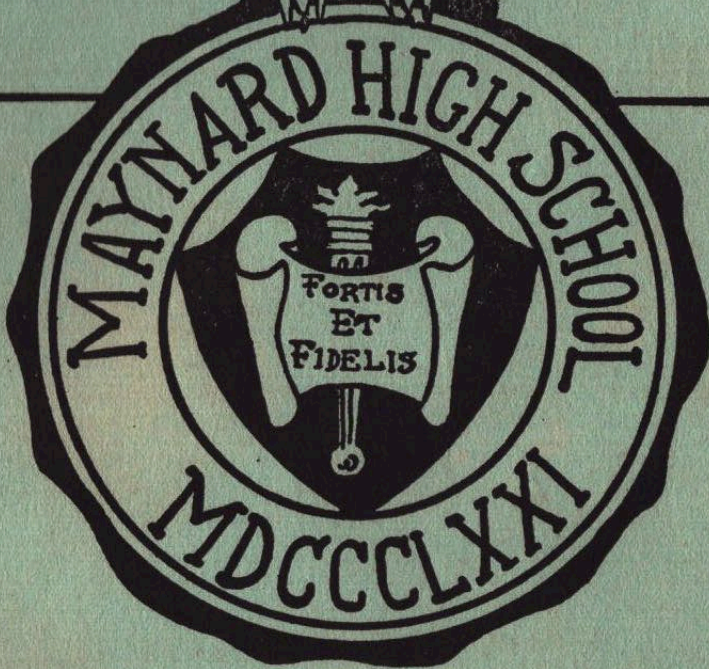


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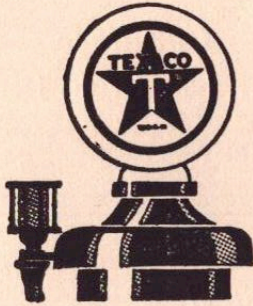
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Maynard, Massachusetts, March, 1936

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SPRING

By the appearance of buds on the trees, by the arrival of birds from their southern homes, by that uncertain listless feeling that comes over us all, we know that spring is heralding her entrance. To what we may attribute this dull sensation, called by many "spring fever" is one of Nature's unsolved mysteries.

In the student, however, "spring fever" can be traced to the point where he or she gets tired of poring over books and decides to "take it easy" for a while. Statistics show that the ranks of an average pupil drop during the spring semester. It is safe to suppose that this slump is a symptom of "spring fever." A poet once wrote, "In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." While a young man's fancy doesn't necessarily have to turn to love, it certainly turns to something besides school texts. To overcome this slump, I think that homework should be reduced during the months of April, May, and June. A slight addition to our daily assignments during the long winter nights when we have ample time in which to do them would certainly make up for a reduction during these months.

Home study is an excellent thing in itself, but when our ambitions lag and the smack of a bat on a baseball sounds outside the window, the teachers should lighten our burdens.

—Editor.

THE CARE OF SCHOOL PROPERTY

I wonder how many of the young people of today realize the value of school property. It seems to me that they think it right to damage and mistreat anything which does not belong to them. If they would only stop and think a while of the great expenditures shared by their parents each year, or even each month, for the supplies essential to continue the school work! But of course that is asking too much of them—they're too busy to think!

Perhaps some day, when they are "on their own" and have to earn their livings, they might come to their senses and understand that, although this is a free country, the necessities of life are not distributed free to all.

Sometime every one of us will find that he must be responsible for something of value. Therefore, it is a good thing for students of high school age to begin right by caring for the property supplied by their school.

"PUPIL'S DAY"

Since a conscientious student attends school five days a week for approximately forty weeks a year, it ought to be his privilege to have a share in the running of the institution which is his "job." It seems to me that one day of the year ought to be devoted to

the pupils. It could be called "Pupil's Day," and on this day the pupils should have the management of the entire school schedule—plan the lessons, teach them, and act as regular instructors for the day. Another illustrious student, preferably a Senior, could be principal, a commercial student the principal's clerk, and so on . . . For this one day the particular students put in charge would have full sway, and be given the privileges and authority granted the people whose positions they are taking. Not only would the students enjoy this brief respite from the daily schedule, but it would be of invaluable help to those who are planning to follow the teacher's profession. May the faculty of M. H. S. take this suggestion seriously and grant us our chance!

—Anonymous.

GOOD DEEDS

Some of us seem to miss doing our good deeds every day, because, when the opportunity arrives, there is never anybody looking. Why is it that most of us like to "show off" our kindnesses? Thoughtfulness should rise from the heart and should be one of our chief characteristics, with no thought of reward. Or course charity is a thing to be proud of, but it must come naturally to us and needs no audience.

Then, there is the opposite kind of person who is afraid to do his good deed because he believes others will laugh at him. This is my advice to these poor specimens: when anyone laughs at you for such a reason, just laugh back. He's just as funny (or foolish) as you are, or as he think you are.

The world is made a much better place to live in by good deeds; so let's make an honest effort to do the other fellow a good turn, regardless of the absence of presence of an audience.

—Helmi Tikkanen, '37.

ON BEHALF OF TRACK

In a few more weeks spring will be with us in all its splendor. With spring will come two fine sports—baseball and track.

In many high schools, and particularly in Maynard High, track is "the forgotten sport." I believe I am safe in saying that there is no finer nor cleaner sport than track. No sport offers a fellow a better opportunity to build up his body than track. It is a sport in which practically any average boy may participate. Track is not, however, a sport for any "Tom, Dick, or Harry"; it is no "cinch," nor, on the other hand, must one possess many outstanding qualities to attain success in it. To be successful in track, one must train conscientiously—a great deal of the time, alone. A trackster must be in top physical shape, and such a condition is obtained only after many weeks of strenuous training.

Track, regardless of its many excellent qualities, is not accorded a great deal of attention in many high schools, especially in Maynard High. In comparison to football and baseball, only a small number are really interested in it.

Such a condition is not fair, nor does it do justice to such a truly fine sport. Track deserves a better fate, and although it pays no cash dividends, a successful track team is a tribute and adds prestige to any high school.

This year, track promises to reach new heights in Maynard High. It is going to be a bigger and better year. A larger number of "meets" will be held, and the competition is bound to be keener. I, for one, sincerely hope that track is given the "break" it rightly deserves and that the team is loyally supported in its efforts.

—Richard Elson, '36.

CHEATING

What is gained by cheating? If someone asked you this question, what

would your answer be? Would you say, "Nothing," or would your answer be that it is not harmful and sometimes saves you much work and time?

An average student in high school should realize that nothing is gained by cheating. When one cheats in school, he not only loses the advantage of a good education, but will cheat in later life. When one pupil copies from another, he thinks he is "putting one over on the teacher," but in reality is doing harm to himself.

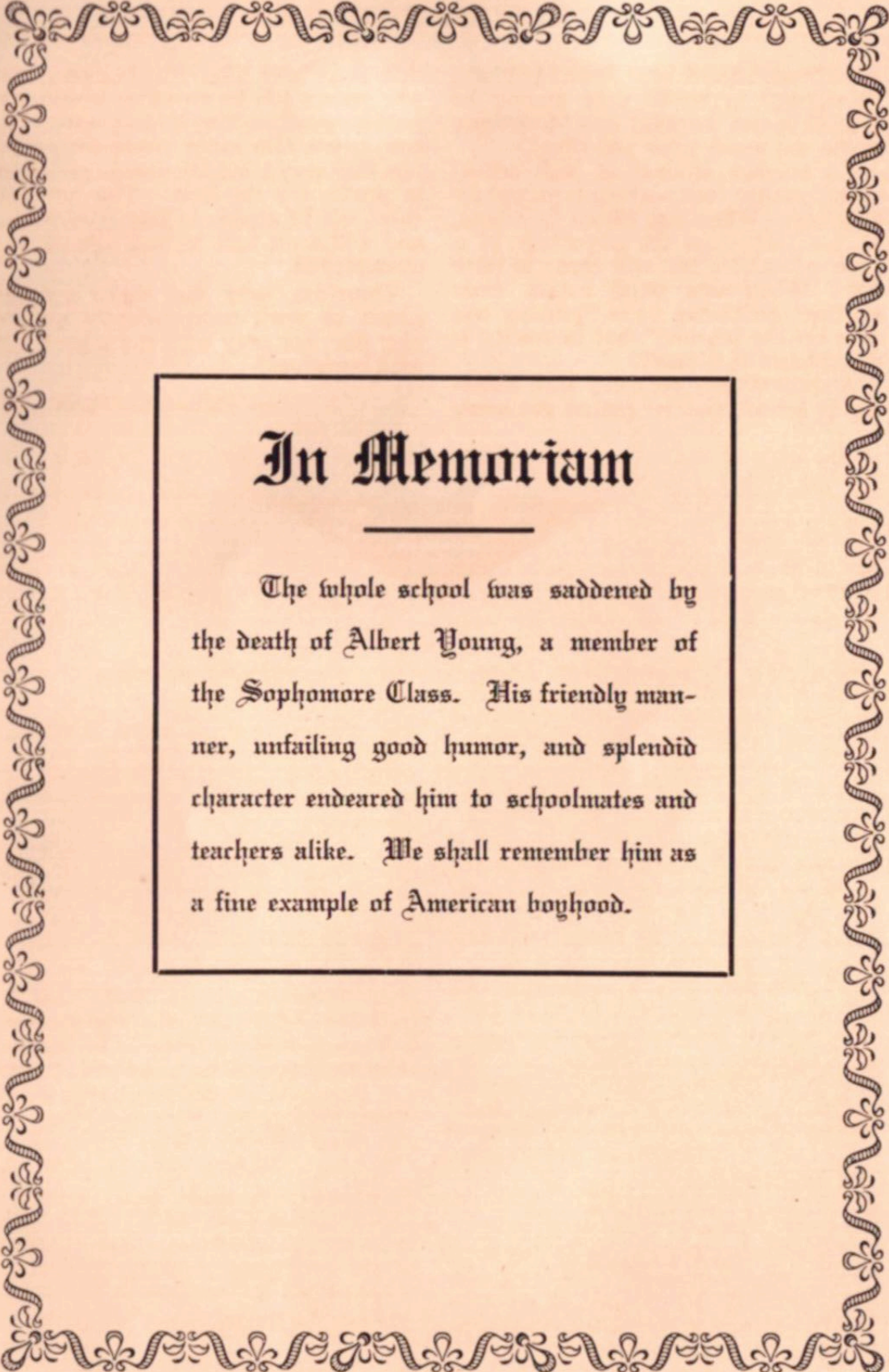
A student may get away with cheating in school, but he cannot get away

with it in later life. For instance, one who gets a job in an office would not hold his position long if he cheated. His boss trusts him many times with matters that may mean thousands of dollars in profits for the firm. The habitual cheat will be unable to keep confidences and will soon find himself among the unemployed.

Therefore, why not make up our minds to work independently and to play fair, not only with the school, but with ourselves?

—Wallace Lindquist, '37.





In Memoriam

The whole school was saddened by the death of Albert Young, a member of the Sophomore Class. His friendly manner, unfailing good humor, and splendid character endeared him to schoolmates and teachers alike. We shall remember him as a fine example of American boyhood.



COMRADES

He lay still in the darkness, his heart pounding heavily, struggling to collect his thoughts, grappling with realities. Afar, a shell burst whitely, lighting up the plaster wall beside him and sending the tin on the washstand clattering,—then came penetrating silence and darkness. Perspiration broke out on his forehead. He could not hear a sound from Hanson's cot,—not even his breathing. The old panic surged over him. Hanson was gone!

"Hanson" He heard his own voice, filled with dread.

Hanson answered as usual, patiently, "Right here, Tom. Anything wrong?"

Anything wrong!!! He lay back again, not daring to speak. What would happen if he told Hanson what was wrong? If he said, "You see, I know you are not Hanson, because I know you are Kurt Von Rolfe. I know, because I saw your photograph hanging over my brother's desk when I was a child. I know, I've known for months, I know!"

He could stand it no longer. The odd, hawklike profile, the lift of the eyebrows, the chin, clean and determined. Unmistakable. Not a coincidence. The same man.

He must get it off his mind, must clear up this mess.

Suddenly, he was talking to Hanson. His whole frame was shaking, . . . trembling. The words came spasmodically, "Don't you see?" He was sitting up now. "I can't stand it! I'm not a man . . . I'm better dead. I can't give you up, a German, . . . I *don't want to kill you!*—I'd rather die myself."

"Finish it," replied Hanson softly.

"Your photograph—I know . . . I know you are Kurt Kurt Von Rolfe!"

He was sobbing like a child. It wasn't true. Hanson was Hanson, and no one else.

Hanson walked over to the table. He walked slowly, as if he were tired.

"Tom," he said. "I want to be sure of one thing. You were going to let me . . . let me kill you rather than give up this German chap you thought I was . . . is that it?"

"Yes, that's it. But will you forgive me for suspecting you?"

"Forgive you?" Hanson laughed softly—somberly. "Forget it! It's nothing,—nothing at all,—nothing at all"

The next morning Tom arose, finished buttoning up his tunic, and began to look around for Hanson.

Foster and the surgeon stood there, looking at him oddly. He felt a coldness close in on his heart.

Then he heard a voice as though far off, "Four years in the air He had it coming to him . . . he wouldn't have wanted it any other way. Engine went dead. Right over their guns, and"

Suddenly he found he was laughing at Foster. He was sitting there, laughing at all of them.

He could say only one phrase over and over again, . . . just that one phrase, "Nothing, Nothing at all Nothing."

—Catherine Hoffman, '37.

OLD RELIABLE

"Tho' the hinges are of leather,
And there are no window panes,

Yet it seems to hold together

When you're driving in the rain."

"Old Reliable" is a model "T" of an age Methuselah would be proud to admit. Its breed is uncertain as many parts have been replaced. It once had a roof, but in "Reliable's" wanderings, the cover must have been left behind in some unknown spot. The color of the body probably was black, but a liberal application of paint remover followed by several coats of flaming red seemed to show that the black was on a ve-ry *long* time ago. Over the red coat of paint are many daring and silly questions and proverbs put rather bluntly. There are such quips as, "Steppin' out t'night, Kid?"; "Four wheels, no brakes," "Mae went West, but I'm going East," and so forth. One proverb shows a little sense, saying, "Early to rise and late to bed, gives one a pain in the head."

A tail-light once existed, but now it is replaced by a kerosene lantern "borrowed" from some road construction project. The headlights are about the only things in good order on the car. I doubt if these would be working if the law didn't specify it.

The radiator grill is replaced by a yard of screen wire salvaged from some dump.

The doors are constantly swinging open because of the absence of a lock. The owner was once so disgusted by this swinging that, after emitting some violent and unprintable oaths, he wired them closed. Now one never knows when he will fall out onto the road.

There were running boards once on this super-car, but all that remains now is an "L" shaped board attached to the body near the driver's door. The fenders are so bent in that they barely miss the tires.

And the tires! They are eight years old, and hold about seventy-five pounds of air. They are so patched with different colored patches that they look like a checker-board.

The radiator cap is off. (Just as well, for it had to be opened every mile or so). The water supply is usually low

and after a short trip of a few miles it steams like the whistle on a factory.

"Reliable" not only has knee-action, but also body action. It knows the latest dance steps, but has its own interpretation of the well-known Hawaiian hula.

The engine is a variety of breeds. Parts have been salvaged from Rolls-Royces and bicycles. The cylinders show their lack of a lubricant and the friction makes them smoke. When going, the engine sounds like a cement mixer half full of rocks.

The interior of the "car" used to be covered with a very dark brown leather, but now a few scattered blankets help to cover up the faded and torn upholstery. The seat springs are a little off balance so that the driver requires a cushion. The dashboard is a sight! Most of the instruments are broken and the speedometer is pushed up ten times faster than the "ol bus" can go.

For economy's sake, the owner uses, as fuel, a little kerosene mixed with gasoline. When this car is going at full speed, (25 miles per hour), you'd think that the world was ending.

Truly, the "ol' bus" has seen better days, but it is a good car, lives up to its name, and is loved by its owner.

Tho' the fenders are rusty and broken, Tho' oft it is ill-spoken,
It's a "swell" bus and pliable,
That ol' model "T," "Reliable."

—Stanley Zancewicz, '39.

THE QUALITY I MOST ADMIRE

The quality which seems to me to be the best for a person to possess is cheerfulness. A smile is a pleasant sight to see, and the wearer is always welcome as an addition to any gathering. We automatically respond to a gay mood, and thus are grateful to a person who has a cherry attitude toward things in general.

Some radio and screen personalities owe their success to their jovial natures. That is why comedians find such popularity in the world—because of the

cheer they instill into those who watch their antics and hear their quips.

There are many kinds of cheerfulness. Some people possess a quiet, serene type. They are easy to get along with and therefore they hold positions which require this characteristic. For example, I point out Al Jolson of the radio, screen, and stage, and that master of ceremonies, Major Bowes, who put amateurs on a higher footing by his marvelous handling of his entertainment. Then there is the more ram-bunctious sort, who amuse by silly and often exaggerated comedy. The Marx Brothers are about the "woolliest" of these, as are Wheeler and Woolsey. But whatever type it is, cheer is everywhere appreciated.

Of course, everybody likes cheerfulness, but some think that they have too many troubles to be happy. If they thought it all out, however, they would see the utter uselessness of worrying. It never did any one any good to worry about troubles, either real or fancied. To greet them with a grin is to have them half licked at the beginning. We have only one life to live on this earth, and we might as well live it through, day to day, with a cherry smile on our faces, to help our companions raise their spirits, also.

—Paul Hogman.

NIGHT

Have you ever noticed the night shadows come creeping over the country, gradually darkening and shutting out the distance with their haze?

Then how suddenly myriads of lights appear, sending their glow skyward from some large distant city.

As we near the outskirts of the city we see that it is shrouded in a mysterious light softening the gigantic outlines of skyscrapers.

The city, with its millions of lights, cannot be compared with the countryside at night. There we look toward the sky and see millions of stars sending their twinkling light earthward. In

their midst rides the golden moon, seeming to be perfectly content in its sublime power. There, they have full sway. What can be compared to a clear night in June, with the moon sending its silvery light over a stream which gently flows over the rocks.

What can be as beautiful as a cold, crisp, wintry night, bathed in the splendor of the moon's light which seems to make the snow-covered ground sparkle as if strewn with diamonds.

Whenever night, with its moon and stars, folds over the earth, something beautiful is embellished.

—Evelyn Saari, '37.

THE FARM

Every summer I enjoy my vacation at my uncle's farm in New Hampshire. The daily routine there is very different from the one at home.

At the farm everyone gets up with the chickens, and after a hearty breakfast work begins. The chickens and other animals are fed, and we then go to the field, when it is haying time, to spread the hay out so it can be dried by the warm summer sun. If one part of the field is drying, we go to another, where the hay probably is ready to be stacked or brought into the barn. Of course we children aren't of much help, but we take great pleasure in jumping from one hay pile to another, playing leap-frog, feeding the horse at the head of the wagon, or watching our elders stacking the hay. But we have most of our fun when we ride on the top of the hay wagon when it is on its way to the barn.

When the call "Dinner is ready!" is heard, every one races to the house, for the morning exercise in the field has given us an enormous appetite. Smiles appear especially on the children's faces when they taste the hot, oven-fresh biscuits served with butter, fresh from the churn, the morning's fresh milk or buttermilk, or early asparagus, squash, peas, lettuce, tomatoes, and other

vegetables that have been taken from the garden.

A lazy early afternoon follows, after which we again go back to our haying. Now the sun is hotter than ever, and we can feel pieces of hay tickling our backs. After acquiring a glowing tan in the sun all afternoon, we run to the nearby creek in the woods opposite the field to get a swim before supper.

Refreshed by the hour's splashing and a delicious supper, we sit lazily on the front porch or loiter in the yard, watching the beautiful clouds overhead and the sun setting, and feel the cool evening breezes sweep across our faces. Later we either go calling on our neighbors, or company drops in to visit us to review their day's work and the like. When the enjoyable evening comes to an end, we go to bed, to fall asleep as soon as our head touches the pillow, after a pleasant day in the fresh and pure air of the hills of New Hampshire.

—Irma Osmo, '36.

A VERY SHORT STORY

"Oh, maw—"

"Yes, Tom?"

"Can I have a cookie?"

"No, Tom."

"Don't you think that I should cl—"

"No."

"But maw, all I . . ."

"No! Definitely!"

"But all I wanta tell ya is that its raining and do ya want the window closed. Gee whiz, all you women are alike. They never give us men a chance to say anything. Gee, whiz . . .!"

—E. D. S., '37.

NONCHALANCE

Nonchalance! That was the word which typefied Mr. Blustry as he crossed a busy street. A dull thud echoed as a car struck him. Mr. Blustry was down, but not for long. He leaped to his feet!

"So, it's come to such a pass that an honest citizen cannot even cross the street without being run into by some

maniac who should never be allowed to get inside a car, let alone drive it. Such drivers should be jailed! Such stupidity! Such carelessness! I shall see the mayor and demand safety for this town's citizens. Why, one is in danger as soon as he sets his foot outside the door. Why, oh why won't drivers look where they are going? I have never in all my life witnessed such stupidity, such carelessness, yes, I might even say drunkenness in such a superlative degree. I shall take this up with my lawyer immediately. I'm sure he will agree with me that you, driver, are the most Oh, hello, dear. So you were the one that hit me! Yes, dear, I'm coming. Yes, dear, I'm getting into the car. No, dear, I won't holler at you again. Of course I wasn't looking where I was going. Of course I know it couldn't be helped. Yes, dear, it was all my fault."

Much to the satisfaction of the on-lookers Mr. Blustry seated himself beside Mrs. Blustry as she drove off down the street, while the crowd of people jumped to the left and to the right in an attempt to escape the fate of the now exceedingly meek Mr. Blustry.

The moral of my story is, "Don't speak unless you are sure to whom you are speaking."

Mildred Lent, '37

MUSIC

No one really appreciates music half enough. We don't stop to think of what it really is and what it does for us. True, we all listen to music, either jazz or classical, and we like it, but that is all the thought we ever give it. We never stop to think what kind of world this would be without music. Imagine never hearing gay music on the radio, nothing but endless talk. After a time this would be dull and monotonous and the world would be a dreary place to live in.

It has been said that music is the language of emotions. This is true, for music is the interpretation of the mood the composer is in when he writes it. All

our joys and sorrows are expressed in music.

Everywhere we go we have music, in school, in church and on the radio. So we should all learn to appreciate good music and remember that without it this would certainly be a dull and drab world.

—Doris White, '39.

A TREATISE ON PIE

Out on the oven of the camp's kitchen comes ten tempting, delightful, circular shaped inspirations, the supreme accomplishment of the culinary art.

"What do you want for desert tonight, boys?" cries the cook, and from the depths of thirty lusty, masculine throats comes the single word "Pie!"

Pie, that delightful delicacy that has warmed the heart and filled the stomach of young men for centuries! Pie! Any kind,—apple, lemon, blueberry, peach, squash, as long as the crust is light and flaky and the slices large and thick.

The common delicacy of kings and commoners, the same delightful morsel that made the soldiers of Imperial Rome wish they were home, which will make the young man in the twenty-fifth century hurry home in his rocket plane.

Pie, that heavenly inspiration of the chefs of millions of kitchens, which even the kings of fairy land couldn't do without. In fact, one of these kings had a pie made of blackbirds, but he forgot to have the birds killed.

The main thing in making a pie, so I've been told, is the crust. After the crust is made, light and flaky, the mixing of the filling, whether apple, squash, blackberry, peach, or what have you, is easy. In my opinion, the making of pies should be a special branch of the culinary art. The young bride who can make a pie like mother used to bake can consider herself a good cook, and her husband can get rid of all his indigestion pills.

The word pie comes from the Irish and Gaelic word "pighe." It was spelled originally in Old English as

'pye,' but no matter how you spell it, pie is still the world's greatest dessert.

—Wm. Higgins, '37.

RUSSIA

"Your nose! Your nose, sir!" This is a cry often heard in the streets of Russia.

Russia is a very large country, and some parts of it are very cold. When a person in the cold part of Russia goes out riding in winter, he has to cover his face, all except the nose and eyes. Sometimes his nose gets very cold, and would freeze if some one did not cry out, "Your nose, sir!" Why? When one's nose gets very cold, it becomes numb. It has no feeling. One would not know that it was freezing if some person did not cry out. The cold nose must be rubbed briskly with snow. You would think this a strange way to keep it from freezing, but it is the best way to take out the frost.

In Russia the children have to wear very warm clothes because it is bitter cold the greater part of the year. Their coats are lined with fur. In winter the children in the towns have great fun on the ice hills, which are made in all towns. First they build a high tower, and down from the top they make a steep hill. Blocks of ice are laid on this hill and water is poured over them. The water freezes and makes an icy slide. On one side of the hill there is a place to draw up the sleds. The boys and girls start at the top, and down they go with merry laughing and shouting! So you see they have fine sport in Russia.

In St. Petersburg they build an ice palace every winter. Ice palaces are made with square blocks of ice which are placed together and water poured between them. When the water freezes, the wall is cold and solid like a wall of brick or stone. Everything inside the palace is made of ice,—the chairs, the stairs, the tables, and even beautiful flowers. Warm rugs of fur are put on chairs so that people who sit on them may not be cold. Often there

are grand balls and parties in this beautiful palace of ice.

Thus we see that the people of this far country enjoy their frosty climate quite as much as we do our changing seasons.

—Mary Chutoranski, '37.

REMINISCENCES OF A SENIOR

Do you, Seniors, remember any of the odd conceptions which passed through your minds as you were about to pierce the social field in M. H. S.? Do you remember when you first mustered up enough courage to open the door of the auditorium and walk in? You saw no one you knew except perhaps one or two others in the same boat looking for advice and counsel.

As you gazed out over the dance floor and saw the upperclassmen tripping the light fantastic, (no comments, please), what were your thoughts? Remember when you took your first girl home—or maybe you want to forget it! Nuff said! After waiting one dance—it probably was the whole evening—you summoned enough nerve to ask a young, blushing, unsuspecting classmate to attempt to struggle through a fox trot. It seemed as though everybody was looking. Do you recall any of the “friendly” remarks made after you bumped into the upperclassmen? Oh Lord! Would it ever end? Then the band struck up “Tiger Rag” and you, clutching your partner in desperation, were swept along in an avalanche of Seniors. Now you can probably recall the peaceful emotion which engulfed you as you staggered to a chair and sat down. Well, I can.

—William P. Smith, '36.

THE BROOK

I hear the singing of the brook

As it ripples on its way
Through the woodland glades, beneath
the trees,

And through the fields in May.
It ripples on, it never stops,

On days of rain or shine.

Oh, it's such a cheery, cheery brook,
I like to call it mine.

I love to spend my hours there

Beside its banks so green,
And see the specks of sunlight
As they smoothly glide down stream;
And then to see a speckled trout,
Jumping for a fly.

I look above and with wonder gaze

Upon the clear, blue sky.

May I not forget this little stream

Rippling on its way
Through the woodland glades, beneath
the trees,

And through the fields in May!

—Katherine A. Sheridan, '39.

BOOKS AND PENCILS

Take me back to my books and pencils.

Ooh — ooh — ooh — ooh — ooh — ooh
ooh—ooh—ooh—ooh!

Let me see that red brick school

And the class where I did fool.

Give me my books and pencils.

Take me back to my school days

Where I read poems and essays

Underneath the schoolhouse roof,

Where the teachers were so fine

And the studies were divine.

Give me my books and pencils.

Ooh — ooh — ooh — ooh — ooh — ooh
—ooh—ooh—ooh!

Let me greet each eight a. m.

With a pencil and a pen;

Give me back my books and pencils.

—John Gudzinowicz, '39.

WHY I LIKE SPRING

Hooray! Spring is almost here! Spring is thought by many people one of the most fascinating seasons of the year, and I agree. It makes you feel like a feather in the breeze, floating high up in the sky. It makes your heart full and overflowing with joy. It makes you care-free as though you had given yourself a thorough spring cleaning to get rid of musty thoughts and cobwebby ideas. It makes the poor feel relieved from the hard, bitter winter months of December, January, and February.

When the last touches of snow disappear, spring seems to bring everything back to life. Trees begin to bud and flowers come up from beneath the earth. Gaily colored birds from the far south fly overhead on their way to build nests for their little ones. The early morning air is filled with fresh, fragrant perfumes that flowers give off to please the weary hearts. The morning lark can be heard in the meadows singing a joyous song that happily exclaims, "Spring is near!"

—Delia V. Pronko, '38.

A SMILE

You smiled at me and I forgot my
sorrow;
Forgot the world and what might come
tomorrow.
Your smile meant more than words to
me;
It told of friendship, happy days to be.
I have seen many smiles, some insincere,
But yours seemed real, 'twas not a jest
nor sneer;
And so I'll smile when you pass by again
For you're worth knowing, you'd be a
faithful friend.

—Katherine A. Sheridan, '39.

HUMAN MOSQUITOES

Human mosquitoes—just what the name infers—pests! But what I have in mind is more than a pest. It is a public enemy. I believe it is the cause of most of the padded cells' being occupied. You guessed it! Opera! Light opera is all right because it has a spark of life in it once in a while. Symphonies are just about bearable—but grand opera??? Ohhhh! The thought of it pains me!

I think some of the "he-men" singers in the opera got their training on busy streets yelling, "Feesh! Feesh! Feesh!" At least, that's what it sounds like.

Opera has its place, but when it comes to taking up four hours on the radio

networks on Saturday afternoons, that ignites the "T. N. T." in me. If these highbrows want opera, they can have it, but who is going to be tortured by listening to people blasting away, (the proper word is singing, but how they call it that is beyond me), trying to make others understand what they're trying to do.

All right, I've had my say, and I hope you have gathered the impression that I wish some one would ignite a bomb under the Metropolitan Opera House while all the great opera stars are in it.

Well! I feel a great deal better now.

Human mosquitoes—just the word for them—buzzing around—buzz—zz.

—Robert A. Veitch, '39.

POSSIBLE FATES OF A SAXOPHONIST

Saxophone playing appears to me to be a lost art, and the only possible reason it is studied by people, is to enable them to annoy their neighbors to perfection.

There are only two possible goals which a saxophonist may reach, that of having his life brought to an abrupt climax, or attaining success as a Connecticut Yankee.

I remember that, a few years back, a certain house on our street was inhabited for eight short days by a player of the discussed instrument. Every night just as I was about to fall into a deep, peaceful sleep, from out of his attic room and into my sleeping chamber would drift the weeping, wailing notes of the "St. Louis Blues."

The first night that this peculiar noise reached my ears, I thought that some dog was howling at the moon; but, on inquiring the next morning, I was informed that the minute the saxophonist had started playing, all the dogs in the neighborhood had run into their kennels and tried to hold their paws over their ears.

This nightly moaning continued for the rest of the week, but late on a fateful Saturday night, there was a bing!, bing!, and a bang!, bang!, bang!,

and the saxophonist trotted from terra firma to the happy hunting grounds.

Now a few years after that, a suave young gentleman came into our peaceful surroundings. The first time I saw him I nearly died from fright, for there in his hand was a saxophone.

This man practiced in the afternoon and played so marvelously that I immediately forgave his predecessor for keeping me awake at night. He played the "Skater's Waltz" so well that in midsummer the water in the nearby brook accommodatingly froze for him.

You have probably guessed that he became an overnight success; his name is Rudy Vallee.

—Virginia Bourke, '37.

CONVERSATION PIECE

As Bill and John, nine years of age, were sitting on a doorstep, the latter exclaimed.

"Bet my father can lick your father."

"Bet he can't."

"Bet he can."

"Why can he?"

"Because he's a stronger man."

"My father is stronger than yours."

"He is not."

"Why ain't he?"

"Because my father licked two Indians when they had a gun and knife, while my father didn't have any weapons."

"That's nothing, I bet my father can lick Joe Louis."

"He could not."

"He can too."

"If Joe Louis hit him once he'd be knocked out cold."

"He would not."

"Joe Louis is the strongest and best fighter in the world."

"If my father *slapped* him, he wouldn't do anything."

"Bet he'd sock him back."

"Bet he wouldn't."

"How much do you bet?"

"I'll bet my jack-knife, twelve marbles, and two aggies that Joe Louis won't sock him back."

"I'll bet twelve aggies and my jack-knife that Joe *will* hit him back."

"How will we prove it?"

"You come with me tomorrow to my father's barber shop."

"Why there?"

"You just wait and see."

"What time will I come there?"

"I'll call you at two o'clock tomorrow morning."

"I'll be there to collect my bet."

"So long until tomorrow."

"By."

The next day went by, and at two o'clock John called Bill. As Bill came out, he asked John,

"Why are we going to your father's barber shop?"

"You'll soon find out."

As John opened the door of his father's shop, Bill following him, they saw Joe Louis sitting in the barber's chair. Bill asked John in a nervous way,

"What is he going to have, a hair cut?"

"No, sir, he's going to have a shave, so start getting those marbles, aggies, and the jack-knife ready to hand over."

It didn't take Bill long to realize that to have a shave, John's father had to slap Joe's face with the brush full of lather.

—Aaron Glickman, '39.

CONCERNING THE USE OF THE FUTURE PERFECT TENSE

"To-day," said the teacher, "we will learn to use the future perfect tense. By the end of the period you will have used the future perfect tense many times. Someone in the class will ask a question using the future perfect tense. Then that person will call on some one, who will answer in the same tense. Now, Charles, you may start. In a minute you will have started the game; that is, if you will have given a sentence in the future perfect tense."

Charles said, "What will you have done by this time tomorrow, Fred?"

"I," answered Fred, "will have gone home and eaten dinner. Then I will have done my homework. After that I

will have gone to the movies. That is all I shall have done, but it answers your question with some future perfect tenses."

"Excellent, Fred," said the teacher. "Now it is your turn to ask a question."

"Will you have done your homework by tomorrow?" asked Fred of Mary.

"Yes," answered Mary, "I will have done it."

The game went on and on, and finally the bell rang.

"Well, on sonne," said the teacher, "as we say in French, 'the bell has rung.'"

"You mean we will have said it if we know enough French," said John.

The whole class laughed.

—Joseph Boothroyd, '38.

O'Donnell: "Dad, is a vessel a boat?"

His Father: "Well, yes, you can call a vessel a boat, certainly."

O'Donnell: "Then what kind of a boat is a blood vessel?"

His Father: "A life-boat, of course. Now run along, son.

—*"The Advance"*

"The Student's Alibi"

Can't study in the fall—

Gotta play football;

Can't study in the winter—

Gotta play basketball;

Can't study in the spring—

Gotta run track;

Can't study in the summer—

Gotta girl.

—*"The Voice"*





With the football season over, "Reggie" Sawyer, our Director of Physical Education, established an Intra-Mural Basketball League. The league was composed of eight teams, the names of which were: The White Stars, Twerps, Bombers, Sparrows, Muleheads, Justo Five, Boys About Town, and Wolverines. These teams were captained by I. Pileeki, E. Flaherty, J. Girdziewski, I. Graceffa, A. Koskinen, A. Fraser, L. Colombo, and G. Creighton.

The winner in this league was the White Stars, composed of I. Pileeki, A. Tomyl, P. Boltrakiewiz, B. Hakala, and P. Batulin. They met all competi-

tion that was furnished by the other teams and went through the schedule without a defeat. This team was coached by Leo White, janitor of the high school, and to see him at the games you'd think the world was at stake.

The league takes the place of varsity basketball and helps the boys to keep in condition. Games went off without a hitch and the boys enjoyed every minute of play. This organization was really a build-up for the inter-class basketball which is the cause of great rivalry among the members of the different classes.

The statistics are as follows:

Standing	Won	Lost	Baskets Made	Free Shots Made	Total Points Made	Total Points Against	Per Cent
Team 1.....	7	0	73	11	157	82	1000
Team 3.....	6	1	74	23	171	102	.857
Team 2.....	5	2	55	23	133	93	.714
Team 6.....	3	4	47	4	98	132	.428
Team 7.....	3	4	46	8	100	134	.428
Team 4.....	3	4	71	11	153	124	.428
Team 5.....	1	6	30	7	67	150	.142
Team 8.....	0	7	35	14	84	146	.000

High scores were made by the following:

	Team	Baskets	Free Shot	Total Points
Lubin.....	4	28	1	57
Tomyl.....	1	26	4	56
Girziewski.....	3	23	10	56
Pronko.....	2	18	11	47
Pileeki.....	2	20	6	46
Boltrakiewiz.....	1	22	1	46
Novick.....	4	18	3	39
Johnson.....	7	19	1	39
Kauppi.....	8	17	5	39

BASKETBALL

Maynard, 18—Bradford, Vt. 13

Owing to the kindness of Mr. James Ledgard, a basketball squad composed of seven players was able to go to Vermont and play a highly touted Bradford Academy five. This team had won seventeen out of twenty games, and the Maynard five were the under-dogs. The Maynard team was coached by "Reggie" Sawyer and the players were Downey, Gilleney, Girziewiski, Tomyl, Lubin, Fraser, and Marrino. While up in Vermont, the boys stayed at the

Bradford Inn. Downey was the high scorer for Maynard, but all the boys should come in for their share of the victory because they all played a very fine game. The contest must have been too much for Anthony (Terror) Tomyl because that night who should come walking down the hall at the Inn, *in his sleep*, but the Terror. He finally got back to his room and quiet reigned in the hotel.

All the boys wish to thank Mr. Ledgard for enabling them to go to Vermont and play basketball, as he gave them a very good time.

❖ **GIRLS' ATHLETICS** ❖

As usual, the intra-mural basketball season, under the guiding hand of Reggie Sawyer, got under way with several zippy games. The captains were: H. Batulin, A. Kajander, S. Denisewicz, H. Sofka, J. Aho, and C. Hoffman. Each team played 5 games making a total of 30 games played.

H. Sofka's quintet came out on top, winning all 5.

The first few games were marked by numerous blunders, but as the ball got rolling, the girls pepped up and turned in some clever and interesting plays.

The high scorers in the league were:

Girls	Points
A. Kajander.....	46
C. Hoffman.....	34
A. Rolynowicz.....	34
M. Mikolacyzk.....	34
S. Wasiuk.....	26
L. Milewski.....	22
J. Aho.....	20

Following the league, inter-class basketball soon started. Up to the present time only two games have been played, Freshies vs. Juniors and Sophs vs. Seniors.

The Juniors topped the underclassmen 36-20, and the Sophs beat their elders 38-5.

On Feb. 21, a game between the Acton and Maynard varsities was played.

Owing to the fact that the Maynard girls went into the game handicapped by rules to which they were not accustomed, they fought an uphill battle all the way.

Coming from behind to even the score, the Maynard lassies forged ahead with a margin of a few points but were nosed out in the end with Acton victorious, the score being 32-27.

High scorers were:

Maynard

Denisewich.....	14 points
Kajander.....	8 "

Acton

Jefferies.....	11 points
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The Maynard seconds emerged from a hard-fought game as good losers with a score of 18-13.

High scorers were:

Maynard

Batulin.....	9 points
Wasiuk.....	4 "

Acton

Heywood.....	16 points
Knoll.....	2 "

With Maynard's gym filled to its capacity and Maynard and Acton High cheering squads adding to the color,

Maynard's fighting feminine basketball huskies of the varisty squad swamped their opponents to the tune of 37-15.

The varisty line-up was:

Maynard	Acton
A. Kajander.....	A. Downey
C. Hoffman.....	Alder
S. Denisewicz.....	Jefferies
D. Simila.....	Callahan
J. Sieliski.....	Durkee
J. Aho.....	Thatcher
H. Sofka.....	Leveroni
.....	Heywood

High Scorers were:

Maynard	
Kajander.....	14 points
Denisewicz.....	12 "
Hoffman.....	11 "

Acton

A. Downey.....	5 points
Alder.....	3 "

The Maynard seconds came out of the game topping Acton's sextet 23-22.

High scorers were:

Maynard

Wasiuk.....	14 points
Batulin.....	8 "

Acton

Whitecomb.....	10 points
Reid.....	3 "

—C. Hoffman.





ALUMNI NOTES



Despite protests of the writers, "*The Screech Owl*" has decided to reprint from the edition of 1927 the following editorial and poem by two present members of our English Department, who were also staunch members of "*The Screech Owl*" during their high school days:

Early in September I received a communication from a New York publishing company concerning high school newspaper work. The letter started like this: "Welcome back to the harness." I wondered for some time why they used this expression in welcoming us back to our school work. However, when you think it over, our school work is really our harness. How are you using your harness? What attitude do you take toward your work? A learned man recently said, "Success or failure in any walk of life is more a matter of mental attitude than of mental capacity." It is attitude, then, to a great extent which determines our success in our school work, or, in fact, in any of our undertakings. We must also have a feeling of obligation, a feeling that it is our duty to assist in the things which require the aid of each and every one of us if they are to be successful. The thing to do is to do your share of the work, co-operate with the other fellow, and put the thing over.

You see a pair of horses pulling a wagon down the street, one with his head up, pulling as if he enjoys his work, a horse who does not need continual urging, a horse who does his share of the work; the other with his head low, merely occupying space—a hindrance to progress. Which case applies to you? Face the truth about yourself, awaken your ambitions, amend your habits, and resolve that you will do your best to better yourself and your school.

—Leo Mullin, Editor, 1927.

NATURE'S LAUGH

Did you ever notice
How much happiness can be found

In this world of ours

If we only look for it?

The most significant parts of Nature
Challenge us from

The most unsuspecting corners.

Walking in the delicately hued shadow
Of a summer afternoon

I asw a handful of russet leaves
Swirling about in the street.

I listened—they made
A delicious little sound.

It sounded like—a laugh.

—Ruth Bradley, '29.

CLASS OF '28

Arne Frigard is a teacher in Gloucester High School.

Florence Wilcox has a position in a Boston office.

CLASS OF '30

"Bill" Frigard is an assistant coach at Mass. State.

CLASS OF '31

Catherine Coughlan is teaching in North Chelmsford, Mass.

John Bellows is a senior at the University of Vermont, where he has been elected President of Lamda Iota Fraternity.

CLASS OF '32

In Memoriam

Albert Crowley

Class of '32

Died January 29, 1936

Dominic Baccaro is a student at the Fitchburg Teachers College.

Anne Bellows is studying at Boston University.

Bernard Dawson is employed by the Edison Electric Light Co.

Jeanette Gruber is a reporter for the "*Enterprise*."

Ahti Jaakkola is employed by the United Co-operative Society.

Mary Kelly is employed by the American Woolen Co.

Lauri Katvala is working in the First National Co-op.

William Ledgard is a senior at Harvard College.

Dorothy Marsden is a senior at Boston University.

James Mullin is a student at Fordham.

Simmon Seder is studying at Harvard College.

Eleanor Slimond is a teacher of dancing.

Sidney McCleary is a senior at Bowdoin College, where he has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Edith Priest is at Mass. State College.

CLASS OF '33

Henry Salmela has entered Michigan State Normal.

Rita Bariteau and Elin Swanson are employed by the American Woolen Co.

Bradford Case is studying at Tufts College.

Reino Grondahl is a student at Harvard.

Mary Tobin is in Training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Lorraine Koch is a student at the Curry School of Expression.

Marion Ledgard is studying at Fitchburg Teachers' College.

Doris Reynolds is in training at the Framingham Hospital.

Paul Wilson is a student at Massachusetts School of Art.

Oiva Hinsta is a student at Northeastern University.

CLASS OF '34

Richard Archer is attending Milligan College in Tenn.

Guido Carbone is a student at Mass. School of Art.

Frances Fearn and Stanley Loika are studying at Boston University.

Florence Hastings has a secretarial position at Damon Hall.

John Jaskiewicz is a student at Worcester Trade School.

James King is attending Mass. State College.

Joseph Lubin is employed at the Murphy & Martin Filling Station.

John O'Leary is a student at Worcester Academy.

Walter Sweeney is attending Fordham College.

Ernest Tannuzzo is a student at Wentworth Institute.

Lillian Sullivan and Gladys Zapareski are employees of the J. J. Newberry Store.

Helen Wollerschied is employed in an office of the American Woolen Co.

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

Julia May is in training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Dorothy Glickman is attending Radcliffe College.

Henry Johnson is a student at Northeastern University.

CLASS OF '35

Elizabeth Mahoney and Angelina Gandolfo are attending Regis College.

Russell Jordan, Robert McGarry, Vincent Labowicz, and Edward O'Donnell are way down South at Milligan College.

Robert Duggan is a Freshman at Boston College.

Doris Peterson is studying at Bryant & Stratton.

Marion Hatch is attending Burdett Business College.

Gertrude Heikkila and Stella Rubaszco are studying at Mass. Normal Art.

Frank Brayden and Peter Piecowicz are at Worcester Academy.

James Ledgard is attending Harvard College.

Catherine Allard is studying at Bay-path Institute.

Edward Ledgard is employed by the American Woolen Co.

Arne Aho is attending Mass. State College.

Ruth Fayton is employed in the Lovell Bus office.

Joseph Girdziewski is employed in the Assabet Mill.

Ruth Weir, and Eileen Johnston are employed at J. J. Newberry's.

Elmer Salenius is attending Boston University.

Mary Sienkiewicz is working at the Priscilla Candy Shop.

John Punch is employed in the Assabet Mill.

Elvi Nyholm is employed at F. W. Woolworth's.

Reino Lehto has entered Mass. State College.

Jane Tobin is in training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.



EXCHANGES



"Screech Owl"

Maynard High School
Maynard, Mass.

Exchange Editors

School of Carry-on
Universe, Appeal

Dear Friends:

Thank you very much for the exchanges you sent to "Screech Owl." You may rest assured that we spent many enjoyable moments reading over the numerous superb articles.

The attractive nautical cover of "The Noddler" struck my eye, and after reading it through I don't know whether I should believe the old proverb, "Don't judge a book by its cover." However, I extend my best wishes to the writers of those exciting and cleverly written articles of "The Noddler," especially of the one which appeals to every high school pupil, "School Spirit."

Judging from the prosperous and fine looking paper, "The Academy Student," there are plenty of activities and school work to keep those students busy. But the Exchange column is missing!

Here's another newsy newspaper, "The Lawrencian." The original department head sketches are quite commendable.

"The Oracle" of Bangor High School has two interesting and original departments—Radio Dealings and the Movies. In Bangor they conduct a highly appreciated magazine, for the physical and mental activities speak for themselves.

"The Hottentot," from far-off Cambridge, Maryland, shows us a fine

example in its long list of exchanges. We of the "Screech Owl" are only too glad to be included in it and to exchange with such a fine paper.

In "High Life," the Littleton High School magazine, there are a score of nutritious thoughts, especially in the department headed "A Beauty Shop for Thoughts." We also enjoyed the following poem:

"AN OLD FORD"

I'm the queerest car you've ever seen.
I run on tires and gasoline;
My wheels and tires, none are matched;
I haven't a tube that isn't patched;
I burn up the road at twenty an hour,
And boy, that takes a lot of power!
Gas tank's patched with gum and such;
Brake is slipping, so's the clutch.
Doors won't open, upholstry's patched.
Here and there a wrench is cached.
Girls don't like me. Who's to blame?
It sends a shimmy through my frame.
To tow me away 'twould be a sin
I'm a darn good car for the shape I'm in.

—"High Life"

The distinct finesse of the "Voice" makes us overlook its length. May we have more exchanges between two neighborly towns!

"The Spotlight" of South Hadley High testifies for itself by its editing of articles of wonderful school activities. Keep up your interests and your paper will never suffer loss of news.

Reading along in my numerous exchanges, I came upon the "Advance," of Salem, which completely overwhelmed me. Every article is deserving of praise, and if I were a better pen-

woman I'd find many eight-syllable words to express the pleasure I derived from reading the book through.

Maybe my letter is too lengthy and weighty so that my pocketbook will suffer at the stamp window, but I must quote a joke from the illustrious magazine, "*The Red and Black*" of Rogers High, Newport, R. I.

What is Rogers High coming to when Miss Hill used profanity

when she assigned the lesson to the first period class? She said she wanted the class to read "The Damned Thing" outside of school. (To those who are interested, it is the title of a short story).

Yours sincerely,

One of you.

Heard on radio: You have just listened to a talk by Prof. Kraquebrane on "The Emotimeter." Paul White-man will now play, "Forget it."

Judge: You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?

Pileeki: Yes, your honor.

Judge: And what have you to say in your defense?

Pileeki: I didn't know it was loaded, your honor.

The briefest play on record:

Act I—Captain Cook.

Act II—Captain Cook and the Cannibals.

Act III—Captain Cooked.

Father: You're twenty minutes late again. Don't you know what time we start work?

R. Murphy: No! It's always started when I get here.

Found: A girl's comb left in my car. Owner may have same by paying for ad.

If owner will explain to Karin how it got there, I'll pay for ad.

—Edward Flaherty.

Ashes to ashes
And dust to dust
If it weren't for paint
Some girls would rust.

Castelline: I dropped my watch on the floor and it stopped.

Mariano: Did you think it would go through?

Williams: (finding a fly in his soup)
What's this?

Lindquist: Must be a Vitamin Bee.

Hinds: Where did you get that black eye?

Forrsen: Kissed the bride.

Hinds: But I thought that was the custom.

Forrsen: Yes, but not two months after the ceremony.



ACTIVITIES

by

Irene LeMoine

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

Hollywood may think it possesses some of the best talent in the world, but Maynard now has reason to believe that Hollywood has nothing on us. After the revelations brought about when Mr. Mullin called for tryouts for our class play, rumor had it that Hollywood talent scouts were flying to Maynard in one of the fastest passenger planes available. Unfortunately, they lost their way. It was not learned whether they got lost shortly after leaving California, or whether they became confused in the whirring metropolis of Maynard. "THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY" was the play chosen, with a colossal cast consisting of Alvin Fraser, Irene LeMoine, Louis Bachrach, Irene Dudzinski, Richard Elson, Charles Kulovich, Bennie Hakala, Barbara Jordan, and Helen Wzosek. Margaret Castelline and Victoria Jakusik were indispensable prompters, while John Loiko was property manager.

One week before the date of the Maynard premiere, January 17, the company had pictures taken for advertising purposes. Did they put us on the spot! There were spots before our eyes for a week afterwards. (We weren't used to the BRIGHT LIGHTS).

Delicious fudge was sold between the acts by attractive senior girls in formal dress. I should say that fudge was sold between the first and second acts, the supply having been exhausted before the second intermission. The girls had to purchase a supply of toffy to keep business going, but for some reason or other the business went with the fudge. After the performance, instead of having flowers thrown at the cast, unsold toffy was thrown at us.

A group of Concord High School students, who were our guests during the play, came backstage after the presentation and were introduced to us. One week later the Maynard cast were guests at a performance of the same play by the Concord students, who served refreshments at a backstage party after the play.

Director Leo Mullin and his able assistant, Mr. William Reynolds, acted as hosts at a party at the home of the former on Wednesday, January 21, with the Maynard cast as honored guests. A delightful evening of games, singing, dancing, and refreshment was enjoyed by all.

We certainly were downhearted when everything was over, but we now look forward to more good fun while working on the forthcoming production, "THE HOODOO."

SENIOR PRIVATE DANCE

On Friday, January 31, the Celebrated Seniors of Maynard High con-

ducted a swanky social in the Auditorium, open only to seniors and invited guests. The committee in charge consisted of Eleanor Flaherty, Alvin Fraser, Robert Seder, and Louis Bachrach. The patronesses were Mrs. James King, Miss Ruth Bradley, and Miss Eileen Doyle, and the patron was Mr. William Reynolds. Neatly printed dance programs were handed out a few days before the social. The strange feeling of emptiness that prevailed was due to the absence of freshmen and eighth-graders.

THE *Screech Owl* PRIVATE DANCE

The *Screech Owl* staff ran its second annual invitation dance on Friday evening, February 14. Everyone on the staff held a position on some committee. The hall was attractively decorated in a combination of Valentines and *Screech Owls*. Pretty dance orders, as well as favors in the form of tiny paper hats, noisemakers, and streamers, were distributed. I certainly would not have wanted to be the janitor that night. During the last dance, the dancers stood knee-deep in a sea of streamers and broken noisemakers. A trail of colored streamers led the way from the auditorium to Main Street. Everyone enjoyed himself immensely and all went home tired but happy.

BASEBALL SOCIAL

After a series of high-faloot'n' private dances, the baseball boys decided to bring back the good, old-fashioned social, where everyone pays a quarter to get in, even the Junior High pupils, who, by the way, give dancing lessons to certain high school students. This particular social was something different; it was almost unique. Posters slated Weckstrom's as the orchestra hired, but the boys surprised us by

furnishing us with one hour's music by Glen Gray and a few other lesser known radio bands. At 9:00 P. M. Wecky arrived on the scene to complete the program. You may ask what bank was robbed to pay all the musicians, but I should say that Mr. Sawyer's radio experience took care of that. But!—That wasn't all! The evening was just chock-full of surprises! The events of the first hour made it necessary to save the time usually taken for intermission, so the announcement was made that refreshments would be served in the gym during the remainder of the social—And such a variety! As a departure from the customary cake and tonic, ice-cream, cake, tonic, candy, and almost everything from soup to nuts was sold to the dancers. The evening's entertainment ended at 11:30 with the realization that the last public social of the school year was over.

ASSEMBLIES

Only one assembly of note has been held recently. On Tuesday, March 3, the beams of that cute little hall known as our auditorium bent gracefully under the strain of the weight of the few hundred students in Maynard High. The purpose of the meeting? To hear Mr. McGann, a missionary, speak on character building. Almost everyone prepared for a nice, dry, sermon, but they were promptly fooled. Mr. McGann spoke interestingly on the subject, using as his theme the fact that we should pattern our lives on that of God. His cleverly inserted bits of humor appealed to the minds of his audience and all went back to their classes feeling that they had combined work and pleasure by attending the lecture.

—Irene LeMoine, '36

The Cast of "THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY"



Standing, left to right: Richard Elson, Charles Kulevich, Miss Doris Miller, Make-up Artist, Irene Dudzinski, Bennie Hakala, Louis Bachrach, Alvin Fraser.
Seated: Irene Lemoine, Mr. William Reynolds, Assistant Director, Barbara Jordan, Helen Wzosek, Director Leo Mullin, and Victoria Jakusik, Prompter.

NICK-NACKS

How did all you gals like the dress our friend Kitty, alias Al Fraser, wore? I wonder if you all have the awful time getting into your dresses, that he had getting into his! By the way, don't you think that dress was a good buy at \$2.98? Mr. Mullin, I believe, would be more than glad to sell it to any young damsel for a mere \$.98 The work of the female Kitty Benders, (Irene Dudzinski) was largely commented on by those who attended the play . . . Her actions on the stage . . . her sophisticated air her acting certainly did make an impression I bet Benny More won't forget the "smack" Kitty Benders so generously gave him during the play The ordinarily mild little Irene was very considerate of him during the rehearsals, but that night she gave it to heem, and was it zippy! The opening scene where Sam and Ting appeared asleep certainly caused the coaches plenty of sleepless nights Not *once*, during the rehearsals, could the *dark* and *light* of it come out minus uncontrollable grins However, with authority, I can say that they

felt like sleeping the night of the play Here's a word of advice from one who knows: If you are in a play, never come to a rehearsal with the Tarzan odor of ONIONS on your breath! Our Friend Winkler (Backy to you) did just that and poor Sam—he'll never forget that overwhelming moment when the honorable Winkler commenced to orate it *almost* stopped the rehearsal! The ceegar scene was an expensive one . . . a good 50c must have been spent on the stogies for Ting, Winkler, and Bobbie Baxter Bachrach still can't take it though, every time he attempted a ceegar, he took a turn for the worse He and circles were quite chummy after each drag One of the characters in the play wasn't getting along so well with one of his speeches, and it continued to bother him during one of the rehearsals he uttered the bothersome lines so that they were not heard by Mr. Mullin, who was in the balcony "I CAN'T HEAR THOSE LINES UP HERE!" shouted the director "NO, BUT I CAN SMELL 'EM DOWN HERE!!!!", the disgusted young gentle-

man snapped back Incidentally, the lines were *skipped* very promptly And S-o-o-o-o-o, your humble recorder takes a bit of a leave, but before I do, may I express my hope that the next little production of our time honored institution, entitled, "THE HOODOO," which is now fast under production with a stupendous cast of TWENTY-TWO capable performers

meets with the same success as "THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY." And, here's a little "tip" for you—consider and act on it before the 16th or 17th of April, if you're wise—"THE HOODOO" threatens to *O UTDO* "THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY"and *that's going some*, but honestly, it is going to meet with your hearty approval, so, SEE YOU THERE!

—Richard Elson, '36.

Priest: Waitress, all I want this morning is an egg, a cup of coffee, and a few kind words.

Waitress (returning): Here's your order, sir.

Priest: But where are the few kind words.

Waitress: Don't eat those eggs.

Elevator boy: You get out here, son.

Grigas: What do you mean, son? You're not my father.

Elevator boy: Well, I brought you up didn't I?

Pileeki, in restaurant: What are you washing your spoon in the finger bowl for?

Hakala: Do you think I want to get egg all over my pocket?

The shortest answer in a recent history test on the Mexican War is as follows:

Chapter I—Cause of War—Texas.

Chapter II—Result of War—Taxes.

Jerry: He's a poor sport, but everyone has a kind word for him.

Nix: Yeah?

Jerry: Yeah, the kind of word that isn't fit to print.

Kadis: Do you think married women are broadminded?

Whitty: Sure, they always believe there are two sides to a question, their own and their mother's.

Kavalchuck: How come it took you so long to finish your exam?

Matson: The fellow next to me stuttered.

Squint: You won't believe me when I tell you what my girl held in cards last night.

Bull: A perfect hand?

Squint: No, her temper.

Carbary (about to be operated on): Doc, after I take the ether, how long will it be before I know anything?

Doctor: Well, Eddie, you can't expect too much from the ether.

I. Tobin: I hear you're learning to drive a car.

H. Schnair: Yes, I am, and I got arrested yesterday for exceeding the speed limit.

I. Tobin: It's only 35 miles an hour . . .

H. Schnair: I know it, but not on the sidewalk.

Acton boy: If you'll give me your telephone number, I'll call you up sometime.

Helen S.: It's in the book.

Acton boy: Fine! And what's your name?

Helen S.: That's in the book, too!

Boss: Late again! Haven't you got an alarm clock?

"Squint:" Sure, but it doesn't alarm me any more.



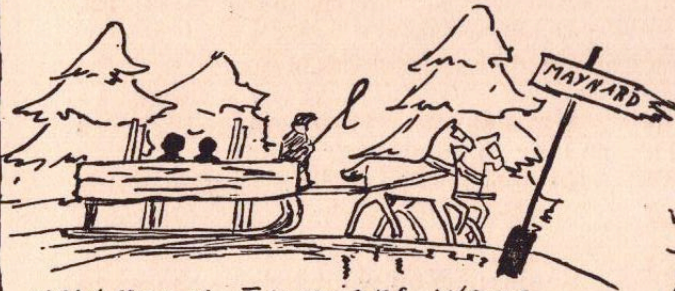
Our friend MR. MUTMPS
has visited dear M.H.S
calling on every some
of the faculty.

#



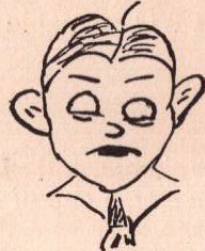
The senior Play certainly
brought out many
Gables and Harlows
and many us.

#



How many Juniors were
left when the sleigh
finally reached our old
Maynard during the
Juniors sleigh ride???

#



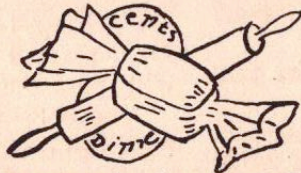
We hope the oncoming
Spring won't have too
great an effect on George
Swattson or we'll all
be buying flowers.

#



Fraser's Performance
in 'The Arrival of Kitty'
threatened Mae West's
career.

#



Rewards for M.H.S.
Report cards

#



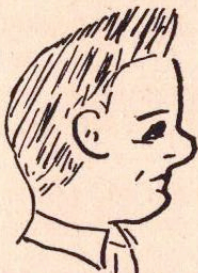
Doesn't Eleanor Murphy,
the Junior, look truly
angelic wearing her
hato hat!!!

#



The Jrs. are waiting
patiently for their
class rings.

#



Has Spring got
into Totty Lubitz's
and Dominic Mariano's
hair or did the
scissors just slip???



L.E. Salmieri



Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know

1. What the Acton boys have got that the Freshman and Sophomore boys haven't.
2. When the Parkyakarkas Club is going to loosen up and let a few of the outsiders into their frequent Wednesday night parties.
3. If there are any volunteers to break up the one-o'clock revolution in a downstairs room.
4. Why Carbarry's notes at the first M. I. T. lecture were exactly like the blonde's sitting next to him.
5. If Snooky is running an elimination contest to see which one he is going to pick.
6. What junior girl gave DA'gata her initial locket.
7. Why Downey couldn't find any sparrows the night of the senior dance.
8. If Henry Novick is going to open an agency for Concord dates.
9. If the cast of the senior play recognized the Concord play's revised edition.
10. How to explain a snowless sleigh-ride.
11. If the senior class would be interested in buying a bank, or something.
12. Where Connie spends her sleepless nights.
13. How many people appreciated the food value contained in the fudge and candy sold at the senior play.
14. How many "moral victories" Bull's basketball team chalked up.
15. The secret of Leo White's basketball coaching.
16. What held the school up when Mary A. hit the deck.
17. Why Melvin Smith is keeping that little Concord girl a deep, deep secret.
18. Whom Yash kayoed in Cambridge.
19. How Frankie got to the *Screech Owl* dance, and if Mame won or lost the bet.
20. Where Ruth was when Koskinen showed up, and if she really gave up hope.
21. Who or what gave the owl in the library life to fly from a shelf on one side to one on the other side.
22. If anyone has read Limb's book called "Why I Became a Woman Hater."
23. If O'Leary enjoys his dish washing job even though there's no money attached to it.
24. If Louis Colombo thinks two persons' books are lighter than one.
25. If Roger is training for the Olympics or is Fanny the real reason for his evening dashes.
26. Why E. Paul wheels her carriage toward Johnny Creighton's house every day.

27. Why Miss Cassone left the sleigh ride in Sudbury and whether she had sufficient exercise in walking home.
28. Why so many Seniors were absent the day after the Junior sleigh ride.
29. If Miss Pasakarnis had a good time on her trip to Virginia.
30. Why they gave Helen Schnair the name "Caruso."
31. Why the notes that are confiscated are not read before an audience.
32. From whom Eleanor Ann gets all her fan mail.
33. When Izzy and Annie will finish their Secretarial Training.
34. What time "Squint" got in from the Concord Ball.
35. How Saisa's barn dance came out.
36. What time Kenneth Johnson got home from the "Screech Owl" Dance.
37. When the Juniors are going to start their dancing lessons.
38. What freshman football hero is giving Anna H. the rush.

THUMB-NAIL DEFINITIONS

1. Appendicitis—a modern pain, costing about \$200 more than the old-fashioned stomach ache.
2. Bigamy—A form of insanity in which a man insists on paying three board bills instead of two.
3. Borrow—To swap hot air for cold coin.
4. Mosquito—A small insect created to make us appreciate flies.
5. Pole-cat—A small animal to be killed by a pole. The longer the pole, the better.
6. Pro and Con—Prefixes of the opposite meaning. For example, Progress and Congress.
7. Economy—Denying ourselves a necessity today in order to buy a luxury tomorrow.
8. Love—A man's insane desire to become a woman's meal ticket.

9. Spinster—An ember from which the sparks have flown.
10. Word—Something you must keep after giving it to another.

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Monday and Tuesday.

"Captain Blood"
Starring Dannie Sullivan.

Wednesday (only)

"Chatterbox"
With Constance Dawson. Watch
Connie act natural.

Thursday and Friday.

"O'Shaughnessy's Boy"
With Abie (Danno) Swartz.

Saturday and Sunday.

"I Dream Too Much"
With Eleanor Flaherty. Eleanor
took this role because she knew she
could portray the character to
perfection.

POPULAR SONGS WITH POPULAR PEOPLE

1. Dancing Feet.—Frankie Downey.
2. Alone.—Harry Kadis.
3. Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep.—Eddie Carbary.
4. Who is Sylvia?—John Girdziewski.
5. You're In My Power—The Faculty.
6. Shootin' High.—Bull's basketball team.
7. I Won't Dance.—Pileeki.
8. Just Like A Feather In the Breeze. Mary A.
9. Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—Freshman girls.
10. Rain.—The vacation song.
11. Why Dream?—Freddy Keegan.
12. Horses.—"Boob" McLane.
13. I Want to Hear Bells.—The seventh period chant.
14. Smoke Rings.—Ralph Whitney.
15. Cling to Me.—A Scotchman's ballad to a ten-cent piece.

❖ KEYHOLE COLUMN ❖

Well, here we are with more "hot news" right off the griddle! If we've left any one out don't get discouraged 'cause we'll get you next time.

We used to think of the Freshmen as scatter-brained obstacles who did not have a serious thought in their heads. But we've changed our minds . . . in fact, our minds were changed for us. And what changed them was this: D. O'Leary, it seems, has got very *serious* business over Concord Street way. If you don't think he's serious you ought to watch him! Every day at 2:00 and 6:00 P. M. you can see him start up Acton Street. What do they find to talk about??? Oh, well.

The recent basketball trip to Vermont by the high school and town teams proved quite interesting from all reports. We didn't know that D. Mariano was so fond of washing dishes! My, my. Miss Wetherbee would like to know about you, Dom . . . And what made Tony Tomyl walk in his sleep??? How basketball affects him . . . And ask "Skike" Gilleney and Frankie Downey if they enjoyed themselves about 2:30 in the morning.

Harry's in the news again! Yes Sir, Harry fell for a girl a short while ago. It seems that he had trouble finding out

who she was and where she came from until a pal tipped him off that she was a "fireman's daughter" from Hudson. If you know of any one that's going up, contact Harry in Mr. Lerer's room, third period.

What has Frankie been saying about himself in S. Acton? To hear a certain S. Actonite tell it, F. is simply chased to death by the weaker sex over here, and that this and being the backbone of the baseball, basketball, and football teams, keeps him rather busy. Poor Frankie!

Will some one please tell R. Foley to be more gentle? "Bud" was absent for three days last week and came back only after alterations. Oh, well, they say that "true love never runs smoothly."

The following romances are still hanging on:

Werner	Rita
Bud	Rita
Dinny	Mary
Dan	Norma
Woodsie	Annie
Malcolm	Emma

Till the next issue Adios!

PEEPING THOMASINA,
Keyhole Inspector of M. H. S.

Right or Wrong

A soldier lost his left arm in the war, and so his right arm was left. His left arm was not left since it was cut off and his left arm was right. If he had lost his right arm, instead of his left, his left arm would have been left instead of his right, but that's right for his right arm was left and not his left.

—M. Castelline, '36.

Teacher: You up in the back of the room—when was the Magna Charta signed?

Voice: I don't know.

Teacher: When did Ponce de Leon land in America?

Voice: I don't know.

Teacher: Who was the founder of New York?

Voice: I don't know.

Teacher: (Getting impatient) Where were you last night?

Voice: Down town.

Teacher: You ought to be ashamed of yourself. How do you expect to pass this course?

Voice: I don't. I'm the janitor; I came to fix the radiator.

Wasiuk: I'm not feeling well today. I ate a dozen oysters last night.

Swartz: Were they fresh? What did they look like when you opened them?

Wasiuk: Oh—do you have to open them?

H. Boeske is thinking of inventing an alarm clock with half a bell so when two people are rooming together it just wakes one of them up. Well,—we wonder!

Teacher: Who can tell me the title of the former ruler of Russia?

Pazaricky: Czar.

Teacher: And what was his wife called?

Pazaricky: Czarina.

Teacher: And his children?

Pazaricky: Czardines.

Loika, to clerk in music store: I'd like an E string, please.

Clerk: You'll have to pick it out yourself. I can't tell the 'es from the shes.

M a r i a n o (gazing at a mummy swathed in bandages): Tell me one thing, guide.

Guide: What's that?

Mariano: Was it an automobile or airplane accident?

Jake: I hear you're unlucky.

Fraser: Unlucky! Why if I was perishing in the desert and it began to rain soup, I'd have only a fork to eat it with.

She: What's that over there?

He: The locomotive boiler.

She: Why do they boil the locomotive?

He: To make the locomotive tender.

Mr. A. Lerer: What do you think would be the greatest invention for the benefit of the American people?

Mark: An anti-freeze solution that could be put into frozen assets.

Guide (pointing to high building): This is a skyscraper.

Johnny May: Boy, how I'd love to see it work.

A farmer wrote to a friend: If you want to see the biggest hog in these parts, come to my ranch, and ask for me.

Mr. Manty (looking over Bulldog's paper): I don't see how it is possible for a single person to make so many mistakes.

Creighton (proudly): It isn't any single person. "Squint" helped me.

Philosopher: My boy, you must always think of the future.

Fraser: I can't. It's my girl's birthday, and I've got to think of the present.

Lubin: Why are you wearing your stockings inside out?

Mariano: My feet got so hot that I turned the hose on them.

Mr. Lent: When do the leaves begin to turn?

Downey: The day before an examination.

Backy: I saw a man swallow a sword.

Whitty: That's nothing, I saw a boy inhale a Camel.

Limb: You're such a nice dancer. I wish I was in your shoes.

Rita: Perhaps, so! But I wish you'd stop from attempting to get into them now.

Senior: I've stopped wearing Bill's ring.

Junior: 'Fraid your reputation might be tarnished?

Senior: Not my reputation—my finger.

Lost: An umbrella by a young man with six bent ribs and an ivory dome. If found, please return to Louis Fava.

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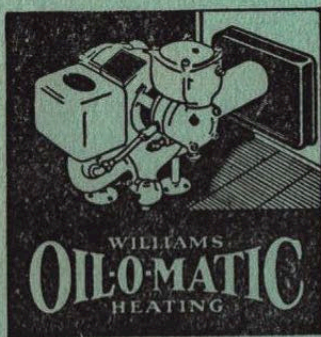
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