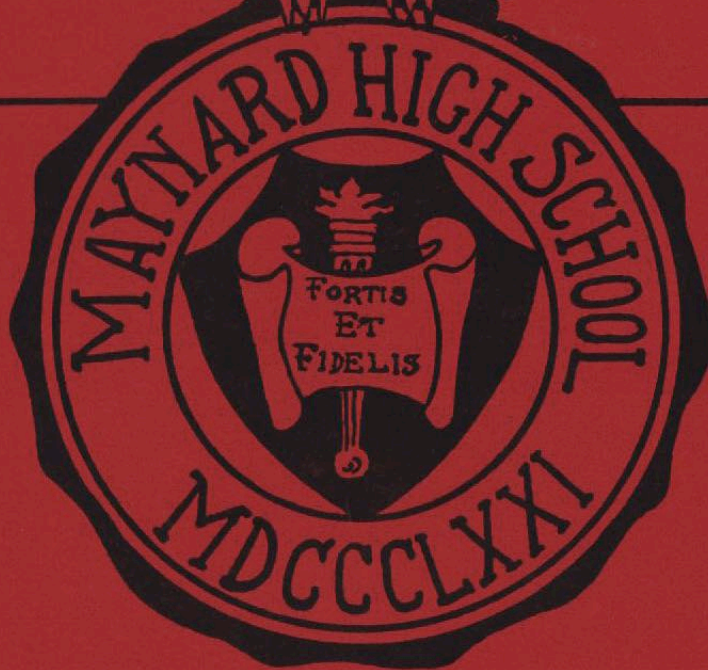


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# THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

*Maynard, Massachusetts, November 1934*

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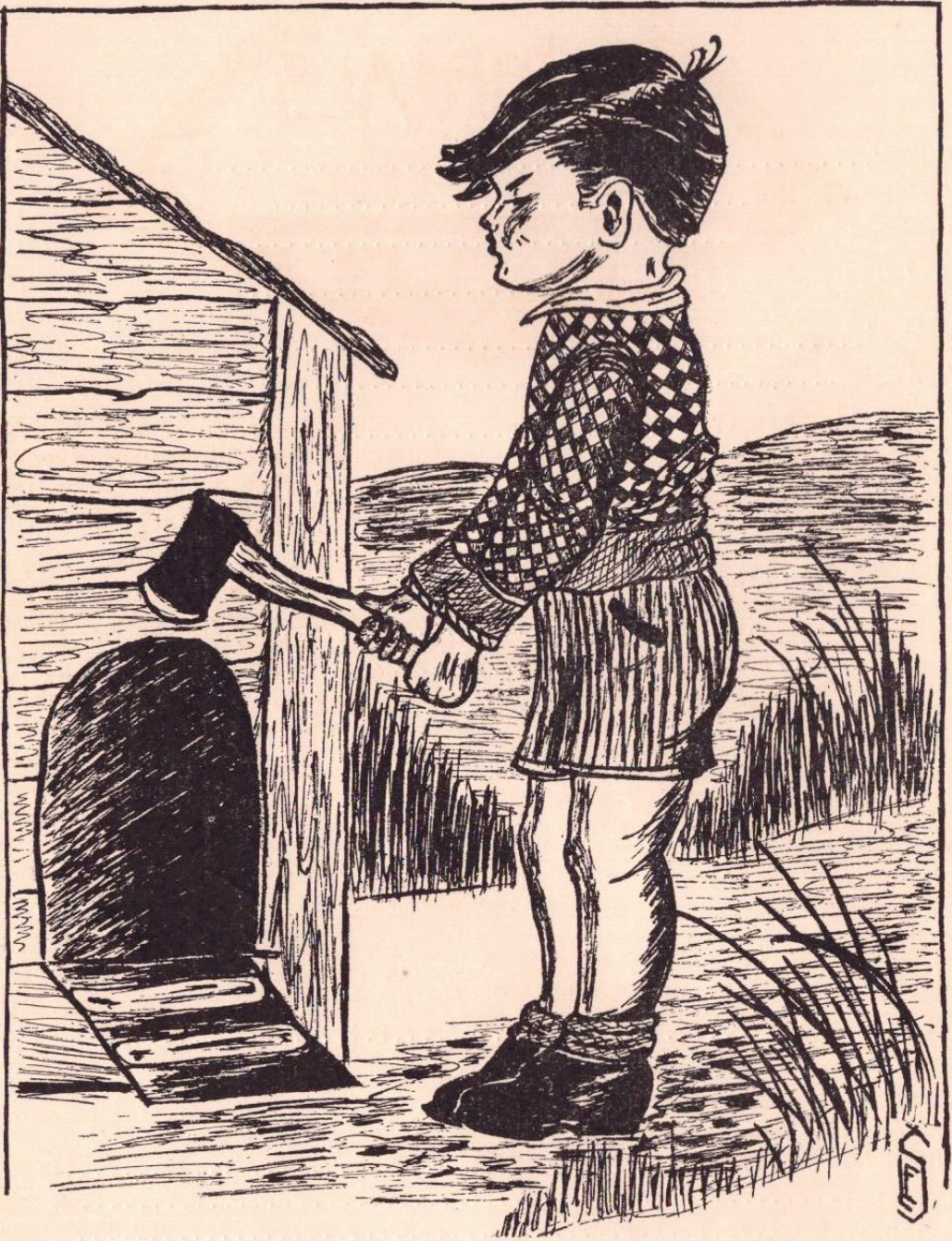
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“Last Fall you escaped my axe  
with great fear,  
But by golly, Mr. Turkey,  
I’ll get you this year.”





### FRIENDSHIP

In the present day and age, most people strive to accumulate wealth, considering it the most essential factor in their lives, and thereby disregard the necessity of the most valued treasure one can have—friends. It is true that wealth is necessary for the upkeep of the body, but real contentment and happiness are found in the establishment of a true friendship. It would be a dull and dreary existence if one had money, but no friends.

Through friendship one learns loyalty—a thing much needed among high school students. If one is loyal and true to his friends, he is generally the same to his classmates, his teachers, and his school.

Again, through friendship one can be inspired to fine and worthy things and can attain the desire and dream of every human being—happiness. If one has friends, and finds happiness with them, remember, “never trade an old friend for a new,” or as Shakespeare says, “Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.”

Elizabeth Mahoney.

---

### HOMEWORK

Homework, like every other good thing, loses its value if one has too much of it. We are forced to spend almost all

of our time outside of school in home study, and therefore we lose interest and work mechanically merely to get it done. In this way, of course, there is not much benefit from it.

If a student says he did not have time to do his homework, the teacher either says outright or implies that laziness is the cause. This certainly is not encouraging. There are, naturally, some pupils who do not study, regardless of the amount of homework assigned. For the most part, however, we want to get the full benefit of school; and we are willing to work, for we realize that there are certain requirements that we must fulfill. But there is a limit to the amount of work our brains will do. Five hours spent in school and five in outside preparation passes beyond this limit.

Then there is the question of physical well-being. There are many days when we would not get a breath of fresh air but for the walk to and from school. When we sit in school from eight until one, surely we are entitled to outdoor exercise in the afternoon.

There are things other than school-work that we are expected to and should do. We should take part in sports, read a newspaper every day, read good magazines and books, attend worthwhile entertainments. Yet it is impossible to do these and obtain good marks in school also.

To show that I am not alone in this opinion, I quote from “*An Apology for Idlers*” by Robert Louis Stevenson:

"It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honors with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterward have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words: 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.' The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life."

Editor.

---

### GOOD MANNERS

Are our manners a true key to our inner selves? If so, what vulgar, stupid,

people many of us must be! Observing us chewing gum, tripping each other, yodeling down the corridor, or slamming doors in the faces of those behind us, a stranger would be anything but impressed. We surround ourselves with this sort of atmosphere every day and seem to thrive on it.

Perhaps a reader may think that such a criticism is unfair. True, other schools are also afflicted with students who persist in doing unmannerly things, but that does not excuse us. Who will deny that we are capable of improving our conduct?

One of the chief causes of bad manners is thoughtlessness. Pupils seldom intend to be rude, but somehow that desire to be thought a "wise-cracker" or "smart-aleck" is too strong to be resisted.

Now that we have spoken, how about making a few improvements in the future? Our school has backed us in many enterprises and it is time to show our gratitude by trying to be a credit to it.

It has been said that Maynard High lacks school spirit, but now is our chance to disprove that statement.

Overcome those careless habits and show what you really can do.

C. King.



In an effort to stimulate interest in short story writing in the high school, the "Screech Owl" sponsored a contest open to all students except members of the staff. It was originally intended to offer one prize, but the judges were not unanimous in their decision and the "Screech Owl" is awarding a book to each of the following: Sylvia Glickman, Elizabeth Schnair, and James Ledgard. Honorable mention is given to Helen Barber and Catherine Allard, whose stories also appear in this issue. The staff takes this opportunity to express its thanks to the judges, Miss Honor McCarn, Mrs. Matthew Vance, and Mr. Guyer Fowler.

## THE TWO GREAT SPECIALISTS

by Sylvia Glickman

The operating room was a strange one. It had a green floor and a blue ceiling. The operating table was equally as strange, for it took the form of a bench. The two great specialists did not notice the peculiarity of the place for they were too concerned with the patient on whom they were going to operate. Clearly it was an emergency case and evidently something was wrong, for Doctor Murray glanced at his watch anxiously.

"Where is the nurse, anyway?" he exclaimed. "Doesn't she know that every moment is precious?"

"Calm yourself, Doctor Murray. She'll be here soon. You can't operate on a patient when you're like that," said Doctor Smith.

"But every moment counts. Doctor Smith, we'll have to go ahead without the nurse."

"Can we?" asked Doctor Smith.

"Of course we can. The patient may die if we don't operate on her immediately. She may be dying now," was the answer.

"Very well. Let's get ready," said Doctor Smith.

Both doctors retired to the washroom where they scrubbed themselves thoroughly, for all doctors must be spotless before they can operate. Afterwards, Doctor Murray collected the surgical instruments and sterilized them, while Doctor Smith gathered the bandages and other equipment they would need.

Ten minutes later the two great specialists met in the operating room, prepared to perform the operation. They paused, and by noting the look of disgust on Doctor Murray's face one could clearly understand that something was wrong.

"Doctor Smith," he called, "Where is the ether?"

"Why, I thought you had it," replied the other in a surprised tone. "Wait here and I'll get it!" He was just about to leave the room when the voice of his fellow doctor stopped him.

"You stay where you are and I'll bring it," ordered Doctor Murray.

In a few moments Doctor Murray returned with the anaesthetic and all was well again. While his companion administered the ether, Doctor Murray glanced over the surgical trays so that he could be sure of what he was going to do. Soon the patient was unconscious and the great specialists were ready to begin their work. There was a short silence and then Doctor Murray spoke.

"Are you sure everything is all right?" he asked.

"I've checked everything and as far as I know it's all okay," was the answer.

"Well then let us begin," said the other.

"Wait!" commanded Doctor Smith.

"What's wrong?" inquired the other. "You've checked everything, haven't you?"

"Yes but you don't seem to realize that this is an emergency case," replied his companion.

"What do you mean?" asked Doctor Murray, surprised.

"Just this," answered the other. "The patient's life depends on us. If she lives she will have us to thank and if she should die, we are to blame. Therefore we must go easy and be sure of everything that we do. We can't rush. We have got to go slow and remember that a single slip means death!"

"What are you trying to do? Give me a lecture?" asked his colleague with a frown on his face.

"No," said the other, "I might have known you wouldn't understand."

"Of course I do, but, Doctor, take my advice and do not worry too much. It's bad for your nerves," said Doctor Murray; then, intercepting an angry look from the other doctor, hastily added, "Come on! Cheer up! I was only joking. Let's begin the operation before we have an argument. Hand me the knife, Doctor Smith."

"Here it is," said the other doctor.

"Well here . . . !"

But he got no farther, for just then a little girl about nine years old entered the scene.

"Billy and Jack," she screamed. "You let Mary Ann alone! I just had her restuffed last week and . . . !" Suddenly she stopped and stared in amazement. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "You're going to get it! You've mother's knives and scissors and you're sitting on the wet grass! Wait until I tell mother!" With that the little girl picked up Mary Ann, and disappeared from the scene, leaving behind her two very much bewildered boys.

Finally one of them managed to speak. It was Doctor Murray, aged ten.

"Oh, Gee!" he exclaimed. "No one

can ever have any fun when he has a sister. I think sisters are terrible!"

"You're right," agreed eleven year old Doctor Smith.

### "THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD"

by Elizabeth Schnair

396 Main Street,  
Clarksburg, New Jersey,  
September 8, 1934.

Mr. Paul Stanford,  
530 East Street,  
Trenton, New Jersey.

Dear Mr. Stanford:

Although you did not know it until you read this, I have been one of your most ardent admirers for the past two years. During the time in which you have been broadcasting, I have not willingly missed one program. You know, I wish there were more programs on the air such as yours. Your bright flashes of humor make me laugh, your philosophy gives me something to think about, and on days when I am blue you always leave me with the thought that there are others worse off than I. If you could only realize how much I need that sort of thing!

Mr. Stanford, would you mind a little criticism of your program? I know that most artists welcome suggestions and I have one for you. When you are philosophizing, please don't talk about blind people, cripples and the like. I always feel so gloomy when I hear things like that, and we can find enough gloomy things in life without listening to them on the radio. Isn't that true?

Would you, on some future broadcast, please sing my favorite song, "The Sweetest Story Ever Told"?

I do wish that I could see you some day at the studio, but that is quite impossible. However, won't you please answer my letter? It won't be too much trouble and will only take a few minutes. Please do, Mr. Stanford. I will be so proud and happy to have it.

Sincerely yours,

Jean Brooks

396 Main Street,  
Clarksburg, New Jersey,  
November 20, 1934.

Mr. Paul Stanford,  
530 East Street,  
Trenton, New Jersey.

Dear Mr. Stanford:

Over six weeks have passed since I wrote to you and no answer yet. How disappointing you can be! Probably I should not expect a man in your position to write a letter to a little nobody like me, but I looked forward so to your answer.

Mr. Stanford, if you could only know how great is my admiration for you, you wouldn't wish to cause me such a disappointment again.

And you did not sing "The Sweetest Story Ever Told." You might at least do that.

I wish more than ever that I could see you. But as you were told in the first letter, that is impossible. Write to me and make up for my inability to do this.

Sincerely,  
Jean Brooks

530 East Street,  
Trenton, New Jersey,  
November 25, 1934.

Miss Jean Brooks,  
396 Main Street,  
Clarksburg, New Jersey.

My dear Miss Brooks:

Sorry not to have answered your first letter. We radio people are terribly busy all of the time. It is not my custom to answer letters but I made an exception of yours.

The purpose of this message is to invite you to come to station WROM at the above address, and ask the page boy to bring you to me. Come, if possible, on either a Tuesday or a Thursday as those are the days I broadcast. Hoping to see you and with many thanks for your interest, I am

Most sincerely,  
Paul Stanford.

396 Main Street,  
Clarksburg, New Jersey,  
November 27, 1934.

Dear Mr. Stanford:

Thank you for your much-yearned-for letter. It is priceless!

I shall be at the studio next Thursday, but I warn you—be prepared for a slight shock. Probably you have already guessed what I infer by my former letters.

Thanks again.

Gratefully yours,  
Jean Brooks

530 East Street,  
Trenton, New Jersey,  
July 17, 1935.

St. John's Hospital,  
1134 North Street,  
Trenton, New Jersey.

Dear Jean:

I am delighted to know that you will be home soon. Dr. Dale said that he was very well pleased with the results of the operation. You'll have to be very careful, of course, and I'll be around to see to that!

Dear, do you remember that fateful day in November when you and I first met? I had received your letter the day before your appearance at the studio, warning me of a "shock." You certainly puzzled me by that.

As three-thirty approached and no Miss Brooks had yet appeared, I was forced to enter studio B rather dejectedly. During the broadcast, while I was singing "The Sweetest Story," I saw a middle aged woman looking through the studio window. She seemed so interested in everything that was going on, I thought it was you. Not trying to be impertinent, I hoped that it wasn't you, because I had planned on Jean Brooks' being young and pretty.

Anyway, after the program, on going into the reception room, I saw this same woman, holding by the arm, a young girl. I was doubtful as to whether she was "my" young lady or not as she paid not the least bit of attention to me.

The two women approached, one leading the other.

"Mr. Stanford," began the elder woman, "I am Mrs. Brooks, and this," nodding toward you, "is Jean."

"How do you do, Mr. Stanford? You can't imagine how thrilling this is for me."

Thus spoke Jean Brooks. But all this time she was acting queerly. She

kept her eyes steadfastly on the rug, as if she were studying its designs.

"Why, Miss Brooks, I'm delighted to meet you, but why don't you look at me? said yours truly, with a nervous laugh.

"I . . ." began the young woman, abashed.

"It wouldn't do any good for her to look at you Mr. Stanford," spoke her mother, and added quickly, lest I misunderstand, "she is blind."

Then the three of us sat down and you told me that your mother had written your letters for you. It wasn't until then that I understood. "I wish I could see you but that is impossible." I had wondered why you couldn't come to see me, as long as you were so eager to. (Am I bragging, Jean?) Clarksburg isn't so far away from Trenton that the trip could not be made in less than two hours.

What a great deal has happened since that day! Remember how overjoyed you were when Dr. Dale said that there was a ten to one chance to restore your eyesight by a delicate operation. What a brave person you were, Jean, to take that chance! You said that the only condition under which you would marry me was that your sight be regained—otherwise we two were to forget each other. The fact that you were blind didn't lessen my love for you a particle. However, no one is happier than I that you can enjoy life as the rest of us. At first I was afraid that you would be disappointed in me for the . . . how many times would that make? . . . when you first saw me, but for some mysterious reason, you weren't, thank heavens.

And now, dear, I must go into studio B. I am singing "The Sweetest Story Ever Told" for a future bride, Miss Jean Brooks. Ever hear of her? They say she's going to marry a rogue named Stanford. She must be blind!

See you soon.

Lovingly,

Paul

## PERCY LLOYD

by James Ledgard

As the swaying train rumbled towards Piedmont, Percy Lloyd opened his Delineator and read with the concentration which is customary only to those who have traveled a great deal. But Percy was no wanderer. In fact, the bespectacled young man had rarely strayed away from his fond mother's eyes. He was exceptional—so exceptional that he was almost a freak. He was on his way to see Cousin Minnie and Uncle Daniel and was receiving the thrill of his life and at the same time enjoying a lovely story in the Delineator. Mother had always had that wonderful home magazine about the house. It had a great influence upon the handy man of the house—for that Percy surely was. He was especially clever at wiping dishes; in fact, he hadn't broken a dish in years.

At the next stop a beautiful young lady boarded the train. And would you believe it? She not only boarded the same car as Percy but she also found it necessary to place herself next to this strange, but not dangerous looking young man whom we know as Percy Lloyd. With the courtesy but lacking the grace of a courtier, the young gentleman rose to aid her in putting her heavy bag upon the rack. His eyes opened almost as wide as his glasses with surprise when the suit-case mysteriously broke open and a shower of garments fell out. A few of them blew out the window and adorned an old scarecrow. Poor Percy was wedged in by the falling of the window when he tried to snatch them. He was quite panic-stricken and flung his ungainly limbs in all directions. Finally, with much difficulty, he was pulled back, very much embarrassed. Soon he regained his breath and stooped to help his victim pick up her clothes. In doing so there resounded a loud crack—not a slap in the face, but a crack of two heads. The utterly disgusted young lady flounced away; never would That Man bother her again she hoped. But apology must be given where apology is due, our young philos-

opher thought, and he actually chased her through the cars until she came to the ladies' room. Percy patiently waited outside, and when the car stopped a few stations later, the girl rushed off, almost knocking him over. Nevertheless the determined Percy still pursued her.

For this reason Percy never visited his Cousin Minnie and Uncle Daniel. He had taken a great liking to this girl who had so justly been angered by his actions. She had spunk, the very thing Percy needed. But believe it or not, this same spunky girl married him a few months later. She "never had a chance" once Percy Lloyd made up his mind that he cared for her. But Percy made a good husband and washed the dishes happily ever after.

---

### "THE SCREECH OWL"

Toast ye! All students who here read  
Her pages, filled with literary seed.  
Even more than Life you need . . .

*"The Screech Owl!"*

Secrets weird her pages bare,  
Classmates at her pictures stare!  
Rush to get a copy—dare  
E'en to snatch one from "Le Pere."  
Every number read with care,  
Changed about 'till worse for wear,  
Hundreds want that booklet rare . . .

*"The Screech Owl!"*

Oh! Would you have a book most tense?  
Will you, for twenty-five small cents  
Look upon a work immense?

*"The Screech Owl!"*

Barbara Jordan.

---

### "BETTER THAN WEALTH"

The home of Nancy Adams was in a narrow dirty alley. The debris scattered here and there, the dilapidated buildings, the ragged, ill-kept clothes of the inhabitants, all suggested misery and poverty. Not even the radiant beams of the sun could make it appear beautiful, but made bare the ugly truth. This was the home of Nancy and Fred in the daylight.

At night, the silver moon beams had an enchanting effect on the alley. They changed the debris into silver mountains and transferred the dilapidated buildings into ruined castles. The ugliness of the daytime was banished, the mellow light of the moon made every sordid thing appear to be something beautiful. It was while the alley was under the spell of the moon that Nancy came home after a tedious day's work.

Nancy worked in a department store. She was nineteen years old and, being a very pretty girl, received much admiration. Her hair was a soft cloud of gold, while her eyes were the color of a dark night in summer. She worked to earn a living for her seven-year-old brother and herself.

As she climbed the rickety old staircase, she thought of her poverty and her soul rebelled. She opened the battered door of her apartment and a soiled, dirty faced little chap ran to greet her. He was munching a caramel, and in one little fist he carried a bag of these sweets.

"Gee! I'm glad you're home, Nan," were the words that greeted her.

"I'm glad to be home too, Freddy. Where did you get that candy?"

"I helped Johnnie deliver his papers to-day, and he bought me this candy and gave me ten cents besides. I'm a working man now. Pretty soon, sis, I'll get so much money we won't have to live here, and you won't have to work," was the earnest answer.

Nancy's eyes filled with tears. Such a dear little chap! He was going to earn a living for them both. There he stood in his ragged overalls, his curly brown head all snarled and blown by the wind. His sweet little face, so like a girl's in its childishness, covered with dirt and candy, and his eyes, lovely green eyes, looking at her so earnestly. He was a dear little brother.

"You would do that for me, dear?" she asked him.

"Sure sis, I'd do anything for you. You're swell. Don't I wash my neck and ears when you ask me?"

The two then chatted over the days happenings, with the child's merry

laughter ringing out at intervals. Here were these two who had nothing—yet so much. They had something more precious than wealth—Love.

Ten years now have elapsed, and the pair have struggled through many a hard time. Good luck finally has come in their path. Nancy is now the private secretary to the firm for which she was working. Fred, through a scholarship, is enjoying his first year at Yale. It is now the great day in Fred's and Nancy's lives. Like all good heroes, Fred must have his big day. From a small chubby rascal, Fred has grown to be quite a rugged young fellow. The broadness of his shoulders, his height, and the muscles acquired through much hard labor prove him to be a valuable candidate for football. Although only a youngster, he has made the grade. He has gained a position on the second team.

The band now plays, and the crowd is cheering. Somewhere seated in the grand stand is his sister. If he can only get a chance, he vows to make the most of it, for her sake more than for anyone else. Hadn't she cared for him as a little fellow? Hadn't she urged him on and helped him in his lessons at High School? Hadn't she kept him straight, clean and manly, overcoming the evils of his neighborhood? He must prove his worth.

The first half passed much too quickly, the score being six to six. Fred hoped for his chance during the next half and his prayers were answered. The coach beckoned him.

"Fred, I am going to give you a chance. Jones is pretty tired. He must be taken out. Go in there, boy. Remember, the crowd is fickle, but whatever happens we're behind you, Fight!"

Fred ran in. The words of his coach and the cheering of his fellow men encouraged him. A few minutes after he entered, with the ball in Yale's possession, Fred fumbled a pass and the opponents recovered the ball. The crowd then proved its changeability. Most boys would feel as if all were lost, but Fred kept his courage, although he was far from being calm.

The word went through the line that they were going to kick. The crowd yelled in great excitement.

"Block that kick!"

The cheering section, with the band, were singing their stirring song. Here was his chance. Would he make good? Every fibre of his young body answered, "Yes."

Sure enough, the opponents prepared to kick towards Yale's goal, but they were not quick enough. Fred ran in like a human thunderbolt. He'd block it—and how he blocked it! His adversary bowled over completely, fell, and lost his grip on the precious pigskin. Fred recovered. What a joy and thrill it was to feel the ball beneath him! Yale's ball, and following—yes, their touchdown. No longer need Fred remember the hardships of his childhood. Hadn't he a sister to be proud of? Now to add to his store of wealth he had—Fame.

Helen Barber.

### THE DREAM THAT BLOOMED

Fiercely the wind tore round the six gables of the old house on Birch Lane. Inside, the dull glow of the fireplace cast weird and suggestive shadows about the crudely furnished room. The beams hung low like those one would see in an old hunting lodge; in fact the whole room seemed to give the observer the appearance of a camp situated in the wilds of the Maine woods. In reality, however, it was only the comfortable studio of Rosa Verrill, famed landscape artist.

At the present time Miss Verrill was completing a scene which was to be exhibited at a general art exhibit, the next week in a near-by city.

At the other end of the room, reclining on an old couch, was Rilla Barton, talented young student of art of the Clay High School.

Rilla's reverie was suddenly broken as Rosa Verrill, giving her canvas one last critical glance exclaimed, "There now! That will be all for today if you please! Rilla, dear, will you put the water on for tea, please? I'm frightfully weary!"



Rilla heaved a big sigh, and without a word, did as she was asked. When the tea and cakes were ready, Rosa sat in a corner of the studio while Rilla poured the tea.

"Why so quiet today Rilla, dear? You are not at all your own vivacious little self said Rosa Verrill.

"Oh, I just don't know," answered Rilla. "I guess I'm just brooding again—I can't seem to content myself to circumstances."

"My dear girl," answered Miss Verrill, "I know just how you feel and I wish I could help you, but you, as I have told you before, must just content yourself and take things as they present themselves. It would be easier if you could afford to attend the Academy, but you know that it is impossible at present."

And, as was usual, Rilla went home, still perturbed over the fact that she could not go to the art academy after she graduated.

The next day as Rilla was completing her homework in her room, she received a telephone call from Jennie Jason, Rosa's maid, informing Rilla that Miss Verrill had met with an accident and wished to see Rilla immediately.

With all sorts of ideas whirling through her head, Rilla finally arrived at Rosa's home. As Rilla met her friend, she gazed upon a bandaged arm and hand. Rosa simply exclaimed, "I think I make a better artist than a cook."

She had burned her arm and hand severely. Her masterpiece was not completed. She couldn't use her hand to finish it, and now she wished to have Rilla complete the picture.

Soon Rosa told Rilla what she wanted her for. Rilla was stunned. Imagine a novice and apprentice working on a well known artist's picture! Who ever heard of such a thing! At once Rilla put forward excuses, but after a little more urging on the part of Miss Verrill she set to work under Rosa's supervision. The second, third, and fourth days found Rilla working alone and at the end of the time the scene was completed. Rosa admired the work in her heart but at the same time she appeared to be very

critical as she told Rilla what she thought of her work.

Two days later Rosa and Rilla attended the art exhibit. They were admiring one picture in particular when Jerome Craven, the greatest art critic in the country, came up to Rosa and spoke to her: "I have heard much about your work Miss Verrill, but now I am thoroughly convinced that you paint some of the most beautiful scenes I have ever seen."

Rosa was thrilled to the heart with the compliment, but she could not take all the picture, so she pointed out to Mr. Craven that part of the work which Rilla had done.

The critic was wide-eyed with surprise. He had a long talk with Rilla and encouraged her in her work. He told her that she showed great promise and would some day make good. Rilla spoke of the fact that she thought she would have to drop art from her mind altogether, as she had to go to work immediately after she finished school. Mr. Craven seemed to ignore the remark entirely, and said no more. As the exhibit came to an end, Rilla was pleased and somewhat happy over the criticism of Mr. Jerome Craven, but at the same time considered the whole exhibit as one of those things that come and go.

At the same time, however, some miles away, Mr. Jerome Craven was sitting at his desk and was just reading over a letter which he had written to

Miss Rilla Barton:

"Because I was so well pleased with your work in completing Miss Verrill's landscape scene, I am taking it upon my shoulders to send you to the Massachusetts Art Academy at my expense. You will enter this course next fall and will continue for four consecutive years. I am convinced that you will make a very successful artist, and I will not take "no" for an answer. I hope that you will also be a guest at my home in the near future.

Please do not feel that this will put you under any obligation to me, as it certainly will not."

I wish you great success.

Jerome Craven

Catherine Allard.

### EVERY DAY SHOULD BE "MOTHER'S DAY"

Every day should be "Mother's Day,"  
Instead of that day in May.  
We give her flowers and candy too  
On that day in May,  
But don't you think she would rather  
We gave her gratitude  
On every day  
Instead of the candy and flowers that  
day?

Every day should be "Mother's Day."  
So fill her with pride and joy  
By doing your very best each day  
In helping her in every way.  
Now you all know that flowers fade,  
And candy doesn't go a long way.  
So give her gratitude on every day  
Instead of the candy and flowers that  
day.

Laila Wainio.

### DIFFICULTIES DO NOT MATTER

Has it ever occurred to you that no matter what happens it always turns out for the better? While reading the lives of famous men and from my own experiences I am fully convinced that this is true.

Have you ever taken time to read the life of one of America's most famous inventors, Thomas A. Edison? You have read how Edison was handicapped at an early age by deafness due to the carelessness of a person who boxed his ears. The fact to some would have been discouragement, but to Edison it was not. After many experiments Edison was successful in producing a small machine which fitted into the ear and worked on the same principle as our modern radio. It helped many who thought they would be totally deaf for the remainder of their lives. Edison knew differently and said they were partly deaf.

Another interesting life was that of one of our presidents, Theodore Roose-

velt. At the age of ten Roosevelt sat up nights with that terrible disease known as asthma. Urging his father to build a gymnasium on his city home, Roosevelt was able to exercise every morning. He took many trips to foreign countries accompanied by his parents. Even after he was President, "Teddy," as he was called, took trips to Africa and out west for his health. This disease had not even hindered Roosevelt as he died a happy death, glad that he had conquered such a serious disease.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, our present president, has been afflicted with paralysis. He didn't think this disease could make him a cripple. He fought like Theodore and now is practically cured. Every year he sends a certain number of children to Georgia to take salt-water baths. Many, probably thousands, of children extend their heartiest appreciation to the President who has built a foundation for children who suffer from this disease.

"Difficulties do not matter" as you have learned from the lives of these famous men and also many more. What good is life if you can't enjoy it? As these two authors of the following quotations say:

"Never despair: but if you do, work on in despair."

Bourke.

"In all things it is better to hope than to despair."

Goethe.

—Albert Bachrach, '38.

### BEING LATE FOR SCHOOL

I always thought it trying  
To get to school on time,  
Especially in the morning  
When you don't feel very fine.

It's always a race and a hustle,  
And a hurry, and a bustle,  
Ever a strain of every muscle  
To get to school on time.

I rush across the street,  
And up the stairs on high,  
And nearly trip my feet  
In trying to get by.

The coach is standing in the hall,  
 And all at once I hear a call  
 That fills my ears with the dread,  
 "You're late!  
 Go into the office, and meet your fate."

Elizabeth Tobin.

### THE CLASS OF 1938

In order to understand the unusual brilliancy of the class of 1938 we must first mention our ancestors.

As a class we have studied our family trees to such an extent that we are proud to admit we have as our very great grandparents, Adam and Eve. Among the most noted of our ancestors are: Caesar, Cicero, Alexander the Great, St. Patrick, Columbus, King George, Virgil, Robinson Crusoe, Venus, Jupiter, Washington, John Paul Jones, Virginia Dare and Mahatma Ghandi. Some have traced their ancestry to Finland, Poland, and Iceland, some to the Teutonic Invasions, others to the Asylum; others, having lost track of their family tree, can only go back as far as Slabtown and Squeedonk. We all realize, however, that if the missing links were supplied, our ancestry could be traced back to the jungles.

Is it any wonder that our preceding classmates look upon us with envious eyes? Is it not true that even our teachers admit that we have shown so much originality in our recitations that we have thrown them into ecstasies of admiration, and they all declare that in our two months' time they have learned more from our class than their tired brains can hold?

We, as the class of 1938, feel justly proud of our records and are quite will-

ing as the "outstanding" class of Maynard High School to lend a helping hand to those studious juniors, those dubious sophomores, those "intellectual" seniors to the end that they may go forth into the world and take their places in positions that will bring credit and honor to Maynard High School.

K. Sheridan, '38.

### CLANDESTINE

His eyes were black; his hair was brown;  
 Upon his brow a worried frown.  
 Upon his back her form he bore  
 As silently he tried the door.  
 It opened softly at his hand.  
 The room beyond he quickly scanned.  
 Beyond him lay a dark unknown,  
 But he went forward all alone.

When once inside and danger free,  
 The girl upon a chair put he.  
 She gazed, unlife-like, through the  
 night,  
 Her face appearing waxy white.  
 He chuckled to himself as he  
 Rushed about, procuring—see!  
 He's bending o'er her chair—Oh, hush!  
 He stands away—she now does blush!

"At last!" cried he, "I've finished it!"  
 The desired effect her face now lit.  
 "I'll keep her here lest others tell  
 How I have made my waxen belle."  
 He gazed on it and with great glee  
 And pride addressed his effigy:  
 "You're beautiful and fair to see  
 But just one more dummy to me."

Irene Lemoine.

## 1928

Mary Hayward is employed at the Economy Store.  
 Lawrence Lerer is a teacher in the Maynard High School.  
 Arne Frigard is a teacher in Gloucester. He is also the football coach.  
 Leo Mullin is teaching in the Maynard High School.  
 George Tucker is the manager of an A & P Store in Roslindale.  
 Florence Wilcox has a position in Boston.

## 1929

Ruth Bradley is a member of the high school teaching staff.  
 Catherine Bariteau is a teacher in the Maynard Junior High School.

## 1930

Alice Fearn is teaching history in Maynard High School.  
 Harold Wilcox is a mathematics instructor in Maynard High School.  
 Walter Brayden is a student at Massachusetts State College.

## 1931

Catherine Coughlan is a student at Boston University, where she recently was the winner of the co-ed tennis championship for her fourth consecutive year.  
 John Bellows, a junior at the University of Vermont, is one of the assistant sport editors on the editorial staff of the *Ariel*, the junior year book. He was also a member of the cast of one of the group plays presented at the University by the two honorary dramatic societies.

## 1932

Laura Aho is employed in the office of Maynard High School.  
 Dominic Baccaro is a student at Fitchburg Teachers College.

Anne Bellows is studying at Boston University.

Albert Crowley is an employee in the office of the American Woolen Company.

Walter Crowther has secured a position in a Boston hotel.

Bernard Dawson is employed by the Edison Electric Light Co.

Linnea Frigard is working in New York. Mildred Glebus is employed at Paul's Food Shop.

Jeanette Gruber is a reporter for the *Enterprise*.

Reino Heitanen has secured a position in Boston.

Leona Howard is in training to be a nurse.

Ahti Jaakkola is employed by the United Co-operative Society.

Mary Kelly is employed by the American Woolen Company.

Lauri Katvala is working in the First National Co-operative.

Ethel Kivela is working at the Emerson Hospital.

William Ledgard is a student at Harvard College.

Reba Lerer is working at Lerer's Store.

Dorothy Marsden is a junior at Boston University where she has recently been elected captain of the junior basketball team.

James Mullin is a student at Fordham College.

Cecelia Nelson is studying at Lowell Teacher's College.

Mark Newton is attending Springfield College.

Edith Priest is at Massachusetts State College.

June Sawyer is working at Woolworth's.

Simmon Seder is studying at Harvard College.

Eleanor Slimond has opened a School of Dancing with Bernard Green.

Jacob Swartz is employed in the A & P.

Elvi Uljua is employed at the First National Co-operative.

Helen Zaniewski is attending Boston University.

John Tobin is employed in the A & P.

Sidney McCleary, a graduate of Maynard High School and a member of the junior class at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, has recently been elected president of a new organization on the college campus, the Bowdoin Liberal Political Forum.

## 1933

Arnold Anderson is working in the A & P Store.  
 Rita Bariteau, Elin Swanson, and Helen Priest are employed by the American Woolen Company.  
 Dorothy Burnham is a student at Massachusetts State College.  
 Bradford Case is studying at Tufts College.  
 Zennia Chutoranski is an employee at Gramo's.  
 Isabelle Donohue is in training in the Everett Hospital.  
 Lorraine Koch and John Murphy are students at the Curry School of Expression.  
 Marion Ledgard is studying at Fitchburg Teachers College.  
 George Murphy is employed at Murphy and Snyder's Printing Shop.  
 Doris Reynolds is in training at the Framingham Hospital.  
 Millard Swett has secured a position in Boston.  
 John Thompson is chauffeuring for Dr. Fuchs.  
 Mary Tobin is a steady employee at J. J. Newberry's.  
 Paul Wilson is a student at Massachusetts School of Art.

Oiva Hinsta is a student at Northeastern University.

## 1934

Richard Archer and John Fayton are attending Worcester Academy.  
 Guido Carbone is furthering his education at Massachusetts School of Art.  
 Frances Fearn and Stanley Loika are studying at Boston University.  
 Florence Hastings is at Damon Hall.  
 John Jaskiewicz is a student at Worcester Trade School.  
 James King is attending Lawrence Academy.  
 Joseph Lubin is employed at the Murphy & Martin Filling Station.  
 John "Speedy" O'Leary is a student at Worcester Academy where he is continuing his football career.  
 Ruth Marsden is employed in the town accountant's office.  
 Bennie Sofka and Joe Serafinko are ushers at People's Theatre.  
 Walter Sweeney is studying at Fordham College.  
 Ernest Tannuzzo is a student at Wentworth Institute.  
 Sophis Batulin is working at the Maynard Spa.  
 Waclaw Pyska is a steady employee in the First National Store.  
 Lillian Sullivan and Gladys Zapareski are employees of the J. J. Newberry Store.  
 Helen Wollerschied is employed by the American Woolen Company.



### Waltham 19—Maynard 0

Opening the season on a wet and muddy field, Maynard was beaten by a strong Waltham eleven. As this was the first game, the home team had little hope of winning. With four veterans the team showed a great deal of defensive and offensive power. The backs ran hard, and the tackling of the linemen was impressive. With the ball wet and muddy, the famed aerial attack of Maynard could not be tried. Waltham played, as last year, hard, clean football.

### Maynard 19—Stoneham 0

With the bitter memory of the biggest upset in schoolboy football in their minds, Maynard opened its Middlesex League season with a dashing victory.

During the first half, although in scoring position several times, the team lacked the scoring punch.

A substitute back, Cuttell, entered the game and this boy carried the ball to give Maynard its real chance to score. Brayden crashed over for the first touchdown, after the ball had been carried down inside the 10-yard line.

The second half again was all Maynard's, and two touchdowns were scored, one by a 50-yard pass from Brayden to Labowicz and the other from Frazer to Labowicz. Cuttell was the back-field star, with Labowicz playing a bang-up game in the line.

### Hudson 6—Maynard 0

With a complete reversal of form, Maynard went down to a bitter defeat by Hudson. Maynard was completely outplayed the first half and Hudson

scored on a 30-yard forward pass. The second half Maynard made their big bid to score. On the 10-yard line, a third down, a forward pass, Frazer to Labowicz, was dropped in the end zone. Maynard continually tried to score, but to no avail, although they were outplaying Hudson the last half. After this poor showing, many of the fans took a critical attitude toward the teams.

### Maynard 9—Concord 6

The chance to come back after their poor showing in the Hudson game was not lost by the team. Entering the game as the underdog, Maynard played the best game of this season.

Concord scored on the first play, after grabbing a Maynard fumble. This did not dishearten the boys, and they received the kick-off to continually outplay Concord. Crashing through the tackles and running the ends, Maynard finally reached the 10-yard line. Here again the touchdown punch was lacking. A field goal from here gave Maynard 3 points.

The second half and Maynard continued to outplay the opponents. Always that scoring punch seemed to be lacking until a substitute end, "Nixie" Whalen, came in in the last few minutes of the game. Brayden let go a long pass, "Nixie" caught it, and then fought his way through two Concord players to give Maynard its long-sought victory.

### Maynard 6—Belmont 0

A Belmont newspaper article brought Maynard into Belmont with a determination to win. This article with uncomplimentary remarks regarding our

boys, put them into a fighting mood.

After the game was under way they soon showed that they were good enough to play with anybody. Hard luck seemed to follow Maynard in this game, and a few of the boys received injuries that prevented them from finishing the game.

Brayden's passing ability again provided the necessary scoring element that is lacking on the team. Belmont was never inside of Maynard's 20-yard line.,

carried the ball. Here it was the same old story, no scoring punch. The team after once reaching the opponents 20-yard line seems to fall apart. This same thing happened again after a long march down the field. Chidley was by far the outstanding line man. He broke up play after play run by Lexington, he was under the punts passed and played a bang-up game throughout the contest.

### Lexington 6—Maynard 0

Lexington certainly seems to be Maynard's jinx. Making eleven first downs to Lexington's three, Maynard again showed that they lacked a scoring punch.

Completely outplaying Lexington throughout the game, the team did not capitalize on their chances to score.

After Lexington scored on a pass, Maynard received the kick-off and immediately began to show a great offensive power. Straight down the field to the three-yard line the team

Coach Lerer has made up the following all-star team composed of players who have brought glory to Maynard High School on the gridiron for the past five years.

L. E.	John Thompson
L. T.	Richard Archer
L. G.	John Murphy
C.	Edward O'Donnell
R. G.	Frank Ignachuck
R. T.	Robert Duggan
R. E.	Uno Norgoal
Q. B.	Bruno Arcisz
R. H. B.	John O'Leary
L. H. B.	Frank Brayden
F. B.	Paul Kendra



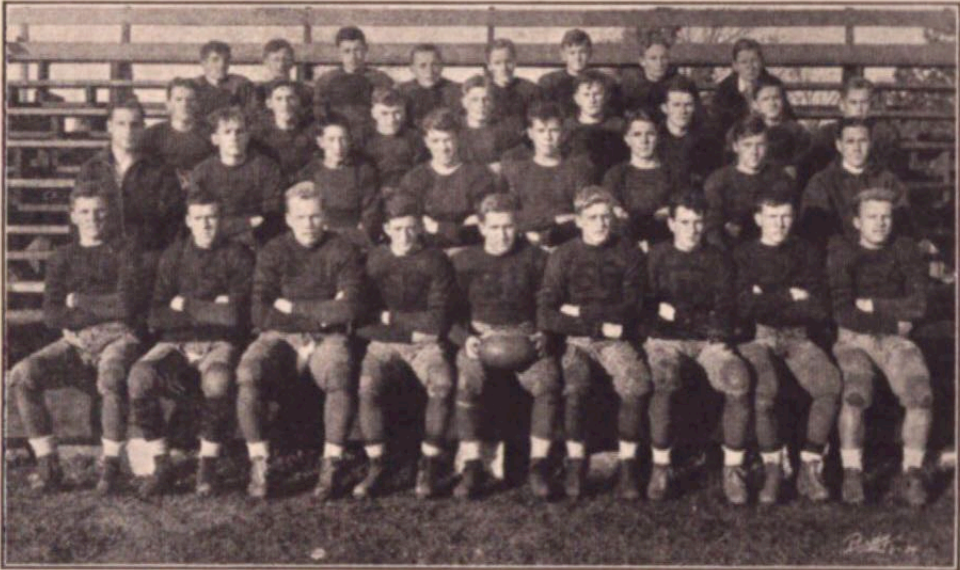
### FIRST TEAM

Left to Right:

R. Chidley, Capt. R. Duggan, F. Ignachuck, E. O'Donnell, A. Sidorovich,  
A. Koskinen, V. Labowicz.

Second Row:

Head Coach A. Lerer, F. Brayden, L. Colombo, A. Fraser, S. Pieciewicz,  
H. Cuttell, Phys. Ed. Dir. R. Sawyer.



### SQUAD

First Row:

A. Sidorovich, R. Chidley, A. Koskinen, L. Colombo, Capt. R. Duggan,  
F. Brayden, E. O'Donnell, A. Fraser, F. Ignachuck.

Second Row:

Head Coach A. Lerer, S. Pieciewicz, P. Gilleney, E. Flaherty, W. Smith,  
H. Cuttell, V. Labowicz, Phys. Ed. Dir. R. Sawyer.

Third Row:

J. Punch, W. Liverman, G. Spratt, B. Hekkala, A. Reini, W. Whalen,  
I. Pileeki, M. Trees.

Last Row:

L. Graceffa, F. Hellowell, H. Kadis, J. Girdziewski, A. Lubin, F. Primiano,  
L. Pekkala, A. Tomyl (Assistant Mgr.).

Players not present:—R. McGarry, J. Zeleska, Mgr.; D. Mariano, Jos. Girdziewski.

### GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY

Through the efforts of Miss Finn, who has coached the girls for several years, the Maynard High hockey teams have had one successful season after another. The first call for field hockey girls proved to the coach that many students were interested in playing the game. The squad, which was comprised chiefly of freshmen, numbered 76.

Gertrude Heikkila, a player of hockey for four years, is captain, and Eileen Johnston, a Senior, is the manager.

### HIGH SCHOOL VS. ALUMNI

The Maynard High eleven opened their season by playing the Alumni. Though the alumni team could boast of several captains and former stars, the result was in the favor of neither team. Both fought valiantly, but the final score was 1 to 1. Annie Swanson scored for the Alumni and Aili Kajander for the high school.

### MAYNARD VS. ASHLAND

On Wednesday, October 10, the hockey team played Ashland in May-



nard. The Maynard girls proved to be a little faster than the visiting team and consequently the score at the end of the game stood: Maynard 2, Ashland 0. The goals were made by Aili Kajander and "Jo" Aho.

The second teams also played, the result being 2-0 in the favor of the Orange and Black. A. Higgins and A. Mariano scored.

#### MAYNARD VS. MALDEN

The third game was played in Malden on October 16. Although each team tried hard to win the game, the score when the final whistle blew was 0-0.

The second team game also resulted in a scoreless tie.

#### MAYNARD VS. STONEHAM

The hockey team made its next appearance in Stoneham. Here, both the first and second teams whipped the Stoneham girls by a score of 2-0.

In spite of such an easy victory, the Maynard High students are very envious of Stoneham High, for they are receiving into their faculty, very soon,

our beloved coach and teacher, Miss Finn. There is no need of saying how much she will be missed.

#### MAYNARD VS. ASHLAND

On October 20, the Maynard High first and second teams lost their first games of the season, when they played a return game at Ashland. Our girls proved to be good losers and took their defeat with a smile.

#### MAYNARD IN GARDNER

The Maynard girls made a trip to Gardner on October 26, expecting to play hockey, but as they were nearing their destination, it began to rain, and the game had to be cancelled entirely. However, as has become the custom of the two rivals, the Gardner team entertained the Maynard girls with music and dancing, after refreshments had been served.

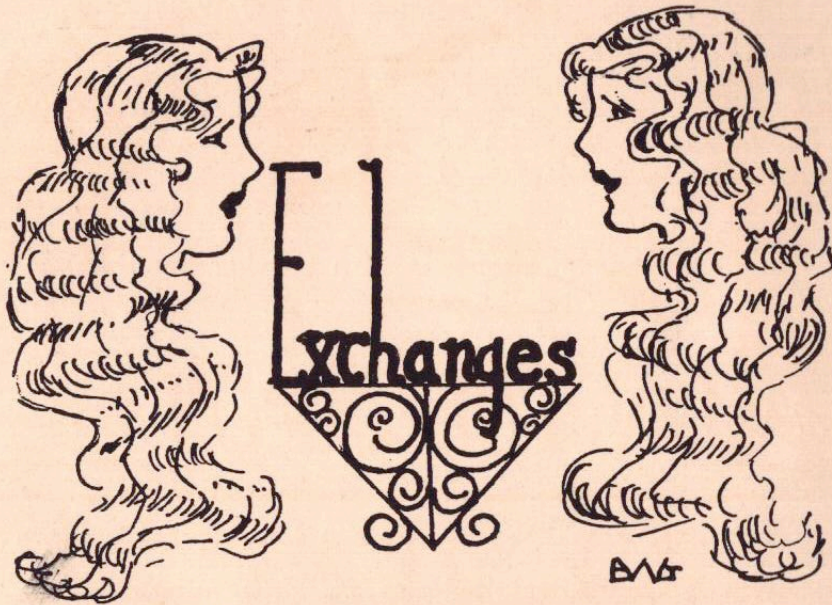
Although Maynard will not play in Gardner until next year, Gardner will make her appearance in Maynard on the 20th of this month. May the best team win!

Elvi Nyholm, '35.

#### A PREDICAMENT

Shall I move?  
 If I do, which way?  
 No, I think I'll stay where I am.  
 At least I will be safe for a while  
 But, no, I must do something.  
 A pair of sharp eyes are watching me.  
 Should I jump?  
 If I do I will be in his power.  
 All roads are blocked by black sentinels.  
 Where shall I go?  
 Suddenly a sneer . . .  
 "You don't know what to do;  
 I have you cornered."  
 My antagonist glares at me triumphantly.  
 At last I give up with a sigh of despair.  
 I move toward him . . .  
 He jumps my last king and . . .  
 The checker game is over for the evening.

Helmi Tikkanen, '37.



We are glad to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges.

*Philomath*—Framingham, Massachusetts.

*The Student*—Franklin Academy, Malone, N. Y.

*The Wampetuck*—Braintree, Mass.

*The Red & Black*—Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

*The Noddler*—East Boston High School.

*Spotlight*—South Hadley High School, Holyoke, Mass.

*The Academy Student*—St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

*The Advocate*—Needham, Mass.

*The Arguenot*—Norwood, Mass.

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### To Our Exchanges

This year the Exchange Department will include jokes taken from other school papers, news items, and other features in addition to comments on our exchanges.

We invite the criticism of other schools, and hope in this way to be able to improve our paper.

Because this is our first issue this year and we have not as yet received the fall

exchanges of other magazines, our report must be on the June issues.

The "*Red and Black*" besides being an unusually compact magazine has excellent cover designs.

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Both the "*Philomath*" and "*The Student*" have interesting literary departments and especially good joke sections.

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The foreign language department of the "*Arguenot*" is an unusual feature of an unusual magazine.

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Interesting sport write-ups by the "*Wampetuck*" as well as good editorials justify our interest in this paper.

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"*The Noddler*" and the "*Spotlight*" have really good joke departments, besides excellent literary material.

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Also deserving of our praise are the "*Advocate*" and "*The Academy Student*" for their arrangement and originality.

Charlotte King.



### ACTIVITIES

A Senior Social, which opened the series of dances for this year, was held at our own George Washington Auditorium on October 6, of the present year. Under the capable committee headed by the class advisor, Miss Wilson. The social was a huge success.

The patronesses were Mrs. King, Miss Bradley, and our new music teacher, Miss Jeffries. Refreshments consisting of cake and tonic were served in the gym during intermission.

It was almost possible to count (on your fingers) the number that did not attend this event. Judging from the merry countenances, everyone went home (or elsewhere) exuberant and happy.

The High School Orchestra, under the newly appointed leader, Miss Jeffries, is fully under way. The orchestra, a comparatively large one this year, consists of the following members:

Piano—Elmer Salenius, Elizabeth Mahoney.

Drums—George Ryan.

Mandolin—Elias Hiltunen.

Trumpets—Catherine Hoffman, Norman Hannon, Irja Nelson.

Violins—Stella Rubaszko, Peter Piecewicz, Elinor King, Robert Gogolin,

Louis Bachrach, John Loika, Margaret Landsdowne, Esther Kauppila, Peter Pronko.

Best of luck to you!

### SPORTS RALLIES

After the opening of the football season, a rally was held in order to spur our football boys and hockey girls on to victory (Giddap kids!) A pep talk by the principal, Mr. King, football capt. "Bob" Duggan, our capable quarterback, Alvin Fraser, orations by our outstanding center, Edward O'Donnell, don't be so mid-victorian, Edward) and hockey captain Gertrude Heikkila featured the occasion.

This rally must be called a success because on that same afternoon the hockey team trounced Stoneham, and the day after the football team did a Sir Launcelot over Concord.

### SCHOOL CHORUS

A group of singing voices has been organized so that the pupils may learn chorus work. Tuesday morning of each week the Freshmen and Sophomores blend their voices in harmony and discord, and on Thursday the Juniors and Seniors "get together" as much as possible.



**Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know**

1. How many Commercial Students take their daily walk.
2. Why the present Junior Class is so noisy and when will they reform.
3. If the Mohawk Halloween party was a success.
4. If any of the pupils have sat on a tack.
5. Why a glass case was put over the Candy Counter and how many pupils go hungry because of it.
6. What the outcome of R. Whitney's party was.
7. If Helen Wzosek finally got her kitten and who carried it home.
8. Just what is "Studio No. 4" and what happened to it one night.
9. If Nellie Trebendis has outgrown her fear of dogs.
10. Why "Izzie" Tobin was late for the Social.
11. If Mr. Mullen swallowed one of those missing dictionaries.
12. Who broke the chair in the typing room.
13. Why Walter wants his ring back.
14. What star from Acton High comes over to see Sophie W.
15. Why a certain group of "tomboys" are mad at Jerry Spratt.
16. Where "Dingle" gets his news.
17. If Silkonis got a "birds-eye" view of Mr. Manty's room from the window sill.
18. If M. Trees has met the perfect woman at last.

19. What would happen if John May stopped talking.
20. What happened at Charlotte's Halloween party.
21. How "Bob" Duggan got such a drag with the teachers.
22. Where "Squint" goes every night at nine.
23. Who Backy's latest flame is.
24. Why Werner takes such an interest in Crowe Park.
25. How Treesy "gets" all the new girls.
26. Why Nick Kavalchuk has taken an interest in radios.
27. Why McGarry, Mann, and Jordan are "sick" every Thursday.
28. Who got a good report card.
29. Why the Mohawks got excused after recess.
30. What girls went to the Mohawks' Hallowe'en party.
31. Why Keegan likes to study in Room 10, 4th period.

**Favorite Songs of Famous People**

- Congratulate Me* . . . "Touch" Labowicz  
*With My Eyes Wide Open*  
 . . . . . Francis Keegan  
*I Never Had A Chance*  
 . . . . . "Dingle" Ledgard  
*Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?*  
 . . . . . George Swanson  
*Sophisticated Lady* . . . Josephine Novicki  
*Boulevard Of Broken Dreams*  
 . . . . . Summer Hill Road

*Let's Take A Walk Around The Block*  
 ..... Fraser and Wzosek  
*I've Had My Moments* ..... Dot Harris  
*I Never Slept a Wink Last Night*  
 ..... "Smoky" Chidley  
*The House is Haunted*  
 ..... Maynard High School  
*Born to be Kissed* ..... Sophie Bobka  
*I've Had the Same Girl for Fifty Years*  
 ..... "Nixie" Whalen  
*Freckle Face* ..... Helen Barber  
*Waiting at the Gate For Katy*  
 ..... "Hank" Brayden  
*There's Something About a Sochier*  
 ..... Malcolm Trees  
*Two Cigarettes in the Dark*  
 ..... Football Boys  
*Learning, Day by Day We're Learning*  
 ..... Present Freshmen  
*Out in the Cold Again*  
 ..... Commercial Students  
*Prize Waltz* ..... Eddie Ledgard  
*Spellbound* ..... Stanley Piecewicz  
*Chor-nee Vorchee (Russian Dark Eyes)*  
 ..... "Queenie" Sochier  
*Pardon My Southern Accent*  
 ..... Lois Cooper  
*Rain* ..... Mother Nature  
*Lost in a Fog* ..... Freshmen  
*The Old Gray Mare Ain't What She Used  
 to Be*  
 ..... R. Jordan's Car  
 H. W. '36.

IF ONLY

Did you ever stop to think what a cruel world it would be if:

We didn't have a so-called "study period?"

We had to supply our "note paper?"

We had no athletic activities?

We had to write a book report each week?

We had to go to school Saturday morning?

We didn't have the "Screech Owl!"

Did you ever stop to think what a wonderful world it would be if:

Prices at the candy counter were reduced?

The vicious looking sign, "Cash Only," never found its way to the candy closet door?

The bigger pupils would not jostle the smaller ones in the corridors while changing classes?

Everyone supported the "Screech Owl!"

E. D. S. '37.

Pictures Coming at "The School"

Monday

I SELL ANYTHING  
 Starring E. J. Ledgard

Tuesday

ONE IN A MILLION  
 With Donald Jones

Wednesday

THE LOUD SPEAKER  
 With Helen Barber

Thursday

EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT  
 Featuring Ed. O'Donnell

Friday

HANDY ANDY  
 With Joe White

Saturday

I HATE WOMEN  
 With Ray Murphy

Sunday

GIRL IN DANGER  
 With Helen Wzosek

COMING SOON

GIFT OF GAB  
 Starring Constance Dawson

SIX DAY BIKE RIDERS  
 Starring Hockey Girls

I SELL ANYTHING  
 Featuring Candy Counter Chorus



Elson: (singing) I'm spellbound!  
 Brindley: How come, spellbound?  
 Elson: I didn't know my spelling and now I've got to stay and learn it.

Miss F.: (in English class) What is "He fought like a lion in battle?"  
 Higgins: Simile.  
 Miss F.: Now, what is "He is a lion in battle?"  
 Higgins: Impossible!

Teacher: Spratt, what are you chewing?  
 Spratt: Nothing.  
 Teacher: Well, will you kindly stop chewing nothing?

Malcolm: Does your dad object to my staying so late?  
 Doris: Oh, no! He says it serves me right for letting you come in.

Son: Father, is ours a government of the people, by the people and for the people?  
 Father: Hardly, my son. Ours is a government of the people, by the office-holders, and for the politicians.

Customer: What a fine-looking hot-dog stand.  
 Owner: Yep, it's made of dogwood and covered with bark.

Jack: Do you know how they take the census in Scotland?  
 Joe: No, how?  
 Jack: They roll a quarter down the street and count the people that chase it.

New Husband: And now that we are starting house-keeping, are you to be president or vice-president of this establishment?

Wife: Neither, dear I want a subordinate position.  
 Husband: What?  
 Wife: Treasurer.

Walter: Gotta heavy date to-night?  
 Gerry: Sure—my girl's baking me a cake.

Eleanor: What will the well-dressed high school boys wear this year?  
 Bud: Their Junior High graduation suits, I guess.

Johnny, who was sent to the butcher's shop, gave this message to the store-keeper: "Ma says to send her another oxtail, and ma says the last one was very nice, and ma says she wants another off the same ox."

The traveler was indignant at the slow speed of the train. He appealed to the conductor: "Can't you go any faster than this?" "Yes," was the quick reply, "but I have to stay aboard."

"My pa, he's a banker," boasted one small boy to another. "That isn't much to brag of," the other replied. "My pa and my uncle Jack are in jail, too."

Nix: (at a dance) Life to me was just like a desert until I met you.  
 Girl Friend (coldly): Is that why you dance like a camel?

Mr. Manty: You've heard of John Paul Jones, haven't you, Saisa.

Saisa: Yes, sir.

Mr. Manty: What do you think he would be doing if he were alive to-day?

Saisa: Living on the old age pension.

Teacher: (to Keegan) What do you know of Katherine Princeton, the actress?

Keegan: Isn't her name Cornell?

Teacher: That's a Notre Dame.

Touch: May I have this dance?

Helen: Yes, if you can find a partner.

Joe: Must have been a swell party because you got two black eyes.

Stanley: You bet it was. I could have had more if I had any place to put them.

Small Boy: What's the use of washing my hands before I go to school, mother? I'm not one of those who are always raising them.

Teacher: Young man, I am afraid you are ignoring our efficiency system?

Joe: I know it, sir! But somebody's got to get the work done.

Robert: Where have you been for the last four years?

Louis: At college taking medicine.

Robert: And did you finally get well?

Boy to teacher: How long could I live without a brain?

Teacher: Time will tell.

A Maynard High teacher was cashing her salary check. The teller, apologizing for giving her old bills, said "I hope you aren't afraid of microbes." "Not at all," answered the teacher, "no microbe could live on my salary."

C. King: What kind of pie is that?

H. Schnair: That's cocoanut.

C. King: Yes—so it is—but what's that big lump sticking up in the middle?

H. Schnair: That's the cocoanut. Maybe I should have taken the shell off before I cooked it.

Swanson: My father's a politician.

Rita: What did he run for?

Swanson: The border.

Teacher: How was iron first discovered?

Frank: My pa says they smelt it.

Teacher: (to class) Now look at the board and I'll go through it once more.

Glicky: How much are the seats, mister?

Theatre Attendant: Orchestra seats one dollar, balcony, fifty cents, programs ten cents.

Glicky: I'll sit on a program.

Mr. W.: How many fingers have you?

Bobbie: Ten.

Mr. W.: Well, if four were missing, what would you have?

Bobbie: No more music lessons.

Boy to father, who has brought the boss to dinner: Pa, how come we have beef?

Father: Well, what of it?

Boy: You said on the phone you were bringing a big fish home.

Miss C.: Where is tobacco found?

Jerry: In South Carolina, Georgia, North Carolina—and sometimes in a five cent cigar.

Sophie: Who was the first hermit?

Helen: I don't know. Who?

Sophie: A Scotchman who hit his golfball into the woods.

Joe: Mother, do people who tell lies go to heaven?

Mother: No, I don't think so.

Joe: Have you told any lies.

Mother: Yes, I think so.

Joe: Did Father and Uncle John tell lies?

Mother: Probably.

Joe: Gee! It must be pretty lonesome in heaven for Washington and God.

Boy: I ain't got no apple.

Teacher: It is not "I ain't got no apple," but "I have no apple."

Boy: Well, what's the difference? I still ain't got one...

My ideas about homework through high school years:

1st year  
Oh!

2nd year  
Ah!

3rd year  
Huh?

4th year  
Bah!

Helmi Tikkanen, '37

● In this issue "The Screech Owl" has been fortunate in gaining the support of an unusually large number of business men. In gratitude for this friendly co-operation we urge our readers to give their patronage to our advertisers, and in doing so to prove that the confidence they have placed in the magazine has not been in vain.

Edward Ledgard, Business Manager



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<i>Total Cost, Per Week.....</i>	<i>\$0.88</i>

In addition to this, you must give your own time and labor. You actually pay 88 cents a week, and all you get is wet wash.

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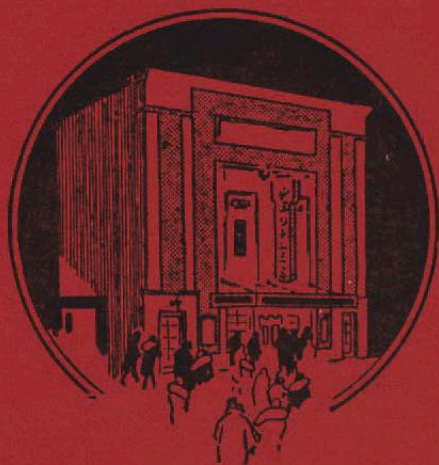
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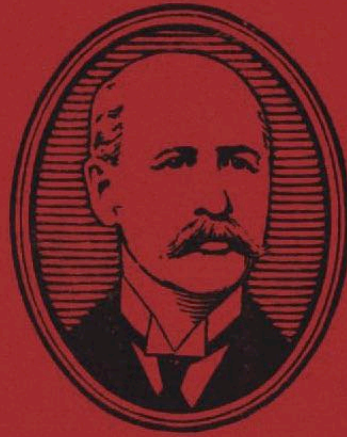
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