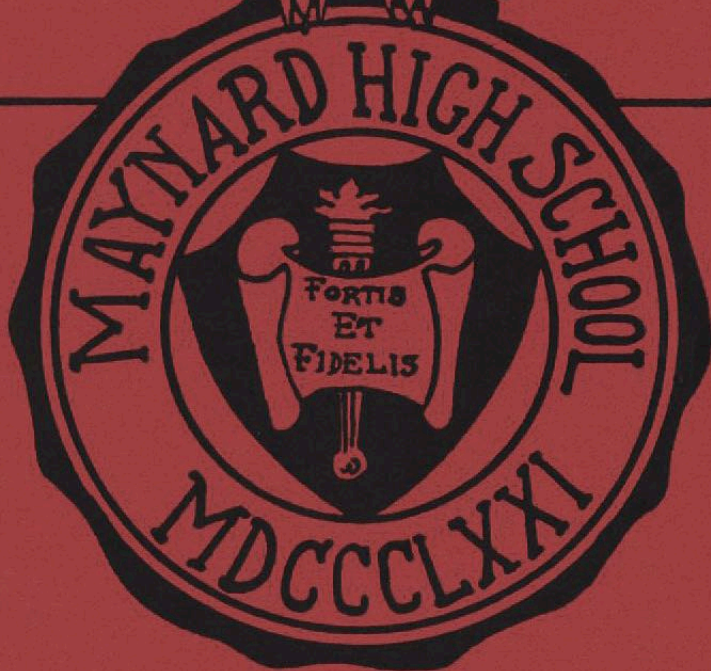


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MAYNARD, MASS., DEC., 1933

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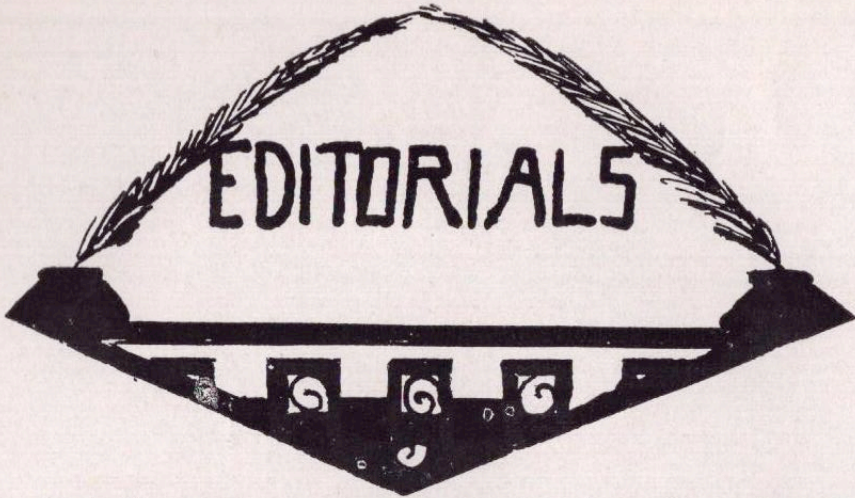
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Captain John
O'LEARY
STAR BACK of 1933



DEDICATION

We dedicate this issue of the Screech Owl to the great football team that represented our school this year.

These gallant warriors of the gridiron have brought honor and renown to the small town of Maynard, and we believe them deserving of all possible praise.

To go through a season with as few defeats as they have suffered, is far from being an easy task. It has meant long hours of practise, and adherence to strict training rules. It has meant a great deal of work and skillful planning on the part of their able coaches.

In games with bigger and heavier teams, their courage and determination have often served to counterbalance any disadvantages of size and weight.

To Captain O'Leary and his mates, then, we offer our congratulations and our expression of appreciation for their outstanding work. Editor.

WRITING IN TEXTBOOKS

There are three kinds of textbook damagers: those who use every available space for scribbling autographs, jokes, assignments, pictures, etc., etc. (whenever there is no sharp instrument for carving the desk); those who write only useful information, such as the English meanings of French words; and those who do both. All three classes base their right on

the "freedom of the press." All three classes think that they have other good reasons, too.

The first group claims, "My subjects are a bore, and writing on books amuses me."

The second class says, "I never can remember the meanings of the words, and what is the harm?" Then, to appease their prickly consciences, they add, "Besides, look at all the work I saved for those who come after me."

The third class derives a double pleasure and is a double nuisance. Its members amuse themselves and at the same time use textbooks in place of the blank expanses in their cerabella (brains to you!).

These pleasure seekers fail to see that they are having a good time at the expense of everyone. First, the school suffers. Books are not easily paid for. Second, the town suffers. The town is responsible for the school expenses. Third, the pupils' parents suffer because they pay the taxes to the town, which supports the school, which in turn pays for the books, a sort of financial "House that Jack Built." Finally, we suffer. Our parents, angry because taxes are high, exclaim: "No pocket money, for you, young man. You will have to cut expenses. Last week —"

So if you have no school spirit, if you have no town spirit, if your parents' welfare worries you not, at least, for your own sake, refrain from indulging in so expensive a pastime.

D. G., '34.



THE LAST PLAY

The weather was just the kind that makes football a miserable game. There was a slow cold drizzle with sudden bursts of rain. The field was soggy and resembled a first class bog. On such a day, the two great rivals, Madison and State were to play the deciding game for the championship. Not only were the two teams the greatest of rivals, but also there were two men on the State team that were still greater rivals. Terry Lyons and Bob Wells, both of State, came from the same town and were sworn enemies. This rivalry started at Grammar School where both boys fought for the honor of receiving a leading part in a play. Bob Wells had won out while Terry Lyons was a poor loser. This was the beginning of a bitter hatred of one another. The two boys entered prep and college with the same feeling of keen rivalry. When football season came on both went out for the team. Again Wells won out and Lyons remained a sub.

State was the under-dog of the game, and the weather conditions were not helping her any. State kicked off and Madison, on the better end of the field, pushed the ball back to their 40-yard line. As the State line held, Madison kicked a beautiful punt into a small lagoon on State's 7-yard line. The first quarter then turned into a punting duel, for neither team could gain by line plunges. It was Madison's ball on State's 20-yard line, first down, as the whistle announced the end of the first quarter.

Taking up their drive, Madison began a series of rushes that soon brought the ball to the 5-yard line.

"Hold 'em!" begged State.

Nothing could stop Madison now, however, and Duke, the star halfback for Madison, carried the ball for a touchdown. A place-kick added on an extra point. It was a bad day for State. On the kick-off the ball was fumbled and Madison recovered. One minute before the half, Duke again carried the ball for a touchdown and tacked on an extra point by another perfect place-kick. It seemed as if Wells could not get going during the first half. A decision was reached that Terry Lyons was to be put in the other halfback position to see if he could assist Wells.

Gloom, more dense than that which was outside, settled down over the State players in the locker room. Even the coach had little to say to his mud-smearred men. A rousing cheer, however, welcomed them as they came out for the final half.

The third quarter was similar to the first except that State had an opportunity to make a field goal and Terry Lyons proceeded to do so. This gave them their only score of three points. Terry Lyons now had an opportunity to feel slightly puffed up and consider himself better than Wells, although he soon lost this feeling when he fumbled the ball.

With defeat staring her in the face, State began the final quarter. Madison started another drive, marching up the field from her 11-yard line to her 45-yard line, and then punted. Five minutes of play, State's ball on her ten yard line, and taking no chances she kicked. On the first Madison play the quarterback fumbled. Through the line plunged a lurching figure. A second later, when the mound of legs and bodies was raised, it was dis-

covered that Wells of State had recovered.

A trick pass behind the line gave Wells the ball and he slid off around the end. Interference formed around him and fell away. At last the half-back alone, heavy-footed, crossed the line for a score on the longest run of the game. The attempt to get an extra point failed.

Score: Madison 14; State 9.

Three minutes to play! . . . they line up . . . State's gone mad . . . they charge . . . a long pass . . . a fumble . . . Madison's ball on her own 10-yard line. An enraged State tackle drove in and pushed Duke Melton back for a four-yard loss. Duke, the outstanding star of the game, dropped back to his goal line and stood with his hands held out for the ball, still grinning defiance at his rivals. Single-handed he was defeating State and this punt would be the finishing touch.

"Block that kick!" entreated State in a frenzied chant. "Block that kick!"

The ball snapped back and the two lines met in a great upheaving mass. The Madison line wavered and broke, and two State men plunged through.

Duke side-stepped and kicked, but Wells, who had gotten through, blocked the ball with his chest. The ball, rebounding, rolled over the Madison goal line. Two dirt-blackened forms dove for it and clutched madly for the slippery pigskin, as the whole Madison team crushed them into the mud.

No one could tell who had recovered the ball until the mud-smearred men were separated and then the referee raised his arms in token of a touchdown for State. Terry Lyons had the ball tucked under his body. No one but Wells and Lyons knew that just before the referee separated them, that Bob Wells had slipped the ball to Terry Lyons. There was no need to kick the extra point for the gun announced the end of the gruelling game, the victory of State over Madison, and the beginning of a great friendship between Bob Wells and Terry Lyons.

The dazed scorekeeper stared with wonder and disbelief at the final score:

STATE	15
MADISON	14

Victor Pozerycki, '34.

A FRESHMAN OF 1883 AND 1933

I.

Polly was entering the high school at last,
 Her grammar school days were a thing of the past.
 Her pig-tails were tied in two monstrous red bows,
 And her dimpled cheeks were the color of a rose.
 The style of her dress was as new as could be,
 With a red bow that hung from her waist to her knee.

II.

She entered the classroom with a dignified air,
 The seniors looked up and my, did they glare!
 She seated herself in a corner of the room,
 And took off her bonnet with the huge flashy plume.
 The eyes in the classroom were all fixed on Polly,
 When she turned in her seat to whisper to Molly.

III.

Now the schoolmaster looked up, a foxy old fellow,
 With small fiery eyes and a bow tie of yellow,
 And low on his nose some glasses did rest,
 He had no coat, only a threadbare vest.
 All gray was his hair, most of which he had lost,
 And his entire complexion was as bitten by frost.

IV.

"Miss Rogers," said he in a voice oh so low,
 "You take this seat in the very front row."
 Polly's eyes met the glare of this terrible old man,
 She scrambled to her feet and believe me, she ran!
 The seniors giggled and laughed and tossed,
 But Polly now felt like a babe that was lost.

V.

When noon hour arrived and all were dismissed,
 They gathered 'round Polly and they laughed and they hissed.
 Someone pulled at her pig-tail with the monstrous bows,
 While others made fun of her turned up nose.
 But Polly didn't mind for freshman **they'd** been,
 So she turned away with an uplifted chin.

VI.

The story is the same and as true as 'twas then,
 We're always made fun of, we poor freshmen.
 We're the ones that have to do the scurrying,
 And believe me we also do the worrying.
 But it comes to one point that we all know is true,
 Freshmen **you've** been, sophomores, juniors and seniors, too.

Laura Salminen, '37

MY VISIT TO POLAND

Let me picture for you my journey to Poland. I was only a small child when we started from America to Europe. In dressing I was so excited that I could hardly manage to button my white shoes. We left early for the New York dock to get to the ocean liner "King."

How frightened I was every time the ship rocked or when my father, who was calmly smoking a pipe, walked near the railing! While I adjusted myself to the conditions, my sister became sick. My smaller sister was so adorable that the captain of the ship begged to adopt her.

We traveled through the English Channel to France. There we boarded

a train, that is, the remains of one. The war had left its marks, for the windows were shattered and sheets were their substitutes. Most of the people were dressed poorly and many sad, poor peasants were begging for food.

At last we reached Poland after traveling through Germany. In Warsaw we stayed for several days.

We reached our destination, the small village of Zabnowie. My sister and I were so happy to see flowers after three weeks of water that we ran to pick them.

Riding along in a hay wagon over a sandy road to our friends', I looked with wondering eyes at the large sacred pictures placed on the ground

every few miles, at the monuments, and at the beautiful flowers. The houses or huts were made of thick wood, white-washed and covered with hay for a roof. It was in a similar hut that we stayed.

In the morning when I scrambled out of my straw bed I remembered that the cows slept downstairs and I went down, to find them gone. Outside the house I found a child of my own age with whom I joined in peeling potatoes. You can guess how well I succeeded. Little rabbits came running by and these I watched with delight, for never before had I seen such adorable frisky white animals.

I do not remember our voyage back or what happened afterwards, but my impression of the quiet Polish peasants and their simple life will always remain with me.

Josephine Novicki, '35.

SAND

The blistering heat of a mid-July sun beat down upon the scorched sands. Two men with aching shoulders and lowered heads groped blindly about trying to find their way. The very dryness of the air burned the already reddened, sensitive skin of these two heroes. The tiny particles of sand were blown against the aching eyes of both men. Their lips were parched by the heat of the thick, stuffy, air. Their tongues were hanging as if in thirst and several times one would raise his arms weakly to wipe the perspiration from his face. Several times the smaller of the two fell on his knees, but the hot sand did not ease the pain and fatigue of aching muscles, and slowly, he would raise himself and stumble a few yards farther. Their eyes were narrowed as they gazed straight ahead, as though trying to reach some unseen goal. As they trod, sick and weary, over this endless stretch of sand and stones, they exchanged no words and merely uttered thick grunts of anguish.

Suddenly, the smaller man, Percy, fell exhausted on the hot, scorched earth. Jack, his companion, wearily bent over him as if to assist him. The crumpled figure did not move other than to make a motion with his hand for his friend to continue. Jack offered some words of encouragement but the result was not satisfactory.

Finally Jack muttered in a disgusted voice, "I hired this bathing suit, Percy, and by gosh, I'm going to reach water."

Frances R. Fearn, '34.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

A friendly spirit is in the air,
People are gaily humming,
Sorrows and troubles have disappeared,
For Christmas time is coming.

Everyone is happy and gay,
So glad that he is living,
Happier still to brighten some life
With his kind and thoughtful giving.

Little tots of old Saint Nick
Are seriously thinking,
Parents wise behind their backs
Are very slyly winking.

Bureau drawers are tightly locked
To hide their secrets dear
From prying eyes of those who know
That Christmas will soon be here.

Elmer Salenuis, '35.

ON THE DARWINIAN THEORY

Now, I have never read the Darwinian theory; but, since I live in America, I have the right to discuss matters of which I know nothing. It is a free country, and everyone else does this. I have been told that Darwin believes we all descended from monkeys. I trust that the person who told me that wasn't playing any "monkey shines" on me. I have also been told not to read Darwin's book.

Ever since, I have been trying to find it.

However, to get back to monkeys and us (to digress from a subject is another right of Americans), I think that Darwin probably saw some resemblance between the chattering of monkeys and the jibberings of men. The fact that we look like monkeys means nothing since "appearances are deceptive." What Darwin failed to see was, monkeys talk sense and save nuts while men save cents and talk "nuts." I do not think he was intentionally doing the monkeys an injustice.

There is another fallacy in the Darwinian theory. We all know that our ancestors never hung on trees with their tails because we often wished, in vain, to hang them on trees with their tales.

The Dorian Theory, which has not yet been published, should be substituted for the Darwinian Theory. It claims that men are descended from elephants and use their trunks only when traveling.

Dorothy Glickman, '34.

Through the High School Years

The little green freshman know not what they miss,

Which proves the old proverb "Ignorance is bliss"

When they become sophomores, they laugh and sneer

At the little new freshmen, trembling in fear.

One says, "Do you laugh — you, a freshie once?"

The higher one answers, "But not such a dunce."

The next year they are juniors with homework galore,

They act as if each thing in life were a bore,

And now they are seniors, as proud, if you please,

And all are quite sick with a certain disease.

'Tis senioritis, the name you know well,

Which is the result of a head that is swelled.

Eileen Johnston, '35.

WINTER

Winter has with its cold blasts come,
And outside is only the cheerless sun,
The shrill wind whistles through the trees,

So different from the warm summer breeze.

Now the snow is falling,
While the horses wood are hauling
To the homes and fire places
Where the children with ruddy faces
Are settling down in a cozy nook
To read their favorite story book.

Lyyli Kemppinen, '35.

THE MASQUERADE PARTY

Tim Rogers didn't want to go to any masquerade party but what could he do with a whole family nagging and persuading him. But he wouldn't have to stay long; he could just stay and watch for awhile all the Romeos and Juliets, numbering by that time perhaps a dozen or so. It was odd how everyone chose these two characters to honor by impersonating them at every masquerade.

Thus it happens that we see Tim reluctantly entering the small but magnificent ballroom, already crowded with dancers, garbed in every imaginable costume. Tim decided to sit very near the side door so that he could easily make his exit.

Fate must have sent, at this moment, a beautiful Oriental princess, dancing past him with Bill Nelson, and it must have been Fate that made Tim glance up from his profound thoughts.

Something like a magnet seemed to draw him and with amazing rapidity, for Tim at least, he had changed

places with his friend and was dancing and gazing into the deep blue eyes of this exquisite being, spellbound.

The princess seemed just as much attracted to Tim as he was, without doubt, to her. They swayed gently to the music until Tim murmured, "Wouldn't you rather go out and walk awhile in the garden? It's so hot and crowded in here."

"Oh, I'd love to. It is quite hot although I hadn't noticed it. You know, I could dance with you forever," cooed the princess.

The garden was especially beautiful and fragrant tonight. The bright full moon cast shimmering streams of silver upon the limpid blue water of the pool. Every flower seemed to be blooming more radiantly than ever before, while they swayed gently in the cool refreshing breeze. The quiet tinkling of the fountain added to the exquisite beauty of the garden in the moonlight.

Who would ever have thought that quiet, bashful Tim would have the occasion to stroll, hand in hand, with this beautiful creature. Tim was as one in a dream.

Of course, the princess was a stranger in Mayfield, staying only for the week-end at her Aunt Miranda's, whom Tim knew to be a very wealthy, cranky old woman. Her name she wouldn't tell until twelve o'clock when, as was the custom, everybody was required to take off his mask. She did, however, promise to tell Tim if he would answer her letter. This, to Tim who had never written a letter to a girl, was something wonderful, the beginning of a marvelous friendship. How the boys would envy him! Then, at least, they couldn't call him "bashful Tim."

When Tim and his princess heard twelve o'clock begin to strike they reentered the ballroom, leaving the garden very reluctantly.

The signal to unmask is given. Eagerly Tim turns to see what his new friend really looks like. Lo and behold, Tim's beautiful dreams fade,

for who should be his Oriental princess but his friend, now enemy, Fred Mason.

Ruth Lehto, '35.

ON THE USELESSNESS OF IT ALL

All great men were interested in nature. Look at Theodore Roosevelt, who, we are told, spent days and days watching for birds. Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States after that. Shakespeare used to put bird-characters into his plays, and he became such a great man that after his death nobody even dared to dig up his bones. Thus, to regard birds as not entirely beneath notice is not unprecedented.

We should emulate the deeds of great men. It was written in a book that we should. So one day, not for want of something better to do, but from want of doing something better I sat down on the steps "to observe nature through the eyes of the poet." It is to be noticed that I was spurred on by a noble self-sacrificing motive, for there was a number of things I denied myself for this more elevating occupation.

"If you're not doing anything," my dear father had called, "rake up the yard."

After a short while, about an hour and a half, to be exact, I spied a woodpecker pursuing its alleged occupation. While I was gazing with interest and concentration, waiting for a sentiment to strike me, someone passed.

"Hey, what are you looking at, anyway?"

In hushed tones, I acquainted him with the presence of the bird.

"People who hunt woodpeckers ought to wear hats," he said, and went his way.

My poetic instincts were naturally somewhat dampened upon being informed of my incorrect method of procedure, but soon I saw two white gulls (generally speaking) sailing about in

circles. At the sight of these two White Beings gliding serenely against the blue, gleaming in the sunlight, my Inner Self immediately responded.

"I want one!"

"Shut up," I told Me.

To desire the seemingly unattainable is most discouraging; but yet, what disgrace is there in aspiring to an object of evident purity and nobleness?

My sister came out with an ugly mop in her hands, and asked me what on earth I was doing.

"Look at those two noble white birds," I cried.

"Noble, white! You look at those two noble white milk bottles and take them in before the dog gets at them," she answered, indulging in a bit of unbecoming sarcasm.

"Take them in yourself," I said, indulging in a bit of sisterly familiarity.

After taking in the milk bottles I sat down again, but decided to discontinue any further development of my poetic imagination. Evidently the modern world has no need of my becoming a great writer.

And besides, my father called out, "Haven't you raked up the yard yet?"

Bertha Sneek, '34.

Dialogue Between William Tell and His Wife, Mary, in the Year of 1506

William is preparing to leave the house, on tip-toes.

Mary (voice from the distance): Will-yum! Will-yum!

William (meekly): Yes, my sweet?

Mary (coming from the kitchen): Where do you think you're going? You are cleaning the automobile this evening.

William: But my sweet! I have an appointment with Jimmy Briggs to practice archery today.

Mary: Soooooooooooooo! Why you nasty mans! You, my husband and the father of my child. How could you?

William: But my cutie, I do not want to hit Junior when I try to shoot the apple from his head tomorrow. It takes great skill and accuracy to hit the apple without hitting the head!

Mary: That's the first good excuse you've given me since you married me —

William (softly): You mean since you married me —

Mary: What was that?

William: Nothing, my dear, nothing.

Mary: By the way, William, are you using a MacIntosh or a Baldwin tomorrow? Mrs. Jones was telling me that they have some lovely MacIntoshes at the A. & P. this week for only 50c a bushel.

William: You are right, my sweet. I shall use a MacIntosh tomorrow. Nothing less than a MacIntosh shall be put on my son's head.

He advances to the radio, turns it on, and settles himself for the evening, giving up the idea of going out, as a bad job.

(Sound emerges from the radio.)
Heigh ho, everybody, this is Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. The boys and I will bring you an old number now. It is called "You're the Apple of my Eye, Sweet Adeline" . . .

Mary: Why, William, did you hear that? The poor girl! There is no chance of your doing that tomorrow is there, dear?

William: Ohhhh! no dear, there isn't. Now forget all about it.

The next morning. At home.

Mary: Are you all ready, William? Come Junior, Daddy's going to shoot the apple from your head —

Junior: Aw, ma, I wanna play football!

Mary: Now, Junior, are we going to start that again? Come on!

At the scene of the shooting.

Junior is leaning against a telephone pole, with an apple on his head, Mary is sitting on a folding camp chair, and William is poised ready to shoot the arrow.

Mary: Do hurry, William. I'm getting tired of waiting.

William: Yes, yes, my love. I'm ready.

He shoots, hitting the apple squarely in the middle, knocking it from his son's head.

Shouts of "Bravo!" "Good work!" and "Well done," fill the air.

Mary (runs over to William): That was good, dear. Only I was quite disappointed. There was Mrs. Jones right next to me where we could see everything, and you missed the middle of the apple by almost a quarter of an inch.

William is brought home by two strong friends. He awakens several hours later, and immediately begins tearing the bedclothes.

I wonder why?

B. Jordan, '36.

"POOR LITTLE POPULAR SONG"

You will probably glance at the title of this essay, and remark to a companion or even murmur aloud to no one in particular, that there is a heavy fine for plagiarism. So be it! After reading the first paragraph and discovering that the author is fully aware of the terrible consequences, you may continue without any sense of responsibility.

Even as I compose this essay I am listening to a current song hit being done to death in a most horrible manner, and I sigh profoundly as I realize that it will be but a short time before one may become socially ostracized if heard humming a few bars of this once favorite melody.

How long could the delicate mechanism of the human body stand the strain of living through a strenuous day with the "popular song?" When you turn on the radio at seven fifteen o'clock every morning to take the exercises you enjoy so much, you find that one of those favorite tunes has risen even earlier, and is making itself heard to the accompaniment of "1-2-3-4 bend . . . 1-2-3-4 rise."

Even as you gulp coffee in great mouthfuls and prepare to make a hasty exit, the last sound you hear as the door is none too gently closed, is the voice of the announcer stating that the "Happy Jack Trio" will render their version of your favorite popular song. (Thank goodness for that timely leavingtaking.)

So on it goes, day after day. First one hears the voice of a mezzo soprano, who should be exercising her vocal arts on that well known piece "O Sole Mio," or some similar composition. Next comes somebody's pride and joy doing his little bit to help things along, on the "Children's Program." (Note:—This latter phrase in itself is said to contribute greatly to the yearly list of casualties in the ranks of the popular song.) There are all types and sizes of singers, but the two most destructive are the radio and bathroom crooners. Perhaps even some of you who read this article are conscious of a guilty tremor or two—perhaps.

In closing I might point out that we, the people of America stand as one united by a single purpose. Our national cry has become (Ready—1-2-3) "Get That Popular Song!"

Ruth Bishop, '34.



The Interview

THE INTERVIEW

The feature of this edition of the "Screech Owl" is an interview with Leo Mullin, a graduate of Fordham, and one of the early editors of our noble magazine, granted to the present editor. Mr. Mullin played a large part in putting the "Screech Owl" on the firm basis that it now enjoys. In this interview Leo tells us of the days when our magazine was in its infancy.

"Of course," Mullin said, "There were a great many difficulties confronting the 'Screech Owl,' when it first started. In the first place, the idea was new to the school and to the town and above all we had an inexperienced staff.

"In those days we used to print four hundred to five hundred 'Screech Owls' an issue and put out five issues a year. We carried on a house-to-house canvass in an effort to interest the townfolk in the activities of the High School. We printed so many copies we were forced to run socials and bridge parties to keep out of the red. One year we were willed a sum of money by a graduating class.

"While soliciting ads," Mullin continued, "We had both our tragic and amusing incidents. We usually attacked a business man by first introducing the subject of the weather. 'Nice day overhead,' I said to one storeman. Disgustedly he turned

around and snorted, 'Yes, but there's not many travelling that way.'

"We had tried to gain the favor of some by telling them that we were seeking ads from only the highest class of people. One, apparently unaffected by our compliment, said, 'That's all right with me. Go to them. I won't stop you.'

"A candy-store manager gave us an ad after being told that he would surely gain the patronage of the high school students. One day, while inebriated with the 'high joy of was-sail' he accosted me on the street and asked where the trade was I promised him. By all appearances his financial status had not been improved by it."

When asked to compare the "Screech Owl" of his time with recent ones Mullin said, "In my time the magazine seemed to be more closely connected with the students. The jokes and stories were more personal than they are nowadays.

"At the present time it seems more dignified and probably its literary work is more valuable."

In conclusion, Mullin said, "I think that the 'Screech Owl' is something in which every High School student should take an interest. If they realized the great work entailed, they wouldn't hesitate to co-operate with the staff in their efforts to put out a paper."

Editor.



Maynard High School
Sept. 20, 1933

Maynard's first victory of the season over Gardner will probably be one of the most memorable games of the season, both because of its general unexpectedness, and because of its story-book quality of being determined by the last few seconds.

The home team, decked in gold helmets and white jerseys, with the added impetus of a cheering squad and a School Band, kicked off. Hardly had the game begun, before Captain O'Leary broke through Gardner's left tackle with the help of beautiful interference, for a sixty-yard run to the goal line. The remainder of the first quarter was uneventful.

In the second quarter, by repeated thrusts at the line, Gardner scored a touchdown, but failed to gain the extra point. Again, in the third quarter, in the face of determined resistance, the home team scored in the same manner, and for the second time missed the additional point. This quarter featured also, a superb forward pass of about 50 yards from Brayden to Norgoal, who was tackled about 15 yards from the goal. John Malcolm, Maynard's centre, was disabled for the rest of the game by a painful injury. At the termination of the third quarter Gardner was ahead, 12 to 7.

The last quarter was at hand, with Maynard's energy and enthusiasm unabated. After four unsuccessful attempts to plunge through Gardner's line, they lost the ball on downs. Gardner kicked to Maynard's 25-yard line, and a 15-yard penalty brought

the ball to the 40-yard line.

Spectators were already leaving the grandstands, feeling sure that the issue of the game was all that Gardner could desire. The stage was set for a regular moving-picture finish. Brayden faded back about five yards and threw a long forward pass. While the ball was in the air, the whistle blew. Norgoal received the pass. And completed the play in a spectacular touchdown. The extra point, kicked by James Malcolm, raised the final score to 14-12.

Maynard 14—Melrose 12—Sept. 23

Not only did this second out-of-town game result in Maynard's second victory of the season but it was also the second 14-12 triumph. This was a hard fought battle in which the city team did not like the idea of being beaten by a small town team. Much of the credit for this victory goes to Jimmy Malcolm, because of his ability to convert the extra points after touchdowns.

This was Maynard's second victory over Melrose in the two years that they have played.

Maynard 6—Waltham 13—Sept. 30

With two wins chalked up by the local team, all eyes were focused on the small school eleven setting out to meet the strong Waltham eleven.

The finest, cleanest, game that ever could be expected was played on that Saturday afternoon. The first half ended in a scoreless tie. In the third period a bad pass was intercepted by a Waltham man who started on a 63-

yard run for a touchdown. Minutes later Captain O'Leary's driving team scored their touchdown with Captain O'Leary off on his usual romp. Waltham scored late in the fourth quarter.

The followers of Maynard High certainly praised the Lerer-coached team for their fine sportsmanship and clean playing during the game.

Maynard 13—Winchester 6—Oct. 7

Entering its first league game, Maynard just nosed out Winchester for a 13-6 victory. A soggy field slowed up the fast traveling backs from Maynard and helped the heavier Winchester line.

Although getting off to a slow start, Captain O'Leary finally broke lose to make Maynard's first score on a plunge through the center. Maynard's offense could not seem to click although the defense was very good. Entering the third quarter with the score still tied Maynard did not look like the team that had a week before given Waltham such a battle.

Determined to win, Maynard passed in the third quarter and Brayden throwing a pass to Johnson scored to give Maynard its victory.

Two years ago Maynard defeated Winchester in the same manner with a pass in the last quarter.

Maynard 27—Hudson 0—Oct. 12

Maynard defeated its old rival by the convincing and overwhelming score of 27-0. Hudson threw a bomb into the midst of the somnolent Maynard team by making three first downs after taking the kickoff. Progress was soon stopped by the Maynard line and at the end of the first half a score of 21-0 was piled up in Maynard's favor. Hudson again made another attempt to win in the second half but was stopped again. Maynard scored again on an off tackle play with O'Leary carrying the ball.

Maynard 14—Belmont 6—Oct. 21

Belmont came to Maynard defending the Middlesex League Championship. Receiving the kickoff, Belmont marched straight down the field on power plays alone, and it looked as if they intended to keep the crown they had won the previous year. Belmont scored in the first half. Maynard made only one small bid for a touchdown which was lost on a fumble.

Entering the second half, Maynard began to out-play the visitors in every department of the game. Brayden passed to Norgoal for the first touchdown. A blocked kick in the last quarter gave Maynard its second chance to score and Captain O'Leary went off tackle to score standing up. This game gave Maynard the lead in the race for the pennant.

Maynard 0—Lexington 6—Oct. 28

Although Lexington beat Maynard 6-0 it was a very one-sided affair with Maynard making 16 first downs to Lexington's 4. Johnnie Wiggins scored for Lexington on a 65-yard run, although being hit by four Maynard men. Maynard made many drives in an attempt to score but every time when within the shadows of the opponent's goal line something would go wrong and Maynard would lose the ball.

Maynard 0—Stoneham 6—Nov. 4

Stoneham defeated Maynard in the biggest upset of the league. Maynard entered the game a big favorite but the offense did not click and the defense was ragged. Stoneham scored on a fumble and then kicked off to Maynard. Receiving the ball Maynard made its real bid to score but failed when the ball landed in the end zone. This game put Maynard out of the running for the Middlesex League title.

Maynard 28—Marlboro 0—Nov. 11

Maynard swamped its old rival to the tune of 28-0. Maynard entered the game seeking revenge for the upset of a year previous and also to make up for the unexpected defeat by Stoneham.

Maynard kicked to Marlboro and after trying a few plays Marlboro punted to give Maynard the ball. Maynard began to show its great offensive power and made its first touchdown on a pass, Brayden to Norgoal. O'Leary scored a little later behind perfect interference.

Maynard started the second half and made its third touchdown. Brayden scored in the fourth period with many of the substitutes playing.

O'Leary and Brayden were the outstanding stars of the game, together with the great playing of the line that blasted Marlboro's hopes to win the pennant.

Maynard 19—Concord 6—Nov. 18

Maynard had little trouble in beating its old rival. Playing in mud and snow did not stop the team and it piled up the impressive score of 19-6.

Maynard's first score came when Brayden passed to Malcolm. The point after the touchdown failed. Concord received the kickoff and aided by a fifteen-yard penalty soon scored on an end run by its captain. At the end of the half Maynard had the ball on the Concord one-yard line. As soon as they got possession of the ball Maynard began to finish up what they had to stop at the end of the half. Marching straight down the field O'Leary scored on a drive through the line. Again the point after touchdown failed. Maynard again scored in the last quarter.

A free for all began when the Maynard rooters tried to rush the goal posts. Although the fight lasted only a little while there were many battered and bruised fans.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The first call for field hockey girls proved that there were many students interested in playing the game. When the season began there were approximately 75 pupils from which to choose the ones who were to represent the orange and black. Those selected were:

First Team	Second Team
Captain B. Sneck	Gertrude Tobin
A. Swanson	Angelina Mariano
J. Aho	Annie O'Toole
M. Gudzinowicz	Eleanor Murphy
I. Kajander	Elizabeth Mahoney
C. Hoffman	Stella Siegiej
E. Nyholm	Charlotte King
V. Jakusik	Mildred Costello
G. Heikkila	Sylvia Manninen
E. Tobin	Eleanor Flaherty
E. Meriluoto	Olga Mark

After several days of hard practice, under the careful supervision of Miss Finn, the girls started their season.

Lexington at Maynard—Sept. 29

The M. H. girls opened their season vs. Lexington. The game was marked by amateurish work common to opening games before the squad has become a unit. At the end the score was 1 to 1. The lone goal was made by M. Gudzinowicz.

Malden at Malden—Oct. 11

Malden was the scene of the second game. This was well played by the Maynard eleven. When the whistle blew to announce the end of the contest the score was 6 to 0 in favor of Maynard. The goals were made by J. Aho, M. Gudzinowicz and Capt. Sneck.

Gardner at Maynard—Oct. 13

The team next had to contend with Gardner. The game proved to be one of the fastest and consequently one of the best ever played in Maynard. However, in spite of valiant efforts Gardner was defeated. The score was 2 to 0. Both goals were made by "Gudzie".

The seconds of each team also played. The score was 0 to 0.

At the end of the game the visiting team was entertained by the Maynard girls.

Ashland at Ashland—Oct. 18

The M. H. girls played Ashland on October 18. The game was not played as fast as usual although it featured clean hockey. Our girls were the easy victors, the score being 4 to 0. The goals were made by A. Swanson, M. Gudzinowicz and J. Aho.

The second teams played also. Neither team scored.

Gardner at Gardner—Nov. 2

The girls representing the Maynard orange and black played a return game

at Gardner on November 2. At the end of the half the score was 0 to 0. Before the teams met again, each had resolved to score. As a result each did score after a hard fight by the attacking team. The score was 1 to 1. The goal was made by Aili Kajander, one of the representatives of the Freshman Class.

The second teams also played. The score was 1 to 0 in the favor of Gardner.

The girls from dear old Maynard were agreeably surprised when, after the games were played they were invited to a "feed", by the Gardner team. Everyone was sorry when the time arrived to leave Gardner and start on the long trip homeward.

ALUMNI NOTES

The Golden Road

I travel the road that all must go
E'er I come to the Rainbow's end,
My heart is eager and my soul aglow
For adventure at every bend.
I have been warned by those who
know,
Of pitfalls, of sorrow and pain,
Of glamour and glory and ruined lives,
And terrible vice that leaves its stain,
And I hope, when I have reached the
end
And have come to the sunset's glow,
That I may turn with the hand of a
friend,
And with a heart of love and truth
Aid another soul to travel the road,
That beautiful, that dangerous road—
The Golden Road of Youth.

Dorothea Hannon, '33.

An Impression of College Life

College life has lived up to, and surpassed, my expectations of it both educationally and socially. I expected I would have to work hard, and the college authorities certainly went out of their way not to disappoint me. But it is from the social standpoint that I have gained the most. As has been said, time and time again—so often that I'd hesitate to repeat it if it weren't so absolutely true—it is during one's college years that he finds the friendships that are going to last.

One finds a much broader group of people in a college than in a high school, naturally,—and association with different types of persons is bound to give one an infinitely broader point of view than he has ever had.

One must be liberal to discuss evolution with would-be ministers, peace with Germans, religion with a Communist, and to decide whether Mae Westianism will definitely influence women's fashions.

Dorothy E. Marsden, '32.

Boston Univ. College of Liberal Arts, '36.

Where Our Graduates Are Now Spending Their Time:

Isabel Annis is attending Boston University.

Alice Fearnis is now a Senior at Boston University.

Helen Priest is employed by the American Woolen Company.

Eleanor Lawson is extending her business training at Bryant & Stratton.

Samuel Bachrach is attending Tufts Medical School after having graduated from the University of Maine.

Kathryn Bariteau has completed her course at Bridgewater Normal and is now frequently substituting in the local schools.

Anne Bellows is the President of her class at Boston University.

Dorothy Burnham is furthering her education at Massachusetts State College.

Philip Wilson is at present a Junior at Dartmouth College.

Harold Wilcox is studying at Tufts College.

Edward Fearnis is working for The Lever Bros. at Cambridge.

Ahti Frigard is a student at Tilton Academy, New Hampshire.

William Ledgard and Simmon Seder are attending Harvard College.

Paul Wilson is studying art at Mass. Art School, Boston.

Tauno Frigard is attending Worcester College.

Doris Reynolds and Leona Howard are training at the Framingham Hospital.

Ralph Hallowell is employed by the Dodge Bros. in Boston.

Wilho Frigard is studying at Massachusetts State College.

Ruth Weir is employed in the office of William Scully, chairman of the Maynard welfare board.

Rita Bariteau is a regular employee of Woolworth's store on Main Street.

Mary Tobin is now the bookkeeper at J. J. Newberry's store on Main St.

Dorothy Marsden is studying at Boston University.

Sidney McCleary is a student at Bowdoin College, Maine.

Alden Young is attending Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

Norvin Laubenstein is a student at Massachusetts State College.

Cecelia Nelson is studying music at the Faelton School of Pianforte.





ACTIVITIES

Field Hockey Social

The Girl's Field Hockey Team, famed for its noble generosity and good nature, staged one of the best socials in the history of Maynard High School at the George Washington Auditorium, October 6, 1933. The captivating music was furnished by Frank Sheridan's Orchestra. The patronesses were Miss Butterworth, Mrs. King and Mrs. Sawyer. Refreshments, consisting of tonic and homemade cake were prepared by the girls.

As the last chords announced the end of the dance, there were murmurs of disappointment and cries from the Freshmen at the thought of leaving; all of which proves the capability of the girls both in an athletic and in a social light.

Although the girls are sadly in need of equipment, they presented the funds to the M. H. S. A. A.

Rallies

The students of Maynard High School displayed an abundance of pep, vim, and vigor at the two rallies held before major football games this season.

The Freshmen were a bit dazed at first by this outburst of enthusiasm

but soon caught the feeling of school spirit and helped to "swell the halls" of deah ole M. H. S. with cheer and song.

Speeches were made by Supt. King, Coach Lerer, Mr. Sawyer, and the "Roger Babson" of M. H. S., Mr. Manty, a statistician of no mean ability. Capt. "Speedy" O'Leary also added a few words.

Football Dance

After a hard day of tackling and broken-field running, the boys of the M. H. S. Football Team staged a most successful social in the George Washington Auditorium. From the enthusiastic reports everyone enjoyed himself. There was a large crowd and the floor was often crowded with dancing couples. With real masculine secrecy the boys hid their plans and surprised everyone with decorations which blended with the soft lights of the hall. The patronesses were Mrs. Malcolm, Mrs. Sawyer and Miss Wilson of the faculty. Refreshments were served in the gymnasium and everyone went home with the feeling of having spent a pleasant and profitable evening.

Orchestra

The Maynard High School Orchestra is rehearsing weekly under the direction of Miss Ethel Lovley.

The members of the orchestra are:

Violins—Stella Rubaszko, Martha Koski, Peter Piecewicz, Robert Gogoline, John Loika, Nicholas Rudziak.

Mandolin—Elias Hiltunen.

Trumpet—Catherine Hoffman, Irja Nelson.

Piano—Elmer Salenius.

Martha Koski, Manager.

The orchestra made its first appearance this year at Art Afternoon of the Women's Club, on November 13, 1933.

A Fretted Instrument Club has been recently organized in the Maynard High School.

Members of this Club are:

First Mandolins—Martha Koski, Elias Hiltunen.

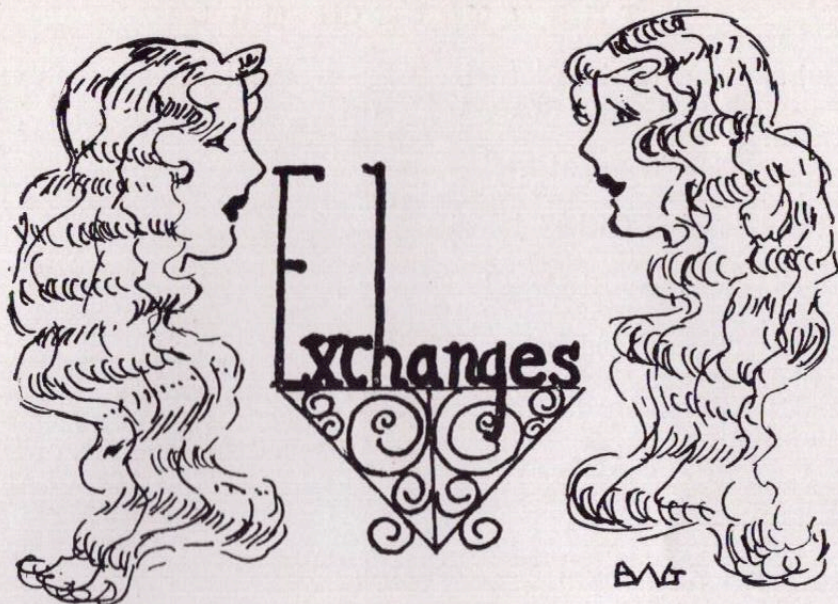
Banjoes—Sylvia Manninen, Olga Mark.

Guitar—Helen Dutkowsky.

Piano—Aili Kajander.

Elias Hiltunen, Manager.





Our Opinions

"Philomath", Framingham, Mass.

Your literary department is very good. We especially enjoyed "A Rural Narrative" and the editorial "Optimism and Pessimism."

"The Red and Black", Newport, R. I.

Your covers and department headings are very attractive. We also liked "Pat, The Senior", "Did you know that—," and "What's in a Name?". Why not have more stories?

"The Wampatuck", Braintree, Mass.

Another magazine with good department headings. In our estimation, "The Psychological Moment" is excellent. Your poetry is very well-written.

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

You certainly have many poets. Your commencement number was very interesting.

"The Nodder", East Boston, Mass.

A very good literary department. We enjoyed reading about your activities. You also have a good exchange department.

"The Spotlight", Holyoke, Mass.

We are wondering what will happen in "The Arrowhead Speaks". Your other stories were also splendid. Why not establish an exchange department?

"The Advocate", Needham, Mass.

The numerous illustrations in your magazine greatly enhance its value. It is very fine and complete.

"The Erasmian", Brooklyn, N. Y.

A fine magazine. The cuts and illustrations add a great deal. We would like to see an exchange department.

Their Opinions

"To the Screech Owl":

Yours is a very complete and entertaining magazine. We read your literary department with a great deal of interest.

"Philomath"

"The Screech Owl", Maynard, Mass.

We all liked your sports and joke columns. We also enjoyed reading "My Diary", "Good Sportsmanship", and many more.

"The Red and Black"

"The Screech Owl," Maynard, Mass.

"The Almost Was" was very enjoy-

able, and I hope they enjoyed their activities as much as I enjoyed reading about them.

“The Wampatuck”

We like the “Screech Owl’s” jokes and stories.

“The Academy Student”

“The Screech Owl”, Maynard, Mass.

What a fine literary department! It is especially well-planned. Thank you for the exchange.

“The Advocate”

Jokes from Exchanges

First Englishman: “Charley, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?”

Second Englishman: “No, let’s hear it.”

“The Academy Student”

Crude, But Oil Right

“Have you seen Al lately?”

“Al who?”

“Alcohol. Kerosene him yesterday. Hasn’t benzine since. Gasolined against a fence and took a naptha.”

“The Wampatuck”

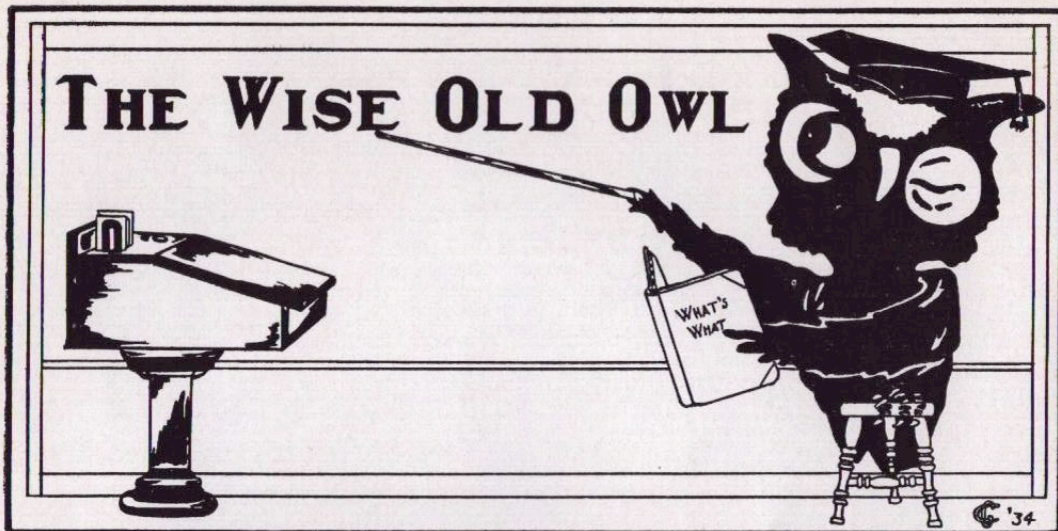
Mrs. Slaney had forgotten the new pupil’s name when he applied for a slip. As she was quite embarrassed and wished to cover it up she said: “Do you spell your name with an ‘i’ or an ‘e’?” The new pupil began to blush, but managed to answer: “My name is Hill.”

“The Advocate”

Logic says: Marriage is an institution; and marriage is love; and love is blind. Therefore, if logic is correct, marriage is an institution for the blind.

“The Spotlight”





The "WISE OLD OWL" would like to know:

1. What happened to the A. A. Speeches.
2. Who said, "Never mind Helen next year."
3. What happened to Concord's goal posts.
4. More about the two Juniors who are waiting for the Prom.
5. What Junior boy has "marvelous" black hair.
6. What Freshman can do business arithmetic.
7. What happened to Wink's hair.
8. If Ruth Fayton can stop talking.
9. What Senior is taking all Senior subjects.
10. When Archer will appear at school on time.
11. If Speedy has to report to the office after football practice.
12. Who was told by a teacher that he had "the most comprehensive nature in school."
13. If Bull Newman has seen his popcorn girl from McManus' lately.
14. If the football team will get their sweaters.
15. Why girls were put in charge of the candy counter.
16. Who taught Osmo to croon and if he really is looking for his "Shanghai Lil."
17. If Bill Johnson will ever be a chemist.
18. If Jim Creighton fell for Mae West in the N.R.A. parade.
19. If Frances and Bessie have found their "one man."
20. What happened at Florence's Hal-lowe'en party.
21. If the Student Council always win their arguments.
22. Where Dot Glickman got her new name, "Mae D. Barrymore."
23. If Fred Johnson will ever be a typist.
24. What fatherly advice Florence will always retain.
25. How Speedy looked posing for his picture.

Song Hits

- "Hold Me" (if you can) — Marion Hatch.
- "I'm Thru Saying I'm Thru" — Anna Swanson.
- "You've Got to be a Football Hero" — Football Team.
- "My Forgotten Man" — Bertha Sneck.
- "Somebody Stole My Girl" — Ed. O'Donnell.
- "This is the Mrs." — Jim Malcolm and E. W.
- "I'm No Angel" — Sophie Bobka.
- "Have You Ever Been Lonely" — Gert. Heikkila.

New Films Coming to "The Student"

Monday: "Her Bodyguard," starring Sophie Wasuik and Jerry Spratt.

Tuesday: "Hold Your Man," with the Football Squad.

Wednesday: "The Nuisance," starring "Dingle."

Thursday: "Wild Boys of the Road," starring Higgins, Fayton, and Laasanen.

Friday: "S.O.S. Iceberg," starring Laura, Irene, Gladys, and Eliz.

Saturday: "The Devil's in Love," starring Dot Harris and Jim Murphy.

Sunday: Added Attraction, "Mama Loves Papa," starring Annie and Hank, Speedy and Laura, Johnnie and Helen, Normie and "Bobbie," Jerry and Sophie.

Wouldn't it be FUNNY IF:

Frances were Thorns instead of Fearn.

Walter were Why instead of Howe.

Annie were O'Hammer instead of O'Toole.

Florence were Bee-stings instead of Hastings.

Olga were Spot instead of Mark.

Janet were Butcher instead of Miller.

Helen were Earlyah instead of Lehto.

Julia were Can instead of May.

Ruth were Appollo-den instead of Mars-den.

John were Slay-ski instead of Sluyski.

Francis were Wallop instead of Punch.

Bessie were Sardine instead of Whalen.

Marion were Loaned instead of Lent.

Helen were Ohum instead of Aho.

Aili were Mountain instead of Hill.

Anna were Turkey-son instead of Swanson.

Frank were Crow-den instead of Brayden.

Mary were Bangolowski instead of Sokolowski.

Pozerycki were Loser instead of Victor.

James were Prince instead of King.

Ruth were Seek instead of Hunt.

Mary were Floatkiewicz instead of Sienkiewicz.

Patchwork

The ex-Seniors are coming along fine. Two of them, Auni Salo and Marion Ledgard, are now at Fitchburg Normal. I was pleasantly surprised to learn that they have finally reached normal.

Freshmen are getting bold. One dared to suggest the school should donate a wastebasket to the "Screech Owl." Might he be even kinder and render us the use of his head. At present it is the greatest vacuum I know of.

One citizen is going to find it difficult to abide by the N.R.A. Ben Bernie knows, for he said, "I rubbed my thin hair and wondered how long I could do my part."

Someone of my acquaintance is endowed with a super-human sense of smell. Three flights away he scents carbon dioxide.

The "Three Little Pigs" are dying out. As Ed Wynn says, the song is now "the pork of the town!"



Mr. Lerer, showing Juniors the reaction of sodium to water: "This sodium, if put in water, is enough to blow up the school. Please come closer so you can follow me better."

"Aren't these socks a gyp. I just paid 35c for them and now I've got to take them back."

"Why?"

"Every time I walk they run."

A scientific item says that there is a war on between the electron and the atom.

Up, electron, and atom!

Touch's mother: Now that football's over Vincent will be able to practice on his saxophone every afternoon.

Neighbor: One doesn't realize how much athletics help before they are brought home to us.

Definitions

A cynic is where you wash dishes.
The contents of a gallon is about 16 miles if you have a flivver.

Keegan, pointing to Chinese symbols on laundry ticket: Is that my name?

'Twas in a restaurant they met.

Romeo and Juliet
He had no cash to pay the debt
So Romeo'd while Juliet.

Laundryman: No, slip mean li'l fat fellow, nice black hair, pimples, funny eyes, and big teeth.

Man on Sub. Train: Can I help you find a strap?

Annie S.: Thank you but I have just found one.

H.: We're coming to a tunnel. Are you afraid?

A.: Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth.

Man on Sub. Train: Good, that's great. Then perhaps you wouldn't mind letting go of my tie.

Teacher, speaking on cosmetics: The more experience I have with lipstick the more distasteful I find it.

3rd team man: I don't see the difference between first, second and third teams. We all played today and we're all riding on the same bus.

1st team man: Wait awhile and you'll see the difference.

Murphy, walking up the tracks: I'm looking for the President of the Railroad.

Frazer: You don't expect to find him here, do you?

A few miles farther the bus came to a hill and stopped.

Murphy, I don't know, I'm on his track.

Coach: First team keep your seats. Second team get out and walk. Third team get out and push.

Jack: When I was in New York, I went to a restaurant where they

have food machines. You put in a nickel and a bowl of soup comes out. Well I put in a slug, and what do you think came out?

Charlie H.: I don't know. What did come out?

Jack: The manager.

O'Donnell: I'm offa that girl.

Johnson: Why?

O'Donnell: She asked me if I danced.

Johnson: So what?

O'Donnell: I was dancing with her when she asked me.

Speedy: Shall I take you to "Zoo in Budapest?"

Laura: No, if they want me they'll come after me.

Jordan: I heard you kicked the bucket.

Hoffman: Nope, just turned a little pail.

Charlie H.: You say Joe got killed. How come?

Plink: Well, he stuck his head in that saloon and yelled fire!

Charlie: Then what?

Plink: They did.

Doc: Are you going to give us anything in the test that you can't do yourself?

Teacher: Certainly not!

Doc: That's fine! (Exit Doc)

Man passing by: What kind of dog is that?

McGarry: Police dog.

The man: It doesn't look like a police dog to me.

McGarry: Oh he's in the secret service.

Jimmie King in Drug Store: I'll have a plain soda without any flavor.

H. Johnson (clerk): Without what flavor?

Jimmie: Oh without vanilla flavor.

H. Johnson: We haven't any vanilla. You'll have to take it without chocolate.

Helen: A penny for your thoughts.
Keegie: I was just thinking of going.

Father from top of stairs: Give him a dollar. It's worth it.

Jordan: How did your grandfather like the "Screech Owl"?

Mann: He liked it a lot. He said the old-time jokes brought back fond memories to his mind.

O'Leary: Why didn't you go to football practise yesterday?

Newman: There was a plot against me.

O'Leary: A plot?

Newman: Sure. I heard Al say they were going to tackle the dummy.

Teacher: Are you sure this composition is original?

Tanuzzo: Certainly.

Teacher: Let me shake your hand. I never thought I would come face to face with Rudyard Kipling.

Jim Malcolm: Say, Speedy, did you know about the fire last night?

Speedy: Sure. I was in the house at the time.

Jim: What? You were in that fire and didn't get nervous?

Speedy: Me nervous? Why no. I calmly put on my shirt, tied my tie, put on my hat and threw my overcoat over my arm, then walked coolly out of the room. Outside I saw Bill shaking from nervousness and I says to him, "What are you nervous about? Look how cool I am." Bill says: "Yeh? If you put your pants on you wouldn't be so cool."

Wouldn't it be funny if it was Mahatma Ghandi who came to the assistance of Queen Elizabeth instead of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Norgoal: I say, Bull, did your father like that new pipe you bought him? Did his face light up with it?

Bull: I should say so; his beard caught fire.

Compliments of

DR. J. M. BELLOWS

Maynard, Mass.

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