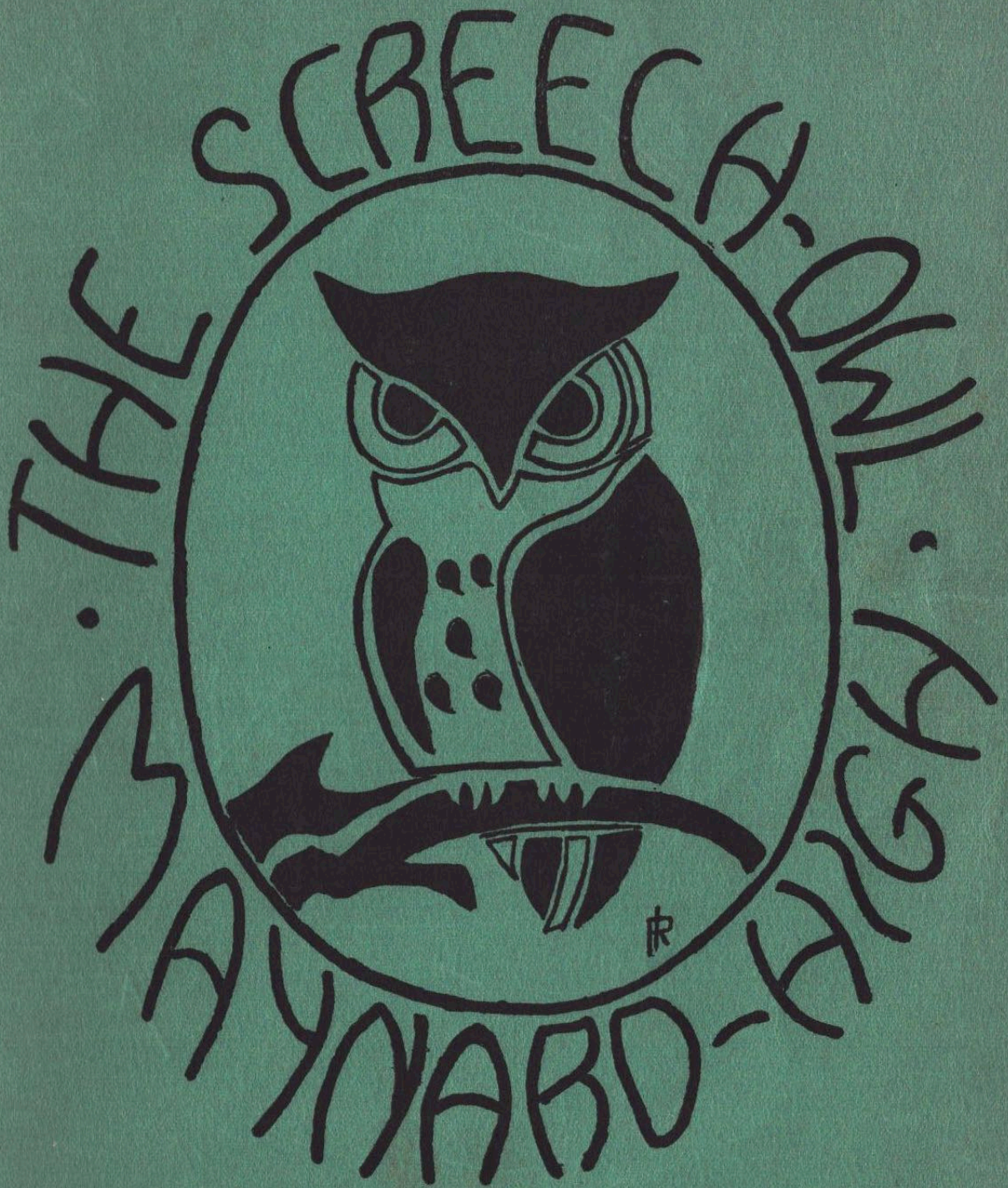


1930

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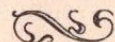


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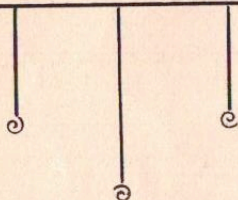
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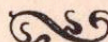
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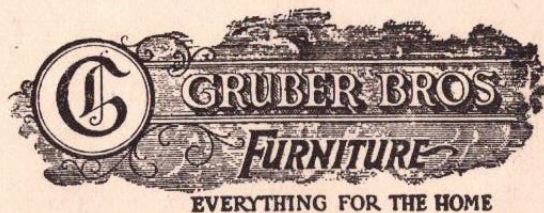
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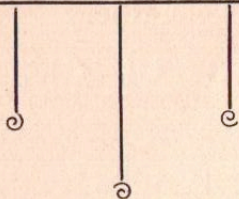
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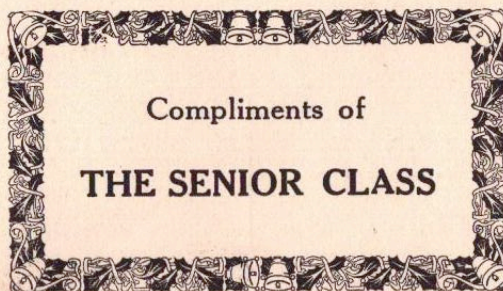
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THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

MAYNARD, MASS., NOV., 1930

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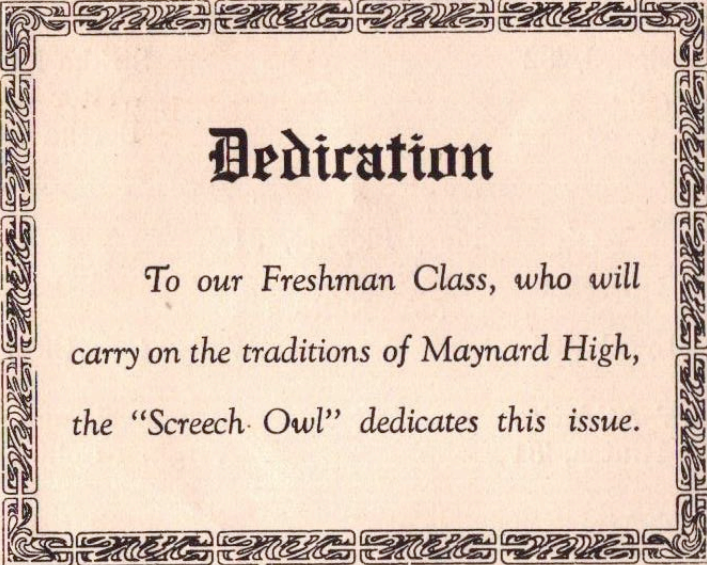
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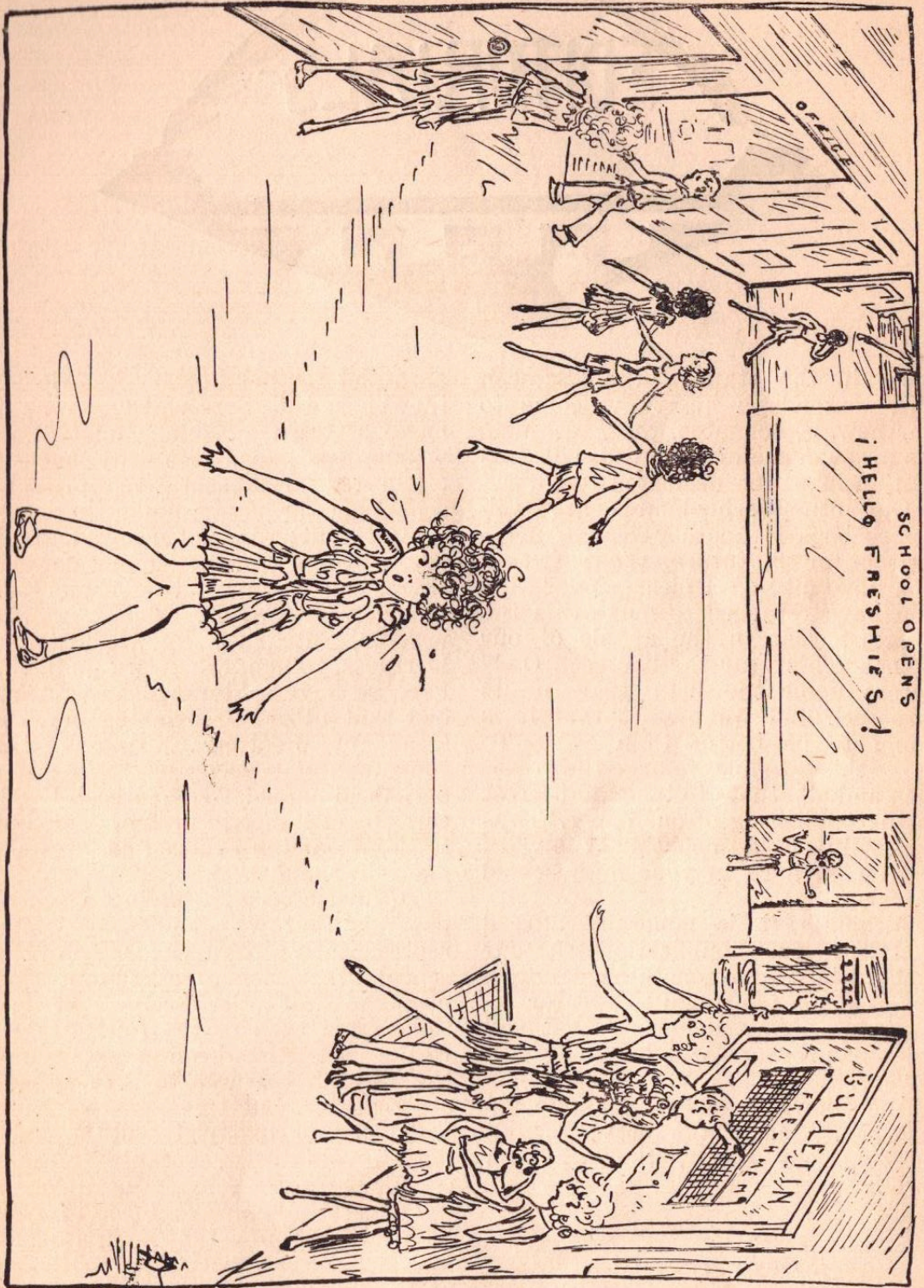
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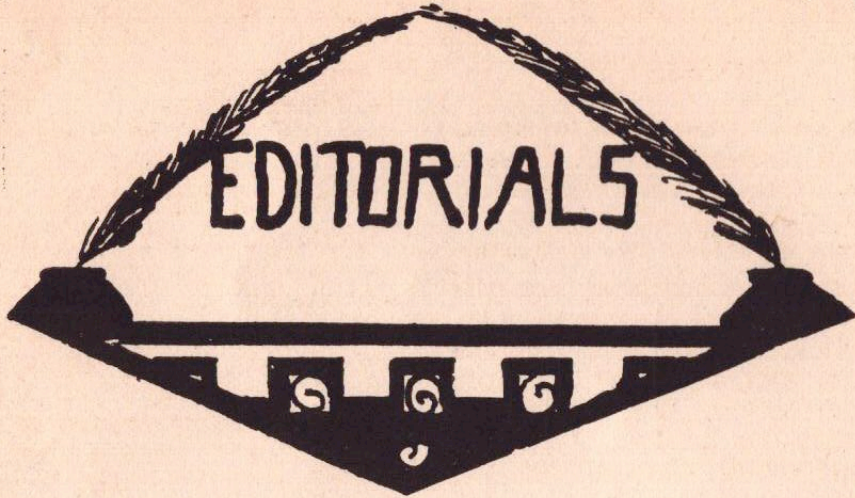
PRICE PER COPY, 25 CENTS

A decorative rectangular border with a repeating geometric and floral pattern surrounds the central text.

Dedication

*To our Freshman Class, who will
carry on the traditions of Maynard High,
the "Screech Owl" dedicates this issue.*





Again the staff of the "Screech Owl" extends a hearty welcome to our new schoolmates, the Freshmen. As an evidence of our good will, this edition has been dedicated to them.

Our other schoolmates are welcomed back to another year of preparation for the future. We trust that you have all had a pleasant vacation and have returned to make this the greatest year in the annals of our school. This year the "Screech Owl" enters upon the fifth year of its existence and we predict that it is going to be better than ever. To make this possible we urge the freshmen and all others to take an interest in the publishing of our paper. Thus you will be able to continue the work as you advance in your high school career.

Although it is generally agreed that last year's publication was our school's best effort, nothing daunted, our staff goes forward to greater attainments. Any comments that will aid our program will be gladly received.

And now, schoolmates, help to make our school the best ever by boosting our paper, the "Screech Owl".

Editor.

"THE OWL"

When the faculty and the students decided that Maynard High should have a chronicler of her activities and

an outlet for her literary knowledge, they chose the "Screech Owl," for the name of the magazine. Many of us wonder, perhaps, just why such a celebrated representative of our school should have a name that suggests the utterance of a harsh, shrill cry. But our thoughts should not end there. We have yet to consider the other word, "owl". This signifies wisdom, integrity, knowledge, and alertness. Then, when we join the two, we have a literal meaning "any owl that utters a shrieking cry, instead of hooting". There's the fundamental reason for having our periodical named, "The Screech Owl". Our object is not to hoot or jeer, but to shout our hard-earned accomplishments far and wide.

The basic idea in having a school paper is that we should have some representative literary work from the school. In order to carry out this plan, the staff must receive contributions from each of the four classes. In the past it has been necessary for the English teachers to give special assignments, but this year we hope that all the material will be submitted voluntarily, because "genius cannot be forced".

The staff is always open to new ideas, and hopes that the student body will offer constructive criticism as to any improvements that should be made.

Catherine Coughlan, '31,
Assistant Editor.

SUCCESS

All men are created equal for living a good and purposeful life. To each is given a chance to make the best of his surroundings, to each a chance to better them according to his desires.

That is success—making not the most successful life among all men, but reaching the greatest possible success you yourself can attain. It is the job for us all. It is something every person can achieve. Financial success and worldly fame are not the ideal goals.

There are born leaders and born followers. There is success as either. Find which you are, and do not try to bridge the gulf between. The bridge builds and breaks itself.

Financial gain is not given to every man, nor is poverty. We aren't all business men, nor are we all craftsmen. Variety of pursuits and interests—that makes life. To all are given the primal blessings— their tasks, ability to perform them, respect of friends, and happiness.

Leading a purposeful life is an equal task for rich and poor. The more we have to start with, the more we have to aim for, to accomplish. The less we start with, the less we can be required to aim for, but it is just as hard to "get there". The best

of both classes can hope for a measure of perfection.

W. Ledgard, '32.

ATTENTION!

Seniors! Juniors! Sophs and Freshies! Are you going to let this football season go by without even helping a little by showing up at the games? Are you going to sit back and let the team do all the work? Are you going to depend on them to give Maynard High a good football record? Do you have to wait till somebody pleads with you before you will show up at one of Maynard High's games? Ask yourself these questions—what is the answer?

The school spirit here has been decreasing for some time. Interest in athletics seems to be fading away. About two years ago, everyone would be in a cheering squad and the team almost always won. We would go home feeling happy and it would be a perfect day for Maynard High. Those were the days.

Listen, fellow students—there can be more days like those if you would only co-operate with the team. What do you say?

Come on—let us all turn out at the next game and give everybody a big surprise, and its 10-1 that Maynard will Win!

Ruth Hull, '31.



The "Screech Owl" is glad to present
the story which won first prize
in its recent contest.

"BETTER THAN SHE DREAMED"

by Harriet Frye, '31

It was one of Cordelia's blue days. She dreamily watched the heaving and tossing of the sea, and the foamy white-caps of the big, booming waves seemed to cast a spell of depression over her.

But her soul was miles away from that delightfully cozy porch which was part of her brother's beautiful rose-covered cottage overlooking the now restless Pacific. She was reminiscing; remembering the soft starlit evening so long ago, the old, worn, foliage-covered bench which was sheltered by huge shrubs in the midst of her father's garden; remembering Bob.

Slowly, laboriously, she reviewed the events that had followed that night, the night Bob had said "I love you" for the first time.

He had enlisted, had gone "over there". She had received such glowing, ardent letters. Now he was in Paris, now he was in action; he had been promoted! Now he was wounded—then the awful suspense, but now he had fully recovered; now, she shuddered, now he was "among the missing". And his letters had stopped coming.

At that time her brother was sent to France, and Cordelia had gone to California to stay with his wife and little Junior.

Her brother's wife had died shortly after the end of the war; and so Cordelia had stayed on with Jim and his son Junior, they needed her so.

During all that time she had not heard a word from Bob. Bob—was he just a memory? Yes, she tried to convince herself, he was just a memory, a souvenir of the past she held so dear.

Wistfully she sighed and turned to watch the approach of Jim and sturdy, fourteen year old Junior, who were just returning from a long tramp together.

Jim was to go, with some other Legionnaires, to Boston, where he would represent that section of California in the great parade. Cordelia and Junior were to accompany him, and the three had planned an extended visit with almost forgotten friends in Massachusetts.

The time flew, and within a few weeks Cordelia was across the continent and dining with a group of friends in one of Boston's famous hotels. It was the day after the parade, and Cordelia was almost tired of the noise and happy chatter of her friends.

A group of boisterous Legionnaires entered the room and nonchalantly proceeded to enliven the whole community within the vicinity of Cordelia and her party.

One of the "Buddies", who seemed more serious than the others, gazed casually at the table where Cordelia was seated. Suddenly his eyes seemed to narrow and he muttered to himself, "She looks just like her—only a little quieter and sweeter, somehow."

He rose, in a trance and walked toward her, unnoticed, because of the confusion in that corner. Suddenly she looked up and saw him. "Not Bob", she exclaimed.

"Yes, Delia."

They were out of the hotel in two

minutes.

A half hour later they were seated on a bench in the park and Bob was telling his story.

"—almost as soon as I got back at the front I was wounded again and taken as a prisoner. It wasn't until the war was almost over that I was able to get back with the Allies.

"When I came home to Massachusetts you were gone—'somewhere out West with your brother's wife' was all anyone knew. At first I did everything I could to find you; then somehow business seemed to 'eat me up', and I sort of neglected the search. Delia, my fondest dreams have always centered around you; I love you so. Delia, I've suffered, too."

A group of blithe Legionnaires, at the other side of the park shouted, rather than sang:

"My mademoiselle was true to me.
Parlez vous—"

And starry eyed Cordelia lived in the present once more.

REASSURANCE

Steady the hands of the learner,
Grasping a task that is new;
Give him a joyous beginning—
You will be joyful too!

Bear with the one who is timid,
Faltering, striving to climb,
Confidence sets a heart singing—
Yours will be singing in time.

Smile at the folly of doubting—
Steps will grow quick that were
slow!

You may upbuild, by forbearance,
More than you ever can know.

Helen Swanson, '33.

"THE ROLLING DOUGHNUT"

Once upon a time, long long ago,
in the distant land of Jupiter, in the
village of Gosatoo, an old woman sat

in a corner making dough. She was a tired looking woman, with the expression of one who has worked hard. Presently she finished her dough and put it on the table and began to tell her children about the wonders of the world.

The dough, on hearing this, rose on its toes so that it could peer over the edge of the bowl, but alas! As soon as the woman saw this, she immediately began to make rolls from it. They were put into a nice hot pan of fat and there they grew and grew.

The woman pulled them out crisp and fresh as a May flower. She put them into a small dish to cool, and then busied herself with other tasks.

One of the doughnuts, a little fresher than the rest, made the bold resolution that he wanted to go see the world. The rest of the doughnuts on hearing this, also intended to go; so off the table they rolled and started the first leg of their non-stop roll. Accidents always do occur, and on the first five miles four doughnuts lost their balance and cracked up. The rest kept going along down the road. Presently the remaining six ran into a thick fog and naturally got lost. Five of them crashed into a hillside but one of them was lucky enough to strike a valley, and thus was saved. (Let us pray this one gets safely on.) However, the last one was the bold one so it rolled as fast as it could down a hill. This was so steep that the doughnut could not stop and went through an open doorway.

In this house lived an inventor who was sorely vexed. For days and days he had thought, trying to solve a hard problem. He had invented an automobile, but he did not know what to put on the wheels to make it ride easily. On seeing the panting doughnut, he got an idea. He seized it, and bolted it on the wheels. Three cheers for the inventor, he had found a wonderful thing, the balloon tire.

A. Autio, '32.

MONDAY

Every Monday morning, when the
 clock begins to strike,
 We start out for the schoolhouse, not
 jolly as we might,
 For 'tis Monday morning, and five
 days we have to go
 Before it's Friday evening, and oh,
 they go so slow!
 With dragging, lagging footsteps we
 walk the weary way;
 Our heavy hearts are wondering what
 we're going to say
 To those dear yet so stern teachers,
 for that unprepared work,
 We'll tell them that it's not our fault,
 we didn't mean to shirk.
 Then we'll struggle bravely through
 the long and weary hours,
 So when the clock strikes one, we've
 just the power
 To slip into our hats and coats and
 hurry out the door,
 For we are quite worn out when
 Monday morn is o'er.

Margaret Lawton, '31.

TO THE AIR MAIL

I

A faint hum,
 An upraised eye,
 A tiny speck
 From out the sky.

II

Now it comes,
 And hovers o'er,
 Soon it is gone
 To be seen no more.

III

'Tis the air mail
 Winging out of sight.
 In snow or rain,
 Or storm and night,
 No obstacle can hold its flight.

Olga Bobik, '33.

A STRANGE FIND

by Anne L. White

The bitter wind whirled the
 autumn leaves and scattered dust

around on the lonely country road.
 It whistled through the bare trees
 and hurled itself against a young girl
 coming down the deserted road. She
 shivered, and looked again at the
 gloomy, leaden grey sky.

"Even the weather is against me",
 she said. Just that morning she had
 come to Randolph in answer to a
 letter concerning a position, only to
 find it had been given to another.

"Sorry, Miss Shirley", the clerk
 had said as he dismissed her. And
 then she had had to walk the mile
 and a half to the dilapidated country
 depot, for Jed Harlow had made his
 last trip at least an hour ago, and in
 such a small village, no other con-
 veyance could be found. So she
 plodded on, downhearted through the
 gathering gloom of the late Novem-
 ber day. No flower brightened the
 dismal marshes, or lightened the
 monotony of the sandy road. Only
 two or three lonely billboards flaunt-
 ed their gaudy colors to the unap-
 preciative sky; a brazen sign,
 "Camels", and an old poster which
 advertised "\$5,000 for information
 concerning the whereabouts of any
 dope peddlers".

The road twisted around a corner,
 and was lost to view. At one side of
 the road, she saw a black, flat object.
 As she came nearer, she discerned a
 wallet. Warily she stooped and
 picked it up. Opening it she exam-
 ined it, and found a card with the
 following:

Harris C. Coxwain
 Evans Road
 Randolph, Conn.

To Grace Shirley that late Novem-
 ber afternoon had seemed the irony
 of fate. She counted the money in
 the wallet, and found about \$235.

"I wonder where he lives?" she
 asked herself. "If I come to any
 house before the station, I'll ask
 where they live; if not, I'll leave it
 at the station. That's the value of
 being honest", she explained to the
 stark trees.

As she topped a small incline, she saw a large house set far back among a row of gloomy pines. She pushed open the high gate and walked up the drive. Arriving at the door, she pounded the old-fashioned door knocker and waited. The sound echoed through the house. Soon footsteps approached. A butler opened the door.

"Does Mr. Harris Coxwain live about here?" she asked.

"He lives here, ma'am", said the butler, his cold glance on the girl.

"I would like to see him", she said with asperity, for she did not relish his scornful look. The butler hesitated momentarily.

"Come in", he said, "And I will see if he is at home".

Grace entered, and sat down. She glanced around at the heavy grey draperies, the floors, except in the hall, thickly carpeted in somber colors. Involuntarily the girl drew her coat closer. The silence was appalling. After what seemed a long time the butler came and ushered her into the library. A middle-aged man, short, stout and flashily dressed, turned at her entrance.

"You wish to see me?" he queried, smiling coldly at her. Instinctively she knew she hated his oily voice, hated his appearance and everything about him.

"I found your wallet" she said as she stepped toward him. "O-Oh, I'm so sorry", she cried as she stumbled and dropped the wallet. It hit the corner of the desk and dropped. A few tiny white cubes lay scattered on the floor. Dope!!!! Her mind flew to the billboard. A dope ring and she was in the midst of it! Her amazed eyes registered her suspicions as she glanced at the man. Instantly the oily voice and suave manner disappeared. In its place appeared utter ruthlessness.

"That was a bad thing to do", he said, "You ought not to have tried stealing a wallet like that. You might have known that you would have

been caught." His eyes narrowed, and his voice adopted a silky tone infinitely more terror-striking than the suave one.

"Why, I haven't the least idea what you're talking about", answered Grace in a surprised voice. This new lead completely disarmed her. "You know very well I just returned this wallet. I found it on the road going to the station."

"Didn't she try to get away with the money, Oscar?" asked the man, addressing the butler who had mysteriously appeared again.

"Yes, sir", was the reply, with an ominous glance at the girl.

"Then we'll have to hold her over until tomorrow and hand her over to the police", said the imperturbable Mr. Coxwain, with meaning in his tone. "Give her in charge to Jane."

Resistance was useless, so Grace was led away. She was escorted up a flight of stairs by a coarse-looking woman. She was thrust into one of the rooms with little ceremony, and the door was locked behind her. She wandered around the room in restless haste, looking for some way to escape. The windows were all tightly barred, and the walls thick. Seating herself on the couch, she began to think over the past. Why had she ever found that miserable wallet? What were they going to do to her? Obviously something, for the glance between Coxwain and the butler had been fraught with meaning. Her eye happened to light on the heavy grey drapes with which every room in the house seemed to have been hung. She wrenched it down and proceeded to tear it into strips. These she braided together. Then she stamped on the floor, banged on the walls, and in general made a great deal of noise. Under cover of the noise, she hammered the strips across the lower part of the door. As she thought, the noise brought "Jane" to the door.

"It ain't goin' to do you any good to make any noise", she said.

"Can I have something to eat?" asked Grace. Jane thought a moment. "I'll get you a little somthin'," she replied grudgingly. Grace looked once more around the room, put the light out, and hid behind the door. Soon "Jane" was heard coming up the stairs. She unlocked the door.

"None of your tricks", she warned, "I got a gun!" As the door opened, she blinked, for coming in from the lighted hallway, she was slightly dazed. As she cleared the threshold, she stumbled over the strips of cloth. With a mighty crash she fell. As she hit the floor, Grace was out in a flash. Trusting to blind luck she ran down the hall stairs, and out of the door. Sounds from the back of the house and "Jane's" shrieks showed that she had been missed. Her breath came in sobs as she ran at full speed the remaining distance to the station. Arriving there she told her story to the agent who telegraphed for detectives.

The following week as she was resting in her home, Grace received a check and the following letter:

Dear Miss Shirley:

Congratulations. Your courage is a thing of which to be proud. Although the peddlers had disappeared when we got there, they did not have a chance to get very far, and we got them, thanks to you. Enclosed is check for results. We found also, a \$50,000 haul of opium in the basement of the building.

Incidentally, if you are still looking for a position, we should be glad to give you a try-out as secretary, which position is at the present time open.

Sincerely,
Michael J. Edwards.
Annie White, '31.

BOOKS

Literature is a glorious thing. One may find books of all kinds. Books are the only things which tell us of

the past when most other things have faded away. What the world has been is preserved in books and the ideas and hopes of men for the future are passed along for the next generation. On the whole, it is the best that lives in books and the evil is forgotten. Books move our spirits deeply by their truth or beauty.

Literature has been called "Realms of Gold" by John Keats, and he pictured the reader as a traveler.

There are the legends which have been passed down to us from people of long ago. There is the history that covers a broad field beginning with the dim past telling us of everything up to the present. We also have the narratives, the records of great events, the life stories of writers, the virtues of some, sins of others, the successes and failures of governments and the oratory that pleads for justice and forms men's opinions.

Books not only give us facts, but tell us of the beautiful thoughts that have flashed into the minds of men and women throughout the ages. Expressed in lovely words, they remain as guide and awaken noble impulses to be good and to spread happiness among man-kind.

We may increase our knowledge of life through books. The chief use of novels, if pictured truly, is to enlarge our vision and experience. In stories that are choicely told, we may see family life, the tenderness of parents and children, the faithfulness of true friends and the firm bond of duty. We may also see clashing passions and rivalries, thirst for adventure, thrilling conquests, and misfortunes. The humor and laughter also found in fiction lighten many a gloomy, lonely hour.

In fiction we see the rollicking fun of the young, the quiet smiles of the strong, and humored wisdom of the aged.

It is also in books that we find fairy stories delicately woven and so beautiful that they live forever. In the stories live the imaginary crea-

tures seen and felt by millions as if they were real—the fairies, nymphs, gnomes, giants and monsters which are supposed to have peopled the world of long ago. We may also include the legends made out of half-forgotten materials of fading history and stories of the countryside as to how names, customs and beliefs arose.

Next in our review of literature we are led to poetry. Poetry is present in every nook of literature although it has a place of its own. It is the finest expression in words of the soul of man. Many of the thoughts in poems are easier to remember than prose. True poetry is very precious for it makes us good, happy, and hopeful.

Cecilia Nelson, '32.

THE REQUEST

"Jeanne, I have been going to ask you something for a long time." The speaker was a tall, thin, awkward-looking young man. His companion was an attractive girl, of about twenty.

"Yes, Jimmy, go ahead."

"Well, I wondered if you would er—ah—well—"

"Yes?"

Suddenly, from out of a yard near which they were approaching a dog ran, and almost threw himself upon the man.

"Rex is always glad to see you, isn't he? You'd think he was your own dog," remarked the girl.

They went into the yard, and up onto the piazza, where another young man was sitting. He greeted them both, and turned to Jeanne.

"How about a couple of sets of tennis before lunch?"

"Surely, Roger," she answered.

"Coming, Jimmy?"

"No, I guess I'll take it easy for a while."

He went to his room. Jimmy roomed at Jeanne's house, while he worked as a chemist at one of the

manufacturing plants.

"Darn it! I never get up my courage to ask Jeanne. Something always interrupts us. I never have a chance with that Roger Calvert around."

That night, after supper, Jimmy found Jeanne alone on the porch. He went over and sat down near her. Again—

"Jeanne, will you, that is—would you please—?" he began bravely.

"Jeanne, you're wanted on the phone," came from the house.

"Pardon me, Jimmy, that's probably one of the girls."

"Oh, golly, have I a jinx or something like that?" moaned Jimmy, when she had gone in.

At last he summed up enough courage to go to Mrs. Blake, Jeanne's mother.

"Mrs. Blake, I've been trying to ask Jeanne all week, but I've never seemed to succeed. I hated to bother you, but I have a tear in my sweater, and I wonder if you would mind sewing it?"

"Certainly, Jimmy."

So that was that.

Anne Bellows, '32.

WITH APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE

Wherefore rejoice? What thoughts bid you to smile?

What happy thoughts cause you to act so brotherly?

Oh, you poor souls, you simpletons, Remember you not school work?

But come, can't not some one enlighten me?

Ah, there, brother Freshman, can't thou tell the cause of happiness

Which cometh in triumph over school work?

But now the dawn doth appear and I, also, am happy,

For 'tis the day before a holiday.

S. O.

"JUST ANOTHER ACTRESS"

The crowds clapped their hands and cheered as little Paula rode into the center ring on her large black horse.

She was a small fragile creature, with black, curly hair, reaching to her shoulders, dark, blue eyes, and a personality which had already made for her thousands of friends. At fourteen she had, perhaps, more friends than any other circus performer.

One could not help loving her as she rode into the ring poised on the tip of one small foot, kissing her hands to the crowd by way of greeting. She loved her crowds as much as they loved her, and she was always at her best when performing before them.

Round and round the horse went with the little white figure on its back, whirling, turning somersaults, and posing with the grace that only years of practice can develop.

At last, the first half of her act was over and the crowd waited breathlessly for her to leap into one of the small swings just over her head. She did this gracefully, and the horse trotted out of the ring, his share of the performance over.

From one swing to the other, Paula leaped, always waving her hand to the crowd below. They were dreading, yet looking ahead to the moment when the net would be drawn and Paula would make her last leap.

When Paula was once more back on the highest trapeze in the tent, the net was drawn away and she jumped from her swing. The audience knew that she would turn over three times and then straighten her body in time to catch hold of a trapeze that swung near the ground.

They waited, breathless—she had turned over safely once—now twice, and then once more before she reached the lower swing. She put out her hand to grasp it and missed by a fraction of an inch.

Ten thousand people rose from their seats; she couldn't be dead; she had always made her last leap safely.

An ambulance rushed to the entrance of the tent and Paula was carried away on a stretcher.

In the hospital Paula lay waiting for her brother.

"I wish Buddy would hurry," she told the Doctor, "My back hurts dreadfully."

But Buddy didn't get there in time and Paula, beloved by thousands, died with just doctors and nurses about her.

The next day the newspapers were full of the dreadful accident and people who had not known Paula said, "Oh, just another actress has been killed. Their deaths are getting tiresome."

Virginia Collins, '32.

A WARNING

Stop, Freshman, and cast an eye!
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, let's hope you'll be,
Be on your guard and follow me.
As you roam thru the rooms of the
school in and out,
Awe-stricken, trembling, and full of
doubt,
I know you dream of days to come,
When, not a Freshman, you'll have
the most fun.
However, each year you must always
work,
And never even one lesson shirk,
Be it your Freshman or Sophomore
year,
If you do as you ought to, there's no
cause for fear.

Aili Hermanson, '31.

A RACE

One bright fall day as Ralph Hutchins was driving along the road, he met John Reed, one of his rivals, driving Alice, the beloved, who had caused the rivalry between the two boys.

The two cars rolled to a stop and John in his teasing manner challenged Ralph to a race. Ralph was not a reckless boy, but, seeing his coveted Alice in the car, he took up the challenge with the promise that the winner would take Alice home.

The race started with John's new Chevrolet in the lead. Ralph had a new Ford roadster and it wasn't long before he was riding down the other car. He glanced at his speedometer; it was registering better than sixty. The car seemed to be flying. He edged out to see if he could pass, but John in front, bound that Ralph shouldn't pass, also edged over. He knew he could not hold this pace long. Then there was a terrific explosion and the car in front swerved recklessly and turned over. There was a terrible crashing and crackling of glass and metal. Ralph locked his brakes, but before he could stop he hit the overturned car.

He ran to the side of the car and there was Alice, his Alice, cut and mangled by the crash. Beside her lay John in what seemed to be either a stupor or. . . Ralph carried the two bodies into his own machine and after drawing away from the wrecked car started another race—this time a race with death. All the way he cursed himself for ever attempting to win her by such reckless means. He had done something he would never forget and would hate himself for it.

Bradford Case, '33.

THE SUPREME EFFORT

Treversly stood on the deck of the small steamer gazing out over the Indian Ocean. He was going home. Home, to Hughes Treversly, meant England—any or all of it, but most of all it meant Alice. It had always been Alice; Alice who had kept a spark of faith slumbering in him, Alice who had pulled him through the terrible fever, and it was she who was drawing him home now.

Hughes Treversly was a slight fair man of about fifty years. His brown eyes, thin sensitive lips, and weak chin gave him an almost effeminate look. It was his hands which were the true guide to his character—strong white hands with long sensitive fingers, fingers that gave the impression of being strong, firm, reliable. Now as the man stood on deck, these hands grasped the rails. His hair was absurdly white in contrast with the deep tan of his face. There were signs of great suffering in that face—a suffering that was mental as well as physical.

Fifty years before, Hughes Treversly was born in an old farmhouse not far from Stratford-On-Avon. He grew up alone; his brothers and sisters had all left home by the time he arrived. Hughes' friends were his books. He often visited Shakespeare's old haunts, and sometimes wrote verses himself. He painted a little, also.

It seems queer that a boy like Hughes should want to become a doctor, but a doctor it was to be. After years of study on the Continent he returned to practice in London as a children's surgeon. He became famous; his name was given to a new successful operation. And yet, with all his too-sensitive mind, his loving heart, can't you see how he suffered with the tots who were his patients? He probably went through more than the patient.

It was before this, and a few months after he returned to London, that he met Alice. She was a sweet understanding girl, jolly and full of fun. Fiercely loyal, intensely true to her ideas, she became Hughes' friend. That friendship and love was a beautiful thing; the two understood each other perfectly.

Alice went to Edinburgh to visit relatives; word came to Hughes that she was ill. His imagination overcame him—he could think of nothing but the sick girl.

That day he was to perform an

operation on a small boy. It was comparatively simple, and there was little danger of the boy not pulling through. As Treversly stood in his crisp white gown looking down at the tray of sterilized tools, a film seemed to come over his eyes. He took the selected instrument blindly. A few seconds later the film came again—the knife cut too deeply—. The attendant took the knife and looked down at the boy.

“Good Lord!” he murmured. Treversly stood dazed.

After a sleepless night, Hughes did two things. He sent a letter to Alice, releasing her from the engagement, and obtained passage on a freighter bound for India.

In India, Hughes was friendly with no one, and met all advances coldly. He set out for the North and made his way into the heart of Asia. Those journeys were full of adventure with a capital “A”. Death was always just around the corner; sometimes, indeed, it was face to face with him. His very carelessness with his life, his attitude of almost inviting death, was the very weapon which kept him alive.

For fifteen years he wandered around, always where danger was. Then he met Mohamet, a small native with a twisted back, in a way in which Mohamet, at least, would never forget. It was at a small outpost which consisted of the barracks, two or three buildings belonging to the government, and a few native houses. One day one of the working elephants went wild and started on a rush down the street. Treversly saved the life of small “Sukey”, Mohamet’s son by jumping in the path of the mad beast and shooting him. From that moment on, the boy worshipped Hughes.

One day “Sukey’s” back became worse—he couldn’t walk, and lay moaning on his cot. Hughes stood at the side of the bed—the boy looked up. “Oh, sahib, the pain.” Hughes thought of the hundreds of other children who had trusted and loved

him—his mind reviewed that last fatal operation—could he do it?

Alice seemed to stand before him smiling encouragingly as he started, and oh! the wild joy when the operation was a success. In a few months “Sukey” was running around the house and grounds. All Hughes’ old confidence returned, or the fundamentals of it.

When a letter from Alice arrived (one of many), he decided to return home. He would start from the bottom and work up. He knew it would take time for people to bestow their faith and confidence in him, but—. He was on his way home, to England, to Alice.

Edith Priest, '32.

A FORD

The old Ford stands in the alley street,

Battered and worn by kicking feet.
Its fenders are bent and its back pushed in

It’s a sorry sight, that pile of tin.
It faces the highway where it used to roam.

Full of bodies and covered with loam.

Its heart used to be light, happy, and gay,

As it traveled along the long white way.

But now it just travels at a monotonous pace,

For it’s owned by a man with a fat red face.

His heart is weak and his eyesight bad,

And that’s almost enough to drive any Ford mad.

It stands there and dreams of days gone by,

Of races it ran and came out tie,
It was game in a race though it wasn’t so fast,

And it always ran as long as the gas would last.

W. W., '31.

FRESHMAN REMINISCENCES

AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE

One Saturday I had been playing tennis all afternoon and on arriving home I noticed parked in front of the house a new Ford roadster, belonging to a man whom my father is teaching to drive. I went in, and asked them the usual question, when someone is going somewhere and I've nothing to do for the evening.

"Can I come?"

They exchanged glances significant of "why not?" and my father said "Come on."

I grabbed my sweater and was soon climbing up into the rumble seat, which had been opened with a perfect understanding that that was precisely the reason why I wished to go. A ride in a rumble seat holds a certain fascination for me. I never grow tired of just sitting, being glad there's no one to talk to, and imagining that I am stationary while everything else is floating by. The wind seems to blow against me with more force, as if resentful of my fixed position, in comparison with the rest of the world.

We started up Great Road and passed Nine Acre Corner. I always try to tell beforehand which town we are approaching. "Town of Weston, Speed Law Enforced" was announced before I could think. Better luck next time. I was able to tell Waltham by a little brown tea house just outside the city limits. Watertown next, which I foretold by a new concrete road which I had seen under construction two years before. So on through every town distinguished by a certain feature, until I saw Sears Roebuck looming up in the horizon. I knew it was Cambridge. By this time I had counted three flashes of lightning, twelve Tom Thumb golf courses, and fifteen Shell gasoline stations.

We stopped in front of Sears Roebuck, and once inside, I kept my eyes

peeled for a double toothed harmonica containing the half notes, but I was doomed to disappointment. On the way home I had to contend with the company of four All State tires, which took up more room than I could comfortably spare.

It had grown dark now, and the flashes of lightning grew more frequent.

Advertisements also blazed forth, issuing fragments of a sentence at a time, and forcing me to wait for the rest against my will. I was very tired from playing so hard all day. . . .

B. Sneek, '34.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HIGH SCHOOL

The long anticipated time was at hand. I was to enter High School next day. I was a High School freshman. What rank!

Monday, September 1, before retiring, I urged every member of the family to wake me at seven. Once under the covers, fearing that, despite my endless reminders, they might forget, I kept repeating to myself, "Wake up at seven, seven. Six will do. I'd rather it would be half past five than half past eight." As a result I opened my eyes at five o'clock and dared not resume my sleep. Slowly but surely the minutes crept by until finally it was time to go to school.

Accompanied by two seniors and a sophomore I set out. On the way several freshmen inquired, "Where do we go from here?"

Calmly I replied, "I don't know, I'm following them," and I pointed to my companions.

Later I learned that they didn't know any more about where I belonged than I so I left them.

In the building I met some equally

fresh members of my class, and as my pal and I expected to be in the same class we decided to stick together.

When the last bell rang my partner in ignorance asked, "Where next?" (As if I knew!)

And I echoed, "Where?" (As if she knew!)

We stood, dumbly leaning against the wall until a well-meaning teacher told us to look at the bulletin board. How absurd! As if we two "shorties" could possibly squeeze through the throng already gathered about the

place, ten feet deep!

Then a hero came to the rescue! The ranks divided open-mouthed and Mr. Lerer nonchalantly walked up to the bulletin board and read the notice aloud, "A to H, room 10."

After traveling in a circle, which proved that the world is round, we came back to the starting point and timidly entered Home Plate. Heaving a sigh of relief as only a freshman can heave one, we sank into our chosen chairs. Now we know that the worst is yet to come.

Dorothy Glickman, '34.





ATHLETIC NOTES

The Maynard High football season opened with sixty boys reporting for practice. The squad, however, was soon reduced, as practice under a hot sun is no pleasure. Out of this squad of grid hopefuls, two veterans reported, Capt. Hints, and Warila. Around this nucleus the team will be built.

Seniors Out for Football

J. Sweeney	R. Paul (Manager)
D. Gagne	A. Saari
G. Gutteridge	T. Tyrkko
S. Hints	P. Wilson
T. Lanigan	J. Wojtkiewicz
O. Warila	

Juniors

B. Arcisz	M. Newton
W. Buckacz	S. Sokolowsky
L. Holt	K. Spratt
F. Kierstead	B. Tamulevich
J. Mullin	S. Uglevich
A. Murray	A. Wattu

Sophomores

R. Archer	M. Ignachuck
C. Chandler	W. Saarela
A. Frigard	E. Smith
F. Gilleney	J. Thompson
O. Hints	A. Hankala

Freshmen

T. Bachrach	John Malcolm
F. Johnson	R. Murphy
W. Johnson	J. Nowicki
James Malcolm	J. O'Leary

This year Maynard plays one of the hardest schedules the school has ever had.

The schedule for 1930 is as follows:

Sept.	20.	Melrose at Melrose
"	27.	Clinton at Maynard
Oct.	4.	Newburyport at Newburyport
"	13.	Hudson at Hudson
"	18.	Stoneham at Maynard
"	25.	Milford at Maynard
Nov.	1.	Concord at Maynard
"	11.	Marlboro at Marlboro
"	15.	Winchester at Maynard
"	22.	Open
"	27.	Open

Maynard plays Midland League games with Hudson, Milford and Marlboro.

Maynard, at the time this issue goes to press, has played several games, two of them practice games, defeating Shirley Industrial 21 to 0 and holding the strong Middlesex School 7 to 2.

Melrose at Melrose

Maynard traveled down to Melrose for its first game of the year and wasn't conceded even an outside chance to win by the experts; in fact it was a surprise to many to see that the strong Melrose team could gain only a 29 to 0 decision. Maynard played stubborn football and made Melrose use everything it had.

It was gratifying to note that the Maynard replacements were on a par with the first team.

Clinton at Maynard

The heavy Clinton team came to Maynard for Maynard's first home game. They went away with the long end of the score, 19-0. Maynard showed up well on offense but very poorly on the defense, being unable to cope with Clinton's line plunging and snappy forward passing combination.

The attendance was smaller than usual, since Maynard hasn't yet begun to show her school spirit.

Newburyport at Newburyport

Maynard traveled to Newburyport and put up one of the most heart-breaking scraps ever seen on that field. The score, which was 21-0, in favor of Newburyport, does not reveal the nature of the game. Maynard rushed the ball several times down to the shadow of their opponent's goal line only to lose the ball on forwards that were converted by the alert Newburyport team into touchdowns. The opponents played "heads up" football and skirted the ends for sizeable gains. But once in the region of Maynard's goal line, Maynard put up a stonewall defense that held all the line plunges Newburyport could produce.

Hudson at Hudson

In the first Midland League meeting Hudson defeated Maynard 31-0.

The day was extremely hot and Maynard suffered a complete reversal of form. Hudson ran Maynard "ragged" and seemed to score almost at will. The line plunging was about even. Hudson made several long runs and passes that literally took the "starch" out of the Maynard players. Hudson got the jump on Maynard and scored first. After that it was plain sailing for Hudson, although in some cases Maynard fought back and even gained ground against Hudson. In all, it was a sorry and dismal affair for Maynard.

After the beginning of the last quarter the whole first team was drawn out and the second and third teams were put in, but they could not hold the strong Hudson team.

Stoneham at Maynard

Maynard unsuccessfully defended its second home game against the strong Stoneham High School.

Stoneham brought a large following and a boy named Adzgian who

was mentioned for all-scholastic honors last year. It was mainly through his prowess that Maynard was defeated 14 to 6. The field was in excellent condition and there were no injuries to the players.

O'Leary, star halfback for Maynard, remained on the sidelines, owing to injuries received in the Hudson game.

The teams were evenly matched as to line plunging.

Stoneham had a better running attack, but to make things even, Maynard had a superior forward passing combination. One of these resulted in a Maynard score.

A thirty yard pass from "Tinker" to "Jakie" brought the score. Maynard could not produce the extra point.

Stoneham scored in the third quarter and, the last quarter ended scoreless for each side.

In spite of the "jinx" which seems to be holding Maynard, the players are optimistic and feel that the old fight will soon bring the team out of its slump.

GIRL'S ATHLETICS

Field Hockey

Many candidates appeared this season to show their abilities in field hockey. Very few girls were lost by graduation, and many of last year's lettermen returned; so Maynard is sure to have a successful hockey season.

Among those who reported this year are Eva Gudzinowicz who is captain of the team, and Dorothy Marsden, manager of the girls. Others of the squad are:

Catherine Coughlan	Mary Sawyer
Harriet Frye	Helen Sczerzen
Mildred Glebis	Bertha Sneek
Alice Kitowicz	Barbara Stockbridge
Violet Koskela	Annie Swanson
Eleanor Lawson	Mary Tierney

As it is rather early in the season, only one game has been played,

although the girls are scheduled to play Stoneham, Concord, and Marlboro. Maynard High girls came out victorious in a game with Marlboro, having a score 3-0. There was much brilliant playing shown on both sides, but, as the score reveals, the defenders of the orange and the black excelled. The ball was not near May-

nard's goal with the exception of a few times when a chance stroke of some Marlboro player sent it at the tender, but it was immediately shot back toward Marlboro's goal.

With such a successful beginning the girls are sure to end well, and they have the whole student body wishing them the best of luck.



ON THE



The Maynard High School students crashed the gates of the social season by attending a dance given by the senior class. The affair was held in the Auditorium and the music was furnished by George Smith's Orchestra. A good time was had by all and the social was declared a huge success.

Class Elections

The Senior class elected the following to hold office: President, Philip Wilson; Vice-President, Alric French; Secretary, Leona Dudzinski; Treasurer, Rachel Ojanen. Miss Ruth Finn was elected as Senior class adviser.

The Junior class chose: President, Ahti Jaakkola; Vice-President, Jeanette Gruber; Secretary, Edith Priest; Treasurer, Walter Crowther. Miss Mary Cleary was re-elected as class adviser.

Orchestras

Miss Ethel Lovely, supervisor of music, has organized two orchestras, both of which she is directing.

The Junior-Senior Orchestra:

Violins: Harold Johnston
Alric French
Jennie Bygot
Catherine Macy

Trumpet: Alex Balnis
Drums: Norvin Laubenstein
Piano: Sirkka Hurme

The Freshmen-Sophomore Orchestra:

Violins: William Rourynowicz
William Wasiuk
Gordon Wolfe
Kalervo Tofferi
Pauline Kiiskinen
Martha Koski

Trombone: Howard Weaving
Drums: Guido Carbone

Rallies

On September 26, the first rally of the season was held. Mr. King, Coach Lent, and Coach Lerer spoke. The student body showed their school spirit by songs and cheers.

On October 10, another rally was held. Captain Hintsa, Philip Wilson, "Swat" Warila, and Manager Paul addressed the student body. Football was the main topic under discussion.

"Nettie" Gruber, '32.

ALUMNI NOTES

1895

William Naylor, Water Commissioner.

1902

James J. Ledgard, Proprietor of Bradford Inn, Bradford, Ver., Proprietor of Hudson Theatre.

1916

Harold Morgan, Treasurer of Maynard Trust Company.

Dr. Raymond Hooper, local Physician and School Doctor.

Donald A. Lent, Teacher and Athletic Coach in Maynard High School.

1919

Walter Courtney, Physical Director at Montclair, N. J. High School.

1921

Charles Lerer, Attorney at Law, Maynard.

1922

Loretta Mullin, Teacher of Music in the Public Schools of Waltham.

Florence Jackson, Mrs. Louis Peck.

1923

Edith McAuslin, employed in Maynard Mill office.

Catherine Murray, teacher at Main Street School, Maynard.

1924

Nuncio Columbo, student at Tufts Medical.

Louis Simminetti, studying medicine in Naples, Italy.

Matthew King, student at Suffolk Law.

1925

Norman Johnston, student at Wesleyan University.

Jennie Hekkela, employed by the

General Accident Insurance Company, Boston.

Arline Priest, teacher in Public Schools, White Plains, N. Y.

1926

Gertrude Yahn, Graduate Nurse of the Deaconess Hospital, Brookline.

Walter Tierney, Manual Training Instructor in Maynard Schools.

Florence Seder, graduated from Radcliffe College in class of 1930.

1927

Ruth Wilson, student at Bates College.

Gertrude Chandler, Graduate Nurse of Framingham Hospital.

Ruth French, employee in the Maynard Mills office.

1928

Leo Mullin, student at Fordham University.

Edward Fearn, student at Tufts College.

Edmund Duggan, employed by the Atlas Stores of Boston.

1929

James King, student at Bentley's School of Accounting.

Ruth Bradley, student at Regis College.

Laura Grondahl, recently entered Boston University.

Jane Boicourt, a Sophomore at Boston University and vice-president of Coöp Dormitory.

1930

Wilho Frigard, student at M. A. C. Alexander Kulevich, student at Northeastern University.

Harold Wilcox, student at Tufts College.

Leo Aho, employed at the Cellulose Mills.

"Dot" Allen will enter Massachu-

setts General Hospital Training School in February.

Olga Anderson enrolled as a student at Bridgewater Normal.

Katherine Bariteau, attending Bridgewater Normal.

John Bellows, student at M. A. C.

Alice Fearn, student at B. U.

John Horan has entered St. John's Prep at Danvers.

Louise Johnston, employed by Jordan Marsh Co.

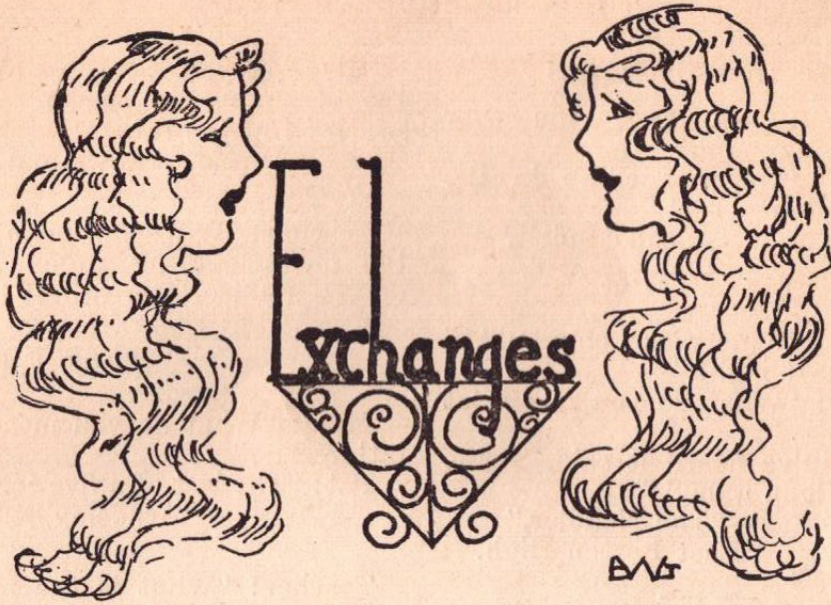
Joseph Kochnowicz, a student at Wentworth Institute.

Harold Lerer, attending Bates College.

Avron Seder, enrolled at Dean Academy.

Wieno Sneek, in training at Mass. General Hospital.





“The Raquet,” Portland High School.

“By Joe!” We hope your athletic field was a success. An exchange department would help to improve. Come again—we’ll be glad to see you.

“Brown and Gold,” Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Massachusetts.

School spirit is shown splendidly throughout your entire magazine. We want to hear from you often. Will you come?

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

An excellent magazine for such a tiny one. We enjoyed your poems immensely. Your “Laughs” surely made us laugh.

“The Parrot,” Rockland High School, Rockland, Massachusetts.

Your literary and “Bit O’ Fun” departments were very good. We hope that General Shepard has learned not to whistle while he studies.

“The Academy Student,” St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

A great magazine! Your exchange department was especially good (and long). Keep on coming! You’ll always find our latch string out.

“The Golden Rod,” Quincy High, Quincy, Mass.

Your athletic department was excellently developed. All your departments were splendidly arranged. Come again!

“The Noddler,” East Boston High.

Your “poet’s corner” was especially interesting and your cuts were excellent. Wouldn’t an exchange department be an improvement?

The “Screech Owl” wishes to acknowledge the following:

“The Voice,” Concord High, Concord, Mass.

“B.H.S. News,” Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

“The Index,” South High School, Worcester, Mass.

“The Hebronite,” Hebron, Nebraska.

Jokes from Exchanges

Man: "Barber, have you ever shaved a crazy man?"

Barber: "No, but climb in the chair. I'll do my best."

—School Spirit,
Worcester, Mass.

Teacher: "When was Rome built?"

Stude: "At night."

Teacher: "What do you mean, 'at night'?"

Stude: "I've heard it said, 'Rome wasn't built in a day'."

—"The Noddler,"
East Boston High.

Dot B. eats a cake of yeast each night, so that she can rise early for school next morning.

—"Brown and Gold,"
Haverhill, Mass.

"I've got you in my grip!" hissed the villain as he placed the toothbrush in his suitcase.

—"Brown and Gold."

Teacher: "Will someone in the class tell me something which makes a dentist's office interesting?"

Freshman: "The office girl."

—"Academy Student."

Mike: "What do you mean by the bitter end?"

Pat: "The last of a five cent cigar."

—"Academy Student."

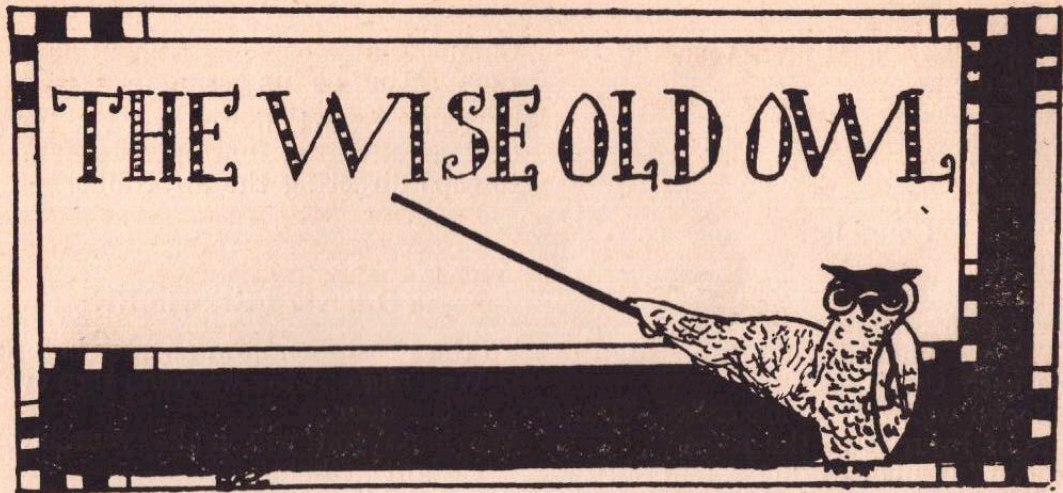
Teacher: "What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?"

Student: "Blondes."

—"The Index."

V. Collins, '32.





The "WISE OLD OWL" would like to know:

1. If three "letter men" of the football team are really taking a Correspondence Course in public speaking.
2. If the "big five" will be replaced this year.
3. When Alumni Field is going to be watered.
4. Who the Senior with the mysterious voice is.
5. Where Anne Bellows acquired the name of "Squint".
6. If "Tut" is really back to get a diploma.
7. Who taught Tony Smolsky to dance.
8. If the movies are a thing of the past in M. H. S.
9. If the "class adviser problem" is thoroughly settled.
10. If any new "pet names" have been added to the faculty this year.
11. What the benefits of certain "conscience questions" are.
12. What became of the two footballs missing from Middlesex.
13. When and where the first bonfire of the season will be held (Concord or Maynard).
14. If "Phil" Wilson gets a "kick" out of an argument.
15. If "Snubby" Constanza can play football without a football.
16. How the Senior class will ever pull through without the old standby, John Horan.
17. If Mary Sawyer is really and truly on a diet of ice.
18. If the bank in the Commercial Room contains a safe.
19. What happened to all the "budding romances" in the school.
20. If Swat, Sulo and Donat get more enjoyment at field hockey practice than at football.
21. If Barbara Stockbridge's life work will be writing epitaphs.

At the Curb

Viewing the busy thoroughfare,
I always breathe this little prayer:
Now I'm set to cross the street,
I pray the gods to make me fleet,
For if I do not swiftly go it,
I may be dead before I know it.

The only difference between an automatic traffic signal and a M. H. S. girl's mind is that the traffic signal gives a five-second warning before it changes.

The "WISE OLD OWL" while looking forth into the future sees:

The team of Swett and Schnair lecturing to a group of children on "The Serious Side of Life."

Captain Sulo Hintsa teaching as-
thetic dancing.

Mary Hanna demonstrating the
way to keep that girlish figure.

"Red" Lanigan taking the place of
"Red" Grange.

"Kate" Coughlan taking care of
"Hosses."

The Senior class of Maynard High
having no disputes.

"Ray" Paul trying to sell the
"Screech Owl."

Socko writing a book called, "Dan-
gers of Injuries to the Knee."

"Net" Gruber taking a trip abroad
with Miss Lovely in order to train
her voice.

"Phil" Wilson specializing in street
cleaning.

Victor Pileeki in charge of the

Commercial Room with Maxine De
Lory acting as his assistant.

"Jake" Swartz flying over the town
of Maynard distributing soft drinks
to cops directing the air traffic.

TO THE FRESHMEN

To the Freshmen now, as ever before,
We hang out the welcome sign over
the door.

We hope you will make yourselves
right at home,

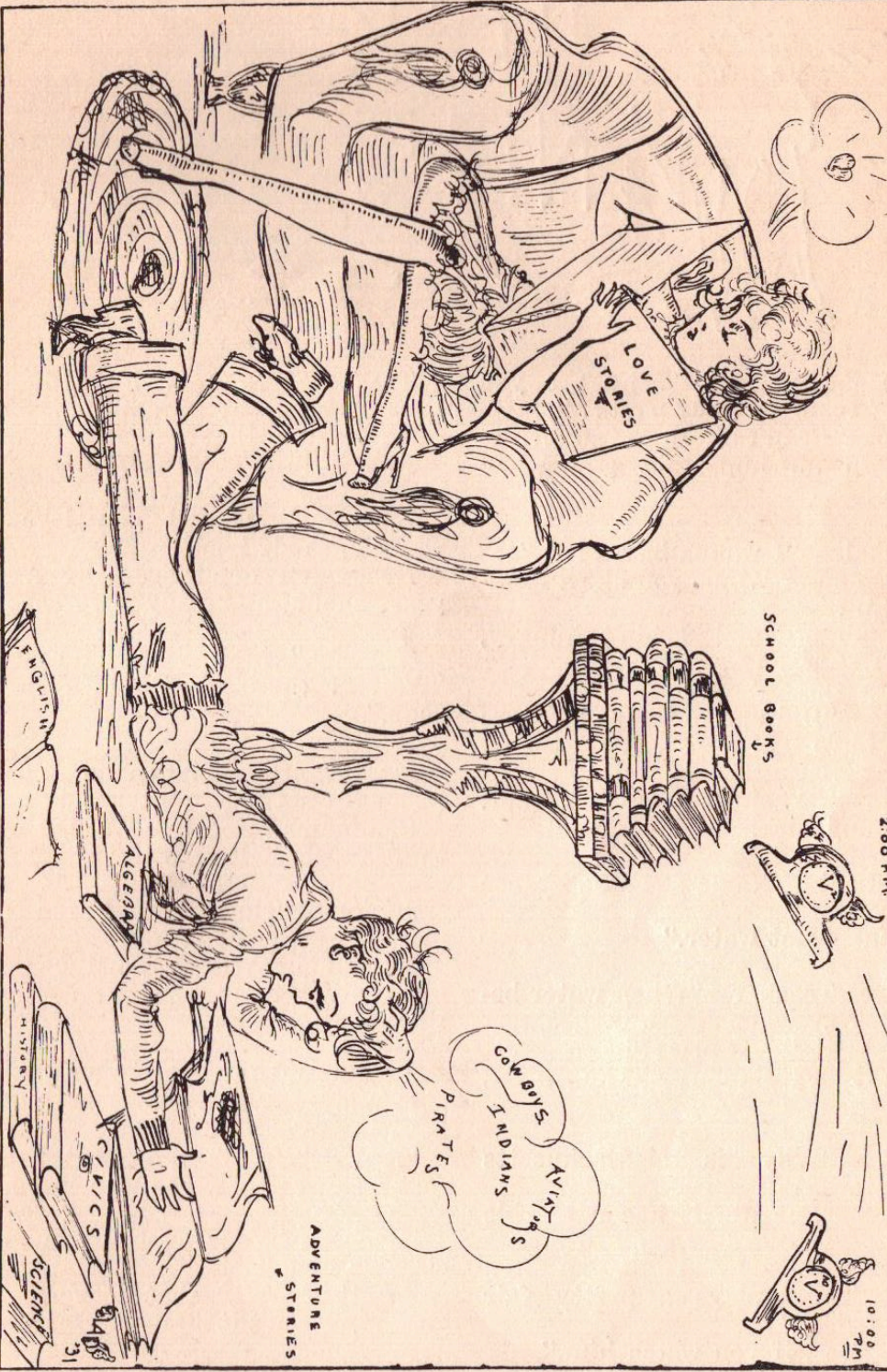
But don't get familiar, or you'll be
shown,

That you'll take off your hat
Or get hit with a bat,

By a Senior, on top of your dome.



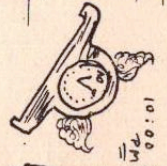
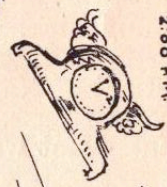
snaps out of it 'FRESHIES' - Do your school work **NOW!**



SCHOOL BOOKS

2:00 PM.

BED TIME
10:00 PM.



ADVENTURE STORIES
PIRATES
INDIANS
ADVENTURES

ADVENTURE STORIES

ENGLISH

ALGEBRA

HISTORY

CLASSICS

SCIENCE

31



Sulo—at Hudson—"Why are you putting rosin on your pants?"

Soko—"I can't afford to fall off the bench in an important game like this!"

Hankala—"I wanna buy a hat."

Salesman—"Would you like a Homberg, Sir?"

Hankala—"Naw! I ain't hungry, I just wanna buy a hat."

Spike—"Did any of your ancestors ever have any serious throat trouble?"

Squint—"Yeah! my grandfather. They hung him!"

Mr. Lent—"Name some substance that won't freeze."

Frosh—"Hot water."

Science Teacher—"When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?"

Bright Freshman—"The price, sir."

Chidy—"Why is Massachusetts like a statue?"

Netty—"Because it has a marble head."

Don—"Jake plays a pretty fair game of golf."

Al—"Yes, if you watch him."

P., '32—"May I kiss you?"

June—"Heavens!! another amateur!"

Teacher—"Now we'll study the tenses. If I say 'I am handsome,' what tense is that?"

Freshman—"Pretense."

L.—"Darling, will you love me when I'm old?"

Nocky—"I don't see why a few years should make any difference."

"Speedy," in a restaurant—"Waiter! there's an Austin in my soup."

Mr. Kennedy—"When I was a boy I thought nothing of a ten mile hike."

Commercial Senior—"Well, I don't think much of it myself."

Junior—"Have you seen the mounted police of Chicago?"

Freshman—"Gosh! do the gangsters stuff them as well as shoot them?"

"Red" Paul (applying for a job).

Employer—"Are you fast my boy?"

"Red"—"You betcha boots, I'm so fast I can catch water in a sieve."

Teacher—"Your explanation is as clear as mud."

Spratt—"Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Boo Boo—"I wanna new pair of pants."

Salesman—"What size pockets?"

Boo Boo—"Quart."

Buyer—"Are you the floor walker of this store?"

Clerk—"No, I'm the adjuster."

Buyer—"Well, I got a dress here yesterday and it doesn't fit."

Cucumber Recipe

After peeling the cucumbers slice them as thin as possible, sprinkle liberally with salt and place them in a soup plate. Next invert another soup plate over them and shake vigorously to mix salt thoroughly with the cucumbers. Now pour some vinegar over them, add pepper to taste—then throw them in the ash can.

Slowboy—"Do you remember the boy who used to pull your pigtails at school?"

Fastgirl—"Oh, is that who you are?"

S. B.—"No, that was my father."

Edith (at M.'s soda fountain)—"Are you a doctor?"

Joe—"No, Miss, I'm a fizzician."

In a courtroom, the other day, Judge White was reproving a colored man for deserting his wife, and dwelt at great length on the injustice he was doing. "Wife desertion is something, Rastus, that I must deal with very severely, I'm afraid, and I feel very strongly on this subject."

"But, Judge, you don't know that woman. I ain't no deserter; I'se a refugee."

Anne B.—"A little birdie told me what kind of a lawyer your father is."

"Phil" W.—"What did the bird say?"

Anne B.—"Cheep, cheep."

Phil W.—"Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your father is."

He—"I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone."

She—"You missed it before it went."

Catherine C.—"Have you read 'Freckles'?"

Julia L.—"No, just plain ones."

Miss Cassone—"What is Boston noted for?"

Swett—"Boots and shoes."

Miss C.—"And Chicago?"

Swett—"Shoots and booze."

Father—"Why were you kept at school?"

"Soko"—"I didn't know where the Azores were."

Father—"Well, in the future, remember where you put things."

"Papa, is this a camel's hair brush?"

"Yes, my child, that's a camel's hair brush."

"Golly, papa, it must take him a terrible long time to brush himself."

A woman in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next-door neighbor:

"We're going to live in a better neighborhood soon," she said.

"So are we," volunteered Mrs. Next-door, confidently.

"What, are you moving, too?"

"No, we are staying here."

Fresh. Boy—"To be a caddy you have to know all the names of the clubs."

Soph. Girl—"Oh I know them."

Fresh. Boy—"Name one of them."

Soph. Girl—"The Maynard Country Club."

Lady—"I heard that you had wonderful pens. May I please see one?"

Clerk (Duggan)—"Say, Lady; if you think the pens are good, you ought to see the pigs."

Policeman (accosting R. Dawson in a drug store)—"Your car awaits without."

Dawson—"Without what?"

Policeman—"Without lights. Here's your ticket."

"What is your brother in college?"
 "A half-back."
 "I mean in his studies."
 "Oh, in studies, he's away back."

Father—"Every time you flunk a course, I get another gray hair."
 "Nicky" M.—"Well, you must have been a corker. Look at Grandpa."

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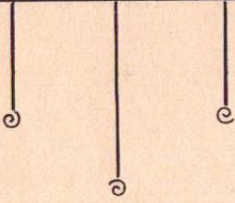
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The Live Store

"If it's Right it's Here"
"If it's Here it's Right"

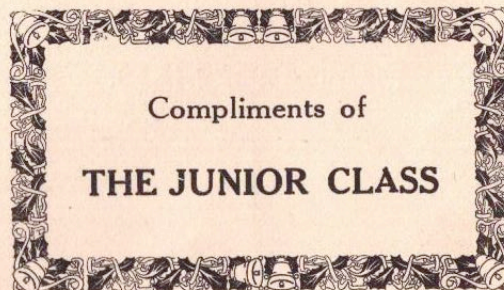
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