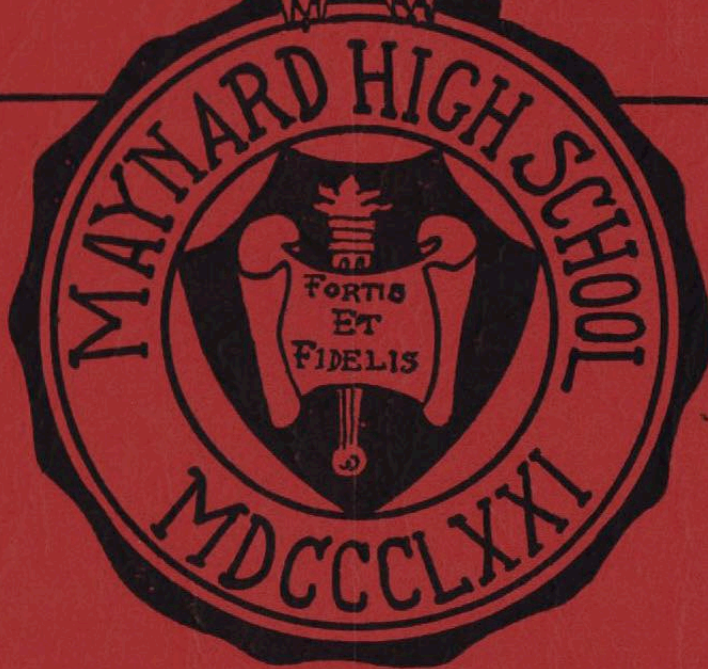


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THE

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Spring Number 1937



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PUBLISHED BY THE PUPILS OF MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL

Maynard, Massachusetts, March, 1937



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ON SOCIALS

In the last two years there has been an upward trend in the number of high school socials. This was a good thing for the school, for it not only offered the students an enjoyable evening's entertainment but it was usually profitable to whatever class or organization sponsored it. The fact that all socials were well attended by the students shows that they want them.

Lately, however, at the dances there have occurred some "unpleasant incidents" that in the eyes of those higher up do not warrant the continuance of socials. These incidents only gave Maynard High School and its students a bad name. However, the cutting out of socials altogether I believe is a mistake. Why should the majority suffer just because of the behavior of a very few? As mentioned before, the socials are a money making proposition and both the Senior Class and Athletic Association are in need of money. What better way is there of making it than one in which every one can take part and have a good time? It is known around the school who causes trouble and unpleasantness at the dances,—(at least, seniors have a good idea). A policeman should be on duty at every dance with a list of these undesirables, and he could easily keep them out.

Every student who enjoys dancing is for the continuance of socials. The last social was held early in January and there will be no more school dances until the Junior Prom in May if the

present plan is enforced, all because the majority have to bow to the will of a small minority. Therefore, I believe socials should be continued; it isn't fair to cut them out altogether. As was advocated in this magazine last year, school dances should be held about every two or three weeks. This is the only opportunity many students have to become acquainted. Let's lift the ban, and I'm sure every one will cooperate and do his best to make them a success.

—W. Palmer, Editor.

SIGNS OF SPRING

There is an old, very old, joke that states, "If someone sits on a tack, it is a sign of an early spring." (Well, I thought it was funny when I first heard it.)

Another sign of the season prior to summer is a very weary feeling which the unfortunate victim desires to sleep off, and sometimes does. It is about this time that ads begin to appear in the current magazines advising said victim to take their product and banish all traces of the dread Spring Fever. (Yeah, take some of them and you won't give a hoot what season you have your fever in).

When one hears the crack of a bat (and the accompanying crash of a window) he again can safely assume that the season under discussion is on the way.

Tennis courts, tracks, and the like will soon be put into condition for

heavy use during the summer, skis will be put away in patented jigs to keep them from warping, and many other telltale incidents will occur, telling that we are about to part with our beloved winter. (What winter?—What winter?)

Now there's nothing to do but look forward to summer. Then we will probably have the snow that didn't appear this season.

—Robert A. Veitch, '39.

HOW ARE YOUR MANNERS TODAY?

Though one may consider this an odd question to ask, it would be interesting to know what the answer of the average high school student would be.

For instance, I wonder how many boys in Maynard High tip their hats upon meeting a girl or hold the door open for her as she enters the school in the morning. Not many, I'm afraid. More likely they elbow their way in front of her, rush into the building, and let the heavy door slam in her face. No one comments on such happenings, as they are all too common. However, wouldn't we all think it rude if a man and woman teacher came up the walk and the man entered the schoolhouse first, leaving her to pull the door open herself? Yes, we certainly would be surprised,—yet we accept it calmly when the boys do it.

However, boys aren't the only ones who are careless of their manners. There have been many instances when a girl has done things for which she has been corrected. The most common offence among girls is chewing gum in public places. To chew gum anywhere, but especially at a social, is one of the most ill bred things a person could do. If you are one of the offenders, just sit back some time and watch the others. I'm sure you'll change this habit if you do.

Both boys and girls are often guilty of another breach of good manners. Only the other day I noticed a group of students rush down the hall at recess,

bump into a woman teacher, and then go on without stopping to apologize. No doubt this was caused by haste, but it certainly reflects unfavorably on the school.

All these incidents may seem to amount to little now, but in later years a lack of courtesy may be a real handicap.

Why not ask yourself this question—"How are *my* manners today?"

—Viola Hirvonen, '39.

RUNNING AWAY FROM THINGS

Nothing has ever been accomplished by deliberately running away from your troubles. Wherever you go, whatever you do, they will always be there waiting for you, disturbing your peace of mind and spoiling your chances for future happiness. However great may seem the consequences, face them immediately; delay will mean added sorrow. Once something has been attended to, and settled, it can never bother you again, and usually things aren't half so bad as they seem at first. Attempting to escape things often throws the suspicion of guilt on an innocent person. Many times when you are actually at fault, bravely facing things wins many to your side, and lessens the punishment.

Putting off doing those little things we all have to do does no serious harm, but it is a bad habit to get into. Soon people find that they can't rely upon you, and unreliable people are not welcome anywhere.

In my scrap book I have several verses which apply to this subject. The first is by Rebecca McCann:

"Do the things you're most afraid of;
Never let it know you fear it.
Dangers only hurt the body,
But it is fear that kills the spirit."

And another quotation which I like, but whose author I do not know:

"You cannot run away from a weakness,
You must sometime fight it out or
perish,
And if that be so, why not now, and
where you stand?"

—Charlotte King, '37



MY TRIP TO WASHINGTON

by Joseph Boothroyd, '38

The nineteenth of January finally arrived. This was the day that twenty Massachusetts girls and boys were going to start to the nation's capital to witness the second Inauguration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

We all arrived at 5 Winthrop Square, the "*Boston Evening American*" Building, at a quarter of eight. Some came early. No one was going to be left behind if he could help it. About fifteen minutes later we boarded taxis and, preceded by a squad car, we were taken to the South Station. Here, after many fond adieus, our train pulled out at nine o'clock. We all soon became great friends. All morning long our train, the Colonial Express, sped on toward Washington. At two o'clock we arrived at New York.

Our train entered New York City by way of the Hellsgate Bridge. This is a very complicated system of bridges upon which trains are going this way and that. From this we could see the Empire State Building, the Brooklyn Bridge, and many other sights of New York. Then we entered a tunnel that went under a river. We were so far down under the surface of the earth that our ears felt clogged. Finally we come out from the tunnel and soon were again on our way to Washington.

At seven o'clock we arrived in Washington. Here we were swiftly taken to the Hotel Martinique, which boasts of being only five blocks from the White House.

After dinner it was decided by all that we should take a walk and view the Capitol by night. We saw the White House, the Capitol, Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument, and many other places. A few of us visited the

"*Washington Herald*" Building, which houses William Randolph Hearst's newspaper in Washington.

The day of the Inaugural dawned cold and rainy. Our tickets originally gave us seats in front of the Capitol and the stand where President Roosevelt was to take the oath, but as these seats were not covered they were changed to a covered stand almost in front of the White House.

We had just seated ourselves when the President and his party went by in a closed car. As a result, we did not get a good view of him. We sat and listened to him take the oath and deliver his Inaugural Address. The reason we heard this was because of radios placed in the stands. When it was announced that President and Mrs. Roosevelt were on their way back to the White House, I said to myself "Closed car or no closed car, I'm going to see the President!" So I hurried down from the stand and crossed Pennsylvania Avenue in the pelting rain. I soon reached the East Driveway of the White House. Here I was allowed to stand, owing to the kindness of some marines.

In the distance I could hear shouting. It came nearer and nearer. It was the Presidential party! First came a squadron of police, then two army tanks with mounted machine guns. Following these was the President's open car flanked on both sides by cars containing Secret Service men. By this time there was a mere drizzle. I had expected them to go in the driveway near which I was standing but they went right by in order that the party might pass the reviewing stand and the other stands on Pennsylvania Avenue. As the car containing President and Mrs. Roosevelt passed me I took off my hat and started to wave it and cheer. Mrs.

Roosevelt waved back. When the President saw her do this, he turned and when he saw me he waved his tall silk hat.

After they had passed out of sight, I crossed Pennsylvania Avenue again and got back into my seat. Soon all the stands were packed, and at one fifteen the parade started. First came a platoon of Washington, D. C. police followed by the Grand Marshal, General Malin Craig, Chief of Staff, U. S. Army, and his staff. Then came the Marshal's Section. The Marshal was the Honorable James A. Farley. We saw and waved to him. Then came his staff. After this was the Army Band followed by the governors of thirty-seven states. Our own Governor, Charles F. Hurley, and his party were seventh in line. Such cheering he received from the Massachusetts group! The Governors of Maine and New Hampshire received as much cheering as the rest of the governors did.

Then there were army and navy platoons and bands. All the West Point and Annapolis cadets were there. Also there were many other military platoons present. The parade was so long that it lasted till five o'clock.

After the parade I decided to take a look at the reviewing stand. It was a replica of the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, a very beautiful building. After walking around it I finally got inside. Soon I found myself locked in with senators, governors, ambassadors, and many other distinguished guests. After a long time I finally got out.

I hurried back to the hotel. After dinner we got ready for our social debut—a party at the home of Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, noted newspaper woman and society leader. Her home is the former summer White House, used as such by Calvin Coolidge. Here Coolidge entertained Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh after his transatlantic flight. Here, too, Queen Marie of Roumania was entertained on her trip to America. This house is the most beautiful in all the country.

At Mrs. Patterson's we met many important people of Washington. We danced in a very beautiful ballroom lighted by real candles. We also had a buffet supper in the dining room. We arrived at the hotel the next morning tired but happy.

Thursday we visited some of the most important public buildings. The first was the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. In this building all the national paper currency, government bonds, stamps, and passports are engraved and printed. Here we saw the workers making money and stamps. Billions of dollars were being made while we watched. On the ground floor we saw a museum containing specimens of all the paper money and stamps ever issued by the government, including the old "shinplasters" in use during the Civil War. We saw fortunes both in money and stamps. We also saw a collection of counterfeit notes which had been confiscated by government agents in many raids, and the tools and plates used in their construction.

Next we visited the Pan-American Union Building. It is the headquarters of all the American Republics and was erected by these twenty-one governments. Its architecture is Latin-American and it is famed for the beauty of its patio or inside courtyard, one of the most beautiful of its kind. In it is a beautiful fountain surrounded by Aztec architecture and plants and flowers of the Americas. This building contains offices, reading rooms, and a great Assembly Hall intended for International Conferences and meetings of diplomats. It is beautifully ornamented by statuary and fine paintings. There are also flags of the Pan-American Union and the twenty-one American Republics.

After visiting many of the less important buildings we went to the Senate Office Building. Here we met and shook hands with Senators Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. and David I. Walsh. We met some other senators and saw Vice-President Garner.

In the National Statuary Hall, on the south side of the Rotunda, we

viewed statues sent from the various states. Each state is entitled to send two. We stood on the spot where John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, senator and ex-President, died. This was where his desk was. He complained that his political enemies could hear him whispering to his friends about the laws he wanted passed and they would defeat him. We stood on this spot while the guide went to the other side of the hall. He whispered, and it sounded very plain to us. The reason for this is the shape of the rotunda. It is not perfectly round and therefore throws an echo.

After viewing all of the Capitol, we left for the National Archives Building. This is a new building and is to house the important papers of the government. They will be put in fire-proof vaults and people with permission may use them as reference. The room where they are catalogued is sound-proof and one may see a trolley go by right outside the window, but yet not hear it.

From here we went to the White House, where we were conducted through all the rooms of the first story, viewing paintings and furnishings acquired by the different Presidents. We even saw a room of things belonging to President Roosevelt. Outside were hardy winter flowers, and though it was winter the grass was green.

This concluded our trip around Washington. We were scheduled to go to many other places, but it was noon and we were to leave for Annapolis after lunch.

About two o'clock we boarded our chartered bus and started for Annapolis. The sights along the way were those of early springtime. The earth was wet and covered with red clay. Here and there we saw puddles of red water.

Finally we arrived at Annapolis. We went directly to the United States Naval Academy, and were taken to the Chapel. In the Crypt we saw the sarcophagus of John Paul Jones, "Father of the American Navy". We also saw his sword and bust. We viewed the statue of "Tecumseh, the midship-

men's god", a replica of the figure-head of the old ship "Delaware". From the statue we went into Bancroft Hall. Here we viewed a typical midshipman's room. Then we saw pieces of ships and equipment which had belonged to the heroic navy dead.

Leaving this building, we went down to the water, called Dewey Basin. Here we saw battleships, cruisers, surfboats, planes, and much other naval equipment. We also saw the "Reina Mercedes", a boat captured at Santiago in the Spanish-American War.

After leaving the Academy we went to the State House, where we sat in chairs once occupied by George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, James Madison, and Virginia's Governor Randolph. We held a session in the first Representative Chamber of the United States of America. We viewed the Representative Chambers of the State of Maryland. Then we went up to the Governor's office. I was the first to sit in his chair. Then we again boarded our bus and returned to Washington.

After dinner we did some souvenir hunting. In a little while I became tired of this and decided to view the Washington Monument. I intended to walk up the stairs, but they were closed; so I had to go up in the elevator. Up, up, we went. I thought that we would never reach the top, but we did finally. There was much mist around the top of the monument and as a result I did not get a very good view of the city. On the downward trip I heard some one say it would be funny if a cable broke. The operator dropped something. The elevator fell more swiftly. He had let fall a round thing that looked like the control lever of the elevator. I knew that we were near the bottom of the shaft! My heart leaped to my throat! But then the elevator stopped. What a relief! The object that the operator had dropped was just a piece of wood he had.

I hurried back to the hotel. As I was getting ready for bed, shortly before twelve, Mr. Brady, our chaperon, came in. He asked if I would like to take a walk. I agreed. Then it was

decided that all should go to the Lincoln Memorial. Finally Mr. Brady, three other boys, and I chartered a car, without the knowledge of the rest. We decided to go to Arlington. Here we viewed the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the Arlington National Cemetery. Then we decided to go to Mount Vernon. We went through famous Alexandria, Virginia, and finally came to Mount Vernon. But alas and alack! The gates were locked. Why shouldn't they be, as it was half past one in the morning! All we could see was the big black shape of Mount Vernon. Then we returned to Washington and drove all over the city viewing the beautiful buildings lighted by night.

We finally reached the hotel. All were up looking for us, and were they surprised when they found out where we had been!

The next day, Friday, found us again at the Union Station, ready for the homeward journey. The day passed swiftly. We arrived in the South Station, Boston, at half past seven that evening. Here cabs whisked us to the "*Boston Evening American*" Building. Then we went to station WMEX. Here at nine o'clock everyone gave (over the radio) his opinion of the trip. I guess it was the first time any of us had been on the radio.

Thus ended our glorious trip to Washington, never to be forgotten.

POEM "INSPIRED"
by "OFF TO ARCADY"

There was a peculiar papoose
Who gathered all things that were loose.
The owners demanded
He be reprimanded,
So they threw him into the caboose.

—Daniel Sullivan, '38.

THE EXAMINATION

What has gone before:

Joe Moley must pass his algebra exam in order to receive his diploma. Myra Sone, a friend of Joe's, is worried about him, and she helps him to study the problems the night before. As the class enters the room for the exam, the teacher informs them that the questions have been stolen. The penalty will be expulsion from school.

* * * *

PART II

Two Confessions and . . .

As the afternoon sun cast its shadow upon the high clock in the schoolroom, the dismissal bell rang. Its loud clear tone was music in the ears of the students, and as many books as possible were flung aside. Most scholars, however, were forced to take a few home. Homework!

Mr. Ronald, teacher of the college math division, remained after school. He was not in a very pleasant frame of mind. The occurrences of the day had caused a bitter feeling within him.

Slowly he paced up and down the room, musing to himself, "Who could it have been?" And always the same answer came back, "Moley."

It was difficult to believe, yet all evidence pointed to him. He was the only person who needed a high rank, and he had returned to school after dismissal. John Ronald knew this because he had seen him enter the building just as he was leaving. "Forgot my book," he had muttered. Well, maybe.

Suddenly Mr. Ronald became aware of some one standing beside him. It was Joe.

"Well," exclaimed the teacher sharply, "what do you want?"

"I took the examination paper."

"Yes, you took it," said the teacher slowly. "But why? Didn't you realize you would be found out?"

"No, sir," answered the boy.

"You understand what it means now

though? I have already given you your chance."

"I understand, sir. I am to be expelled."

"Yes. It will be hard on your parents. Oh, how could you have done such a thing! By the way, where is the paper now?"

The boy started, "I don't know. I guess I lost it," he stammered.

"Lost it! Really, Moley, you can't expect me to believe that!"

"It is the truth, sir."

"Then it is not to be a full confession. Well, leave the room, and, much as I regret it, you will be expelled tomorrow publicly."

"Yes sir," said the boy sadly, and he left.

The teacher continued his pacing. In spite of all that he had said, it still seemed impossible for such a dishonorable thing to have been done by one of his students. Many will cheat, but . . .

"Mr. Ronald," called someone softly.

Again the teacher looked up.

"Miss Sone!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered. "I wanted to tell you that I took the paper. Joe is my best friend, and I did want him to pass! Since I did not know what examples you would choose, I thought that if I could get the paper, Joe might have a chance. I am sorry."

"But, Joe just said that . . ."

"Oh, that was to protect me! He knew I did it."

A smile passed over the lips of Mr. Ronald. "I understand," he said. "Perhaps you can tell me where the paper is at present?"

"No, I can't," said the girl. "You see, as I was crossing the bridge, the wind blew it out of my hand . . . before I had a chance to use it."

"I didn't notice any strong wind yesterday."

"I told you the truth," said the girl, and her cheeks flushed.

"Of course," said the teacher, "but suppose you go home and decide where the wind blew the paper. Then, tell me about it tomorrow."

Myra Sone left.

The teacher began musing again. Two confessions for one crime! It was much more than he had anticipated. Of course Myra had confessed because she thought Joe was guilty. But what about Joe? Was he or was he not guilty? There was one thing in his favor. He did not know where the paper was.

Then the problem was not yet solved. Who would have taken the examination paper?

"Why so downhearted?"

A third time John Ronald glanced up. Had someone else come to confess? No. It was the math teacher of the adjoining room.

"Out with it! What is wrong?"

"Oh nothing," answered the teacher, "except a perplexing problem."

"Perhaps I can help you."

"No. I don't think you could. Do you want to see me about anything?"

"Well, yes. It is not important, but yesterday I came to see you. I wanted to ask you if . . ."

"Yes, yes," remarked John impatiently.

"But you are not listening. Anyway, here it is."

Suddenly an expression of surprise and relief came over Mr. Ronald's face. He seized the paper handed to him and cried, "Where . . . where did *you* get it?"

(Concluded in June Issue)

—Sylvia Glickman, '38.

ONE MAN'S LUCK

Somewhere in Russia, it doesn't matter where, because the following story happened long ago, it was a bleak, windy night. Only a man who has been in Russia knows what a chill wind sweeps across the barren steppes and shakes the loose boards of the ramshackle houses until it sounds as if the very bones of old Russia were rattling in her grave.

Above, out on a desolate plains, stood one large building sheltered by a cliff, the only large piece of solid rock within miles of the place. The dim dark walls

of the structure boded no good, and the wind moaned around the towers like a hundred ghosts.

Three men sat behind the barred portals and conversed in low tones; deaf to the outside world, they were creating a drama of their own.

One after another, grimy hands reached out and plucked straws from the bunch held out to them. The silence seemed to scream as the last dirty hand slowly drew a straw. To one man, the straw would mean hope; to the others, another fifteen years in a rotting cell. "By the beard of the devil, he got it!" shouted swarthy Boris as Mike O'Grady held out before the group the symbol of the lucky draw.

"Quiet, you fool!" hissed one of the others. "Do you want the guard to hear?"

"Yes," screamed Boris, "do you think I want to stay here? Do you think I like being tortured like a rat? I want to live, to live, I tell you, like Mike O'Grady." He sank, sobbing, to the floor.

"Quick, Mike," said one, "Here's the key to the door . . . remember, second to the right, take it . . . and God speed you."

Mike O'Grady ran as if the devil were after him. The guns of the guards were spitting fire and the floor was stained with blood. They were killing the others, he thought, killing the pals who had helped him to escape. But there was no time for thought. He ran until he reached the door they had prayed to God the key would fit. As the lock clicked, a shadow loomed up in the dark. No time for the door, just kill the man who stood between him and freedom. Catching up a piece of wood, he drew it back. Crash! A body fell! The door opened and a man fled into the fast-falling night, sprinted across a clearing, and vaulted a low fence.

All at once he stopped. Before him stood a tall fence of heavy steel wire. As he started to climb, he listened . . . yes, he was positive now . . . a low hum reminded him of electricity. Yes, he thought, this whole fence was charged with electricity. He was trapped.

Running around the other side of the prison yard, he found that the fence extended in an unbroken line. At this point, however, a little depression in the ground gave him renewed hope. Tearing furiously at the soft soil, he managed to crawl under. He stopped, listening intently for signs of pursuit. There was no one. He hurried on. It was twenty kilometers to the nearest village. His thoughts were confused. Crack! With the report of the rifle he felt a sharp sting near his heart. He flung himself behind a low bush and waited. Again silence descended.

All through the chill, damp night he lay there. With the dawn they found him and carried his lifeless body back to the prison. One of the guards, looking at the bearded face, started to whisper. "Silence!" commanded the leader.

Later that day a rude wooden cross marked a lonely grave on the wind-swept plain.

In a little cottage on the grassy hills of England sat two men. The elder was the first to break the silence.

"Yes," he said, barely above a whisper, "Mike O'Grady was a lucky guy."

"It seems that way," said the younger, "but my father never did tell me what happened."

"Well," returned his companion, "when Mike O'Grady picked up the club, the bearded devil, Boris, knocked him unconscious and took his place. A year later Mike's pardon came and he was set free."

"That certainly was one man's luck," said Mike O'Grady's son.

—John MacPherson, '40.

CURFEW

The word "Curfew" originated from two French words "Couvre Feu", meaning "cover the fire."

In the olden days, when an entire community used one open fire for cooking purposes, it was considered time for all to retire when the fire was covered for the night. It was the duty of each man in the village to take his turn in cover-

ing the fire. This was done with a light sprinkling of ashes and a few large pieces of wood. By so covering the fire it would last the entire night and it would not be necessary to light a new fire in the morning.

"Curfew", or evening bell, originated after the Norman conquest and was tolled as a warning to the Saxon peasantry to put the lights out in their houses.

Later in the century the curfew was tolled at the time of all important deaths and was used particularly as a signal at the time of an execution.

Many of us are familiar with some of the lines from Rose Hartwich Thorpe's famous poem "The Curfew Bell." This describes with great dramatic effect how a young Englishwoman sought to save her sweetheart by preventing the curfew bell from tolling, that being the signal for his death.

"Human foot had not been planted.

But the brave deed she had done,
Should be told long ages after;

As the setting of the sun
Lights the sky with golden beauty,
Aged sires, with heads of white,
Tell the eager children listening,
'Curfew did not ring that night.'"

—Mildred Lent, '37.

TREACHERY FOR TREACHERY

Like the old saying, "a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye", so does a motto, much like this one, sum up the situation existing between Tom Wilson and Joe Larkin, reporters on the "*Chronicle's*" staff. "Treachery for treachery" was a symbol of their hatred and it makes clear the steps of revenge taken by both men.

It all started in their old home town in the grammar grades when Tom had found a pencil and Joe had claimed it.

"It's mine, I tell you, you big crook!"

Those were fighting words and Tom, angered by such a falsehood, hit Joe in the eye and thus began their long feud.

Tom never forgot those words, "you big crook", and they lingered in his memory as he advanced through junior

high, high school, and college. At college the memories of the Wilson-Larkin feud were dying, but they were soon revived when both met, four years later, in the "*Chronicle's*" office when applying for a job. Both were eager and anxious to get the job, and the editor, Dan Johnson, hired them both. That was before he learned about the feud existing between the two young men and then he cursed, for he knew that this personal grudge would interfere with the work at the office. Both were excellent reporters and he needed them on the staff.

Joe had few friends, but many enemies. He liked to boast, and the men at the office disliked him for that. Some days he would follow Tom, and, stealing a story which belonged to Tom, he would hasten back to the office in great triumph. Tom said little about his annoyances at the office, and his quietness won the friendship of the other reporters.

For two years Tom took advantage of every opportunity offered him and he expressed his appreciation to the editor, the staff, and his friends by small acts of courtesy. Whether busy or not, he found time to do favors for those who were kind to him and his popularity steadily grew.

During the last few months Joe, to himself, had been cursing the paper, the editor, and the staff, but mostly Tom who was the ace among the reporters.

Dan Johnson felt the change of mood that had come over Joe and then one day in January when both men were present, as he gazed across the maze of buildings from his office, high up among the dizzy altitudes of New York's skyscrapers, he said, "You two are probably wondering why I have called both of you into the office. Well, the reason why I have you here is that one of you must go. I've had enough of this feud and I am offering the chance to do a sport column to whichever one of you brings in the best story tonight. The winner takes all, the loser leaves. This office is too small to hold both of you. Get me?"

"Yeah", replied Joe, "I got yah." Walking toward Tom, he saw a ticket to the Inter-Collegiate Championship basketball game in his pocket and said, "Let's shake and end this feud right here. Come on, let's call it quits."

They shook hands and while doing so Joe neatly slipped the ticket from Tom's pocket into his own and said when leaving, "You don't know how much I appreciate this."

Tom, suspecting nothing, replied "I've always wanted to end this affair, but I just didn't have time to get around to it."

Tom hurried from the office, and putting his hand in his pocket, cried out, "Well I'll be . . . ! Friends, huh? Why that double-crossing skunk . . . I'll get even with him for this!"

His chance for the best athletic story of the week gone, Tom sat down wearily at his desk and thought desperately of a plan to outwit Joe, who was lolling in the Madison Square Garden watching the thrilling game, which was nearly over.

Late that night as Joe hurried into his office with his typed account of the game, Tom, who was standing behind the door crashed into him as he came through and quickly snatched from Joe's pocket the story of the Inter-Collegiate game. Then, dashing down the hall, he rushed into his office, locked the door and quickly revised the first page of the story, typing in his own name.

At the door, Joe was shouting, "Open that door, you crook!"

Tom could stand no more of this. He got up from his desk, opened the door and hit Joe squarely on the jaw, knocking him to the floor in a heap.

"So I pulled a fast one, did I? Well, you'll have to pull a faster one to keep your job on this paper when Dan Johnson reads my story."

As the dazed Joe opened his eyes, Tom ended with "He who laughs last laughs best. Now bite on THAT".

And the door slammed again.

—Bennie Gudzinowicz, '40.

A WINDY DAY

There is nothing so delightful as a windy day. I could walk for miles in any kind of wind. Have you ever noticed that the wind has a great many different characteristics! When it is blowing boisterously it seems to challenge me, and I am ever ready to answer. I want to laugh at it, dare it to chill me, race with it, or fight against it as it refuses to let me go on. It gives me a carefree sense and I feel as though I could rule the world.

At times it is a mischievous breeze which shakes the clothes hanging on the line, blows men's hats away, leading them a merry chase, snatches papers from the children on their way to school, or flings dust in the faces of the people in the crowd.

In summer it is a gentle thing, brushing softly against the flowers, rocking wee birds in their nests, or whispering secrets to the tree-tops. Again, it may be a roaring monster, ready to devour any being who dares to venture out in it, or a shrieking hag racing wildly around uttering dismal wails.

A few hours later it may have calmed down and become a quiet companion who ruffles slightly the pages of one's book. I think I like it best this way, although I love its changing moods, ever fickle, ever interesting.

—Mary Ayotte, '40.

THE PEARL

"Mother, mother, don't leave me alone with daddy. He'll hurt me."

"But Danny, my time is up and I must leave you, but . . . but promise me you'll be a good boy when I'm gone. And prom . . ." but the rest of the words didn't come, for the thin, pale creature closed her eyes and laid her head gently down against the ragged old pillow, never again to see her only son. Danny, tall and thin, with dark wavy hair sweeping back from a broad forehead, stood there motionless with his dark eyes fixed on the lifeless figure that lay before him. Tears filled his eyes, confused thoughts entered his small head, choking sobs issued from

his throat. Oh, how was he going to get along without his mother?

This had happened nine years ago, and for nine years Danny prayed. Ever since he was born he had known nothing but unhappiness, and do you wonder why he prayed? Oh no, not for riches, not for happiness, . . . why, he didn't know what they meant, he couldn't believe they existed. All Danny prayed for was the chance to mark with a slab of marble the lonely grave he had carefully tended. Only a short while ago, it seemed, his mother had departed from the earth and only his father remained. Every time Danny looked at his father's sprawled out figure his heart was filled with loathing. It was through him, Danny believed, that his mother had died. She had never eaten the right sort of food, she had never had the right sort of shelter, nor had she ever known the bliss of a moment's rest. The ramshackle building that he had to call home was made of rotten pieces of wood, nailed together carelessly. In the winter the chill winds seeped through the cracks and caused them endless misery, although his father couldn't feel it, owing to the fact that he was usually in a drunken stupor.

This, then, had gone on for nine years. It still continued for the next, the next, and next year. Only the cherished memory of his mother kept him from murdering his father. Even though he still prayed to die, he remained well . . . that is, except for a very slight pain in his heart; but Danny took no notice of it. He grew pale and wan. A lasting cough racked his painfully thin body.

Here and there he obtained odd jobs only to have the money that he earned taken away from him to be spent by his father, now remarried to a widow who was nothing but a cranky old hag. Many a time she sent Danny to bed without food. To bed? That is, if you would call it a bed. The bed that he had was taken away from him, and he had to sleep on the hard floor with a few shabby rags that served as blankets. His father treated him with great cruelty. Still Danny

kept from exposing him only because of the memory of his mother.

Until this time, he had had few friends. Now he had become acquainted with several youths. They were not really bad boys, but now and then they indulged into a little mischief in which Danny took no part.

On this particular occasion, the boys went to a theater and Danny, unable to go, wandered off to the water front. Trudging along, Danny frowned as he looked upon a half-opened oyster protruding through the sand. Kicking it open, Danny gasped with delight. It contained a pearl.

A friendly jeweler estimated that the find would bring in more than one hundred dollars, and for once Danny was glad he was alive. He thought of the various things that he now could get. He would buy a stone for his mother's grave, he would run away from his father, and he would now live a normal happy life.

That night with a happy heart Danny went to sleep, the pearl clutched in his hand. But the excitement proved too much for him.

In the morning the father, coming to curse his son for lying in bed, found that the boy was dead.

Opening the clenched fingers he discovered the pearl. So Danny had been holding out on him! Danny was now beyond punishment, and his white face looked serene. He had died believing that his wish had been fulfilled.

—Broncia Kurowski, '38

FAMOUS HIGHWAYMEN

One of the earliest highwaymen was Robin Hood, who lived with his "Merry men" in the forest of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire, England.

He was a yeoman who was noted for his bravery, courtesy, and exceedingly great skill in archery. Like several other highwaymen in later years, Robin Hood robbed the rich to give to the poor. He was feared by the dukes and lords in London because, while he did not kill, he thought nothing of taking several hundred pounds from one Lord

so that the poor in the slums might have bread to eat.

An altogether different type of highwayman was "Billy the Kid", so called because of his youth. He lived in the nineteenth century and when the law finally caught up with him, he was wanted for nearly every known crime.

He stole from rich and poor alike, and if resistance was shown the victim was killed.

Although he was a ruthless character, he was known as one of the bravest men in criminal history. He fought alone, and won, when often the opposing force consisted of many men.

He was caught one night when he stole out in the bright moonlight, from the place where he was staying, to the back yard to get a piece of freshly killed pig to eat. The law was on the lookout for him and when one man saw the figure against the pale sky, he shot and killed "Billy the Kid."

His career was over, but people will always remember the daring and skill of a young boy who outwitted the cleverest authorities in the country.

Jesse James was noted for his daring exploits in train and stagecoach robberies. His career was long and every one feared him. His life of crime ended only at death.

Crime does not pay!

—Mildred Lent, '37.

HEADED for the HIMALAYAS

A man hunt was on. No, now, don't mistake me. It was not the kind carried on by certain groups of college girls; instead, it was a searching party, organized with the hope of finding some trace of Professor Terrington, from whom no word had been received since he had left Delhi, India, more than five years ago.

Upon returning from a two-year research trip in the Gobi Desert, he had promised his wife and young daughter that he would never again take an active part in an expedition. In a short time, however, his position as Professor of Zoology at Oxford grew monotonous, and once more adventure called to him.

This call did not pass unheeded, and as a result, in the summer of 1931 he had led an expedition from Delhi into the interior of Nepal. His object (this will be understandable probably only to those scientific minded persons who accept the Darwinian theory as being true) was to find the missing link in the chain connecting monkey life with human life.

Two years passed slowly by, then thirty-six months heaped themselves one upon another, and finally it was 1937.

Mrs. Terrington had long since given up hope of ever seeing the professor again, but her daughter, Pamela, maintained a different opinion, and after gaining her mother's consent, she exchanged England, formal tea-towns, and gala social functions for India, hiking breeches, and a group of gun-carriers, porters, and guides.

With three months of rapid traveling behind her, we now find Pam entering the region of the Himalayas. Her train of servants has dwindled to seven, the rest having deserted one after another many miles back when they learned of the wild and practically unknown territory through which they were going to pass.

Acting through her interpreter, Congo, she had traded to tribal chiefs trinkets and bright colored cloth for information pertaining to her father.

"Congo", asked Pam, "are you sure we're headed in the right direction?"

"No can tell just yet, missey, me think maybe we lose way," answered the faithful Congo. "You sit . . . rest for while . . . Congo try find some path."

Gladly carrying out his suggestion, Pam lay down on the ground and relaxed. Ten minutes rolled by, and just as sleep was about to overtake her, there came from the dense thicket at her left a most peculiar shout. Pam quickly arose, reached for her rifle, took aim in the direction from whence came the sound, and was about to pull the trigger when from the midst of the brush there emerged a jubilant Congo, holding a rusty gun in his hand!

Pam ran over to him, took the gun in her hands, and examined every inch of it. Finally her eyes came to rest upon an inscription burnt deep into the light walnut stock. These words were "Ter-rington—Oxford."

"Whee! We are on the right trail!" Pam shouted gleefully, dancing around in circles.

Congo grinned from ear to ear at this exhibition. It had been a long time since he had seen his young boss so happy.

Spurred on by their leader's enthusiasm, the train did doublequick time until the sun went down, and thus were able to camp near the base of the majestic Mt. Everest.

The tents had been erected, the evening meal over, and everyone ready to turn in, when suddenly from out of the depths of the jungle there came the deep, throbbing sounds of a tom-tom. The quiet was broken for a period of five minutes, then silence prevailed again. Fifteen minutes later the drums once more broke the stillness of the hour; this time they were much louder.

"Gosh, Congo," whispered Pam, "you don't think . . ."

This sentence was never finished, for at that moment huge, horribly painted savages jumped from behind the trees and bushes, and though the little party put up an excellent struggle, they were quickly overcome by this mob.

The hands of the expedition members were tied behind their backs and they were pushed along to the tribe's village, followed by a group of shouting savages.

Upon entering the village Pam was immediately brought to a crude throne, and made to kneel before it with her head bowed down.

Slow steps were heard, and the chief walked up to his throne. When he was seated, Pam, at a sign from one of the natives, raised her head, and to her surprise she found herself looking into the face of a white man.

At the sight of her, joy spread itself over the chief's countenance. He gave sharp orders to have her bonds cut, and then rushed down the steps from the

throne, saying as he ran, "Pam, don't you recognize me? I'm your dad."

Pam was speechless. All she could do was nod and then throw herself into her father's arms. Then much to her own as well as to everyone else's surprise she began to cry . . . not because she was sorry, but because she was so very happy.

When her tears had stopped, and she was once more able to smile, her father told her that he had been held in the village by a tribal law. When a captive was brought into this village he could never leave until he was rescued by a member of his own race and language. Though his captors had looked up to him with reverence, he could not have left the tribe had it not been for his daughter's arrival.

With this explanation over Pam exclaimed, "Dad, do you know what I'm going to do tommorow?"

"Why no I don't. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going up there and knock a piece off those dear old Himalayas, and treasure it till I die."

Being a very determined girl she did just that, and a week later when the train started back to the coast, poor Congo was carrying a twenty-five-pound piece of rock.

—Virginia Bourke, '37.

IRRITATING TRIFLES

Of all the annoyances that trouble us at times, the most aggravating, in my opinion, are those irritating trifles that seem so small after we've stopped fussing about them.

The ringing of the doorbell heads my list. It seems to insist on ringing at the most inopportune moments. If I happen to be at home alone some night, and decide to go to bed early for a change, the doorbell invariably rings when I'm comfortably settled with an apple and a book I've never bothered to read before because it looked so dry. When I've finished with the unwelcome intruder, and again settle with my apple and book, I remember the light I left on downstairs.

My morning schedule doesn't allow a single moment for broken shoe-laces, missing pencils, lost mittens, and the like. Sometimes I rival Job in my patience, but usually words (and things) fly about, and everybody, including the cat, gets out of my path.

My slippers cause me a great deal of annoyance. If they happen to want them on a particularly cold morning, they're sure to be downstairs. If I want them downstairs, they're in my closet upstairs. I'll have to beg for another pair to keep where the others aren't.

My occasional absentmindedness irritates me, too. Sometimes I start toward a certain spot with a definite idea in mind but when I get there I can't imagine why I came. Then I start to worry; it always seems that I was going to do something very important.

People say that if trifles irritate a person, he's surely fussy. I don't feel at all fussy, but if I am, that must be the reason so many small things "rub me the wrong way."

—E. Kauppila, '38.

SUPERSTITIOUS

"You needn't bother to bring out any old list of questions," said Peggy Blake, as she watched her brother Joe open the desk drawer.

"How do you know what's on this paper?" he demanded.

"I caught a glimpse of it when you took out your brush," she explained, "and you might as well know now that you're not going to experiment on me again."

"But this list is only part of the questions that appear in a book, 'Do You Believe It?' which is supposed to find whether you are superstitious or not. By the way, haven't I seen you do a few things that could be called . . . ?"

"I can't help what you've seen; your eyes must have been deceiving you," interrupted Peg, as she stooped over to pick a needle from the carpet.

"There you are," cried Joe triumphantly. "Why did you pick up that needle?"

Why, naturally I didn't want to have it stick into my slipper", Peg replied.

"Then why," insisted Joe, "did you refuse to eat oysters at supper last night?"

"Oh, 'cause there isn't an 'R' in 'May'," she answered. "Everybody knows oysters are not good in May".

"That's all bosh", said her brother, laughing scornfully.

"And that reminds me," he continued, "Why didn't you walk under that ladder this morning?"

"Because, bright boy, I had no desire to receive a pail of paint on my new hat", Peg snapped, losing her patience.

"The real reason", said Joe, "is that you are superstitious, just another of those females that believe everything they hear."

"All right, I'll agree, just to keep peace. Now give me that paper and let me ask *you* a few."

"Nothing doing!" cried Joe, hastily thrusting the slip into his pocket.

As he did so, something fell with a sharp clink on the polished floor and rolled away under the table.

"What was that?" asked Peg, as her brother crawled on his knees along the floor.

"Gee, I almost lost my lucky piece," he blurted out . . . then clapped his hand over his mouth as he ran from the room with his sister's mocking cry of "Yah! Superstitious!" ringing in his ears.

—Katherine Sheridan, '38.

MAN OVERBOARD

Two old globetrotters were discussing their past experiences when at length the talk turned to Chinese customs and manners. One of these men remembered a story that he had heard about the great capability of Chinese as liars.

One time a captain of a passenger ship bound from Shanghai to Bombay, got into some difficulties. He had a definite schedule to which he was to adhere strictly. Some trouble came, however, and he was held up a little while.

When he finally got underway, very bad weather set in and he could proceed only at a very slow rate.

Among the passengers there were quite a few Chinese. One day one of them died. When a burial takes place at sea, the ship must come to a stop and the proper ceremonies carried out. If the captain did this, he would lose much valuable time; so he decided to do something else. He called in the first mate and said, "Go to cabin 110 and take the dead Chinese from there and throw him overboard."

The first mate went out to do his duty.

The following morning the captain saw the mate and asked him, "Did you throw that dead Chinese from cabin 210 overboard?"

"Cabin 210! Last night you said cabin 110," answered the mate.

"But," asked the captain, "wasn't the man in cabin 110 alive?"

"Well, I think he did try to tell me that he wasn't dead, but you know what liars these Chinese are."

—Olavi Alatalo, '38.

WHO WANTS WAR?

What makes people go out and kill one another? The answer is, a few unscrupulous persons who would do anything to get some money. Certain munitions makers and other men who manufacture war material stir up hard feelings between two countries and then begin to sell them arms to protect themselves. Soon the countries are at war and do not know what they are fighting about. Other countries become involved, and there is a great turmoil. Many of the people living in the countries that are at war immediately enlist and are rushed to the front in a frenzy of patriotism. Others who refuse to go stay at home, but not for long, because the government is forced to draft them.

We all know the story of the World War. At the front thousands were being killed each day. Hundreds of wounded soldiers lay in barbed wire, moaning with pain while their buddies

in muddy trenches could not move under the ever-watchful eyes of the enemy.

Meanwhile, all over the world, munitions makers sit in their comfortable homes, watching the money roll in from the sale of death-dealing products. They think little of the many who have been saddened as a son or husband has not come back, or of those who are more fortunate, although the one they love cannot see or walk again.

If this is what war brings, I'll take vanilla!

—John Howanski, '39.

A VALENTINE FOR LEE

Stewart Emery turned up his collar and made one dash for the roadster, parked a few yards from the door of his office building.

"What a downpour," he muttered. "I'm late as usual and this is Lee's birthday."

He guided the car into the busy traffic. He was sorry to be so late. Lee was such a good sport, too. What could he do to make it up to her? As he drove along the avenue, the sight of a huge red heart swaying blithely in the breeze outside a flower shop caused him to pause momentarily. A valentine,—the very thing! Lee would love this. It would be his peace offering and birthday gift.

Stewart pulled out of line and over to the curb. Dodging the raindrops, he rushed into the shop. A petite girl with blonde hair came toward him.

"Can I help you, sir?" she asked, opening the glass door of the counter. Her dainty white fingers caressingly touched a beautiful heart-shaped valentine covered with roses. "The roses are very fine . . . and these orchids are the first of the season." She held them temptingly out to him.

Stewart couldn't help but notice how well they matched her eyes. She had a pretty face, but . . . Lee was waiting. He must hurry.

"No, thanks," waving aside the roses and orchids, "It must be violets for Lee."

With the violets carefully boxed, and a hurried good night, he made a dash for the door.

As his flying figure went out of sight, the little clerk sighed wistfully. All day she had sold these beautiful violets . . . why couldn't there be some one who would give her a bouquet? She sighed again. Yes, it certainly was true that all the nicest young men were engaged. Lucky, that girl Lee! And she herself would never see him again.

As these thoughts went through her head, Stewart was standing on the curb, bewildered. The place was vacant . . . the car had disappeared!

Looking up and down the street, he wondered what he could do. How it rained! There was no officer in sight; the rush hour was over. His purchase had taken longer than he thought. How careless he had been to leave the key in the lock. Someone must have stolen his car.

He returned to the shop. The girl looked up from the arranging of her flowered hearts.

"My car's gone!" he burst forth. "While I was here some one must have taken it. May I use your telephone?"

"Certainly," pointing to the telephone. "I'm so sorry, sir," she continued, "this is a nasty night, too."

Stewart placed the box of violets on the counter and picked up the phone. Quickly he dialed "Police".

The girl watched him. She liked his tanned, clean-cut face. His eyes, too, they had a way of reading your innermost thoughts.

"Yes, police headquarters."

"This is Stewart Emery of the Dexter Building. My car has been stolen. Number 723 on Fay Avenue.

At this moment the door of the shop opened. A red face, topped by a police helmet, looked in. "Say buddy, is this your car I've been watching, a blue roadster?"

Stewart dropped the telephone and rushed from the shop. There was his car as he had left it. Plenty of traffic, too. Cars splashing by . . . what had happened?"

"What's the big idea, young man," said the officer gruffly, "holding up traffic and parking near a hydrant? Leaving yer key in that lock, too."

Stewart tried to explain.

"Stolen, you say? Now what makes you think that, me boy?" The officer looked closely at Stewart and came nearer. "You haven't been drinking now, by any chance?"

Stewart was beginning to realize what it was all about. He looked back at the shop.

"Say officer, does that shop have an entrance on the next street?"

"Why, yes, this block does open on Fayton Avenue. What's that to do with your car?" asked the officer.

"Why, I must have left the shop by the other door," replied Stewart. "In my haste, I never noticed there were two doors. I'm sorry about the hydrant, officer, but you see . . . its a regular cloudburst," and Stewart began to smile.

The red face beneath the helmet broke into a broad grin. "All right this time, buddy. Next time watch out for the hydrant, and be sure to take the right door."

Stewart entered the car and started the engine. Above the noise of the motor, a voice reached him.

"Oh, Mr. Emery, your violets." The girl, unmindful of her dripping clothes, was holding the box of flowers out to him. He snapped off the engine, pocketed the key, and jumped out. Taking the girl with the box by the arm, he hurried her into the shop.

"My good young lady," he breathed, "you're very wet. Don't you know its raining?"

"But your violets!" she gasped. "Your Lee is waiting for them."

"Lee will be very grateful to you," he said, "She'll forgive my being late for the party."

"I thought it a shame for Mrs. Emery to miss her valentine," replied the girl.

"Mrs. Emery?" Stewart laughed. "Oh, no, Lee is my sister. I bought the violets for her birthday. There is no Mrs. Emery, as yet."

"Oh!" stammered the girl, "pardon my . . ."

"Yes," broke in Stewart, "on two conditions . . . first, tell me your name, then say you'll have dinner with me tomorrow night."

Gasping with surprise and delight the girl said, "Dixie Leeland . . . and . . . er . . . er . . . yes."

"Well, young lady, I wish to give you my order for orchids, to be delivered to Dixie Leeland, tomorrow. I will call for them in person at 6:30. And now," he picked up the box and made for the *right* door, "for the valentine for Lee."

—Katharine Sheridan, '38.

WE SENIORS

Slow but sure the time draws near
When the curtain will fall on our Senior
year.

Our school career will come to an end,
And Life's hard road lies 'round the
bend.

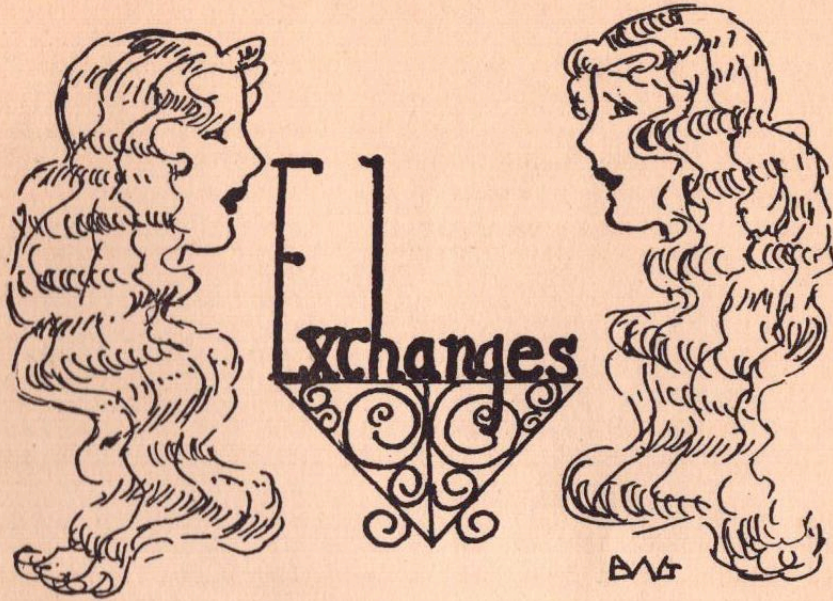
The trip will cover many miles,
And we won't be greeted with many
smiles.

We'll be pushed about and stepped
upon,
But with a fight will carry on.

We won't give in till our job is done,
Till we've got what we want and our
goal is won.

—James Sullivan, '37.





EXCHANGES

The following excerpt is reprinted from the *Spotlight* of South Hadley High School because it applies so well to the M. H. S. pupils:

"Perhaps a different example would better illustrate our point. Take class meetings for instance. How many people ever go to them? Usually about *one-fourth* of the class. And what becomes of the other three-fourths? Several of the students are unable to attend, but many more *just don't feel like* bothering themselves to do, never thinking that by going they might help some one else as well as benefit themselves.

"When a play is being given, or any assembly program being presented, the same few people are always asked to be on committees. Why? Because they are willing to cooperate and *really work*. You may say, wide-eyed, 'Oh, but no one ever asks us to be on committees.' Well, then, are *you* the type of person who is willing to help when some one asks you to? Will you work hard for the school, even though you know your labor may never be recognized? Or are you the kind of student who always has an alibi when there is work to be done or who is afraid his little bit might help some one?

"Unwillingness to cooperate caused the decision to give up the Senior year

book. It is almost invariably the reason outside activities fail, why teams do not win, why school activities are not successes. It may be a hard fact to face, and our statement of it may be harsh or unkind but think it over . . . they say the truth hurts."

THE ROAMING EXCHANGER

Several high schools were interviewed in an attempt to find out their opinions of our magazine. Here they are:

Q. What do you think of our magazine at the Shead Memorial High School, Eastport, Maine?

A. Your cover was a clever piece of work. Your exchange department was splendid. May we suggest more pictures and jokes?

* * * * *

Q. Well, how are we received by the Salem Classical High School?

A. The title is very expressive considering the fact that this magazine fairly screeches with literary gems and entertaining columns. We particularly liked the numerous puzzles and cartoons. They give an added zest that makes everything more enjoyable. Keep up this entertaining magazine.

* * * * *

Q. How did you like your stop at our magazine airport when you visited

us, *Wampatuck* from Braintree H. S.?

A. We glided to a perfect landing at the *Screech Owl* airport, Maynard, Massachusetts. We do appreciate originality and your puzzle page certainly is the tops. We received much entertainment from your cartoon page of school activities.

* * * * *

That is all now for these interviews. Later there will be more. Now, the question asked of us by other exchanging editors must be answered.

To the *Meteor*, Berlin, New Hampshire: Your magazine fairly bulges with pictures of the snowy splendor of the North. The adaptation from the *Raven* by Edgar Allen Poe was too, too scrumptious.

To the *Spotlight*, South Haldey, Massachusetts: Your paper is well edited but has not enough exchanges or jokes. We liked your school activity write-ups.

To the *Advance*, Salem High School: Your literary department was swell (pardon). We could not resist reading every one of your stories. Keep it up!

To the *Wampatuck*, Braintree, Massachusetts: We first comment on the striking cover and then on the extra

good wood-cuts and poems with which your paper is enlivened.

To the *Red and Black*, from Rodgers High School, Rhode Island: You must be complimented on the way you manage to squeeze so much good material into such a small book . . . Congrats!

To the *Advocate*, Needham, Massachusetts: The snaps taken in class were spiffy. It's a good idea. May we borrow it?

The *Oracle* from Bangor, Maine: You have a very original magazine with a *Cinemanalysis* column featuring movie interviews by pupils.

The *Central-Light*, Junior High magazine from New Britain, Connecticut: Good health items . . . but we would appreciate more literary works. You don't mind, do you?

We have had several *Voice's* from Concord, Massachusetts since the last issue and we must say it's a good paper for so small a one. But still no exchanges!

To the *Salt Spray* from Eastport, Maine, we wish to say, "Some jokes please." Always glad to greet a visitor from afar.

The *High Life* from Littleton, Massachusetts, brings original poems and stories. No school activities! Tch-Tch!

ALUMNI NOTES

The *Screech Owl* is glad to present two articles on college written by graduates of M. H. S. in the class of 1936.

COLLEGE COMMANDMENTS

By Barbara Jordan, B. U., '40

When I entered Boston University in September 22, 1936, I had no more idea of what college really was than any six-year-old boy or girl might have. I know that now. I think my warped idea of college came from Hollywood, for I believed a college career was one long vacation, the only requisite being your tuition money. If you had that you were "all set," as it were.

After almost six months of college, I have drawn up ten rules which I shall call *Ten Commandments for a Student of Boston University*, although I believe they could apply to any student in any college or university. Here they are:

1. Do not become discouraged if you find you are getting C's and D's in subjects you had previously received A's and B's in.
2. Do not be discouraged at the amount of home lessons you will be required to do. You will soon learn to "budget" your time.
3. Do not expect others to make friends with you; you must make friends with them.
4. Accept cheerfully the responsibilities which fall upon every college student.
5. Do not join a sorority or fraternity for the sake of joining it; if you sincerely enjoy the company of the members, by all means do so.
6. Join in those activities which interest you; if you have no interest in them, you are not obliged to engage in them.
7. Do not pass in work late unless you have a very good excuse. It does not help your standing with your professor, and incidentally, your grade; nor does the professor want the work before it is due.
8. Form your own estimates of your professors. Accept them as you

find them, and let others do the same.

9. Use a good sized notebook. It is often a wise plan to take more notes than you think necessary; for it is easier to throw them away than to wish you had them.
10. And lastly, if you don't think college is a good place to be, try working for a while and see if you don't change your mind!

COLLEGE IMPRESSIONS

By "Bud" Smith, B. C., '40

During my first half year at B. C. I've met many interesting people including students and professors. One of my professors is from Dorchester. When he was a boy he used to spend his summers at Lake Boone. We talked one day after classes were over. He used to play ball with "Jink" Murray, former coach of Marquette University. While we were on the subject of football he asked about "Mike" Vodoklys and "Bob" Duggan. He said that both of them were fine men and that he had Bob last year as a Latin student.

This is typical of how I have come in contact with many different people. For the first few days as a meek and scared freshman, because I knew no one except Bob and Doc, I roamed about the place almost too frightened to move. The first thing I knew, professors started to lay down their own rules, not counting those of the college.

It was in these first few days that we, as students, seemed bound together like refugees seeking shelter, and we found comfort and aid in each other's friendship. Gradually the doors of our hearts opened, and we discovered that sports and friends and knowing different people helped a great deal. We had a common bond then, and we found what we wanted in this pleasant company. Now we are fairly well settled in a newly adopted Alma Mater.

THE SENIOR PLAY

A capacity audience assembled in the auditorium on the evening of February 25th to witness a performance of "A Good Egg", a three-act comedy, presented by the Senior Class. Bursts of hearty laughter and frequent chuckles showed the actors that their efforts were appreciated.

The cast was as follows:

Dr. Jefferson Clayton	<i>Joseph Lalli</i>
Junior, his lazy son	<i>Edward Boltrukiewicz</i>
Vivian, his daughter	<i>Charlotte King</i>
Mrs. Clayton, his wife	<i>Dorothy Simila</i>
Bumps Bicknell, Junior's pal	<i>James Sullivan</i>
Lorraine Maynard, a teacher	<i>Virginia Bourke</i>
Pert Bicknell, Bump's cousin	<i>Eleanor Murphy</i>
Jean Gillespie, Junior's "crush"	<i>Gladys Greenleaf</i>
Laura, the maid	<i>Helen Schnair</i>
Jimmy, Laura's boy friend	<i>William Higgins</i>
James Gillespie, Jean's brother	<i>Wasil Chernak</i>
Policeman	<i>Auno Koskinen</i>
Detective	<i>Louis Fava</i>
Fireman	<i>Walter Soroka</i>

The plot centered about the efforts of Junior Clayton to offset his family's resentment at the low marks he had received in high school by showing himself to be a real hero. With the aid of his pal, Bumps Bicknell, he did capture a criminal, mistaken identity playing a part in the solution of the crime.

All players deserve much credit for the splendid way they portrayed their roles.

The production was a complete success, both artistically and financially.

Congratulations to Miss Bradley, the coach, and to the Class of 1937!



Top Row: James Sullivan, Wasil Chernak, Auno Koskinen, John Smaha, William Higgins, Joseph Lalli.

Middle Row: Edward Boltrukiewicz, Eleanor Murphy, Catherine Hoffman, Gerald Spratt, Miss Ruth Bradley, Helen Dutkowsky, Frank Silkonis

Bottom Row: Helen Schnair, Virginia Bourke, Gladys Greenleaf, Charlotte King, Dorothy Simila, Marion Hull, Aili Kajander.



ACTIVITIES

THANKSGIVING SOCIAL

The auditorium was colorful with its dimmed lights, and the floor was thronged as the students, full of the Thanksgiving spirit, danced to the swing music of the sensational Freddie Bates' colored band. The Juniors stepped right up and gave the school a very pleasant evening.

The traditional pumpkin and corn husk decorations required, it is said, an interesting excursion to the Bolton Farm.

The refreshment committee reported that five people never sliced so many delicious cakes before, and they certainly did a grand job.

We thank the Juniors for an evening of fun.

CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

For weeks ahead there were whispers of a brilliant Christmas assembly, sprinkled with song, music, and verse. Miss Colburn, our music supervisor, had high hopes for her musical debutantes.

The day arrived and we gathered in the auditorium to hear a marvelous program and to admire the stained glass window stage setting for the carolers. The following program speaks for itself:

Program

- Chorus and School.....
- "Hark the Herald Angels Sing"
- "The First Noel"
- Reading.. "The Origin of Christmas" ..
- Edward Donahue
- Chorus..... "Silent Night"
- Reading..... "Christmas Bells"
- Sophie Denisewich
- Chorus.....
- "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"
- Reading.....
- .. "In Defense of Christmas Giving"
- Norma Oates
- Solo and Trio..... "O Holy Night"
- Alice Johnson
- Dorothy Simila
- Virginia Bourke
- Eleanor A. Murphy
- Reading..... "Christmas Eve"
- John MacPherson
- Chorus and School.....
- "O Come All Ye Faithful"

SENIOR SOCIAL

In spite of the cold, biting weather on the wintry night of December 23rd, everyone rushed to the Senior Christmas Social, featuring that new local musical discovery, Bernie Cotter. The pine tree sprigs on the lights gave a Christmas holiday feeling that every one was soon to enjoy. Many members of the faculty joined in the gay celebration.

A surprise birthday greeting was tendered yours truly, "Irish". Many thanks for the tip, Kate. The refresh-

ments served were ultra-delicious and we know that the committee and all Seniors were highly enthusiastic about the outcome.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Action on the Student Council! A meeting was called to vote on the presentation of letters to our athletic-minded classmates. Anna Higgins was elected Secretary of the Council and Louis Colombo presided.

JUNIOR SOCIAL

With memories of the previous socials still fresh, we returned to school after a week's vacation, with a notice of a coming Junior Social to be held in the auditorium January 8th. Again the Juniors, under the capable and energetic direction of Miss Cassone, proved their adaptability in presenting a well-planned evening of music and dancing.

Those hungry guests who usually have two of everything in the line of refreshments were probably disappointed at the attendance of a representative of the law, who effectually squelched all attempts to prove that "eats were on the house."

SENIOR CLASS ACTIVITIES

In the midst of all this merriment, the Seniors buckled down to business and voted to have class pins made in the same style as the rings. This met with a great response.

A picture committee was elected, and is as follows:

Gertrude Tobin	Gerald Spratt
Helmi Tikkanen	Walter Wasiuk
Catherine Hoffman	William Palmer
Aili Kajander	Wasil Chernak

PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

The Inaugural speech of Franklin D. Roosevelt was enjoyed by a gathering of history students and others who were interested. Thanks to the cheery cooperation of members of the faculty, we heard most of the ceremony. It was all

the more interesting because we knew our schoolmate, Joseph Boothroyd, was there in Washington. Joe had won, as a reward for proficiency in history problems in a test sponsored by the *Boston American*, a trip to the Inauguration.

Previous to this there had been a joint assembly by the Junior Class and "*Screech Owl*" for Joseph. Several members of the class of '38 spoke on "Activities in the White House." Joseph was called on to speak and he did; the speech was short and, as Joe said, "flabbergasted." The class of '38 presented him with a fountain pen and the "*Screech Owl*", of which he is a member, gave him a monogrammed bill-fold.

FAREWELL PARTY

A farewell party was sponsored by Karin Saarinen, Eleanor King, and the Junior Class for Margaret Lansdowne, who was moving to another town. An informal gathering in the auditorium enjoyed the entertainment. Alice Johnson's musical voice, Katherine Sheridan's readings, and several other good numbers were heard.

An amusing moment came when Sylvia Johnson and Ebba Nelson paused slightly to turn the page of their music, and applause filled the auditorium. The girls, somewhat abashed, did not continue their duet. Remember, girls, you still owe us the rest of that piece.

Following the refreshments, dancing was enjoyed.

MARGARET SLATTERY

One day the girls of the high school received an invitation to attend a lecture at the Women's Club of Maynard. Miss Margaret Slattery had been asked to talk to the girls on the problems that they are now facing. The girls were well represented and, judging by the enthusiastic reports the next day, they enjoyed it very much.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Juniors are already acquiring some of that "Seniorial" dignity and reserve they will need next year. Getting down to business, they elected a committee to choose a ring that would represent their well-known class spirit. With the rings follow whisperings of their Promenade.

"SCREECH OWL" INVITATION DANCE

The members of the "*Screech Owl*" staff held their annual invitation dance in the auditorium. Every one, especially the Freshies, had been clamoring for tickets, and the school was in an uproar over this grand occasion. Again Bernie Cotter favored us with his swing band and the hall was packed.

For a novelty number and door prize the committee had arranged

something "new". Each couple received a number which they kept until the novelty dance. Then, as the music started, every one was to dance. After a few bars of music, "Squint" called out numbers and the couples whose numbers were called had to leave the floor. Music, numbers, . . . music, numbers, until there were only two couples on the floor. Finally came the last number; Ebba Nelson and her partner, Tauno Hytonen, were given a valentine heart box of chocolates. They say, "That solo waltz was the longest dance we ever danced." Pretty lucky, though.

Following the delicious refreshments of homemade cakes and tonic, we again danced and received tiny hats, horns, streamers, and all the "goo-gags" of a carnival night.

Needless to say, the decorations were breath-taking and we know that every possible effort was put into making it a success, as it surely was.

HOW INTELLIGENT ARE YOU?

- I. Do you know your history? Then answer these:
 1. What important event took place in 1789?
 2. In what naval battle did Lord Nelson defeat Napoleon's fleet?
 3. Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?
 4. From what country did United States buy Alaska?
 5. Who was known as the Widow of Windsor?
- II. And how about geography?
 1. What are the ABC countries of South America?
 2. Name the Great Lakes.
 3. In what countries are the following cities located?
(1) Rome, (b) Glasgow, (c) Lyon, (d) Portland, and (e) Leicester.
 4. In what continents are the following rivers located?
(a) Mississippi, (b) Niger, (c) Dnieper, (d) Danube, and (e) Amur.
5. Where is Yellowstone National Park?
- III. Are you interested in science? Then these ought to be a "cinch":
 1. Do acids dissolve wool?
 2. What are the three states of matter?
 3. Will a boat ride higher in fresh water or in salt water?
 4. Which is heavier—light cream or heavy cream?
 5. How much does one cubic foot of water weigh?
- IV. If you like sciences, perhaps you are keen at math:
 1. What number is divisible by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9?
 2. Which is greater—six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen?
 3. A man has five pieces of money in his pocket equalling a dollar. What are they?
 4. There are two consecutive even

integers whose product is 624.
What are they?

5. The square of a number equals twice itself. What is the number?

V. Are you logical?

Directions: Assuming the first two statements are correct, find the flaw in the third.

If a girl be studious, she is a bore, also if a girl be ignorant, she is a bore. Therefore, all girls are uninteresting.

VI. How is your spelling? Below the words are spelled as they are pronounced. Spell them correctly.

- | | |
|-------------|------------------|
| 1. flooensy | 6. bronkitis |
| 2. flem | 7. tortis |
| 3. sutle | 8. gingham |
| 4. neese | 9. pronunsiation |
| 5. werd | 10. shrowd |

VII. Can you complete the following quotations?

1. "Give me liberty....."
2. "No more worlds....."
3. "Right or wrong,....."
4. "Millions for defense, but....."
5. "With malice toward none,...."

VIII. Are you good at detecting English errors? Try yourself out.

1. He don't do it.
2. Anyone who comes will do so of their own accord.
3. He gave Bill and I a book.
4. I like "Silas Marner" better than any book I've read in school.
5. Go in the house and get the camera.

IX. Whence cometh these quotations?

1. "The evil men do lives after them."
2. "We see no white-winged angels now."
3. "The quality of mercy is not strained."

4. "Life is real! Life is earnest!"

5. "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink."

X. What about literature? Who wrote:

1. Silas Marner.
2. Lady of the Lake.
3. Treasure Island.
4. Jane Eyre.
5. Vanity Fair.
6. Twenty Years at Hull-House.

XI. What about sports?

1. Who is at present the world's heavyweight boxing champion?
2. How many games are scheduled in the major baseball leagues?
3. Who is Fred Perry?
4. What does AAU stand for?
5. Who is Alice Bridges?

XII. Now for some tricky definitions.

Distinguish between:

1. access and axis.
2. legible and eligible.
3. Briton and Britain.
4. accept and except.
5. marshal and martial.

XIII. And finally, just how keen are you?

1. Can a man marry his widow's niece?
2. How many apples can a boy eat on an empty stomach?
3. What three letters added to ERGRO will make a word?
4. There were twelve eggs in a basket. There were twelve boys. Each boy took an egg, yet there was one egg left in the basket. Explain.
5. There were four birds in a tree. A hunter shot one. How many were left?
6. What four letters make a ruler?



FOOTBALL

Maynard High finished its football season with a better than even break. Five wins and four defeats was the final standing. Every one of the defeats was by only six points or less. Coach Vodoklys completed his second year of coaching in which he has made excellent progress.

Maynard's backfield men, led by Co-Captain Louis Columbo, better known as "Jumbo Jumbo," played hard and aggressive football throughout the year. The line was always fighting for every inch of ground available and was led by George Creighton and Co-Captain Koskinen, the latter playing an especially good game against Concord.

Much credit and praise should go to Mr. Sawyer for the development of the fine forward lines Maynard had had in the past. He is a real asset to all boys interested in athletics and particularly to the football team.

The following lettermen elected Ed "Squint" Flaherty to captain the 1937 eleven:

Louis Columbo, '37, Co-Captain; Auno Koskinen, '37, Co-Captain; George Downey, '38, Ed. Flaherty, '38, Ernest Priest, '38, Eric Johnson, '37, Walter Whalen, '37, Gerald Spratt, '37, George Creighton, '39, Lauri Toivenen, '39, John Girdziewski, '37, Charles D'Agata, '39, John Maskiewicz, '38, Mike Pileeki, '37, Lawrence Quinn, '38, Lauri Pekkala, '38, Manager—James Sullivan, '37.

Past Maynard captains and their whereabouts:

1935—Alvin Fraser—Milligan College.
 1934—Robert Duggan—Boston College.
 1933—John O'Leary—Brown University
 1932—Mike Ignachuck—Assabet Mills.
 1931—Kevin Spratt—Assabet Mills.

The Drive is on: **HELP THE FOOTBALL BOYS GET JACKETS BY PATRONIZING THEIR FUNCTIONS.**

BASKETBALL

Under the direction of Mr. Sawyer the basketball season started with keen interest shown by all players. There are nine teams and each team plays eight games to determine supremacy in the league. In case of a tie, play-offs will be arranged. As we go to press there is a pitched battle taking place for high scoring honors between Tony "Swingy" Lubin, who has amassed a total of 117 points, and John "Yike" Girdziewski who has scored 125 points. Team Four leads the league with six wins and no defeats.

The league standing is as follows:

Team No.	Games Won	Games Lost
4	6	0
3	6	2
7	4	2
1	5	3
8	5	3
9	3	4
6	2	5
2	1	7
5	1	7

Team Captains are:

Team No.	Captain
1	Louis Columbo.
2	George Whalen.
3	John Maskiewicz.
4	George Downey.
5	Peter Pronko.
6	John Smith.
7	John Gridziewski.
8	Stanley Piecewicz.
9	George Creighton.

High Scorers

	<i>Points</i>
John Girdziewski.....	125
Tony Lubin.....	117
John Sokolowski.....	65

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

More than fifty girls signed up for Intra-mural Basketball this year, giving promise of a well-filled and peppy season. These were soon lined up into 6 teams, all toeing the mark waiting for the starting whistle. The teams were as follows:

Team 1.

S. Denisewich, Capt.	A. Sinicki
A. Rolynowicz	D. Simila
L. Milewski	S. Mark
	D. Beane

Team 2.

M. Hull, Capt.	L. Tervo
E. Murphy	A. Pekkala
A. Pietila	S. Wasiuk, sub.

Team 3.

I. Morrill, Capt.	H. Lubin
H. Batulin	K. Hickey
M. Coburn	J. Sieliski

Team 4.

H. Arciczewski, Capt.	S. Dzerkcz
F. Shymonowicz	J. Girdziewski
S. Wasiuk	D. Beane

Team 5.

M. Crowe, Capt.	B. Greene
M. Colombo	F. Legere
E. Hull	R. Fletcher
H. Castrachino	V. Taylor
	H. Dawson

Team 6.

H. Sofka, Capt.	T. Makela
C. Hoffman	B. Pileeki
M. Mikolaczik	E. Saari

STANDING OF LEAGUE

	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>
Team 1.....	2	2
“ 2.....	1	2
“ 3.....	4	0
“ 4.....	9	2
“ 5.....	0	3
“ 6.....	2	1

HIGH SCORERS OF EACH TEAM

	<i>Points</i>
Team 1. —L. Milewski.....	30
A. Rolynowicz.....	22
Team 2. —L. Tervo.....	13
Team 3. —M. Coburn.....	39
I. Morrill.....	18
Team 4. —S. Wasiuk.....	31
H. Arcizewski.....	18
Team 5. —B. Greene.....	21
M. Crowe.....	11
Team 6. —C. Hoffman.....	32
H. Sofka.....	14

TOTAL POINTS

	<i>Points made</i>	<i>Points made against</i>
Team 1.	84	57
“ 2.....	37	69
“ 3.....	96	39
“ 4.....	42	43
“ 5.....	39	90
“ 6.....	60	60

The Maynard High girls played their long awaited game with Acton on Monday, February 14. They were barely nosed out of the win by a 2-point margin, the game ending in favor of Acton 16—14. Maynard also ran.

Last year Maynard lost to Acton on the latter's home court, but turned around and walloped the stuffin's out of them in Maynard.

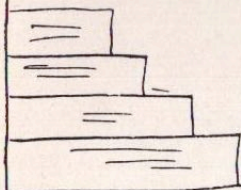
The girls expect to play a return game with Acton in Maynard (date yet unknown) and I'm sure with the aid of the whole school who I know will be there rooting for them, they are bound to win!!!



Miss Nelson's title, the only girl in M.H.S with long hair, is being threatened by a certain Jr. girl.



By popular demand the class of '37 is to pose for Purdy, the photographer, sometime this month.



These were lavishly donated at the 'Good Eggs'.



After Meimi H's fall down the Lab. steps, it has been suggested we get new steps - or something.

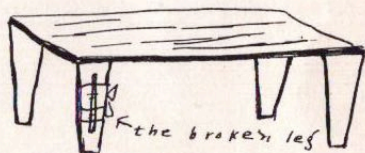
The Senior boys certainly showed up the teachers in the Feb. basketball game.



zing
-zing



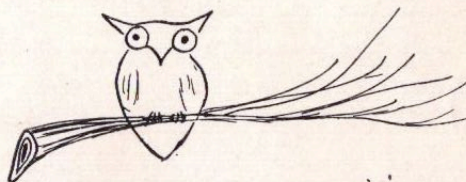
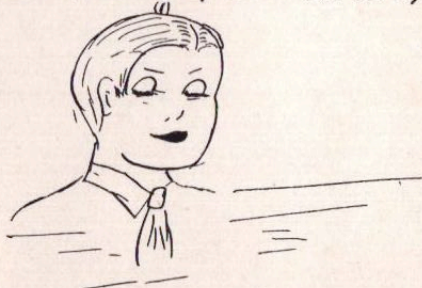
New rings will soon grace the fingers of the M.H.S. Juniors.



the broken leg

This space is dedicated to the forgotten curtain pullers and sound effects of the Sn. play.

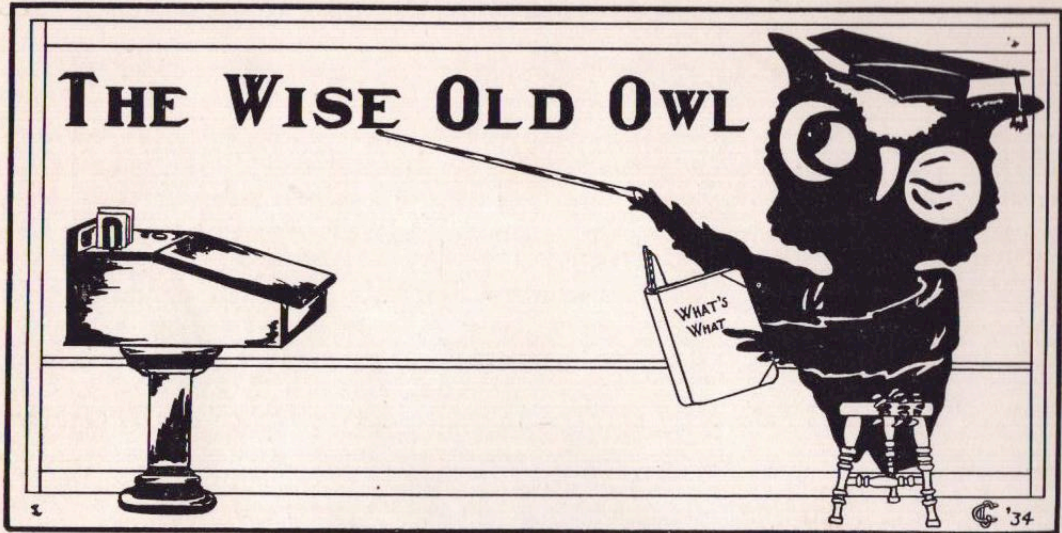
M.H.S has several good detectives on the trail of the criminal who broke the leg of the candy table.



I sincerely hope you enjoyed yourself at my dance.

The Screech Owl

The midyear exams proved that there are several bad cases of Spring Fever already.



SENIOR NOTES

Recently "Yike," too busy to answer the telephone when working, received the following message: "Come up to the boarding house as soon as you get out of work." "Yike", with the aid of the fellows, succeeded in completing his duties and rushed to the appointed spot. To his surprise he didn't get as good a reception as he'd expected. The trouble was, Aune hadn't called up at all. Was "Yike" mad? Oh nooo!

We hear that "Fats" from Concord is vainly trying to date up Helen Punch. Can it be that she likes home-grown products the best?

Koskinen was determined to go to the "Screech Owl" dance. Myrtle was likewise determined NOT to go; yet they appeared together that night. Come clean, Koskinen, and give the other boys tips on your technique. We hear it also works with the Hudson "deb."

A certain Senior girl "enjoyed" her driving lessons immensely. She must have had a very competent instructor, for did you notice how quickly she obtained her license?

Ray Murphy, the class bachelor, has been seen frequently on Brooks Street, near Beverly's house. The strange look in his eye probably indicates that he's changing his ways.

Roger M. is undecided which way to turn. On one side is Mamie, who not only is a blonde but keeps Roger informed on topics of the day. On the

other side is a brunette, whose only drawback is her habit of having at least two members of her family present when he calls. Roger's cry is "Ve vant to be alo-o-ne!"

A certain Senior boy likes the view on Thompson Street, or is it the air? Who can tell?

JUNIOR NOTES

"Kenny" Johnston is running around in a daze. It appears that June gave "Kenny" quite a "cold shoulder" after the gala "Screech Owl" dance. What's the matter, "Kenny," didn't the Ford have any effect on June, or *did* you have the Packard that night?

"Backy" is still all a-twitter after a recent social function. When a second grade picture was brought in by Rita Foley and presented to "Backy" during the Chemistry class, the latter, upon spying "some one's" curly locks, was so excited that Mr. Lerer found it necessary to put "Backy" in the front seat. And did "Backy" care?

Nicholas Kizik is quite a writer of songs, it appears. The "Wise Old Owl" would be only too glad to know who inspires NICK-O-LAS to write these master-pieces. After being in the same class with him during the 6th period, it seems to me that A. P. arouses his interests. How close am I?

So Rita had a party, and the sly little minx told her mother they played Beano! Can you imagine!!!

Clarence Carbary, the Clark Gable of the Class of 1938, is having quite a time. He has one fair maiden the first period, another at recess, and another for his nightly trips to Concord Street.

"Cleopatra" has not yet harvested her "crop". A special request has been made that "Billy" Murphy should give permanent waves in addition to his haircuts. How about it "Bill"? Even if "Cleo" doesn't compromise with you, we're sure Tessie will.

Flash!!! Rita Foley Nearly Led to Distraction.

Place: Algebra class.

Time: During the latter days of 1936.

Homework done . . . Rita smiled as she passed her teacher in the algebra class. Life was grand when one had no worries and cares!!! But misfortune seemed to govern the moment. Did you have a "ripping" time, Rita?

Detectives! Notice! A new mystery has overwhelmed the Junior class. A note has been found containing many devoted words and the signature "Duke of Windsor". On the other side is the reply with the signature "Wally". Any clues?

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Let's start off with the name of one of the most illustrious students of the high school of Maynard, Massachusetts; one who is sure to bring only credit to his school; a pupil who cannot make up his mind whether he likes the Junior or Sophomore class better; a student who shines during the football season as a bench warmer; glorifies the gym during basketball; astounds the opponents in field hockey . . . I beg your pardon . . . ice hockey; no other than the most distinguished Louis "Lem" Graceffa (Amen). The strange part of this is that we're *NOT* going to talk about you, and that's news!

Eaton is having a dreadful time in finding out which tailor is the cheapest in Maynard. At a recent social, while he was dancing a snappy fox-trot, a three-inch heel caught in the cuff of his

pants. The result . . . still looking for a tailor.

The other day we saw Emma Paul with a tall blond from Concord, and now we know why Emma wants Minahan's telephone booths made larger so as to accommodate her and Jane Lent more conveniently.

"Bull" Creighton seems to be climbing into the realms of society. Not only did he appear all slicked up at a recent dance, but gave Eleanor Ann Murphy the honor of "shaking a leg" with him. Was he a success? Ask Eleanor!

We certainly were surprised when we learned that "Joe" Flaherty takes a walk up Summer Hill often . . . and in what company! Guess? You're wrong! "Joe" takes *five dogs!*

A certain brunette of our Sophomore Class declares sternly that she is "through with Concord". Can a "shut-eye" have anything to do with it?

George and Nixie Whalen seemed to be quite undecided at the President's Ball. For some unknown reason, Nixie exchanged suit-coats with his younger brother. The result . . . George looked as if he were bound to take flight any minute. What's the story, George?

FRESHMEN NOTES

Last, but not least, come some "hot tips" on the Freshmen.

It seems that skating was quite a pastime for Beverly Green during the winter. Every time she felt the warm welcome of the ice, a "tall, dark, and handsome" fellow came to her rescue. Nice work, Charlie!

Was Arlene "burned" when she saw the chariot her escort wanted her to go riding in after a recent dance. A truck, no less! Now, Arlene, you shouldn't pass up a swell chance like that.

The spotlight is now shining on Edwin Gately. Not only has Edwin proved to be a great success at Beano (?) parties, but he has gone so far as to attempt to date H. L. No mistake about it, the boy has a future.

Another socialite of the Freshmen Class is Urho Mark. Take a tip, Urho.

When you go calling, leave your clarinet at home! 'Twould cramp your style.

Scotch lassies seem to be esteemed highest by Robert Brigham. His manly strength is alluring and we wouldn't be surprised if he now has learned to do a snappy Highland Fling.

Some of the best times are had in the Junior High, aren't they, William D.? Judging from your actions in a certain study period, you still dream of the good old times you had with M. F.

And now, watch out for the next "Screech Owl".

WE'RE WATCHING YOU!

The Freshman

Twinkle, twinkle, little frosh
Thinks that homework is all bosh,
Writes the answers in the books,
Teacher gives him dirty looks.

The Junior

When Kennie starts his Ford V-2
The noise is heard in Timbuctoo,
And when he gets it into motion
It rocks like the Atlantic Ocean.

The Senior

He was out last night, he was out the
night before,
His head is on the desk and his books
are on the floor.
You know he's conscious 'cause he's
waiting for the bell to ring.
He doesn't like school, for it ain't got
that swing.

Intelligence Test for Freshmen Only

I. Answer briefly the following:

1. How many shades are there in coal black?
2. How low is down?
3. Is up higher than down is low?
4. Where does your lap go when you stand up?
5. How old is Santa Claus?
6. Who killed Cock Robin?
7. How much frost may be found on the moon?
8. Is Mickey Mouse a cat or a dog?

II. Nut Cracks:

1. If a Packard is perfect, what does a Cadillac?
2. If the pipes burst in the kitchen, will the kitchen sink?

Word Study:

1. *Junior*—Origin unknown, but probably from *June*: one who looks forward to June.
2. *Freshman*—From English, *fresh*, *raw*, *new*, and *man*,—although this latter is not found in the class of 1937.
3. *Outline*—From *out* and *line*: An instrument of torture designed to bring out the lines of worry on every pupil's face.
4. *Office*—Office, and ice: A place where you get a reception as cold as a cucumber from the refrigerator.

A MODERN LOVE LETTER

My Wonderful One:

Here I am, *Down by the River* thinking of *You*. The *Midnight Blue* is sprinkled with *Stardust* and a *Blue Moon* is shining on the river. *Me and the Moon* are wishing you were here but I know that can't be because you've gone to *Coney Island* to *Mickey Mouse's Birthday Party*. I wonder if *Margie* will be there. If she is I hope she wears her sweet little *Alice Blue Gown*. She is really *Adorable* in it, but for me there is only *You* because since *You Turned the Tables on Me I Can't Escape from You*. *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie*, but you're so *Sweet and Lovely* that every time I see you I want to ask you to *Take My Heart*, and I want to *Sing You a Thousand Love Songs*. Soon we'll be together and *In a Chapel in the Moonlight* you'll be *Close to Me*. Right now *I'm in a Dancing Mood*. Perhaps that's because I can hear the *Organ Grinder's Swing* from the dancing pavilion up the river. *When I'm With You* we'll go there if you like. *Did You Mean It* when you told me you had *No Regrets?* I have only one, that I teased you with that note, *To Mary With Love*. But I learned my lesson when you left me *Alone at a table for Two* and now *I'm in Heaven* because *Where There's You There's Me*. For *Sentimental Reasons All I Do is Dream of You*, but *In My Solitude* I'm not

really *Alone* because you're *Haunting Me*.

Let's Grow Old Together, Sweetheart, in a *Cabin on the Hilltop*. *There's No Use Pretending*, because *You're My Thrill* and *'Taint Right for You* to leave me *Alone* when *I've Got You Under My Skin* this way.

The stars are disappearing and it looks as if there would *Soon* be more *Pennies From Heaven*.

I hope you'll see me in your *Smoke Dreams* around the campfire, and that you'll *Trust in Me* always.

Now, *Goodnight, My Love*,
—C. K., '37.

KEYHOLE COLUMN

Well! Well! Here's news! "Boob" has finally got a "case" and believe me it's serious. And to think it all happened through a valentine. At present there seems to be a little trouble, but don't worry, "Boob", it's probably just a touch of frost.

Flash! After many tryouts and much competition, Georgie Downey (it appears) has finally attained the reward of being the apple of Anna's eye. Hereafter, Georgie, when you want to go to the movies, take Chernak along and it's bound to save trouble.

Never is a trip complete without one girl falling for a new flame. Rumors say that H. B. caught a "flicker" on the way home from the Wayside Inn. Perhaps some girls will remember "Junie" Tucker. "Chod", my advice to you is, "Watch out!" She might be a chiseler.

Can it be that Jeannette, as well as her pal, has decided to give the underclassmen a break! Just watch her and Paulie and you'll say "yes." Jeannette once had a lot of trouble trying to choose between two, so perhaps a third is the solution.

Of course this isn't arithmetic, but some say that "Hardboiled Henry" Novick is casting a glance or two in Barbara's direction.

Is it true what they say about Hudson? Just ask E. M. (Senior). Oh Boy!! Will she tell you! Basketball

"spectators" are her hobby. We don't like to mention names in this column (ahem) so we'll give you a hint. He's the drummer's cousin. Is that the reason for your success in the Senior Play, Eleanor?

Now I ask you, "Is Fannie 'One Smart Girl'?" She certainly is. After two weeks she started to wear Milewski's class ring. They're off!

Here's a deep secret. There is a "Baron" at Maynard High. And what a Baron! I can't mention the name, but see me in person and I'll explain all. Or if that is difficult, just yell "Baron" some day in the lower corridor and see what happens.

Bachie and Murphy have apparently gone into partnership in a barbershop. Well, anyway, McLane's "scallops" weren't much of an advertisement. Hereafter, McLane, don't take in these free places. It's better to pay . . . even on Friday. Oh, you know it? Pardon!

We always knew the Junior girls thought they were good, but we didn't realize they thought they were "angels." You don't believe it? Neither do I, but they have attempted to "fly" down to the Lab. Ask Mamie for lessons. She knows how!

Charlotte King has suddenly gone domestic. You should see her sewing and cooking. Do you suppose there is a

reason for such a change? . . . Oh well!

Whether Kenny Johnson is a second Robert Taylor, I don't know. Anyway, after the last few Sunday nights, one certainly would agree that he has many fans. Kenny, what is it that so appeals to the young ladies?

CUPID'S BULLETIN

Budding Romances

Marion—John.
Helen—Chod.
Antonetta—Bachie.

Emma—Bob.
Eleanor—Pileeki.
Dorothy—Edson.
Helen—K. Jarvinen.
Mae—Melvin.
Myrtle—Koskinen vs. Bugaboo.

Romances Still Hanging On

Norma—Danny.
Karin—Squint.
Rita—Bud.
Irene—Bill.
Helen—Limb.
Anna—Charlie.
Alyce—Sonny.
Katie—Danny.

JOKES

Waitress: I have stewed kidneys, boiled tongue, fried liver, and pig's feet.

Colombo: Don't tell me your troubles, sister, give me a ham sandwich.

Mr. Lent: If I take a potato and divide it into two parts, and then into four parts, and each of the four parts into two parts, what would I have?

Tangee: Potato salad.

Evelyn: Do you file your fingernails?

Commercial: No, I clip them and throw them away.

Teacher: Do children understand bedtime stories?

Jones: I dunno. Last night my baby sister went to sleep very nicely on a hash recipe.

Yike: Do you call me "Mustard" because I'm such hot stuff?

Alice: No, because you're always on my dogs!

Charlotte: What would you do if you had 48 hours to live, Jimmy?

J. Sullivan: I'd send away for a correspondence course on how to play the harp.

Farmer: This is a cider press,
E. Murphy: How interesting! When do you run off the next edition?

Miss Fields: Now, Leslie, what was Caesar's famous message?

Leslie: I breezed in, I lamped 'em, I licked 'em.

Al Lerer: Birney ran against Polk for the presidency.

Filppu: Did he hurt himself?

"Imagine my embarrassment," said Joe Boothroyd, "when I looked under my bed before retiring. I had forgotten I was in the upper berth."

Lawson: Got something in your eye, Rita?

R. Gallagher: Oh no! I'm just trying to look through my thumb.

City girl: (looking at windmill) Oh, what is that?

Country boy: That's a big fan, to keep the cows cool.

Teacher: What are you doing with your feet on the desk?

Pupil: Economy, teacher! I've lost my eraser and I'm using my rubber heels.

Mr. Mullin: Name me a collective noun.

Carbary: Ash can.

D. Marsden: Chernak tried to put his arm around me three times after the "Screech Owl" Dance.

Anna: Some arm, I'll say!

Grocer to new boy: Are you sure you delivered the order to the right place?

New boy: Yes, sir. The lady said, "Thank you and God bless you."

H. Isner: Gosh, hasn't that cow got a lovely coat.

Boeske: Yeah! It's a Jersey.

H. Isner: Oh, is it? I thought it was its skin.

Miss Fearn: (in history) Did you color your map?

Freshman: No, Miss Fearn, my mother won't let me use rouge.

Karin: What gender are the names of the months in Latin?

Teacher: Feminine.

Boothroyd (muttering): That's why they are so much trouble.

Doctor: (after painting patient's throat) That will be \$5.00, please.

Lem: Five dollars! Why pa had our whole kitchen painted for \$2.50.

WANTED—A carpet for Jimmy Eaton to walk on so that he won't upset every one in the room every time he leaves his seat.

Lubin: I hear they are going to make the class periods ten minutes shorter this year.

Koskinen: That won't do. We're not getting enough sleep as it is.

Boy: Why are you rubbing garlic all over your pretty face?

Girl: Because the recipe for making spaghetti says to rub the pan well with garlic.

Tessie: Girls are naturally better looking than boys.

Billy: Yeah? You mean they are artificially better looking.

Mr. Manty: Who discovered America?

A. Sinicki: Ohio.

Mr. Manty: No, you're wrong, it was Columbus.

A. Sinicki: I didn't think it was necessary to mention his first name.

Rita G.: Well, Doris, what did you say to Dom for giving you that orange?

Doris L.: Peel it!

Clerk: Tooth brush! What size?

Freshie: The biggest you have. There's quite a number of us.

Mr. Mullin's way of saying, "Do not count your chickens before they hatch" is—"Refrain from calculating the juvenile poultry prior to the completion of the process of incubation."

Miss Field: Who wrote the first short-story?

Labowicz: It must have been a Scotch author.

Aili: (in library) What are you looking for?

Marion H.: "Adam Bede."

Aili: Maybe it rolled under this table.

Miss Bradley: Correct this sentence, please: "The toast was drank in silence."

Bennis G.: The toast was eaten in silence.

A. Allard: How did you break that tooth?

M. Ayotte: Shifting gears on a lollypop.

McLane: I've got an idea.

Gately: Be kind to it; it's alone in a strange place.

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Answers to Intelligence Test

I. History

1. French Revolution.
2. Battle of Trafalgar.
3. Thomas Jefferson.
4. Russia.
5. Queen Victoria of England.

II. Geography

1. Argentine, Brazil, and Chile.
2. Huron, Ontario, Michigan, Erie, Superior.
3. Italy, Scotland, France, U. S., England.
4. North America, Africa, Europe, Europe, Asia.
5. Northwestern part of Wyoming.

III. Science

1. No.
2. Solid, liquid, gas.
3. salt water.
4. light cream.
5. 62.4 pounds.

IV. Math.

1. 5040.
2. six dozen dozen.
3. half dollar, quarter, two dimes, nickel.
4. 24 and 26.
5. two.

- V. 1. This is, of course, ridiculous. The large majority of girls are neither studious nor ignorant..

VI. Spelling

- | | |
|-------------|------------------|
| 1. fluency. | 6. bronchitis. |
| 2. phlegm. | 7. tortoise. |
| 3. subtle. | 8. gingham. |
| 4. niece. | 9. pronunciation |
| 5. weird. | 10. shroud. |

VII. Completing quotations.

1. or give me death.
2. to conquer.
3. my country.
4. not one cent for tribute.
5. with charity toward all.

VIII. Correcting English errors

1. He *doesn't*.
2. *his* own accord.
3. Bill and *me*.
4. any *other* book.
5. *into* the house.

IX. Origin of Quotations.

1. Julius Caesar.
2. Silas Marner.
3. Merchant of Venice.
4. Psalm of Life.
5. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

XI. Sports.

1. Jimmie Braddock.
2. 154.
3. Tennis player.
4. Amateur Athletic Union.
5. S w i m m e r (N. E. Backstroke Champion).

XII. Definitions.

1. access—way of approach, axis—the axis of the earth.
2. legible—readable. eligible—capable of being legally chosen.
3. *Britons* live in *Britain*.
4. except — exclude. accept — receive.
5. marshal—an official. martial—warlike.

XIII. Keeness.

1. No. (because he is dead).
2. One (stomach no longer empty after that).
3. UND (Word *underground*).
4. Last boy took basket and egg.
5. None (at sound of gun rest would fly away).
6. XLNC (excellency).

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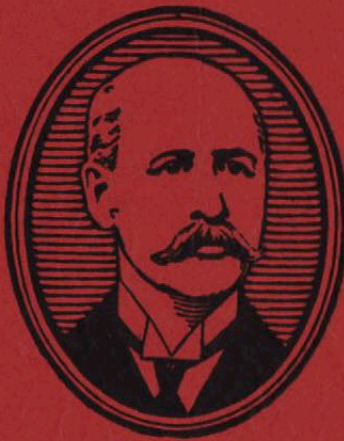
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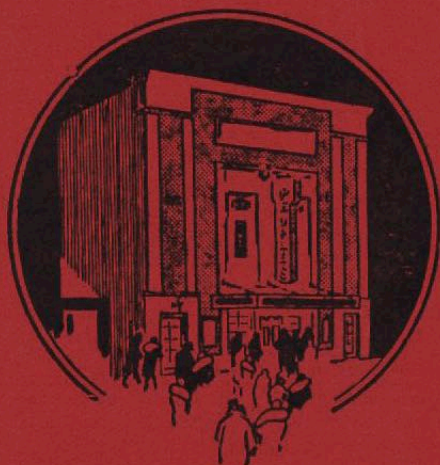
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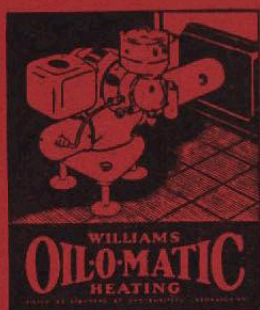
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