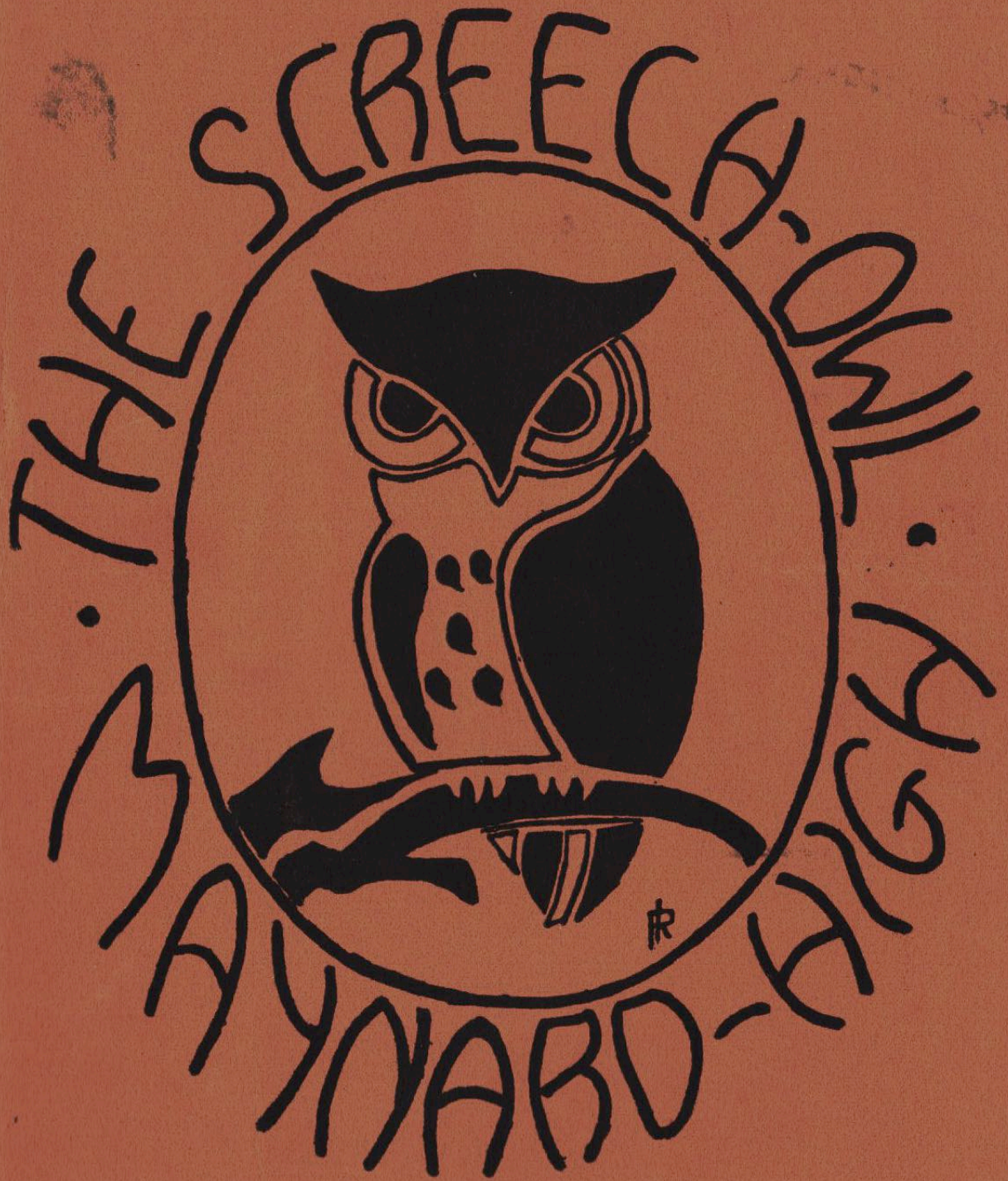


Athletics Number



Price, 25 Cents

PEOPLES THEATRE

WESTERN ELECTRIC

SOUND EQUIPMENT

"Always a Good Show"

Tel. Maynard 604

United Co-operative Society

OF MAYNARD

Distributors of

MILK—FOOD PRODUCTS—COAL

Quality Merchandise at Right Prices

56-62 MAIN STREET

MAYNARD, MASS.

When patronizing our advertisers, please mention "THE SCREECH OWL"

BYRON LUMBER CO.

—————
**Lumber, Masons' Supplies,
Builders' Hardware
Unfinished Furniture
Paints and Varnishes**

And All Things to Fix Up the Home

—————
Tel. Maynard 183

P. J. SCHNAIR

**ELECTRICAL
CONTRACTOR**



**"Wire for me and
I'll wire for you"**

Tel. 95

19 Brooks Street

ASTWOOD & TOWNSEND

Incorporated

**PLUMBING, HEATING AND
SHEET METAL CONTRACTORS**

Agents for
Glenwood Stoves and Ranges

Dealers in
Electrical Refrigerators

Oil Burners

Water Systems

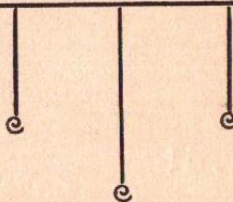
Washing Machines

Tel. 224

49 Nason Street Maynard, Mass.

Compliments of

DR. E. F. RYAN



Maynard, Mass.

Compliments of

DR. F. A. MAY

Compliments of

M. TOWNSEND GIFT SHOP

45 NASON ST.

Compliments of

DR. R. E. HOOPER



Maynard, Mass.



\$5 and \$6 pair

At the Store Where They Can
AFFORD TO SELL CHEAP

W. B. CASE & SONS
Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

Maynard, Mass.

Tel. May. 41

E. NELSON

OAKLAND - PONTIAC

SALES AND SERVICE

MAYNARD, MASS.

When patronizing our advertisers, please mention "THE SCREECH OWL"

THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

MAYNARD, MASS., JAN., 1931

STAFF

Editor.....	Philip Wilson, '31
Assistant Editor.....	Catherine Coughlan, '31
Business Manager.....	Raymond Paul, '31
Assistant Business Manager.....	Sidney McCleary, '32
Circulation Managers.....	Simmon Seder, '32; Stanley Wojtkiewicz, '33
Art Editor.....	Leona Dudzinski, '31

Literary Department

William Ledgard, '32	Sirkka Hurme, '31
Ruth Weir, '33	Walter Wainio, 31
Edith Priest, '32	Bertha Sneck, '34

Alumni Editor

Mary Ployart, '31

Joke Editors

Julia Lynch, '31	Walter Crowther, '32
------------------	----------------------

Boys' Athletics
Sulo Hintsa, '31

Exchange
Virginia Collins, '32

Girls' Athletics
Sylvia Nyholm, '33

Activities
Jeannette Gruber, '32

Faculty Adviser

Vena B. Field

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials.....	Page 5
Literary Department.....	7
Athletics	19
"On The Spot"	24
Alumni Notes	27
Exchanges	30
"The Wise Old Owl"	32
"Pickings"	34

PRICE PER COPY, 25 CENTS

Dedication

*To the athletes of
Maynard High School,
who so ably represent us,
we dedicate this issue.*



M. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM, 1930



Athletics are holding such a prominent place in the news of the world that it is only fitting that the Screech Owl dedicate one issue a year to the athletes of Maynard High School. We owe this to them for the honor they have brought us as a school and the additional honors that have come to us through those who have won places on the college teams of the country.

The school rewards them with a letter "M", a trophy highly prized by the players; but the game itself repays them a hundred fold in the valuable lessons taught.

Participating in sports helps them better to play the game of Life, to fight harder when losing and, greatest of all, to be a good loser.

As we meet other schools in athletic contests, our outlook is broadened. We realize more fully that we are a part of a vast educational system. These things are all important in life and they are essential for success.

Editor.

PASSING OF THE YEAR

As a certain writer said, "Life is like a play" and as the curtain rises upon the second act we start off with an entirely clean slate.

The changes from the first to second act do not involve time only but real characters in new costumes. Like

a play the actors and actresses do not necessarily reappear in their former robes of beauty for often rags take their place. The only fact that remains a mystery to us is the importance of ourselves. A new year is another chance for a person who did not taste success in the past and an encouragement for those who did.

To students a new year means a second try to hit the star at which they aimed. New Year resolutions are excellent for the person whose conscience will not let him break a promise, but to most of us it is but a farce. One warning should go to superstitious people that there is no truth in the statement, "A poor beginning makes a good ending." This will be proven by a person with the proper New Year spirit who knows that only on a good foundation is lasting success built.

Frances Fearn, '34.

SINCERITY

Sincerity is the greatest quality of them all. If one can claim sincerity, he may forget to acquire the other good habits, for unknowingly he has them already. Sincerity is a composite of honor, loyalty, honesty, sympathy and frankness.

It is not the straight-forwardness of today. That is a new quality just coming into its own, and like a new plaything enjoys great usage in the current fiction and drama.

It has a deeper meaning than this unconcealing manner of expression. It is based on Truth, but it has within its doctrines the reticence of kindness and the faith in the other man.

Society could not exist peacefully without the sincerity of most of its members, and their efforts and influence. Continual distrust yields to gradual material outbreaks, and the upheavals unite to form a general havoc, much the same as drops of water collect on a window-pane on a rainy day.

Can society be so desirous of war, or has it learned its lesson? Uncontained frankness and accusations of malevolence and insolence are only surface waters. The underground channels remain filled by the floods of experience.

W. H. L., '32.

NIGHT HIGH SCHOOL

The surprising number of ex-students who attend the night session of high school, ought to bring home to us the importance of finishing the four years of our high school career when we have the chance.

So many students leave the despised school at the tender age of fourteen, but at the more mature age of eighteen deplore their earlier foolishness.

Why not profit by the example

which this session of the night school offers us? People of wide experience counsel us to make the best of our opportunities—but do we regard these? Now we have a more intimate type of counselors in the unsuspecting persons of the night students. By their enthusiasm in their return to school, they signify that they have found that a high school education is absolutely essential to any advancement in life.

C. Coughlan, '31.

A PLEA

Schoolmates—we are all interested in the welfare of our friends. We want to help them and protect them. Real friendship is a thing which counts more in the lives of people than anything in the world.

The times are hard and the money is not quite as handy as it used to be. We see some children running around with torn clothing and some without shoes. Down deep in your heart it must arouse some reaction, some sympathy. Let us get together and help these less unfortunate. Our old clothes, our old shoes, anything that will keep them warm. Give to them as an act of friendship not of charity, and they will accept it in the spirit with which it is given.

Ruth Hull, '31





The "Screech Owl" staff regrets to announce that it has been unable to choose the winning poem in the recent contest. We feel, as will the majority of students, that any work, to be considered as worthy of a prize, should be of a very high standard. Several poems, however, had merit, and they are printed in the Literary Department.

THE FAR CRY

At heart Bob was impetuous, and he knew it. He knew that if perchance some one should tap on his window and beckon him to follow the trail which bold Adventure blazes, he would toss aside everything on the spur of the moment, and yield to his inherent impulse, his father having been a follower of the sea. Just at present he had far too much to accomplish to dream of anything so enticing as the call of Romance; for to him it was an enticement, this unreal and unquenchable desire of his inner being. It was hard to keep from playing with a notion so natural to him; he had tried to squelch all thought of unreality, but to no avail. Right now when he felt that his conscience should be entirely free of foreign ideas that he might better concentrate on his law books, and make his mother and his kindly old uncle the happier, he could not contain himself.

What right had they to suggest law to him, with all due apologies to that most noble profession of his uncle; he was born to the sea, he had known that the first time he had seen the vast expanse of waters that so utterly belittled him, and urged him to explore its furthestmost extremities. They tried to cure him of the fatal call, fatal because it had brought his father to no good end, by furnishing the antitoxic remedy of Law and

Books. He realized that the cure had worked only slightly on himself, but it had served to convince his relatives that the taint was not in his blood.

He imagined himself, years ahead, as a most respected citizen of his home town, one to whom all pointed with pride, but who would scorn himself for this youthful surrender to everyday life. He believed that there was much comfort to be derived for him from his clients through his interests in them and their troubles, but he knew that his only real enjoyment and peace of mind would come when he could gaze out on the sea and wish; wish that he were younger that he might take a try at toiling with the sea. He saw that his decision would have to be immediate; he could already feel himself ageing.

He would go. As a declaration of war, he tore his tie from about his neck, ripped his stiff, starched collar with no regard to the fastening, and threw it into a corner. He was so excited that the sweat streamed down his face, and his whole body throbbed for instant action.

He would do without clothes, he would do without money; he would go now. Rather romantic and far-fetched, but that was the only way to do it they said. He knew there was no money in his pockets, but he turned them inside out for the sake of the flourish. Then he looked at the clothes he was wearing. He would be recognized and marked immediately by these; they were gifts of his relatives and although very simple in style, bore the marks of good quality that would spell "expensive" to every eye. It would be short work to change them though, and ten minutes later he

was closing the door of his room, feeling so natural that he likened himself to a gliding Indian.

He saw a light beneath his mother's door, and it reminded him of those whom he was leaving. He decided that it would be best not to tell them; not that they could affect or change his decision, but it would save him leaving with the image of the hurt looks of both of those beings whose disposition he held so dear. He knew that they would understand where he had gone, and why he had gone without a farewell to either of them; and that their temporary disappointment would be replaced by the trust which they had always held in him. That shaft of light, however, bothered him. And then his mother spoke.

"Is that you, son?" He wanted to run, but the voice held a peculiarly irresistible appeal, an appeal he would not hear again for many moons. He yielded.

"Yes, mother," he answered, dutifully.

"Won't you come in, son?" The appeal sounded almost tragic to him. He wondered if she knew, suspected.

He turned the knob slowly, and entered quietly—he knew not why except that he had a queer reverence for the night. It was not until the glare of the electric light of his mother's bed fell square upon him that he realized how he must look in these rags, which he had not worn since that first and last trip to the beach.

She had been reading, and was just laying aside her book. It was the Bible. To her son, the mother typified all that was good in the world. It was going to be hard to tell her that he was now renouncing all her goodly teachings by yielding to this fanatical craving. He wasn't really committing that gravest of sins, but to her simple mind it would appear thus.

As he approached she must have noticed his clothes, but she did not betray the knowledge. She said that she had been reading about the prodigal

son, and she thanked the good Lord that they would not have to kill any fatted calf for her son. His mother had not forgotten his affliction, and was fighting bravely against his speaking of the matter. It was hard for her to speak, and her eyes constantly sought the patchwork quilt embroidered by his great-grandmother.

"Mother, I'm going to sea."

"You're sure that it's for the best, son?"

"Yes, mother."

"You know that is how I lost your father. Your uncle and I, we—had him pretty well ironed out—" she spoke the last words as if they were foreign to her tongue—"and he was happy here for quite a while, at least he appeared happy. Then he came here one night, just as you have come, and that was all."

"But surely he returned. He could not have been so cruel as to have deserted you altogether."

"No, son, that was not it. Something happened out there at sea that neither your uncle nor I could fathom out. I think that he fell in with a bad crew. Anyway, when he returned, he was a different man. All the good nature and gallantry he had was lost. He seemed to dream all day—I've often thought that there was some avengement he felt himself obliged to fulfill—and he was almost surly when spoken to. We were very unhappy, and were glad when he left." She paused. "Then one day we received news that he had been killed in a street brawl."

"In spite of all you say, mother, I am going. You must, you will trust me, won't you?"

She was disappointed that his father's career had made so little an impression on him, but she still fought to keep him. "Of course, but son, you don't mind my saying I'm disappointed, do you? We had great plans for you."

It was hard but he remained undaunted. "The landlubber," he said,

"could never attempt to see how the seaman feels." He smiled. "I've been very happy with you, mother—but there's the sea," and he pointed to the Great Mystery beyond the open window.

"Goodbye, mother." He kissed her gently.

"Goodbye, son." She turned her face to the wall. When she turned back he was gone.

She felt instinctively that there was something wrong. She was confused; things seemed so vague, like a nightmare. That was all it was, a cruel night mare. No it wasn't; it was so real that it had taken her until now to collect her numbed thought, and realize what she had done. What kind of a mother was she anyway? She sprang from her bed, and ran to her window with alarming speed for one of her age.

"Bobby." He was halfway down the street, but he stopped and came back a few paces. "Good luck to you. May God be with you always."

He couldn't say anything, he couldn't do anything; he just stood there and let the world swirl around him. After a fashion he turned and began to run down the street; then he slowed up, and yelled "Goodbye, Ma", and then ran all the faster.

"Ma"—she hadn't heard that since he was a very little boy, when he had loved her instead of merely respecting her. She felt happier than she had felt for a long while. She was glad that he had gone.

The next night a small steamer was plowing its way out of the harbor, and on the deck a man lay stretched in the moonlight. He was thinking, partly of his freedom—for with the first chug of the engine he realized why he had been ever-impatient without it—, but mostly of the wonderful mother he had.

W. H. Ledgard, '32.

LAMENT OF A FOOTBALL

1

Autumn is the time of year
That holds most thrills for me;
September I like best of all
For 'tis then I start my spree.

2

When frost begins to fade the grass,
And winds blow crisp and cool,
'Tis then my busiest days begin,
For the honor of the school.

3

On sunny afternoons they come,
That horde of students brawn
Snatching me up, they start afield,
And the fight of the day is on.

4

They boot me all about the field
And try to stamp me shapeless,
Some, going too far in their zeal,
Themselves come out, not scatheless.

5

The one side, which is orange and
black,
Retreats and leaves me wondering,
And a surge of jerseys, blue and
white,
Like a rush of bulls come thundering.

6

The nearest one gives me a boot
That starts me dizzily soaring,
My view of those below is blurred
My ears are filled with a roaring.

7

At last I thud against the ribs
Of an orange and black-shirt husky;
He clutches me tightly! What happens then?
My memory grows somewhat dusky.

8

Ah! That's it! I see it now!
How they hound that poor young fellow!
He skips right out, and down the field
With me tucked 'neath his elbow.

9

They follow close! One makes a dive!
 My quick, safe run is finished!
 I bound loose from my bearer's grip
 My own speed undiminished.

10

My lease of freedom is not long,
 For Fate is false and fickle,
 I'm their's, and now I'm our's again!
 I'm in a pretty pickle!

11

On me the rivals vent their ire,
 I'm kicked and socked and pushed
 on,
 They seem to want, especially,
 To see me end—a touchdown.

12

There's nothing much to add to this,
 That would enlighten any;
 To know the pain a football bears
 Would spoil the fun of many.

13

And in the end the whistle blows;
 I'm suddenly forgotten;
 The field is one great pond of mud;
 I'm leaky, torn and sodden.

14

The culprits leave me to my woes;
 My jacket, once so shiny;
 Why—even when I was a pig,
 I wasn't half so slimy!

Gertrude Oksa.

MY HOBBY

My hobby is to press wild plants. In the Finnish High Schools we had Botany. At summer time we had to press, dry, write the Finnish and Latin names of the plant, the place where it was collected, if it was a dry or wet place, the date, and the collector's name.

In Finnish High Schools there are eight grades. In the first five grades we have botany. When we go to the second grade we have to have at least twenty-five plants. In the fifth grade we have to have two hundred and

fifty plants, but many have a thousand or more.

At school we are taught how to study the stamen, the pistil, the inflorescence, the leaves, the stem and the root.

When we get the plants we first put them between gray blotters. After two weeks we take them from between the blotters and paste them on thick white paper. On a slip of paper we write the things I have mentioned already.

In the autumn when we go to school we take them with us. After a while we are examined, so that we have to study very much. In the spring the teacher gives them back.

When I went into the second grade I had about seventy-five plants, even though we had to have only twenty-five. I had got some from Lithuania, for I had been there about two weeks that summer. I got the rest of them from many parts of Finland. We had to take the plants with their roots. I became so interested in digging up plants that even if I went visiting somewhere and saw some wild flower that I did not have, I would dig it up.

Almost everyone has some hobby and this is one of my hobbies.

Emmi Sopenen, '34.

A WALK

I walked and walked and walked.
 It was a misty night.
 The lonely road with ease restored
 My inward deeper sight.

A BLINDMAN

O ship without a keel—
 No eyes to lead you home—
 Yet hands with which to feel
 The treasures that you own.

N. E. Walker.

A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A SCHOOL BOOK

"Oh dear, oh dear." The battered and torn English book heaved such a

long drawn-out sigh that it quite disturbed the other books. They had assembled to talk over and decide, if possible, a remedy to relieve them of the nervous strain to which they were subjected, by the thoughtlessness of boys and girls who carelessly flung them about unheeding their loud cries of protest.

"What is the matter?" The ponderous History book asked in a querulous voice.

"I want to tell my experiences," the English book replied plaintively, "I'm the most miserable of all the books in this wide wide world of ours. Why, my worst enemy, the 'Story Book', is treated more tenderly than I am. Look at my covers! Look at the black bruises all over me and within my pages. Even my beloved friend 'The Dictionary' is shown more respect—"

"I'm worse off than you are," the Algebra book rudely interrupted. "I try to teach the wonderful science of mathematics, and what do I get? Disgusted grunts, kicks, and abuse from boys and girls who cannot grasp the knowledge within my covers."

A chorus of voices of various books almost broke up the meeting. The French, Spanish, and Latin books all clamored to her heard.

"Hear! Hear! Where are your manners?" The solemn dictionary rolled off the desk in order to be heard among the belligerents.

"You have not yet heard my troubles." The sonorous tones of the Science book rang loud and long over the heads of the intelligent council. "Mine is the most wonderful, the most intriguing subject ever studied by man. It is—"

"Well, well!" The dictionary had decided to enter this interesting discourse. "I guess you have all had your say and I herewith submit my plans which I intend to read to the students, and which will be approved and signed by you all." He began to read the following in a sing-song voice:

"Never show disrespect to all books.

Look upon them with affection."

"Never abuse them in any way."

"Do not drop them in mud puddles, or otherwise ruin their clean, bright surfaces, as that deducts from the dignity of a proud and honorable book."

"Do not tear or mar them."

"Handle them carefully and guard them with your life."

"Whenever you see a book on the floor, pick it up tenderly and carefully so as not to hurt its feelings, and place it on the desk or table."

"Is everyone satisfied? Good! You are dismissed."

The books retired to their various places and composed themselves to wait patiently for day to come and with it the arrival of the students, anxious to see whether or not their pleas would be heeded.

I wish you good luck in your quest, you friends of mankind.

Irsa Jokela.

MY ENGLISH ROOM

(As told in the year of 1945)

I stood in the door of my old English room, and glanced around at that familiar place once more. It was a stern room, puritanic in its plainness. The blank buff of the cracked walls met the dull brown of the woodwork, which had bordered the slate for many years. No, it had not changed. Even the desks, battered and marred, stood stiffly in their appointed places. The floor was bare and unpretentious; the chalk trays were inches deep in dust. Over all pervaded that air of hushed, unnatural silence of a deserted school. Annie White, '31.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

A rollicking bunch of seniors we,
With shorthand, and Latin and
French III
A whole lot of work, a whole lot of
fun
With joyous days, and days of glum;
With English and Algebra, history
too,
And then you ask, "What do you do?"

We're very ambitious as ambition goes
 Always alert, on the tips of our toes,
 Ready for anything that comes our way,
 We tackle it, conquer it, always it pays.
 Problems are many, solutions too few,
 And then you ask, "What do you do?"

We've covered the course in four small years
 With alternate triumphs mingled with fears.
 We've wheedled and beaten the other three grades,
 And we'll issue victorious; it's all in the trade.
 From noon until night, from night until sun,
 It's not what we do, it's just what we've done!

Annie L. White, '31.

LEARNING TO SKATE

My skates were new and bright, the first I had ever had. I was to show my friends how to skate that afternoon. I had never been on skates before, but I knew it would be easy enough—all you had to do was to stand on your skates, give yourself a push, and off you would go, as graceful as a swallow.

How smooth and glassy the ice looked. I could hardly wait to get my skates on. There, at last I had them laced. How heavy they felt—oh, well, I'd soon get used to them. All I wanted to do was to get on the ice and skate, skate as I had never skated before!

I'd try some of the tricks I had seen done. Making the figure eight, for instance, and also skating backwards. The latter did look quite difficult but I'd soon get the knack of it. Didn't I learn to make fudge in one lesson? Easy!

I placed one foot gently on the ice and slowly but deliberately pulled the other after it. What was the matter

with my legs? One was bow-legged and the other knock-kneed—only it didn't knock the other as it was bowed too much. Trying to straighten them, I found that I had a very temperamental pair of legs. I'd manage to untangle them, but then suddenly they bent in the opposite direction, completely out of control.

After an exasperating time I straightened my legs and thrust the point of my right skate into the ice to give myself a push.

"Here I go! Watch me, everybody, if you want to see some real skating."

The impetus set my head about three feet before my body, and I went flying into space. All I could see was legs—could they be mine? Dazed, I somehow managed to pick myself up and, apologetically, I explained to the onlookers that I had made a mistake.

"Now watch!"

Away I went—light as a feather borne on a gentle breeze. What happened to my legs? I can not tell. All I knew was that they seemed to bend like rubber under me and I fell down, down.

The next thing I knew, my friends were dragging me off the ice and saying we were going home.

One of them later gently broke to me the fact that I would never make a skater.

Who says I can't? The trouble was that everyone was watching me and made me feel very self-conscious! I know I can skate!

Sirkka Lehtinen, '31.

PRINCE

Prince was a dog of dogs. For three years he had lived with old Pierre Joliet and his daughter Henriette in their little cabin in the back-woods of Northern Ontario. For three years he had been continually showing his prowess as a hunter and protector.

Pierre had built his cabin three years before Henriette was born, and

it had always been home to her. Pierre's wife died when Henriette was fifteen, and she had kept house for her aged father ever since.

The previous winter, Jacques Pontois, a trapper, had happened on the Joliet cabin while setting new traps. He had accepted Pierre's invitation to stay for a few days during which time Henriette had fallen desperately in love with him.

Something troubled her, however—that was Prince's attitude towards Jacques. Every time Jacques came near him, Prince would growl and move away. Now Prince was usually an exceptionally good judge of humans and his attitude showed clearly that he disliked Jacques. Henriette thought little about it, however, and decided to accept Jacques' offer of marriage the next time he came to visit.

Jacques moved on, and things went as usual in the Joliet cabin. A few days later as Henriette was collecting wood outside the cabin, Prince dashed into the clearing barking loudly. He tugged at Henriette's dress and in every way tried to make her follow him. Henriette followed for a short distance to the edge of a cliff and peered anxiously below. There were three men tying an old man to a tree, evidently robbing him of his furs. On careful looking she recognized two of them; the old man was her father and the leader of the three robbers was Jacques Pontois. She dashed frantically back to the cabin for her gun and there she found John Dickerman, an old friend of Pierre's, who had come to buy furs. Dickerman quickly accompanied Henriette to the scene of the robbery and found that the robbers had left. There was nothing to do but release Pierre and carry him to the cabin. Pierre suffered a severe shock and John decided to stay at the cabin until he recovered. Prince became a hero and from then on Henriette trusted to his good judgment.

Next spring we find Pierre, Henriette and John journeying to Fort

Henry where John and Henriette are to be married at the little Catholic mission. Prince had been left in charge of the cabin.

Fort Henry was finally reached and old Father James started the ceremony. As he pronounced the opening words of the ceremony, a commotion was heard and who should come dashing up the aisle but Prince. No effort was made to put him out and he remained quiet between John and Henriette the whole service. When it was over Henriette stooped to Prince and said,

"Well, Prince, how is my choice this time?"

Prince replied with a joyous bark and a wag of his tail.

Denis Farnell, '31.

SUNSET

I love to stand upon a hill
And watch the sun fade o'er the rill.
To see the flaming colors flee
Back to far eternity.

To see the tops of yonder trees
Bend earthward on the evening
breeze.

To see the distant church spires stand
Pure and white above the land.

Philip Wilson, '31.

THE DAY I SPENT AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT

It was a wet, foggy day, when the huge ocean liner "Leviathan" docked at Liverpool, and my first impression of England was not a happy one to say the least. I collected my two suitcases, and walked down the gangplank, feeling rather blue and homesick; this feeling soon wore off however, when I sat listening to the plans my great-aunt Elizabeth had formed, for my amusement.

What a chance in a lifetime, to spend a whole month at a real English country manor in Devonshire.

I was allowed to wander at my will,

and took a great delight in doing so. One day I went farther than I realized, and found that the sun was blotted from the heavens, and a heavy mist was rising.

I groped blindly along terrified at my predicament. Suddenly my foot sank into a rut, and a sharp pain shot through my foot. Then blackness enveloped me—

When I awoke, I was lying in a gorgeously carved bed, under silken coverlets. Moving my foot, I found I had no pain. I started to arise, when the door opened, and a curiously dressed maid entered.

"The King desires to see thee, oh noble goddess," she said in a voice of awe. I began to think it was all a huge joke, but followed the girl through a hall into a large room, unable to restrain my curiosity.

There on a magnificent throne, sat a noble looking king, and a beautiful queen. Below their throne was a large round table, and around it were seated knights, looking just as our books had pictured them.

My attention then turned to the king who was speaking.

"I am King Arthur, and these are my knights of the Round Table," he said slowly and distinctly.

I felt all eyes upon me, and no wonder. What could they think of a representative of the year 1930? My astonishment equalled theirs, but desiring to get my adventure's worth, I proceeded to explain (rather condescendingly it must be admitted), who I was, and where I came from. For once King Arthur was at a loss for words.

A bounteous feast was spread, and I ate with great relish. I could not help thinking what a dandy football hero the brawny Geraint would make for Harvard's team, or what a hit Queen Quinevere would be in her queer looking costume at a masquerade ball.

I was the center of attraction, and I took full advantage of the fact. I told them about the airplane, ocean

liners, radios and automobiles, while they listened with disbelieving ears.

Great amusement was caused, when I presented Queen Quinevere with a powder compact, which she really did not need. I gave Arthur my sport wrist watch, and he acted like a child with his first toy.

Suddenly I became aware of the fact that someone was speaking.

"I'm sorry, Miss Bishop, I've asked you that question three times, and I'll have to give you zero; school is not the place to be day-dreaming."

Ruth Bishop, '33.

FATALITY

One evening, as I was sitting on the porch, I became interested in the house across the street. There lived a spinster about forty-five years old with her old servant. As she seldom left the house, I wondered if she enjoyed her solitude. I shuddered at the prospect of living in that large, gloomy house.

Just then, the front door of the house opened and a young man dashed out and ran down the street. I remembered now that the village gossips "had it" that he was her nephew from college who had arrived a few days ago, presumably to visit her. I thought it queer that he should be running, but as he had a suitcase in his hand, I concluded that he was trying to catch the evening train.

The sky had been steadily darkening and thunder rolled in the distance. Already a few raindrops were falling, so I decided to go into the house.

My room faces the street, and as I was preparing to go to sleep, later in the evening, I happened to look out of the window. Across the street the old maid, Clarissa Young by name, was looking out of her bedroom window into the storm. By the light in her room I saw the horrified look on her face as she went back and forth to the window. I was very much surprised and, as she was known to be a timid and easily-frightened person, I

couldn't imagine what she saw in the dark, for I saw nothing. Pulling down the shade, I went to bed without satisfying my curiosity.

The next morning I awoke with a start! What was that tremendous racket? I ran to the window, and in front of Clarissa's house was a group of people, among them the distracted servant, Emmy. Hastily dressing, with last night's happening in mind, I went to my neighbor's home.

Emmy was speaking in much distress.

"I goes n' knock an' knock at m' mistress door an' I hears nothing. I calls and calls but I hears nothing. The door is locked so I peeks through de keyhole an' I sees m' mistress lying on de floor an' I says to m'self—m' goodness! What done happen to m' mistress! N—"

"Call the police!"

"Break down the door!"

"Get an axe!"

Several excited men followed the agitated Emmy upstairs and others, curious, followed.

When the door was torn down, we all stood aghast! There on the floor lay Clarissa Young, quite dead and drenched with rain from the open window above her. The doctor and police were summoned and no one was allowed to touch her until they arrived.

The next day the inquest was held in the deceased Clarissa's spacious living-room. It revealed that, although there were no marks of violence or bullet holes on her body, it was a death by unnatural means. The only clue was the black and blue circle on the finger where she wore a large gold ring. The sentiment of all was that the deceased had been murdered during last night's storm but—how had she been murdered?

For many days people came and went; reporters and detectives came and went. All were baffled.

One day, two weeks later, Flitz, an amateur detective, came to work on the case for his own amusement. I

disclosed to him what I had seen the night of the murder, having kept my secret up to now. He studied the case from every angle and finally sent for the nephew, Alfred Jones. He arrived with a pretty wife, Nelly, and told Flitz why he had left so hurriedly.

"You see, I married the daughter of her old enemy and left college. She told me she was going to cut me off the will but I said the will could go to Hades for all I cared. She raved and finally ordered me out of the house."

"Where did you go then?" inquired Flitz.

"I went immediately to my wife in New York."

"Did you return at any time from that time until now?"

"No."

Flitz believed in Jones, but as the state detective was suspicious and Jones was the only person involved in the case, he was arrested.

Meanwhile, Flitz studied the case more thoroughly. Just before the trial, Flitz summoned all concerned in the case, to the living-room of the deceased and he revealed the results of his investigations.

When all were silent, he began:

"I have thoroughly investigated and studied the crime and have come upon certain conclusions. Naturally, a crime has always a motive. That was my first object in mind. Having studied the immediate friends and relatives of the deceased, I found that the most probable person to have a motive for the crime was, of course, Alfred Jones. Looking up his financial standing, I found that he is in no need of money; in fact, he has plenty of it. Thus I placed no direct suspicion upon him. Examining the body of the deceased, I discovered the black and blue circle where the gold ring had been, and proceeded to find the cause of it. I am told that she is easily frightened. She, no doubt, had seen something which troubled her and had caused her to open the window. Whatever it was she alone knows.

"During the evening of her death

there was a thunderstorm and I now conclude she died from the effects of being struck by a thunderbolt."

Despite the commotion that followed, he concluded:

"When lightning strikes a person, if he has a metal such as gold next to his skin, it will turn black and blue. That is the secret of her death."

Violet Koskela, '31.

A MOMENT OF EXCITEMENT

A rush of air, a roar, a fleeting shadow and the plane was again high in the skies.

It was my first visit to an airport. Several planes were in the sky, stunting so that they seemed to be entirely out of control. In another part of the field, rides were given. The cost depended upon one's weight, so I decided to take a try at flying. I was weighed and paid \$1.45 to the pilot. The motor of a big two seater was started and after about five minutes it ran smoothly. I climbed into the forward cockpit and donned helmet and goggles. The wind was blowing behind us so we taxied to the other end of the field. Turning around, the motor roared and we moved at a swifter pace.

Soon the bumpiness stopped and we were off the ground, ever going faster and faster. Gaining sufficient altitude the pilot asked if I wanted to experience a dive. Plain flying seemed quite tame, so I nodded in affirmative. The nose dropped down and I swallowed my heart. Down, down, down we went and as we were going to hit the ground I fell.

My back was sore for a week since I fell on the floor that night.

Tauno Tamminen, '33.

QUERY

Who makes or breaks the Man;
Encourages him, disheartens him;
Leads him to Light, leaves him in
Darkness;

Furnishes the example by which
He may pattern, promotes respect
To which he will hearken;
Arouses distaste, rebellion, ill-will;
Gives cause for squareness, sincerity,
ambition;
Brings Life and Knowledge near to
The Climber, ascending to safe peaks,
Or treacherous pinnacles;
Guides his way with veteran skill
Through the Passes of Trouble and
Trial,
Or tests his worth with a powerful
blast
Of might, that determines whether he
shall
Continue on, or remain in peace;
Urges him to ply his strength—
To forget (or remember) his weak-
nesses;
Realizes the sanctity of the trust,
And gives unsparingly?

W. H. L.

BEHIND THE SCENES

With a whoop and a bounce the clown landed in the safety net, and after bending in an elaborate bow, danced out of the ring.

"Whoopee," the most famous clown and actor in the "Maryland Merry-makers", drew out a large, red, polka-dotted handkerchief, and mopped his moist face. A tent boy passing by gave him a friendly slap on the shoulder and a word of praise. However, "Whoopee", or Charles Grant, as he was known in real life, was feeling no exultant thrill at his very evident success. His thoughts were concerned with an article in a magazine which he had been reading before the show, "Own Your Own Home." His success had won for him a great deal of money, and as he was not middle-aged, it would be possible for him to settle down in some little cottage and rest, after his strenuous life. He reflected that his life had been one of extensive work with few pleasures. A home seemed to be the one thing now which would serve as his greatest reward.

To think was to act, and soon a prosperous-looking man, about fifty, with a kindly expression, was busily engaged in looking at houses which were for sale. Finally, a little white cottage at the end of a lane was decided upon. There Grant settled, all alone, to wait for old age to visit him.

A few weeks passed, and Grant, looking back, found that he really hadn't discovered happiness. Days of inactivity, after his former life in the circus, irked him, and made him resent that he had ever left the "Merry-makers".

At last, he contemplated a trip around the world; so he sold his house and started. Days in the countryside of England, in Paris, Florence, nights on the Mediterranean, all seemed to alleviate the monotony of his life for a time, but still he was not satisfied.

When he reached America again, he tried to settle down in New York, but again he was discontented.

The time arrived for the "Merry-makers" to come to New York, minus the famous "Whoopee". Grant went, and, sitting on the sidelines, watched his old friends performing in their various acts. At last the time approached when he would have given his act of old, and Grant, finding he could stand it no longer, arose and went out to the manager. He was greeted most heartily, and when he asked if he could go on in his old role, a cheer by those near him gave assent. Immediately a change seemed to come over him, and he rushed about, putting on make-up, getting into his costume—acting like a child at Christmas-time. The crowd welcomed him wildly—a mob gone insane. His act proved fully as good as before his "leave of absence". Best of all, he had found what he had been looking for—happiness!

Barbara Stockbridge, '31.

SHOPPING ON A RAINY DAY

The sound of rain, driven by gusts of wind against the windows, always

brings back to me the memory of that terrible Saturday afternoon.

It all began when the blue silk thread gave out before my mother's new dress was finished, necessitating a trip downtown to get another spool. I was elected by unanimous vote of all excepting myself, who did not count any way, so down to Case's I must go. Alas, for my hopes of a cozy afternoon with a book!

"And I almost forgot to get baked beans for supper tonight. Don't forget to bring them—and you might buy a cream cake for tomorrow. We need sugar too; get ten pounds." My mother paused in an effort to remember something else which had slipped her mind, but I did not wait for it, feeling that the order was already large enough for a rainy day. I grabbed my raincoat and the first umbrella I set eyes on, and fled, opening the umbrella en route. I was not quick enough. "And a dozen eggs," in dulcet tones floated up the street after me, and I promptly resolved to forget the eggs. After all, I was not a delivery truck.

The umbrella was an ancient relic on its last legs, and it refused to stay up of its own accord. I finally managed to reach the bakery by holding it up with one hand, but by that time I was more or less out of patience with umbrellas, rainy days, and high winds. The baked beans were still hot from the oven and the saleslady gave me a nice fresh, soft cream cake.

As I entered the grocery store, all I could think of was "a dozen eggs". I started home with my three purchases, but found it was impossible to manage the umbrella and still have one hand free for the bundles. I finally got it to stay up by means of a small stick used as a wedge, and at that point I remembered the sugar. After a short tussle with the rebellious umbrella, I got it down again, and re-entered the store to purchase five pounds of sugar, which was all I dared to attempt. It was weighed out into a paper bag, and once more I

started home, with the umbrella securely fastened so that it could not come down; but it did the next best thing—blew inside out!

It never rains but it pours. An umbrella rib had poked a hole in the sugar bag, and the sugar was rapidly making a sticky paste on the wet and muddy ground. The eggs slipped from under my arm and crashed on the road. After one look into the bag, I abandoned all hopes of salvaging anything from the mess. The beans were beginning to drip, and as for the cake, I hated to think what it must look like after being crushed under my arm. I wrestled with the umbrella until I got it closed with only five or six ribs sticking out, and dashed home, looking like something the cat had left out in the rain.

I entered the house, thinking that at least I had not forgotten anything, but alack and alas! "Did you bring the thread?" were the first words I heard, and I could only shake my head dumbly. But go again I would not, even though the family begged me on bended knees. I had had enough punishment for one day. Dumping my sorry looking collection of parcels on the table, I flung the remains of the umbrella into the hall corner, and stalked up into my room, to forget, if I could, the ignominy of that afternoon.

MY FIRST TRIP TO THE THEATRE

My aunt had invited me to go into the city to the theatre with her. I was especially good all week for fear Mother would refuse to let me go. The day came however, and after much washing, hair-curling, and ribbon-tying, I was ready.

The trip into the city was uneventful. At least, all I remember about it is the green bird on the hat of a lady who sat in front of me on the car. We entered the theatre! The lobby seemed like fairyland to me. I expected at any moment to see some king or queen proceed down the long hall.

We saw "Peter Pan," and I loved it. I sat there in the darkness and just lived the story. When poor little dying Tinklebell asked the audience to clap if they believed in fairies, I beat my palms together until they smarted. In doing so, I dropped my new mittens, and immediately got down under my chair to hunt for them. I was persuaded, however, to watch the rest of the play and wait until the lights went on to find my lost mitts.

The play ended and the darkness of the theatre changed to daylight. I recovered the missing mittens and we again passed through the lobby, this time out into the street. My first trip to the theatre was ended.

Edith Priest, '32.





MILFORD AT MAYNARD

Maynard played its second Midland League tilt with Milford on a wet and very muddy field. Brucato was the big noise for Milford. In the first quarter he slipped and squirmed through the Maynard team for two touchdowns before the players had time to recognize each other. They were good for only one extra point which made the score 13 to 0 in favor of Milford. Then the Maynard attack began to click and didn't stop until Lanigan took the ball over and "Swat" garnered the extra point. Both teams fumbled the ball a great deal and several kicks went astray because of the wet ball. Then came a big moment, a Maynard punt was mishandled by a Milford man who allowed the ball to come to a rest behind the goal-line. But owing to extreme politeness and courtesy, Milford was allowed to recover the ball for a safety, which might have been a touchdown for Maynard. The teams played in the mud for several minutes longer and decided to call it a day, so Milford went home satisfied with a 13 to 9 score.

CONCORD AT MAYNARD

In a hard fought battle with its greatest rival, Maynard emerged victorious and submerged Concord with a 6 to 0 score. Several times Maynard was close to a score but a stubborn Concord line held. Maynard excelled in all departments and no player could be picked for especial praise. Both teams played hard but clean football. The end running of Maynard went

for several long gains. Concord couldn't stop Maynard's passes and the aerial attack did much to make it a good day for Maynard. The student body was wholeheartedly behind the team. The girls' cheers especially made several old timers wish they could join the fray and have the girls cheer for them.

After the game a bonfire was touched off by the enthusiastic student body, and if the game had been in Concord they would have probably torn the goal posts down.

This is the kind of support that builds a winning team and school spirit. Let's have more of it!

MARLBORO AT MARLBORO

In a game that was marred by many penalties, Marlboro defeated Maynard 20 to 0. Maynard was always on the verge of scoring many times but penalties and bad breaks kept the ball from going over. All of Marlboro's scores came from passes or they led to touchdowns. Marlboro had a bigger and heavier line and backfield than Maynard. Their size and weight had a telling effect but Maynard never stopped fighting until the last whistle blew. Maynard had fallen into a slump since its previous game and didn't have the necessary punch to win the game. Many rooters followed the team to cheer the players.

WINCHESTER AT MAYNARD

In the most thrilling game of the year Maynard rose to the form that was predicted for it earlier in the sea-

son, but lost by a one point margin to the highly rated Winchester team, 13 to 12. Winchester had things pretty much their own way in the first half and scored 13 points. But in the second half Maynard began to move down the field by combining passes with skillful running. Then Maynard scored and the fans went wild. The try for the extra point went awry. Winchester received the ball on the kickoff but didn't go far with it. Again Maynard began to move up the field, this time by passing Winchester dizzy. A line plunge took the ball over. Maynard couldn't produce the extra point. Winchester again received and stalled for time, and the game ended a few moments later.

CLINTON AT CLINTON

In the Turkey-day clash Maynard was again defeated by the strong Clinton team, this time by a 6-0 score. At the goal line Maynard held all of Clinton's line plunges. The field was very slippery and no long runs were turned in. Maynard played as good if not better football than Clinton. The line plunging was about even and Clinton held a slight edge on the running attack. The only score came in the dying moments of the game, when a Clinton runner was tackled, but refused to stay down, got up and reversed his field for a 20-yard run for a touchdown.

Maynard High's football season wasn't very successful, the team being able to win only one objective game out of four. This was against its natural rival, Concord. An assembly was held and the following received letters:

Seniors

George Gutteridge	Philip Wilson
Olavi Warila	Sulo Hintsu (Capt.)
Arvo Saari	James Sweeney
Raymond Paul (Manager)	
	John Wojtkiewicz

Juniors

Bruno Arcicz	Wasili Buckacz
Kevin Spratt	James Mullen
Jacob Swartz	

Sophomores

Walter Saarela	Ahti Frigard
Oiva Hintsu	Arva Hankala

Freshmen

John F. O'Leary

The seniors have played their last game but next year's men can look forward to a successful season as 11 veterans will report among a host of other good material.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

HOCKEY

We will all agree that the Maynard High School girls had a successful hockey season this year. Only four games were played, as the schedules of the other town school teams were all filled when Maynard's season began. In spite of this the girls had a chance to show their wares, and they certainly made a good showing. The orange and the black won three games and lost one. The game that was lost was played with Concord, and defeat seemed more bitter as Concord is Maynard High School's oldest rival.

The girls who received letters were: Eva Gudzinowicz, '32, (Captain), Dorothy Marsden, '32 (Manager), Catherine Coughlin, '31, Harriet Frye, '31, Mildred Glebis, '32, Alice Ketowicz, '33, Eleanor Lawson, '32, Mary Sawyer, '33, Helen Scerzen, '32, Bertha Sneck, '34, Barbara Stockbridge, '31, Annie Swanson, '34, Mary Tierney, '33.

The captain-elect is Helen Scerzen, a player of three years' standing.

The record of the games played is as follows: Oct. 9, 1930 at Crowe Park, Maynard. Referee, Miss Marion Bennett. Score, Maynard 3, Marlboro 0. October 21, 1930 at Crowe Park, Maynard. Referees, Miss Cleary, Miss

Shepherd. Score, Stoneham 0, Maynard 1. November 13, 1930 at Artemos Ward Park, Marlboro. Score, Maynard 2, Marlboro 0. November 19, 1930 at Emerson Park, Concord. Referees, Miss Whitehead, Miss Barber. Score, Concord 2, Maynard 0.

BASKETBALL

Girl's basketball practices began December 3, and the playing season will go into full swing in January. With the exception of one (Edith Perkins, g.), the whole of last year's varsity reported—Dorothy Marsden (f), Catherine Coughlin (f), Violet Koskela (c), Eleanor Lawson (g), Helen Sczerzen (g). Others of the squad are: Mary Sawyer (g), Helen Swanson (f), Elma Jokela (c), Jeanette Gruber (g), Sylvia Nyholm (f), Alice Ketowicz (f), Mildred Glebus (g), Miriam Tyrkko (f), Aune Salo (g), Ruth Weir (f), Vera Saluski (f), Zennia Chutoransky (c).

Suits were given out to most of the squad at Monday's practice, and the girls are expected to play Gardner, Friday, Jan. 2, 1931.

Many lower-class pupils came to the first practice, but there was a gradual decrease in their attendance until now there is not one freshman on the squad.

When asked why they do not report they say, "No chance to make the team."

Those freshmen who say this should remember that they have three more years in high school and that every additional year of practice will help them to attain the goal. They should therefore, go to practices, whether they have a chance to make the team or not, and remember that some day they will be the representatives of Maynard High School. When that time comes they should be at their best and they can obtain their best only by as much practice as possible.



Mr. George Smith

"The Screech Owl" wishes to express the sorrow felt by the entire school at the death of Mr. George Smith, for many years the janitor at Maynard High. By his interest in the welfare of the students and his unfailing good humor, he won a place in the affections of all who knew him.

In Memoriam

Many have walked in this school of
ours,
And many have gone away,
But there's one we never will forget,
He left the other day.

He didn't study and star on teams,
Or teach us in the class,
Most of the time he was hidden away
From all the student mass.

He worked down in the boiler room,
And swept the messy floors,
He emptied the baskets and wiped the
desks,
And polished the windows and
doors.

Each morning ere we came to school,
He'd warm the rooms with care,
And hoist Old Glory up the pole
To breathe the misty air.

And when he left, that same flag
seemed
To shake as if in fear,
It dipped its head in sorrow,
It knew he wasn't near.

So now he's taken from us,
He left our dear old school,
He's gone the way of all men,
To the land where God holds rule.

Olga Bobik, '33.

ON THE



PEP TALK

On October 23, a pep talk was held in the auditorium. Coaches Sawyer, Lent and Lerer spoke, concerning the backing to the teams by the student body. Captain Hintsa also spoke. The cheering had plenty of spirit but showed a lack of practice.

On October 30, another rally was held. Coach Sawyer spoke and cheers were practiced by the students.

The Junior Class held their first social October 30, at the M. H. S. auditorium. Cider and doughnuts were served. The music was furnished by Geo. Smith's orchestra. The dance was a social success as well as a financial one.

Big Rally and Parade

It was the night before the Concord vs. Maynard game, when everyone was on edge. Of course the game was ours before we arrived on the field but we just had to show the football team that we were backing them. At 8 o'clock the doors of the auditorium were opened. As soon as all were settled we started in cheering. Torches and banners were distributed and the line of march was formed. Patrolman Johnston led the parade. We marched through the center of the town twice, stopping on all corners and the center to cheer. We sang as we marched. There sure was a hot time in the old town that night.

Girls Awarded Letters

At a recent assembly the members of the M. H. S. girls' hockey team received the coveted letter. Those to whom the letters were awarded were Capt. Eva Gudzinowicz, Dorothy Marsden, Manager, Catherine Coughlan, Alice Kitowicz, Alice Swanson, Bertha Sneek, Barbara Stockbridge, Mildred Glebus, Mary Sawyer, Eleanor Lawson, Helen Sczerzen, Harriet Frye, and Mary Tierney.

Helen Sczerzen has been elected captain of the hockey team for next year.

Edwin Markham, the much-talked-of literary genius, honored the people of Maynard when he spoke to them Monday night, December 8. He is the Dean of American poets and the author of "The Man with the Hoe", "Lincoln", and other poems. He held the rapt attention of the audience while he recited many poems he had written and also related many interesting events of his life.

Great White Way

Besides the Milky Way, the people of Maynard also enjoy the "Great White Way." Those who think the "Great White Way" is a chocolate bar, well—they are all wrong. As it is no longer a secret, I'm going to let all the readers in on it. The Edison Com-

pany has inaugurated a new system to light Maynard's business thoroughfare. Now to get down to brass tacks, on December 11, the "Great White Way" was opened. A parade was held. All school children (high school included) were invited to march to celebrate this event. At the parade not one smiling countenance that could be recognized as belonging to the high school could be seen. Of course there may have been a few but where were you? And where were you? And where was I?

Freshman Class Officers

President Bertha Sneck
 Vice-President Walter Sweeney
 Secretary Frances Fearn
 Treasurer John O'Leary
 Class Adviser Miss Cassone

Sophomore Class Officers

President Tauno Tamminen
 Vice-President John Pozerycki
 Secretary Ruth Bishop
 Treasurer Reino Grondahl
 Class Adviser Miss Morgan

A. A. Social

A social was held Friday, December 19, at the high school auditorium under the auspices of the High School A. A.

At an assembly of the High School in the auditorium, Friday, December 19, the Midland League basketball pennant for 1929-1930 was presented to the school. Alfred Riani of Marlboro, secretary for the League, presented the pennant. He praised the championship team which was composed of Capt. Mike Zapareski, Gilbert Garland, Joseph Kochnowicz, Walter Fairbanks and Wilho Frigard, regulars, and Sulo Hintsa, George Gutteridge, Mike Sczerzen and Olavi Warila, substitutes.

Principal King gave the football players of 1930 their letters. Those who received them were Capt. Sulo Hintsa, manager Raymond Paul, George Gutteridge, Jacob Swartz, Walter Sarrela, Ahti Frigard, Oiva Hintsa, James Sweeney, James Mulin, John Wojtkiewicz, Philip Wilson, Arvo Saari, Wasili Bukacz, Keven Spratt, Arvo Hankakla, Olavi Warila, John O'Leary and John Thompson.

Special Program

A Christmas program was held on December 19, in the High School auditorium. The program was as follows:

"Joy to the World" Chorus

Story of the Nativity...Lorraine Koch

Reading: "Bird's Christmas Carol"
 Dorothy Burnham

Piano Solo..... Aili Hermanson
 "The Grey Beard's Song".....Schubert
 "Piece in Old Fashioned Style"
 Chaminade

"Silent Night" Chorus

Violin Solos:
 "Blue Butterflies"
 "Gavotte"
 Harold Johnston

Sketch from "Dicken's Christmas Carol" Alphonse Paul
 William Ledgard
 Simmon Seder

Awarding Varsity Football Letters
 Mr. King

Reading:
 "Christmas Customs in Foreign Lands" Florence Hastings

"Adeste Fidelis" Latin Classes

Awarding Basketball Pennant for
Midland League Championship in
1930 by Alfred Riani, Secretary
Midland League.

"The First Noel" Chorus

Maynard Joins New League

Maynard has joined the new Middle-

sex High School Athletic League. The
teams will compete in baseball, foot-
ball, and basketball. Later track and
girls' athletics may be added. The
towns in this League are: Winchester,
Stoneham, Concord, Lexington, Bel-
mont and Maynard. Maynard will still
remain in the Midland League.



ALUMNI NOTES

1914

Mrs. Jere. Lynch, Director of the Commercial Dept. of evening school. The class of 1914 was the first commercial class to graduate. It was composed of six girls. Has the Commercial Department increased? There are now 91 students enrolled.

Ralph Cheney, Professor at Long Island University, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1922

Mary Vodoklys, employed by the Aetna Life Insurance Co., Boston.

Aili Lindfors, bookkeeper for United Co-operative Society, Maynard.

1923

Gladys Sexton, employed by the Potter Press Co., Waltham.

1924

Alice Moynihan, bookkeeper for the Buttrick Lumber Co., Waltham.

Wieno Lindfors, private secretary to the chief engineer of MacDonald Bros., Boston.

1925

Joseph Kamesh, Assistant Chemist of the Cellulose Product Company.

1927

Ruth Wilson, student at Bates College.

Edward Vodoklys, employed by the United Fruit Company of Boston.

1928

Francis Ledgard, student at Northeastern University.

Samuel Bachrach, student at University of Maine.

Joseph Wardzala, employed by the Cadillac Motor Co., Boston.

Estelle Lerer, student at Simmons College.

1929

Joseph Sczerzen, student at Marquette University, Wisconsin.

George Glickman, student at University of Maine.

1930

Mildred Duggan, employed by the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co., Boston.

Helen Mark, employed by the Mutual Automobile Assn., Boston.

Lillian Pekkala, employed by the Mutual Automobile Assn., Boston.

Helen Bakun, employed by the Mutual Automobile Assn., Boston.

Helen Vodoklys, employed by the Union Central Life Insurance Co., Boston.

Harold Ledgard, employed by the Cellulose Product Company.

Students home for the Christmas holiday:

Bates: Ruth Wilson and Harold Lerer.

Boston College: Albert Fairbanks and Michael Vodoklys.

Boston University: Laura Gron-dahl and Alice Fearnis.

Bridgewater Normal: Katherine Bariteau and Olga Anderson.

Bentley: James King.

Dean Academy: Avron Seder.

Dartmouth: Harold Glickman and Lawrence Lerer.

Fitchburg Normal: Ruth Moynihan and Mary Howe.

Fordham: Leo Mullin.

M. A. C.: Wilho Frigard, John Bel-lows, and Maurice White.

Northeastern University: Alexan-der Kulevich and Francis Ledgard.

Regis: Ruth Bradley.

Simmons: Estelle Lerer.

Tufts: Harold Wilcox, Edward Fearnis, and Nuncio Columbo.

University of Maine: Samuel Bach-rach and George Glickman.

Wentworth: Joseph Kocknowicz.

Alumni Who Have Won Recent Recognition

Ruth Wilson was elected to Phi Sigma Iota, a national society for the recognition of outstanding achievement in modern foreign language. It is a high honor and we hope Ruth will have many more high honors.

Samuel Backrach, class of 1928, represented the University of Maine at the national convention of the Phi Epsilon Pi Fraternity, at the Statler Hotel.

Edward Fearn, class of 1928, was elected to Tufts Debating Team.

Raymond Hellowell has been promoted to the position of Asst. Treasurer of the Cadillac Motor Company, Boston.

Ralph Sheridan, of the class of 1916, has been appointed secretary to the doctor and probation officer of the Concord Reformatory.

The "Screech Owl" has recently received the following letter from Mark Kelley, who was editor of the magazine in 1929-1930:

Maynard, Mass.
December 30, 1930.

Dear "Screech Owl":

My first opportunity to view the "Screech Owl" from the position of an alumnus has changed my ideas regarding certain sections of the school paper, and has inspired new ideas which my undergraduate days could not afford. I am sending several suggestions which I hope are constructive. I also hope you will receive them with the same spirit with which they are sent (just an old forgotten editor trying to be helpful) and give them consideration. I'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate the staff on the wonderful Freshman number which you published.

Here are the ideas:

To endeavor to stimulate alumni interest by three methods which are stated below. Please do not forget, in considering these methods, the following facts:

(a) That the greater part of the paper support should come from the alumni since:

1. The number of graduates is many times that of the present student body.

2. The graduate is more capable of giving financial support than the student, therefore his full purse should be touched rather than the empty purse of the student.

(b) That only one page of each issue is given to the alumni.

1. How can anyone expect to receive the financial assistance and cooperation of the alumni when only one page is devoted to their remembrance.

Three methods of securing alumni interest are:

1. To enlarge the alumni department by publishing in each issue the lives and accomplishments of at least five of the successful graduates, and the insertion of an accompanying one by one-inch picture of the subject written up.

2. To use one-quarter of the joke department for jokes about the alumni, using graduate names.

3. To devote two of the pages for the use of short stories, poems, or drawings, which you shall invite the alumni to submit.

I believe that if these three methods are used the alumni interest will be stimulated. How many more of the graduates will buy the paper through the expectancy of finding their own picture, their own life, their own stories, and jokes about themselves? The amount of space will pay three-fold for itself, for the financial welfare of the "Screech Owl" lies in the pocketbooks of the alumni, and not in the student's mere allowance.

Another suggestion which I wish to submit is the publishing of an editorial now and then which shall be "dug

up" from some previous edition, to give the editors who have passed the feeling that their works are not dead and buried. I suppose my own editorials are better off dead and buried, but you can omit mine and publish the others. I am sure that Mr. Editor of 1928, and of 1927, and 1926 would be

overjoyed upon seeing their work returned from the dead!

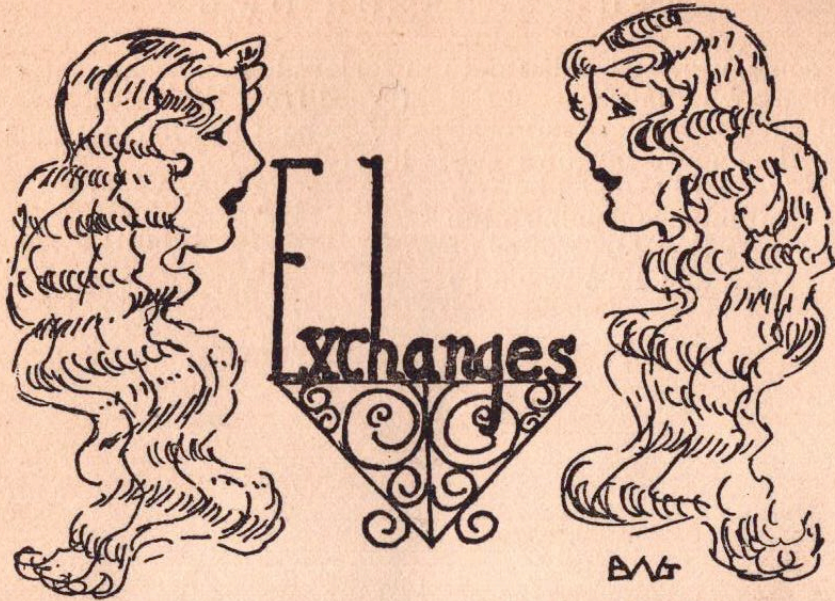
I hope these suggestions will be helpful.

A Happy New Year!

Sincerely yours,

MARK KELLEY.





Because the exchange department of our school paper or any school paper is read by so few, we have decided to follow the plan of the "Spotlight" of South Hadley High School. Instead of offering our criticism of exchanges in the "Screech Owl" we will write our criticisms in exchange letters. Several good articles will be chosen from other magazines and printed by us. Some of the letters the "Screech Owl" receives in return will be published.

"The Enterprise", Roxbury Memorial, Boston, Mass.

"The Craftsman", Boston Trade School, Boston, Mass.

"The Academy Student", St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

"Brown and Gold", Haverhill High, Haverhill, Mass.

The "Screech Owl" gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges:

"The Signboard", Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

"B. H. S. News", Beverly High, Beverly, Mass.

"Pasadena Chronicle", Junior College, Pasadena, California.

"The Hebronite", Hebron College and Academy, Hebron, Nebraska.

"The Parrot", Rockland High School, Rockland, Mass.

"The Index", South High School, Worcester, Mass.

We have selected the following as some of the best articles we have seen in exchanges:

A NIGHTMARE

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 Last night as I lay on my bed,
 The great Julius Caesar and army so
 brave
 Marched crazily 'round through my
 head.

But somehow the scenes of fierce
 battle,
 The visions of victories won,
 Were mixed up in startling fashion
 With bacteria, poets, and sun.

The conspiracy of noble Orgetorix
Was to rob latitude of degrees
To murder John Keats and L. Burbank
To find out why mercury won't freeze.

The Helvetians were leaving the
country
On the "Eve of St. Agnes" I think,
For they wish to escape standing trial
For be-spattering their lit-themes
with ink.

After climbing the river embankment,
A volley of shots at them flew;
"The Three Strangers" who leapt
from the grasses
Were the "Red headed League" from
Peru.

The noise of the monstrous disaster
Woke me from my much needed nap;
The cat had just pulled on the curtain
Thus letting it up with a snap.

The moral of this mixed-up jumble
Is,—On English and Latin don't cram.
Then eat lemon pie before sleeping
While preparing for Final Exams.

"The Academy Student".

If you see someone sneaking along
with a scared look on his face, a look
which shows that he will be pounced
on from behind or that he has seen a
ghost, rest assured that he's reading
"Macbeth."

"Brown and Gold"

JOKES FROM EXCHANGES

A backwoods mountaineer one day
found a mirror which a tourist had
lost. "Well, if it ain't my old dad," he
said as he looked in the mirror. "I
never knew he had a picture took."

He took the mirror home, stole into
the attic to hide it, but his actions
did not escape his suspicious wife.
That night while he slept she slipped
up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hm-m", she said, looking at it, "so
that's the old hag he's been chasin'."

"The Index"

There's the story about the Scotch-
man who wrote into a magazine and
said, "If you don't stop putting
Scotch stories in your magazine, I will
read another magazine when I go to
the library."

"The Academy Student"

"Johnny, if your father earned \$40
a week and gave your mother half,
what would she have?"

"Heart failure."

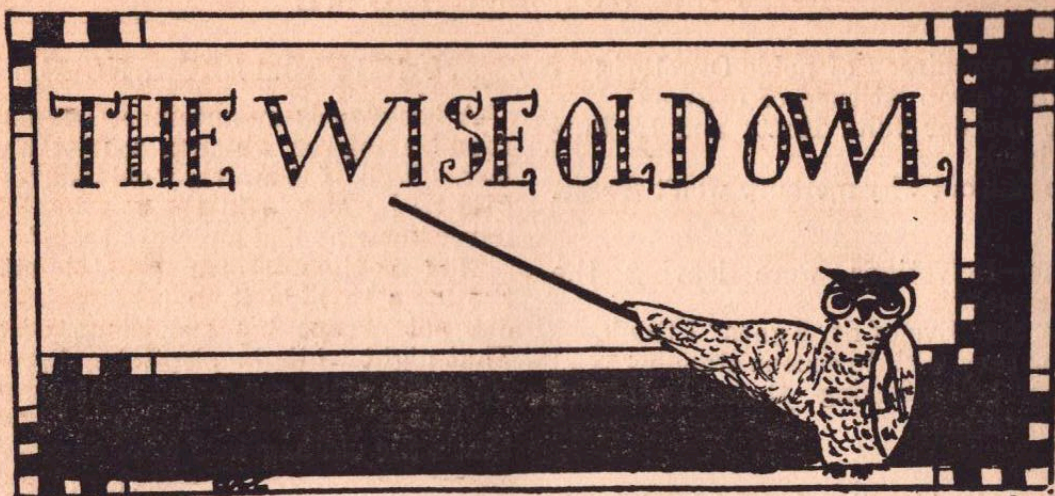
"The Index"

"What can you tell me about
nitrates?"

"Well, they're lots cheaper than
day-rates."

"The Index"

Virginia Collins, '32.



The Wise Old Owl would like to know:

1. Who returned the crystal ball to the front lawn? S.S.D.G.?
2. Who the president of Us and Co. is?
3. Who invented the German haircut?
4. Where the convention of the P. A. A. was held on Dec. 8?
5. What P. G. of M. H. S. thinks he is the answer to a maiden's prayer?
6. If the membership in both the Midland to the Middlesex League will bring any more victories to M. H. S.?
7. How long the basketball pennant will rest in the auditorium?
8. If Mass. Aggie has made a contract to furnish M. H. S. students with sweaters?
9. If Jake Swartz goes around an 18 hole miniature golf course in 17?
10. Who Bill Jones is?
11. What brand of axle grease Swat uses?
12. Why Mary Sexton doesn't take yeast cakes?
13. Why Jeannette Gruber and Kate Coughlan have such a sudden affection for Concord?
14. If Soko felt the daisies growing over him Saturday nite after Xmas?
15. How Tut ever got a license to drive?
16. Where Tonuzzo got his spats?
17. Where a certain crowd of M. H. S. girls spent New Year's Eve?
18. If Santa Claus left Bob Hartin a bucket of steam?
19. How often Ed Hannon takes sleeping powders?
20. Why Mae Ployart likes to slide on Acton Hill?
21. What high school girl the People's Theatre pays to entertain in the gallery?

Riddles by the Wise Old Owl:

(Ans. on last page of this Dept.)

1. What is the right age for a piano?
2. What is the difference between cats' feet and a comma?
3. What relation is a child to its own father when it is not its own father's son?
4. How may bookkeeping be taught in three words?
5. What have you now before you, which gives you a company, a veiled lady, and a noisy toy?
6. Why is a sweetheart like a door knob?
7. What is an arithmetical definition of a kiss?
8. What is the best way to make a suit-coat last?
9. Why does a cat, on entering a room, look first to one side and then on the other?

10. What seven letters did the old woman say when she saw the flour barrel empty?
11. What would happen geographically speaking, if a colored waiter dropped a platter of roast turkey?

They Died Saying:

"Draw the curtain, the comedy is ended."—Hankala.

"After I am dead you will find 'Calais' written upon my heart."—Miss Desy.

"I am going to take a great leap into obscurity."—Joe Schnair.

"I suppose I am now becoming a god."—Mike Zaporeshki.

"Now comes the mystery."—Mr. Lerer.

"I feel the flowers growing over me."—"Socko".

"Alas I am dying beyond my means."—Peg Murray.

"Don't turn down the light." (Adding the words of a song of 1910), "I'm afraid to go home in the dark."—Jennie Bobik.

"I leave this world without a regret."—"Nicky" Meloro.

Mine deer cussin Olaf:

Aye ban took mine ink und mine pan und rite for you a lettre mit a pencil. I hoped for to rite you sooner before bud aye haf been two buzy.

Aye haf some very bad noos to report for to you. Your deer ancle Ignatz has died of "musicals". He is left for you two cows und a fine donkey.

Aye haf been goin to a find school vere I learnt chemicistry und Geographtery. Aye haf been one of de best poopils und aye haf gut a red "af". Nearly all uf dem udder poopils gut blue A's. (They are som uf de dumbdest ones.)

Aye also moost say that in Sopotember aye vill cone und see you. Aye vill also bring mit me mine sassaphony mit which I vill play for you. Mine neyborns are so pleased mit mine playing so much dey trow bots for me.

Plase don't forgot to rite me an liddor sooner but donot be in sooch a hurry.

Your luffing cussin,

Josiph

B. Z. Do not to forgot to send mine luf to yore saster Minnie.

Answers to Riddles

1. When it is Forte.
2. One has claws at the end of its paws, while the other is a pause at the end of a clause.
3. Daughter.
4. Don't lend them.
5. (Co) (nun) (drum).
6. Because it's something to adore (a door).
7. Nothing divided by two.
8. By making the vest and pants first.
9. Because she can't look on both sides at once.
10. O I C U R M T.
11. The fall of Turkey, the destruction of China, the overthrow of Greece, and the humiliation of Africa.



Gillenev: "Why are you wearing your stockings inside out?"

B. Dawson: "My feet got hot so I turned the hose on them."

June: "What have you got there?"

Tut: "Sweets for the sweet. What have you got?"

June: "Nuts."

Clerk: "This Shorthand book will do half your work for you."

H. Johnston: "Great! I'll take two of them."

S. Nyholm: "Can you see any change in me?"

A. Salo: "No, why?"

S. Nyholm: "I just swallowed fifteen cents."

"Try this on your piano," said Crowther, as he handed Mr. Paderewski a bottle of Newberry's furniture polish.

Instructor: "What is a saw-horse?"

Bright Carpenter: "Past tense of sea-horse."

Teacher: "When do leaves begin to turn?"

Sarella: "The day before examination."

B. Sneek: "I made this cake all by myself."

W. C.: "Yes, I understand that but who helped you lift it out of the oven?"

Father: "My boy, think of the future."

Gutteridge: "I can't. It's my girl's birthday and I must think of the present."

Senior (bragging about ancestry): "Yes, my father sprang from a line of peers."

Bored Freshman: "Did he drown?"

Teacher: "What is your idea of harmony?"

E. Swanson: "A freckle-faced girl, in a polka dot dress leading a giraffe."

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the Professor as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

Polock, '32 (In Restaurant): "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter: "Sure we serve anyone. Sit down."

Teacher: "Name an island possession of the United States."

Meloro: "Huh! Why, a—"

Teacher: "Correct."

Plumber: "I have come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

Small Boy: "Mama, the doctor is here to see the cook."

"It won't be long now," sobbed the little dog as a 250 pound man stepped on his tail.

Bob: "You know, I'm funny like that—I always throw myself into any job I undertake."

Linnea: "How splendid, why don't you dig a well?"

Nit: "I saw a man swallow a sword."

Wit: "That's nothing, I saw a man inhale a Camel."

Mary: "I'll be there with bells on."

Donat: "Great! I'll ring you later."

Doctor: "Your resistance is poor."

Helen Priest: "Well, I have such nice boy friends."

M. Lester: "I often feel that I'd like to do something clean and big before I pass out."

Peg: "Huh! Ever think of washing an elephant?"

Ledgard: "Do you see that young man standing over there next to the flivver with the golf pants on?"

Seder: "I see the fellow, all right, but where's the flivver with the golf pants on?"

Lady to Jake Swartz in A. & P.: "Have you any Red & White baking powder?"

Jake: "No mam, we only have white."

Teacher: "I take great pleasure in giving you 85 in Math."

F. Thompson: "Oh! make it 100 and enjoy yourself."

B. Case: "What's the hardest thing in learning to skate?"

J. Schnair: "The ice."

M. Kelley: "Why did you stop singing in the choir?"

M. Minko: "Because one day I didn't sing and somebody asked if the organ had been fixed."

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

Julia: "Perhaps so! But I wish you would refrain from attempting to get into them now."

Soko: "I saw you give me a dirty look."

Zappy: "I didn't give it to you. Mother Nature did."

Whitney: "Your suit looks rusty."

Bishop: "Well! the tailor said it would wear like iron."

Davis: "What is the name of the species I have just shot?"

Ollila: "I have just investigated and he says his name is Jones."

Murray: "It's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for meat."

Wasiuk: "Yes, but it's tougher when you pay twenty-five."

McCleary: "What do you think of this last story of mine?"

S. O. Editor: "If it's you last, it's fine."

Tinker: "Will you dine with me to-night?"

Aune: "Sure".

Tinker: "Good! Tell your mother I'll be over at 6.00."

H. Marsden (showing a photo of himself on a donkey): "Is it a good likeness?"

R. Lent: "Fair, but who's that on your back?"

Hartin: "Can a man be in two places at the same time?"

Farnell: "Certainly. Last week I was in Boston and I was homesick all the time."

Brayden: "Ouch! I just hit my crazy bone."

Allen: "You poor thing, you must hurt all over."

Mullin: "Wake up, your car is at the door."

Sweeney: "I know it. I hear it knocking."

E. Loija tells us that while walking along a back road a few nights ago he saw a black kitten with white stripes and a terrible case of halitosis.

'32: "If I kissed you would you call for help?"

'34: "Do you need help?"

Joyce: "When you went to New York, did you go by Buffalo?"

Crowley: "Yes, of course."

Joyce: "I always have gone by train."

Stub: "Call me something soft and sweet."

Helen: "Sponge cake."

R. Paul: "Her teeth are like stars."

Spike: "How's that?"

R. Paul: "They come out every night."

Waiter: "Are you Hungary?"

Spratt: "Yes, Siam."

Waiter: "I'll Russia to the table and Fiji."

Spratt: "All right. Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill."

Teacher: "What is a transparent object?"

Swett: "Something you can see through."

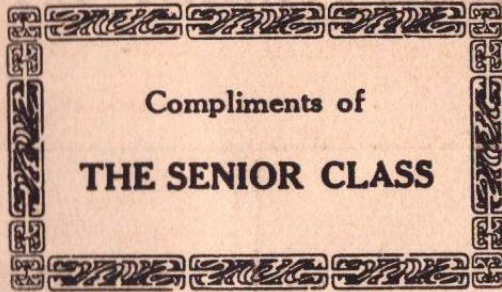
Teacher: "Correct, now name me one."

Swett: "A doughnut."

Englishman (eating a fish cake for the first time): "I say, old chap, something has died in my biscuit."

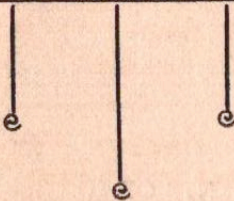
Cheer Leader: "What did the farmer say in the field?"

Fans: "Yea! Team! Let's go."



Compliments of

DR. D. M. FUCHS



Maynard, Mass.

Telephone Maynard 79-3

A. S. CROWE

Specializing in

**PERMANENT WAVING
AND FINGER WAVING**



11 Nason Street Maynard, Mass.

When patronizing our advertisers, please mention "THE SCREECH OWL"

THE LAUNDRY DOES IT BEST
Laundry-washed Clothes Are Cleaner

MIDDLESEX FAMILY LAUNDRY

TELEPHONE 400

MAYNARD, MASS.



COMPLIMENTS OF

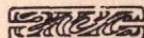
G. W. FOWLER



SEDER & GRUBER

HAY, GRAIN, FEED, FLOUR

Lime and Cement



Nason Street

Maynard, Mass.

Telephone 251

Save Money and Trade At

J. OBERG'S

**Maynard's Leading Dry Goods and
Shoe Store**

We Carry a Full Line of
HIGH GRADE MERCHANDISE

102 Main St., Maynard, Mass.

COMPLIMENTS OF

J. ZANIEWSKI

Maynard, Mass.

When patronizing our advertisers, please mention "THE SCREECH OWL"

J. A. MacPHERSON

SLEDS AND SKIIS

SNOWSHOES

For Winter Sport

=====
Everything in

HARDWARE

=====
Tel. 365

Next Door to P. O.

Maynard

COMPLIMENTS OF

LEDGARD'S

CIRCULATING LIBRARY



All the Latest Books

QUICK AND CAREFUL SERVICE

BOSTON TAILOR

H. KAPLAN, Prop.

Cleanser and Dyer

Phone 8415

38 Main Street

Maynard

GEO. H. GUTTERIDGE

Watches, Clocks, Diamonds,

Jewelry, Cut Glass and Silver

When in Need of Repairing, Remember

"Let George Do It"

COMPLIMENTS OF

DR. S. R. GARLAND

15 Nason Street Maynard, Mass.

When patronizing our advertisers, please mention "THE SCREECH OWL"

START YOUNG

WITH YOUR FIRST REGULAR EMPLOYMENT
START AN ACCOUNT IN THE HUDSON
CO-OPERATIVE BANK

REGULAR SAVINGS EVERY MONTH WILL GET
YOU SOMEWHERE

Maynard Agency
FRANK E. SANDERSON
6 Nason Street

HUDSON CO-OPERATIVE BANK
12 Pope St., Hudson

We Offer You a Complete
Banking Service

Three Departments:
CHECKING SAVING
SAFE DEPOSIT

U. S. Government Depository
For Postal Savings

**MAYNARD TRUST
COMPANY**

Compliments of
J. M. BELLOWS, D. M. D.
DENTIST
100 Main St. Maynard

Compliments of
JOHN J. DONOHUE
Attorney-at-Law
Maynard, Mass.

When patronizing our advertisers, please mention "THE SCREECH OWL"

2024 576

Northeastern University

The School of Engineering

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

Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Industrial Engineering

The School of Business

Administration

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

Accounting
Banking and Finance
Business Management

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

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

For catalog or further information write to

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions
Boston, Massachusetts

COMPLIMENTS OF

MURPHY & SNYDER

Printers of the

"SCREECH OWL"

R. C. A. Building

54 NASON STREET

MAYNARD, MASS.

Telephone 473-3

When patronizing our advertisers, please mention "THE SCREECH OWL"

LERER'S

CLOTHES OF REFINEMENT
For Young Men with Youthful Tastes

New Low Prices

WOLVERINE SUITS MADE BY FAMOUS LEOPOLD MORSE CO.

And Other Well Known Brands

MIDDISHADE-HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX AND
SMITHSON SUITS AND OVERCOATS

LERER'S

MAIN STREET

MAYNARD, MASS.

ASSABET INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS

Maynard, Mass.

Deposits Go On Interest the
First Day of Each Month

JANUARY DIVIDEND

at rate of

5%

COUGHLAN'S GARAGE

J. A. COUGHLAN CO.



Authorized Dealers

21 Summer Street Maynard

Telephone 190

When patronizing our advertisers, please mention "THE SCREECH OWL"