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Maynard, Massachusetts, June, 1936

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In the Seniors:

You have yet the world before you, Though your years of school are o'er. Slow at first, then fast they travelled; Now you've come to Life's Great Door.

Frightened and timid at first you'll be, Not knowing when or where to turn; But it won't be long till you're on your way, For every one must Live and Learn.

—C. K., '37.



THE HERO

It must have been the biggest thing that had ever happened to that little town. To have a handsome face to look at, instead of the customary birth, marriage, and death notices, was cer-

tainly a welcome change.

The event that made such a deep impression on Plattville was the sudden arrival of a distinguished visitor whose gray-tinged hair made one think of a movie actor and whose pronounced limp only added to his distinction. When he bought a house and became a resident of the town, interest in him waned a bit, since he went out very little. Even Joe, who was hired to help keep the grounds and house neat, knew nothing about him. Stories created by wild imagination circulated freely. Josie, Joe's wife, insisted that she had sometime seen his picture in the papers.

Whenever the mystery man made one of his rare visits to the center of the town, everybody stared. He walked slowly along, limping all the way, his far-off expression showing that he was unaware of the excitement he stirred up. There was no doubt about it . . . he was living in the past . . . but what was his past?

Curious eyes watched him from across the street, from doorways, from behind lifted curtains, but no one could discover whether he was rich man, poor man, beggar man, or thief.

One day Joe galloped into the postoffice, fairly bursting with news. His breath came in gasps. The usual gang which hung around there patted him on the back and urged him to tell what the matter was. Finally he panted, "He's a war hero, that's what he is." Then Joe told the story. When he was cleaning and polishing the living room furniture, he noticed a cabinet filled with glittering medals and trophies. When the mystery man caught Joe's glance, he calmly closed the cabinet door and put the key in his pocket.

"I know *I've* seen his picture in the papers, too. He's been a hero," Joe

finished.

Now the town at last paid proper homage to its illustrious citizen, who only smiled absent-mindedly when he was given a dozen honorary positions. His proud manner and his limp became

a legend.

One day he asked the grocer for credit. Flattered by being treated as an equal by the famous man, that worthy soul gladly allowed him to charge several hundred dollars worth of supplies. Other people were also famed by such attention. Then one day, the town's first citizen left . . . for good. He died.

The whole community attended the funeral. Flags were lowered, stores closed. Joe took the key in nervous fingers and brought out the famous collection of medals to display. Great was the shock to the people of Plattsville when they fixed their eyes on the largest and gaudiest gold disk! On

it were the following words:

—John Yanuskiewicz, '39.

WILL ROGERS

By P. J. O'Brien

"Off for somewhere."

That was one of Will Rogers' last remarks before he met his tragic death with the famous aviator, Wiley Post, in the tundras. Little did he realize, when in Fairbanks, that he was de-

livering his last speech.

Post and Rogers started from Fair-banks to Point Barrow, which was a five-hundred-mile trip. They were only a few miles from their destination when this tragedy, which all the world mourned, occurred.

Will Rogers' own explanation of the

Will Rogers' own explanation of the place of his birth was "halfway between Claremore and Oolagan, before there was a town in either place," on Novem-

ber 4, 1879.

School books and learning meant very little to Will. He would do almost every one else's work but his own. Riding and roping were this Oklahoman's favorite recreations, and even in later life he spent his vacations working in the annual round-ups.

Will depended upon the stage for his future work. At first, when he did not realize the importance of his gift of speech, he merely did tricks with his rope. Gradually he gathered enough courage to make a few remarks which caused the people to roar in spasms of laughter.

Then Will's career was set. He starred in the Ziegfeld Follies for many years. He would pick out many people of importance in the crowd and embarrass them with his witticisms, but even these people enjoyed the fun

immensely.

At the beginning of his stage career he met Betty Blake, whom he fell in

love with and later married.

"My wife made me what I am" said Rogers, who had by that time ac-

quired world-wide fame.

After his stage career he went into the movies, and although he claimed that he could not act, he became one of the most popular and most beloved of all actors. Later, radio fame was his, and he received more money than any other person ever on the radio for one of his talks.

Rogers travelled very much all over the world and met many famous people. Among them were the Prince of Wales, now King of England, the late King George, Presidents F. Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt, Coolidge, and Hoover, Lindbergh, Mussolini, and Stalin.

Home, with his wife and three children, was to Rogers the dearest place on earth. He was not an autocrat there, for when the children were young and needed punishment, Will always found a reason to leave the room and let Mrs. Rogers give the punishment.

Will's charity was known everywhere. He gave many thousands to his pet charities. But these were not all. The following incident tells of his

true generosity:

One day Will went to the bank and took out very many small bills. A friend followed him to see what he would do. Rogers walked to the poorest section of the city and there distributed the money among the needy.

As a commentator on the everchanging political scenes, Rogers, through his witty, yet piercing, remarks, made his wisdom known. Being a very faithful Democrat, he made many "cracks" about the Republicans. About all the prominent men he made jokes, but in back of these jokes was no envy or jealousy. Once he had very seriously been approached to run for the presidency, but he had put this aside, saying he was too "ignerant."

This "ambassador of good will", while travelling, made friends with kings, presidents, dictators, and diplomats, all of whom enjoyed his shrewd observations on the happenings in their countries. Ambassador Morrow had his most successful interview with President Calles of Mexico after Rogers

had made that official laugh.

Rogers was known as the "number one air passenger of the United States." He preferred travelling in the air to any

other way.

After the tragic death of Rogers in the plane crash, Conrad Nagel chose this selection from Shakespeare to describe the American cowboy humorist and philosopher:

"His life was gentle, and the element

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man!' "

Will Rogers by P. J. O'Brien consisted of a series of incidents which occurred during the life of this prince

of wit and wisdom.

O'Brien's book, unlike most biographies, is not written in continuous form, for it tells of Rogers' many characteristics and occupations as if each were a different short story, instead of as in most biographies, with the events occurring in the same order as in real life.

One would have to read this book, however, in order to appreciate the very many interesting phases of the life of this truly great American.

-Lyli Tervo, '38.

The following poems were inspired by the Indian poetry in "Of to Arcady", a textbook used in the Junior year:

A PLEA

Oh moon god, hear my plea,
Send your light o'er this land tonight,
Help your children do what is right.
Oh moon god, our enemy is strong,
Give us strength to quell the wrong,
For we are few, but we have might,
Oh moon god, send us your light tonight.

—Evelyn Saari, '37.

AN INDIAN WAR DANCE

The soft pad-pad of moccasined feet on the sod,

In mysterious supplication to the great War-God

Resounds through the valley now shadowed with night,

Lighted only by the campfire's eerie light.

Faster and faster the warriors dance round,

Now shouting to heaven, now heads near the ground.

The drummer's tempo grows more rapid and fierce,

As each soul-stirring cry the night air does pierce.

—Helmi S. Tikkanen, '37.

JUST BEFORE MORNING

Jennison was bored. He regarded with weary hatred the job he had left behind, the car he was driving, and the destination that lay ahead of him. The sultry day pressed down upon him, and the gravel road, peculiarly luminous under a leaden sky, reminded him of those unhealthy, phosphorescent things you find in swamps.

He cursed the doctor who had sent him away "because you need a complete change and something new to think about"; he cursed the radio which was giving forth that ear-splitting static that means lightning; and he gave particularly profane attention to

the straggling village into which he was

just coming.

It was not all the sort of place to cheer one up. There was that first house on the left. It must have been rather good once; but the white paint was almost completely worn away, bricks from the chimney littered the roof, and the windows had that death-like stare that only the windows of a deserted house can give. Behind a picketless fence, flowers and weeds grew in shamless disorder.

Jennison remembered that he needed cigarettes. There must be a store

somewhere. There was.

The proprietor was a lean, cheerful, little old man, avid for company. He looked over his glasses at his customer and detained him by the simple expedient of not giving back his change.

"Touring, I suppose," he ventured. "Going to my camp in Northern Vermont," replied Jennison, somewhat avid for company, too.

"Vacation!"

"Well, an enforced one."

"You been sick!"

"No, merely tired, I guess. You know," Jennison paused to light a cigarette, "Im just about bored to death with this trip."

"Well, now, that's real too bad," sympathized the proprietor, absently inspecting the change in his hand but

not parting with it.

Jennison spoke about the house he had seen on the way in. The pro-

prietor, who had indentified himself as Mr. Bearce, brightened perceptibly.

'That's a real interesting house. It's

haunted.'

Jennison laughed. "All my life, I've

wanted to see a haunted house."

Mr. Bearce looked reprovingly over his glasses. "Won't nobody live in this one," he said solemnly, "It's the old Sumner place. Real sightly it was, too, when the Sumners lived in it. since the . . . since Mis' Abbie was taken away, people say there's noises in it you can't explain. Different ones rented it, but nobody stayed any length of time. One family left in the middle of the night with the womenfolks avelling for all they was worth."

"Well, well," smiled Jennison, "What did they see?"

"Oh, they didn't see nothing, "Mr. Bearce explained, "They heard it, ... heard somebody walking and walking and walking in the front upstairs room, just as plain; and that room's never been unlocked since Mis' Abbie went away."

'You mean she died?"

"Oh, no. Poor thing, been a lot better if she had. It was her husband that died and she went out of her mind and her brother locked up that roomforever, he said—and went away. He pays regular for Mis' Abbie at the asylum. Comes to see her regular, too, and has the family lot in the cemetery fixed up, where Loren Beal's grave is. Abbie is Mis' Loren Beal, or was, I mean. She's never spoke one word since the day of his funeral. Poor thing, she was a real nice girl."

Mr. Bearce sighed and handed Jennison his change as though there were no more to tell. But his customer

was curious.

"Was there anything wrong about

her husband's death?" he asked.

"Well, yes, there was, ... something," admitted the storekeeper. "Likely as not, though, you're in a hurry," he looked wistful, "and it's kind of a long story.'

So Jennison sat on a nail-keg, and Mr. Bearce upon an orange crate.

"This Abbie Sumner," he began,

"and her brother Wendell were the last of the family. They lived pretty well off in the old home, had plenty of money and all that, and Wendell had quite a law practice. Real smart fella, he was, and is, for that matter. He was about thirty and Abbie a year or so younger when this Loren Beal come to town. Didn't nobody seem to know much about him except that he seemed to have money; but he was a pleasant, good-living, handsome chap. One way or another, he got to know Abbie, and in spite of all Wendell could do to prevent it, he married her.

'Well, in time Wendell got over his grudge. Loren was one of them people nobody can stay mad at for long and he was a real good husband to Abbie. They all got along fine there for about

five years.

"Then, one day this Loren got a letter that upset him something awful. He never did tell what was in it. He told Abbie he was called away to Idaho or New Mexico or some such outlandish place and might be gone quite a while. Whatever explanation he made, it seemed to satisfy even Wendell. And Loren went away. Abbie used to write to him in care of somebody or other; and he wrote back cheerful letters about what he was doing and when he would be back.

"Then came word he was dead! Yes, sir, dead. Seems he got one of them terrible things like typhus, and it was contagious, and so they sent his body home in a sealed coffin with strict

orders not to open it.

"Poor Mis' Abbie, it just about killed her; and Wendell took it kind of hard, too, but in a different way. Around here, they thought he suspicioned some one had not told the truth about how Loren died.

"Well, anyway, Mis' Abbie made them take the coffin up to the little upstairs setting room that had been hers

and Loren's."

Mr. Bearce paused a moment, lost in

thought.

"That night, long after Abbie had gone upstairs, Wendell was down in the parlor talking to the minister and Mr. Atkins, the undertaker, who had come

in to stay with him a while.

'All at once, they heard Mis' Abbie scream,—an awful scream, Mr. Atkins said it was. They all run upstains. Wendell was the first one into the little setting room, and the first thing he done was to close the coffin lid that Mis' Abbie had broke open. Then he picked up his sister who was lying on the floor as if she was dead. The other two men said the look on his face was the most terrible look they'd ever seen in their lives. Poor Loren must have died an awful death. But nobody ever knew. You see, the minister and Mr. Atkins, they was real honorable men; and they repaired the seal that Mis' Abbie had broke without ever opening the cofin again."

Mr. Bearce shook his head sadly.

"Mis' Abbie never spoke one word from that day to this. She just sets quiet, looking down at her hands or at the floor. I suppose when she thought about Loren suffering and dying alone, away from here, . . . well, I suppose in a way, she died, too.

They both sat smoking for a few

minutes in silence.

Jennison awakening from an uncomfortable nap in the car, turned on the dash light to look at his watch. Two o'clock.

The long-threatening thunder rolled and rumbled in black sky over which reflected lightning played. The dim occasional flashes illuminated the front of the old Sumner place across the

road.

He pulled his raincoat out from behind the seat and put it on, picked up his flashlight, and in a moment was fitting into the rusty lock of the Sumner house the key that Mr. Bearce

had given him.

This, he told himself, was all nonsense; and as he told himself this a chill travelled from his neck to his feet and back again. His heart was pounding so loudly that he almost expected it to echo in the cobweb-hung darkness of the empty hall.

Then he and his heart stood perfectly still.

Somewhere above him, some one was walking! Some one was pacing back and forth, back and forth, tirelessly without pausing. There was no mistake about it, either. It was the familiar

monotonous sound of feet.

It seemed unbelievable to Jennison that such a commonplace sound could become so horrible. He stood for an instant with his hand on the railing and wished himself anywhere on earth but where he was. Unfortunately he was a man of his word. He had told Bearce he would open the locked room. He also had said that the Sumner tenants were imaginative fools. So he went firmly up the stairs.

The feet never stopped. steadily they walked. Even as Jennison turned his flashlight on the closed door to find the lock, even as his hand seized the knob and opened the door, the feet went on and on. He snapped off the flashlight as he went in; he did not

know why.

The thunder crashed near at hand now, and the plae violet lightning made

a weird daylight in the room.

One flash showed Jennison the shadowy figure of a man who was pacing the floor. It was certainly the figure of a man. For a moment he thought that Bearce might have tricked him, but he could not doubt the genuineness of the old man's belief in the legend. No, it was not Bearce. Perhaps the brother Wendell had devised a hoax to keep the house vacant. Jennison stepped a little way into the room.

The lightning flared again, and Jennison's horror-stricken eyes saw for the first time that the restless feet... were leaving no imprint in the thick

white dust.

Jennison stepped back to the threshhold, instinctively shrinking away from the figure. Just then, amid the deafening cries of thunder, a wavering white blaze of light fell upon a face that he would never forget. It was a swollen, tortured, disfigured face; the throat was ridged and blackened and twisted; and beneath the ear was a great ugly bruise. It was the face of a man who had been hanged.

Jennison could never remember clearly how he got down the stairs and out of doors. He had a vague recollection of dropping the keys somewhere along the way, and of lifting his face to the pleasant reality of the drenching rain.

Nothing in the world had ever looked so beautiful to him as the solid gleaming metal of the car; nothing had ever sounded so beautiful as the loud, cheer-

ful roar of the motor.

As he raced down the shining wet road, he turned his bewildered mind upon his experience. He would never know just what to make of it. haps he had not completely awakened from his nap in the car when he went into the house. Perhaps the figure had only been the shadow of a tree. But the sound of feet? The terrible face? Were they only nerves and imagination and his own theory as to Loren Beal's death? It was not the sort of thing you could discuss with anyone. Nothing would be gained by discussing it. Nothing he could do would restore the dead to life or bring back Mis' Abbie's reason. Perhaps she had unwittingly married a murderer. What did it matter now?

The storm had died away. Along the eastern rim of the sky, a narrow streak of light gradually widened. It was dawn, it was another day, it was, Jennison had suddenly discovered, the swellest thing in the world.

THOUGHTS OF A GRADUATE

On a certain evening in June of this year, more than one hundred pupils of the senior class of Maynard High School will file slowly across the platform of the auditorium to receive their diplomas.

I wonder what their feelings, as well as my own, will be. Will they be mingled with joy, sorrow, or possibly indifference? When the members of my class look back on the four years spent together in this one school, will they think of the fun, the homework, or perhaps the days they "skipped school"?

Now the senior class is no longer made up of schoolgirls and schoolboys. It is composed of men and women, ready to conquer the world; but they must conquer it alone. Now they can't run and drop wor, as they would a subject, just because they don't like it or because they dislike the boss.

How many will be glad that they attended to their work—did all the unpleasant tasks—and how many will

wish that they had one so?

The teachers' words have been, "Enjoy yourself, but don't let up on your work." That is sound adfice, and if you have followed it, your high school days will be pleasant memories, but they will also have been worthwhile.

—Ruth McKenna, '36.

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Have you ever wandered aimlessly along Scollay Square on a Saturday afternoon with nothing in sight for amusement? Then stopping by the gaudy entrance of a theater, you see on the billboard a "First run picture, serial, and news—only ten cents"? If you have ever faced this situation before you have no doubt at least once made the same mistake that I did—that is, to walk in!

After donating one dime for the maintainance of the theater, and climbing two flights of stairs which lead to the second balcony, I found myself in a "he-man nursery." I say "nursery", because the ages ranged from two to twelve years, and "he-man", since on each face was a determined look which said loudly, "Wanna fight?" No sooner had I found a seat than out went the lights and in came my trouble.

After the news, which was about ten months old, a terrific roar of glee came from the balcony—for on the screen was the last episode of the serial "Two-Fisted Harry". The picture opened with Pancho, the villain, casting Lucy, who is bound hand and foot, adrift in a boat headed toward Death Falls. Nearby on a high rock Two-Fisted Harry, bleeding from a bullet of Pancho's gun

sees the peril of his beloved one (no, not Pancho), and he dives into the raging waters to save her (cheers from the audience). As Harry (cheers) draws near to the death-approaching boat (gasps), Lucy (sighs) warns Two-Fisted Harry (hurrahs) that Pancho (boos) is going to shoot at him from the shore (boos and razzberries). Our hero dove under water just as six bullets whiz over his head, and Pancho, with no bullets left flees.

At this point a small lad behind me became so excited that he shouted to the fleeing Pancho, "Run, you mug!" And for the climax he struck me behind the ear. I merely stood up to protect myself when those ever too familiar words "sit down" echoed through the theater, and I consented to their "request."

Now to go on with the picture. To the relief of the audience, the hero snatches his sweetheart from the boat about two inches from Death Falls, and despite his wound Harry has rescued the fair lady.

But there is no time for Harry to lose. With a hasty goodby to Lucy he mounts his horse, and to the furious music of the vitaphone, and the rapid pulse beat of the audience, he gallops over hill and dale to catch Pancho. Is he successful? He not only catches Pancho but brings the villain to the sheriff, where our hero collects \$1,000 for the capture of the desperado. Then what does he do? You can't guess? Why, he marries Lucy!

To see a feature of "the real West" after that serial was beyond me. I was trudging wearily down the steps, when one happy seven-year-old boy said to me, "That was swell, huh?" Not wishing any more quarrels I nodded, and he then asked, "Are you coming next week?"

"Why," I asked, "what's playing?"

"What's playing?" he repeated in astonishment, his eyes popping from his head, "What's playing! It's the new serial, "One-Shot George."

—William Glickman, '36.

FINLANDIA

I can see that harbor far away As I gaze across the ocean grand, And my thoughts go forward to the day When I will visit my father's land.

That land that is known for its thoussand lakes,

I have sailed to many a time in my dreams,

But soon I hope to open dream gates, And set sail for that land of silvery streams.

—Dorothy Simila, '37.

MY SHIP

My thoughts are like a ship That carries me to sea And takes me to the place Where I would like to be.

I travel to the mystic Orient, To northern ports so cold, Along the gay Riviera, And to Egypt, oh, so old.

I have a port for every mood
In both the East and West,
But the home port, the true port,
Is the one that I like best.
—Helmi S. Tikkanen, '37.

TRAVELLING—AS I LIKE IT

To those poor unfortunates who reside in hot, crowded tenement districts, probably traveling in any form is a real pleasure; but to us who live in the country, where it is not in the least uncommon to travel about, it is merely a pastime unless we are fortunate enough to be able to do it as we like.

If I had the opportunity to take a trip under circumstances which appealed to me most, I would travel in this manner: I should choose to go by automobile and take with me on my trip a girl friend as the only occupant of the car besides myself. I should like to have a small Plymouth roadster, black with red wheels, as the car to transport me. The friend who accompanied me

would be one whom I had known for a long time, whose ways and likes and dislikes were very familiar to me and similar to my own. I should prefer that she be not too much on the "talkative side," for there is nothing more boring than a person who babbles incessantly about nothing, especially en route. I should want to know her well enough so that I could feel that I was not being rude if I did not keep up a steady flow of conversation; and, at the same time, I would like her to feel thoroughly at ease with me and be free to do and say what she pleased.

I would want my girl friend to be the kind who could adapt herself to any situation; that is, if we were forced to stop at a farmhouse, when a good hotel would have been more to her liking, I would want her to accept the situation gracefully, and not keep both of us up all night complaining about the hard bed and the stuffy atmosphere. Traveling is very often "roughing it" and I should want my friend to be able to do

this uncomplainingly.

Lastly, if I could travel as I really would like it, I should wish to drive the car the entire journey. If my girl companion had a license, plus a keen urge to propel the vehicle, I should most certainly allow her to do this; but I must admit it would be with the greatest distress and mental sufferings. When a person is beside the driver, rather than in the driver's seat, there is ample time and thought for criticizing and reviewing the deficiencies of one who is probably a better driver than you are or ever will be.

Such are my views on "Traveling—As I like It." If you think I ask too much, keep in mind that this dream will probably never be fulfilled and one might just as well ask for a lot, when he is quite sure of getting nothing.

—Barbara Jordan, '36.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Bang! goes the gong of Major Bowes. The aim of this program is to procure Work for the striving amateur, Bringing to the eyes of all the world The genius of American boys and girls. May those who employ him never shirk To let him continue his noble work, And in the future, with prideful tone, We'll be able to say to babes of our own, When we repeat lurid tales of famous heroes,

That we lived in the Age of Major Bowes!

—William Murphy, '38.

HOW TO BE A BORE

To me, the most unwelcome person at any social gathering is a bore. He is as welcome as a coffee drinker at an afternoon tea. A bore, generally speaking, is a person continually making himself conspicuous. Although detestable individuals they are found in great numbers in all branches of society.

There are many different kinds of bores as there are different kinds of everything. First is the Stale Joke Teller, probably the most common of all bores. Number two is the Hobby Bore. This type insists on talking incessantly on his hobby, which in most cases does not interest the listener in the least. Then there is the Sportsman Bore, much like number two, the fellow who taks and talks of the fish or game which he caught or which got away, as the case may be. And we can not forget number four the Operation This type is quite popular, or rather I should say unpopular, among women in society. A woman has a slight operation and from the way she talks about it for months afterwards. you would think she had appendicitis, gall stones, and concussion of the brain all rolled into one. And of course there is number five, the After-Vacation Bore, the friend who drops in, having just returned from his vacation, and insists on giving you a detailed descrip-tion of the sights.

If you really want to bore someone to death—for instance, your wife's family who are making a short visit which might last a couple of years, or some friends who insist on dropping in before supper and stay for breakfast—I would suggest a combination of two of the above types. For example combine number one, the Stale Joke Bore and number three, the Sportsman Bore. In between the lies about the size of the fish, you can slip a few of Joe Miller's favorites. In the case of a mother-in-law who can out-talk you, as is usually the case, so that you can not get a word in edgewise, I would suggest the use of dynamite, or just grin and bear it.

—William Higgins, '37.

MAY

What month among the ten and two Do you my friend, prefer?
May is the month, I'd answer you,
My favorite month—yes, sir!

Then winter's exit is complete, Summer will soon enter, And Spring is leaping high to greet Reawakened Nature.

The soothing warmth, the fragrant flowers,
The long day's cheerful sun
Encircle May's delightful hours
Envigor every one.

But most of all, it's set apart In honor, love to Mother, Which makes it dearer to the heart Far more than any other.

Mother, pure love, precious themes That flowers sweet portray, A tribute that all Nature deems Belongs alone to May.

-Katherine Sheridan, '38.

SPRING

Queen of the seasons to me is spring, When buds begin to open, and everything

Takes on added life and starts to bloom In defiance of winter's icy gloom. The violet shyly lifts her head high, To gaze serenely at the bright azure sky.

A herald of summer, she is welcomed by all

As a symbol of freedom from cold winter's pall.

—Helmi S. Tikkanen, '37.

THE MOVIE VERSION OF MacBETH

Cast of Characters

Macbeth	Ronald Colman
	Katherine Hepburn
	Gary Cooper
	.Constance Bennett
Banquo	Franchot Tone
Duncan	Sir Guy Standing
Malcolm	Richard Cromwell
Witches First	
Third	

Drunken Porter...Charles Butterworth

Since the first shots of the screen version of Macbeth, that great Shakespearean tragedy, are to be made in a few weeks, I have succeeded in leasing a large section of the Paramount lot in Hollywood, California. I have borrowed the above stars from other movie companies, and I am about ready to begin. I have already sent a group of cameramen to Scotland to take pictures of scenery and old castles, from which will be selected the most suitable settings for use in the picture. For the indoor scenes, work has already begun on an elaborate Scottish castle which is to be an exact replica of one photographed by my men in Scotland. Right now I have a staff of fifty men and women who specialize in costuming, rummaging in museums and making drawings of armor, weapons, and all articles of clothing worn by the people of Macbeth's time.

Although I have not yet selected the characters to portray the three witches, I propose to open an extensive "Search for Ugliness" contest which will surely uncover some very interesting per-

sonalities, as well as being a very good publicity stunt to establish an interest in my picture. Until I have chosen the witches, I shall work around them, a proceedure which can be carried out

with very little difficulty.

The scene in which Macbeth sees a knife in the air had me puzzled for a while. I finally came to the conclusion that the only way to do it is to have the dagger suspended by thread, and play on it a weird green or red light ,which ought to be effective against the inky blackness of the background.

By making a double exposure, I shall be able to show Banquo's ghost walking into the dining hall. The double-exposure trick will make him look transparent. Although this scene has been done on the stage with no ghost at all, I think it will be more realistic if it is played in the way outlined above.

The apparitions seen by Macbeth in the witches' cave can be produced easily. As they appear against a black background, I shall have a green or red light played on their heads, with the rest of the body concealed.

So far as the actors are concerned, one never knows until production is started whether they are entirely suitable or not. It may be that they lack certain traits necessary to a correct portrayal of their respective parts, and if it becomes necessary to change them, I shall do so without hesitation.

As for the financial side of the undertaking, I am being backed by seven influential and very well-to-do gentlemen who would rather not have their names made public but who fully realize the wonderful opportunity for increasing their fortunes, an opportunity which is present in such an investment as this colossal production as "Macbeth" is bound to be.

-William Brindley, '36.



CLASS OF 1936



Johanna Aho

"Faithful, gentle, good, Wearing the rose of womanhood."

Play Competition (1); Field Hockey (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4); Class Ring Committee (3).

Captain Jo Will never miss a show. When it comes to a hockey game Captain Jo is never tame.



Adele Allbee

"Her smile was so friendly."

Although Adele has been with us for only a short time, she has made a great many friends because of her fine personality. We wish she had come to Maynard sooner.



Gladys Anderson

"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."

Gladys always has a smile on her face. Don't lose your sense of humor, "Gladie."



Mary Asciukiewicz

"Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you."

Mary doesn't make much noise in school, but we have a deep inclination to believe that she really can "let herself go" when the occasion arises. Upon graduation we sincerely hope Mary will not take up residence in either Waltham or Acton! (Ask her why).



Walter Askirka

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to soverign power."

"Wally" is certainly an example of a gentleman. He always has a kind word for and about every one. Walter's smile is very contagious, and you can't help smiling back.



Louis Bachrach

"He gave the people of his best."

Class President (3) (4); "Screech Owl" (2) (3) (4); Editor (4); Student Council (3) (4); "The Arrival of Kitty" (4); "The Hoodoo" (4); French Play (4); Reception Committee (4); Ring Committee (3); Prom Committee (4); Football (2); Track (1).

Backy's has been a strenuous high school career. His activities have taken so much space we can't say much, but then, "Actions speak louder than words".



Flora Barilone

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

Flora is a very studious girl and a fine person to know. I hear she has some interests in Orange. Why not let us in on it?



Paul Batulin

"To light with a lamp the way."

After working seven years for the People's Theater, we think Paul should get a diploma and graduate to Hollywood. Big, strong, and even husky enough to hold a flashlight for you, he's glad when you patronize the object of his affections.



Edward Bobik

"Smooth run the waters where the brook is deep."

We think that we have almost analyzed Eddie and then we hear something to upset our conclusions. These silent men keep us guessing. Why not tell us more, Eddie?



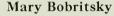
Sophie Bobka

"So buxom, blithe, and full of face, As Heaven had lent all His grace."

Junior Prom Committee (3); Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4); Social Committee (3) (4).

Sophie is one of the best dressed girls of the class and very popular too, with a grand personality. Some employer is going to be lucky!





"Of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, And a most noble carriage."

"Breezin' Along" (1).

A real "Dark Eyes" of the class is Mary and a very good natured girl at that. She is well liked by all her class mates and we wish her the best of luck.



William Brindley

"Still Waters Run Deep."

Screech Owl (3) (4); Class Treasurer (3) (4); Picture Committee (4); Speaker, Graduation Night.

Bill is able to adapt himself to any and all conditions. He is usually quiet and observing, but everyone in our class knows what a fine sense of humor and pleasing personality he possesses.



Olga Bukacz

"Make thy presence known."

A shy little girl is Olga—but she has her moments. She enjoys a good laugh and is a very pleasant lady at all times.



Edward Carbary

"Were it not a pleasant thing To fall asleep with all one's friends."

"Eddie", rather a dreamy lad, is noted for his position as usher at Maynard's theatre. What will it be, Eddie, Carbary's Electrical Co., or Hollywood?



Margaret Castelline

"Fortune and Victory sit on thy helm."

Ring Committee (3); "Stage Breaks" (3); "The Arrival of Kitty" (4); "The Hoodoo" (4); "Screech Owl" (4); Screech Owl Dance Committee (4); Graduation Night Speaker (4).

"Margie" has been of valuable assistance to the class, a willing and efficient worker, gladly helping out whereever she could. She is destined to attain the highest of her expectations.



Mary Chodynicky

"Mayest thou prove prosperous We wish you happiness."

Field Hockey (1) (2) (3); Basketball (1).

"Chody" just loves to sing. May she be another Lily Pons! But what does she like about skating by moonlight?



Annie Colombo

"Who pleasure gives, shall joy receive."

Class Play (1); Freshman-Sophomore Play.

Annie is noted for her frankness and generosity. We are often amused by her clever witticisms and her stories of "Sunny Italy".



Charles Colombo

"Not afraid of work, but not in sympathy with it."

Track (2) (3) (4).

Charlie is one of the few veteran track men this year. His continual successes on the team have made him a much relied upon point-getter. Success, Charlie, and someday perhaps we will see you winning that well known marathon.



Marie Columbo

"Heaven will protect the working girl."

Whenever you enter "Izzie's," that fashionable little shop on Main St., you are greeted by a cheery smile from Marie, the little salesgirl. It is rumored that Hudson holds great interest for Marie. Come on, now, Marie, 'fess up.



Lois Cooper

"Life is too short for melancholy."

Lois is very fun-loving and mischievous, but she is also very capable. She is especially skilled in knitting, crocheting, and doing balance sheets. She entered Maynard High as a Sophomore, and since then has made innumerable friends. A certain commercial Senior boy's humor is at its best when Lois is present.



Norman Crotty

"A good student and a commercial shark, In life we hope he'll reach his mark."

"Normy" is an ambitious and a very clever lad who will be a success in anything he may undertake. Good luck, "Normy."



Irene Crowley

"I muse on joy that will not cease."

Irene is the little "honey" of the class. Barely five feet tall, she possesses enough cheer and jollity to spread sunshine throughout the Commercial Department. Irene works at the candy counter down at Newberry's. Maybe that accounts for her being so sweet.



Raymond Crowley

"Quiet and calm, without a fear."

Although we do not hear much about Raymond, we are sure that he must be noisy sometimes because of the instrument he plays. Who knows, some day he may be a great "Drummer man in the band."



Constance Dawson

"Mischief dances in her eyes, And smiles upon her lips."

Hockey (1); Student Council (3) (4); Timekeeper for Hockey (4); Usher at "The Arrival of Kitty" (4); "The Hoodoo" (4).

Here's to Connie—whether in school or out, she is sparkling, gay and witty. The joy of the faculty, she had her "brightest" moments in the chemistry class.



Elfrieda Dittrich

"Success comes to those who strive for it."

Secreth Owl (4); Class Secretary (1) (2); Speaker, Graduation Night, First Honors.

"Frieda's" affability, efficiency, and precision spell "Success". Rare is the moment she is unoccupied with her studies. Keep smiling, Frieda.











Irene Dudzinski

The hand that hath made you fair hath also made you good."
"Screech Owl" (4); Vice-President of Class (1) (2) (3) (4);
Student Council (1) (2); Hockey (1) (2); "The Arrival of Kitty"; Freshman and Sophomore plays; Teachers' Club Play (3); "Stage Breaks" (3).

Irene is quiet, doesn't say too much, but means a lot. She possesses a charming personality and a jolly smile. She is bound to find much happiness.

Richard Elson

"That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."
"Screech Owl" (4); Student Council (4); "The Arrival of
Kitty" (4); "The Hoodoo" (4); Picture Committee (4);
Banquet Committee (4); Track (1) (2) (3) (4); Class
Night Speaker (4).

I wonder if there is anyone in our class who doesn't know "Dick" or like him, for that matter. His cheerful grin, witty remarks, keen sense of humor, and especially his portrayals of "Little Hemecus" and "Big Sam" in our class plays have made him one of the "highlights" of our class.

Gaetano Ferrera

"I profess not talking; only this, Let each man do his best."

Track (4).

Gaetano is the quiet member of the class. We tried and tried, but could find nothing sensational about him! Perhaps we don't really know him. How's about it, Gaetano??

Eleanor Flaherty

"If there is a virtue at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness."

Hockey (2) (3) (4); Screech Owl (3) (4); "The Hoodoo" (4); French Play (4); Basketball (3); Senior Dance Committee (4); Senior Banquet Committee (4); Class Night Speaker (4).

Eleanor's popularity is well evidenced by her selection to serve on various committees throughout her high school career. Best wishes, Eleanor, during your college days.

Varnum Fletcher

"What I am to be, I am now becoming."

"Dizzy" is one of the members of the class about whom we know very little, but there are a few dark secrets in his life—Come on, let us in on them.



Alvin Fraser

"His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts were roots that firmly gript the granite truth."

Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4); Football (3) (4); Captain (4); Inter-class Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4); Class President (1) (2); Student Council (1) (2); Junior Prom Committee (3); Senior Private Dance Committee (4); Senior Banquet Committee (4); Picture Committee (4); "The Hoodoo" (4); "The Arrival of Kitty" (4): Screech Ow!" (4): Class Night

Speaker.
Just look at those activities—need we say more?



Peter Gilleney

"Has thou ever worked for the Love of Work alone?"

Track (1) (2) (3) (4); Football (3) (4); Inter-class Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4); Student Council (4); Reception Committee (4); Class Treasurer (1) (2).

Although "Pete" and work do not get along very well, "Pete" and other things (??) do. Best wishes, Pete, to you and your conquests.



William Glickman

"Moderate, resolute, Whole in himself, a common good."

Tennis (1) (2); "Breezing Along" (1); "Screech Owl" (3) (4). William, although small, is a very clever and diligent student and a fine boy. This only proves the saying "Good things come in small packages." No doubt William will continue the good work in whatever he may do.



Taido Grecula

"So many worlds, so much ado, So little done, such things to do."

Little is known about Taido's private life, but we presume that it is connected with that of a petite blonde Senior.

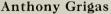


Teuvo Grecula

"To me is given so much hope I know not fear."

Teuvo is the smaller of that famous team of cut-ups knows as the Grecula Bros. Teuvo seems rather bashful and inconspicuous among the seniors, but when around certain freshmen, or perhaps a certain freshman, matters are quite different.





"Quietness is the finest armour a man can wear."

Track (4).

Chief attraction in the "Tale of Two Cities"; short, attractive, and always on the run. You will always find Tony in the first seat at the Metropolitan or RKO theaters in Boston.



Bennie Hakala

"One of our most valorous, noblest, Sanest and most obedient."

Football (3) (4); Student Council (2) (4); Baseball (3) (4); Inter-class Basketball (4); "The Arrival of Kitty" (4);

"The Hoodoo" (4).

Bennie is famous for his fine performances in the two "hits" of this year on the school stage. He's the sort of a fellow anyone would like for a friend. Bennie always has a friendly smile for all and he's a great asset to the school because of his diligent work in keeping the building neat Good luck, Bennie.



Barbara Hamlin

"Full of courtesy, full of poise."

French Play (3) (4); Hockey (2).

"Bobbe" is our very popular "Sophisticated Lady." She has a fine personality and is well-liked, "Bobbe" has definite ideas of becoming a Medical Secretary, and we know she'll always get what she really wants.



George Hekkala

"What is he? I do not mean the force alone— The grace and versatility of the man!"

George is one of the silent he-man type. He frequently changes his residence, and his secret ambition is one day to move his household goods to Lanesville.



Vilja Helenius

"A life that moves to gracious ends Thro' troops of unrecorded friends."

Vilja is one of the more quiet members of the class. She is liked by everyone and will always be remembered for her friendly smile.



Elias Hiltunen

"A man convinced against his will, Is of the same opinion still."

Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4); Track (1) (2) (3) (4); Manager, Mandolin Club (4).

Has anyone ever seen Elias "off guard" when he was not engaged in talking about either of his two favorite subjects . . C or S ? You should be a lawyer, Elias.



Paul Hogman

"Well done is better than well said."

Student Council (2).

Paul's ambition is to be a farmer. But it's supposed to be a secret. We know he will be successful.



Aaro Hyden

"He bore without abuse The grand old name of gentleman."

There is wisdom in Silence. Bashful, silent, smart, what more? Indescribable Hyden. So now we let it rest—merely saying that he ranks with the best.



Victoria Jakusik

"Industry need not wish."

Student Council (2) (4); Secretary (4); Field Hockey (1); (2) (3) (4); "The Arrival of Kitty" (4); "The Hoodoo" (4). "Vicky" is a true student, a good athlete, and a kind friend. "Vicky's" fondest ambitions are to become a bookkeeper and to coach hockey. Here's to her success.



Helen Jokela

"Such fine reserve, and noble reticence Manners so kind, yet stately."

When you become acquainted with Helen, you discover that she possesses a fine sense of humor. Also, although very few know it, she is a very fine artist. Paint my picture. Helen?







Barbara Jordan

"She is pretty to walk with, And witty to talk with, And pleasant, too, to think on."

Freshman Play (1); Tennis (1) (2) (3); "Screech Owl" (2) (3) (4); Ass't. Editor (4); Inter-class Basketball (2); Teachers' Club Play (3); Screech Owl Private Dance Committee (3) (4); Prom Decoration Committee (3); "The Arrival of Kitty" (4); "The Hoodoo" (4); Senior Play Committee (4); Speaker, Graduation (4).

A true representative of her class, Barbara loves to go places and do things, but she is never too busy to lend a helping hand or pass on a cheery word.

Harry Kadis

"Let his great example stand Colossal, seen of every land."

Football (3) (4); Baseball (3) (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3)

Harry has made many friends in high school. His excellent work on the football and baseball teams have branded him as an athlete of the highest calibre. Harry has a nickname but he has reserved this for his more intimate friends. Perhaps if you question him about life with the Zulus he will divulge it.

Thelma Karhumaa

"With her eyes in floods with laughter."

Competition Play (1).

A bewitching smile such as Thelma's radiates the whole room. Lots of luck to you, Thelma.



Nicholas Kavalchuck

"A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest men."

"Nick" is the fair-haired usher in a local theatre. His pleasing disposition and continual good nature have gained for him the affection of all his classmates. Just be yourself, Nick, and success will not fail you.



Fred Keegan

"He taketh most delight in music."

Student Council (1) (3); Social Committee (3); Ring Committee (3).

Fred was never one to "beat around the bush" concerning orchestras—he knows them all! Between his burdensome duties in the "A & P", the Commercial Department, and the dance orchestras, "Keeg" manages to enjoy life.



Mary Kizik

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divenly fair."

You ought to be in pictures. Every night while selling tickets Mary has the dreamiest ideas of becoming Clark Gable's "only". Her business training has helped her win success—but not with Clark.



Charles Kulevich

"We will make us merry as we may."

"The Arrival of Kitty"; "Hoodoo".

"Charlie" is the "jolly" boy of the Senior Class. He has been endowed with unlimited popularity, due to his fine performances before the footlights. If one discerns a crowd of pretty girls, one can be sure "Charlie" is in their midst. An added attraction is that, believe it or not, Charlie can produce blushes and is severly afflicted with them in the Commercial Room.



Sophie Kulik

"Diligence is the mother of good luck."

Basketball (1) (2); Picture Committee (4).

Sophie is one of the most ambitious members of the Senior class. She is popular, has scores of friends, and a quiet personality. These characteristics ought to make her a successful secretary.



Mary Kurowski

"She's a most exquisite lady."

Mary is a quiet girl but always willing to help. Keep up the good work, Mary. The class of '36 needs more like you.



Victor Lalli

"He who is a friend always has many friends."
"Vic" is never seen much after school and it doesn't take much to guess the reason for it. A little fatherly advice,

Vic, is never to let her make you wash dishes.











Irene LeMoine

"Knowledge is gold to him who can discern
That he who loves to know, must love to learn."
"Breezin' Along" (1); Class Play (1) (2); "The Arrival of
Kitty" (4); "The Hoodoo" (4); French Play (3) (4);
Hockey (3); Screech Owl (2) (3) (4); Student Council (1);
Teachers' Club Play (3); Screech Owl Private Dance
Committee (3) (4); Graduation Night Speaker (4).
Irene has shown herself to be quite a versatile young
lady during her high school career. Not only has she
pursued her full course of studies, but she has also made a
hit in dramatics. Are you headed for Broadway, Irene?

Felix Lickorai

"Give me again my hollow tree A crust of bread and liberty."

"Fely" has hit the spot with most of the students. His good nature and his sense of humor have made him a most likable fellow. These two qualities can't fail to make later life enjoyable for him and for his associates, in school and out.

William Liverman

"The energy of youth, the power of age."

Football (1) (2) (3) (4); Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4).

"Jake" is one of the finest baseball men Maynard High has ever turned out. Jake claims his success is due to keeping training, and if you don't believe him ask him what time he got in the morning before the Hudson game.

John Loiko

"Gentlemen are born, not made."

Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4).

"Johnny" is a good student, a true gentleman, and a loyal friend; also an artistic and musical soul, with a yen to be of help to everyone.

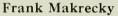
Werner Machold

"Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario?"

Student Council (1) (2).

Werner is another of the institute boys. But he has other diversions than this. He thinks that the view from Hill-side Street is wonderful. Would we be making it too apparent if we mentioned Rita?





"If aught of prophecy be mine, Thou will not live in vain."

Acton's loss was Maynard's gain when Frank decided to give us a break. Good luck, Frank. During his three years here, we've had a chance to find out that "He's a jolly good fellow".



Sylvia Manninen

"Keen intellect, with force and skill To strive, to fashion, to fulfill."

"Breezin' Along" chorus (1); Student Council (1) (2) (3); Class Secretary (3) (4); Hockey (1) (2) (3); Mandolin Club (2); Prom Committee (3); Picture Committee (4); Reception Committee (4); Banquet Committee (4). Quiet, unassuming Sylvia, a friend to all and an asset to

any class.



Fred Manty

"Oh, for boyhood's painless play."

Track Manager (4).

As manager of the track team Fred *must* have learned the fundamentals of running. We wonder if he has ever put them in practice. How about it, Fred?



Angelina Mariano

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Hockey (1) (2) (3) (4); Sophomore Play (2); French Play (3); Usher at the "Hoodoo" (4); Hockey Social Committee (4).

A quiet senior, but one who always has a cheery disposition, especially when we turn to her in the French Class.



William Mark

"The sixth insatiable sense, humor."

Bill is the sort of fellow who has a joke or a pun for every occasion. His wit and jollity make the drab seem pleasant. We wonder if he reserves his best for Oiva's and the physics class. But Bill also has his serious moments. If you don't think so, ask him about his theory on personal magnetism.



Dominic Marrino

"Earth holds no other like to thee."

Football (1) (2) (3) (4); Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4).

A new haircut in the Spring and "Dom" is ready for anything. We wonder what became of his moustache that held the school in spasms. However, Maynard High will not be the same without his merry wisecracks.



Roland Matson

"Let his great example stand Colossal, seen in every land."

"Rollie" is a very cheerful lad always provoking fun, even though he is small. He ran away with the title of class "stooge". One hardly ever sees "Rollie" in a serious mood.



Ruth McKenna

"A good deed is never lost; she who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and she who plants kindness gathers love."

Freshman Play (1); Freshman-Sophomore Entertainment; Hockey (3) (4); "The Hoodoo" (4); Speaker, Graduation Night.

Ruth has added numerous links to her chain of friendship during her Senior year, and although she has shown herself to be a girl of wisdom, she has consistently remained a friend to all.



Benny Mikatajis

"Keep a song in your soul"

Benny is one of the quiet boys in the class, but on Friday and Saturday nights helps keep the town alive by playing in a local orchestra. Stick to it Benny, and someday you'll be with "Hank Keene."



Helen Novicki

"Softly speak and sweetly smile."

"Screech Owl" (4).

Helen derives a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment out of life. Although she is usually very quiet in school, she is pleasant and jolly outside. Incidentally, she is one of our extra speedy and accurate typists.



Annie O'Toole

"Pleasure and action make the hours seem short." Field Hockey (2) (3) (4).

Whether on the hockey field or on the dance floor Ann is perpetual motion. She has a resemblence to an Irish Colleen in manners and appearance; and next fall the boys will be singing, "Annie doesn't live here any more."



Benny Pakuc

"When in doubt, do nothing."

Benny, we hear, is out to get a C. B. W. degree. No, it isn't a college degree, but just a Champion Board Washer's award. There's been no one down in the "lab" yet who has equalled his board washing record.



Irene Peterson

"Yothing so popular as goodness."

Field Hockey (2) (3) (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4).

Irene is rather quiet, but her presence is soon made known on the hockey field and in the gym. Make that goal, Irene!



Joseph Petrowsky

"Thy smile and frown are not aloof From one another."

Basketball (2) (3) (4).

Joe looks like a shy lad, but you should hear him 'at times' in the room. His resounding laugh may be heard from the hall. He's mighty jolly.



John Piecewicz

"Women disturb me not."

Johnny is known as "Eagle-eye" because of his ability to find lost golf balls. We think, Johnny, that if you followed the faculty golfers around, you could make a good week's wages.



Ignatz Pileeki

"The saddest heart might pleasure take To see this nature gay."

Football (1) (2) (3) (4); Inter-class Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4); Ring Committee.

Iggy has led a busy life these last four years. With his school, athletic, and boiler room activities it's no wonder he's always hurrying. But we understand he finds time for an occasional trip to Lowell.



Helen Piuto

"Carefulness is a better guide than speech."

"Screech Owl" (4); Speaker, Class Night.

Helen doesn't waste time with words and is quiet, but by no means inconspicuous. She practices "Accuracy First" and is the "shorthand shark" of the commercial class.



Bernard Priest

"Words are silver, silence is golden."

Bernie is a tall, blond, silent youth, whose diligent work and reserved manner have gained the respect of every Senior. We hear he is interested in a certain clergyman's daughter. We don't blame you, Bernie.



Helen Pyzska

"Look what is best, that best I wish in thee!"

"Breezin' Along (1).

Helen appears to be shy, but we know that she has a great interest in Hudson. Who is he, Helen?



Armas Reini

"A student of stature and of intellect."

Football (1) (2) (3) (4).

Armas is the surprise member of the class. His recent football and basket-ball successes have made all of us stand up and take notice. These surprises, Armas, are happy ones, and we'd like to see more of them in your future life.









Nicholas Rudziak

"Fit as a fiddle, and ready for what?"

"Nicky" hasn't played fiddle for the Czar, but he has entertained us and done much to make life pleasant for us. If a contest were run to catch "Nicky" without a smile, I doubt if any one could claim the prize. Keep smiling, "Nicky."

George Ryan

"Gentlemanliness, being another word for intense humanity."

Track (1) (2) (3) (4); Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4); Student Council (1).

As we look back along the trail of past schooldays, we instinctively think of pleasant acquaintances we've made. In most of our minds "Yutsy" is one of the foremost among these. If the school gives him as much as he has put into it, George will have a head start over the majority of us.

Everett Saari

"A man who blushes is not a brute."

Track (3) (4).

"Etti" is known all over the school as the midget Paavo Nurmi. His curly hair and stubby nose have often made the opposite sex jealous of his solitude. May his swift legs carry him to a swift success in life.

Josephine Scacciotti

"Such eyes! I swear to you, my love, That these have never lost their light!"

The sensational bombshell of dancing rythmn who constantly reminds us of a dark-eyed Spanish "Seniorita" clicking her castinets. Wherever there is a dance you will find Josephine.

Robert Seder

"What takes our heart must merit our esteem." Student Council (1) (2) (3); Interclass Basketball (3) (4); "Screech Owl" (3) (4); Prom Committee (3); Picture Committee (4); Baseball Manager (4); French Play (3) (4); Reception Committee (4).

Bob is one of the most popular and industrious members of our class. Despite class and outside activities, he has devoted much of his time to the welfare of our baseball team. Such effort and industry in after life will certainly bring good results.



Rita Sheridan

"Before he mounts the hill, i know He cometh quickly."

Basketball (1) (2); "Breezing Along" (1).

Rita is one of the many pleasant people who make many of us wish we'd taken the Commercial Course. She radiates sunshine with her ready wit and friendly manner. Why does she always stand outside Room 11 at recess? Is she afraid Spanky will buy some candy and not give her any?



Vera Shimchuck

"So sweet a face In all that land had never been."

Vera, a sweet young lady, is very popular with all her class mates. She is always cheerful, kind and considerate. Keep up the good work.



Stella Siergiei

"Such joy ambition finds."

Basketball (1) (2); Field Hockey (2) (3) (4).

Sparkling with good natured humor and always kidding with the *good looking boys*, Stella has that certain way of luring them into her possession. She also has that stately touch in her hockey playing. Who's that smile for, Stella?



William Smith

Football (1) (2) (3) (4); Baseball (1) (2) (3); Basket-ball (3) (4); Class Play (3); "The Hoodoo" (4).

"The Smith a mighty man was he..." We can see that by "Bud's athletic and scholastic records. Keep up the good work, Bud, we know you'll get ahead.



Julia Soroka

"As full of spirit as the month of May."

We don't hear very much from Julia but we know she's shooting at success. We hope you hit the mark, Julie.



George Swanson

"Aghast I stood, a monument of woe."

Football (2) (3).

"Swannee" isn't sleepy, he's just concentrating. In his spare time, this last year, George has built a house that is a piece of art—modernistic art. George has worked his way into everyone's list of friends with his easy ways. Perhaps we shall hear more of George in the near future.



Sarah Swartz

"No better relation than a prudent and faithful friend." Sarah is very quiet and unpresuming, and is a real friend to all. She could teach many of us the meaning of "Co-operation".



Marion Terrasi

"Calm is the morn without a sound."

Her face is calm and her manners quiet. Marion tries at all times to do her best. Her dignity and efficiency are well known to the students in the commercial department. Good Luck to you, Marion.



Meimi Tervo

"I have heard of the lady, and good words Went with her."

Basketball (2) (3) (4); Hockey (2) (3); Competition Play (1).

Meimi is a fair young lady, but a rather silent one. Her ready smile shows a pleasant personality.



Elizabeth Tobin

"So full of summer warmth, so glad, So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole," (that's Issy)

Hockey (2) (3) (4).

"Issy" appears to be shy, but she really is full of life. She has proved that on the hockey field, and the dance floor. She was one of the main cogs in the hockey team, and is one of the nicest girls in the class.



Anthony Tomyl

"Hard to learn, but well worth while."

Football (1); Manager (4).

Tony is the champion sleep-walker of the class. He illustrated this during the Vermont basket-ball trip, when his wanderings in and out of the rooms, fast asleep, caused quite a disturbance. Well, Tony, we hope your life will be one sweet dream.



Nellie Trebendis

"Thou art fairer than all else that is."

Hockey (1).

Nellie is very demure—in school. She has many friends and scores of them live outside the bounds of this little town.



Reino Tuomanen

"Private, his life, calm, contemplative."

There is no fear that Reino won't bring home the bacon. He has a good job and a very comfortable car. Watch out for those gold diggers. He could be nicknamed Maynard's "Paul Revere", dashing to Concord to warn the girls of his own approach.



Laila Waino

"Good fortune quide thee."

Student Council (1); Inter-class Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4); Hockey.

Laila is a small, sweet, demure young miss of our class. She is quite difficult to know. We do know, however, that she is a fine swimmer and hockey player.



George Waterhouse

"Silence is the virtue of the gods."

George is one of these strong silent men. He weighs his words and speaks decisively when he has made up his mind. With George's ability and determination he'll probably be President some day.



Ralph Whitney

"Good nature is one of the richest fruits of personality."

"Whitty" is the shark of the physics class. His ability to solve nonchalantly the hardest porblems has made his classmates all envious of him. "Whitty" has a secret desire to go to M. I. T., and we wish him all the success in the world.



Helen Wojtkiewicz

"For a light heart lives long."

Student Council (2); Field Hockey (2); "The Hoodoo" (4). Pretty, popular, and with a pleasing personality, Helen also has a fondness for "tripping the light fantastic toe." Through her diligence and perseverance, she has attained high rank as well as the high regard of her classmates.



Helen Wzosek

"The boys would hang about me."

"The Arrival of Kitty"; Hockey (1) (2); Hockey Manager (4); "The Hoodoo" (4).

So Helen has decided to take up nursing! We wonder if one of our Senior boys is going to take up medicine now? Good luck to you, Helen. We know you'll make good.



Stanley Zuirbla

"No speech ever uttered or utterable Is worth comparison with silence."

Inter-mural Basket-ball (4).

We thought "Stan" was a quiet fellow until the night of the banquet; he seemed to be the life of the table there. Perhaps he's been saving his hidden qualities for certain people. Come on "Stan", give your classmates a break.



Mr. Leò F. Mullin

"His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe."

The Senior Class is deeply indebted to Mr. Mullin for all that he has done in its behalf. His able assistance and wise counsel has led us to one of the highest pinnacles ever attained by a Senior Class. His enthusiastic and inspiring leadership during the past two years will long remain one of the crowning features of the Class of '36.

Barbara Jordan, Ruth McKenna, Irene LeMoine, Robert Seder, Ralph Whitney, Richard Elson, Elfrieda Dittrich, Margaret Castelline, Charles Kulevich, and Irene Dudzinski.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS

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SARGENT STUDIOS

INCORPORATED

154 BOYLSTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.



With the closing of the basketball season Reggie Sawyer called out the boys who were interested in playing baseball. Last year's graduation cut deeply into the list of veterans. Experienced players were: Capt. Jake Liverman, third baseman; Marrino, second baseman; Flaherty, first baseman; Fraser, shortstop, and Colombo, an outfielder. Maynard had lost "Hank" Brayden, star catcher for four years, Bob Duggan, and "Touch" Labowicz, outfielders, and Jordan and O'Donnel, star pitchers. This left the team minus a catcher and all of the pitchers. Coach Sawver was at a loss trying to find pitchers, but he finally hit on Lattuca, Flaherty, and Lubin. Louie Colombo stepped into the catcher's box and is doing very well for his first year. For his outfielders Reggie chose Kadis, Bennie Hakala, and "Bull" Creighton. The infield was intact, and our coach did not have to worry about that.

The team at times have played very good baseball and at other times they have played poorly. Ninth-inning games were lost to Clinton and Marlboro, but Maynard won a sixteen-inning game from Milford. If the team breaks even, Coach Sawyer will call it a good season.

Scores of games played are:

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Concord	7	Maynard	4
Winchester	5	Maynard	6
Marlborough	8	Maynard	7
Lexington	9	Maynard	3
Clinton	6	Maynard	5
Belmont	0	Maynard	9
Stoneham	9	Maynard	0
Milford	6	Maynard	7
Reading	8	Maynard	1
Hudson	3	Maynard	4
		•	

The following are the team averages as "Screech Owl" goes to press:

	Games	A. B.	Hits	Runs	Errors	Batr
Fraser	10	48	18	10	4	.391
Flaherty	10	42	13	9	3	.309
Liverman	10	38	13	4	8	.342
Marriano	10	43	13	5	4	.317
Creighton	10	39	11	2	1	.289
Hakala	10	35	10	6	2	.285
Kadis	10	35	8	2	4	.228
Colombo	10	35	7	6	2	.170
Johnson	6	6	1	1	0	.166
Priest	6	14	2	1	0	.142
Lattuca	6	8	1	1	2	.125
Lubin	3	7	0	0	1	.000
Gudzinowic	z 3	7	0	0	2	.000

Pitcher's Record

		Games	
Won	Lost	Pitched	Ave.
2	1	3	.667
2	2	6	.500
0	2	3	.000
0	1	2	.000
0	0	2	.000
0	0	2	.000
0	0	1	.000
	2 2 0 0	$\begin{array}{cccc} 2 & 1 \\ 2 & 2 \\ 0 & 2 \\ 0 & 1 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$

BATS AND BALLS

The first day's fun was spoiled by a casulty that occurred when Frank Downey, star athlete, broke his ankle while sliding into third base. Frank is, of course, out for the rest of the season.

At the first of the season, when Colombo was playing outfield with Kadis and Creighton, every time one of them caught a fly the other two would salute him in the Fascist manner.

The team clown is Dominic Marrino who is always saying and doing things bring a laugh from his team-mates. While playing in Lexington, Holbrock of Lexington ran off first base. Dommy called for the ball and tagged him out. The umpire said that Holbrock was safe. Dommy, in protesting the decision, claimed that "It wasn't the way way we played ball down South"

While playing Belmont here, one of the players protested being called out, claiming that Liverman hadn't touched him. Jake laughed because it was a forced out and of course no tagging was necessary.

The annual Junior Prom Speech, even more eloquent than usual, was delivered by Professor Reginald P. Sawyer the afternoon before the Hudson game.

The happiest man in Maynard on May 9th was the same Professor Sawyer, for his ball team had defeated his home town by the score of four to three, breaking the Prom jinx.

There are still ten more games on the schedule. Here's hoping they are not as tough as the first ten.

TRACK

The track team so far has had a fairly successful season.

Last year's graduation took quite a few of our fleet-footed athletes from the ranks. The Maynard team, however, has made a brave showing:

Scores of meets held so far are: Woburn 44—Maynard 33. Winchester 43—Maynard 33.

Girls' Athletics

BASKETBALL

The biggest upset of the basketball season came when the lowly Sophs benumbed the entire school by winning from the unbeatable Juniors by a one-point margin, the score being 15-16.

The Sophomores did all their scoring in the first half, but the Juniors came up from scratch to make 15 points and were playing as if a hurricane couldn't stop them; but they had held their 'ace in the hole' just a wee bit too long, for the mighty whistle blew and the Sophs won their well deserve numerals.

The Juniors were runners-up in the inter-class competition, with the Freshies trailing far behind. The Seniors also ran.

The highest scorers were:

C. Hoffman	point
A. Rolynowicz 21	- 66
S. Denisewicz	66
L. Wainio	"
H. Sofka16	"
H. Smolsky16	"

EXCHANGES

The "Screech Owl" wishes to acknowledge and thank the following commendable school magazines:

"The Advance"

Salem High School, Salem, Mass.

"The Red and Black"

Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

"High Life"

Littleton High School, Littleton, Mass.

"The Voice"

Concord High School, Concord, Mass.

"The Spotlight"

South Hadley High School, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

"The Hottentot"

Cambridge High School, Cambridge, Md.

"The Oracle"

Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine.



BASEBALL TEAM
First Row—Creighton, Kadis, Marrino, Liverman, Flaherty, Hakala, Fraser.
Second Row—Gudzinowicz, Wojtkiewicz, Columbo, Lubin, Johnson, Priest, Kitowicz.
Back Row—Pronko, R. Sawyer (Coach), Howanski, Haapinen, Smith, Latucca, Seder (Manager).



CLASS NIGHT AND GRADUATION NIGHT SPEAKERS AND RECEPTION COMMITTEE

First Row—Helen Piuto, Irene LeMoine, Sylvia Manninen, Louis Bachrach, Irene Dudzinski, William Brindley, Margaret Castelline.

Second Row—Constance Dawson, Eleanor Flaherty, Barbara Jordan, Ruth McKenna,

Elfrieda Dittrich.

Third Row-Charles Kulevich, Robert Seder, Alvin Fraser, Benny Hakala.

SENIOR CLASS BANQUET



FRENCH PLAYS

On Tuesday evening, April 6, the French Department played host to a large gathering in the school auditorium. Everyone for miles around that could possibly earn, find, or borrow the price of admission (one thin dime, two thicker nickels, ten mediocre pennies, or what have you) was there with bells on at seven o'clock.

As the curtains parted, the audience settled down for the first one-act play, entitled "Ici On Parle Français." was given in English by the following cast of celebrities: William Higgins, Virginia Bourke, Charlotte King, Aili Kajander, Evelyn Sawutz, Robert Lester, and James Sullivan. The boys proved themselves to be real comedians in two or three incidents. Once was when Higgins, the heart-throb-hero, delved into his pocket to get some money to pay Sullivan, and found, to his and the audience's amazement, that he had been robbed (or something). Strange to say, the robbery had not appeared in the script before.

The Senior French Class gave the crowd a treat direct from Paris by first presenting the play "Le Surprise D'Isidore" in the good old continental language, and then rendering the King's English in a translation of it. (No, I didn't get mixed up just then. If you know what Webster meant by "to render", you'll see what I mean.) The would-be Frenchmen were Louis Bachrach, Irene LeMoine, Robert Seder, Eleanor Flaherty, and Barbara Hamlin.

With part of the box-office receipts, the casts of both plays enjoyed an afternoon in Boston, finding flaws in the pronunciation of the actors of "Pecheur D'Islande", a French movie.

"THE HOODOO"

One of the most important activities of the season was the Teachers' Club play "THE HOODOO", presented to earn funds for the Teachers' Club Scholarship. It was given on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, April 16 and 17, in our very own auditorium by a cast of—no less than 22. Can vou imagine twenty-two students plus two coaches comfortably settled in the two little dressing rooms of the hall? That's just what everyone said, but we did it. The cast in the order of their appearance was as follows: Constance Dawson, Irene LeMoine, Eleanor M. Murphy, William Smith, Sophie Denisewicz, Charles Kulevich, Charlotte King, Virginia Bourke Louis Bachrach, Helen Wojtkiewicz, Catherine Hoffman, Ruth McKenna, Bennie Hakala, Richard Elson, Eleanor Flaherty, T. Alvin Fraser, Barbara Jordan, Victoria Jakusik, Joseph Boothroyd, Rita Foley, William Murphy, and Charles Sullivan. Our able coach was Mr. William H. Reynolds, member of our faculty and President of the Teacher's Club. He was assisted by Mr. Leo Mullin, faculty member and exper-ienced thespian in his own right. The huge success of the play was due in

great part to the efforts of these two teachers, together with those of the prompters, Margaret Castelline and Helen Wzosek, stage managers, property manager, refreshment manager, scenic and make-up artists, and ushers.

THE JUNIOR PROM

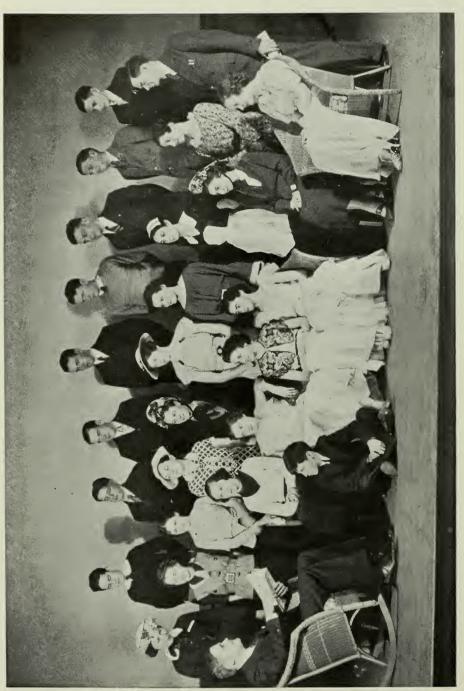
The Jolly Juniors of Maynard High held their Junior Prom in the auditorium on Friday evening, May 8, 1936. Society turned out in throngs for the event, young and old alike. The colorful Grand March was led by Gerald Spratt and Helmi Tikkanen, President and Vice-President of the Class of '37. The dance was a lovely sight, with all the beautiful dresses weaving in and out with the music. Favors and streamers were distributed during the course of the evening, and the crowd made merry. Music was furnished by Dick McGinley's Orchestra, and the patronesses were the class officers' mothers.

SENIOR BANQUET

Beginning on May 8th and extending until 6:00 P. M. on Thursday, May 14, all seniors pledged to go on a hunger strike. Why? Because our banquet

was scheduled for the latter date. I don't know just how many were faithful to that pledge, but the appearance of the tables at 8:00 P. M. seemed to indicate that almost everyone was. After a delicious chicken pie dinner served by Hicks, the caterer, all settled back in their seats to enjoy the after-dinner speeches, or perhaps it was to give them more room. Class President, Louis Bachrach, acted as toastmaster. Among those called on to speak were Mr. King, our Superintendent and Principal, Mr. Mullin, our Class Adviser, Gerald Spratt, President of the Junior Class, Edward Flaherty, Sophomore Class President, Daniel O'Leary, Freshman Class President, Miss Ruth Bradley, Junior Class Adviser, who, in turn, introduced Miss Field, Miss Cassone, and Miss Doyle, who did a little novelty act, and Dick Elson, a member of the Banquet Committee, who read the list of Senior Superlatives. By popular request, Mr. Reynolds was called upon to deliver an impromptu speech. Following the speeches, all left the gym, going into the auditorium (always the auditorium) to dance to the rhythm of Wecky's new orchestra, THE AMBASSADORS.

-Irene LeMoine, '36.



PLAY PICTURE—"THE HOODOO"

Back Row—William Murphy, Benny Hakala, Richard Elson, William Smith, Alvin Fraser, Louis Bachrach, Charles Kulevich, Joseph Boothroyd.

Middle Row—Barbara Jordan, Helen Wzosek, Eleanor Murphy, Ruth McKenna, Victoria Jakusik, Eleanor Flaherty, Sophie Denisewich, Constance Dawson, Margaret Castelline, Leo Mullin (Ass't. Coach)

Front Row—William Hooper Reynolds (Coach), Irene LeMoine, Charlotte King, Catherine Hoffman, Virginia Bourke, Rita Foley, Helen Wojtkiewicz. Seated—Charles Sullivan.



SUPERLATIVE SENIORS

Boy

Best All-Round

Best Dressed
Best Dancer
Best Looking
Best Natured
Actress
Actor
Most Popular
Most Intellectual
Most Artistic
Most Dignified
Most Musical
Most Original
Most Capable
Most Representative
Most Reserved

Most Serious

Most Reliable
Most Cynical
Cleverest
Most Loquacious
Breeziest
Wittiest
Funniest
Done Most for the Class
Most Likely to Succeed
Athlete
Genius
Grind
Stooge

Alvin Fraser

William Brindley Pete Gilleney Louis Bachrach Richard Elson

Richard Elson Alvin Fraser William Brindley John Loika William Brindley John Loika Richard Elson William Brindley Louis Bachrach Bernard Priest

Aaro Hyden

William Brindley Elias Hiltunen Ralph Whitney Richard Elson Charles Kulevich Ralph Whitney Richard Elson Louis Bachrach William Brindley Alvin Fraser William Brindley William Brindley Roland Matson

Girl

Johanna Aho Eleanor Flaherty Sophie Bobka Josephine Scacciotti Helen Wojtkiewicz Eleanor Flaherty Irene LeMoine

Eleanor Flaherty Elfrieda Dittrich Sophie Bobka Barbara Hamlin Sylvia Manninen Constance Dawson Margaret Castelline Eleanor Flaherty Irene Dudzinski Elfrieda Dittrich

Victoria Jakusik
Margaret Castelline
Constance Dawson
Irene LeMoine
Constance Dawson
Rita Sheridan
Constance Dawson
Constance Dawson
Eleanor Flaherty
Elfrieda Dittrich
Johanna Aho
Elfrieda Dittrich
Victoria Jakusik

Wise Old Owl Would Like to Know:

Where Jake, Dommy and Tony went after the Prom.

2. If Haggerty's old flame has died out.

Where Kavalchuck learned the 3. rhumba.

4. If Connie chews gum when she's not talking to keep up the perpetual motion.

If Kadis has connections everywhere.

Whom Glicky and Bachy sent pictures to in Clinton. 6.

If Freddy Manty finally thanked everyone in the Senior class for 7. the banquet.

How Mark would react to some 8. Shakespearean passages.

9. Whom Brindley waits patiently for during his spare hours.

10. Who the real ice-cream king of the banquet was.

If Hector has any fond remembrances of Helen J. 11.

12. Why Pete didn't dance after the banquet.

13. Where D'Agata gets his sex ap-

peal 14. If Creighton saw a circus the night of the Prom, and what kind it was.

15. When some one will stick a pin in Gudzinowicz and deflate him.

16. When Koskinen will get together with the taxi man.

17. Where R. Matson learned the Astaire steps.

18. What happened to Swanson's baseball career.

19. If Whitty is trudging the Clinton road again.

20. What happened to McLane's hors-

21. Where the Senior class gets its financial ability.

22. When Dick will tell Lois.

23. What Junior girl is making a play for "Squint."

24. Where John Loika's romance sprang from?

25. If T2 can drive out golf balls.

26. What poor saps will fall into the clutches of the "Wise Old Owl" in 1937.

COLOSSAL PRODUCTIONS

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday UNDER TWO FLAGS

With Elias Hiltunen

Critics marvelled at his great character acting.

> Wednesday and Thursday WIFE VS. SECRETARY

With H. Wzosek, T. A. Fraser and C. King

It is again the old story of the eternal triangle.

> Friday and Saturday MICKEY MOUSE AND THE MONSTER

With Roland Matson and Erick Johnson

This bloodthirsty production would give even Dracula the jitters. Don't miss it.

POPULAR SONGS WITH POPULAR PEOPLE

Christopher Columbus—W. Machold.

Flying Fingers—R. Foley.

Love is in the Air-John Loiko and Adele Albee.

I'se a Muggin—M. H. S. Baseball team.

Lost—The faculty's golf balls.

Why Don't You Practice What You You Preach?—J. Girdziewiski.

Pop Goes the Measles-B. Hamlin.

Taxi-Man—Jeanette Thompson.

Gloomy Sunday (Suicide Ballad)—H. Kadis.

Crazy Rhythm—"Bud" Smith.

Serenade to a Wealthy Widow—Dominic Marrino.

Nobody Loves Me Now—Mary A.

Solitude—The boiler room.

JOKES

Uncle: Well, Billy, you are getting to be quite a big boy now, aren't you? Palmer: Yes, pop says I'm growing

like the public debt.

Small boy: Daddy, what is hooey? What does it mean?

Daddy: Hooey, my son, is the sauce they serve with the boloney.

Warden to dissatisfied prisoners: I've given you movies and football, and you still kick. What else do you want?

Prisoners: How about a cross-coun-

try run?

E. Flaherty: I read in the paper that it takes 1,000 camels a year to make paint brushes.

Connie D.: Isn't it wonderful how they can train animals to do things!

Fraser: Let's go the battle. Creighton: What battle?

Fraser: An irresistible blond just met an immovable bachelor.

"Judge," said the humorous prisoner, "give me a sentence with the word freedom in it."

W. M.: Nobody can deny my love for you.

Rita: I'd like to see anybody try. I've kept all your letters.

City boy in a pasture: Say there, farmer, is this bull safe?

Farmer: Well, I reckon he's a lot safer than you are just now.

Marrino: Is she modest?
Lubin: Say, that girl wouldn't even do improper fractions.

"Reggie": Remember that baseball develops leadership—now get out there and do as *I* told you.

Swanson: I'm going to marry a girl who can take a joke.

H. Wojtkiewicz: That's the only kind you can get.

Mr. Reynolds: Was "Annie Laurie" a hymn?

Liverman: Naw, she was a her.

Mr. Lerer: Why does the State of Missouri stand at the head of mule raising in this country?

Hakala: Because the other end is

too dangerous.

Artist: See that picture over there? Well, a million wouldn't buy it.

Kavalchuk: Yeah, well I'm one of the million.

Karen: You remind me of the ocean.

J. May: Why, because I am restful

and unconquered? Karen: No, because you're all wet,

and you make me sick.

Doctor: My dear girl, there's nothing wrong with you. All you need is a rest.

Tessie: But, doctor, look at my

tongue.

Doctor: That needs a rest too.

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