"—So Rare.                                 | 11.—"The Life of the Party"—Lawrence Quinn. |
| 8. "Sonny Boy"—Alyce Priest.                                  | 12. "The Awful Truth"—Report Cards.         |
| 9. "Serenade in the Night"—Two cats on the back yard fence.   | 13. "You Can't Have Everything"—Juniors.    |
| 10. "Home on the Range"—The teakettle.                        | 14. "Slim"—Lauri Toivonen.                  |
| 11. "With My Guitar"—Charlie Fourette.                        |   |
| 12. "No, No, A Thousand Times No" Anna Lyons to Georgie.      |   |
| 13. "Confessions"—John May.                                   |   |
| 14. "Between Two Women"—Brigham.                              |   |
| 15. "It's the Farmer In Me"—Buscemi.                          |   |
| 16. "The Moon Got In My Eyes"—Donald Jones.                   |   |
| 17. "Melancholy Baby"—Mamie H.                                |   |
| 18. "I'll Take A Chance"—Robert McLane.                       |   |
| 19. "Stompin at the Savoy"—Robert Veitch.                     |   |
| 20. "Smoke Got in Your Eyes"—From the Boiler Room.            |   |
| 21. "You Can't Stop Me From Dreaming"—E. Priest.              |   |
| 22. "She's Tall, She's Tan, She's Terrific"—Anna Allard.      |   |
| 23. "The One Rose"—A Scotch Bouquet.                          |   |
| 24. "Shoe Shine Boy"—Babe Allan.                              |   |

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### MOVIES

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. "Back In Circulation"— <i>Screech Owl</i> . | 19. Mr. Lerer without his "apple a day." |
|  | 20. Rita Foley not talking.              |
|  | 21. Marie Flaherty not laughing.         |

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### JUST IMAGINE!

1. Ernest Priest vamping the girls.
2. Marion Cuttell with a loud voice.
3. Anne Tucker doing the rumba.
4. Mary Latva reading dime novels.
5. Dannie Sullivan not blushing.
6. Joseph Pozerycki not being late.
7. Alyce Priest not biting her finger nails.
8. Clara Cogolin not bobbing up and down in study last period.
9. Norma Oates without Danny.
10. Karen Saarinen not "squinting."
11. Sylvia Syvanen not doing her home work.
12. Yash speaking in a high voice.
13. John May winning a spelling bee.
14. John MacPherson eight feet tall.
15. Eleanor Murphy with laryngitis.
16. Sylvia Glickman making goo-goo eyes at the boys.
17. Francis D'Agata without her gum.
18. Kenny Johnson without his red hair.



### Floundering Freshies in the History Class

The chief races of men are sprints, hurdles, and long distances.

King Henry VIII of England had a large abcess on his knee, which made walking difficult.

The Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution abolished the Negroes.

The American government finally decided to put all the Indians in Reservoirs.

Seats of Congressmen are vaccinated every two years.

The hardships of the Puritans were what they came over in.

In the 17th Century traveling was very difficult, as they had no roads, only bridal paths.

The diet of worms was a punishment under feudalism.

During the Napolionic Era the crowned heads of Europe were trembling in their shoes.

The laws of the U. S. do not allow a man but one wife. This is called monotony.

### ISN'T IT SO?

Rip Van Winkle slept for twenty years, but, of course, his neighbors didn't have a radio.

Another who may be said to have his ups and downs is the unfortunate chap who happens to get an aisle seat at a movie.

It is claimed that fish is good brain food, but some people better try noodle soup.

When the Eskimo built the first igloo he little dreamed that he was making a model of a 1938 motorcar.

If, as Marconi said, the next war is fought with radio, we can all dial for our own country.

Car, Caress, Careless, Carless.

Winter is a season when you keep the house as hot as it was in summer when you kicked about it.

## « KEYHOLE COLUMN »

Flash! New ways of communication are now in progress. In M. H. S. it's sending letters in little red notebooks. And are those letters good? Oh Boy! The authors aren't Freshmen either. Teachers, be on the look-out!

From all appearances we judge that Regina will make "the perfect secretary." She is clever and efficient, and possesses a certain characteristic which is bound to help her in her work.

When a pretty girl comes to M. H. S., what happens? Well, perhaps Gately and Parker could best answer that. Boys go "gaga," duels are fought, and the girls look on with envy.

Quiet little Betty King isn't as quiet as we thought. Perhaps G. G. is the reason for this. By the way, George,

watch out, because if her sister has to do dishes, Rube doesn't at all mind entertaining Betty.

People today seem to think that family feuds are over, but apparently there are still a few signs of it left. After all just because J. I. is the man "with a heart of stone" there's no reason why two certain chums (a Junior and a Senior) have to take it out on his sister. You might as well speak D. and R. Rita couldn't help it if you failed to make the conquest.

Three dignified Senior young ladies were quietly walking down the Mill Hill one Monday night on their way to that very "exclusive" club when voices were heard in the grove. They looked down to see two figures emerge from the darkness. These same figures may be



detected frequently in the same locality. Georgie, is she still saying "No"?

June you'd better keep an eye on that handsome boy friend of yours, take my advice! Why the poor boy didn't have a chance to get his breath at the Senior Class Meeting. As soon as the girls' tag dance was announced the girls practically tore him from each other. I'll bet he thought he was on the field.

Have you noticed how happy H. Marsden is these days? Well here's the answer. Her "secret passion" asked her to dance at the senior gathering. J. B., to think the poor girl has felt that way so long and you just caught on.

Here is a would-be romance, if only "Toby" would wake up. A quiet, shy little freshman girl who reminds us of "Martha" is just so bashful that she bears her heart-aches silently rather than let anyone know. "Toby," since you're the victim, won't you please come to the rescue? We can't let Mary pine away.

The Senior commercial students aren't the only ones who have daily

letters to write. A certain Junior girl also has her obligation. H. Dzerkacz, are you practicing up? Reports have it that Helen hates to see them stacking up, so she sends them in the direction of Lawrence Academy.

A request from upper classmen to R. H., R. J., and D. D. of the "younger generation:" Please forget "Clara", the kicking, and the hop-scotch at forthcoming football games. We realize we can't teach the kindergarten class everything in a couple of short months but please try to at least act intelligently.

The following is an actual letter, copied exactly as it was when found:

Darling T . . . . .,

You are the light of my eyes, sweet-heart. When I see you, I tremble, when I speak to you, I stammer, when I look into those dark fringed hazel eyes, I am lost, completely and wholly lost.

Farewell my hot tomato, sweet rad-ish, sour pickles, and melted ice cream.

Farewell

L . . . . .

Who knows who lost it? If the author wants it, just come to me.







Clara Gogolin: "I've changed my mind."

Fourette: "Does it work any better?"

Charlie D'Agata: "I ought to be a great fighter now that my nose is broken."

M. Dean: "Why?"

C. D'Agata: "Now I can stop Schmelling."

Georgie: "Tell me Anna, what is a gherkin?"

Anna: "Gherkin? Did you ever see a wart-hog?"

Georgie: "Never."

Anna: "Well, that's not a gherkin."

Georgie: "Well, what *is* a gherkin?"

Anna: "A gherkin is a pickle that got into society."

Howard B: "Horrible fire in the shoe factory."

Helen I: "Any lives lost?"

Howard: "A thousand soles."

Charlie to Joe: "Why are you making faces at that bulldog?"

Joe F.: "Well, he started it."

Waitor: "Would you prefer Spanish, French, or Italian cooking?"

Yash: "I don't mind—I want a soft-boiled egg."

Miss Colburn: "Why is a sheet of ice like a sheet of music?"

Marie F.: "'Cause if you don't see sharp, you'll be flat."

### Ancient History of Bridge

Adam was the first to be short suited.  
Caesar took Cleopatra out.  
Solomon bid on some guarded queens.  
Noah drew pairs and sat on a deck.

Surgeon: "I will operate for \$1,000."

Patient: "Go ahead, and if you find it I'll give you half."

Policeman: "Take it easy. Didn't you see that sign—'Slow Down Here'?"

Carbary: "Yes, officer, but I thought it was describing your little town."

Miss Fearn: "What do you think Washington would do if he were alive today?"

Boothroyd: "He'd get the Old Age Pension."



Mr. Provasoli to Thane: "Yes, this is the very latest type of milking machine."

Thane: "But do you think any of these machines make as good milk as cows do?"

Dad: "Where's that young man who was calling on you?"

Doris: "Oh, he left in a huff."

Dad: "A huff? A huff? They are getting so many new cars on the market now, a fellow simply can't keep track of them."

Mr. M.: "Who has done most to rouse the working class?"

D. Jones: "The inventor of alarm clocks."

Kenny J.: "Is Mamie's car good for much speed?"

Sybil: "Say, the only dust you could raise in it would come from the upholstery."

Freshman at candy counter: "Who attends to the nuts?"

Norma: "I'll take care of you in just a minute."

Alyce: "Would you put yourself out for me?"

Sonny: "Certainly."

Alyce: "Then shut the door as you go."

Teacher: "What material makes the best shoes?"

Barbara W.: "I don't know, but the banana makes the best slipper."

Miss Wetherbee: "Why did you place the alarm clock beside the pan of dough, Myrtle?"

Myrtle: "So it would know what time to rise."

Kenny thought his gas was getting low: He struck a match; the tank let go, Kenny sailed three miles right in the air, Three miles on a pint is pretty fair.

Charlie was out walking with a friend when he remarked, "Did you see that notice we've just passed, 'Tourist trips over mountain'?"

"No," said his friend, "I didn't, but why worry about him? Why didn't he look where he was going?"

Mr. Manty: "Trees contribute greatly to the heat of the atmosphere."

Mary V.: "Yes, sir, the birch has often warmed me."

How long is a short circuit?

Miss B.: "If a number of cattle is called a herd and a number of sheep is called a flock, what would a number of camels be called?"

LeSage: "A carton!"

E. Priest: "What is dandruff?"

G. Downey: "Chips off the old block."

Gather your rosebuds while you may,  
For time brings only sorrow,  
The girls you might have kissed to-day,  
May be in gas-masks by tomorrow.

Mr. Lerer (in chemistry class): "What is a reducing agent?"

Julia D'errico: "Welch's Grape Juice?"

He: "What does the buffalo on the nickel stand for?"

She: "Because there isn't room for him to sit down."

Frances: "What is your favorite book?"

Marie Flaherty: "It has always been my bank book, but even that is lacking in interest now."



Where does your snore go to when you wake up? \_\_\_\_\_

Mr. R.: "What is the plural of man?"

Margaret C.: "Men."

Mr. R.: "And the plural of child?"

Margaret C.: "Twins."

Where is the wind when it doesn't blow? \_\_\_\_\_

Whalen: "What time is it by your watch?"

B. Green: "Fifteen after."

Whalen: "After what?"

B. Green: "I don't know, I had to lay off one of the hands."

McLane: "They tell me your girl has a lot of will power."

Carbary: "Yes, but that's nothing compared to her won't power."

Murray: "I believe, I am losing my memory. It's worrying me to death."

Mariani: "Never mind, old pal, just forget about it."

Teacher: "When were you born?"

Freshman: "On April 2."

Teacher: "Being a little late must be a habit with you."

Ruth Hodgess: "I want a ticket for Virginia."

Agent: "What part of Virginia?"

Ruth Hodgess: "All of her; she's watching her luggage in the waiting room."

A BAKER'S LOVE LETTER

Sweet Tart:

You're waffle cute, and you're roll the world to me. I'm a well bread young fellow and that's a good raisin why you should marry me when I raise the dough. Be my batter half, and everything will pan out all right. I sing your praises day and night bakecause I loaf you. Doughnut refuse me, honey bun, or you're cruller than I think you are. I deserves a little oven, for you're the flour of my eggsistence.

Yours confectionately,  
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