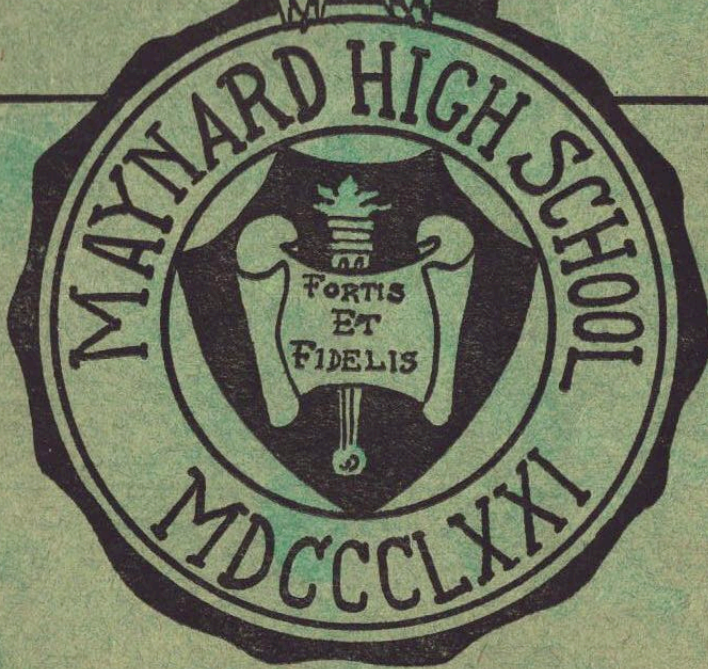


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SCREECH

THE

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THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

MAYNARD, MASS., DEC., 1931

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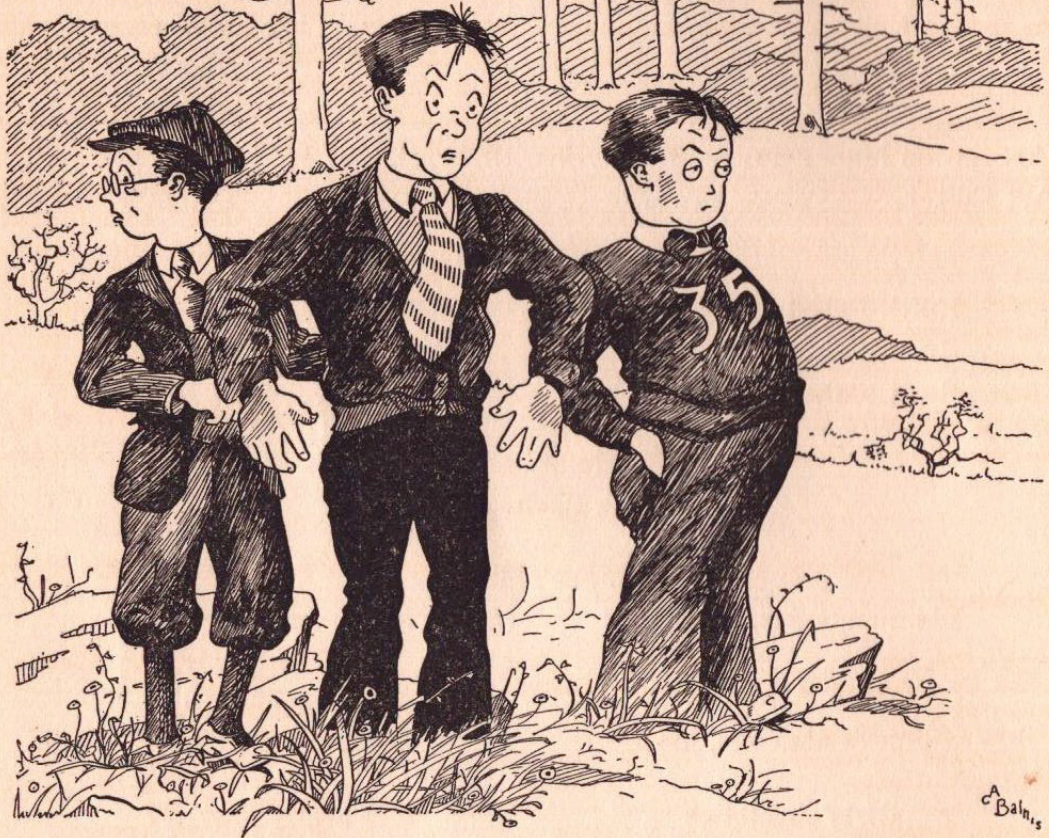
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LOST



FRESHMEN YOU ARE STILL GREEN ~
IN OTHER WORDS YELLOW & BLUE ~
WE MEAN NO HARM ~ YOU SEE ~
FOR WE WERE GREEN ONCE TOO



In this issue of the "Screech Owl" our readers will notice that there are no local advertisements. The Staff felt that at this time our local merchants should be excused from being asked to contribute to the advertising department. We all realize that these are trying times for merchants, and we wish to do our part in making their burden lighter.

Although the business men of Maynard are not represented in the advertising material, we do not want our readers to ignore them. Since the "Screech Owl" started, these men have given several hundred dollars of advertising material. They gave their advertisements not only for their own benefit, but also to help give Maynard a fine school paper. This year every man in business is facing a hard winter because of economic and industrial

conditions. Therefore it is our turn to try to do our bit in return for the generous spirit which they have shown in the past. I hope that during the coming months every pupil of this school will co-operate whole-heartedly by giving their patronage to local merchants. This is one way in which we can help improve local conditions, and if all do their part we shall see a new era of prosperity come to make Maynard a bigger and better town.

On behalf of all those connected with the "Screech Owl," I wish gratefully to acknowledge the support which the business men of Maynard have given us, and we all hope that they will successfully overcome the troubles which now confront them.

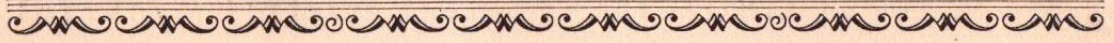
SIDNEY McCLEARY,
Business Manager.

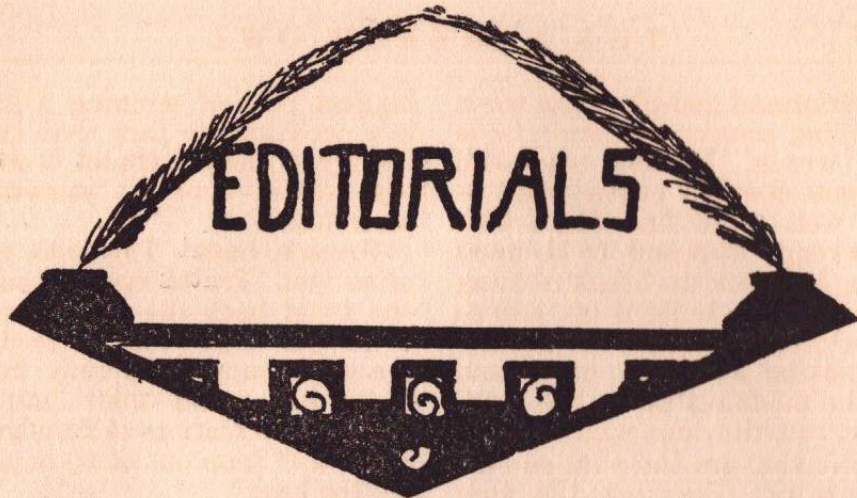
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Fullonton's
Davis Bob Shop





A CAREER OR JUST SUCCESS?

For every young man, more in this age than ever before, to decide whether he will have a career or just success is extremely important. It is the difference between fame and fellowship, pleasure and hard work, memories and facts.

Success is Happiness. Since this is so, success is possible without education, career, or great ambition. It is possible for a common labourer, who has nothing beyond the common necessities, to be successful. Should we, then, be content without a career? Should a young man push on to the peak of his profession, to rise above his fellowmen?

"Take care," our elders counsel us. To become great is often to lose the common touch. To lose the common touch is to lose interest in human life, which is to suffer the bleakest of solitudes. To all except the very greatest, to attain superior knowledge is to lose common feeling with the uneducated. Is comparative isolation worth a career? At first, the answer is no.

Why go to colleges and trade schools? Why don't we all become day labourers, and work side by side in a humble, contented life? It is said that the poorest man is often the happiest. Why aren't we all poor? It is because it goes against man's grain, his very instincts. Man couldn't remain poor, for there is always the desire to have more than he has, and,

regrettably, more than his neighbor has. So we must have ambition, and somebody has to be richer, whether in knowledge or wealth, than somebody else.

A career means the sacrifice of one's youth. It means consecrating the most enjoyable period of one's life to hard work. To the romantically inclined it means the sacrifice of memories. But when we sacrifice our youth, don't we bring greater happiness to our manhood and comforts to our old age? And is not work the more enjoyable? Our scientists, inventors, philosophers, and writers say that they have passed their moments of greatest joy in their work and in their creation.

With what, then, does studying for a career equip us? It sends us into the world with a superior knowledge of our trade; it gives us more with which we can contrive the happiness of other people. It gives us a title by which we can command respect and draw recognition. It gives us a far greater scope for exercising our powers than if we had not studied for a career. Whether as a doctor, educator, nurse, or plumber, we have more chance to exert our influence. So, by all means, a career.

W. H. L.

CRITICISM

We all delight in criticising our fellow men, and at no time do we feel

more superior and god-like than when we are telling someone wherein he is right or wrong. If only we could always remember to praise what is right as well as to find fault with what is wrong! It seems to be more enjoyable, however, to break a thing down than it is to build it up, and so criticisms have a tendency to take the form of picking a thing to pieces and holding the mistakes up to the light.

Usually, too, the ones who do most of the criticising are the ones who do the least work. They are the ones who stand on the sidelines, and, having nothing else to do, talk about the workers.

"The Human Race is divided into Two Classes: Those who go ahead and do something and those who sit and ask why it wasn't done the other way."

Let's either be doers, or help others all we can by constructive instead of destructive criticisms; for kindly criticisms can be a great help by suggesting corrections and changes. And let's remember always to praise the worthy things.

E. Priest, '32.

CHEERING

Strange as it may seem, the football team is supported by the girls. It is the boys' team, so why should the girls support it? Probably because of school spirit and the enjoyment obtained from watching the game. In most cases the girls pay for the pleasure, therefore it is entirely voluntary that they become members of the cheering section. If the majority of the boys consider themselves too important or feel that they are belittled by joining the cheering squad, how must the girls feel?

The spirit of the team depends largely on its following. One of our well known coaches stated that a cheering section earns one touchdown for the team. If that's so, football letters will soon have to be given to the girls. Wake up, boys! Don't have people saying that the girls do the

biggest part of winning a game! It is a well known fact that the world can't get along without women, and the same applies, somewhat, to athletics.

Beware, boys! The girls may surprise you. Try to realize that everyone must back the teams, especially the boys. Don't be alarmed to find the girls supporting only their side of athletics and their half of the athletic association. All the girls wish to say is "Snap out of it, boys, before it's too late."

Jeannette Gruber, '32.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Help the Athletic Association. It is up to the pupils to give the Association its main support. If the pupils do not pay dues, how can you expect people outside of the school to contribute?

We like to see our teams win games, and this year the team is able to win games. Therefore, try to co-operate with the teachers in collecting athletic dues, and help make the name of Maynard High School famous throughout the football world.

Bradford Case, '33.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

No subject is more discussed in schools and colleges today than school spirit. It is constantly thrusting itself forth in our assemblies, in our classes, and in our conversation. Only the other day, Dean McConn of Lehigh University said, "This college spirit and loyalty stuff is pure hokum." Do you believe him? What does Maynard High think of school spirit? This article aims only to give the divers opinions of students chosen at random from the school. You must draw your own conclusion.

"Semper fideles"—the Senior class.

"Are you willing to support school athletics? Are you loyal to the faculty? Do you try to raise your mental standard to a higher level? If you can answer yes to these three ques-

tions, you have a genuine school spirit."—M. R. B., '33.

"School spirit is essentially the prompting that makes one think first of the welfare of the school. It has been used so often to get as much as possible out of the pupil before he rebels, that it seems now just an excuse for asking for money."—S. S., '32.

"Like every proposition, this one has two sides. One includes the supporting and participation of school activities. The other is the reaping of the benefits derived from observance of the first—benefits which come back to the individual only in proportion to what he has given forth."—B. S., '34.

"School spirit is the co-operation of the pupils for the benefit of the school."—E. S., '35.

"School spirit is not loyalty to

athletics alone. It is loyalty to studies and extra-curricular activities as well. Do we ever have rallies to raise marks, to improve the standing of Maynard High? School spirit is only referred to when money must be raised or a game won."—D. E. M., '32.

"School spirit is a deep honest desire to make every activity a lasting success. It broadens our friendship with one another, because we're all cheering for the same thing, the Immortal Spirit of Maynard High!"—H. F., '31.

What do you think? Incidentally, why not make the "Screech Owl" the Vox Pop of Maynard High? It's a way in which we all can participate in the writing of the "Screech Owl," for everyone has at least one idea of any subject. We will be glad to receive other suggestions for subjects or further opinions on school spirit.





ALEXANDER HAMILTON CONTEST

In the Alexander Hamilton Contest held recently, Dorothy Marsden's theme was chosen as the best one submitted.

Honorable mention was given to following: Edith Priest, Albert Crowley, William Ledgard, John Nowick, Rudolph Saari, Helen Zaniewski.

The winning essay is published below:

Alexander Hamilton

Upon the accession of the Republicans to the control of the government, Jefferson ordered the books of Hamilton searched to ascertain what charges could be made against him, and to discover the alleged blunders and frauds perpetrated by the Federal official while in office. Albert Gallatin, one of the greatest financial experts of his age, undertook the task with great relish, as he entertained no high regard for Federal officials. Struck by the almost absolute perfection of the system, Gallatin reported to the President that any change would injure it, and that no frauds or blunders had been committed.

This great man, Alexander Hamilton, was born on Nevis Island, West Indies, on January the eleventh, 1757. His mother was of French-Huguenot descent, and his father Scotch. From these two, Hamilton gained characteristics of both people. His mother was noted as a great beauty and wit, but not much is known about Hamilton's father except that he failed in business. After the failure, both parents died, leaving Hamilton to the care of maternal relations among whom he had a desultory education, and who

placed him in a counting house before he was twelve. He hated this work, but he applied himself diligently to his task, continuing his studies. The knowledge which he gained in this period served him to good advantage later in his financial career.

He was a frequent contributor to the newspapers and one of his reports on a West Indian hurricane attracted the attention of his other relatives in the North, who provided the funds for him to go to Boston in 1772. They placed him in a grammar school at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, for one year. After that he wanted to enter Princeton, but its rules forbade that he take his courses in any order and graduate as quickly as he was able. This did not appeal to Hamilton's agile mind so he entered King's College, where he began study preparatory for a medical career.

After graduation he became interested in politics and cast his lot with the opponents of England. At a meeting held in July, 1774, to induce New York to enter the Assembly, Hamilton listened eagerly to the speeches but was more interested in what was left unsaid than what was said. Believing that he could say more, he got up and spoke eloquently to the people. By this speech he attracted much attention and both sides wanted him for their own purposes. But Hamilton was too honorable, too high-minded to back down on his firm beliefs so he entered the American cause heartily, and wrote several pamphlets championing the American feelings. He entered the army as a Captain of an artillery company, and by the assistance of General Schuyler he became secretary to Washington when the Commander-in-Chief needed someone

to take charge of his correspondence—someone who could think for himself.

His most important duty as aide and as secretary was his mission to General Gates to obtain troops as a reinforcement for the city of Washington which was being attacked. The mission was very delicate but Hamilton accomplished it very successfully.

On his embassy to Gates, he met one of General Schuyler's daughters, Elizabeth, whom he married in 1780, so after a difference between him and Washington, in which he was right, for Washington soon apologized, he resigned and went to Albany to take up the study of law with Schuyler. He desired a position in which he might earn his bread and butter so he studied hard and was admitted to the bar in 1782. After this he was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress.

When Washington became President he selected Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury for he was the only man who could bring order out of the Country's financial chaos. This appointment came when Hamilton was thirty-two years of age. He cared very little for office, holding no value to it except what he could achieve for his Country by assuming it. He founded the financial system of the United States, converted the barren clauses of the Constitution into actuality, and shared with Washington the honor of devising and carrying on the foreign policy of the United States, and caused the assumption by the national government of the states' debts incurred in the war.

Hamilton, opposing Aaron Burr as Governor of New York, incurred Burr's hatred. As Burr was unsuccessful in his campaign as governor, he attributed his defeat to Hamilton whom he challenged to a duel. Hamilton detested dueling, and sought by all honorable means, as he wrote his wife, to avoid it. On July the eleventh, however, he was forced to meet Burr in a duel. At the first fire, Hamilton

fell forward, his gun not having been shot, for he fought not as a professed duelist, but in the character of a public man and would not fire against Burr, even to save himself.

He died, a private man, mourned by nations, for he had lived, except in his very last years, immersed in the affairs of the commonwealth, and in full publicity. His every act was scrutinized and examined, every mistake magnified, while he stood for years in the highest places, assuming every responsibility and conspicuous in the eyes of all men.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

"And as soon as the vespers are over you will meet me? Please say yes, Dominic. Oh! Please come."

"Oh! Rosa mia, I shouldn't, but when you ask me that way I'd do anything. But if my mother should find out."

"Your mother, Dom, just because I dance at the cafe every night, she thinks that I am not good. Well, I am. I dance only because I love it. I love it, do you hear? She nor anyone with their wicked tongues cannot make me stop. But you will meet me at the stream, Dom? I shall be waiting."

At seven-thirty Dominic left the church and hastily made his way to the little wood near by. Rosa, pagan that she was, was already there and in the dim twilight he could see her figure lying beneath the lemon trees.

"Rosa, Rosa, here I am," he called softly, and he hastened his steps.

The canopy of stars shone down on the two figures engrossed in each other.

"What are you going to do when you are older Dom," asked Rosa?

"Oh, so many things, I hope. Yesterday my mother took me to Signor Martinelle and I played my violin for him. He seemed very enthusiastic and I am going to him now two times a week. He said to my mother, "Signorina, in two years he will startle the world by his playing."

"But you, Rosa, what will you do?"

You are so very beautiful, Rosa mia."

"Perhaps I shall go to America and dance in the big cafe. I should love that—to dance in America."

"But come, Dom, the hour grows late and I must go to dance. There will be many at the cafe tonight on account of the festival. Come, I will race you to the cafe."

In the gathering gloom the two sped away from the lemon trees and the little brook.

* * *

A fat middle-aged lady attired in a shabby skirt and white shirt waist sat on a bench in Central Park, New York City.

Beside her sat a swarthy man dressed in a shabby corduroy suit and beside him was a violin, old and battered. Both were fast asleep.

"Move on, ye two. Sure the park's no place to sleep. Do ye're sleepin' at home."

The old man quickly opened his eyes and looked up into those of one of the "arms of the law."

"Yes, sir, yes Mr. Policeman. We go. It was so hot and my wife was so tired we have little rest.

Rosa, Rosa mia, wake up. We cannot stay here."

The old lady opened her eyes and when she understood her husband, she took his arm and the two walked off.

"Let us go home, Dom. I am tired and it is so hot. Work is scarce and we might as well be at home. That policeman, he was bad. This country is cold. Italy she is best. There are no lemon trees, no streams, no flowers here. But Dom you are here. I still have you. I mustn't forget that."

"And I, Rosa, I still have you."

Lorraine Koch.

CHAINS

Tonight the world is very still,

The moon is very bright;

And o'er the hill, no whip-poor-will

Cries in the hush of night.

A leaf falls there, outlived and sere,

The stars call from the sky.
Must I forever be chained here?
So yearningly I cry.

E. Priest, '32.

A LITTLE INCIDENT

The day Jimmy Doyle entered Pace Academy was full of discouragement. That same day the call for candidates for the football team came out. The only reason why Jimmy went to school was because of football and he told his father so. He adored the heroes of the gridiron and his room was pasted with pictures and clippings. The picture picked out by Jimmy was Frank Carideo. He wanted to be like him some day.

Jimmy ambled down to the field in high spirits but when he arrived his heart sank. Why, there was a crowd of men, could they all be out for football? Yes, they were the candidates for the team, most of them six feet tall and weighing close to two hundred pounds. And he? He looked like a baby beside them. He was five feet six, weighing one hundred and forty pounds.

When the coach looked over the players, he gasped when he saw Jimmy.

"Wha-what are you doing here?"

"Out for the team," answered Jim meekly.

"I'm sorry, I admire your grit but —"

"You mean I—I can't go out for the team."

"Well, you see it's this way, I—er—"

"Oh, is that it? O. K. You'll be sorry for this some day." And Jimmy marched away.

The coach looked after him and then asked Captain Brian, "Who is that little hot-headed rascal?"

"That's Jimmy Doyle. I like him and I think you should give him a chance. He has possibilities."

Coach Hoyt told him to forget it, and practice continued.

Three weeks passed and no one at Pace Academy heard of Jimmy Doyle.

Some believed he had gone to some other school but Coach Hoyt had it that he was too disgusted to do so.

Then came that game with Adams Preparatory School. This was looked forward to as a "cinch," so the coach didn't bother about scouting them. But Hoyt didn't know that there was a small stranger at his practice sessions, very much interested and with a hopeful look on his countenance.

On the day of the game when the Preparatory team took to the field, surprise filled the benches of the Pace team. Weaving in and out, running through plays, was a small figure. It looked like a pebble in the midst of stones. Nevertheless, Coach Hoyt knew that that same figure was a football player. He could tell by the speed, twist and running that he was a marvel. And then to make matters worse, he was the quarterback! If he could be on a team which averaged one hundred and ninety pounds, he could use his head.

When the whistle blew for the captains and coaches to come together and have a pow-wow, who came from the Adams eleven but this small person. Coming closer Hoyt recognized him. He stopped, mouth open and managed to blurt out "You!"

"Yep, me. Little me. By the way, I hear you have a good team. You'll need it though, if I do say so. Remember that day I said you'd be sorry? Well, keep that in mind."

Coach Hoyt stared all through the instructions and walked back to the bench in a daze.

Every Adams rooter and every loyal Pace rooter will remember that day. They will remember how Jimmy ran ninety yards for a touchdown, how he punted ten times for an average of fifty yards, how he threw and made good fifteen out of sixteen passes, how he pierced Pace's line time and again for average gains of 40 yards, how he intercepted four passes and always brought them back to or farther than the place of kicking, how thought out the plays. Then they will not forget

the score, 65-0, or how Jimmy came to Coach Hoyt at the end of the game and smiled at him.

Stanley J. Wojtkiewicz, '33.

MOONLIGHT MAGIC

I stood spellbound at the beauty before me! I had heard of moonlight in Hawaii, but somehow I had never imagined it quite like this.

The water gleamed, blue and silver just ahead of me. One step forward and I could have touched it with my toes. Softly lapping against the white sandy shore it sounded like the wings of a slowly flying dove.

Far in the distance the palms swayed softly and slowly as though keeping guard against any intruders, making a dark background to a silver dipped picture.

In the center of all this splendor, far out on the quiet water, one graceful canoe drifted lazily, bearing its precious cargo to a land of dreams, perhaps.

Who were they? Lovers? A handsome youth and his maiden sweetheart, white ghosts in a sea of blue! Truly, they formed a picture amidst all this magic splendor.

Every star seemed to reflect on the water making a sort of patchwork of bewitching color.

Far behind me a group of dancers were making merry, but the only sound which broke the peaceful serenity of the place was the faint music of guitars as they played dreamy waltzes for the merry makers.

Above, the softly illuminating moon shone down on all, completing a picture of perfect harmony.

What was this magic that could bring a warm glow in spite of the chill of the night? The moon was like a sentinel watching the happy lovers as they dreamily drifted down the waters of life, a life which was made beautiful and sweet by the music in their souls and the glory of their love.

Elvi Uljua, '32.

"THE END OF THE SHADOW"

Undoubtedly "The Shadow" was the best of the many in his profession. He was the greatest all-round burglar and confidence man of his time. After the robbery of the Third National Bank and the swindling of Martin Page, the famous broker, "The Shadow" suddenly disappeared and was heard of no more.

Nearly four years later we find "The Shadow" in a small town in western Pennsylvania. His share of the profits of these nefarious deeds had dwindled until he was almost penniless. During his four years of exile and hiding he had made plans for his last and most profitable job. This time he was to have no partners as a precaution against any kind of a slip. "Partners are all right," he thought, "in a job where a number are needed to blow the safe and as lookouts, but when the safe is to be opened by skill and the getaway made by stealth, then me for a 'lone wolf' job."

If you or I were in Middletown, a small town in western Pennsylvania, in time for the six-fifteen train we might have seen a young man who gave the name of James Roberts step off and go into the freight office. Ten minutes later he reappeared with a smile on his face. "So far so good," he said to himself, "I have this job and a chance to get into the bank."

Six months later Jim had been raised to bank messenger and was to bring to the bank a satchel of money worth nearly \$10,000. His plan was to bring the money to the bank and, as he was going out, blackjack the teller. He would then hide the money in his car, chloroform himself, and later drive away with the money.

As he entered the bank, two masked men, who had been hiding near the door, leaped in after him. One swung his blackjack at Jim and hit him a glancing blow which knocked him unconscious. As he came to he saw one of the men covering the teller with his gun. Jim crept to the burglar

alarm, pressed the button and tiptoed behind the burglar who had covered the teller. He pulled out his blackjack, aimed, and threw it at the burglar's head, knocking him unconscious. He then dashed for his gun and covered the other burglar until the police arrived. As the officers led the robbers away to prison he thought, "And that might have been me. Hereafter I'll keep my job as bank messenger, I'm through being 'The Shadow'."

Roy Lent, '35.

A FAREWELL

Just four and eighty years ago,
I first saw light of day.
And the time when I too, shall "cash
my chips,"
Is not so far away.

But there's one thing I would like to
ask
Ere I cross the great divide
Ere the day that you my friends shall
hear
The old boy's "gone and died."

O, bury me under the old pine tree,
Where the north wind softly sighs,
When the dead pine needles cover the
ground,
And the wild goose passes by.

I've lived all my life in the cabin,
At the foot of the old pine hill,
And it's here that I'd like to be buried
When my laboring heart grows still.

When again the flow'rs will be
blooming,
I may not hear the wind's soft sigh,
For I will be sleeping the last long
sleep,
'Neath the pines, and the clear blue
sky.

Edwin Loija, '32.

**THE SACRED LEFT EAR OF THE
RED DRAGON**

The room was dark but for the light of two candles on a table, red candles whose light dimly revealed rows of half-hidden figures in the dark cur-

tained room. Between the candles on a black pillow, lay a small red plush dragon, and from behind the table High Exalted Number One addressed the Order of the Red Dragon.

"As you know, it is the custom to pass the Sacred Left Ear as a luck token among the members for two-week periods. Member Number Twenty-five last had it in his possession. This morning he reported that it had been stolen.

"Class elections are coming up. It is a custom that our candidate for president carry the Sacred Left Ear on Election Day. If it is not found within three weeks, we must withdraw our candidate as the statutes decree.

"The Sacred Left Ear has passed into unfriendly hands. The Order is without honor until it is found. The Red Dragon clamors for revenge."

The fifty members of Semple Academy's foremost secret society filed from the Sanctum of the Red Dragon, in their hearts black hatred and a mighty resolve to find the thief. All that afternoon they had thought and talked of nothing else, and it bid fair to remain that way until the Sacred Left Ear was found. Sad would be the plight of the rash person who had dared steal it, if it were not found before the election.

Dave Marsden, star back on the football team and the Red Dragon's candidate for president of the senior class, and Bob King, his room mate, walked across the campus toward Jackson Hall. Their conversation was on the one topic uppermost in their minds.

"He says it was taken from his bureau this morning where he left it while washing up. The door was open—anyone might have walked in and taken it. The question is, who was it?"

Dave looked to Bob for an answer to his question, and this time as always before, his friend had one ready.

"You know as well as I do that the

only motive in stealing the dragon's ear would be to stop you from running for president. So it's either Andy or John Aiken who's at the head of the plot."

Dave smiled.

"It's a crazy idea to say that. Why should they steal it? They're both as popular as I am, and have as good a chance to win. If some of their friends took it, I don't believe Andy or Jack knew about it."

"Yeah, just so. But if either disliked you personally—?"

Dave laughed this time, but he saw what Bob was aiming at.

"Gosh, Bob, your imagination will ruin you one of these days. I bet you have hallucinations, too."

"All right, all right! But you know as well as I do—"

"Sure, I know as well as you do."

"—That Andy Howe is jealous of your football popularity, even if he is captain of the team. And haven't you been rushing Jane MacKay lately?"

Dave shrugged. "Imagination's a great thing if you don't carry it too far."

"Yes, Davie, and some day you're bound to realize what a big help I've been to you. Your greatest fault is that you have too much faith in human nature. You're too trusting."

They had reached the dormitory, and Dave was already halfway up the steps; he neglected to answer Bob's last remark except for a quizzical "Just so."

That afternoon Bob went for a hike with the botany professor—sometimes when one's marks are low, a little outside contact with the teacher is helpful—and Dave reported at the athletic field for scrimmage. There was a slight question in his mind as he noticed Andy when he appeared on the field. Andy was the captain of the football team and had been its outstanding player until Dave arrived on the scene. Dave's family had moved to town the previous winter and he had immediately become popular with the boys at the academy. He and Andy, however, were natural foes;

there had never been any open enmity, and they had managed to conceal their feelings so that it made no difference in the team's functioning. In fact, their feelings were so well hidden and were so persistently refused recognition, that at times they forgot their mutual dislike. Dave, of his own accord, would never have thought Andy capable of the theft, but the seed of Bob's suspicion remained in his mind, and he found himself watching Andy closely. He thought to himself, "Is he refusing to meet my eyes, or is it my imagination? Pretty soon I'll be as batty as Bob!" A reprimand from the coach broke off further thoughts of this sort, and for the rest of the afternoon Dave was busy.

Several days went by, and the members of the Order of the Red Dragon became gloomier as election day drew nearer. Bob thought Andy was the guilty person, at least responsible for the whole affair. So outspoken was he in his convictions, that Dave felt himself beginning to share Bob's suspicions, much as he scoffed at them. Add to this the fact that Andy was seeing Jane MacKay much more often than Dave approved, and you have the cause of the condition that was rapidly spoiling a good football team. Dave and Andy could no longer work together. Then one afternoon the two came to blows while at practice. Dave was the offender, and was suspended from the team by Coach Mecken who had been watching the growing hostility between his two star players.

Meanwhile the election drew nearer and nearer. The campaigns were carried on with a great deal of fervor and enthusiasm, and even the sons of the Red Dragon worked hard for their candidate. Their zeal, however, was a trifle forced; they knew that if the Sacred Left Ear was not found within a very few days, they must withdraw their candidate. Sentiment ran high—so did posters; neither the fire escapes nor the church belfry escaped. And the Red Dragon saw the ever-

deepening gloom grow blacker and blacker as no clue was found as to the whereabouts of his left ear.

(to be continued)

GHOSTLY NOISES

Flat tire. They stopped the car at an old weather-beaten house, and received a smiling welcome from its only sign of human habitation, a pumpkin perched on two rocks at the left of the doorstep. Minus the pumpkin, it could very well have been the theme of "The House With Nobody In It" except that somebody did live in it; for very unexpectedly an old man opened wide the door and surveyed the two occupants of the car. They had a long journey before them and looked it. The daughter, a girl of twelve, was about to remark upon her lack of nourishment since breakfast when her father explained their situation. Night was coming on and there were no farms within three miles.

That evening they all sat around the fire while the old man, taking advantage of the fact that here was some one to talk to, made full use of his colloquial powers.

Beginning with the history of the surrounding country, and of each family in his vicinity (he entertained an exceedingly broad conception of "vicinity") he passed on to an exhausting review of the weather during the last twenty odd winters. After discussing practically everything from who won the World War to why the potato crop failed, he told of his own family connections. His father, a woodsawyer, and the Oldest Inhabitant, at one time, had died in the cellar, diligently pursuing his appointed life work. The farm and subsequently the "title," passed to him, etc., etc.

That night in bed Our Heroine lay awake earnestly attempting to dismiss from her fluttering mind disturbing thoughts concerning the late Oldest Inhabitant.

Soon a low grinding sound issued

from nowhere in particular and everywhere in general. SAWING WOOD! She slowly sank under the covers and wondered if she had been as good a girl as could be profited by in the next world.

The noise came, at regular intervals, through the cimmerian silence of the night. At times it gradually diminished in tone; at times became so high-pitched that the cricket in the closet was either completely drowned out or, being conscious of the utter futility of competing with an obvious superior, had given up hope of ever being heard.

After time indefinite, it stopped. Concentrating upon the silence, she fell asleep.

Promptly upon arriving at home, she hunted up her chum. She told her the story, every particular dwelt upon, every moment enlarged upon, to produce the desired effect—astonishment.

“—and you can bet you don’t hear spirits sawing wood every night.”

Polite disinterest.

“My father snores too.”

Bertha Sneek, Sophomore.

DAME FORTUNE FROWNS AND SMILES

Jimmie Halliday was a dreamer. All the gang at the office knew it from Jiggs, the office boy, up to the old man himself. It was a source of worry to Jimmie and much fun for the office force, because a dreamer is usually absent-minded, and Jimmie was no exception to the rule.

Jimmie kept bachelor quarters in a small, low-priced rooming-house in a suburb of New York. He hated his ordinary routine of life; up at 7 o’clock, every morning except on Sunday; at 7:45 detaching one of the little yellow ferry tickets from the large, monthly commuter’s roll he had, starting for the office which was on 72nd Street. At 8:15, after having travelled respectively on a subway train, ferry, another train, a surface

car, and finally by walking three blocks, he would reach the office and begin his work, which was that of an expert accountant. At the office he sat on an extremely high stool before a high slanting desk from 8:30 till noon with only occasional dismountings from his perch.

At noon he became one of a rushing mob at a quick-lunch counter, or, more than a few times dined with Miss Travers, the “steno,” at a certain quiet restaurant. Then, from 1 P. M. till 4, he resumed his highly adventurous career of adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing.

When a person has done that day in and day out, for nearly two years, it grows irksome and monotonous to say the least. And to an adventurous person, one who, like Jimmie, dreams of doing great things and traveling to strange places, such an occupation becomes almost unbearable. But what could he do? Although he was being paid but \$40 per week, that was just \$40 more than he would have if he threw up his job. And there were two big reasons why he especially wanted that \$40. One was his chief day-dream, that immense, all important project that he worked on every evening. The other (need it be said?) was Miss Travers.

One day, as he was going to his work, he was thinking of the deadly monotony of his position. He began dreaming of the thing that he was working on so industriously, the invention that, if it were successful, would change all this, would fulfill his highest desires. Jimmie knew much about airplanes. He had intended to become an airplane designer, but lack of funds had made him change his course, after a year’s study on the principles of aeronautics.

He knew that a completely successful, safe helicopter was what the world needed. If a person could invent a machine that would rise and descend absolutely in a perfectly vertical line, and could hover in any spot at any height indefinitely—well, that person

would become in time one of the richest men in the world. Such an invention would revolutionize aviation; every existing airplane would be hopelessly out-of-date, good for nothing, comparatively, except the junk pile. It would bring untold fortunes, fame, anything a man might desire.

Jimmie sighed. As he thought of all this he felt a tingling sensation; his pulses beat faster, a rosy haze obscured everything. If only his invention worked. All day long he was so busy dreaming that he made countless mistakes until he finally with a supreme effort of will, nailed his mind onto his work and forbade the subject to come back to him.

No one knew what Jimmie was planning, what he thought so much about with such a vacant look on his face, or what he worked on in his spare time. Jimmie figured it out this way—if he were successful it would be a happy surprise to his friends; if he failed he wouldn't be joshed about it and no one but himself would be disappointed. But it was an extreme temptation to tell Miss Travers, as they ate their lunch in some quiet corner of the restaurant.

However, thought Jimmie, it will soon be determined one way or the other. For he had saved his money, and in about a week his test flight would take place. He had hired a little space at a nearby airport, and on a second-hand, one-seater Waco biplane, the upper wing of which he had discarded, he worked almost every Saturday afternoon. Sundays he took Miss Travers to various places around the city and therefore could not labor on his plane.

The project was almost finished, and with a few touches here and there, it would be ready for its debut.

The week dragged by slowly. Every day Jimmie took Miss Travers to the little restaurant and it required all he had to keep from confiding in her, but thoughts of her delighted surprise triumphed over his desire.

Jimmie asked Saturday morning off, and it had been granted by the boss. There was not much to be done on the plan. Just a few little nuts to tighten, fabric to cover with aircraft "dope," a general adjusting and readjusting. He did these few things each evening and feverishly awaited the coming of Saturday. Jimmie wished to wait until that day, Saturday, because he would have time then to fix anything that went wrong or do any of the tiny but necessary things that crop up at such a time. He decided to test it about 5 A. M., because at that time almost no one was at the airport except employees. For obvious reasons Jimmie didn't want any curious spectators.

Finally Friday night rolled around. Jimmie was so nervous he could hardly sleep and at 4 o'clock, Saturday morning, he jumped out of bed, threw on his clothes, and started for the airport. Because of the early hour he couldn't make connections very well, and several times had to wait impatiently at a barrier, chewing his lips and wishing that the ferry, or whatever it was he was waiting for, would come in.

At last he arrived at the airport. He hurriedly unlocked the hangar and looked at his plane. A queer feeling rose in his breast. All his money, his hopes, his ambitions were centered in that one awkward, ungainly-looking contrivance. If that machine worked, there was nothing that could not be his. If it failed—Jimmie wouldn't think of that. He roused himself from his thoughts, and opening wide the hangar door, he trundled the machine out into the early morning sunlight. No one was about; Jimmie was glad of that.

There was really nothing further he could do to the plan. Everything was ready, he had his pilot's license in his pocket, the gas tanks were full. He walked around the plane. It was like any other Moth plane except that the upper wing had been removed and a huge, many-bladed contrivance put

in its place. The revolving blades were, in appearance, somewhat like those of the autogyro invented by the Spaniard, Cierva, but their construction was obviously more complicated, embodying a different principle.

Jimmie felt of the lone wing, the struts, and the control wires. Finally he took one last look about and climbed into the cockpit. He would take no chances on his one plane, he resolved, and would therefore warm up his motor at least fifteen minutes before he attempted the flight. He started the engine, and after about twenty tries, it coughed into life and roared full blast. After fifteen minutes when it was ticking over as smoothly as a watch, Jimmie cautiously taxied up and down the field. Everything seemed all right, the air blast turned the overhead propeller and the plane almost lifted into the air. Jimmie didn't expect it to just yet.

Then, at one end of the field, he stopped the plane and looked around. Now came the test! Nervously he noticed a group of men near his hangar watching him. He could distinguish only the manager of the airport who was his old friend.

He slid in a lever like a gear shift, which turned the power of the motor to the overhead propeller instead of the forward one. The great, heavy, blades above began to turn around. They gathered speed until they were shirring through the air with terrific momentum just a few feet above Jimmie's head. He fed gas to the motor. The plane trembled in every part. Jimmie's heart rose in his throat. What if the plane didn't rise! He gave more gas to the motor until it was turning over as fast as it could. The roar was deafening. The plane shuddered and slowly rose a few feet from the ground and hovered there. But it wouldn't go any higher, no matter how he jazzed the throttle. He finally cut the motor and the plane sank back to the ground. Again he "revved" it and again the plane rose

a little but no higher. Jimmie throttled down and saw that obviously that was all the plane would do. With a leaden heart, after throwing the gear that turned the power into the forward propeller, he taxied it back toward the hangar. All his dreams were gone, his bubble had burst, his air-castle had tumbled down into crumbling bricks. By the time he had reached the hangar, though, his spirits had risen slightly. He was already puzzling over what was wrong.

The plane stopped before the hangar and Jimmie dismounted to wheel it in. As he stepped out of the cockpit he was touched on the shoulder and he turned around to see Mr. Beldon, the manager, with three men beside him.

"Hello, Jimmie," he said cordially. "I'm sorry your invention didn't work."

"Why," gasped Jimmie, "what did you know about it?"

"Well, naturally, I had an idea of what you were doing, keeping such secrecy, and making so much noise every Saturday," smiled Beldon. "But here," he continued, "meet my friend, Mr. Branson, president of the U. S. A. C., Mr. Williams, his general manager, and Mr. Wallace, chief designer of the corporation."

When the formalities were over, Mr. Beldon, seeing Jimmie's bewilderment, said to him, "Jimmie, I could tell by your actions that you were going to test this plane today and so I invited my friends to watch you. I think they were pleased with what they saw. And now to get down to business. What do you wish to say, Branson?"

Half an hour later Jimmie was returning to the city, his mind in a daze. If what he had heard were true, he was now an employee of the U. S. A. C. with a salary of \$75 per week and authority and means to proceed as he wished in perfecting his invention, under certain terms, of

course. The terms were fair and Jimmie had accepted.

Even now he couldn't think calmly. His invention had failed but he now had the money to go forward with it and continue to experiment with it. In addition, he had a job such as he had always desired, one with unlimited prospects. When he arrived at his boarding-house about 8 o'clock he immediately phoned Miss Travers and arranged to meet her for breakfast at the restaurant. Now he could tell her what he had been doing. And also, now that he had a good position he might ask her, pretty soon, a certain question that had long been forming in his mind.

Paul R. Wilson.

MEDITATION

To pass, or not to pass,—that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous parents,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And, by passing, end them? To get by, to flunk

No more; and by not flunking to say we end

The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks

That we are heir to—'tis an accomplishment

Devoutly to be wish'd. To get by, to pass;

To pass—perchance an A—ay, there's the life!

For on that card, what A's may come, When we have told those F's to "scram,"

Must give us credit. There are reasons That make calamity of so short a term:

For who could bear the whips and scorns of teachers,

Those oppressors, whose contumely Shames our laziness and delay,

Our ignorance of study; and urge That patient merit never hurts.

When we ourselves might their quiet make

With mere studying?

(With all sufficient apologies to Bill Shakespeare.)

A. Bellows, '33.

PERSONAL IDEAS ABOUT THE COURTSHIP OF KATRINA

While receiving a lecture from the manager because some poor unfortunate had lost a sale, I was thinking of a recent speech on the inspiration of women, and illogically my mind went back to the good old days of Ichabod Crane.

It is the unfortunate case of Katrina Van Tassel and Ichabod Crane about which I am now speaking. It was not, it happens, a question of "getting your man," but the case of "getting your woman." Poor old Ichabod had the right idea but the wrong system. He had many good opportunities, but had not the sense to take advantage of them.

First, as a Psalm singer and choir instructor, he had the opportunity of visiting her. Many things have started from a song, but Crane didn't realize his possibilities. Nor did he realize the difference between emitting sounds and making music. Even though he sang through his nose, he was no Rudy Vallée, and should have heeded the poem about the Owl.

A few rides on a saddle built for two would have improved the situation much. Again, showing that the idealistic and romantic soul of a person is worth more than good looks and physical strength might have helped overshadow Brom Bones.

Ichabod was tall; perhaps he was a bit more than a trifle gawky, big-eared, and eccentric, but he could have impressed Katrina with the fact that the coming style for men would be tall and lithe, and show her his tendency towards litheness.

Katrina was just at the romantic age and a few suggestions concerning the stars and the full moon, if Father

Van Tassel allowed Ichabod to stay that long, would have gained headway.

In fact, just a little more of the age-old "Blarney," which seems new to every weakening couple, would have added a much more needed zest to the unfortunate courtship. Poor Ichabod had the right idea, but as one of my classmates would say, "He needed system."

S. Seder, '32.

I WAS SIMPLY THRILLED TO DEATH!

July 21.—Well Diary, I've arrived here at Westport Pier with Aunt Julie. We're staying at a hotel. That is, it isn't exactly a hotel but it's a large house where "nice people" come to stay for the summer. Usually the same people come each year, and everybody knows everybody else. I expect I'll have an awfully nice time here with the ocean and tennis court and a dance pavilion and all that. That is of course, if Aunt Julie doesn't interfere. She's a dear but she's quite old, around forty or something like that, and she just can't understand our generation, we're so different from when she used to be a girl. Oh—and Diary I have a secret! I saw the nicest looking young man outside, a short while ago. In a roadster he was, and he just stared and stared at me, I'm glad I had my new suit on, because green always did make me look rather attractive. Here comes Aunt Julie now, I'll have to close, but who knows what'll happen later, Diary dear?

July 23.—Oh Diary, can you guess what? I've met him! Gee I was simply thrilled to death! His name is Gerry Wayne, and the way we chanced to meet was that we were on the tennis court (I mean I was), playing with Madge Blaine and he came along and Madge hollered "Hi, Gerry!" and he said, "Hi there, Madge," and then Madge stopped to talk to him, and of course she had to

introduce me. Then Madge said she had to rush, and told me to entertain Gerry. He's an awfully clever boy, really witty and all that, but just as we got talking together, Aunt Julie came out, and I had to introduce her. Then she gave me a sort of deep look, and said she wanted me to drive down to the Cape with her, and of course I said "yes" politely, when I really wanted to stay to finish my talk with Gerry. I hope Aunt Julie doesn't interfere too much. It's a shame that old people can't understand our generation better!

July 24.—I went to the dance last night. (Aunt Julie went of course.) Gerry was there, and I danced four dances with him. He's an awfully nice boy, but he doesn't dance so extra well. Of course I don't mean to say he can't dance, but he's just a trifle awkward on his feet. I had an awfully nice time tho. Good grief! I've got to close Diary. It's nearly time for dinner and I'm not dressed yet!

July 25.—Gerry and I played a set of tennis today, and I beat him. Of course he's a good player, but he's rather awkward on his feet, and he kept getting madder each time he lost a game, and no wonder he lost, he served so awful. He acted as tho' it was my fault because he lost the set, and finally I got huffy and said if that's the way he felt about it, alright, and then he said he was sorry for acting that way, so I forgave him, because I'd hate to be the cause of breaking up such a beautiful friendship.

July 26.—Dear Diary, tonight Aunt Julie introduced me to a young poet. Imagine how thrilled I felt! We got to talking and I found he had me very interested in poems which are things I usually hate. Mr. Abernothy is his name, and he is very good looking, dreamy and just like a poet. He said that he had written a book of poems, and he recited some of the verses for me. I was simply thrilled to death Diary! But the best part of it all was

when he said that I could inspire him to write a poem, and I acted kind of surprised, and then he started to make up one which was really beautiful. The first line went something like this:

"Ann, tall and slender like a pale blue iris,"

and he got as far as the second line when somebody came up and asked to speak with him privately. Of course I was disappointed when he excused himself, but I was thrilled to death the way he made up that poem so casually like. Diary dear, I never expected such a perfectly marvelous time as I'm having here. Gee how I hate to go home.

July 28.—Well I'm all packed ready

to go home Diary. I've said good-bye to Gerry and we sure hated to part, but we promised to write every week, because we've been such good friends and all that. Mr. Abernothy was called away last night and he never finished my poem, but Aunt Julie says he's engaged anyhow, so it doesn't matter. Well, I guess I'll have to close. I've had a perfectly marvelous time here. I guess Aunt Julie enjoyed herself too, but it must be dreadfully boring to be so old; you can't have half so good a time. I hope we come back next year because getting out and meeting people and making social contacts and all that, simply thrills me to death Diary dear!

SUNSET AND COLOR

Did you see the sunset last night?
 Yesterday, you know, was cloudy;
 Thick nubila covered the whole sky.
 Suddenly Old Sol dropped below the level of the clouds,
 And the heavens became a golden vision,
 Such as would have done honor to any Midas's kingdom.
 The Gold turned to Orange,
 Like the pumpkin when it ripens;
 And, gradually, (although it seemed sudden in the brevity of the whole phenomenon),
 It became a pinkish hue so vivid
 That you could almost see the spires against the rosy medieval sky.
 Then came the Red, the red of fire and destruction, of blood and carnage;
 Followed close upon by the Gray, the gray of skyscrapers and civilization.
 It fought with the Red, and empowered it,
 And absorbed it into itself.
 Soon there was nothing left but Gray,
 That became Black.

W. H. L.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

MAYNARD-MELROSE, 0-13

Although pitted against an undefeated and much more experienced team, Maynard did a very good job, holding Coach Poole's boys to a lucky thirteen points. Playing with an altogether new aggregation, Maynard fought off all combinations put against them, but because of a few fumbles on the part of the home-town boys, Melrose carried off the first game of the season.

MAYNARD-BELMONT, 0-0

Again the rivalry of these two teams has been renewed. Maynard last met Belmont eight years ago, when Maynard took the latter by the one-sided score of 25-7.

Belmont brought with them the thoughts of easy pickings, but the bearers of the orange and the black soon changed their minds. A young chap named "Speedy" O'Leary twisted and zigzagged his way through seemingly impossible holes. Four times he broke loose on what almost proved to be touchdowns, when suddenly players from nowhere pulled and hauled at him until they put him down. Frigard, playing probably his best game this season, broke up play upon play until he was forced from the game with a leg injury. Both teams fought gamely to no avail. This will go down in the Maynard record books as one of the hardest fought tie games ever to be played. Other stars of the battle were Captain Spratt and Paul Kendra. The whole team played exceptionally well.

MAYNARD-HUDSON, 18-0

Eager to avenge the 31-0 score at the hands of Hudson last year, Maynard started at the beginning of the contest to tear open holes for the oncoming backs, who many times succeeded in breaking through for long, short, and medium gains. Long gains were few and far between, but as for short and medium ones, the game was full of them. O'Leary and Captain Spratt did the scoring, with two touchdowns to O'Leary's credit and one for Captain Spratt. This victory puts Maynard in the lead for the Midland League Pennant, and it greatly inspires the team to win the Pennant, which many feel should belong to them when the season ends.

MAYNARD-STONEHAM, 13-6

Traveling at a fast clip the mill-town boys slipped into a tie with Belmont for the Middlesex League pennant by handing Stoneham a 13-6 setback, and also breaking Stoneham's home-ground winning streak, the latter being undefeated on their own field for three years. Stoneham got off to a good start by completing a long pass to Avery, the fleet-footed end of the Stoneham squad, who raced over the last white stripe with every bit of energy he had. Later, in the second period, Maynard also heaved a long pass, Kendra to Frigard, the latter smashing through to a touchdown. The point after touchdown was made, this allowing Maynard a 7-6 advantage at half time. Coming out for the final half with both teams about evenly matched, the game raged on with Stoneham finally

defending their goal on their three yard line. A few plays later Quarterback Arcisz, plunging through the center of the line, scored the second touchdown for Maynard. This game proved quite a costly victory for Maynard, for during the third period, Mike Ignatchuk, brilliant left tackle, was carried from the field with a leg injury. The loss of Ignatchuk handicaps the local team greatly.

MAYNARD-LEXINGTON, 13-0

Unleashing an attack that completely swept their opponents off their feet, Maynard finally turned the tables on their Lexington rivals. Until this game Maynard had never before in the history of the school beaten Lexington. Maynard teams had tied them but that was the closest they had ever come to victory.

A long pass, Kendra to Frigard, brought about the first score, with O'Leary taking the ball over. The second touchdown showed a high-powered line and brilliant running by the backs. From their own twenty yard line, the orange and black gridsters bucked and fought every inch of the way through another brilliant line, with no less than five first downs in a row and a touchdown by Kendra. Young Oiva Hintsa, taking after his brother Sulo, scored the extra point with a line plunge, thus ending the scoring for the game. This victory puts Maynard in first place for Middlesex League honors, as Belmont did not have a league game on hand. If the local team doesn't get overconfident, and plays heads-up football, the Pennant will, at the end of the year, rest in the corridor at Maynard High.

MAYNARD-CONCORD, 6-6

Maynard's score came in the second period, with right halfback Kendra carrying the ball over. During the breathing session Maynard enjoyed a

6-0 lead, but the second half did not prove as enjoyable, as Concord put up a much stiffer fight. A series of end runs and an overhead attack brought about the score for Concord. With one last desperate chance to clinch the victory, Maynard tried a triple lateral, the first tried this year, with a long pass on the end of it. This sure touchdown play was foiled when Concord's secondary defense spied our player on the sideline and quickly sent men over to break the long pass.

MAYNARD-WINCHESTER, 7-6

In this deciding game, Winchester scored first, but failure to kick the goal proved fatal. Toward the end of the game Maynard started its march toward the goal line. With but fourteen seconds to play Kendra fell back and sent a pass to Tinker Thompson, who scored. Kendra then kicked the extra point to win the game. This win assures Maynard of at least a tie for top honors for the Middlesex League pennant, as there will be no play off with the Belmont squad.

MAYNARD-MARLBORO, 7-7

Entering the contest as underdogs, Marlboro High caused a friendly upset in the plans of the Maynard High squad, by carrying the battle to Maynard all during the game and allowing the leaders to just barely escape with a 7-7 tie. Late in the second period a Maynard quarterback broke loose and put them in the lead by a 6-0 score. Kendra kicked the extra point. In the second half Marlboro fought viciously, finally pushing over a score, and then tying the count with the point after. The rest of the game saw some thrilling plays, with Marlboro the aggressor most of the way. In the dying moments of the bitter battle, Maynard tried the play that proved successful at Winchester but to no avail.

MAYNARD AT CLINTON

33—0

Scoring 14 points in the first quarter and chalking up 19 more in the final period, Maynard High's flashy gridsters romped away with a 33-0 decision over the fighting Irish team from Clinton, and forcing them to end their season without scoring a single point.

This victory gives Maynard her first football pennant, and a real leader she is for the Midland League entries.

O'Leary led the scoring pack, with 4 touchdowns to his credit, while Oiva Hintsa crossed the goal line for the fifth and last score.

Kendra kicked 2 points after touchdowns and Capt. Spratt added another to end the one-sided score.

Capt. Spratt, Mullin, Swartz, Tamulevitch, Bukacz, and Arcisz are lost by graduation to the newly hailed champs for next season.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS**FIELD HOCKEY**

Girls' field hockey has begun successfully, since many of last year's candidates have returned. These include: Captain Helen Scerczen, Eva Gudzinowica, Alice Kitowicz, Annie Swanson, Mildred Gelbus, Dorothy Marsden, Bertha Sneck, Dorothy Glickman, Mary Sawyer, Lillian Sullivan, and Eleanor Lawson.

The manager of the team is Isabel Annis, a senior, who has Rita Bari-teau as her assistant.

This year, for the first time, there has been inter-class hockey to give those who do not wish to go out for varsity a chance to learn the game.

INTER-CLASS FIELD HOCKEY**FRESHMEN vs. SOPHOMORES**

On Wednesday, October 21, the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 7-0. This game was the first of the season, but with everything considered, it was well played. Both teams played hard and clean, but the more experienced sophomores were easy victors.

Lineup:

Freshmen

Captain, G. Heikkila, R. Fayton, D. Peterson, L. Kempinen, M. Smith, M. Hatch, R. Peterson, M. Fraser, T. Niemala, E. Mahoney, E. Nyholm, M. Shymonowicz, M. Fidanza, E. Meriluoto.

Sophomores

Captain, B. Sneck, A. Swanson, M. Gudzinowicz, R. Marsden, F. Fearn, S. Batulin, L. Sullivan, D. Glickman, C. Ferris, F. Hastings, D. Peterson, M. Sims.

JUNIORS vs. SENIORS

The second inter-class game was favorable for the senior girls. The juniors fought valiantly but weakness in the defense lost them the game by a score of 3-0.

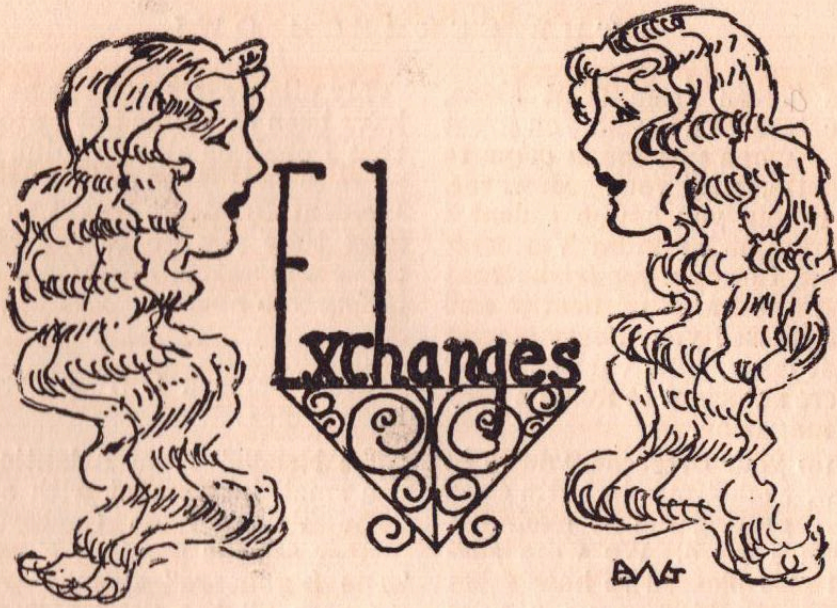
Lineup:

Juniors

Captain, A. Kitowicz, M. Carey, O. Kozak, S. Walet, D. Burnham, M. Sawyer, A. Salo, D. Reynolds, S. Nyholm, V. Wolfe, M. Carbery.

Seniors

Captain, E. Gudzinowicz, J. Gruber, E. Kivela, V. Saluyski, M. Dutkowsky, M. Glebus, E. Lawson, D. Marsden, L. Alberi, M. Kaskiewicz, H. Scerczen. S. Nyholm, '33.



At last, someone in history has had the courage to knock the famous Cicero down. Poor fellow; you should see how meek he looks over there in the corner. Serves him right, though, for being in the way when I reached for a magazine from this neat pile beside me—neat did I say? After I threw him across the room I seized my “Golden Rod” prepared to—but that brings me back to what I wanted to say about the “Golden Rod.”

The other day, several of those inquisitive Freshmen whom one is always stepping on in the corridors, spied my armful of exchanges, no matter how hard I tried to hide them and I became so popular all of a sudden that I could imagine what Caesar and Cicero felt like in their day. Each one wanted the best magazine and between cries of “Gimme” and “Get out of here” I tried to make up my mind which really was the best. Finally, I chose the “Golden Rod” as the finest and most complete school magazine I had ever read. Incidentally, I couldn’t help but stop to read one of the stories, concerning “Our Clever Gangsters” and a boy who was attracted by one of them to—well, what he did do resulted in a policeman’s fractured skull. That softening which comes to every man came to Danny and as sure as Cicero rests in the

corner, he dodged every gangster he saw after that. “The Golden Rod” has many different departments all of which are very clever and its eighty-two pages will hold you till the last.

Next in commendation comes “The Abhis,” that old friend of ours who is always getting medals and prizes. It’s such an excellent magazine it deserves as many as it can get. The conclusion of that story “Pixy,” which we were all so interested in, was exceedingly well-written. For those of us who read the end of a magazine first the jokes were very clever and, may we add, unusual.

I feel rather conscience-stricken with Cicero looking so uncomfortable in the corner. Perhaps I should let him sit with “Colomba” again—ask any Senior who “Colomba” is. Now to congratulate “The Index” on a very tasteful arrangement of local color and literary contributions. The “Index” even has a “Circle Francais” which I admit is a great puzzle to me—ask Miss Wilson why. The joke editor deserves special credit for some very original wise-cracks—those things which our teachers do like so well. As our only suggestion we would like to see an exchange department developed.

“The Academy Student” evidently has a mania for keeping the Green

Mountains "clean from fruit skins, paper, et cetera"—we wish you great success and when you finish come to Massachusetts, will you? However, this isn't telling you how excellent I think this magazine from Vermont. We are glad to see a magazine that appreciates the value of poetry and though we missed your short stories in your last issue, your various other articles were sufficient to make a very enjoyable magazine.

Button up your overcoat, you're in Alaska now. Sometimes in Latin class with Cicero getting me so excited I almost wish I were. We were surprised and also pleased to hear from someone who could give us a very clear picture of the country "up thar." We are glad to see that even Alaskans have a sense of humor when it comes to the difference between "ways" and "weighs." Even Cicero would have laughed—if any of you men—and women—of the North don't know who Cicero is, remember, he's a most cruel orator born centuries ago but who has been making all Latin students suffer ever since.

My pile wasn't as large as it should have been this time but I promise you that I shall be able to think up much more to say—good or bad—next time. Incidentally, don't forget to read the next time you go to the library all those interesting magazines I've been telling you about.

The "Screech Owl" gratefully acknowledges:

"The Needle" from Atlantic, Iowa—a small instrument with a point.

"The Voice" from Concord—did I hear anyone mention Einstein?

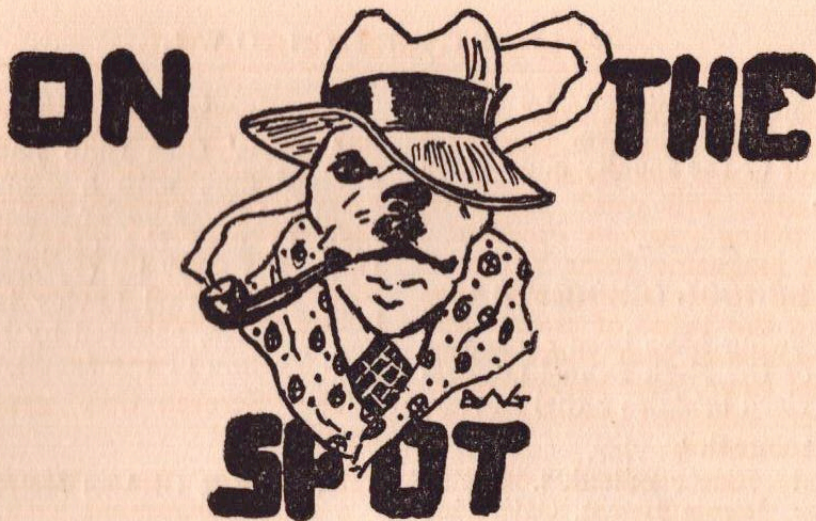
"The Signboard" from Bay Path—where all the good editorials you could wish come from.

"The Parrot" from Rockland—and, oh boy, can he tell some of the nicest stories?

"The Whittier-Town Sentinel" from Amesbury—the information bureau on the "Rise and Fall of Peanut Brittle."

"The Clarion" from Holden—contains lots of "Foolish Facts and Silly Cracks."





RALLIES

September 10

Mr. King opened the first rally of the football season. Coach Lent spoke about the possibilities of our football team and about our chance in winning over Melrose. The pupils showed their school spirit by cheers and songs which were led by "Nettie" Gruber, Lillian Sullivan, "Bill" Ledger and "Simmie" Seder.

October 2

The second rally of the season was held the day before the Belmont game. Mr. Lerer spoke about the A. A. dues and the coming A. A. Social. Coach Manty and Captain Spratt talked on the possibility of giving Belmont a good beating.

Miss Ruth Finn, girls' hockey coach, spoke about the girls' athletics and the part which the girls play in our school and in the world.

Cheers were again led by "Nettie" Gruber, Lillian Sullivan, "Bill" Ledger and "Simmie" Seder.

October 23

Mr. King, Mr. Lerer and Captain Spratt spoke about the Lexington game and our chances of winning over the Lexington team, a feat which had not been accomplished in the football history of Maynard High. The pupils cheered and sang the school song.

Evidently the rally had the desired effect, for Maynard won easily from Lexington.

A rally was held November 10, at seven o'clock, at the auditorium. Mr. King and Coaches Lerer, Manty and Sawyer spoke. The team and the Coaches were cheered. Later a parade was formed and the students marched around town singing and cheering.

JINGLE JINGLE

Professor F. W. Holmes of Northeastern University spoke on "All Men Are Created Equal" in the auditorium, Friday morning, October 9. The talk was very interesting and the humor as well as the serious side appealed to everyone. We hope to hear more lectures of this sort.

A. A. SOCIAL A SUCCESS

Surely the Freshmen and Sophomores enjoyed the first social of the season, which was given in their honor by the Seniors and Juniors on the evening of October 9th. The profits were turned over to the A. A. But where was the teacher who had promised to teach the Freshmen to dance?

Mrs. King, Mrs. Lent and Mrs. Sawyer were the patronesses of the evening.

Music was furnished by Irma Durkee and her orchestra.

Mr. Lerer of the faculty supervised the affair.

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The following have been chosen as members of the High School Orchestra, supervised by Miss Ethel Lovley.

1st pianist—Ruth Taylor.

2nd pianist—Elmer Salenius.

1st violins—Jennie Bygot, Catherine Macey, Robert Gogolin, Peter Piecewicz, Joseph Gudzinowicz.

2nd violins—Vera Valinsky, Martha Koski, Stella Rubaszko, Gordon Wolfe.

Trombones—Willis Stockbridge, Howard Weaving.

Saxophone—Vincent Labowicz.

Trumpets—Stanley Loiko, Norman Hannon.

Clarinet—Edward Hoffman.

Drums—Guido Carbone.

Officers:

Manager, Willis Stockbridge
Librarian, Ruth Taylor

GLEE CLUB

A Girls' Glee Club has been organized and, with a group of boys from the three upper classes, is planning to give the operetta "Riding Down the Sky" by O'Hara and Morgan. Miss Ethel Lovley is directing the operetta, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Teehan of the faculty, dramatic coach.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

A meeting of the Senior Class was held Sept. 30. Mr. King and Mr. Lerer asked for the co-operation and support of the class in the matter of collecting A. A. dues.

ELECTIONS

The Seniors chose the following class officers: Ahti Jaakkola, President; June Sawyer, Vice-President; Mary Minko, Secretary; Walter Crowther, Treasurer; and Miss Cleary, Class Adviser.

Cecelia Nelson.

ALUMNI NOTES

GRADUATES OF 1931

Frederick Cogswell is attending Lowell Textile School.

Catherine Coughlin has entered Boston University.

Leona Dudzinski is employed in Rhode Island.

Margaret Duggan is employed by Newberry Co.

Denis Farnell is attending Trinity College.

Harriet Frye is taking a post-graduate course.

Leon Frye is studying at Wentworth Institute.

Donat Gagne is employed by his father.

Molly Glickman is at Nasson Institute.

George Gutteridge has entered Buckport Seminary.

Edward Hannon is an usher at the Strand Theater.

Francis Hannon is taking a post-graduate course.

Robert Hartin is attending Tufts College.

Sirkka Hurme is employed in the Concord Hospital.

Harold Johnston is clerk in the First National Store.

William Joyce is employed in a drug store in Attleboro.

Saimi Keto has a position in Concord Academy.

Violet Koskela is attending Massachusetts State College.

Norvin Laubenstein is employed by Woolworth Co., and is taking a post-graduate course.

Margaret Lawton is attending a school of journalism in New York state.

Julia Lynch is a freshman at Regis College.

Leo McNamara is studying at St. Anselm's College.

Esther Merrill is taking a post-graduate course.

Joseph Piecewicz is employed in a local drug store.

Victor Pileeki is working at the Assabet Market.

Barbara Stockbridge is attending Bridgewater Normal School.

James Sweeney has entered Wentworth Institute.

Fred Thompson is at Northeastern University.

Walter Wainio is a post-graduate.

Philip Wilson is attending Dartmouth College.

Alden Young is taking a post-graduate course.

GRADUATES OF 1930

Some of the graduates of the Class of 1930 have entered college this year.

Walter Brayden has entered Massachusetts State College.

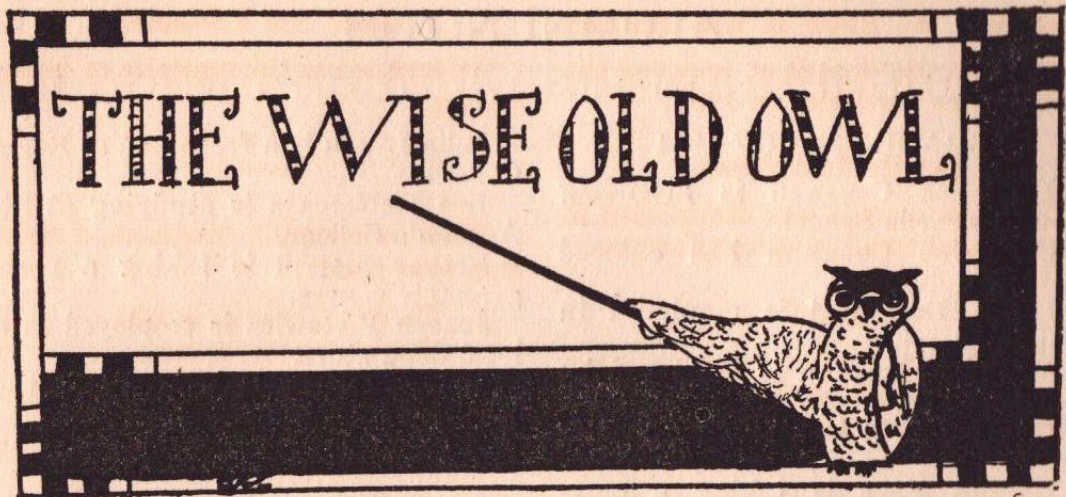
Albert Foster is at Wentworth Institute.

Norman Walker is attending Bruster Academy.

Michael Zapoieski is studying at Bridgeton Academy.

Mr. Edward C. Fearn, a senior at Tufts College, and a member of the Debating Council, was chosen at the tryouts held recently to represent Tufts in the debate with Bowdoin on March 15.

Mr. Fearn is a member of the Chemical Society, and the Beta Kappa fraternity.



The Wise Old Owl would like to know:

What kind of grease "Wink" McGarry uses on his hair?

If Sid McCleary ever played a love set in Stow?

Why Forrie Hartin is taking up hiking?

Why Bruno Arcisz likes Rhode Island?

If Eddie Ledgard talks in his sleep?

When Bennie is going to pay his candy bill?

If "Moon" Mullin will vote for another sleigh party, and why?

What freshman paid his A. A. dues?

Why Ahti Frigard likes the Commercial room?

Who loosened "Mickey" Newton's spark plugs?

What became of "BILL JONES"?

Where Case got his Radio?

Who broke the library window?

If you can put the crook of your elbow in jail?

We Say:

A depression is a time when people do without things their parents never had.

A bee can rise with three times its own weight—but oh—when it sits down.

When the seniors were asked what they will do if they graduate, the fol-

lowing answers were found:

1. Apply for old age pension.
2. Take chair of applied electricity at Sing Sing.
3. Enter Smithsonian Institute.
4. Become a toll bridge collector in Scotland.
5. The remaining 78 will take P. G.'s.

Mr. Gandhi wants a prohibition law for India. We know where he can get one that is only very slightly used.

SMART SAYINGS BY M. H. S. CHILDREN

Yum! Yum!

A perennial plant is a plant that man can eat—an annual plant is one that an animal can eat.

Are You Listenin'?

When the patent for the telegraph was taken out, there was the first overheard message from Washington to Baltimore.

Try It Sometime

General Montcalm was mortally wounded twice.

That's the End of It

Jack London wrote "South Sea Tails."

Moral Victory for Wolfe

General Montcalm was morally wounded on the Plains of Abraham.

Any Way We Know It Was Marconi

Marconi, the inventor, received the Noble price for Phics in 1909.

Bet He Took Geom.

The poor orphan was diminished in stature and small in circumference.

Huh!

The future perfect time is when you think about in the future and talk about it in the past.

Gosh, Am I Simple?

Affectation is the opposite of being simple.

These are simply mistakes, Freshmen take heed:

There's meter in music,
There's meter in tone,
But the best way to meter,
Is to meter alone.





Bruno: "Say, what kind of a shop is this? Look at this piece of rubber I found in one of the sausages I bought this morning."

Butcher: "I cannot help eet, zee motor car is replacing zee horse everywhere."

Jimmie Malcolm: "You seem to have a hidden life."

Frigard (throwing out his chest): "Yes?"

Jimmie: "Yea, stop scratching your head."

Bachy (at practice): "Is that tackle double-jointed?"

Coach: "No, why?"

Bachy: "Gee, then I must have broken his leg."

Forrie Hartin says that his hens get jealous because they heard that the Odd Fellows laid a cornerstone.

June (anxiously): "Doctor, do you think that kissing spreads disease?"

Dr.: "Well—heart disease."

Mullin: "Did you hear that Ledgard was beaten up the other day?"

Hartin: "No, how did it happen?"

Mullin: "A man came into the store with his bride, to get a book to read on his honeymoon, and Legard offered him 'Travels with a Donkey'."

Life is an awful pain. We eat, sleep, and work hard so that we may eat and sleep. We suffer if we don't eat

and sleep, and we suffer if we work hard so that we may eat and sleep.

This is not the only pain in living. We have a moral code that we are supposed to follow. If we don't follow this, we suffer in the hereafter; if we do follow it, we suffer here. So again I state that living is one big pain.

(Sel.)

Minister: "Now Mose do you think it is right to leave your wife at the washtub, as you are doing, and go fishing?"

Mose: "Suttingly, sah; mah wife kin be trusted, she kin; she wuks jes as hard when Ah's away ez when Ah's watchin' her, she do."

Another form of proposal: "Here, Miss Smith, you see our family tomb, would you like to be buried there also?"

Toini: "I'll never get over what I saw last night."

Tinker: "What's that?"

Toini: "The moon."

Case: "Is she modest?"

Schnair: "Say, that girl wouldn't even do improper fractions."

"They shall not pass" is the slogan of the football team. The teachers are also considering it.

Spratty: "What do you think of these nifty two-for-a-quarter cigars?"

Kendra: "You must have got the twenty cent one."

A one-legged tramp came to the back door to beg: "Madam, I have lost my leg—"

Woman: "Well, I haven't got it," as she slammed the door.

Doctor: "Why can't you sleep at night?"

Rita B.: "Every time I fall asleep, the jar wakes me up."

Judge: "You are charged with being intoxicated. What is your name?"

Defendant: "Angus MacPherson MacNabb."

Judge: "Who paid your bill?"

Mary Kelly says: "The minute I saw him, I knew I loved him, and that he had a swell Packard roadster."

Ze Frenchman says: "I was learning English and when I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, if I was tied I was fast, and not to eat was to fast, I almost quit. But when I saw the sentence, 'He was the one who won the one dollar prize,' I gave up."

Freshman (to Woolworth's floor-walker): "Will you please direct me to the furniture department?"

Parent: "I can't induce my little girl to get any sleep."

Friend: "How old is your little girl?"

Parent: "Eighteen."

"This is the last straw," said the soda jerker.

Plans for a new "Get Together Club" are being formed by our football coaches. Its object is to encourage friendly relations between the students. It is expected that all the members of the football squad will be speaking to each other before the end of the season.

Notice—No vegetables must be thrown at Freshmen humming the Maynard High School song.

As soon as the M. H. S. A. A. has withdrawn from the depression, the council has decided to purchase Austins for the football players to ride to practice in.

Wilson: "Is Ruth a nice girl?"

Hannan: "Is she! That girl can say 'no' more ways than a senator."

Mosquito poetry: "It—Lit—Bit—Flit."

Tailor: "Euripides?"

Grondal: "Yah, Eumenides."

Sign in fruit dealer's window: "Fine apples. Buy now. Remember, the early bird gets the worm."

Father: "When George Washington was your age he was a surveyor."

Sonny: "Yes, and when he was your age he was Commander-in-Chief of the Army."

Coach: "Remember that football develops leadership—now get out there and do as I told you."

For that Tired Feeling—sit down.

O'Leary: "Did your watch stop when it hit the floor?"

Tinker: "Sure, you didn't think it would go through, did you?"

Saarella: "Get on the sidewalk. You walk along as if you owned the street."

Crowther: "And you ride along as if you owned the car."

Hints: "I won't do it."

Teacher: "Are you master here?"

Hints: "No, ma'am."

Teacher: "Then don't talk like an idiot."

Science teacher: "Why don't you answer the question?"

E. Ledgard: "I shook my head."

S. T.: "Well, I can't hear the rattle clear over here."

Man at gate: "Is your mother at home?"

Punchy: "Say, do you think I'm cutting this lawn just because it's long?"

A school magazine is a great invention,

The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
The staff gets all the blame.

Swartz: "I want a ticket to New York."

Ticket seller: "Change at Albany?"

Swartz: "No, I want my change now."

Millard: "Oh please say just those few words that will mean heaven to me."

Eino: "Have some arsenic."

Boss: "Are you a mechanic?"

Pat: "No sorr, Oi'm a McCarthy."

Head Waiter: "Would Monsieur prefer Spanish, French, or Italian cooking?"

Polock: "I don't care, Gimme a boiled egg."

Teacher: "Chidley, your theme is excellent, but what do make of the fact that your brother's is just like it?"

Chidley: "His is good, too."

Waiter: "Zoup, sir? zoup! zoup?"

Guest: "I don't know what you're talking about."

Waiter: "You know what hash is? Well, zoup is looser."

Ruth: "What time is it, dear?"

Mickey: "My sweet Ruth, it is but a quarter of twelve."

Ruth: "Liar, the clock strikes three."

Mickey: "But, Light of my Life, is not three a quarter of twelve?"

"Well, the jig is up," said the doctor as the patient with St. Vitus dance died.

JOKES FROM EXCHANGES

Tom Harper: "How did you get that sore jaw?"

Dick Hawley: "A girl cracked a smile."

Tom: "Well?"

Dick: "It was my smile."

Eddie Buecher: "I'm going to marry a girl who can take a joke."

Edna Ross: "That's the only kind you can get."

Dud Swain: "Shall I take you to the zoo?"

Anna May: "No. If they want me, they'll come after me."

Employer: "Look here, what did you mean by telling me you had had seven years' experience in a bank when you never had a job before?"

Youth: "Well, you advertised for a man with imagination."

Mr. Cox (to chemistry class): "I am about to perform a very interesting chemical experiment. Should I do anything wrong, the whole class, including myself, might be blown through the roof. Kindly step nearer, so that you can follow me better."

J. RICHARD O'NEIL

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