

MAYNARD PUBLIC LIBRARY

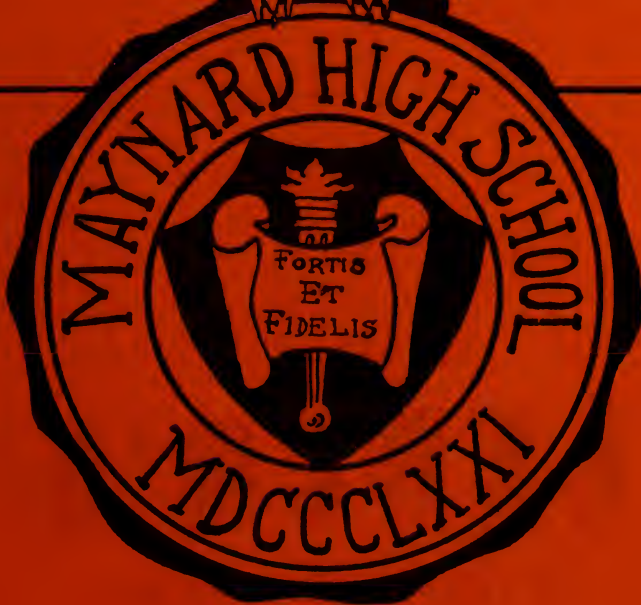


3 5957 00110 4207

SCREECH

THE

OWL



Fall Number

SPECIAL
COLLEC-
TION
974.44
Maynard





PEOPLES

THEATRE ◆ MAYNARD



“House of Hits”

*Why go to the City to buy
when you can purchase in*

Maynard's Finest Men's Store

such merchandise as:

INTERWOVEN HOSE
CAPE COD SHIRTS
COHEN, GOLDMAN CLOTHING
DR. THOMAS SHOES
MALLORY HATS
MADEWELL UNDERWEAR

Watch my windows, it will tell the story

▲
“A Merry Christmas to All”

▼
RAINVILLE'S

“The Live Store”

30 Nason Street

Maynard

Compliments of

LEDGARD'S
CIRCULATING LIBRARY



All the Latest Books

Nason Street

Maynard

Compliments of

DR. S. B. ANNIS



Compliments of

M. TOWNSEND

Gift Shop

JACKSON'S SHOE STORE

95 Main Street

Maynard, Mass.

Quality Footwear in Snappy Styles

For the Whole Family

At Prices That Fit Your Purse

Can Always be Had at This Store

Compliments of

DR. J. M. BELLOWS

Maynard, Mass.

THE CHEERY THOUGHTS

EXPRESSED ON THE

Christmas Greeting Cards

DISPLAYED THIS SEASON BY

SANDERSON'S

ARE JUST THE THOUGHTS YOU'LL DESIRE TO SEND



No Better way of remembrance than a cherry word of Greeting.

No Better assortment or more unusual or distinctive in verse or design than Sanderson's cards

No Better time to make a selection than today while the assortment is complete.



SANDERSON'S

Cards and Stationery at Christmas and all through the Year.

6 Nason St.

Maynard

**MacPHERSON'S
HARDWARE**

Everything in Hardware



Radios

Electrical Appliances

Range Oil Burners

Sporting Goods

Toys



Telephone 365

Next door to Post Office

Maynard

THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

MAYNARD, MASS., DEC., 1932

STAFF

Editor	Paul Wilson, '33
Assistant Editor	Ruth Bishop, '33
Business Manager	Bradford Case, '33
Assistant Business Manager	Willis Stockbridge, '33
Circulation Managers	Stanley Wojtkiewicz, '33 Edward Hoffman, '35

Literary Editors

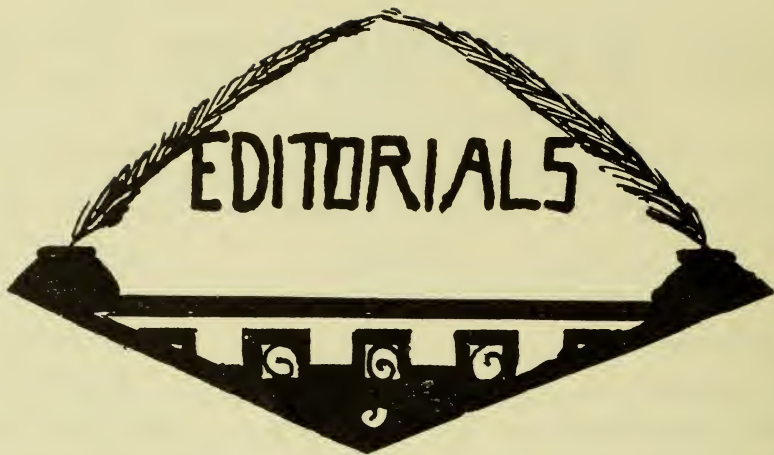
Ruth Weir, '33	Ellen Taival, '33
Dorothy Glickman, '34	Elmer Salenius, '35
Francis Fearn, '34	Irene Lemoine, '36
Roy Lent, '35	

Alumni Editor	Dorothy Burnham, '33
Exchanges	Rita Bariteau, '33
Activities	Lorraine Koch, '33
Joke Editors	John Murphy, '33 Russell Jordan, '35
Boy's Athletics	James Malcolm, '34
Girls' Athletics	Sylvia Nyholm, '33
Faculty Advisor	Vena Field

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials	Page 4
Literary Department	6
Athletics	15
On The Spot	17
Alumni Notes	19
Exchanges	20
The Wise Old Owl	22
Pickings	24

PRICE PER COPY, 25 CENTS



ADVANCEMENT

Climb and the world climbs with you; fall and you fall alone (with apologies to—Well, you tell us!

In its effort to keep climbing and to continually improve the magazine, the staff of the *Screech Owl* feels that it would be well, as a beginning, to have the headings of the various departments redesigned. It would be too expensive to have them all changed at once, but it is planned to change two each issue of the *Screech Owl*. This will leave a few to be handled by next year's staff, which we feel sure will carry on the good work. The headings will be done by our art editor, Guido Carbone. We hope the new designs will be as successful as the old ones have been, and will stay with the magazine as long.

—P. R. W.

At the summer session of a Boston school, this year, I came in contact with all types of students. These acquaintances showed me more clearly than I had ever before supposed, the value of high marks in High School. The value of certificate ranking cannot be overestimated. Pupils of high schools become tired of hearing "work hard and get good marks" drilled into them. But that is because they have never seen, at first hand, the terrible disadvantages of not having good ranks. Many students will not listen to the lectures of a teacher, but this is from one like themselves.

The majority of the pupils do not try for high marks because they think they will not have enough money, after they graduate, to go further. But who can tell what may happen after graduation? Every case I came in contact with was one of that kind. Several young men, from nineteen to twenty-six years of age, were going to various schools, because they realized the intense need of more than high school education. They didn't care very much about the studies, but they had to do something, and they could not get into what they most desired because of poor high school marks.

The student's life at high school is the turning point of his career. Everything depends on it. Higher schools, and after them business houses, look back to the high school records of their prospective employees. These things aren't realized by fifteen-year-old students, but they are too true. All the student's high school life, not only his marks, but also his conduct and the activities in which he was engaged, is thoroughly examined.

Another person illustrates the value of high marks. He is very smart and easily could have obtained not only certificate ranks, but a large number of A's. However, his family was in straightened circumstances, and believing he would not be able to continue his education, he neglected his studies. He became so lazy that he didn't do a thing for the school or himself. He couldn't help getting good marks, but necessarily four or five C's were scattered in his

final marks. After he graduated, he very unexpectedly obtained an excellent part-time job. He liked it and received good pay for little work. The job was not enough to live on, but in a short time he earned enough to send himself through a small college. However, although he now has the money, he has not the rank requirements. He regrets terribly his lack of foresight in high school.

So, above everything else, don't get the thought that your high school education isn't important. It is; it's the most important thing in your life, right now, and you *must* treat it so. Make up your mind to work, take an interest in the activities about you, and the world will be yours.

—P. R. W.

Maynard High School has the greatest football team in its history. Someone will come to me and say, "Why don't they get a write-up?" In the first place, none of the Greater Boston reporters have seen Maynard play. Look at the write-ups Everett, Belmont, Haverhill, and Waltham get. Maynard could take any of these teams. Maynard's O'Leary, Kendra, and Thompson could outshine Crovo of Arlington, Ford of Belmont, Del Isola of Everett, and Huston of Newton. The prep schools are trying to get the Greater Boston stars, but the school that gets the Maynard trio will outshine them all. Gildea, the great coach of Everett, said that he saw that Maynard had a team based on speed and would take no

chances with them on November 19.

Jorma Osmo', '34.

MANNERS AND THE LACK OF THEM

Ladies and gentlemen of the old school have died out. Some have watched them die with happiness, others with a tinge of regret.

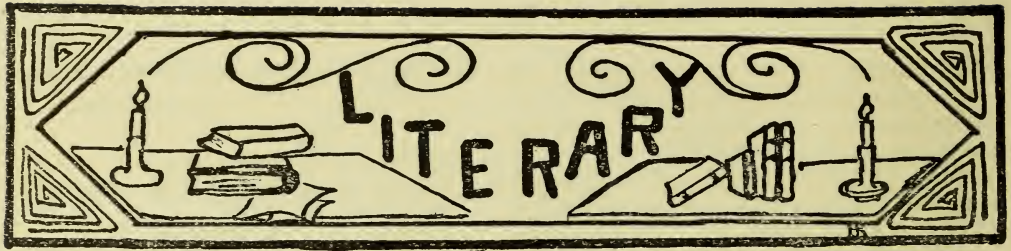
A boy or girl who comes to school with good manners is promptly ridiculed out of existence. Few of them are strong enough to stand up under this barrage of criticism. Before they know it these would-be ladies and gentlemen have gone the way of all flesh, the way of ill breeding, to coarseness and rudeness.

Seriously, some of the boys in this high school seem to forget that a lady should precede a boy. The boy forgets that he should escort a girl across the dance floor, and more often the girl forgets that a boy is supposed to do these things. Being a gentleman does not necessitate one's becoming a sissy or a dude.

That this editorial be not too one-sided, I shall admit that girls, too, are often forgetful of their manners. Many of us forget to say "please" and "thank you." Quite frequently we blame the boys for not being gentlemen, when it is we who do not demand it of them.

Let us see if we cannot bring back to this modern day and age and to this school, a liking for really good manners.

L. Koch, '33.



CONFESSION

The little man was perceptibly nervous. That is why Stanton beckoned to Pitt. "Get us some coffee," he said. "Look's like he's never been up Mont Blanc before."

Mont Blanc is the highest peak in the Alps. Just beyond it is heaven. At least it seems so at sunset. And all along the ground is snow, probably the whitest and purest snow in the world because so few humans tread upon it.

Pitt shuffled indolently towards the kitchen, in obedience to Stanton's request. He was the sole owner of this tiny hut. Too lazy to work hard, he earned his living by overcharging the occasional visitors to the mountains for board and room. His only ambition was to get enough money (without work) to buy a soft bed, and enough tobacco to chew his way through life.

When Pitt finally reached his destination, Stanton walked to the window where the little man stood and put his arm around the stranger's shoulders.

"You ought to be beside the fire. It's cold here—in case you don't know it."

The little man turned a pair of mild blue eyes upon him.

"Cold? I hadn't noticed." But he was shivering. Stanton pretended not to notice.

"You must be a warm blooded creature, then. I probably won't meet anyone like you again. So I mustn't forget you. Your name?"

After some hesitation, "Smith."

"Common enough name for such an uncommon temperature." Stanton laughed at his own quip.

Smith appeared not to see any humor. Once more he turned his gaze to the window.

Did the desolate scene outdoors cheer his troubled mind? Stanton

wondered. For that his mind was troubled was evident. No, it could not be. To assure himself, Stanton glanced out of the window, watched for awhile the whirling snowflakes, circling and recircling in the air, seeming like lost souls searching for firm footing, listened for awhile to the wild shrieks of the wind. Again he wondered. This time, *might it be?*

Just then Pitt returned, bringing the coffee. Gently Stanton tapped Smith's shoulder.

"Drink with me?"

"No thanks."

"Please."

He led Smith to the rickety table.

"Disregard the wobbly legs," he smiled.

Smith retained his glum silence. Though Stanton attempted several topics the little man never answered unless it was necessary, and then confined himself to "yes" and "no." At last Stanton mentioned the Morton murder.

"He was killed a few days ago. Everyone was surprised. Most people liked him, though I, personally, thought him too suave to be sincere. They are hunting for his murderer." He glanced toward Smith. The little man was alert. His hands were trembling.

Why the interest? thought Stanton. Perhaps he knew who killed It was worth trying anyway.

"Of course, you didn't know Morton?" he questioned, with apparent disinterest. However, he gazed shrewdly at Smith.

"How how should I?" Smith seemed disturbed.

Then suddenly Stanton had another idea. Perhaps Smith was the murderer. He looked mild but He knew how to find out soon enough. Psychology!

"Funny thing, the murderer looks like you, little-thin and"

"You can't accuse me!" The blue eyes blazed.

"Accuse you? What's the matter with you? His name's Reynolds." But Stanton was sure now.

Exhausted, Smith sank into the chair.

For a while Stanton watched him, half pitying, half contemptuously. Then he spoke again.

"Reynolds," Smith started. "Why did you kill Morton?"

"What do you mean?" Smith soon saw, however, that denial was useless. Stanton *knew*. "Ali right, I'll tell you but you won't believe me"

"Well?"

"He killed my cat."

Then Reynolds related the pathetic story of his life. Always, he had been lonely. Oversensitive about his abnormally small frame, he shunned society. Though he had a mother, she was so brilliant and popular and so thoroughly disgusted with her insignificant son, that friendship never existed between them; and his father was dead. Still, he might have been resigned to his hardships and might even have found happiness in his quiet way if it had not been for Morton. Tom Morton lived in the same town. He was tall and had a scornful, handsome face. Before Reynolds ever saw him, he hated Tom, for his mother always blamed him for not being like Morton. After he knew him he hated him even more. Tom was a bully. Tom was sly. Tom would steal his candy. Tom derived a great deal of pleasure from molesting Reynolds. Every minute Reynolds spent in his company was torture.

A kitten came to him one day when he was very unhappy—came to Reynolds, neglected—an outcast like himself. Reynolds fed the kitten, which in turn gratefully licked his hands. As blind to the kitten's imperfections as Samuel Johnson was to those of his Elizabeth, Reynolds lavished all his affection upon the animal. His love for the pet grew with the years. For the first time in his life he was happy.

"When Morton out of pure malice

killed the only thing I ever loved, I killed him." Reynolds concluded.

"You were right," Stanton replied. "Morton was a rat and a cat should kill the rat, not the rat the cat. Don't worry."

"But"

A slight cough caused both men to turn around instinctively. There was Pitt, richer by a confession overheard, smiling scornfully.

Stanton's sense of right caused his temper to burst forth like a volcano in eruption. His hand was at his gun.

"You!"

Pitt shifted his tobacco carelessly, looked from Stanton's angry brown eyes to Reynold's mild blue ones. Then he shrugged his shoulders, grinned more broadly.

"There are some folks who'd say," he observed, "that what happens up here on the top of the world is God's business, not man's!"

—D. G., '35

TWO DRESSES

Betty had admired that dress from the very first. Oh, why was she so poor?

Standing outside the plate-glass window of an exclusive gown shop, Mrs. Betty Robertson tried to decide what sort of a dress she would buy. Her husband had given her a check for her birthday. She was to purchase what she desired with it.

As she stood gazing upon a lovely (but too expensive) blue satin evening gown, an idea came to her mind. She entered the store. Betty felt certain that the dress would suit her type. When she stepped out to the street once more, she held tightly, a package containing the cherished gown. She would have the satisfaction of at least being able to try it on, to show Jim that women had more sense of beauty than men. They had always argued playfully over things such as that.

Mrs. Robertson had a few other errands to do before returning home. As she entered a tailor shop to purchase some thread, her eyes rested upon a

dress, the exact duplicate of the one which she now held in the package.

Upon inquiring, she learned that the dress was for sale, and its price was within her means. She took the dress home, to decide whether she would buy it or return it the next day.

Upon reaching home, Betty was met by the mail man. He handed her a perfumed envelope. Excited fingers tore it open. Who could have sent it? It was an invitation to a party given by Mrs. Van-Holt. *The Mrs. Van Holt* of society! The party was to be that very evening. Oh! What would she wear? In a flash she knew. It would do no harm. No one would know. She would be very careful of it.

That night, Mrs. Robertson appeared at the party in a lovely blue satin evening gown, imported from Paris.

At the end of a delightful evening, the guests left amid a drizzling rain.

As Betty wore a short evening wrap, the bottom of her gown was thoroughly spotted.

When she was seated in a dry cab, speeding for home, Betty suddenly burst into tears. "Oh! Jim, I've ruined it!" she wailed. "Jim, I have a confession to make. I wore the Parisian gown, and spotted it. It will cost us a fortune!" What would they do? What could they do? Nothing but pay what they could. All their savings lost! Think of how long it would take to pay for it! Oh, why had she worn it!

The cab arrived at its destination. The Betty who entered the house was entirely different from the one who had left it earlier in the evening. She had been so happy, so gay. Now shivering, weeping, and dripping, Mrs. Robertson certainly did not make a pretty picture.

Wearily she hung the wet dress near the radiator to dry. The other would certainly have to be returned the next day. She would wrap it up now. As she put it into the box, she noticed a small tag fastened to it that she had not seen before. On it was printed the name of the store where she had obtained the expensive Parisian gown. Hastily, she pulled the wet dress from its hook, and read aloud the name of the tailor shop

from a tag inside. "Jim! Oh Jim!" Now, wasn't that just like a man? "He's never around when I want him" mused Betty.

Little did she know that Jim had changed the position of the dresses before she had put one on, just to see if a woman could tell the difference in dresses.

He knew not that his joke had prevented a disaster.

I. Lemoine, '36.

THE FRESHIE

Who gets the knocks inside and out?
Who laughs when he is tossed about?
Who stands and takes it on the chin?
'Mid the upper classmen's din?
The Freshie!

Who tries his best in every way?
Who takes in all the others say?
Who laughs when teased 'bout being
green
And grins when told how dumb he's
been?
The Freshie!

Who doesn't care when he is told
He's underclass, and *much* too bold?
Who laughs and says he thinks it is
Too bad; but that he's glad he is?
The Freshie!

Barbara Jordan, '36

THE ALMOST WAS

The crack of a pistol sent three strained forms down a long cinder track. Two thousand people rose to their feet to watch the most thrilling event of the day, the 440 yard dash. Far out in front a man in a blue jersey raced. It was the big day for Tom Keaney, the leader; it was his chance. He had never run in a final heat before and he realized this as the stride of his muscular limbs brought him nearer to his goal, success. Terrified, he heard the pounding of feet behind him, he heard the deafening shouts of encouragement mingled with the cries of disappointment from the

stands of his college mates as he saw the stooped figure of a State University runner pass him. His arms ached, his steps faltered, but his mind urged him on. However, the race was over as he crossed the line. Humiliated he slouched off to the locker room. He had run a great race, but he had finished second.

Monday morning brought new feeling and enthusiasm into his heart. His step felt light as he headed toward Memorial Chapel. It was the day on which graduation honors were to be awarded. For four years he had

awarded Summa Cum Laude to John Peters, and he concluded with the announcement that Tom Keaney had been granted Magna Cum Laude. The service ended with a short prayer, during which Tom buried his head deep into his arms, hoping to hide his face from Ellen. The students slowly filed out, leaving behind a disappointed and heartbroken boy who had once again finished second.

Time and hard work soon healed Tom's wounds. Each night he sought the counsel of Ellen in preparation for his oration. As bright moonlight



received marks which had placed his name at the top of the Dean's List. When he reached his seat he looked around, searching for a smile of recognition and encouragement. He found it as he finally located Ellen MacKinnon. He was interrupted however by the arrival of the President upon the platform. Tauntingly slow, the service finally arrived at the naming of honors. The President cleared his throat with the

flooded his room, suddenly by some unknown means he realized that he had become a victim of that strange disease, love. It would surely form a romantic background to propose to Ellen on the night before his graduation, so he set out. As he reached the MacKinnon home he realized that Ellen was not alone, for behind her on the divan sat Dick Waters, captain of the football team and a fraternity brother of his.

Both Ellen and Dick showed signs of astonishment, but as Waters greeted Tom he said, "Why you're just the fellow I've been looking for. Ellen has spoken of her affection for you so often, that we both decided to ask you to be best man at our wedding."

Frances R. Fearn, '34.

MY DAIRY

By Lizzie

Jan. 1. Started the new year off with a good deed. Licked the paper boy and took his papers out of his bag and wiped me feet in them, for him hittin' a litel kid.

Jan. 2. Went swipin' apples with a gang a kids and the old man what owns the apples caut me.

Jan. 3. Had to stay after scool for puttin' a mouse in the teacher's desk.

Jan. 11. Was sent to the princupul's office for pullin' the girl's hair who sits in front of me. Gee! It was only me third warnin' and I can usualy hav five.

Jan. 28. Ran away from Church and went to another Big Church with pretty windows. The minster tol' my fadda and I can hardly sit down.

Feb. 9. Flunked in knittin' again. Don't dare give the note the teacher gave me to me fadda.

March 1. Got sent to the boy's part of the scool for puttin' a tack on the teacher's chair which she sat on. I liked it there and we had a swel' time playin' tag til the teacher come in the room. I was sent back to the girl's part of the scool for disturbin' the boys. (the litel angles).

April 1. Lost my report card axidently perposly. There goin' to giv' me anodda one and hav' me brodda bring it home.

May 1. Skipped scool yesterday and I rit a note from me modda but I think the teacher new I rote it 'cause she gav' me a note and sent me home. I can hardly sit down again.

June 24. Now its sumer again and we ain't got no scool. When I go back to

scool I hafta go into the same room 'cause I didn't pass.

Mabel Palmer, '34.

GOOD SPORTMANSHIP

Julia Wayne and Helena Joyce, both seniors in the high school, were chums, and had been so for the last twelve years. They never had had any serious quarrels with the exception of a few arguments over their dolls, but these had occurred in their childhood. Ever since the Joyce family had moved into the house nearest to the Wayne home, these two girls were seen together.

Helena, of medium height, blue eyed, and a blond, was expected to be the valedictorian of the class, whereas Julia, brown eyed, black haired, agile and swift in her movements, majored in all girls' sports. The only sport in which Helena took part was field hockey, and she was not very enthusiastic over this, because she was nothing more than a substitute. She wanted, more than anything else, to be a good hockey player, but although clever, she was not swift, and therefore she remained on the bench with the other substitutes.

Coming home from school one Tuesday, four days before the most important game of the season, Helena was feeling very down-hearted and disgusted. She, as well as Julia, had a very important thesis to write for Friday, and this meant that even more time would be taken up by study.

"I tell you, Julia, I'm disgusted with the way things are going. I get my studies just about half done, all on account of hockey. I just won't be present at practice this, or any other, afternoon. That bench for substitutes will stay in its place without my assistance."

"Oh, Helena, you'll be a fool if you don't come. At least you're our best substitute and surely you'll be put into next Saturday's game. You can afford to spend a little less time on your homework because you know that your marks won't suffer. I suppose if you got

marked in field hockey you'd be there with bells on, scared to death that any tardiness might flunk you. All you're good for"

"Stop it, Julia! Just because I happen to get better marks than you makes you peeved and jealous. I'll get my work done and what's more, I don't care whether you get yours done or not." With her anger flaring up to this degree, Helena ran ahead of Julia, entered her porch, banged the front door, and hurried to her room.

Julia, on the other hand, more or less surprised, walked in a dignified manner, her chin thrust a little higher. When she went into her yard, she shut the gate, which she usually left open, with the utmost care.

"I won't let such trifles bother me," she said to herself, but deep in her heart she regretted her hasty words.

That afternoon, at a quarter of three, Julia sauntered past Helena's home, secretly hoping that her friend would, as usual, come out in her uniform, prepared for the afternoon's practice. However, Julia was sadly disappointed, and she walked slowly to the nearby field.

At the field Julia spoke to no one. Her play was not nearly as excellent as it usually was. She was much slower than anyone else and even though she received many reprimands from her team mates, she paid no attention to her playing. After practice she strolled back home in the same careless manner in which she had approached the field.

A group of hockey girls, walking behind Julia, were discussing the favorite of their team. Unfortunately, they were near enough for Julia to hear, which further embittered her and gave her a feeling that she had lost her last friend. In their words the girls were mean and thoughtless.

"Oh! but you should've seen Julia and Helena this noon. I wonder what they were scrapping about."

"If they had a third one in their league they might be able to form a triumvirate and hope to rule the whole school. Why, Helena does most of Julia's school work, and have you ever

noticed how Julia tries to persuade Miss Morris to allow Helena to play in a game? Most likely Julia has said something and hurt Helena."

"Huh! I suppose that is what they call co-operation. Helena furnishes the brain, Julia the" The third girl did not have the opportunity to finish, for Julia, in a blind rage, with face red and eyes half closed, interrupted.

"You're a bunch of jealous liars! It would please Helena and me if you would discuss your own troubles as much as you do others."

Before the speechless and startled girls could say another word, Julia was on her porch, leaving the dumb, bewildered group to discuss the subject further if they desired. Julia, as well as the others, was surprised at her sudden outburst.

As for Helena, after dinner she had locked herself into her room, where she half-heartedly endeavored to read the material for her thesis. She had seen Julia pass by, and had almost been tempted to knock at the window and ask Julia to wait. However, Helena was much too proud.

"Let Julia make up, she started it," Helena said to herself as she endeavored to force herself to read.

Helena worked hard for the next two days, and even took pains to type-write the work she had done. Julia, on the other hand, fighting against her troubled conscience, tried to write, but finally gave up.

"I've flunked before, even when I've tried. Maybe I'll feel just as good even though I flunk without trying," she kept repeating to herself.

On Friday morning, Helena, rather flushed, walked into the English room in a furtive manner. She was relieved when there was no one in the room, and she put the thesis on Miss Jackson's desk. Helena guessed that the reason Miss Jackson asked the pupils to pass in the theses before school was that the teacher wanted to check the work and at noon speak to those who had not passed in their papers.

Julia had come to school a little before

Helena and was speaking to the geometry teacher when Helena passed by without speaking to either one. Julia gave Helena a hopeful glance, wishing that in some manner the quarrel might be made up. As soon as Helena had passed, Julia became thoughtful and she half-heard the words of the teacher to whom she was supposed to be listening.

That noon, Julia and Helena were the only ones who had to report to Miss Jackson's room. Both girls stood with their backs toward each other, Julia looking through the window and Helena gazing at the bulletin board.

"Miss Wayne, I was very much pleased with the thesis you passed in. I had time to read ten out of the whole group, and yours was the best. I can readily see the amount of hard work you have put in the piece, even though your time has been taken up each afternoon," Miss Jackson spoke kindly to Julia.

"But,but,I don't u-nderstand," stammered Julia, flustered and puzzled.

"No doubt," continued the teacher, "you've been disappointed in your marks, but your extraordinary thesis will pull your mark up." Then the teacher turned to Helena, who was blushing and nervously biting her lip, and spoke sternly, "Miss Joyce, evidently you yourself know why I asked you to report this noon. You have disappointed me this year. I'm sorry to see you did not pass in a thesis. What is your excuse?"

Helena stammered, "II haven'taany," and with these words, she surprised both the teacher and Julia by walking out of the room.

Julia was startled when she realized what Helena had done. Her chum had written the typed thesis for which Julia received credit. With a hasty "Pardon me," Julia rushed out of the room, leaving the bewildered teacher alone.

Helena, though running as fast as she could, was not able to prevent Julia from overtaking her.

"Helena, you've got to listen to me," Julia pleaded. However, it was not

until Helena stopped to open the gate to the Joyce home that Julia had the occasion to speak. She said rapidly, "Helena, why did you do it? Please forgive me for being so mean to you, and won't you come to the game tomorrow? You"

"I'll think it over," interrupted Helena, running into the house. Afterwards she regretted that she had not said more and given in.

Somehow, on the Saturday afternoon of the game, both girls were very cheerful. Helena was sitting in her customary place with the other substitutes, watching Julia's swift playing. The opponents were one point ahead, thus making the game very exciting. Julia, however, running swiftly and dodging the enemy's players, made a goal and tied the score, 2 to 2.

In the next skirmish, the girls were in one group, so that it was difficult to recognize the different players. When this group dispersed, Julia was seen sitting on the ground, rubbing her ankle, which had evidently been injured. Painfully, with the assistance of two team mates, she hobbled to the bench, where she sat for the rest of the game. However, before she sat down, she had the opportunity to plead with the coach, Miss Morris, to put Helena into the game. It was in this way that Helena was able to play in the best game the school had that year.

For a short period of time, neither team made any headway. However, during the last five minutes of the game, Helena, by the clever use of her brains, made a goal. Thus the game ended with a victory for her team.

When Helena was walking toward Julia, the latter sprang from her seat. She said to Miss Morris, "Oh, I knew she'd do it if she got a fair chance!"

"Julia!" the teacher gasped, "your foot is notoh!"

The teacher did not finish, for Helena, throwing down her hockey stick, put her arms around her chum, and in a husky voice, interrupted, "Oh, Julia! I forgive!"

E. Taival, '33.

BRIEF INTERVAL

A sprinkling of rain,
A streaming of sun,
The clouds part in twain,
And lovely hues come.

A brilliance of light,
Way up in the sky,
A beautiful sight—
A rainbow on high.

The rainbow's like life—
Our Lord's sky on earth.
Less sprinkling's of strife,
Our joys have no worth.
S. Nyholm, '34.

STORY OF MY LIFE**By the Coronation Chair**

Most people are ushered into life solemnly. Hushed nurses in immaculate white and grave-eyed doctors tiptoe about the house. A loud wail heralds the arrival of the new-comer. My birth was so different! There were no grave eyed doctors or efficient nurses. I remember so distinctly! It was in 1066. William the Conquerer was seated in my lap. A white haired priest was there, a priest who held a Bible in his hand and uttered a prayer which William repeated. That day William the Conquerer was crowned King and the people shouted with joy. That day I became a coronation chair.

Much more clearly, I remember two girls giggling at me as one said,
"Aren't the false jewels on the Coronation Chair funny?"

Hitherto I had thought them gorgeous. So young I learned that there is a tax on vanity.

Since the accession of the "Conquerer" it seemed to be the custom for all kings to be crowned upon me. Though this was agreeable to my pride, it often hurt my back, for many kings are heavy.

There was one boy, who, though he never became a king, not only sat but also slept up on me. He was a waif, who stole into Westminster and hid until the Abbey was closed for the night.

Then he crept up to me, patted my false adornments, climbed over the rock of destiny which lies below me, settled into my lap and fell asleep. Dawn found him awake and a trifle frightened. Then, only, I longed for the power of speech, so that I could comfort him. If humans only used speech for comfort! It was needless. His fear was as fleeting as is youth itself. He darted into a secluded corner until an opportunity afforded him means of escape.

When I was young I had always wanted to travel. I longed to tell the winding road that beckoned, "Wait, I am coming." Now I am glad that I did not. For I have learned that people are the same every where and if I roamed the seven seas, I should have found, as Mytl and Lytyl did, the Bluebird of happiness at home.

I am old now—almost as old as Methuselah,—dull and shabby. Now, when a king is crowned, a gold cloth is placed over me. As if a sugar coating ever hid a bitter pill!

Age has left me as it leaves most people—peaceful. Surrounded by the spirits of poets and philosophers, I am what people would call happy. Yet, I would not like to live forever. Some day, I hope, England will become a republic and I, with my work completed, can join the brave and kindly spirits about me.

D. Glickman, '34.

THE BIG SHOW

The stage is set, the people are there,
Political talks are filling the air,
The question is asked, "Say who's the
best man?
Is he Democrat or Republican?"

No matter which fellow wins this race,
Our studies go on at the same old pace.
We hope the winner will gain our honor
By hauling Prosperity "Around that
Corner."

Irene Lemoine, '36.

FATE TAKES A HAND

"We ought to have a great season," remarked Coach Hoyt of Middletown High School, "with Ernie Patterson and our other last years' men."

"You bet!" said Captain Greene. "That boy seems to be built for Football."

Ernie Patterson was a tall, well-built young fellow, with sandy-colored hair and cool grey eyes. He held the position of right halfback on the Middletown team.

The conversation took place before the first game of the season, with Westford.

If Middletown had a good team, so did Westford. At the beginning of the last quarter both teams were scoreless. It was Middletown's ball on its own 25-yard line. Captain Greene threw a pass to Patterson, who caught it. Swiftly he raced down the field, dodging the Westford men. Ten-twenty-thirty-forty-fifty-sixty-sixty-five yards. There he was tackled.

The crowds went wild. But the cheering subsided when Ernie did not rise. He was carried from the field to a doctor, who said his back was wrenched so that he could not move one leg.

A month later doctors said there was nothing wrong with Ernie's back and no reason why he should not be able to walk, but Ernie still hobbled around on crutches. Everything was tried and everyone pleaded with him, but in vain. He was convinced that he was to be crippled all his life. He still attended football practice, though he did not take part in it.

One day Ernie was watching his small brother, Jim, playing football with some other boys.

"Catch this one!" shouted one of them to Jim. The wind carried the ball past Ernie and Jim ran into the road to get it. He tripped, but caught the ball as he was falling.

"Look out! There's a truck coming around the bend!" warned the boys.

It seemed, however, too late, for the truck could not stop in time. Ernie, forgetting that he could not walk, and

thinking only of his brother, threw down his crutches and ran to his aid. He snatched Jim from the road just as the truck came to a stop on the spot where he had been standing a few seconds before. Then, Ernie realized that he did not have his crutches and could walk after all.

Middletown had managed to win as many games as Colton, with whom it was playing the championship game. The day was cold and clear, and the stands crowded. Coach Hoyt had not been very hopeful, but now, with Ernie in his old position, things looked brighter. As the score increased, so did Coach Hoyt's joy. The game was Middletown's from the start, and ended 28 to 0.

In the years following, whenever football players were mentioned, some one was sure to say, "Yes, he's pretty good, but do you remember Ernie Patterson? You should have seen him fight for the championship against Colton in '32. Man, oh man, he *was* a football player!"
E. Salenius, '35.

STARS ON A WINTER NIGHT

From their high and lofty place in the heavens they gaze upon the confused and disorderly world below. Their cold sophistication seems to chill one even more than the cold north wind.

Stars in a winter sky—then truly is the sky a "milky way." Tiny lights, coming and going, they serve as a guide to many a worn traveler. In spite of the outward coldness, there seems to be something mysteriously steady and comforting about them that reassures one.

Sometimes they blink and quiver as though cowering and shrinking from the bitter coldness of the winter frost. There they remain,—bare and unsheltered from the cold winter winds, winking knowingly as though they wish the world to know that they share some heavenly secret. Still they remain staunch and true to earthly friends, and give forth a radiant light to reassure us that "All's right with the world."

Toini Williams, '33.



FOOTBALL

With two weeks of early season practice under their belts, the flashy bearers of the Orange and Black travelled to Melrose, seeking revenge on the Red and White for the three previous defeats it had handed to our boys. And what a revenge! The final score, Maynard 19—Melrose 0, was one of the biggest upsets of the day and an honor to Coach Lerer and his assistants.

Immediately after gaining possession of the ball, Maynard showed an offensive power that amazed the spectators, who had expected Melrose to be an easy victor. The first ball was scoreless, but during the second Maynard gained its full stride. O'Leary, Kendra, and Hintsa contributed dashes behind a perfect line. Melrose was on the defense for the first time in three years. A runback of a punt by the Maynard quarter-back put the ball five yards from the goal, and full-back Hintsa plowed through for the touchdown. Before the contest was concluded, both Kendra and O'Leary had also crossed the six-point line.

Led by Capt. Ignachuk, the Maynard team was dangerous at all times, and the boys deserve plenty of credit.

Wotta game!

MAYNARD AT BELMONT

Maynard 0—Belmont 6

The conquerors of Melrose expected to have little trouble in winning their second game, but over-confidence plus a heavy Belmont team caused them to return home in defeat. This game may cost the school the Middlesex League crown, as Belmont is conceded to be the strongest aggregation in the league.

Well, someone is bound to suffer for this, so beware all ye opponents of Maynard! Beware!

MAYNARD AT HUDSON

Maynard 25—Hudson 0

With the sting of a 6-0 defeat still bothering them, the Orange and Black pennant hunters took out their wrath on Hudson in the first Midland League game by a one-sided score. Maynard showed signs of a vast improvement in team play. Touchdowns were made by Thompson and Kendra, who turned in two a-piece. Once more Maynard is on the rampage.

STONEHAM AT MAYNARD

Maynard 20—Stoneham 0

Eager to gain ground in the Middlesex League, Maynard High soundly trounced "Doc" Gordon's proteges to the tune of 20-0. Kendra and O'Leary just couldn't be stopped, the former scoring thirteen points and the latter six. Fred Johnson, filling in as fullback, scored the extra point by a locomotive-like plunge. Can these boys be halted again this year? We say "No!"

MAYNARD AT LEXINGTON

Maynard 12—Lexington 0

Maynard High continued its march for supreme honors in the Middlesex League by setting the heavy Lexington team down to defeat by the score of 12-0.

O'Leary intercepted a pass and dashed 40 yards for the first score. Early in the fourth quarter Kendra concluded the scoring by crossing the last stripe after a steady down-the-field march. Maynard's speed dazzled the Minute Men and kept them on their toes throughout the contest.

CONCORD AT MAYNARD**Maynard 29—Concord 0**

With as near perfect a functioning team as Maynard has shown all year, the Orange and Black heroes submerged the boys from Concord in their annual clash at Alumni Field by the highest score that either team has ever tallied in their long series to date, the count reading: Maynard 29—Concord 0. O'Leary and Kendra did the scoring, the former tallying three touchdowns, the latter one. The highlight of the contest was the splendid interference given our backs by Murphy, Duggan and Thompson. For that matter, the whole team did a bang-up job in the interfering game.

WINCHESTER AT MAYNARD**Maynard 26—Winchester 0**

Never letting up enabled Maynard High to walk away with the game played against Winchester by the one-sided score of 26-0. O'Leary ran the first play for a touchdown behind wonderful interference and scored two others besides. Kendra also scored. The team again worked in yeoman style and every one regrets the fact that the boys played Belmont too early in the season. Experts realize that a Belmont-Maynard game right now would be a pure natural with neither team having the edge.

MAYNARD AT MARLBORO**Maynard 7—Marlboro 7**

Marlboro spoiled Maynard's chances for making grid history for the high school by an alarming upset. Our boys came home from Prospect Park with a none too humorous feeling, as a 7-7 tie was the best a picked-to-win aggregation from the Mill Town could do against a revamped Marlboro High eleven.

Due to poor condition of the field, the Maynard Speedsters were unable to give a real exhibition of what they were and what they had. Now for a brief resume of the contest. O'Leary scored for the Orange and Black on a 40 yard jaunt behind interference that would knock

the stripes off a zebra (the stripes were knocked off the Marlboro gridsters on this dash) and Young "Loony" Piecewicz, subbing for the injured Kendra circled the left end standing up for the extra point.

The half ended at 7-0, but, returning with courage, "Red" Joubert, behind a great bunch of team-mates, almost single-handed plowed a distance of sixty-two yards for the Marlboro score. The point after was given to them, but to this very minute no one can convince *me* that they ever earned it,—but such is the luck on a gridiron.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS**FIELD HOCKEY****Lexington at Lexington**

Opening the season of hockey in Lexington, the Maynard field hockey girls came out with a 1-1 tie. For the first game of the season it was exceedingly well played. The goal was scored by Captain Alice Kitowicz.

Gardner at Maynard

This game was another tie—2-2. In spite of the fact that the Gardner High School is much larger than Maynard High, the orange and black Maynard girls managed to hold their own. The game was fast all the way through. Captain Kitowicz scored once again, with one goal, "Britt" Sneek scoring the second.

Concord at Maynard

The old rivals met once more, with Maynard coming out as victor, with a score of 2-1. Maynard had the "edge" through the entire game. Although this game was much slower than the two preceding it, it was viewed with considerable interest because of the rivalry existing between the two schools.

Malden at Malden

In what was probably the last game of the hockey season the Maynard girls certainly made a good showing. Throughout the game the orange and black were on the offensive and when the final whistle blew the score stood 3-0 in Maynard's favor.



ACTIVITIES

With a great big boot, Mr. Lerer kicked off the ball of social success to the A. A. committee and they carried it to a financial touchdown.

The social was well attended by freshmen and upper classmen but not many Alumni were there. Only three teachers attended this brilliant affair, but this perhaps can be explained by the fact that most of the teachers were at their homes for the week end.

The upper classmen desire to make known that they would like as many teachers as possible to attend the socials, as their presence is greatly needed and appreciated.

During intermission, while "one of the better orchestras" rested up, cider and doughnuts were served.

The students were agreeably surprised when the social was allowed to continue until eleven fifteen. The committee is to be commended for their good work.

THE PEEPHOLE

How many of you know what an interesting game "Prisoners" is? I never knew until I saw Paul Kendra, Jim Malcom, and Bill Johnson playing it with a lovely young damsel in distress. With tears in her "limpid pools" this fair young thing came to me and begged me not to print this, but I refused, say-

ing, "My first duty is to my great public." Did I hear a cheer?

I, always hot on the trail, never knew until recently that "Peanut" and Paul were that way about each other. I saw them at the flicker showing of "The Last Mile" and I kept wondering how much of the mile they saw. Oh, well, such is the way of love. What a way!

This stamp tax has affected many of us. Large concerns have been forced to cut down their mailing lists. You'd be surprised how much difference a cent can make. You might ask Rita Bariteau, Isabelle Donahue, Loraine Koch, Dorothy Burnham and Elin Swanson. Those girls are for direct repeal of this law. I hope Congress sees this. "Somp'n oughter be done."

Well, if you don't believe the Senior boys are stepping out, you should have seen Brad Case where I saw him. Of course I was there on business, but my business was not nearly as interesting as Brad's. Go to it, Brad! Better men than you have failed.

Aune and Reino would make an excellent dance team. They share so many similar principles.

Where is it that Frances, Florence, and Ruth go? I don't know, but one afternoon when they were out, they

decided to do something daring. Just when they got started, someone's mother came along. Well, girls, I hope the next time you will be more successful. I've tried it and there is loads of fun in it.

I tried and tried to find something interesting about Walter Hanna, he has such an interesting face. All I could find out was that Hanna likes to sleep pretty well. I was disappointed. That's no news. Still, with that face, Walter, are you leading a double life?

Do the girls of the high school miss the class of '32? I'll say they do. Why, only the other day I heard a girl saying, "Nothing is what it once used to be, with Bill Ledgard, Simmon Seder, Sidney McCleary and a few other dashing Lotharios gone." I suggest that the boys get in touch with these girls. They know pretty well who they are. You might send it through the "Peephole." I should be glad to handle all correspondence. Please leave the envelopes open!

We've lost one secretary in this school. Will you be careful, O'Leary? We don't want to lose another.

Motorist: Can I drive through the water?

Novick: Sure it isn't deep.

Motorist (after water is up to fender): I thought you said it wasn't deep.

Novick: It only came halfway up on the farmer's ducks.

Broncia: Why do you leave that ancient car of yours parked in front of the house?

Saarela: Well, if I leave it in the backyard somebody might dump ashes into it.

Junior Proms do amount to something. Walter took Anna and since then Howie has been that way about her. Anna is a nice girl. But Howie—well he's nice too.

And there is Stanley W. I saw him the other night accompanying a stunning young lady. Don't be stingy, Stanley ole' boy, let us in. Who is she?

The streets used to be in wretched condition up in new village but since Malcolm has been going up there so often, the mill decided to have them fixed. Nice work, Jim!

Gee, mothers do get things balled up. Now here is a case: a mother makes a date for her young son, the girl finds out, and the young man is sunk.

Speaking of depression, dirt is very scarce. What this school needs is a few tropical affairs. After all, you can't expect me to earn my living if you don't do anything to furnish me with an inspiration.

This is Peeping Tomasina,
Keyhole Inspector of M. H. S.

Teacher: Can anyone give me a sentence using defeat?

Elson: Sure I can, soap and water are good for defeat.

Fishy (over telephone): Is Mike Howe there?

Voice: What do you think this is, a stockyard?

Seder: Great Scott, I've forgotten who wrote "Ivanhoe."

Bachrach: I'll tell you if you'll tell me who the Dickens wrote "The Tale of Two Cities."



ALUMNI NOTES

CLASS OF 1928

Edward Fearn is taking a graduate course at Tufts.

Richard Lawson is coach of basket ball at Parker Street Hall.

Harold Nordberg is employed in Boston.

George Tucker is manager of an A & P store.

CLASS OF 1929

Jane Boicourt is attending Boston University.

Tauno Frigard is at Dartmouth.

Tynne Kangas is in her last year at Massachusetts General Hospital.

Gertrude Weaving is employed at the Concord Insurance Company.

GRADUATES OF 1930

Walter Brayden is at Massachusetts State College.

GRADUATES OF 1931

Frederick Cogswell is attending Lowell Textile School.

Catherine Coughlan is a Boston University student.

Alice Duggan is employed at the Concord Insurance Company.

Denis Farnell is at Trinity College.

George Gutteridge is at Bucksport Seminary.

Robert Hartin is attending Tufts.

Violet Koskela is at Massachusetts State College.

Norvin Laubenstein is at Massachusetts State College.

Julia Lynch is attending Regis.

Leo McNamara is at St. Anselm's.

Esther Merrill is training to be a nurse at the Mass. General Hospital.

Barbara Stockbridge is attending Bridgewater.

James Sweeney is at Wentworth Institute.

Fred Thompson is at Northeastern.

Walter Wainio is a student at Mass. State.

Philip Wilson is a student at Dartmouth.

Alden Young is at Bucksport Seminary.

GRADUATES OF 1932

Laura Aho is secretary to the Principal of the High School.

Isabel Annis is at Boston University.

Anne Bellows is also attending Boston University.

Virginia Collins is a student at Hyannis.

Bernard Dawson is taking a post graduate course.

Forest Hartin is at Mass. State.

Leona Howard is in training at Framingham Hospital.

Eleanor Lawson is attending Bryant and Stratton school.

William Ledgard is at Harvard.

Dorothy Marsden is attending Boston University.

Sidney McCleary is at Bowdoin.

James Mullin is at St. John's Prep. School.

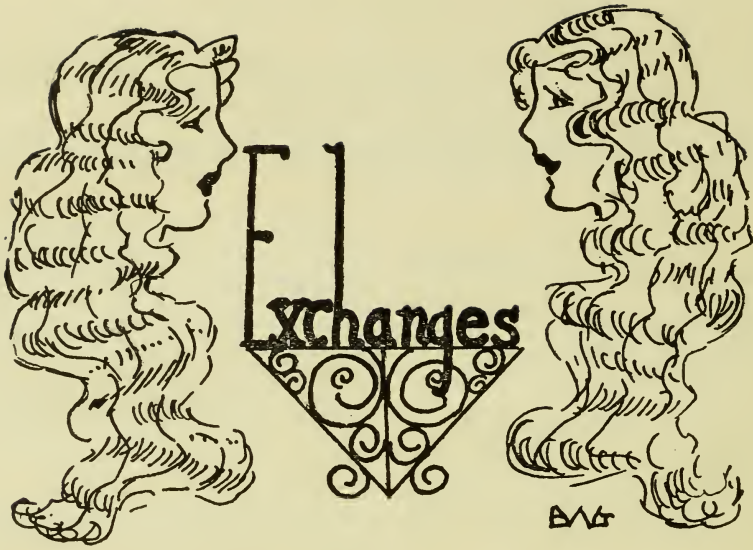
Cecilia Nelson is attending the Faelton School of Music.

Mark Newton is attending Springfield.

Edith Priest is at Mass. State.

Simmon Seder is attending Harvard College.

Helen Zaniewski is a student at Boston University.



AS WE SEE OTHERS

"The Advocate" from Needham, Mass.

Your magazine is a very good one. We especially enjoyed the drawings and the illustrations. Why not establish an exchange department?

"Index" from Worcester, Mass.

Very interesting magazine. Keep up the good work.

"The Echo" from Winthrop, Mass.

A fine paper. Random Gossip made a big "hit" with us. We can hear the "Echo" from the good news of this paper.

"The Racquet" from Portland, Maine.

The literary department is outstanding in this magazine. Why not enlarge your joke section? Any tennis match could be won with this "Racquet."

"The Noddler" from East Boston, Mass.

Your cross word puzzle was very good and was the first we have seen in any of the school magazines. Your exchange department is very good.

"The New Hampshire" from Durham, N. H.

A fine magazine issued for the alumni. Why not include a little humor?

"The Signboard" from Springfield, Mass.

Your paper upholds its name. We can't help but read it. Keep up this work.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"Screech Owl," Maynard, Mass.

Very good jokes.
"Index."

"Screech Owl," Maynard, Mass.

It just screeches to be read. Once I started your stories, they fascinated me so much I couldn't stop. It is a delightful magazine. Keep up your standards.

JOKES FROM EXCHANGES

Mr. Benton (speaking of a former classmate). "College Bred: The same old loaf."—*The Advocate*.

Bob Webster: "I have an attachment for your daughter, madam."

Mrs. Clark: "Young man, when my daughter needs accessories, I'll buy them for her myself."—*Index*.

"Been to church this morning Bill?"
"Why, do my clothes look as if they had been slept in?"—*Echo*.

Science teacher: "Name a liquid that won't freeze."

Student: "Hot water."—*Our Paper*.

And then there was the teacher who watered crocuses the day we had no school on account of rain.

—*The Advocate*.

W. Lodding: "I wonder why it is there are more accidents in machines than on the railroad?"

L. Breault: "Well, you never heard of the engineer driving with his arm around the firemen, did you?"—*Index*.

Mother: "Why were you whipped at school today, Sammy?"

Sammy: "Teacher told us to write an essay on the 'Result of Laziness,' and I passed in a blank sheet of paper."

—*The Racquet*.

"What's the trouble, Mrs. Barr?" the grocer asked the young bride who had stormed into his store.

"I've been cheated," was the reply. "I ordered macaroni for dinner, and all the delivery boy brought me was a lot of empty stems!"—*The Signboard*.

First young man: "Well, did you make an acquaintance of that strange girl you were racing after?"

Second Ditto: "Yes . . . followed her home."

First young man: "How did she strike you?"

Second Ditto: "She didn't, she got her big brother to do it!"—*The Noddler*.

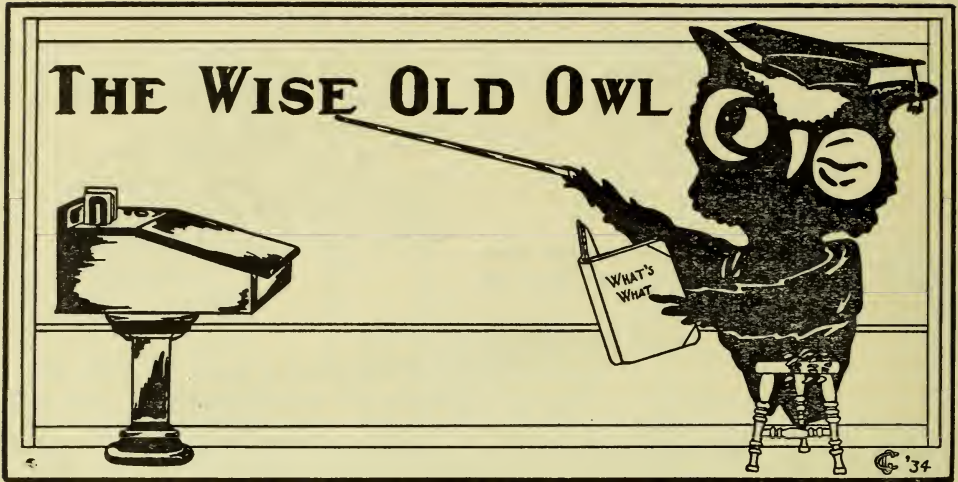
—H. R. B. '33.

Tinker: There are several things I can always count on.

Duggan: What are they?

Tinker: My fingers.





Wise Old Owl Would Like To Know

1. What girl has a halfback at Mass. State?
2. Why Speedy comes back afternoons?
3. Why Dot Harris and Cahoon get along so well?
4. If Mike and Connie think their romance is unknown?
5. If Tinker is in love or just sick?
6. How "Babs" Hamlin keeps smiling—or is she laughing?
7. If Tony Smolski is a sheik?
8. When Curly will tell us how he curls his hair?
9. If Stockbridge still travels around Stow?
10. Who hypnotized Dick Archer?
11. To whom Dot Burnham is "at home?"
12. Is Hintsä ever going to catch up with Mary?
13. If home is where the heart is, where is Rita's home?
14. The new recipe for doughnuts?
15. What the Senior Academics do when left "on their honor?"
16. Which is further in debt, the candy counter or the A. A.?

THE WEEK'S SQUAWKIES

- "NIGHT AFTER NIGHT," starring Jackie O'Toole and Gert Heikkala.
- "SO BIG," with Marian Hatch.

"AMERICAN BEAUTY," starring Adam Mariano.

"THE SYMPATHIES OF SIX MILLION," played by the commercial students in honor of the Latin classes,

"MADAME RACKETEER," featuring "Tiny" Hastings.

"THE UNHOLY THREE," with Brad Case, Walt Saarela, and Joe Schnair.

"THE BILL OF DIVORCEMENT," with Sylvia Nyholm and Joe Piecewicz.

"THE BIG BROADCASTER," featuring Irene Lemoine.

"KID BOOTS," with Wink McGarry.

"SMILING THRO'," starring the Geometry class.

"LOVE BOUND"—Bertha Sneck.

"THE CROONER"—Mr. M.

BEATRICE BAIRFAX

Dear Miss Bairfax,

I am a youth of 80 and am keeping steady company with a girl of 20. Do you think I am too old for her?

Patient.

Dear Patient,

Though you are 80, you probably only look 60, feel 28, and act 16; therefore you are much too young for the girl.

B. B.

Dear Miss Bairfax,

My wife left me, I lost my job, my rich uncle died broke, and my health is failing. I stepped off of a street car and broke my leg and the nurse at the hospital that I went to, tipped me out of bed. What would you suggest?

Down-hearted.

Dear Down-hearted,

Just dig a good deep hole, fall into it, cover yourself up and forget about everything—even breathing.

B. B.

Dear Miss Bairfax,

I am cross-eyed and I am keeping steady company with a girl. I am a person of good character and reputation, yet the girl refuses to become my wife. Can you tell me why?

Hopeful.

Dear Hopeful,

The young lady no doubt is looking for a man who can look straight into the future, so you might as well give her up.

B. B.

Dear Miss Bairfax,

Why is it that people always take things for granted? My friends are always asking me when I am to be married. The real reason is, because of the depression, but I dislike very much to say that. Could you offer me a suggestion?

Puzzled.

Dear Puzzled,

Just say, "Refrain from calculation upon the quantity of juvenile poultry prior to the completion of the entire incubation." Thereupon your friend will change the subject.

B. B.

Dear Miss Bairfax,

You were such a great help to me when my wife ran away with a junk dealer. Now I am in greater trouble. She has returned!

Hoping Not.

Dear Hoping Not,

Why worry about that? Let her worry. If you are all I think you are, do better for you, divorce for her.

B. B.

Jim King: I don't care what anyone says. Lehigh is the best college after all.

F. Fearn: After all?

Jim King: Yes, after all other colleges.:

Teacher: What month has twenty-eight days?

Chidley: All of them.

Even though you get in the public eye, you may be just a little squirt. Look at the grapefruit.

McGarry: I heard that you found \$5.00 on Main Street last week. Is it true?

Case: Sure its true, but its wrong in four places. It wasn't last week, it was yesterday. It wasn't Main Street, it was Nason Street. It wasn't \$5.00, it was \$2.00; and I didn't find it, I lost it.

Visitor: Did you have much snow here this winter?

Smuck: Yes, but my next door neighbor had more than I did.

Visitor: How could he have more?

Smuck: He has more land than I have.



J. Schnair: I want a tooth taken out and I don't want any gas 'cause I'm in a hurry.

Dentist: My you're a brave lad; which tooth is it?

J. Schnair: Show him your tooth, Ed.

Teacher: What do you call a person who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?

"Punchy:" A teacher.

He: I want a pair of silk stockings for my girl.

Salesgirl: Sheer?

He: Of course not, if she was here I'd let her buy them herself.

Mother: What's the matter darling?

Young Edward: Papa hit his finger with a hammer.

Mother: Don't cry about that; you should laugh.

Young Edward: I . . . I . . . did.

Jimmie: Do you pet?

Edith: Sure—animals.

Jimmie: Go ahead then; I'll be the goat.

O'Leary: I think she's as pretty as she can be.

John Malcolm: Most girls are.

He: Will you marry me?

Heiress: No I'm afraid not.

He: Oh, come on, be a support.

Murphy: Say I think you could have gotten that tooth out easier than that; I could move it with two fingers.

Dentist: Yes, and you can move a cow's tail with one finger.

The strangest thing ever seen:

A Scotchman standing on the crowded corner with a loaf of bread under his arm waiting for the jam to go by.

Hannon: How are you feeling?

Murphy: Oh, I can't kick.

Hannon: Rheumatism, eh?

Ryalls: They don't hang guys with wooden legs where I come from.

McGarry: Why?

Ryalls: They use ropes instead.

Hank: Do you think cigar smoking is hard on the eyes?

Jim: Right. I was nearly blind before I found one worth picking up today.

Connie: What became of that football player that used to hang around here?

June: Oh I penalized him ten nights for holding.

Priest: I hear that when Roosevelt has been president four months the banks will close.

Keegan: They will not!

Priest: Yes, they will, because it will be the fourth of July.

Voice over telephone: Is your house on Bent Avenue?

Swett: Yes, why?

Voice over telephone: Well you'd better move it off; a car's coming.

Anna: Where is your chivalry?

Weaving: I turned it in for a Ford.

Higgins: Did you hear about the man who swallowed a spoon?

Fayton: No, what about him?

Higgins: He can't stir.

Jack: Gertrude has brains enough for two.

Bill: Then why don't you marry her?

Food sales girl: Thank you very much. I'll thank your mother for the fifteen cupcakes.

Punchey: If it wouldn't be too much bother, would you mind thanking her for eighteen?

He: My father is a politician.

She: What did he run for?

He: The border.

Jim: I see a doctor said that if we all walked on the toes we would be much healthier.

Lois: Did he say whose toes?

Hintsa: I can tell you how much water goes over Niagara Falls to the quart.

Ignachuk: How much?

Hintsa: Two pints.

Kendra: I went to the dentist's yesterday.

Whalen: Does the tooth still ache?

Kendra: I don't know, he kept it.

Ellen: Food is getting so scarce that a man lived for two weeks on onions alone.

Annie: Well, any man who lives on onions ought to live alone.

Hanna: Does this Bus stop at the Co-operative Hall?

Bus Driver: No, we leave it in the car barn at night.

Teacher: If I said "You was late at school today" would that be right?

Laasanen: No, sir.

Teacher: Why not?

Laasanen: Because I wasn't.

(After a certain football game).

Fan: Where's your dog?

Umpire: Dog? I have no dog.

Fan: Well you're the first blind man I ever saw that didn't have a dog.

Conductor (helping stout lady on car): You should take yeast lady 'ter help you rise better.

Fat Lady: Take some yerself, lad, and then yer'd be better bred.

Bishop: Oh I've been stung by a wasp.

Archer: Quick put some ammonia on it.

Bishop: I can't, it's gone.

Suitor: May I marry your daughter?
Stern Father: What is your vocation?

Suitor: I'm an actor.

Father: Then get out before the foot lights.

MURPHY & SNYDER



ALBERT R. MURPHY, Prop.

Printers of "The Screech Owl"



54 Nason Street, Telephone 473-3
MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS

**Get your Watches from
a Reliable Jeweler**

We have served you since 1902

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE

**All Makes of Watches
at Bottom Prices**

TRY US



George H. Gutteridge

JEWELER

15 NASON ST. MAYNARD

Compliments of

DR. S. R. GARLAND



Compliments of

DR. E. J. FLAHERTY



SHOP AT
LERER'S

AND SAVE MONEY



High Grade Quality Clothes

MIDDISHADE SMITHTSON

WOLVERINE

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

Compliments of

DR. F. A. MAY



Compliments of

A FRIEND



SEDER AND GRUBER



Hay, Grain, Feed, Flour, Lime and Cement



TELEPHONE 251

Nason Street

Maynard

ASTWOOD & TOWNSEND

Plumbing, Heating, Sheet Metal Work



Telephone 224

47 & 49 Nason St. Maynard, Mass.

HICKOK BELTS

\$1.00 - \$1.50 - \$2.00

PIGSKIN GLOVES

\$2.00 - \$2.50 - \$2.95



W. B. Case & Sons

Compliments of A Friend



Compliments of

J. ZANIEWSKI



Compliments of

DR. E. F. RYAN



Compliments of

DR. R. E. HOOPER



Compliments of

G. W. FOWLER



THE LAUNDRY DOES IT BEST

Laundry-washed clothes are cleaner

MIDDLESEX FAMILY LAUNDRY

TELEPHONE 400

MAYNARD, MASS.



32

Northeastern University



The School of Engineering

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Industrial Engineering

The School of Business

Administration

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

Accounting
Banking and Finance
Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine technical theory with the equivalent of two years of practical experience, and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and part of his other school expenses.

Students admitted in either September or December may complete the scholastic year before the following September.

For catalog or further information write to

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions
Boston, Massachusetts

United Co-operative Society

Groceries and Meats

Pasteurized Milk and Home Bakery Goods

Famous Reading Anthracite and Original Pocahontas Coal

QUALITY MERCHANDISE AT RIGHT PRICES

“Our net earnings are pro-rated to Our Patrons”

MAIN STORE:

56 - 62 Main Street
Phone 540

BRANCH STORE:

Corner of Waltham and Parker Streets
Phone 146

MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS
