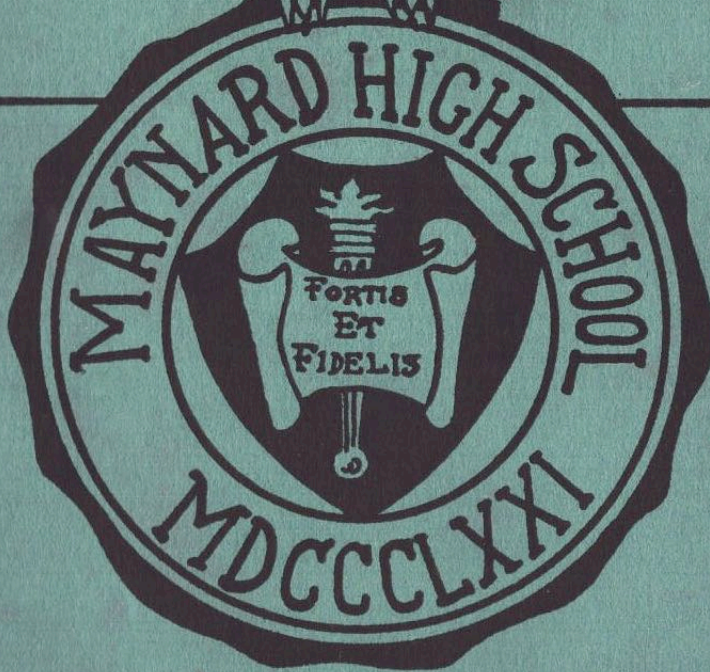


SCIPPS

THE

OWL



Freshman Number



Soda and Luncheonette Service

At Our New Modern Store



UNITED CO-OP. SOCIETY

**MURPHY
AND
SNYDER**

Printers of "The Screech Owl"

FIFTY-FIVE MAIN STREET
TELEPHONE 473-3
MAYNARD, MASSACHUSETTS



Please mention "THE SCREECH OWL" when patronizing these advertisers

Portraits
Oils
Pastels

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED:—

to render the highest quality service
on individual portraiture, and
photography for School and College
annuals.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER for the CLASS of "1936"

Sargent

Studio

154 Boylston Street
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Please mention "THE SCREECH OWL" when patronizing these advertisers

**CHIN LEE
LAUNDRY**

MAIN STREET MAYNARD

Compliments of

Dr. E. J. Flaherty

Compliments of

**CROWE'S
BARBER SHOP
AND
BEAUTY SALON**

The Place to Have Your Work Done

*Specializing in
All Kinds of Beauty Culture*

"IT PAYS TO LOOK WELL"

Phone 70 7 Nason Street



L. ROY HAWES

Florist

20 Nason Street Maynard

There's a personal touch to our service

Compliments of

White's Diner
(formerly Hoffman's Diner)

P. T. WHITE, PROP.

50 Nason Street Tel. 8260

RAINVILLE'S

Maynard's Finest
MEN'S SHOP

Maynard, Mass.

Compliments of

**FIRST NATIONAL
CO-OPERATIVE
ASSOCIATION**

40 Main Street
MAYNARD, MASS.

Compliments of

Segal's

BELL HOSIERY SHOP

95 Main Street

Maynard

Compliments of

**MAYNARD
LUMBER & SUPPLY
COMPANY**

86 Nason Street Maynard, Mass.

Telephone: Maynard 202

JOSEPH H. SCHNAIR

Music for All Occasions

TELEPHONE 95

19 Brooks Street

Maynard, Mass.

J. J. NEWBERRY CO.

5c - 10c - 25c - \$1.00

STORE

Compliments of

DR. F. A. MAY

Boston Tailor

CLEANSER AND DYER

We Carry a Line of Men's Wear

H. Kaplan, Prop.

Telephone 415-2

38 MAIN STREET MAYNARD

MacPherson's Hardware

Sporting Goods, Radios, Cutlery
Electrical Appliances, Toys, Paints
and Varnishes

RADIO REPAIR

Everything in Hardware

NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE

Telephone 365

Maynard, Mass.

BURN

The Wonder Fuel

NEW ENGLAND COKE

More Heat—Less Ash

ORDER NOW

MAYNARD COAL CO.

Telephone 147-3

125 Main Street

Maynard, Mass.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



College of Liberal Arts

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

College of Business Administration

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in *ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE*, or *BUSINESS MANAGEMENT*. Modern methods of instruction, including lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, professional talks by business executives, and motion pictures of manufacturing processes, are used.

College of Engineering

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of *CIVIL, MECHANICAL (WITH DIESEL, AERONAUTICAL and AIR CONDITIONING OPTIONS), ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING*, and *ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION*. General engineering courses are pursued during the freshman year; thus the student need not make a final decision as to the branch of engineering in which he wishes to specialize until the beginning of the sophomore year.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan, which is available to upperclassmen in all courses, provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Under this plan the student is able to earn a portion of his school expenses as well as to make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts

Bachelor of Science

For catalog or further information write to:

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE SCREECH OWL

PUBLISHED BY THE PUPILS OF MAYNARD HIGH SCHOOL

Maynard, Massachusetts, November, 1936



SCREECH OWL STAFF

Editor	William Palmer, '37
Assistant Editor	Charlotte King, '37
Business Manager	Gerald Spratt, '37
Assistant Business Managers	{ Daniel O'Leary, '39 Daniel Sullivan, '38
Alumni	Rita Foley, '38
Art	Laura Salminen, '37
Activities	Aili Kajander, '37
Exchanges	Irja Nelson, '37
Jokes	{ Karin Saarinen, '38 George Creighton, '39
Athletics	{ Edward Flaherty, '38 Catherine Hoffman, '37
Circulation	{ Albert Bachrach, '38 William Murphy, '38 John May, '38
Literary	
Katherine Sheridan, '38	Virginia Bourke, '37
Robert Veitch, '39	Joseph Boothroyd, '38
Sylvia Glickman, '38	John MacPherson, '40
Secretaries	
Helmi Tikkanen, '37	Anna Higgins, '37
Irma Osmo, '37	Mary Gallagher, '37
Dorothy Simila, '37	
Faculty Adviser	Vena B. Field

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials	Page 7
Literary	9
"Bits of Rhythm"	22
Puzzle Page	23
Cartoon	24
Athletics	25
Exchanges	28
Alumni Notes	29
"On The Spot" (Activities)	31
"Wise Old Owl"	33
Keyhole Column	34
Jokes	35

PRICE PER COPY, 25 CENTS

Address to Freshmen

To you, the Freshmen, the Senior Class now drinks a toast. May you carry on as valiantly and successfully the standards and traditions of the school which those before you have maintained!

Seize the opportunities for learning which your school has to offer until, like us, the extent of your knowledge shall know no bounds.

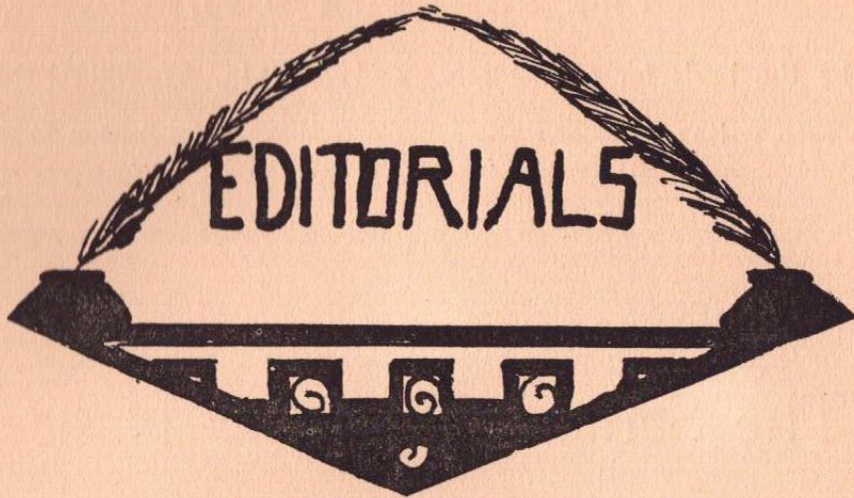
Follow closely in the path of your predecessors, participating in all activities, socials, and entertainments. Endeavor to cultivate your interests in school dramatics. Let your efforts be noticed and you will be rewarded with a place in the casts, for who knows—there may be among you some future Katherine Cornells and John Barrymores.

The time has come wherein you should now enter *honorably* upon Alumni Field. By *honorably* I mean with an Athletic Association card extended in your hand, so that all may observe and say, "There passes one with the right school spirit." No longer must you slip in under a fence, sneak past the ticket collector, and view a spectacular game from a grandstand seat, without having contributed towards the supplies and equipment which the team needs.

Attend all social functions and become a part of our world of fun, for remember, when, in 1940, you have passed into your last year of high school, you must be ready to assume the dignities and responsibilities of Seniors.

Carefully adhere to these suggestions, and Sophomores, Juniors, and even we, the Seniors, shall be proud to call you school-mates.

—Virginia Bourke, '37.



THE SCREECH OWL JOINS THE SCHOLASTIC

This year, for the first time, readers of the *Screech Owl* will notice on the page bearing the names of staff members a stamp which announces our membership in the National Scholastic Press Association. This organization is made up of progressive high school and college magazines and newspapers throughout the country. By joining the Scholastic Press, we hope to receive the benefit of its suggestions for the improvement of our publication and to make the *Screech Owl* more truly representative of Maynard High School.

—The Staff

A CHANGE OF TIME

This year a new time has been inaugurated for the beginning and ending of school. Sessions now start at eight-fifteen and close at one-fifteen. The main reason for this is to decrease the number of students on the tardy list. Still it seems that the few who were continually arriving late last year are the ones who are guilty of it this year.

In speaking with students I have found that this new time is unpopular among many of them. Some seem to reason that if they must arise in time for quarter after eight they might as well get up in time for eight o'clock classes. Then again, they don't like the

fifteen minute setback in getting out of school. For those who live a good distance from school and who have chores to do, this doesn't leave much time to enjoy the afternoons. Students who participate in sports find it difficult to arrive on time for practice.

Of course this is an experiment and must be given a fair trial. Pupils should cooperate and try to arrive on time, for promptness in school is a training for later years. It appears no matter what time school starts a certain few will always be late.

Therefore I believe a return to the former time of starting and ending school would be more popular with a majority of students.

—W. Palmer, Editor.

PLEASE COME ACROSS, STUDENTS!

Have you a story that you think is worthy and suitable for publication? If so, send it in to the *Screech Owl* Staff and we will give it a careful and unbiased reading.

There are many beginners who feel the urge to cultivate their literary ability, and the *Screech Owl* is a splendid means of publishing the work, if it is good. Remember, a short story, no matter how brief and simple its phrasing, can be really interesting and entertaining. This does not mean that the plot must be fantastic or melodramatic. A story taken from everyday

life can be the basis for almost any yarn.

At any rate, write a story or a poem,

and send it in. We will see that it has a fair chance.

—Katherine Sheridan, '38.

The Screech Owl recommends....

The Senior Christmas Dance



For Good Music • Good Company • A Good Time



GEORGE WASHINGTON AUDITORIUM

Wednesday Evening, December 23rd, 1936

SNOWFLAKES

Slowly from Heaven they flutter down
Cov'ring the streets and lanes of our
town
Wrapping them up in a blanket so
white
From the lowest glen to the tallest
height.

Quickly the sleds and the skis appear.
The children's hearts are filled with
cheer,
For well they know of the fun to be had
Enjoying their favorite winter fad.

But all too soon the snow is gone,
Tho' mem'ries of frolics linger on
To plague us when the mercury soars
And make us long for the great out-
of-doors.

—Daniel Sullivan, '38.

THE WISE MICE

Six little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.
"What are you at, my little men?"
"Making coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in and bite off your
threads?"
"No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll snip off
our heads."
"Oh, no, I'll not, I'll help you to spin."
"That may be so, but—you *don't*
come in!"

—Bennie Gudzinowicz, '40.



BRANDIN' TIME

A beautiful Texas moon was shining down on the plains. Countless stars, adding to the brilliance of the heavens, looked so near that you could almost pluck them. Soft strains of "Home on the Range", floating out over the prairie, reached a man leaning against the corral fence. It was an old graying cowboy who made that silhouette against the horizon. Old Jim, foreman of the Bar Z, was leaning against the corral fence; he was lost in the memory of his youth. Slowly, out of the darkness, a young man approached and leaned against the rail beside Old Jim. Neither spoke for some time. After what seemed an eternity, Billy Watson asked in a low voice, "What are you thinking of, Jim?"

Jim did not answer at once, but at length he replied,

"I was thinking of the old boys, Billy, Shorty, Ben, Little Jake, Wako, and Jed, the greatest bunch that ever stretched leather. It seems so long ago, so long; we were wild and carefree then. But it won't be long now; soon I'll be joining them again."

"You miss your old pals, Jim, don't you?"

"Yeah. See those saddles over there? See that third one from the left? That was Ben's. Good old Ben, he was my closest pal, Ben was. We got into many a scrape together. An Indian got Ben down in New Mexico. He was second of the gang to go.

"Shorty was the 'kid' of the bunch. We always plagued him about his girl, Rosita, a cute little Mexican, and played jokes on him. He had one weakness, Shorty did—gambling. It was in a saloon, his arm slowed up by Redeye, that a sharper got him first.

"See that saddle down the end there? The one with the silver trimmings? That was Jed's. He got it from a Mexican Generalissimo. That same saddle was the cause of Jed's going. The cinch broke during a cattle drive, and Jed's neck was broken by the fall."

"Ben, Jed, and you were Rangers together, weren't you?" Billy ventured when the old man threatened to remain silent. "I used to hear stories of your adventures when I was a kid and used to dream of being a Ranger like you were."

"Yep, we had many a close scrape, the three of us. I remember once we were fighting hand to hand with a roaming band of Black feet who were out stealing horses.

"When they saw there was only three of us, they attacked. Boy, it was some scrap. One of the Injuns, a big strapping fellow, threw a tomahawk at me, and then Ben just got the butt of his gun in front of my head in time to stop it. You can still see the mark it made on his gun. We finally had to run for it. Ben had an arrow through his leg, and I had several knife wounds. Jed didn't get scratched, and we kidded him for months afterwards, saying he must have hid in a gopher hole while the fighting was going on."

Silence, save for a few chuckles from Jim, and the melodious strains of a guitar, reaching them from the bunk house, followed this last speech of Jim's. Each man was lost in his own thoughts. Finally Billy asked, "What became of Little Jake and Wako?"

"Eh . . . what? . . . well," Jim replied, brought back to earth by the kid's question. "Little Jake got married and settled down in New Mexico. He died two years ago. Old age, I reckon."

"And Wako?" Billy asked, when Jim didn't go on.

"Wako? I don't know. His wife was killed by Redskins, and his little son kidnapped. Wako nearly went mad with grief. One night he set out to try to rescue the boy, and we never heard of him since. Poor Wako, he was like a father to us. He used to bawl us out when we got into scrapes but was always ready to get us out. Wako was first to go. He sneaked out alone. Didn't want the rest of us to be hurt. We tried to follow him, but although we searched for months, we found no trace of him. They're all gone now. All my old pards. They've all been corraled for good."

"Gee, you've had an interesting life, Jim. I wish I could have been with you."

"Yes, guess I've seen about everything."

Silence followed again, while Jim lit his pipe. Softly the voices of the cowboys' singing "The Last Roundup" came to them through the darkness.

"Yes," Jim said at length, "I guess brandin' time ain't far off for me either."

—William Higgins, '37.

FALL

At last they are here—the nipping, cold days of fall! The days that in the minds of many people are those best fit for pleasure and enjoyment. The soft breezes of summer have passed out of existence, leaving behind them the colder winds that will in a few months cover the landscape with a coating of white ermine. But what stands out in nearly everyone's mind? Why do people look with eagerness toward the colder days of October and November? Football is the answer—the thoughts of our buddies running, twisting, dodging on a mud or wind-swept gridiron in an effort to set their team on a pedestal higher than that of any other team. The thoughts of twisting the dial of your radio and hearing an announcer tell you that you are about to get a play-by-play description of the Yale-Harvard, or Army-Navy game also sets your spine tingling.

When the word fall is mentioned in the summer months, a boy or girl scorns it with one thought in his mind—school. To students in general, school is just a humdrum place where nothing good takes place. To many it is a place to abhor with the idea that it was originated to keep boys and girls shut away for a few months. To others it is only a place to go to keep warm in the winter. All these ideas fade after September, when things are settled, and every thing's going fine. So I think we should say good-bye to the fading days of summer and look forward with a cheery smile to the months to come. For fall is king of them all, his reign undisputed and unchallenged by any other season of our year. Let's take off our hats to the best man that ever lived and give three cheers to King Fall, who undoubtedly gives us his best for three months of every year, the man who each year is greeted with a lusty roar every time he steps up to lead the parade!

—James Sullivan, '37.

"SORRY, MADAM— THANK YOU, MADAM"

As my train slowed down in Victoria Station, on my way to London, I began preparing in the recognized fashion for a fight with the railway porters. It is a fight that can be waged in two ways. Either you precipitate yourself bodily upon the porter and drag him into your compartment to compel him to remove your baggage, or you hit him full on the chest to prevent his shoving you out of his path. The struggle is as inescapable as hunger, sleep, or death—in Paris.

What happened in London, however, was that a porter came up to me mildly and asked me if I had any luggage. Mildly he drew it from the stack in the corridor; inquired attentively after my destination; led me—not left me dashing behind him as best I could—through the dense crowd to a taxi; installed me in it with solicitude, and kindly wished me good-bye. When I handed him a tip, which I was told was normal, he did not scowl at the coin; he did not loom over me menacingly; he did not bark

expostulations; he thanked me and went away. "Dear me, what a very strange man!" I murmured, when I had collected myself.

Stranger and stranger grew the people I had to deal with. The taxicab driver, when he stopped at my hotel, descended and opened the door of the car. When I paid him and left a few pence in his hand he thanked me. When I bought a newspaper the seller, said, "Thank you, lady." In the hotel lounge I ordered tea. "Thank you, Madam," said my waiter as he went off to serve me. "Thank you very much," he insisted, after I had paid my bill. At the reception desk the clerk thanked me when I booked a room; the chambermaid thanked me when I asked for a bath; the telephone operator thanked me when I asked for a number. "What is the matter with everybody?" I thought, dazed.

Outside I barged into a woman hung about with parcels. They fell in a shower upon the ground. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she exclaimed, without derision, as she stopped to pick up all that I had dispersed. This time I was shocked into lucidity. My brain cleared. "The matter with these people," I said loudly—"yes, the real matter with them is that they are *polite!*"

I can never get over the courtesy of the English. I, myself am changing. I used to be an aggressive girl, almost as restful as a porcupine. Now I hear myself repeating, automatically, from morning to night: "Sorry, thank you, sorry, thank you, thank you."

—Arlene Huff, '40.

THE EXAMINATION

(A story in three parts)

Part I—Two Good Friends

"Joe, I'm afraid!"

It was Myra Sone who uttered these words. There was a strange light in her flashing eyes, and her white face, in contrast with her black hair, seemed even paler.

"Afraid? Myra Sone afraid! Well, that is something!"

It was like Joe to be sarcastic. You knew at a glance the kind of fellow he was. His freckled face, red hair, and Irish smile told you.

"Do be serious," begged Myra. "What if you don't pass the examination? Do you realize what that would mean?"

"That's my worry," said Joe. "Come on! After swallowing all that Latin, French, and math, I need something digestible. Let's get home. I'm starving."

Very little was said the remainder of the way, and as usual they parted at the little white gate leading to Myra's home.

While Joe went whistling along the road leading to his house, Myra slowly walked up the path. Why couldn't Joe be serious? She was frightened. She and Joe had been friends ever since she could remember. They had completed grammar school together, they had made their entrance into social life together, and now they would graduate from high school together, if only Joe—Joe *had* to pass the examination. It made no difference how. He must pass—must pass!

These thoughts turned over and over in Myra's head. The examination was tomorrow—too late to teach Joe everything. If she only had the questions! How simple it would be if she only had the questions! Teachers always had extra papers, in case they should mislay one—mislay one.

Oh but why were these thoughts even entering her head? She must drive them away! Joe was going to pass any way. Wasn't he confident? He didn't act as though he thought there was the least chance of his flunking.

She would see Joe in a little while. Together, they would review algebra. But there were so many different types of problems that Joe would never retain the knowledge. If she only knew the specific types that would be asked!

While Myra was thus musing, Joe had finally reached his home. He rushed up the stairs, threw open the door, quickly closed it, and breathed a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Moley looked up from her cooking and called out, "Is that you, Joe?"

"Yeh."

"What took you so long. You are rather late, son."

"I returned to the school to get a book I had forgotten. Examination tomorrow, and I need it for studying."

"This is the first time *you* ever went back after a book! But sit down and eat."

Joe sat down, but for a hungry lad he ate but little. His thoughts had taken away his appetite. Tomorrow was the day of the great examination. He was going to pass! Myra would show how to do the examples—not all—just the one she designated.

The morrow dawned, and the day of the great algebra test appeared on the horizon. The day was warm and sunny, but there was a tragic note in the song of the robin. To some students, this examination meant the difference between an A and a B, but to Joe Moley it meant a diploma.

They walked to school together—Joe and Myra. Both were extremely nervous, and both appeared to have had no sleep.

"I am going to pass," whispered Joe.

"I hope so," replied Myra.

The bell rang, and thirty-two students paraded into the classroom and quietly took their seats. The teacher was already there, but he had a strange, tense look on his face. As soon as all had settled down, he took his stand in the front of the room and addressed the class in a very serious tone:

"Today we were supposed to have a final examination—one that would determine your marks. However, you may as well lay aside your pencils. Such a test will not take place now. One examination paper is missing. Perhaps I have mislaid it. I think not. Therefore, there is only one other possible solution. If anyone has taken that paper, he has committed a grave offense. Oh, rather flunk a thousand examinations than be one time dishonest! If anyone has taken the paper and comes forward now and confesses, I shall give him another chance. But if I

discover that one has taken the paper, and he does not confess, he will be expelled. Now, has anyone in the room taken the paper?"

There was no answer. Myra looked at Joe, and Joe looked at Myra. Both were trembling, but neither moved from his seat.

S. Glickman, '38.

(to be continued)

PETUNIAS

Jim Hanely sat on the back steps, chin in hand, feeling very blue. He just had to have that car and he couldn't see why his mother had objected to giving him an advance on his allowance, so that he could buy it. Of course, it was rather loud in color, being a bright red, and it had no top, but then it would get him where he wanted to go and that was all that he cared about. Another reason why he just *had* to buy that car was because he had paid Sam, the second-hand car dealer, twenty dollars to hold it for him, and Sam wouldn't give him his money back.

At four-thirty that afternoon Charlie, Jim's best pal, came over, and he too looked worried.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Jim.

"Oh, gosh, Jim," Charlie groaned in answer, "I gotta go to Canada with my folks, and if I do I'm gonna lose my job at the florists'."

"Gee, that's too bad," said Jim. He was silent for a minute and then—

"Sa-ay-look—your boss is going away too—saw it in the paper,—and if I took your place, who'd be the wiser? The kids over there wouldn't tell, either. Of course I'd get your pay, but then when you come back you'll have your job. Boy, oh boy, could I use that money!"

Charlie readily agreed to the plan and stayed until five-thirty talking it over.

Jim made the station that night just in time to see Charlie's train leaving and Charlie leaning out of the window shouting at him. He didn't know what it was, but anyway it couldn't have been very important. Nothing was,

now that he had a job and could get his car.

The following Monday he reported for work. Mr. Taylor, the man in charge, had known Jim nearly all his life. After listening with patience to his explanations, he said,

"But Charlie, you won't want it when I tell you—"

That was as far as he got when Jim interrupted, saying,

"Yes, yes, Mr. Taylor. I know all about it. Charlie told me, and it will be for one week. Please let me work."

"O. K.," said Mr. Taylor. "Start by helping Fred transplant those petunias, and then water that section over there." He pointed to his right. "Then dig up that place out back. But I still can't see why—" But Charlie wasn't listening.

All week long Jim worked hard and missed swimming and his beloved tennis but was happy in the thought of getting his new car.

Saturday finally came, and Jim went to get his pay of three dollars and fifty cents, only to find that Charlie had been *fired* the day before he left for Canada and that he, Jim Hanely, had worked all week in a greenhouse—of all places—for nothing. Then came another stunning thought,—why, now he wouldn't be able to get his car.

Walking home that night Jim met his father.

"Why so blue, son?" was his father's question. At that Jim burst out with the whole story and ended up by saying,

"—and gosh, dad, I just *gotta* have that car."

His father didn't laugh as Jim showed him his blistering hands, but appeared to think the situation over seriously. At last he said,

"Well son, you let me talk this over with your mother, and I think she'll let you have your car."

"Gosh, thanks dad," was all Jim managed to say.

At supper that night Jim's mother said that he might buy the car providing—providing he would paint it black, always park it at the back of the house, and—*take care of her garden;*

and about the garden—he might start next Monday digging up a plot of land by the back fence and transplant some petunias she had.

Jim groaned at the last but only said, "I'll do anything you say, ma."

As he hurried down the walk, his mother barely heard his mutter, "But gosh, how I hate the sight of petunias!"

—Irene Morrill, '39.

TASTE OF HARD WORK

Last summer while on my vacation I secured a road-constructing job. I had had a strong debate with the "boss" as to whether I could stand up beside the other men. All these men had worked on this kind of job before. The "boss" hesitated a few minutes and then said I was hired.

To my joy I picked up a shovel and pick and went to work digging a water main for the pipe which was to be laid six feet below the surface. I began working at a fast pace, and the first ten minutes it was easy. Without much difficulty I dug down about three feet, and then I began to grow exhausted. My arms ached, then my back, but I kept going, showing no strain. I did this because the older men would make fun of me, and say that I "could not take it." Soon I felt sharp pains in my fingers, and the palms of my hands were burning. I let go of the shovel and looked at my palms, and to my surprise I found five big blisters on each hand. I was beginning to get so tired I thought I would have to give up.

Just then the water boy came along with a fresh bucket of cold water, which was a great relief. I suddenly regained my strength and again started a pace which was too fast. There was still an hour to go before lunch. Just as I was about to finish my project, the foreman called me. I thought he was going to give me time off, but to my surprise he ordered me to unload a large truck which contained heavy blocks of lead. He said that this truck would have to be unloaded in forty-five minutes. I looked at the foreman for a long time to see if he

meant what he said. After he yelled a few hard words at me, I found out he really did mean it. I began unloading the blocks, and after I had lifted about twenty, I thought I would never live through it. Soon the foreman came back and asked me how many blocks were left. I said, "One." He said there were two minutes left, just about time to get the last block. I picked it up with much difficulty, and just as I was half way to the pile, the foreman again came over in front of me and started telling me how slow I was. Just then the whistle blew, I dropped the block and ran for my lunch box. Soon I heard a groan, "You're fired." I turned around and saw I had dropped the block on the foreman's foot.

Now I know it pays to study while in school so that one can secure a better job than working on a road.

—Auno Koskinen, '37.

COLORS

Have you ever visited the woods in the fall and noticed the blaze of colors? The sky is usually very clear, and very blue, especially during the afternoon. If it is at all hazy, it is usually dotted with small white clouds that are very attractive.

The brilliance from the sky falls upon a scene equally as brilliant. First of all, there are the orchard lands, with their bright red apples. Next to these are the low sumach bushes, with gaudy leaves turned to yellow and scarlet, and dark red spikes of berries. Beyond these are the maples in all shades of orange and red. Higher and higher are the yellow leaves of the oak trees, slowly turning brown. On the ground we find October's colors—blue asters of many different hues; the armies of the golden rod in every field and glade. Indeed, the riot of color almost puts to shame the softer shades of the other seasons.

—Katharine Sheridan, '38.

THE TRUE STORY OF A REVOLUTIONARY CANDLESTICK

"That's right, stare at me! I realize I'm a museum relic now, but generations ago I was a necessary part of every household. Those days are past; you live for the present and the future, but, call me old fashioned if you like, I have seen more life than you will ever know. You don't believe me? Well, I'll tell you my history and then you may judge for yourselves.

Back in 1774, just one year before the great war for freedom, I came from England as the cherished birthday gift of a little girl of six. Carefully she would grasp me as the candle I held lighted her way to bed each night. How scrupulously she cleaned and polished me each Saturday morning! Oh, that was living—the never-changing routine of Colonial life.

Then came the war! How clearly I remember the beat of drums and wail of fifes. But although the courageous Minute Men won the day, some straggling red-coats managed to pilfer my quiet dwelling. I was ruthlessly picked up and carelessly carried away by a common soldier. He kept me until the war ended and then carried me back to my native England. Here I stayed for about fifty years and then I was sold as a relic of the war to a wealthy family who brought me to America again. They settled in a Colonial house in the South and here I saw much service. Birth, death, marriage—I was witness to them all.

Then came the Civil War. For days the Union soldiers surrounded our mansion and then we had to give in. The Northerners rummaged the house and again I was stolen. The soldier who took me sold me to an officer, who sent me to his wife in the North as a war souvenir. I stayed there a long, long while and then I was given to a small relative who admired my gleaming surface.

I saw no more service, for first gas and then electricity took my place, but I was always an admired ornament on the mantel.



Seated:—Helen Batulin, Gertrude Tobin, Aili Kajander, Evelyn Saari, Lyli Tervo.

Kneeling:—Irene Morrill, Marian Hull, Sophie Denisewicz, Jennie Sieliski, Eleanor Murphy, Anna Higgins, Helen Sofka, Dorothy Simila, Annie Raulanowicz, Anna Sinicki, Helen Paul.

Standing:—Anna Lyons, Janet Thompson, Dorothy Hansen, Helen Boothroyd, Doris Marsden, Katherine Punch, Rita Gallagher, Doris Lesage, Alice Byrne, Sylvia Mark, Norma Oates, Fannie Kulevich, Miss Bradley, Helen Punch.

It was the descendants of this little girl, now many years dead, who, realizing my value, generously gave me this inactive life in a museum case.

But I don't care—for I have seen LIFE."

—Beverly Green, '40.

ABNER'S WILL

"That is a strange will," said eighteen-year-old Ezra Stebbins as Lawyer Dodd finished reading the testament of the late Abner Stebbins. All the heirs were present. Old Abner Stebbins had been a bachelor and a hermit. It was said that he had fabulous wealth hidden in his old house on Pine Street in Dairyville, New Hampshire. A month ago he had died and now Elias Dodd, attorney-at-law, had summoned those mentioned in the will to come to his office.

The speaker was a tall, well built youth, a typical country boy. He had a freckled face and fiery red hair, and was dressed in a pair of faded overalls with an equally faded blue shirt. Upon graduating from the Dairyville High School he had gone to work in the General Store to support himself and his widowed mother, who also was present.

Mrs. Lucy Stebbins, Ezra's mother, was a middle-aged stocky woman. Her hair had once been red, too, but years and worries had turned it white. Five years ago her husband had died, leaving her a small sum which had supported her son until he had gone through high school.

Also present was Cy Stebbins, the owner of the Dairyville National Bank, who had the reputation of being the stingiest man in town. He was a skinny, lanky, bald headed old man, who always wore a pair of square steel rimmed glasses on the end of his pinched nose. He was always rubbing his bony hands together as though thinking of the money that passed through them. His daughter Mary, also present, was entirely different from him. She was a beautiful girl of twenty-four, plainly but effectively dressed.

Last but not least was Henry Stebbins, a distant relation of Abner Stebbins. He was a stout, middle-aged, good-looking business man, who had his offices on Wall Street in New York. Though he was a very rich man, he was modest about it. His pet hobby was giving to the poor and to organized charities. Many a time he had sent money to Ezra and his mother, but they never knew who sent it, for he did it anonymously.

"Yes," responded Henry Stebbins, "it certainly is a strange will."

"He was a little crazy," drawled Cy Stebbins. "He put only a bit of his money in my bank. He hoarded it instead."

"Yes, and you couldn't lend it to people at ten per cent interest either, could you?" said Ezra laughingly.

"Ezra!" said his mother warningly.

"Why," sputtered Cy, "You young upstart. I only ask nine per cent—I mean er, er, er, maybe eight per cent or seven per cent. Yes, that's it, six per cent."

"Yes, and if they couldn't pay it back, you took a mortgage on their place and finally sold the place,—to yourself. You old skinflint," taunted Ezra.

"Ezra," gasped his mother.

"Why, you, you!" exploded Cy, getting up.

"Sit down, please, father," whispered Mary pulling him down beside her. "Please, Ezra, for my sake, don't tease him."

"Awright," muttered Ezra, becoming embarrassed.

"Please read that will again, Mr. Dodd?" said Henry Stebbins, who was grinning behind his hand. He knew Cy to be a tight-fisted old banker, always grasping for money.

"Yes, I will," responded Elias Dodd who had hidden his laughter behind a feigned blowing of his nose.

'July 1, 1889

I Abner Stebbins, being of sound mind, declare that my money that is in the Dairyville National Bank be equally divided between the following people:

My brother, Cy Stebbins
 His daughter, Mary Stebbins
 My sister-in-law, Mrs. Lucy Stebbins

Her son, Ezra Stebbins
 My cousin, Henry Stebbins of New York

This sum amounts to \$25,000. I also have given in trust to Elias Dodd the sum of \$128,000. This will be given to the one of my heirs who brings to Elias Dodd a paper signed by me ordering him to do so. This paper is hidden in my home. All the heirs will go there and search together for an hour. If during this time no one finds the paper the above mentioned will each gets an equal portion of the money and the house will go to my sister-in-law, Lucy, and her son, Ezra. If one of the above mentioned finds the paper, that person will inherit my house and the money."

(signed) Abner Stebbins"

"That's foolish," said Cy.

"Oh, let's us go right up and search for this paper," suggested Mary.

"Yes, let's," said Ezra.

"All right," said the lawyer, "I will close my office and go with you. I will watch the time."

So off they set. In a short time they arrived at the house. It was a two story, rambling affair. Inside were a number of antiques. The mode of the furnishings screeched that it was a bachelor's home. The lawyer looked at his watch. "Begin the search," he cried.

Many times each thought that he had found the paper, but each time they were disappointed. They searched in vases, in closets, in books, under rugs, behind pictures, in desks, and everywhere imaginable.

"Five minutes more," said the lawyer looking at his watch.

"I got it!" screeched Cy, jumping up and down and knocking a picture from the wall.

"Picture up the picture—it may get broken," said Ezra, but Cy paid no attention.

"I own the house now," Cy gloated, "I can do what I want with it."

"Let me see the paper," said the lawyer.

"Here, look," gasped Cy.

The lawyer unfolded the paper and looked at it. "This isn't it," he said.

"What?" screeched Cy.

"No," answered the lawyer, "It is a promissory note that Abner got fifty years ago. Undoubtedly it never was paid."

"Who gave it to him?" queried Cy.

"George Andrews," said the lawyer.

"For how much?" asked Cy excitedly.

"For \$1500," answered the lawyer.

"Why?"

"So that is where George got the money to pay me fifty years ago. My brother gave it to him." moaned Cy.

All at once Lucy Stebbins gave a gasp and rushed forward.

"Here is the paper," she cried, "That picture that Cy knocked down fell apart. Behind the picture itself was this paper."

"Hurrah," shouted Ezra.

"Time's up," said the lawyer. "Let me see the paper, Lucy."

She handed it to him.

"Yes, this is it," said the lawyer. "It says,

'July 1, 1889

Pay the bearer \$128,000.

(signed) Abner Stebbins"

Well, I guess you own the house and the money, Lucy."

"Yes," answered Lucy, "I can hardly believe it."

"But it is so," said Henry.

"And I wouldn't pick up the picture," moaned Cy, as he tottered weakly to a chair.

—Joseph E. Boothroyd, '38.

WHAT CAN WE EXPECT IN THE FUTURE?

A few weeks ago a newspaper reporter circled the globe in the short time of eighteen days. He used only commercial and everyday means of travel, mostly airlines.

In September, 1522, the remainder of Magellan's proud fleet, one ship,

dropped anchor in Seville after spending three years on a journey around the same old world.

On December 17, 1903, Wilbur Wright tore through the air and traveled 852 feet in 59 seconds, while, at the Thompson air races last September, Lt. Michel Detroyat averaged about 264 miles an hour and did one lap of the race almost reaching the 300 mark. Indeed, a few years back, an Italian seaplane, the Macchi Castoldi, whizzed through the air at almost 450 m.p.h! Now, if within the last 33 years plane speeds have jumped from 10 or 15 m.p.h. to 200 m.p.h (that's the speed of the latest transports), what drastic changes are we going to see within the next twenty or thirty years?

Just compare the unfortunate plane passenger of ten yeazrs ago who sat in the open space between the wings holding onto the struts for dear life, to the modern passenger sound asleep in a berth larger than that in a Pullman car! Perhaps in future years we'll engage a stateroom on a trans-oceanic flying boat. At least that is what engineers "in the know" say.

The recent development of a 1,000 horse power engine has brought this day much nearer. Every precaution is exercised in the making of these new engines and the number of crashes due to engine failure now-a-days you will find to be few. It is said that a plane of the near future will have five or six of these engines to propel it. Already on the new army bombers there are four of them each of which is capable of lifting the plane. Think of it!! Four thousand truck horses pulling the huge machine through the air at the speed of 265 m.p.h. and carrying a payload of five tons of bombs.

Zeppelins entered the picture again this summer when the "Hindenburg" made twenty flights across the water without mishap. The success of the Germans and the failure of other powers in the use of airships has been laid to the fact that they use hydrogen, a gas with much greater lifting power than helium, the kind used in the ill-fated "Akron" and "Macon". With

hydrogen it is possible to construct a much heavier and stronger framework than with the other. The reason that the U. S. didn't use hydrogen was that it is highly inflammable, but smoking is allowed on the "Hidenburg"

With all these improvements being made so rapidly, short-sighted people still insist that aviation is not a success, but . . .

We shall see what we shall see!!

Robert Veitch, '39.

"LET THE SLAYER BE SLAIN"!

It was a dark autumn night. The old banker was pacing from corner to corner in his study, recalling to his mind a party he had given in the autumn fifteen years before. There were many clever people at the party and much interesting conversation. They talked among other things of capital punishment. The guests, among them not a few scholars and journalists, for the most part disapproved of capital punishment. They found it obsolete as a means of punishment, unfitted to a state, and immoral. Some of them thought that capital punishment should be replaced by life-imprisonment.

"I don't agree with you," said the host. "When a man kills, he must be killed. It is the only way to protect the citizens of the state. Life-imprisonment holds no fear. Let the slayer be slain!"

"Let the slayer be slain!" How easily these words had come from his mouth fifteen years ago. But now his lips trembled, and tears rolled down his wrinkled old face, as he recalled them.

Fifteen years had wrought a change in the banker's opinion. Fifteen years had made him realize the other side—the personal side.

Slowly he walked up to his desk and procured a portrait, much-worn through constant fingering. As he peered into two deep blue eyes, a sob escaped from his throat.

He replaced the picture and resumed his nervous pacing.

The events following that party a decade and a half ago danced before

his misty eyes. He perceived a second time his son graduating from high school, then college, with highest honors. He saw again the newspapers announcement of the engagement of John and Mary. He heard the gay chatterings of the wedding procession and the sonorous tone in which the priest pronounced them man and wife. He was again greeted at the door of the cottage, his gift, by the happy couple, who introduced him to John, Junior—his grandson.

In the middle of a cold December night last year, little John had fallen ill. His parents were frantic. They telephoned to the only doctor in the village, but he refused to come until morning. That night, while the doctor was sleeping peacefully in a warm room, little John died.

Sorrow and bitterness filled the heart of John Senior. His little son had meant so very much to him, and yet the doctor, who might have saved him, could not even be punished, unless—

Even now, outside his window, the banker could hear the shouts of the newspaper boys.

"Extra! Extra! John Roberts to be executed! 'Doctor Murderer' to face electric chair. Read all about it!"

Again the banker took the photograph from his desk and looked into the handsome face of a young man. It was no use. He dropped the picture on the floor, and the words spoken fifteen years ago came back to him with a cruel sting.

"Let the slayer be slain!" he sobbed.

—*Sylvia Glickman, '38.*

TO ANY MAN

Being a man, you undoubtedly object to window shopping, and I can see your point. It must be very exasperating to pause before each window while your companion feasts her eyes on its contents. If she is an old friend to whom you may speak your mind, you do your best to hurry her along; otherwise you suffer in silence—like a gentleman.

To a woman, a window full of clothes is something more than a window full of possible purchases. In her mind's eye

she forms ensembles, matches and contrasts colors, gathers accessories, and imagines herself at brilliant social gatherings where she may display her choices to advantage. She is, indeed, in her seventh heaven and at the same time unconsciously improving her taste. The next time you catch yourself impatiently nudging your companion, think of all these things and be understanding enough to give her a few extra minutes. She will appreciate it and inwardly thank you, even if she doesn't speak about it.

"Tidying up" is another feminine passion which is apt to prove annoying. While it is undoubtedly a good idea, it is possible to have too much of a good thing. The average man (so I'm told) likes to have things where he can find them at a moment's notice, and this is an impossibility in a household kept by a "picker up". She must have a place for everything, and everything must be in its place. While a state of disorder exists, she is really dreadfully unhappy; quite as much so as you are when you fruitlessly search for some carefully put away article.

I hope I have succeeded in explaining some of the annoying faults of my fellow females. We really aren't so bad when you get to know us.

—*Charlotte M. King, '37.*

VICTORY

At last the day came when Pete O'Sullivan was graduated from junior high and was ready to go into high school with lofty ambitions of being a football player. He had waited for this day from the very moment that he had been big enough to understand football. He wanted to thrill the people with his spectacular playing. Pete was tall and husky; in fact, he had all the qualities that make a successful athlete.

Then came the first year of training. Pete worked faithfully, for he wanted to reach his goal—the first team. Although he tried hard, he was only a substitute, but the future promised glory. Anyway, the coach had told

him that he was going far and to keep up the good work.

The big event came at last—the first league game. So excited was Pete that he could hardly wait for the afternoon to come. At last the battle was on, and soon, to Pete's surprise and delight, the coach put him in to play. Pete's heart thumped, but he said to himself, "Show those poeple what you can do. Remember your goal is the first team." He certainly showed the crowd. He was fast on his feet and knew how to slip nimbly in and out among his opponents. One of the spectators said, "That new boy, O'Sullivan, is sure fast on his feet". Others said, "He will go far; wait till next year".

Some of Pete's friends had heard these side-remarks—and rushed to tell him, for they were proud of him. Oh, how those comments thrilled him! Well, the people noticed him already. After this he would play even better. Again and again praise was heaped on him. Even the newspapers printed his picture.

But did this talk help Pete? Did it make him work harder? NO! He loved the acclaim and he ate it up. After every game he couldn't wait for the handshaking and cheers. Then he'd say to himself, "Why should I work myself to death? I've earned that place on the first team. I've done my share, so let the coach do his". You see, Pete loved himself by now. He saw himself 'way ahead of the others. Conceit, the destroyer of human beings, had taken its hold on him. Of course all his classmates bragged about him—especially the girls. He was handsome, and what girl doesn't like a football star? He was very much flattered by their attentions.

Inevitably Pete became known among his classmates as a "lady-killer". It wasn't all Pete's fault that girls were always around him and he was susceptible to flattery. He began to show off in front of them and would put on "airs". He tried to attract their attention and gradually his old friends drifted away.

The football season came to a close. Most of Pete's classmates left him alone more and more. Even the girls didn't hang around him so much. He noticed this and wondered what the trouble could be. Well, he'd show them that he didn't care. He could get any girl he pleased; so Pete was soon seen with a less desirable class in the school, the wasters and bluffs. One day he overheard some of his former friends talking about him. What he heard hurt him very much and he couldn't get the incident out of his mind.

"That guy O'Sullivan thinks he's the big 'it'," said Tom, Pete's pal.

"He thinks he's Robert Taylor and Red Grange combined", remarked Dick, "but do you remember what kind he was before he came to high school? He was quiet and almost bashful, the type that people can't help liking. But now he's just a conceited fool. I wish we could make him get onto himself."

Then Pete began to think. Was he really like that? How could he be? Then he put the matter out of his mind.

The second year of football came none too soon for Pete. He was more anxious to play than ever before.

In the first game he showed the crowds some of that spectacular playing that had brought him fame. Again he heard the comments about his playing, but this time they did not sink in.

Just before the second game started he remembered the time when he had heard "the gang" talking about him. As the cheers resounded, "Yea! Pete! Fight! Fight! Fight!" the words of his pals kept ringing in his ears. In the first quarter of the game he was in a daze. "He thinks he's the big 'it'." The conversation in the corridor haunted him. Once, twice he fumbled the ball, so that the coach soon took him out. The people wondered what the trouble was with him. The rest of the game he sat on the bench. Some of the crowd laughed. The coach felt sorry for the boy because everyone was turning on him.

One day as he was talking to the principal, the coach saw Pete strolling

toward the office. With a loud and clear voice he began, "Mr. Lamson, I've come to ask your opinion about a football player of mine, Pete O'Sullivan. I am disappointed in him. I expected that he would work and play better if I put him on the first team. But did he? No! Now he's so conceited and big-headed that he thinks he can just sit down and let the rest of the boys do the work. He has a future ahead of him if he will only play football and not try to be the idol of the people. He can't get anywhere if he is going to act the way he has been lately. The only thing I can do is to take him off the team. He's worthless to me and to the team."

All of Pete's hopes fell to pieces. Is he going to take me off the team? No one can do that to me. Rushing into the office he burst out with, "You *can't* take me off the team. Football means everything to me. I'd die if I was taken off the team. No one can make me give up football." The tears ran down his cheeks as his voice choked till he couldn't speak.

The coach placed two muscular hands on Pete's shoulders and shook him. "Buck up, old man," he said, "I won't take you off the team if you will show me some of that spunk you had before. Forget that you've been a big man around school, and be the fellow I knew who had such high ambitions. Show us all that you are worthy of your place on the team."

Pete wore a happy grin as he got back into his togs again.

On the day of the next game, as he was resting between halves with the other members of the team, a cheer from the waiting stands came faintly to the dressingroom.

"There's one for you, Clark Gable," joked Bill Hanley, the quarterback, as Pete listened to the "Yea! Pete! Fight! Fight! Fight!"

"Dry up, Bill," said Pete, "Nothing makes any impression on me but the noise of a football landing in my hands. Let's go!"

And with eyes shining and head thrown back, Pete led the eager rush back to the field—and victory.

—Sylvia Johnson, '39.

MY FIRST SCHOOL DAYS

In September of nineteen twenty-six I entered the first grade of the Bancroft Street School, now called the Calvin Coolidge School. I was dressed in a yellow and brown polka dot dress and wore high buttoned shoes. How proud I felt as I was led into the classroom!

After all registrations were completed, the mothers left the room, and our first lessons began. Naturally, these first lessons pertained to manners and classroom conduct. I remember very clearly that in an attempt to gain the teacher's admiration, I sat utterly quiet with my hands folded, in the front seat, all through the instruction.

"Who will come up front and sing us a song?" asked Miss — .

Ah! There was my chance to gain attention. How I loved to "show off"! My aunts had often taught me songs, and I *knew* I could sing *much* better than the other pupils. Full of confidence, I raised my hand and, being the only one in the room to do so, I was called on. Thrilled with the opportunity to "shine", I took my position at the front of the class and chose for my selection "Let Me Call You Sweetheart", then the popular song of the day. When the song was completed I took my seat, feeling that I had given the pupils a rare treat.

"Very good, Rita, and now who will sing another song?" asked the teacher.

No hand went up this time, regardless of how much Miss — tried to persuade the children. Once again very valiantly my hand soared. This time I sang "The Prisoner's Song". There was no doubt in my mind, I had a remarkable voice!

I can remember as clearly as if it were to-day, the amused expression on

my mother's face when I related to her the events of that day. Of course, as you would expect after my first day, I was going to be a teacher when I grew up.

I recall one day during that first year that someone in the room whistled. The teacher questioned each pupil to see who had caused the disturbance. When she asked me, I puckered up my lips and showed her that I couldn't whistle. Realizing I had most sincerely proved my innocence, I very sweetly said,

"Miss —, *he* did it," indicating the boy behind me.

During recess each day I used to play school, and always delighted in giving my pupils a "shaking up".

Another amusing thing that haunts my memory is this. I used to argue (frequently) with persons who had heard that anyone besides myself was the teacher's pet. I believed that I was, and regarded it as a most honorable position.

As I glance back at those days I sometimes feel ashamed of the silly things I did, and yet, undoubtedly all have indulged in similar experiences.

—Rita M. Foley, '38.



❖ BITS OF RHYTHM ❖

THE CRUSADES

1

Across the vale to hills beyond
Comes the stirring call of breaking
dawn,
A dawn for men to rise and fight
The infidels with all their might.

2

A dawn for France and England, too,
For other countries old and new
To open gates to men who know
What freedom it is to have no foe.

3

Now came the knights with armor
bright,
With shields that glisten in the morning
light,
Wincing not at the wrath of blows
As the tide of battle ebbs and flows.

4

Mohammedan and Christian meet face
to face,
Now begins the mighty endurance race.
Who can survive the terrible fate
Of war's grim answer to men who hate?

5

A clash of arms, and red blood flows,
Whether Turkish or Christian, God
alone knows.
History tells that the Christians lost.
What a toll of life that war had cost!

6

Carnage and hate, though mingled with
love,
Won't open the gates of Heaven above
To men who seek by bloodshed gain
The true meaning of the Savior's name.
—John MacPherson, '40.

I WISH I WERE A POET

I

A poem is what I would like to write;
My ability should come to light,
But honestly, try as I might,
I am getting dull instead of bright.

II

At times I feel like Edgar Guest
And out will come my girlish chest,
But though I try to do my best,
Folks will insist I work with jest.

III

Woe for me as I can see
A poet is what I will never be,
And with an elbow on my knee
I must confess I am up a tree.

IV

It is plain to see that I am beat.
But—just a minute—hold your seat!
The rhythm here is rather sweet.
Work like this is just my meat!
—Katherine Sheridan, '38.

THE STORM

I

The dark clouds scudded across the sky,
And shadowed the earth as they passed
by.
The white foam flecked from wave to
wave,
And lashed the shore like a galley slave.
The stately pines, the home of the eagle,
Swayed and dipped like a lady regal,
Dancing within the palace wall,
Tossing their branches, those pine trees
tall.

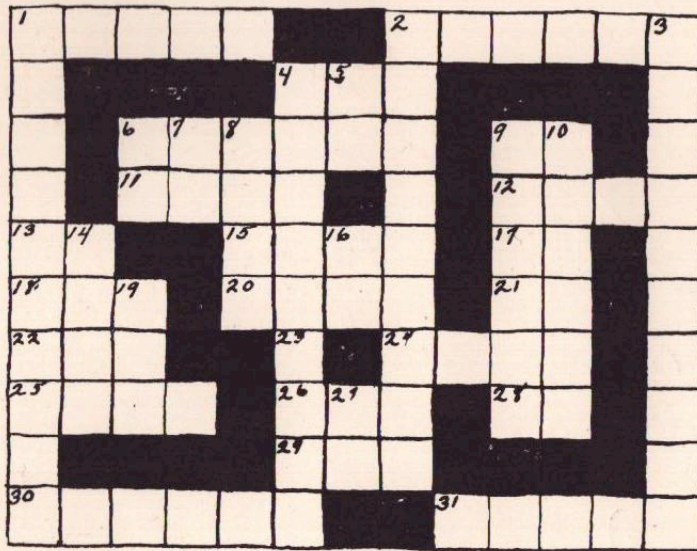
II

The lightning flashed, the thunder
roared.
The eagle screeched as on high he
soared.
The wild wind howled, the waves
dashed high;
They broke on the rocks, and I heaved
a sigh
As I thought of the ships, and the men
who would die
On the rocky coast, and the wives who
would cry,
When they heard that their men were
lost in the deep
Gone to that never-ending sleep.

—Ann Tucker, '36.

PUZZLE PAGE

1.



ACROSS

1. apply the mind to
2. relating to mystery
4. a beverage
6. take
9. failing mark (plural)
11. stain
12. unoccupied space
13. head of a magazine (apprev.)
15. rend
17. there (Latin)
18. small bed
20. not shut
21. New Testament (apprev.)

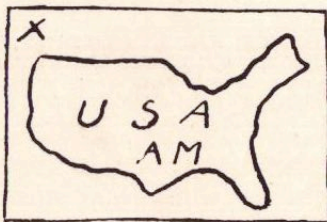
22. weed
23. indefinite article
24. twelfth part of a foot
25. spoken
26. to embroider
28. pronoun
29. expressive of joy
30. vivid
31. last

5. Epistle (abbrev.)
6. similarly
7. together (prefix)
8. quickly (Latin)
9. belonging to people of France
10. calm
14. entrance to a house or room
16. nominative plural first declension ending (Latin)

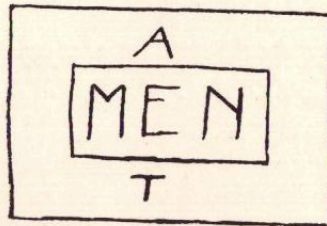
DOWN

1. name of school publication
2. motherhood
3. mercantile
4. mind communication

19. a beverage
27. an English author's pen-name



2. What terra is this?



3. Who likes this?

4. Rearrange letters of word and letter to form a school subject.

1. Nail + T—
2. Singe + W—
3. Nieces + C—

(answers in back of book)

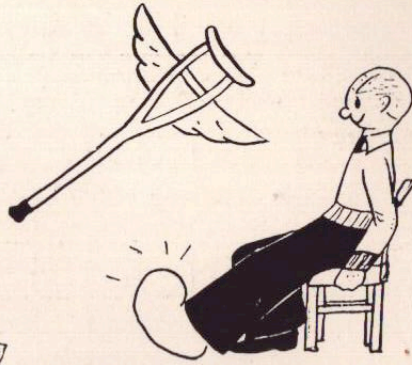
—S. G., '38.



$\frac{TII}{13}$
T-I-N

A certain freshman girl

L. Leppä



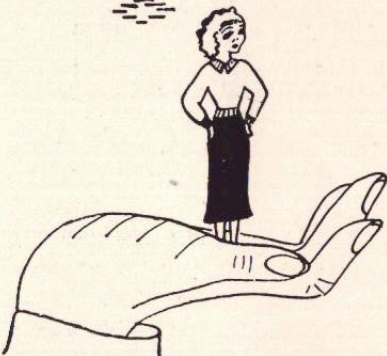
We are all happy that Downey's crutches have taken wing



In honor of our coach Vodoklys' forgotten men of football.



M.H.S should install first grade desks for the misses Allard and Ayotte.

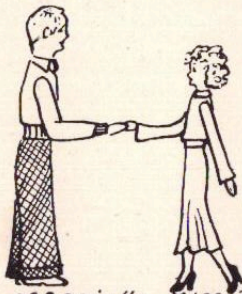


Quite a few senior girls are standing on the teachers' right hands this year Good work, girls!!



I hope we win

Did Toivonen's emotions at the rally overcome his great oratorical ability, or what was truly the matter???



We all, especially Miss Irene Tobin, Welcome Wm Holland, our post graduate from Acton, Mass.



It is rumored that size 12 football shoes are too small for Girdzewski!!

L. E. Salminen



MILFORD AT MAYNARD

Maynard 12—Milford 0

The Orange and Black started its 1936 season with a win over Milford High, the Midland League champions of 1935.

In the first period Maynard scored on a long pass from Flaherty to D'Agata. Columbo tried to plunge over for the extra point but missed by inches. During the third quarter Maynard marched down the field, mixing runs and passes, and Flaherty rushed the ball through his own left tackle for the second touchdown. Again the try for the point failed. Maynard's line outcharged the opponents, and the backs did some fine running and blocking. Outstanding linemen were Creighton, Girdziewski, and Whalen.

Coach Vodokolys and Reggie Sawyer were well satisfied with the showing of the team.

The starting lineup was: L. E. Whalen; L. T. Co-Capt. Koskinen; L. G. Spratt; C. Creighton; R. G. Toivonen; R. T. Girdziewski; R. E. D'Agata; R. H. B. Downey; L. H. B. Priest; F. B. Co-Capt. Columbo; Q. B. Flaherty.

MAYNARD AT BELMONT

Belmont 12—Maynard 8

Following Maynard's easy victory over Milford, the team went to Belmont, intent on avenging the defeat of 1935.

After an exchange of punts and a blocked kick recovered by Creighton over the Belmont line, Maynard led 2-0. In the second period Flaherty, repeating his Milford stunt, threw a pass to D'Agata for Maynard's second score,

but the kick was a little wide. Shortly after, Belmont on a "sleeping end", one of the oldest plays in football, caught Maynard off guard and the resulting score made the count Maynard 8 Belmont 6. In a series of passes during the third period and a fifteen yard penalty on Maynard, Belmont had the ball in scoring position. Maynard's chief worry, Arrico, crossed the goal line, and Belmont won the game 12-8.

MAYNARD AT HUDSON

Hudson 7—Maynard 6

Maynard and Hudson, old rivals, clashed at Jones Field in Hudson, which was in bad condition. Maynard started with a rush and after several first downs was on the five-yard line. Flaherty took the ball through right tackle and scored easily. Downey's try for the point failed. Both lines played a hard game. Maynard, handicapped by the injury to Captain Columbo in the second period, fell a victim to Hudson's scoring play. Stars for Hudson were Captain Caeserio and McNally. Caeserio made the touchdown and Madeiros kicked the winning point.

STONEHAM AT MAYNARD

Maynard 13—Stoneham 0

Suffering from two defeats in a row, Maynard's warriors were determined to win and Stoneham was the victim.

Stoneham kicked off to Maynard and then Coach Vodokolys' mighty machine went into action. Sweeping down the field, five first downs in a row spelled "touchdown" for Maynard. The point after was blocked. In the first half, Stoneham couldn't get beyond Maynard's forty-yard line. In the third

quarter Maynard again scored easily and insured for the Orange and Black another chance at league glory.

WINCHESTER AT MAYNARD

Maynard 13—Winchester 6

Saturday, Oct. 31, found Maynard playing host to the 1935 Winchester champs.

Maynard kicked off to Winchester starting the "shot heard throughout the Middlesex League." In the first period the ball stayed near the fifty-

yard strip, but the second period found Maynard steadily progressing. On an end sweep behind excellent blocking, Downey galloped to score six points for Maynard. Near the end of the half, Winchester put on a terrific drive only to be stopped by the time whistle. Winchester scored in the third period but Maynard would not be stopped. A last-minute pass, Johnson to D'Agata, brought the ball deep into the enemy's territory. Two plays later a pass, Johnson to Downey, made the score Maynard 13, Winchester 6.

❖ GIRLS' ATHLETICS ❖

FIELD HOCKEY

The first call for hockey brought out some sixty-five candidates, each one of them ready and rarin' to go and all fighting for cherished berths on the first and second teams.

There were about a million—I mean forty beginners, but that number was soon boiled down to about thirty.

Led by Captain Tessie "Flash" Tobin, the team is built around a veteran nucleus consisting of "Dead-eye" Kajander, "Lightning" Tervo, "Speed" Sofka, and "Kay" Hoffman, and also other outstanding players such as "Elner Ann" Murphy, "Surefire" Saari, and the inimitable "Stonewall" Simila.

The girls have been practicing several times a week and are in the pink of condition. Their speed and passwork are enough to make the opposing teams look sick.

The lassies have been beaten but once in four years, and that was when the present dignified Seniors were undignified Freshmen. That one and only defeat went to our traditional rival, Concord, by a one point margin. In that game, the girls were too "het up" over "getting" their opponents to score the winning goals. However, their remarkable record is nothing to be sneezed at.

Lest we forget, the Hockeyites had their pictures taken a short while ago in full uniform (some people don't call them very "full"). I guess those football players have nothing on us!!!!
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

The schedule and team are as follows:

Oct. 23—Shrewsbury at Maynard.
Nov. 2—Maynard at Ashland.
Nov. 2—Maynard at Weston.
Nov. 11—Weston at Maynard.
Nov. 13—Maynard at Shrewsbury.
Nov. 16—Maynard at Concord.

First Team

Right Wing	Gertrude Tobin, Capt.
Inside Right	Eleanor Murphy
Center Forward	Lyli Tervo
Inside Left	Aili Kajander
Left Wing	Catherine Hoffman, Evelyn Saari
Center Half	Helen Sofka
Right Half	Sophie Denisewich
Left Half	Marion Hull
Right Back	Jennie Sieliski
Left Back	Anna Higgins
Goal Keeper	Dorothy Simila
Manager	Jeannette Thompson
Assistant Mgr.	Anna Lyons

Second Team

Right Wing	Helen Batulin
Inside Right	Norma Oates
Center Forward	Rita Gallagher

Inside Left	Dorothy Hansen
Left Wing	Doris Marsden
Right Half	Doris LeSage, Capt.
Left Half	Fannie Kulevich
Center Half	Anna Sinicki
Right Back	Irene Morrill,
	Helen Boothroyd
Left Back	Annie Rolynowicz
Goal Keeper	Sylvia Mark

Substitutes: Helen Punch, Katherine Punch, Helen Paul, Alyce Byrne, Marian Cuttell.

Substitutes will be given an opportunity to earn their sticks if they do well in the first game.

ASHLAND AT MAYNARD

Maynard wins!!! Yes sir, Maynard downed their old rivals by a 1-0 score.

Unbeaten after five games, Ashland's perfect record was blemished by the good old Orange and Black.

Maynard's star half-back, Helen Sofka, came through with a smashing hit from the striking circle.

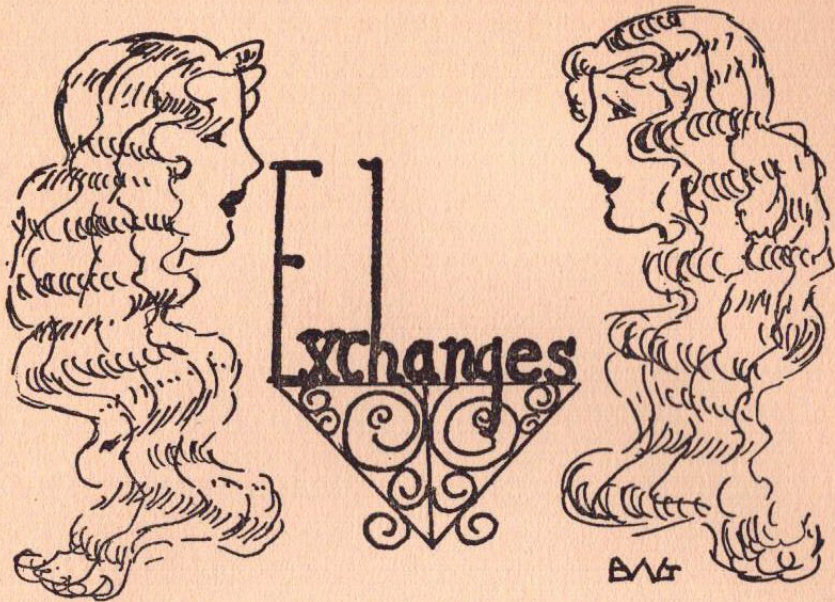
Not unlike our wonderful football team in the game October 31st, the girls entered the game the underdogs, but when they emerged from the fray, they looked so much better than their opponents that there was no comparison.

Let's keep up the good work, girls.

FLASH!!!

As "The Screech Owl" goes to press, the hockey team has won all four games played and seems unbeatable again this season.





Pandora skipped joyfully to her box and opened it. She had needed very little coaxing to do this. But instead of the horrible, evil little genies popping out, what should crawl laboriously forth but the *Philomath* from Framingham High School. No wonder it puffed and panted so, for it was so big and heavy with all the inside dope of the Seniors. Pandora hopes you will again pop out of the box, *Philomath*!

Next, out jumped the *Red and Black* from the Rodgers High School, Newport, Rhode Island. It lived up to the old adage, "Good things come in small packages." Its short stories were very good and may this book continue to show up at the M. H. S.

Then out came the March, 1936 issue of the Bangor, Maine, *Oracle*, with a great deal of clomping of the wooden shoes of the little Dutch boy and girl on the cover. The "Review of Activities" gave Pandora a slant on high school activities, but she wishes that you would put in more editorials.

High Life came soaring out next, having been placed in the box by Littleton H. S. Its "Beauty Shop for Thoughts" was very original and interesting.

Next, Braintree High School furnished us with its *Wampatuck*. This book pleased Pandora very much because of the numerous wood-cuts in it. Also poems were scattered liberally in among the pages.

From East Boston H. S. came the *Noddler*. The Exchange Column was good, as were the poems and the literary department. In short, the book was very well edited.

The Advance should have come first but appeared last, having been crowded and shoved back by the various other visitors. But as this book was dedicated to Seniors, Pandora was unable to get a fair example of the work the Salemmites can do. Come again!

The *Voice* from Concord managed to make itself heard at the last minute and so receives its criticism. The paper was edited as a newspaper should be, but it lacked a sufficient literary department and woe is to Pandora—an exchange column!

JOKES FROM EXCHANGES

A Midnight Catastrophe

He stood on the bridge at midnight
 And tickled her nose with his toes.
 Now he was only a mosquito
 And he stood on the bridge of her
 nose.

—*The Noddler.*

Junior: Boy, call me a taxi!
 Soph: All right you're a taxi, but
 you really look more like a truck.
 (Tsk! Tsk! These unintelligent Sophs!)

—*The Red and Black.*

ALUMNI NOTES

CLASS OF '34

Frances Fearn is now a graduate of Boston University.

Theodore Bachrach is working for his father.

Dorothy Glickman is attending Radcliffe College.

James S. King is at Mass. State.

Stella Kochnowicz is doing secretarial work for Dr. E. J. Flaherty.

Martha Koski is doing secretarial work.

James and John Malcolm have enlisted in the Navy, and are now stationed on the Pacific Coast.

Ruth Marsden is working for H. S. Reynolds in Boston.

Julia May is a student nurse at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

John O'Leary is a freshman at Brown University, where he is playing on the football team.

William Roulinowicz is employed by the American Woolen Co. He is also leader of his own orchestra.

Bertha Sneck is a student nurse at Mass. General Hospital.

Benny Sofka is an usher at People's Theatre.

Lillian Sullivan and Gladys Zapareski are working at J. J. Newbury's.

Anna Swanson is employed at the United Co-operative Store.

Walter Sweeney is studying at Fordham College.

Helen Wollerscheid is working in an office of the American Woolen Co.

Francis Brayden is attending Worcester Academy.

CLASS OF '35

Arne Aho is attending Mass. State.

Catherine Allard has accepted a position in an office of the American Woolen Co.

Joseph Girdziewski and Edward Ledgard are taking courses at Lowell Textile.

Gertrude Heikala is studying at the Mass. School of Art.

Eileen Johnson and Ruth Weir are working at J. J. Newbury's.

Russell Jordan and Edward O'Donnell are attending Milligan College in Tennessee.

Isabelle Kegresse is employed by the management of the local theatres.

Vincent Labowicz and Robert McGarry are students at Northeastern.

James Ledgard is attending Harvard College.

Roy Lent is working in an office in the American Woolen Co.

Elizabeth Mahoney and Angelina Gandolfo are studying at Regis College.

Elvi Nyholm and Helen Weckstrom are working at the F. W. Woolworth Store.

Elizabeth May is taking up hair-dressing in Springfield.

Frank Primiano is working for the American Woolen Co.

Elmer Salenius is studying at Boston University.

Jane Tobin is a student nurse at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Robert Tobin is running a local taxi.

Malcolm Trees is attending Mass. State.

CLASS OF '36

Louis Bachrach is taking a Pre-Med course at Harvard.

Eleanor Flaherty is now taking an A. B. course at Regis College in Weston. The field hockey there is inter-class and Eleanor is playing first string for her division.

T. Alvin Fraser is at Milligan College in Tennessee.

William Glickman is taking a Business Administration course at Boston University.

Barbara Hamlin is a student at Katherine Gibbs School, where she is taking up secretarial work.

Elias Hiltunen, winner of the award and scholarship offered by Northeastern for excellency in history, is at present attending that university.

Barbara Jordan is taking an A. B. course at Boston University. She was the winner of the Teachers' Club Scholarship last June.

Irene Lemoine is taking an A. B. course at Regis. Irene says she has no very special interest, but she is still sticking to math.

Ruth McKenna, a four year scholarship winner, is taking an A. B. course at Boston University.

Robert Seder is registered in a Preparatory Course for Harvard Business School.

William Smith, winner of the award by Northeastern for excellency in mathematics and science, is now working for an A. B. at Boston College.

Richard Elson is reporting for the *Boston Globe*.

Johanna Aho and Josephine Scacciotti are employed at the F. W. Woolworth Store.

William Brindley is studying accounting at Bentley's.

Marie Colombo is in training at Tewksbury.

Elfrieda Dittrich, 1936 valedictorian, is employed doing switchboard and

clerical work for H. S. Reynolds Co. in Boston.

Irene Dudzinski is working at both Segal's and McManus'! Busy girl, Irene.

Harry Kadis is attending Worcester Academy.

Nicholas Kavalchuck is employed at the local theatres.

Frederick Keegan is working at the A & P.

Werner Machold is employed by a well-known furniture dealer in Leominster.

Ann O'Toole has opened a store on Sudbury Street.

George Ryan and Nicholas Rudziak are working at the United Co-operative Store.

Rita Sheridan is studying beauty culture at Wilfred Academy.

George Swanson is employed by the Maynard Lumber Co.

Ralph Whitney is working for a well-known furniture dealer in Marlboro.





School opened with a hum of activities in the air—socials, rallies, assemblies, and many other sporting and musical features. The Freshmen and Sophomores were all a-tingle with coming social events; the Juniors and dignified Seniors steadily but merrily forged ahead to make possible these wonderful get-togethers.

The orchestra is again in full swing and is making great headway, even after the loss of several seniors, who have, however, been replaced by some musical Freshies. The orchestra is made up of the following players under the able direction of Miss Colburn:

Violins:—Esther Kauppila, Eleanor King, Margaret Landsdowne, Dorothy Tierney, Leslie Rivers, Peter Ascukiewicz.

Mandolin:—Helen Arciszewski.

Clarinet:—Urho Mark.

Trumpets:—Catherine Hoffman, Irja Nelson, Rudolf Leviakangas.

Drums:—Beverly Green, Walter Donahue.

Piano:—Aili Kajander, Virginia Taylor.

Tuesday finds the Freshmen and Sophomores gathered in the auditorium singing for their dear old Alma Mater, and once in a while "Rachel and Reuben". The Juniors and Seniors meet every Friday, the last period, to sing away the cares of the school week and to start the week-end with a song.

Much to the surprise and pleasure of every one, we were called together in the auditorium for an unannounced assembly to listen to a lecture on the "Historical Landmarks of New England", by R. A. Flanagan. His talk was accompanied by slides of famous homes, among which were familiar sights of Concord and Salem.

The first social of the year was held October 9, in the High School Auditorium. The field-hockey girls and football boys were to benefit by this dance that was attended to capacity by the "dancers" as well as the "sitters" among the school socialites. Patrons and patronesses were: Miss Wilson, Miss Bradley, hockey coach, Mr. Vodoklys, football coach, and Mr. Sawyer, assistant football coach. To the rhythmic music of Lee Dickson's Orchestra and the jingling of nickels and dimes in the candy vendor's box, the A. A. again found out its supporters by the large crowd present.

The day before the Maynard vs. Hudson football game, the student body mobbed the auditorium for singing and cheering. Field-hockey line-ups for the first and second teams were presented by Captain "Tessie" Tobin. James Sullivan, manager of the football team, gave a short but stirring speech about the coming game and the student spirit behind our team.

Elections have come and gone! Student Council members have been selected and now the school is in full swing with its representatives and class leaders.

The Senior Class has chosen for its officers and class adviser the following:

President:—Gerald Spratt
Vice-President:—Helmi Tikkanen
Treasurer:—William Palmer
Secretary:—Aili Kajander
Class Adviser:—Miss R. Bradley
 The Junior Class has for its leaders in

the social activities and class problems the following capable students:

President:—Albert Bachrach
Vice-President:—Karin Saarinen
Treasurer:—Daniel Sullivan
Secretary:—Lyli Tervo
Class Adviser:—Miss M. Cassone

The Sophomore Class officers are:

President:—Daniel O'Leary
Vice-President:—Irene Morrill
Treasurer:—John Kulik
Secretary:—Helen Dzerkacz
Class Adviser:—Miss R. Wilson

STUDENT COUNCIL

Seniors

Louis Colombo Charlotte King
 Howard Boeske Anna Higgins
Class President—Gerald Spratt

Juniors

Olavi Alatalo Rita Foley
 William Murphy Norma Oates
 Daniel Sullivan Mary Batulin
Class President—Albert Bachrach

Sophomores

Alfred Davis Helen Dzerkacz

John Kulik Irene Morrill
 Vincent Weir Doris White
Class President—Daniel O'Leary

Freshmen

William Colombo Helen Arciszewski
 Bennie Gudzinowicz Beverly Green
 Rudolf Leviakangas Doris Kelley
 Urho Mark Muriel Peterson
 George Whalen Virginia Taylor
Class President—John MacPherson

Freshman officers had not all been elected.

Thursday, October 29, the school assembled in the auditorium for a rally before the most important game to be played so far—Maynard vs. Winchester.

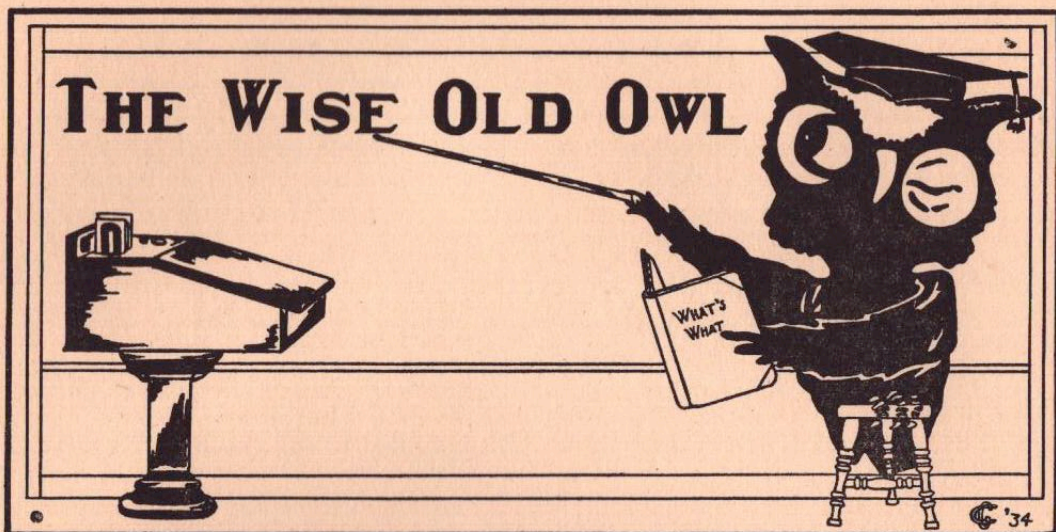
We were honored by short and snappy speeches from every member of the football team. Mr. Vodoklys, the coach, gave a talk on the work done by the subs of the team. Well may they be remembered!

The hockey manager, Jeannette Thompson, read the games scheduled thus far. Cheering and singing helped to unite the program and every one was all set for the big game Saturday.

The M. H. S. A. A. held a whist party and dance at the auditorium Friday, October 30. Both were well patronized. There were two door prizes: First prize—\$15 in merchandise; Second prize—\$10 in merchandise.

Joe Schnair's orchestra supplied the music, and I am assured, from reliable sources, that every one enjoyed himself to the utmost.

—Aili Kajander, '37.



Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know

- Why Louis L. chose a stone wall on which to bid Annie "good night".
- Whose ring J. Yanuskiewicz carries in his watch pocket.
- Why "Squint" took the doctor's sign off his father's car.
- What mail-carrier's son is getting the eyes from Mamie.
- What takes place at the club meetings of the "Bachelorettes".
- What Senior girl considers B. Murphy the "tops".
- How long it took Mike to bring Vieno L. home from a dance held on Oct. 9th.
- What Senior boys think that Connecticut has an opening for them now.
- What female from Concord keeps J. May's heart all aflutter.
- Who the mysterious "man on the truck" is that K. S. waits for daily.
- When the Junior "Cleopatra" is going to cut her hair.
- Who rates highest with Leslie, the heart breaker.
- Why a certain Senior enjoys her driving lessons. (Watch out H. I.)
- If D. W. has recovered from her Freshman crush.
- If J. F. has a heart of Stone.
- What football player suffers from Athlete's Head.
- What "Babe" is robbing a cradle.
- If "Bull" is as fierce as he looks.
- Whether Gilda's car has learned to "Take it".

- What seniors still get into the movie theatre for a dime.
- What happened to Davy at McManus' on Oct. 9.
- Who gave D. Beane the "Popeye" pin.
- How Frank and Priscilla enjoyed the rumble seat ride to Ayer.
- How much Aili was affected by the departure of a certain young fellow to Oregon.

Latin Student Swing

Cesar's dead and buried,
 And so is Cicero;
 And where those two old gents have gone,
 We wish their works would go.

Popular Songs of the Day

1. Me and the M o o n—"L e m" Graceffa.
2. I Can't Escape From You—Detention Room.
3. I'm an Old Cowhand—J. Boothroyd.
4. Never G o n n a Dance—"Bull" Creighton.
5. A Star Fell Out of Heaven—Taisto Kallio.
6. I Got Plenty of Nothing—J. May.
7. A Fine Romance—"L e m" and Eleanor.
8. You're Not the Kind—M. Crowe to K.
9. It Ain't Right—Graceffa's Math Paper.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>10. I'm Talking Through My Hat—A. Sinicki.</p> <p>11. Don't Mention Love to Me—Davy.</p> <p>12. We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye—Kate and Jerry.</p> <p>13. Danny Boy—Norma Oates.</p> | <p>14. A Great Big Bunch of You—Alice Bryne.</p> <p>15. You're Driving Me Crazy—Teachers to May.</p> <p>16. Pink Elephants—Tony Lubin.</p> <p>17. When the Leaves Begin to Turn—French Classes before exams.</p> |
|---|--|

KEYHOLE COLUMN

Not only as a keyhole peeker but in behalf of the Junior Class as well, I am asking H. Dzerkacz to please give "Limb" a chance. At least say "yes" when the poor boy asks for a dance a whole week ahead of time. You know, Helen, speaking confidentially, Limb has suffered from "shut-eye" before, and a second case (or am I being liberal?) might prove fatal.

And now I ask you! Does "Tessie" appear to be suffering from heart trouble? Well—here's the latest rumor. It seems that for the past few months she has had a severe attack of this malady. Dan Cupid says that the light of "his" hair dazzled her eyes and as a result, the arrow took the wrong course. Lately Tessie finds that music (in any form) is a great remedy.

We have always thought that L. Lattuca was a very quiet boy, but maybe we've been deceived. Anyway, he has been seen recently sitting on bridges talking to a "blonde". Take my advice, Louis, if you want to uphold your former reputation and keep "Annie" a secret, don't pick out such public places to hold your meetings.

Someone told us that a group of Newton boys were calling on certain Junior girls. Well, we turned our keyhole eye on the scene and found out the truth. Helen and Myrtle, how long did you think your clandestine affairs would remain "in the dark"?

Little did Mr. Lerer know that by a few simple words he spoke in chemistry class, he was pulling open for us the

curtains of a most astounding performance—one that may in time surpass the greatest of all dramas, "Romeo and Juliet." Ernest, your quiet exterior might have deceived us all had it not been for Helen's excitement at the football games.

A certain flirtatious blonde seems to be torn between many "fires" lately. First it's the two brothers from Acton, then it's the Concord football players, and lo and behold!—latest rumors say she has "sparks" in Hudson. Mamie, when you make up your mind please let us know.

Two high school girls seem to have gone "Cleopatra" in appearance. Is it, by chance, because they are looking for "Mark Antonys"? Remember girls—if it's just for attraction, they're bobbing it now.

In time the football players just won't be able to say, "I can't do this," or "I can't do that, because I have to go to practice." Soon we'll all be knowing whether it really was football that kept them out of sight.

Since chemistry students are always making compounds, etc., wouldn't it be a good plan for them to try to make something sticky that could be added to a hair tonic? Some boys find blond hair terribly unruly—especially after it's washed.

We think that a certain girl in the classical course would find Latin and Algebra much easier if a few minutes

were given to their study, instead of to the study of Hudson ushers and Stow farmers. Mary Q., you're mighty frivolous for a young Sophomore.

Late Rumors

If anyone has the time, stop and ask

"Bull" and "Lem"—about Lake Boone Tillie.

Although the tennis season is over, Koskinen is still seen lingering near the courts at late hours (and not alone).

MOVIES

COMING THIS WEEK TO THE STUDENT

Sun.—Mon.—Tues.

SING, BABY, SING

Featuring The Freshmen Chorus

Wed.—Thurs.

ON YOUR TOES

Starring Kenneth Astaire Johnson

Fri.—Sat.

A Stupendous Double Bill

Reissue of

THE THIN MAN

With Danny "Fats" Sullivan
and

DIMPLES

With The Child Star, Billy Higgins

Dad: Irene, who came to see you last night?

Irene T.: Only Helen, father.

Dad: Well, tell Helen she left her football helmet in the hall.

S. Johnson: What's wrong with the car? It squeaks dreadfully.

Mamie: Pa says there's pig iron in the axles.

Teacher: Will you please run up the shade?

Bill M.: I'm not much of an athlete, but I'll try anything once.

Karin: Can you drive with one hand?

Squint (excitedly): Sure.

Karin: Swell! Have an apple.

R. Murphy: Is he self centered?

Koskinen: Self centered—why that guy thinks "hail, hail, the gang's all here", is a solo.

Mr. R.: Name me two snow poems?

Whalen: "Snowflakes" by Whittier and "Cornflakes" by Kellogg.

Father: Why are your ranks so low since Christmas?

Pileeki: Well, the teachers are having a mark down sale after the holidays.

Ode to the Faculty

Here's to the faculty,

Long may they live

Even as long

As the lessons they give.

K. Sheridan: You cough more easily this morning.

S. Syvanen: Yes, I've been practicing all night.

"Humph! Your old man is a shoemaker and you haven't got any shoes."

"Humph yourself! Your pop is a dentist and your little sister's got only two teeth.

Miss Field: Now, Emma, what did Caesar exclaim when Brutus stabbed him?

Emma P.: Ouch!

D. Jones: I must have a cold or something in my head.

Margaret H.: It *must* be a cold.

Freshman: Speaking of electricity makes me think.

Sophomore: Really! Isn't it wonderful what electricity will do.

Jerry (at a show): Wotcha got in that package, Kay?

K. Hoffman: One of those portable radios.

Jerry: Gee! If you can tune in "The Star Spangled Banner", maybe we can get a seat.

Mr. L.: What is pasteurized milk?

R. Veitch: Pasteurized milk is milk that has been heated to take the taste of pasture out of it.

Mr. A. Lerer: We will begin the French Revolution to-morrow—all come prepared.

Teacher: I'll give you one day to hand in that paper.

Yike: All right. How about the Fourth of July?

Helen I.: Do you know Poe's "Raven"?

Helen B.: No, what's the matter with him?

Geography teacher: When you face the North you have on your left hand the great continent of Asia. What do you have on your right hand?

Jarvinen: A wart, but I can't help it.

Fava: Does Gilda know much about cars?

Boeske: I should say not. She asked me if I cooled the engine by stripping the gears.

Higgins to Zanieuski: You're the biggest dumb bell in school.

Teacher: Boys, boys, don't forget I'm here.

Koskinen: Yes, coach, it's my ambition to be judge someday.

Reggie Sawyer: You're lucky, your experience on the bench will be useful.

Photographer: Do you want a large or small picture?

"Bulldog".: A small one.

Photographer: Then close your mouth.

Certain Freshmen are so dumb when it comes to football they think "skirting the end" has something to do with dress-making.

Freshman Prayer

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

The little Freshman said.

"I pray the Lord that through exams

My brains stay in my head.

And as I lay me in my bunk

I pray, Oh Lord, don't let me flunk."

A tramp comes up to a farm in search of a job.

Farmer's wife: Get out of her we ain't got no job for you and we ain't got no wood to chop either.

Tramp: Well, Madam, I could give you a few grammar lessons.

Eleanor M. (Soph.): I thought you took Sophomore English *last* year?

Lem.: I did, but the faculty called for an encore.

Toivonen: So Koskinen has made out his will.

E. Johnson: Yes, he's expected to kick off the next game.

Book Agent to farmer: You ought to buy an encyclopedia, now that your boy is going to school.

Farmer: Not on your life! Let him walk, the same as I did.

SHERIDAN'S



ZANIEWSKI'S
Quality Market

Meats, Provisions, Groceries
Fresh Fish and Birdseye Frosted Foods

51 MAIN STREET MAYNARD
Tel. 114

CLASS RINGS

CLASS PINS

Loren Murchison & Co., Inc.

828 Park Square Building

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

America's Finest
School and College Jewelry

Compliments of

Dr. S. R. Garland

Koskell & Wainio

BARBER SHOP

43 Main St.

Maynard

Please mention "THE SCREECH OWL" when patronizing these advertisers

Coughlan's Garage

J. A. Coughlan Co.

Authorized Dealers

Pontiac Oldsmobile

G.M.C. Trucks

Telephone 190

21 SUMMER ST. MAYNARD

Compliments of

F. W. Woolworth Co.

MAYNARD, MASS.

Compliments of

Dr. R. E. Hooper

SANDERSON'S

Boxed Assortments of Christmas
Cards (12 to 21 cards) 35c to \$1.00

*Desk Sets, Pencil and pen Sets
Stationery, Books
Diaries, Leather Goods, etc.*

6 Nason St. Maynard

Compliments of

Maynard Trust Co.

MEMBER OF

Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

TAYLOR'S

for Economical Transportation



Sales and Service

Telephone 109

5 ACTON ST. MAYNARD

Compliments of

H. LYONS

BILLIARD ROOM

Compliments of

A FRIEND

DONNA LEIGH GIFT SALON

Specializing in

Graduation - Novelty - Shower - Wedding
and Anniversary Gifts

CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

33 Nason Street

Phone 8-5

Maynard, Mass.

Figure It Out For Yourself

*What does it cost to do your washing
at home?*

HERE ARE THE FIGURES, IF YOUR
WASHING MACHINE COST \$65:

Depreciation per week, if it lasts three years	\$0.40
Soap, per week.....	.15
Starch and bluing, per week.....	.02
Heating water, per week.....	.15
Electricity, per week.....	.09
Interest on your \$65 investment.....	.07
<i>Total Cost, Per Week.....</i>	<i>\$0.88</i>

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

Damp Wash, 75 cents for 20 pounds.

*Flat pieces, 54 cents per dozen,
half small — half large.*

**Middlesex Family
Laundry Co.**

Phone 400

MAYNARD, MASS.

IRMA DURKEE

Teacher of Piano

Popular and Classical

Phone 272 Maynard

Assabet Institution for Savings

Maynard, Mass.

A SAFE PLACE FOR SAVINGS

Since Nineteen Hundred Four

A Mutual Savings Bank

Please mention "THE SCREECH OWL" when patronizing these advertisers

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

1.

¹ S	t	u	d	y		² M	y	s	t	i	³ C	
c					⁴ t	⁵ e	a				o	
r		⁶ a	⁷ c	⁸ c	e	e	p	t		⁹ F	¹⁰ S	¹¹ M
e		¹¹ s	o	i	i		e		¹² r	o	o	¹³ M
¹³ e	¹⁴ d			¹⁵ t	¹⁶ e	¹⁷ a	r		¹⁸ e	o		e
¹⁸ c	o	¹⁹ t		²⁰ o	p	e	²¹ n		²² t			r
²² H	o	e		²³ a		²⁴ i	²⁵ n	c	h			C
²⁵ o	r	a	s		²⁶ t	²⁷ a	t		²⁸ h	e		i
w				²⁹ h	e	y						a
³⁰ J	i	v	e	r	y			³¹ F	i	n	a	l

2. Examination

3. Assignment

4. 1. Latin
2. Sewing
3. Science

JOHN C. KING AGENCY

INSURANCE AND BONDS

Fowler Building

Telephone 75-2

74 Main Street

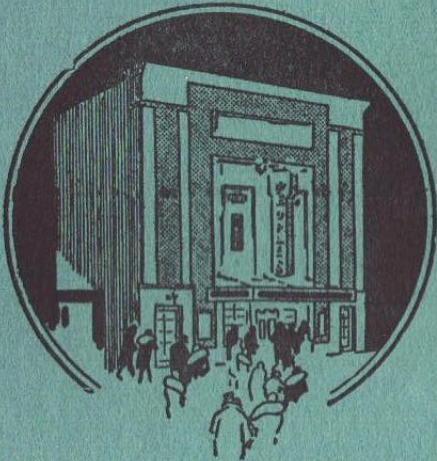
MAYNARD, MASS.

Please mention "THE SCREECH OWL" when patronizing these advertisers

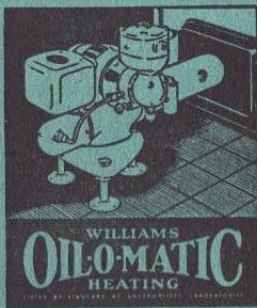
2024.550

PEOPLES

THEATRE :: MAYNARD



*"The House
of Hits"*



W. A. Freeman Co.

PLUMBING and HEATING

Telephone 276

50 MAIN STREET MAYNARD

Compliments of

A. A. Minahan



Telephone 175

76 MAIN STREET MAYNARD

Please mention "THE SCREECH OWL" when patronizing these advertisers

The New Idea Store

OFFERS YOU.....

- "W. L. Douglas" Shoes
- "Triangle Brand" Shoes
- "Ball Band" Rubbers
and Overshoes
- "Metropolitan" Underwear
- "Van Heusen" Shirts
- "Dubbleware" Work Clothes
- "Yankee Knit" Hosiery
- "Brown's" Beach Coats
- "Royal Scot" Hats and Caps
- Etc., Etc., Etc.

New Idea Store

Main Street, Maynard

Please mention "THE SCREECH OWL" when patronizing these advertisers