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# THE SCREECH OWL

Published by the Pupils of Maynard High School

MAYNARD, MASS., MARCH, 1928

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PRICE PER COPY, 15 CENTS



One year has passed since the now world famed "Screech Owl" first appeared. The year 1927 has been one of progress for this paper in spite of the adverse business conditions and the difficulties that confront any newly instituted periodical. The great expense of publishing a magazine of this type requires the wholehearted co-operation of the students in the high school both in subscribing and submitting material for publication. This paper in the past has been supported loyally by the majority of pupils but why not have every student a subscriber — every student a booster? If you consider yourself a student of M. H. S. you should feel obliged to subscribe because it is your paper and your duty to support it.

At this time I think it is also fitting and proper to call on the Alumni for their support. You may be out of high school 50 years but you should still take an interest in the doings of your Alma Mater. The best means of keeping informed about the activities that are going on is to subscribe to the "Screech Owl" which is now one of the most influential periodicals of its kind being published in any high school in Massachusetts.

The business end of this paper is the end which requires the most attention because it is of vital importance to its success. The business men of the town have been keenly interested in the "Screech Owl" and have

supported it most generously by contributing advertisements. The rates which we charge for "ads" are far below the rates of other school papers but we think they are sufficient as long as we are able to finance the paper successfully. It is wise to advertise in the "Screech Owl" because this paper goes into the homes of the best people, the people who are your customers. If you are in business and business isn't good get in touch with our business manager or some member of the staff and we will see that you are accommodated.

In closing I would like to thank all those who have in the past aided in any way the success of this paper.

Editor.

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### Why Go to School

Everybody who intends to amount to something in this world must get ready and schools are the best answer to this problem.

It pays in dollars and cents. One who leaves early is shut out from all the professions. Almost anybody can work with his hands and feet and everyone ought; but the boy who quits school early is condemning himself to work **only** with his hands and feet for the rest of his life. A girl may get a place in a ten cent store as soon as she is allowed to leave

school and a boy who finishes the eighth grade can get a position mixing drinks at a soda fountain. Both of these are respectable jobs for a summer vacation but likely to have a tragic affect if continued after the school begins in the fall.

Few important business positions go to young people with less than a high school education. The overcrowding of our universities shows that even college education pays.

Training is not only needed for the "learned professions." The day of the small farmer is passing and labor saving machinery is coming into use on the farms. Yet only a born genius can operate and repair these machines. The best place to get the training for it is in the right kind of school.

If a boy likes farming, but doesn't like the school in his community because he sees no use for Latin, Ancient History and such, he should not give up the task. There are plenty of schools in his state where he can find he can work out part or all of his expenses while he learns about his affairs.

Culture cannot be bought and sold, but must be lived through. The big danger of leaving school too early is the danger of personal littleness, of stagnation in a mental treadmill, and of dying a vulgar person.

Sylvia Ahola, '28.

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### Spirit

"Say! Why not let me in on this? What—sure I'll do it—aw come on let me will you?"

What type of person do you imagine the above to be? Compare it with one who says, "Aw, I don't want to. Let 'Al' do it!" Perhaps it does not convey anything specific to you, except that one says, "No"; the other, "Yes." Let us concentrate upon these familiar words, I say familiar, for no

doubt you recite those very words daily. There must be something, we may term it a force, which either compels or repels us to or from an act. This force acts either negatively or positively. It is not a difficult problem to solve which of the two comparisons is most used. But why? There certainly must be something definite alack. What is it? Nerve? Ambition? Grit? Spirit? Spirit is the one and only word which conveys its meaning fully. To some of us the word may seem strange; to others familiar. No matter, start now and get acquainted with it. It means everything! Don't be a drawback. We are a large family but we want to stick together always. You belong, I belong, we all belong. Don't you feel it? You are one of us and we are one of you—we have what you have, and that's SPIRIT! Let's hold on to it and say, "I'm in on this—sure, I'll do it!"

Irma Ryssy, '28.

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### A New Gymnasium

"Mens sana in copore sano," a sound mind in a sound body. This well known epigram was first given by the Roman satirist, Juvenal, two thousand years ago. Despite the great lapse of time, the truth remains the same. The body must be fully developed, in order that it may be a fit instrument for the mind.

It is, therefore, imperative that proper means of physical training be maintained. Systematic exercise, under suitable direction, should be required of all members of the student body.

At the present time, there is little opportunity for such work at Maynard High. An undersized and poorly ventilated gymnasium, without the least semblance of equipment is woefully inadequate for the proper training of the three hundred and fifty

students who are, at the present moment, enrolled at the school.

The M. H. S. A. A. and the Girls A. A. are now handicapped in playing basketball. For practice and games, a hall must be hired, since the present gymnasium is less than official size.

The students of the school realize that the town is under heavy financial burden in the task of their education. However, we feel that some means can be found to alleviate the present condition. Why not investigate the matter?

Edward C. Fearn, '28.







## TO A DEPARTED FRIEND

### I

Like shadows passing in the night  
We often meet; a moment,—then  
We drift apart, our devious paths  
Perhaps never to be crossed again.  
But in that moment we exchange  
A word of trust or friendship's smile,  
And drifting onward through life's course  
Keep the memory of one fleet while.

### II

Dear bygone friend, you'll never know,  
By just your faith what work you wrought.  
Awakened to a living flame  
Ambition sleeping, hope forgot,  
New love of life, new trust in man  
From cynic doubt you did remake,  
By faith, though undeserved evoked,  
But prized the more—for friendship's sake.

S. W., '30.

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### An Interpretation of the Life and Works of Abraham Lincoln

Pausing in contemplation on a life so beautiful and inspiring in its composition as that of Lincoln, one is filled with a sense of deep admiration and respect for that martyred hero.

Abraham Lincoln exemplified the typical, true, patriotic American, a strong and worthy representative of the common people, who stepped forth from obscurity, with infinite appropriateness in the darkest moment of our nation's history, to rescue, and guide it safely past the whirlpools of dissension and political strife that threatened to engulf it.

By merely reading an account of

the life of Lincoln, one does not, cannot, fully appreciate the truly magnificent character of our Nation's Savior. His place in human history is so large that he rises far superior to mere words. Every phase of his character presents a completeness which which will never be forgotten.

Behind the actual facts of his life, lay a personality as fine as the finest, a soul, pure as the purest, and a masterly mind, the true sources of his greatness.

The personality of Lincoln, composed by the blending of countless virtues, has not been dimmed in the minds of men in the years which have passed, but instead, has gathered

added force, beauty, influence, and lustre, flaring higher and higher in the minds of the people, as a thing of beauty and inspiration. The greatest honor ever paid Lincoln is his influence today—the broadest influence of any American.

Five qualities were pre-eminent in Lincoln's personality, namely, patience, honesty, determination, simplicity, and kindness.

The quality of patience, Lincoln acquired as a result of the severe trials and privations he underwent midst his rough boyhood surroundings. Devoting much of his time to working duties around the Lincoln home, he rarely found time to spend on his favorite hobby—books. In later life, this quality was very much in evidence in all the trying problems he had to face during the crucial moments of the Civil War.

Extreme honesty characterized Lincoln's every move as President of the greatest republic on earth. Though a life-long enemy of slavery, and supposedly in opposition to the South, every ruling of his guided by his motto: "Right for the North, right for the South, for the East, for the West, and for the whole country."

Determination, that factor so prevalent in Lincoln's ascent from obscurity during his earlier years, was also a vital aid in the drive for the accomplishment of the great purpose he ever had in view,—that of banishing slavery forever from our country. Seemingly beaten many times, by the stiff opposition encountered from the South, Lincoln only set his rigid features more firmly, and waded into the thick of the fray, soon to emerge victorious, with the Union safe from dissolution.

For a person holding such an honorable position as President of the United States, Lincoln appeared extremely simple, his actions often betraying him as one of the common people. However, his extreme simplicity appealed to the people, and they

loved him and admired him for it. Even at the height of his fame, Lincoln would, when the opportunity presented itself, converse with one of "common" class as readily as he would with the members of his Cabinet. He had risen from the ranks to a lofty position as leader of the nation, but never once did he show any sign of haughtiness or sense of superiority. He had acquired this characteristic of simplicity in his early surroundings, and from the influence of which, he never got quite free.

Perhaps the greatest phase of Lincoln's personality was his kindness. Prevalent as this quality was in his younger life, with his frequent acts of generosity and helpfulness, we find it leaping into radiant beauty during the time he was President of our country.

During the great Civil War, President Lincoln often sent letters of condolence to mothers whose sons had made the supreme sacrifice in the great effort to keep the Union intact.

His sympathetic nature was a source of constant encouragement to the weak, praise to the brave, sympathy to the suffering, and hope for the despairing.

Lincoln's entire life centered around the question of slavery.

He acquired an early hatred for this great evil. As a youth, he had occasion to go to New Orleans, where he first saw slaves offered for sale. Lincoln's sense of justice revolted at the sight, and here it was that he swore his life-long opposition to slavery.

From that moment on, Lincoln saw the vision of slavery ever before him, as an evil, a great moral wrong, to be exterminated.

At a later period of his life, as a lawyer, the matter of slavery had become a vital, national question, and Lincoln became more and more absorbed in its intricacies. His debates with Stephen Douglas on the slavery

question gave him national recognition as a speaker.

It was not until his second administration as President that Lincoln held extreme views on the subject. Even during his first term, he believed that Southern slave holders should have compensation for their property.

However, as time wore on, and both the North and the South remained fixed in their purposes, Lincoln saw but one possible remedy for the situation, that of excluding slavery forever. With the Union forces strengthened, the South soon realized its grave mistake, and it was not long before General Lee's surrender marked the end of the bloodiest war that mortal eyes had ever looked upon.

The nation was not to rejoice long, however. The shroud of sorrow cast its dark shadows over all the world, when Lincoln, in the wake of a stupendous victory, was recalled by his Maker.

Time passes quickly. Events of that period are for the most part forgotten, lost in the turmoil and confusion of the years which have passed, but still the memory of that beautiful soul lives on, throwing its beaming rays across our lives, serving as an inspiration to all.

What does the life of this martyred hero mean to us? Lincoln, in our minds, is seen first in the light of a Savior. It lay with him to save our nation from impending disaster, to make the national edifice more substantial than before. Without the aid of Lincoln, it is doubtful indeed, if the Union could have been saved, for a man was needed who was a thinker, a leader, possessing the virtues of courage, faithfulness, determination, and a firm belief in the right. Lincoln possessed these qualities, and to the highest and most unusual degree of perfection, and so he was the ideal man to face so serious a situation.

We should strive to imitate the

glowing example which he has set for us. It should serve as a stimulating and inspirational agent, whereby we might acquire and practice some of the magnificent qualities which urged Lincoln on to his time-honored deeds.

May we hold the image of our Nation's Savior ever before us as a glorious example to aid and encourage us in our effort and desire to live clean, manly, upright, and patriotic lives.

George Tucker, '28.

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### Our First Year

The first anniversary of any organization is always a cause for a contemplation of the year's work. As we realize that the "Screech Owl" is approaching her first milestone, we pause to gaze back at our accomplishments since the first meeting.

Maynard High had, previous to the advent of the "Screech Owl", several attempts in the field of journalism. However, none of these remained sufficiently long to make any very great impression in the history of M. H. S.

Nevertheless, the students had long expressed a desire to take part in journalistic activity of some kind. Accordingly, Mr. Cole, in the fall of 1926, presented a plan to the Student Council, for the establishment of a school magazine. The council acted favorably and appointed a committee for carrying out this plan. Ruth Wilson, Sylvia Ahola, Alice Fearn, Miss Walsh and Miss Adams made up this committee.

After careful consideration, this committee chose the "Screech Owl" as the name of the magazine, and, in consultation with the faculty, appointed the following as members of the staff.

Harold Glickman, editor; Ruth Wilson, assistant editor; Leo Mullin, business manager; Grace Ployart, as-

sistant business manager; Ernest Holt, alumni editor; Ruth Foster, literary editor; Edward Fearn, Waino Sjoblom, Jane Boicourt, assistants; Margaret Moore, French editor; Lawrence Lerer, assistant; Phyllis Naylor, John Horan, joke editor; Walter Carbone, art editor; Irma Ryssy, assistant; Sylvia Ahola, Annie Lehto, exchange editors; Tyko Siipola, Henry Grandell, Florence Wilcox, Ruth Moynihan, athletic editors. Miss Walsh acted as faculty advisor.

Before the first issue, Ruth Foster resigned as literary editor, and Tyyne Lahti was chosen in her place.

After an immense amount of work for every member of the staff, since none were experienced, the first issue appeared on February 25, 1927.

Needless to say, our first attempt was far from perfect. After the magazine was published, we found a large number of defects. However, since this was our first try, we did not become discouraged, but bent our efforts toward improving the magazine for the second publication.

Previous to the second appearance, several new members were added to the staff. Walter Carbone was elected science editor, with William Niskanen as his assistant. Hazel Priest was chosen commercial editor, while Helen Salo and Ellen Jaakola were appointed typists.

Our second issue was much larger and was a great improvement over the first. In spite of this improvement, several changes were still necessary.

Since the last edition of the "Screech Owl" was to appear just before graduation, it was decided to make this a "Senior Number." This edition had a great many special features, with two full page plates, special individual write-ups, year-book style, as well as a review of the school year activities.

During the summer, the members of the staff were disappointed to hear that Miss Walsh was not to return in

the fall. Miss Walsh was the main factor in starting and helping the "Screech Owl" and every member of the staff appreciated her work.

When school began, last fall, the remaining members of the staff met and chose Leo Mullin, Editor and Miss Thompson, Faculty Advisor. They met and appointed a staff, as follows.

Leo Mullin, editor; Sylvia Ahola, assistant editor; Maurice White, Samuel Gilman, business managers; John Horan, circulation manager; Bernard Green, publicity manager; Edward Fearn, literary editor; Helmi Hiipakka, Salmi Wirkkanen, Jane Boicourt and Catherine Coughlin, assistants; William Niskanen, Francis Ledger, Lawrence Lerer, Jeannette Johnston, Hulda Hill, department editors; Wilho Frigard, joke editor; Samuel Bachrach, Helen Nee, athletic editors; Florence Wilcox, alumni editor.

In October, our first issue for this year appeared. Maintaining the most rigid economy practicable, the business department was able to build up a strong surplus fund for the year's work.

During the fall, the staff considered the advisability of converting our magazine into a newspaper. However, it was decided to retain the "Screech Owl" in magazine form, improving it along those lines.

On our second issue, several much needed improvements and enlargements were made, under the competent direction of our able advisor, Miss Thompson. All of the departments were consolidated into a strong literary department, and the members of these departments were added to the literary staff. This has reduced waste space to a minimum and results in a better magazine.

As we approached our first birthday, the members felt that an anniversary number would be extremely appropriate.

We now look forward to a better "Screech Owl". Profiting by our mis-

takes in the past, we hope to make the "Screech Owl" of tomorrow far better than the "Screech Owl" of yesterday or today.

Edward C. Fearn.

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### Their Extraordinary Legacy

There was a great commotion in the little white cottage. A large box had arrived for the twins with a letter accompanying it.

"What do you suppose it is, Don?" Peggy asked, running around excitedly for a hammer.

"Can't find out until we open the box," Don answered drily, nevertheless feeling just as excited as his sister.

"Well, let's read the letter first," Peggy said, "then we'll know what is in the box."

But after reading the letter, the twins looked at each other dumbly. For a moment neither spoke. Then Peggy said in a small voice.

"I guess we'd better wait until Aunt Kate comes home, to solve this queer message."

Aunt Kate completed the family of three who lived in the little, rose-vined cottage. The twins didn't remember their mother but there still lingered a vague memory of a tall, silent father with sad, brooding eyes who left them when they were eight years old.

So, Aunt Kate their father's maiden sister came to live in the little white cottage and take care of two children. Nine years had elapsed since that time and the twins were now in their late teens and were Seniors in the Mayfield High School.

"Here's Aunt Kate now," cried Don, who had been looking out of the window.

But it was not the Aunt Kate that they knew who met them at the door. The dear face that was usually so cheerful and gay was pinched and drawn with sorrow. The gay greet-

ings died on the twins' lips as they piloted her to a chair. After a few moments Aunt Kate said in a shaky little voice, "I'm all right now." She took a letter from her pocketbook.

Don and Peggy looked at each other fearfully. What did the letter contain and if that was the cause of their aunt's sudden grief.

"I received a letter from your grandmother." Gaining courage from the sound of her voice Aunt Kate continued, "She wants you to live with her." Immediately Peggy and Don burst into violent protests. They didn't want to go away and leave Aunt Kate. She tried to make them see what the change would mean, but all in vain. The twins knew their grandmother was wealthy. College and travel would not be a dream but a possibility. But they also knew that their grandmother was selfish and cruel. She didn't want them seventeen years ago. Then she certainly could get along without them now.

"And furthermore," Don said firmly, "we wouldn't leave you for a thousand grandmothers."

However, the twins had to give in to their aunt's will in the end.

It was a very dejected and silent group who sat around the fireplace staring into the fire and avoiding each other's eyes. Peggy was sobbing softly and declaring over and over again that she didn't want to go. After listening for a few minutes Don decided to go into the kitchen and get a drink. Gosh what a lump could rise in a fellow's throat, it seemed like a mountain when you tried to swallow. On his way out he stumbled against the box.

Immediately Peggy stopped crying and screamed instead, "Oh, we forgot all about the box." An excited explanation followed and in the end Aunt Kate was no wiser than she had been in the beginning.

"Let me see the letter," she said after trying to listen to both of them at once.

The letter was very short and concise evidently the writer didn't believe in beating around the bush.

My dear niece and nephew:

I am sending you each an opportunity to realize your ambitions. You never get anything in this world for nothing and though I am sending you the prize first, it is going to take time and wits to earn it.

Your uncle,  
Robert Whetherhill.

"I can see that you are puzzled," Aunt Kate said with an amused smile, "but that is just like your Uncle Robert. Open the box, Don, while I give you an idea of him."

"Of course he is very wealthy and maybe you think he is eccentric after reading his message. But I have a hunch that he knows about your grandmother's plan to take you away and because he dislikes her he doesn't wish her to be successful, so he is sending you something which probably will aid you so you will be independent. You see he had to live with her several years and he never forgot it."

"Aw, look," Don said in disappointment, taking out what appeared to be a vase. It was about two feet in height and a little more than one foot in circumference. It was made of clay and covered with a weird oriental design. Two little iron rings hung on opposite sides of the neck.

After examining them thoroughly and finding nothing of value either inside or outside, Don muttered, "Opportunities, ambitions — never get anything—etc."

"They'll make pretty good ornaments, but that's about all," Peggy said, "I don't see any prizes concealed in them."

"Of course you won't find the prize if you give up before you begin," Aunt Kate said reproachfully, "you have three months to solve the mystery."

So with a great deal of enthusiasm

for they loved mystery, the twins plunged into the task of solving the mystery of the vases. The future didn't seem as dreary and dark as it had before. But it wasn't as easy to solve the puzzle as it seemed.

After two months when the twins were no nearer to the goal they began to feel discouraged. Aunt Kate helped as much as she could but though the three studied, thought, planned and worked no one could find the solution.

One evening about two weeks before the unhappy day of parting, the twins were sitting down together on the sofa discussing the vases. A neighbor came over to see Aunt Kate and ask her advice about decorating a booth.

"I can't think of another idea," she declared, "and I'm getting tired of having my booth decorated the same every year except in different colors."

"Well, I have an idea," Don said thoughtfully.

"Bright boy, you may never have another so hurry up and tell us," Peggy said patting him on the head.

Don grinned, "Speak for yourself, smartie."

Then to the Mrs. Heeney who was waiting patiently. "Why don't you decorate it in an oriental fashion."

"The very thing, oh thank you," Mrs. Heeney beamed, "and I can have some incense burning and everything."

"Why you could take our vases," Peggy chimed in, "they're certainly designed in an oriental style." Mrs. Heeney thanked them all and departed saying she would send her husband over for the vases the next morning.

"Maybe you shouldn't have offered the jars to Mrs. Heeney," Aunt Kate said afterwards, "they might be broken."

Don said nothing but in his heart he fervently wished that the old vases would be lost or shattered in pieces. For it seemed hopeless now to think of solving the mystery.

Each day seemed to slip by more quickly than the one before and suddenly came the sad day.

It was a few hours before train time and the twins were packing a few last belongings.

Peggy went about with red eyes and swollen nose, with armfuls of clothes dumping them in a trunk, and between intervals sat down to cry. Aunt Kate stayed in her room with the plea of a headache. Don went from trunk to closet with a face a mile long and gave the trunk a vicious kick now and then to relieve his feelings.

The front door bell rang. Both tried to ignore it.

"You go down, Don my nose is red," Peggy said.

He appeared a minute later with their vases.

"I suppose we'll have to take them with us," Peggy said eyeing the vases gloomily.

"Not if I have my way about it," Don said under his breath, gazing thoughtfully at a pillow that was in his path.

"Look out Don," Peggy cried, but it was too late. Don lay on the floor looking stupidly at the shattered pieces.

"Aw, Wreck of the Hesperus, I thought it was gone." Then suddenly his eyes widened. For in the pile of broken clay, lay a gold vase. Don picked it up slowly wondering if he might be in a dream.

"What happened?" asked Aunt Kate anxiously, hurrying into the room.

"We've discovered the mystery of our extraordinary legacy," Peggy cried.

Then Don took the other one and threw it on the floor violently and a golden vase rolled out.

About an hour later a very happy group were sitting around the fireplace discussing their extraordinary legacy, while a certain old lady was very much surprised to receive a tele-

gram firmly refusing her kind offer of a few months ago and a certain old gentleman chuckled with delight over his message which read,

Thanks. It takes time and wits.  
Don.

Helen Dudzinski, '29.

---

## A WORD TO THE FRESHMEN

### I

Our Screech Owl is one year old,  
Tho many copies have not been sold.  
We wish the Freshmen weren't so  
cold

Then the number of sales would be  
untold.

### II

Over the other's shoulder they peer,  
As if they got a better view from the  
rear!

Fifteen cents isn't very much  
But the Freshmen seem to think it  
such.

### III

Maybe this is a little sarcastic,  
But we hope it works like elastic  
And stretches and stretches, till it  
reaches each ear

Then maybe the Freshmen will buy  
with fear!

Jeannette C. Johnston, '28.

---

## The Owl

The Screech Owl is becoming recognized more and more by the townspeople, who have manifested an interest in this activity, not only by subscribing and advertising, but also by a gift from a citizen of the town.

At the student assembly, held on Wednesday, February 15, a mounted owl was unveiled, the gift of Mr. William Reid. While Mr. Reid's gift was made primarily to the student body,

it was intended by him to be a symbol of the Screech Owl. By a unanimous vote of the student body, it was decided that a letter of thanks be sent to the donor.

The Screech Owl staff wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Reid for his gift.

The owl is now placed in the library, a fitting place for the symbol of wisdom. May it instill in the minds of the students of M. H. S. the value of sagacity and repose.

Edward C. Fearn, '28.

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### Our Vacation

It happened in the glorious month of July, on a most wonderful summer day. I set forth with the antiquated flivver, our family relic, and the family, dog included, to spend a much anticipated vacation by the sea.

We were to camp out on the beach, so the car was loaded down with camp apparatus. The family was so anxious to get started, that we went a day ahead of schedule. Amid the shouting of farewells and the barking of the dog, we majestically rode away. Oh, weren't our neighbors jealous of our coming vacation at the seaside!

One long stretch of roads, a breath of salt air, and we were there.

We selected one of the most enchanting spots on the Atlantic coast, and here we pitched our tent beneath a group of sheltering trees. We were a quarter of a mile away from the surf but we could plainly hear the water pounding up the beach.

The first day was one of exploration. The whole family turned out, and we hiked up and down the beach seeking pearl-producing clam shells. We managed to locate only a few tiny land snails and then learned to our great disappointment that pearls were very scarce here. In the late afternoon we gathered driftwood for an evening camp fire. Seated about

the blazing logs we would tell all the tales we had ever heard or read. The pounding surf made mysterious noises and enthusiasm waxed high.

Despite inconveniences my family became so attached to this gypsy life that when it was time to depart I found it hard to persuade them to return to the hot city. Finally we decided to break camp the next day.

We were congratulating each other for the wonderful weather we had been having, for it had not rained but once the whole two weeks we were down there. Even then it was only a slight drizzle.

We went to bed that night at an early hour so that we might be fully rested for the home going journey the next day.

About one o'clock in the morning I heard a terrible crash. I started up. The door of my tent was wide open and some terrific force threw me back in bed again. I was thoroughly frightened now. I made another try and was successful. The terrible force that hurled me back in bed again was—the wind. Just as I got to the entrance of my tent the wind gave a tremendous blow and the tent fell down on me. When I had managed to wriggle out of the mess, I staggered toward the rest of the tents. They were down too. After I had rescued my family from under the numerous tents, the hurricane had almost subsided. Was my family ready to go home? I'll give you three guesses.

C. C., '31.

---

### Pals

What is there in life more precious than the deep friendship that almost always exists between two young people during their school career. It is so seldom that one finds a person who can honestly say, "There has never been a sacred friendship in my life. I



have never had more than casual acquaintances; I have never had an intimate friend." If we did find such an unusual character there is but one answer we could give him, "You have missed one of the most beautiful things this life has to offer you."

A pal is the most intimate type of a friend. One to whom you confide all your joys, sorrows, and even your thoughts; one whom you trust.

It is human nature to want one person to go to for comfort when we are blue and discouraged; when we have become tired or bored with the rest of the world. It is then that we want to have a place where we know sympathy and understanding will be found.

It is even shown in the case of the very young child who loves some particular toy above all others. Who, although dazzled at first by a new shiny plaything will turn ultimately to the old, faithful teddy bear or rag doll.

But this close friendship is accompanied with an ugly jealousy that springs up at the slightest and most illogical provocation. Not jealousy of material things that the other possesses but at the imaginary slights for which one is forever on the watch.

It is the bitterness that accompanies all felicity. It is that which makes us recognize joy, for without this severe reminder we would forever look for, and never find, happiness.

Edna Paine, '29.

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### The Forest Primeval

#### I

A splash of water, a bubble, a wave;  
A rising echo bold and knave;  
A sudden crash, a wailing cry,  
A moan—a shriek—a sobbing sigh!

#### II

A rustle of leaves, a hissing sound;  
A sudden leap and rushing around;  
Silence, awe; a stir—the breeze,  
A sudden wind—a crash—a tree!

### III

We can but wonder what beings creep  
In the forest primeval and deep;  
On and on, all year around;  
For ever and ever the echoes resound.

Irma Ryssy, '28.

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### The Yosemite Falls

Downward, downward, downward,  
pours the water in a never ending stream. Dashing over the rocks in a constant flow, the current pours over the lofty cliff, hour after hour, day after day, year after year, on into eternity.

As this scene meets our eyes, it carries to our minds some idea of the majestic grandeur of Nature herself. As we gaze on this imposing scene, we realize how truly great is the world about us, and how inconsequential we ourselves are.

We see the stream, falling tumultuously over a vast precipice, to a turbulent and boiling pool beneath. The spray and mist, bathed in pure sunlight, burst forth with a display of colors unrivalled in iridescence.

The turbulent waters, flowing quietly away from the foot of the raging cascade, pass through the restful peace of the forest and the cool calm and shade of the masterly oaks and hemlocks.

On either side, this cataract is flanked by massive cliffs, carved by the tools of Nature and hewn by the hands of Time. Their stern, gray and sombre hue lends a picturesque and fitting background to this galaxy of the shades and tints of Nature.

Nor is the art of the Yosemite Falls one of painting and sculpture alone, but also, it is one of music. The roar of the water, tumbling angrily over the precipice is mightier than the greatest of symphonies, while the quiet harmony of the stream, flowing serenely on its way, cannot be duplicated in the airs of the greatest of masters.

As one turns away from this magnificent scene, one cannot help but realize that the greatest of beauty is to be found in Nature.

Edward C. Fearn, '28.

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### Leap Year

One February morning in the year of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, Abigail Brown found herself in the clutches of fate. Just yesterday Abbie was a lady of great fortune but today everything was different. How foolish she was to trust that glib Major Van Dyke when he advised her to invest the Brown fortune in his radium mine. The mine was a fake, her money vanished with the false Major, and she found herself penniless and friendless. It was beyond her ladylike manners to go to work. She had not a relative or friend to turn to.

In the depths of her despair her muddled brain struck a happy idea. This was Leap Year! Why not exercise the traditional right of women and get a husband to support her. A rich man was her only salvation, she must propose.

Craftily Abbie planned her campaign, she would attend the Charity Ball although she had not "stepped out" for years. All the rich bachelors of the town would be there. She would start with the biggest and the best, and propose to every available man until she found one who would accept her.

Abbie flirted desperately with every bachelor "daddy" at the ball. After much maneuvering, she induced Mr. Bigbug to sit down a dance with her. Now was the time to strike. Abbie asked Mr. Bigbug very demurely if he would like a wife. The bachelor realized it was Leap Year and hastened away. This did not discourage Abbie, she decided to try Mr. Erwidow a widower. The widower was ready to confide his sorrows to any-

one. Abbie got into a conversation with him very easily. She asked him if he intended to get married again. The man exclaimed with horror, "Not another woman for me!" Alas, our Abbie had failed again. She imagined everyone was laughing at her. She was losing her temper. Biting her lip to keep back the tears, she ran home. Oh, the disgrace of that night! Poor Abbie and her Leap Year proposals!

What was this?

Abbie opened her eyes, she was in her cozy bedroom and her alarm clock was going off at top speed. The proposals were nothing but—a dream! Abbie's heart beat joyfully—proposals and fortunes, Bah!

Helmi M. Hiipakka, '29.

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### Rather Different

Yes, he did look rather odd as he walked down the village street with that limp now almost imperceptible, but which still added to his somewhat singular appearance, his general habiliment bespeaking complete disregard of personal appearance, his pre-occupied manner unconsciousness of his surroundings, followed by that queer, shaggy object, which, by its antics, evidently aspired to the name of "dog".

John Harwood had always been, well, rather different. By one of those unaccountable tricks of fate he had been born into a respectable, common place, in fact very prosaic family, where, somehow, he didn't seem to fit. No tie of sympathy bound him to the rest, for his nature, utterly inconsistent with theirs, could not be understood. Serious in advance of his years, highly sensitive, contemplative, reticent, a dreamer by nature, a barrier separated him from them into a world by himself, a world of dreams. Tameness acquired in early childhood aggravated his nat-

ural self-consciousness and diffidence, and more than once he had been hurt, as only his sensitive nature could be hurt, by some thoughtless, cutting reference to it. This drove him farther and deeper into himself, into silent contemplations, introspections, and dreams, and consequently, to seek answers to questions which surged in his meditative mind, into the world of books.

Such a nature does not seek companionship. It does not desire it, and seems not to require it. For human companionship it substitutes that of books, which often proves much more satisfying, and finds in nature the sympathy it desires, more vast, unselfish, peace-giving, and we might say understanding, than that of man, who ever egotistic, is susceptible to selfish concern. But nature in its infinity has a healing sympathy which humbles and exalts, glorifies, and calms with an ineffable peace. Who befriends nature and understands her moods, finds a friend never-failing.

A disposition sensitive to the slightest irritation suffers agonies from the constant nervous friction which must exist wherever conflicting natures are forced into daily contact. This nervous irritability is unavoidable for man is ever conscious first of another's failings. To the highly sensitive feelings of John Harwood this irritation between him and those about him was torment, which becoming unbearable, found voice in his cry, "Oh, for peace, peace, peace! Surely I do not ask much, only to be left alone!" How he yearned for solitude!

Instinctively, to protect what he felt to be sacred ground, his secret dreams and thoughts, against the trespassing of intruders who had the power to hurt, he assumed a manner surly and sullen, unpropitious to any advances, and built around him an impregnable wall of reserve within which no one might ever enter, conclusive of his belief that he neither

desired nor needed human companionship. All problems his books solved, and for sympathy he turned to nature, intermediary between man and his Creator.

So years fled, swift in the passing but ages in retrospect to John Harwood. And suddenly he realized that he was alone. No more need he cry out in agony for solitude, for Time had broken ties never to be bound again; but ties which are not of sympathy and understanding are easily broken, and he, after natural momentary grief, gloried in his new freedom, freedom from constant nervous chafing, tiresome obligations natural in a family, misunderstanding, and resulting self condemnation for his own impatience. So he drew in the air of freedom with avid exhilaration, and for a few months reveled in his solitude.

But a strange unaccountable uneasiness suddenly forced itself into notice. He buried himself into a book, with its momentary banishment, but it returned, more forceful, more acute. His sensitive nature magnified it to actual misery. Day by day, more persistent, he felt it, a great empty void which weighed on his heart, his spirit. He smiled his cynic smile as the thought occurred to him, "An emptiness that weighs." And the day came when his books failed in their accustomed agency of taking him from himself.

But there was a power never failing to alleviate his greatest suffering, to which during his turbulent boyhood, he had had almost daily recourse. So he took the path through the wood, over the hill overlooking the small hamlet, past the last golden cornfield to the place where he had so long worshipped God's creation, a place he had named the "Valley of Truth". He seated himself against a tree, near the precipitous drop to the rocky glen below.

The sacred hush of a Sabbath sunset pervaded the fragrant air, and the

last rays of departing day bathed the valley in a parting benediction, transforming the whole into a scene of dazzling gold. In the trees standing in silent adoration, birds poured forth their vespers, while the sun, lingeringly withdrawing its golden rays, sank lower and lower, until it hid behind the western hills, leaving in its wake the tints of gold, rose, and amethyst which slowly faded; and on the blue appeared the evening star.

For a while John Harwood sat motionless, forgetful of all except the beauty which had again entered his soul, leaving him trembling, exultant. He rose, turned homeward, in a reverie. He started as the evening chimes vibrated on the evening air, and felt that feeling, which he now knew as longing; but longing for what? Two children, hand in hand, burst from the wood, laughing and shouting in the supreme joy of childhood. His heart contracted with a strange tenderness, as he really saw them for the first time in his self-contained life. He resumed his way, heart heavy within him, all around him seeming so dismal, so remote. Nearing the village, he met an old man with the arm of a young girl tenderly placed within his. John Har-

wood gasped, as the girl looked at him with a look in her eyes almost as if she understood what he himself did not dare to realize. He hurried on.

He turned into the familiar gate. Home,—so this was home. He smiled though something in his throat caught. He stumbled against something soft, which emitted a whine. He bent down. A pair of brown eyes looked up at him beseechingly from a shaggy face, and he saw a cruel wound in an extended paw. He put out his hand, and a warm tongue met it with a dog's caress. Then the storm broke from the heart of a man which could bear no more. Claspings the dog he wept, wept until the burden he had so long carried was washed away, and he felt a great peace and understanding. For now he knew he wanted friendship, the friendship of man to man. "But," he smiled wryly not willing to admit himself wholly wrong, "is not a dog truer friend than man?" He lifted the dog tenderly, almost reverently, and limped up the steps.

Yes, he did look rather odd as he walked down the street with that queer shaggy object at his heels; but, John Harwood had always been, well, rather queer.

Salmi Wirkkanen, '30.



### Basketball Schedule

- Jan. 4. Northboro at Maynard.
- Jan. 7. Shirley Industrial at Shirley
- Jan. 8. Sudbury at Maynard
- Jan. 20. Westboro at Westboro
- Jan. 24. Lawrence Acad. at Groton
- Jan. 25. Sudbury at Maynard
- Jan. 27. Clinton at Clinton
- Jan. 28. Lawrence Acad. at Maynard
- Jan. 31. Westford Acad. at Westford
- Feb. 4. Marlboro at Maynard
- Feb. 7. Hudson at Hudson
- Feb. 11. Leominster at Maynard
- Feb. 18. Clinton at Maynard
- Feb. 20. Marlboro at Marlboro
- Feb. 22. Shirley at Maynard
- Feb. 25. Hudson at Maynard
- Feb. 28. Northboro at Northboro
- Mar. 3. Westford Acad. at Maynard
- Mar. 6. Leominster at Leominster
- Mar. 10. Westboro at Maynard

### Midland League Standing

The standing as we go to press. Westboro H. S. is tied with Hudson for first place, with Maynard and Marlboro second and third, respectively.

	W.	L.	Pts.
Westboro H. S.	2	1	667
Hudson H. S.	2	1	667
Maynard H. S.	1	1	500
Marlboro H. S.	1	3	222

### GAMES

#### Northboro at Maynard

Maynard dropped the initial game of the season to Northboro H. S. 16-15. Both teams were evenly matched. Numerous fouls called on Maynard gave Northboro the needed edge for a win.

#### Maynard at Shirley

Maynard hit the winning stride at Shirley, defeating them 40-26. The first half proved neither one's superiority, but the second half brought home the bacon when Maynard took the lead and walked away from her opponents completely.

#### Sudbury at Maynard

Maynard defeated Sudbury H. S. at Waltham Street Hall 16-5 in a preliminary to the girls' game and won easily.

#### Maynard at Westboro

Westboro H. S. defeated Maynard in a Midland League game 16-13. It was a close fought game to the last. Maynard's inability to drop foul shots and her frequent fouling gave Westboro the edge.

#### Maynard at Lawrence Academy

Lawrence Academy defeated Maynard 43-33 in a close, fast game. Lawrence Academy's large lead which piled up in the first half was too much for Maynard to overcome.

#### Sudbury at Maynard

Maynard again defeated Sudbury 28-10. Maynard kept a large lead throughout and was not pressed very much.

#### Maynard at Clinton

Maynard was defeated by the strong Clinton team 19-13. Maynard's numerous fouls on Clinton and her inability to drop foul shots again proved a main factor in her defeat.

### Lawrence Academy at Maynard

Lawrence Academy again defeated Maynard 58-33 at Waltham Street Hall. Lawrence Academy's dazzling passing attack soon piled up a large score which again proved to be too much for Maynard to overcome.

### Maynard at Westford Academy

Westford Academy defeated Maynard 19-11 in a close fought game. The small hall was a great handicap to Maynard who were used to playing on regulation floors.

### Marlboro at Maynard

Displaying a passing attack and a defense that completely baffled her opponents, Maynard defeated Marlboro 35-13 in a Midland League game at Waltham Street Hall. Marlboro, fresh from her victory over Hudson, was a big favorite but was unable to cope with Maynard's passing and shooting attack.

### Maynard at Hudson

In a game replete with thrills, excitement and what not Hudson defeated Maynard 18-16. Both teams played a fast clean game that spectators said was clearly the best amateur game they had witnessed. Both teams were tide going into the last quarter, Maynard taking a 2 point lead which was quickly overtaken when Hudson dropped two foul shots and a basket. Maynard rallied coming within two points to tie but time was up.

### Leominster at Maynard

Maynard defeated Leominster 24-11 at Waltham Street Hall. Maynard's sterling defense and pass work overwhelmed the Leominster quintet. White and Frigard paved the way to victory, being high scorers for Maynard.

### AND HOW! not to

There is a dry politician's son who, as an athlete, is all wet.

Raymond's boast that they need no high pressure salesmen. They were certainly needed at the bargain sale of basketball tickets, believe you me!

What's the matter with you fellows?

You know that there's a saying, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

At least I hope you fellows are a little more intelligent than man's best friend.

Pep is three-quarters any game. Help the team, contribute your pep, they'll do the rest.

I guess the only pep a lot of you fellows have comes in a box with the name Kellogg on it.

Well, all right, all right, don't get peeved, if you have got pep let us see you up at the game.

You know there's another old saying, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

Is it any wonder that they wanted to shoot the boy whose finger was broken by someone's huge Pullman.

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### The Dope

Maynard High is expecting to have a great baseball season this year. With practically a veteran team to work with Coach Lent's prospects of turning out a winning team are very good.

The pitching staff consists of four veterans who should be able to split up the schedule among them, Tierney, Lovering, Lawson and Rutkowski. Wardzala and Hearon make up the other half of the battery. There is a veteran infield composed of Frigard first, White second, Siipola at short and "Tonsky" Torrrpa at the hot corner.

The outfield is made up of veterans, Kane, Zaporeski and Nordberg.

Prospects have never been brighter for a championship team. With your backing and support we can make it the best team in the history of baseball at Maynard High.

Eino Puro, '29.

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### Captain-Elect

Howard King, '29, was elected Captain of the 1928 football team at a meeting of the football lettermen. King played fullback last year.

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### Girls' Basketball

56-9

On January 20th the Maynard High girls opened their basketball season with a game at Hopkinton. With little effort Maynard triumphed over their opponents with a score of 56-9. Captain Lehto was high scorer with 27 points and Taimi Nyland a close second with a total of 21.

17-22

In a hard fought battle Maynard was defeated by the Templeton sextette in their gymnasium, 22 to 17. Maynard led at the end of the first half by one point, but during the second half Templeton emerged ahead and retained the lead throughout the

game which resulted in Maynard's first defeat.

18-17

The closely played game between Westford Academy and Maynard resulted in Maynard's second victory. The fourth quarter ended in a 16-16 tie. An extra five minute period was agreed upon during which time both teams scored another point. Excitement reigned and shouting was loud when Captain Lehto scored the winning basket with but a few seconds to play.

5-39

At the Lexington High School gymnasium, Maynard struggled courageously against the onslaught of the strong Lexington team without success. Maynard was outplayed in every department of the game by their opponents whose accurate shooting, clever passing and team work, baffled the Maynard players.

Maynard scored their five points on foul shots.

23-29

In a lively contest between Hudson and Maynard the former scored a victory. The two rival teams battled vigorously to the end.

The Maynard girls have had a rather successful season so far but look forward to the approaching games, which will be played here, with better results.

# ON THE SPOT



## Senior Play

The future senior classes of the Maynard High School have a record to beat! It was unanimously voted by an appreciative audience that the class of '28 put on one of the best class plays of recent years.

"The Arrival of Kitty" held in the Waltham Street Hall, on February seventeenth, met with overwhelming approval. We admire George Tucker as Bobbie Baxter alias Kitty for showing us what a boy can do with a girl's part. He took his part equally well as the adoring lover of Jane. Sylvia Ahola, as Jane, is quite noted for her success in taking the part of the unhappy victim of circumstance. Kitty, Jeannette Johnston, registered wrath very successfully when her "Tootsie Wootsie," William Winkler, tried to keep her from the eyes of the rich Aunt Jane. We don't blame Mr. Winkler, Leo Mullin, one bit for falling in love with the charming Kitty. The members of the supporting cast were admirably adapted for their respective parts and added humor and atmosphere to the play. We congratulate the Senior Class on its outstanding talent and anticipate future achievements along dramatic lines.

Miss Kennedy and Miss Patterson should be heartily congratulated for so successfully coaching "The Arrival of Kitty."

Candy, sold by the Junior Girls, and dancing, lasting until one o'clock helped make the evening a success. A happy throng started for home only to find that Kitty had arrived in a snow storm.

## THE CAST

Kitty.....	Jeannette Johnston
William Winkler.....	Leo Mullin
Bobbie Baxter.....	George Tucker
Jane.....	Sylvia Ahola
Benjamin More.....	Edward Fearn
Ting.....	Maurice White
Aunt Jane.....	Impi Klemola
Sam.....	Samuel Gilman
Suzzette.....	Sirkka Koivu

## War Declared!

Just before Christmas the school was buzzing with the excitement of a Tong War.

An agent from the Crowell Publishing Company came one day to give us a talk on "Salesmanship". His talk ended by stirring up a desire in the hearts of the student body to have a real fight. Not with fists or guns, to be sure, but with subscriptions to magazines.

The students were divided into three groups, red, green and blue. Three dragons were pinned on a "wall of China" in the hall and the one that was fed the most subscriptions each day crawled up the highest. At the



end of seven days the winner went over the top.

The members of each team sold all the subscriptions they could but the reds fed their dragon the most so they won. The blues came in a close second and the greens came in last.

The profits of our labor were turned over to the Boys' Athletic Association. We thank all the people who helped the Boys' A. A. by subscribing for magazines.

### "Pep" Talk

It is the sentiment of the faculty that student support at the basketball games has been very much lacking. As a remedy of this unfavorable condition tickets for the following game were offered at bargain prices, if purchased in the assembly during the rally, held Friday, February 10th.

Mr. Furber and Coach Lent gave short addresses to the students expounding the importance of a peppy cheering squad and the hearty support of the members of M. H. S.

If we want a winning team, we must back it up one hundred per cent strong. Our short "pep" talks have already aroused some response. Come on—Maynard High—let's get behind our team! Turn out to our rallies and games. Put Maynard on the map!

### M. A. C. Concert

The Massachusetts Agricultural College Glee Club journeyed from Amherst to give us a very enjoyable concert, taking place in the auditorium, on January twenty-sixth. Several special numbers were given between the selections rendered by the chorus, and all were met with hearty applause. We congratulate the members of the Glee Club for their excellent work. After the concert, dancing was enjoyed, the music being furnished by the M. A. C. orchestra.

The proceeds of the concert were given to the Boys' Athletic Association.

### Junior Social

The thirteenth of February did not prove to be an unlucky day for the Juniors as every one knows, who attended the social held that evening. They secured the usual orchestra, Nelson's Synphonians, and opened the doors to a merry throng of students and friends. The proceeds of this dance will go towards making this year's Junior Prom one of the most successful social functions of the year.

### Class Play Competition

M. H. S. will hold a play competition on the evening of March twenty-third, in the Parker Street Hall. Each class will present a one act play and judges from out of town will determine the winning class. The plays are not the only thing that will be considered in the competition, the class songs and cheers given before and after each play will also count.

The hall is to be attractively decorated in the different class colors.

The plays have all been chosen by committees from the respective classes and are as follows: the Seniors will present, "The Little Bluffer". The Junior play is called "Double Crossed", the Sophomores have chosen "An Easy Mark" and the Freshmen will act out "Telegram." Each play will be coached by the class adviser.

The High School is preparing to give the public something different in the way of entertainment. We sincerely hope and expect that the townspeople will co-operate by buying tickets and coming to our class play competition.

### Lincoln Essay

The annual Lincoln Essay Contest is over and the medal has been awarded to the President of the Senior Class, George Tucker. His essay on Lincoln was remarkably well done and deserves the highest praise. Hon-

orable mentions were awarded to Edward Fearn, '28 and Edna Paine, '29.

Differing from former years the Juniors were allowed to compete, perhaps as a sort of preliminary for next year's contest. The Lincoln Essay award promotes a spirit of emulation which brings out the best that is in the student body.

## CLUB NEWS

### Radio Club

A Radio Club has recently been formed under the direction of Mr. Reardon. Its purpose is, at present, to receive messages and study the radio. Later the club hopes to transmit messages.

### French Club

By combining work with play the French Club has had a most successful season so far. Many afternoons have been spent singing and playing French songs and games, thus teaching the club members much concerning France.

The members anticipate putting on a play in assembly before very long. Remembering the clever little French school room scene we witnessed last year we hope they will entertain us again.

One interesting detail in the club is that several of the senior members have received letters from boys in a private school in France. Twelve French boys have written so far and their letters show the respect and love France has for America.

This is one of the most interesting clubs we have at school and much credit goes to Miss Adams for supervising it.

### Dramatic Club

"The Dagger", at present, is busily rehearsing a one act play, to be presented at assembly on some future date. Its name is "In the Good Old Days", and its point is to prove that

modern times are much superior to the olden days. Costumes will be worn and it is bound to be a big success, if rumor is founded on fact.

The Club does not intend to be idle, for they have already chosen a three act play, "The Adventures of Grandpa" to be put before the public some time in the early Spring.

We all agree that "The Dagger" is a very active club and you have our admiration and whole hearted support.

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### Assembly Attractions Movies!

The School Committee recently presented us with a new motion picture machine. We have enjoyed two sets of pictures so far, dealing principally with manufacturing, improved farming conditions, and hygiene.

It is the Principal's plan to have these educational pictures as often as practicable. A collection was taken to defray the cost and enough was made to pay for the next few sets of pictures.

### Thank You!

We have a real stuffed owl established in the school library which has been adopted as the mascot of our paper. With dignity and delight Maynard High School bows "I thank you" to Mr. William Reid. The presentation of our screech owl was held in the assembly hall on February 17th.

It is encouraging and helpful to know that the townspeople are interested in our activities.

### Vocational Talks

Mr. Furber has arranged for men in different professions to come and give a series of vocational talks.

The first of these lectures was given on Tuesday morning, January seventeenth and dealt with engineering. The speaker outlined various

types of engineering and gave us a clear idea of the opportunities afforded a man in this profession. At the close of the talk the students were given an opportunity to ask any questions they might have relating to engineering.

We enjoyed this lecture and appreciate its value in helping us choose our vocation.

The next lecture in the series was given February seventh, on the automotive industry. We were made to see, in a very entertaining way, the future this great business has, not in the betterment of automobiles necessarily, but in aeroplanes. Any young man interested in this sort of work has a marvelous opportunity to learn the facts about this great industry. Hearing such an interesting man speak was a forty-five minutes well spent.

Insurance was the subject of the third vocational talk held on the morning of February twenty-first. The purpose of insurance, the good in having it, and the harm in not having it, were all explained to us by the speaker, Major Hickey. He spoke of the personal requirements needed to be a success in this business, also telling us of the chances for advancement. Without a doubt we left the auditorium, after hearing this educational lecture a great deal wiser than when we went in.

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**HONOR ROLL  
FOR  
NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER**

**Six A's**

Jane Boicourt  
Catherine Coughlin  
Saimi Keto

**Five A's One B**

Sylvia Ahola  
Arne Ollila

**Five A's**

Vieno Sneck  
Salme Wirkkanen

**Four A's One B**

Leo Aho  
Ilmi Falk  
Edward Fearnis  
Hulda Hill  
George Tucker

**Four A's**

Waino Sjoblom

**PERFECT ATTENDANCE**

**Up to Feb. 15, 1928**

**Senior Boys**

Arthur Lampila  
Leo Mullin  
Harold Nordberg  
Joseph Wardzala

**Junior Boys**

George Brayden  
Lawrence Chandler  
Albert Fairbanks  
Tauno Frigard  
John Hearon  
Herbert Ruotsala  
Arvi Stabell  
Irving Wooldridge

**Sophomore Boys**

Leo Aho  
Olavi Alto  
Jouko Heikkila  
Leo Holt  
Eino Ketola  
Alexander Kulevich  
Martti Makela  
Stanley Maskiewicz  
Arne Ollila  
Waino Puro  
Niilo Rahkonen  
Harold Wilcox

**Senior Girls**

Sylvia Ahola  
Mary Hayward  
Rauki Jokinen  
Margaret Smith

**Junior Girls**

Ruth Bradley  
 Laura Grondahl  
 Helmi Hiipakka  
 Irma Howard  
 Mary Howe  
 Mary Kozak  
 Virginia Lawson  
 Aune Rasanen  
 Impi Sneck  
 Josephine Stuka  
 Gertrude Weaving

**Sophomore Girls**

Katherine Bariteau  
 Jane Boicourt  
 Alice Fearn  
 Helen Forsten  
 Grace Greenleaf  
 Signe Holt  
 Flora Johnson  
 Salme Jokela  
 Ingrid Keto  
 Signe Kivinen  
 Miriam Lehto  
 Eileen Mahoney  
 Helen Mark  
 Taimi Nyland  
 Beatrice Smith  
 Vieno Sneck  
 Josephine Sofka  
 Marguerite Tierney  
 Winifred Tobin  
 Irma Wirkkanen  
 Salme Wirkkanen

**Freshmen Boys**

Denis Farnell  
 Leon Frye

George Gutteridge  
 Francis Hannon  
 Sulo Hintsä  
 Jorma Huhtamäki  
 Harold Johnson  
 William Joyce  
 Reino Kansanoja  
 Eino Latva  
 Mark Newton  
 Joseph Pieciewicz  
 Harvey Priest  
 George Saisa  
 James Sweeney  
 Anthony Silkonis  
 Tauno Tyrkko  
 Olavi Warila  
 Arvo Saari

**Freshmen Girls**

Annie Batuli  
 Mary Coughlin  
 Alice Duggan  
 Margaret Duggan  
 Aili Hermanson  
 Ruth Hull  
 Tyyne Jokinen  
 Margaret Johnson  
 Irja Jokela  
 Irma Kauppinen  
 Eppa Kivinen  
 Violet Koskela  
 Sirkka Lehtinen  
 Helvi Pietila  
 Mary Sexton  
 Alice Smith  
 Edith Weckstrom  
 Annie White  
 Niini Wirta  
 Babara Stockbridge

## ALUMNI NOTES

### Alumni Association

On January 30, 1928, a meeting of graduates of the Maynard High School was held in the High School Auditorium. This meeting was brought about largely through the efforts of Dr. Raymond Hooper, school physician and Donald A. Lent, director of athletics in the High School, both members of the class of 1916. The purpose of the meeting was to arouse the interest of the alumni, and to bring about a reorganization of the Alumni Association which had ceased to function, its last meeting in June, 1916 being a banquet and a reception to the graduating class of the High School.

On February 13, a second meeting was held at the High School Auditorium attended by 200 alumni who showed great enthusiasm over the prospect of a bigger, better Alumni Association. Nearly all classes from '88 to '27 were represented by at least one member, in several cases a parent and a child representing their different classes.

Various aims and purposes of an Alumni Association provided lively discussions. One project sponsored by Mr. Lent was the creating of an Alumni athletic field on the ground now known as the poor farm field. This land is owned by the town and could be given over to the alumni by the town. This would supply a great need on the part of the children and would serve to keep them off the streets, especially during the summer vacation, which is the time when they

are in the greatest need of supervised athletics. Football fields, baseball diamonds, tennis courts, and cinder tracks could easily be laid out. The barn could be remodeled into a clubhouse and even a swimming pool could be had, where the children could be taught to swim in safety.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President: James J. Ledgard, '02.  
 Vice-President: Francis Nee, '24.  
 Secretary: Dorothy Hannon, '21.  
 Treasurer: Mrs. Sadie Case, '99.  
 Historian: Donald A. Lent, '16.  
 Mrs. Mary Sanderson, '92  
 Mrs. Nellie Hannon, '88

#### Executive Committee:

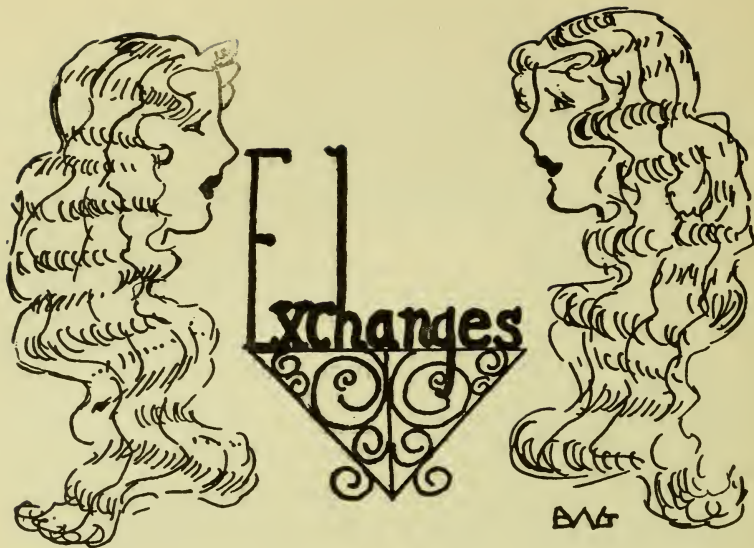
Harold Morgan, '16, Chairman  
 William Naylor, '95  
 Jacob Laurilla, '19  
 Ruth French, '27  
 Anna Kozak, '27

A banquet is being planned for April. Arrangements are in charge of the committee.

The need of some such organization has been most apparent especially in the last few years. Graduates are going forth from their Alma Mater without realizing how much they owe their school in loyalty, interest, and support, chiefly because there was no body of alumni to show them the way.

Lacking a Parent-Teachers' Association, an Alumni Association is the best means of keeping the people in touch with their schools.

Florence Wilcox, '28.



### Comments

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

A very well balanced book. You have an original idea in "Ye Oracle". The department illustrations are exceptionally well done.

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

You have some good poets, but may we not hear from some prose writers in your literary department soon? The cover design is splendid.

"The Hi-Talk."  
Sherman, Texas.

The best planned newspaper we've seen. You have the great ability of placing a deal of material in a small space. Hope to hear from you again.

"The Record."  
English High School.

We admire your department headings. Your cartoonists are to be complimented especially. Come again.

"The Central Digest."  
Central High School, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Your Freshman Feature was very successful.

"Rough Writer."  
Roosevelt High.

Your school boosts your sports very well. Why not have them boost your paper as well and make it larger and better.

"Students Review."  
Northampton.

Your cover design is especially attractive. We think drawings or sketches for department headings, would make the paper more attractive. You also have a fine joke department.

"Port Light."  
Phineas Banning High, Wilmington, Calif.

Your Editorial Department is very good. We would suggest more departments, especially exchanges.

"The Owl."  
Middletown High, Middletown, New York.

A very attractive cover. Your joke department is praiseworthy. Why not make your exchanges longer? More schools would like to have such a fine paper.

## "The Racquet."

Portland High, Portland, Me.

Your "Poets Page" is very good. You seem to have some rising Long-fellows. We like your paper.

## "The Voice."

Concord High, Concord, Mass.

Your athletics are well written. Why not enlarge your paper?

## "Index."

South High, Worcester.

The Story Department is very interesting. Athletics need a separate department.

## "The Little Red Schoolhouse."

Athol High.

The Editorial on Jack and Bud was very good. Why not enlarge your Literary Department and have a suitable heading for it?

## "The Central Digest."

Central High.

Your paper is always very interesting to us. The letters to Santa Claus were very humorous.

## "The Hebronite."

Hebron College & Academy,  
Hebron, Nebraska.

A very good newspaper. Short stories would help improve it.

## "Hit and Miss."

Beverly, Mass.

We hope with your new press, you can put out a large issue of your "Hit and Miss." Why not add a list of your exchanges?

## "Golden Rod."

Quincy High School, Quincy,  
Mass.

Your paper certainly should be complimented. You may not think a great deal of the success of your football team, but we think a great deal of your paper.

## "The Megaphone."

Dean Academy.

The "Megaphone" has the distinction of being one of the best magazines we have yet received. A very well organized magazine in which each department is complete.

## As Others See Us

## "The Megaphone."

Your magazine, though small we find interesting. Your Alumni Notes were cleverly written. May we suggest that you enlarge your departments and a few cuts would liven up your book.

## "Students Review."

A very snappy book. We enjoy it immensely.

## Echoes From Our Exchanges

I never saw such eyes as thine  
And if you'll butcher hand in mine,  
And liver around me every day,  
We'll meat life's frown with life's  
caress  
And clearer road to happiness.

## To a Friend

He whom I call a friend of mine,  
He whose virtues are good and fine.  
He who forgives each wrong I do,  
He whose friendship I've found to be  
true,  
He is a friend who'll forgive and  
forget,  
He is a friend whom I'll never regret.  
One who in trouble will come half-  
way,  
One about whom I can truthfully say:  
He is a friend whom I'm glad to  
know;  
Ours was a friendship bound to grow;  
I give him a tribute, though only a  
line;  
I'm proud to call him a friend of mine.

Mother: "John, there were three pieces of cake in the pantry and now there is only one. How did that happen?"

John: "Well, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other piece."

"Strapping young fellows, aren't they?"

"What for?"

She: Are you serious?

He: No, Armenian.

You never can tell what a baby, a freshman, or a jury will do.

"Red and Black."

### Foolish Sayings

A bird on the plate is worth two on the bonnet.

As ye sew, so shall ye rip.

People who live in glass houses should dress in the dark.

Laugh in one's sleeve — a direct route to the funny bone.

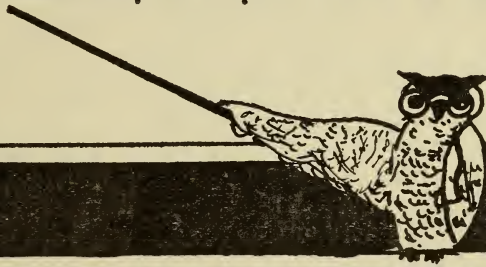
Aim at a chorus girl and you may hit a star.

A kiss is a noun. Seldom declined. It is more common than proper. Not very singular; used most in the plural. It agrees with you and me.

"Hi-Talk."



# THE WISE OLD OWL



## Summary of Events Since the First Publication of the "Screech Owl"

- Feb. 28.—Long promised "Screech Owl" appears, pupils go wild over their new paper—6000 copies sold hot from the press.
- Feb. 25.—Senior Class presents "All a Mistake" in Waltham Street Hall. Dancing after the play.
- March 1-31.—Wind blew all the month.
- March 7.—Arrival of Miss Thompson—Prue and Brayden keep still for first time in years.
- April 22.—Minstrel show and dance for benefit of the A. A. held in Auditorium; 123 degrees under the wig.
- April 29.—One of the most colorful promenades in years held in the Auditorium by Class of '28. George Brayden consumed 15 glasses of punch.
- April.—Second edition of "Screech Owl" appears — enlarged edition with many special features.
- May.—Balmy days arrive—absent list grows long.
- June.—Seniors start their last month as pupils of M. H. S.
- June 4.—Senior banquet and dance held in Auditorium—good feed—
- Keto delivers stirring oration.
- June 29.—Graduation exercises held in Colonial Hall. People arriving at 7.50 angry because seats were not reserved for them. Class of '28 is going to hire Mechanics Building or Braves Field.
- June 30.—Class Night held in Auditorium—M. Kelley and Alasaari were late as usual—"Sleepy" and Carbone escaped after reading of the will!
- July 1.—Senior Reception held in Colonial Hall. Schools closed for summer vacation. Everybody goes to work except the teachers.
- July-August.—Rained 8 Sundays in succession. Coolidge goes to the Black Hills—unanimously elected Chief Rain-in-the-Face by Indian tribe.
- September 5.—Labor Day. Teachers arrive.
- September 6.—First day of school—teachers given the once over twice by pupils. From 8 o'clock to 1 o'clock—101 freshmen reported to the office as lost.
- September 16.—First social held by Seniors. Exercises reviewed by 400 freshmen from the balcony—Meloro and McNamara make their debut as dancers.

- September 30.—Second social held by Juniors. Floor like sandpaper—good time enjoyed by all. Seniors boycott tonic trade — Policeman earns his money for once!
- October.—Columbus discovers America—holiday declared—M. H. S. defeated by Hudson—Shea of Hudson on sidelines in civilian clothes for first time in eight years—Murray—lonesome—fails to star!
- October 17.—Work begins to slacken up in the mill—checkers becomes the popular sport.
- November 23.—Rally held in Auditorium—speeches—songs and cheers rock the building.
- November 24.—Thanksgiving Day—feed good—M. H. S. defeats Punchard High 6-0—Lawson stars in spite of the clams!
- December 13.—War declared—Tong War Subscription Contest launched in school. Clever salesman from Kansas tells how everybody has something to sell — he probably heard of Maynard before.
- December 15.—Christmas coming—business good.
- December 21.—Santa Claus makes a special trip to Freshmen and Sophomore Christmas party—**howling** success—what we mean!
- December 22.—Junior - Senior party—'nuff said??? Laura Merrill and Fearn compete in race! Home-made cake good as usual!
- December 25.—Christmas arrives — business men spend day counting profits — turkey and squash pie good.
- December 27.—Stores crowded with people exchanging the belts whose end wouldn't meet and the red neckties for stockings that fit.
- December 25-31.—Neckties with '27 on them worn every day of this week.
- January 1.—Quiet as usual. Every Chinaman a year older.
- January 3.—School again—new neckties attract attention.
- January 13.—Social by Juniors. Brayden unable to dance—forgot to **curl his hair!**
- January 20.—Northeastern Professor of Engineering tells us our "gym" was designed by engineers. (They must have been midgets.)
- January 26.—M. A. C. Glee Club Concert—good crowd—dancing after the concert. Teachers shine — pupils have background — who cares?
- February 1.—K. of C. debate in Auditorium. Resolved: That "John Barleycorn Esquire" should be modified in favor of light (in color only) wines and beers. Naturally several teachers were present. The French drink wine at every meal—and "fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong."
- February 2.—First snow-storm—60 pairs of rubbers sold.
- February 12.—Lincoln born again in the same log cabin with the howling wind blowing in the same direction. G. Brayden's birthday.
- February 17.—Long themes passed in—Oh, what a relief—Senior Play a howling success—Tucker, disguised as "Kitty" mingles in the crowd during the dancing and was asked to be taken out by seven men of good standing.
- February 18.—Nightlifers arise in time for dinner. Tucker absent-mindedly puts on his dress. Fearn eats his first meal in three days.
- February 20-21.—Horan appears in K. of C. play. He suggests that school socials be formal.

February 22.—Washington born again—Joyce chops down a cherry tree—but alas—he says he didn't!

February 24.—Horan given a haircut—Murray another pair of shoes.

February 25-March 5.—Vacation—2 house parties and 2 dances — 4 nights—rest of the time spent sleeping, eating, and thinking about how hard I am going to study next term.

## Station W

### M. H. S. Musical Program

Ken Murray—"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning."

John Horan—His class song???

Henry Grandell—"It's 3 o'clock in the morning—"

George Tucker—"She knows her onions—"

Edward Fearn—"I'm looking at the world through Rose-Colored Glasses—and all the world is Rosy now."

"Speck" Kane—"I never knew what the moonlight could do."

"Al" Connors—"If you see Sally."

"Dick" Lawson—"Is she my girl friend?"

"Sam" Bachrach—"The Irish were Egyptians Long Ago."

"Flo" Wilcox—"I'm Gonna Dance Wid' de Guy Wot Brung Me."

Helen Nee—"Hula Lou."

"Pie" Brayden—"What do we do on a Dew-dew-dewy day—" (and how)!

"Bill" Lovering—"Too many parties and too many Pals—"

John Zaporeski—"In my Gondola."

"Ding" Ledgard—"Could I? I certainly could!"

Leo Mullin—"Crazy Words—Crazy Tune."

Mary Hayward—"Henry's Made a Lady out of Lizzie."

Joe Wardzala—"Oh, Wert Thou in

the Cold Blast?" (We hope not.)

Jeannette Johnston—"Silent Night."

Ham Nordberg—"Calm as the Night." (We wonder.)

Maurice White—"I Told Them All About You."

Mark Kelley—"Brown Eyes, Why Are You Blue?"

Hippy Wilcox—"Red Lips Kiss My Blues Away."

Doris Prescott—"There's Something Nice About Everyone, But there's Everything Nice About You."

Doris Dawson—"Moonlight and Roses."

Edith Weckstrom—"Whispering."

"Toto" Graciffa—"When It's Night Time in Italy."

### Do You Know

1. Where Seniors go once a week?
2. Where "Speck" got his freckles?
3. Why Gilman brought his car to play rehearsals?
4. Who curled "Backy's" hair?
5. Why Seniors leave home? (Ask Tucker)
6. Why "Brady" comes back to school in the afternoon?
7. Why R. L. Stevenson ever wrote "Travels with a Donkey?"
8. Who is going to win the class play competition?
9. Who stays up until twelve o'clock studying? (We'll bite, who?)
10. What size hat Fearn wears?
11. Where the pieces go when the day breaks?
12. What things amuse Freshmen?
13. What Senior shines in the dark? ("and how").
14. Who the "Four Horsemen" (of the sleighing-party) were?
15. That those "Four Horsemen" have taken a new interest in "Travels

with a Donkey," since their recent sleigh-ride?

16. That a certain Senior is quite bashful at times? (Yes, at times, especially at times.)

17. What kind of wood the sawdust that is put in hamburg comes from?

18. Why a certain Senior boy goes to Boston Theatres so much—what ones—"and how?"

19. Where the favorite hang-out of the high school boys is?

20. That Mr. Furber in accordance with his policy of helping students select a vocation has the same boys move the piano every time it has to be taken down or put on the stage in the Auditorium?

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The Wise Old Owl would like to know:—

1. If Roland Dawson still has nose trouble?

2. Who the dumb "athlete" is who stays out of school in the morning and comes back to see the teachers in the afternoon?

3. What Mullin and Tucker like best in the Senior Play?

4. Why a certain Senior gets home so early in the morning after socials?

5. When Horan was born?

6. Where to get smelts in summer?

7. What the teachers do during vacations?

8. What teacher sleeps afternoons?

9. How many students endorse "Luckies"?

10. Has Rachel Elers found out what gender nephew is?



Heard in the classroom:

Miss Sheldrick had been explaining about periods of depression in industry and called for an example.

"Well," Horan replied, "I think that there will be a period of depression in the maple syrup business this year."

"What makes you think so?" asked Miss Sheldrick.

"The Vermont sap does not choose to run," responded Horan.

Miss——after Mullin had escorted her home, "You are a dear."

Mullin: "Yes, my father was an Elk."

Mr.——went into a store to buy a fountain pen. After the clerk had given him one to try he wrote on the paper, *tempus fugit*.

The girl brought him another pen saying, "Try this one, Mr. Fugit".

What's a reverie?

The umpire at a prize-fight.

Do you know the difference between a stick of dynamite and a cigarette?

No, what is it?

Well, you'd better find out.

Sharp: Do you play the piano by ear or by note?

Flat: I get it down and play it by brute strength.

Kane: What is an organizer?

White: He's the guy that makes the music in church.

Fearns: There's a man outside to see you.

Tucker: What sort of a man?

Fearns: He's a blind man.

Tucker: Tell him he can't see me.

Mrs. Myles: They tell me your cook is an angel.

Mrs. Styles: I guess she is. She tried to light the fire this morning with kerosene.

That's a bum number.

What?

The "Song of the Vagabonds."

Tyney: You are so cross of late that I fancy you do not love me any more.

Pie: How could I love you any more?

My brother is an oculist in a kitchen.

What does he do?

Takes the eyes out of potatoes.

Mullin: I think I'm quite a musician.

Ledgard: You ought to be with Wagner.

Mullin: Why, he's dead.

Ledgard: I know it.

Teacher: Kelley, spell wrong.

Kelley: R-o-n-g.

Teacher: That's wrong.

Kelley: Well, that's what you asked me to spell, isn't it?

Teacher: Why are teeth like verbs?

Kulevich: They are regular, irregular, and defective.

He looks kinder down in the mouth.

Who does?

Why, the dentist.

White: Who was the straightest man in Bible times?

Siipola: I don't know, who?

White: Joseph — because Pharoah made a ruler out of him.

He: There are no fools in our family.

She: You forget yourself.

Sylvia: I've often wondered why the poets speak of the moon as silver.

Joe: I suppose it's because of the quarters and halves.

How did you lose your hair?

Worry.

What did you worry about?

Losing my hair.

Do you know the latest M. H. S. yells?

What are they?

Oysters, raw, raw, raw.

Clams, haw, haw, haw.

Teacher: You never saw a gun go off without seeing the flash.

Mullin: Sure I did—a B. B. gun.

Only one person has been reported dead since Gilman took up the "sax."

I have a suit of clothes for every day in the week.

Where are they?

This is it I have on.

What departed statesman cannot be said to have gone to dust?

Henry Clay.

"This is an imposition. Your sign says "Shoes repaired while you wait, and I've been here over two hours.

Well, isn't that waiting.

Only one man, when in love, ever told the truth. That was Adam when he said, "Eve, you're the only woman in the world for me."

"I read 'To a Skylark' this afternoon."

"How did you get the pesky thing to listen?"

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office, he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator, when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for an answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot, "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."

How's Business?

"Business is poor," said the beggar.

Said the undertaker, "It's dead."

"Falling off," said the riding school teacher.

The druggist, "Oh, vial," he said.

"It's all write with me," said the author.

“And what was Noah’s favorite desire?”

“It must have been preserved pairs.”

\_\_\_\_\_

We are certain that the famous slogan, “They shall not pass,” was original with our faculty.

\_\_\_\_\_

Mr. Lent: “Name a harmless insect.”

Bellows: “Wilcox.”

\_\_\_\_\_

Mr. Reardon: “The gas in this tube is deadly poison. What steps would you take if it escaped?”

Fearns: “Long ones, sir.”

The rapidity of ocean transportation is becoming truly marvellous. A sea captain boasts that he finished loading a cargo of wheat at San Francisco by dinner time, and then went to China for tea.

\_\_\_\_\_

I call my girl Crusoe—I’m her man Friday.

\_\_\_\_\_

McIntosh: “Do ye ken, O’Flannigan, th’ name o’ th’ show where the Scotsman knocks out a gang o’ Irish?”

O’Flannigan: “Sure and that’s asey—‘The Miracle.’”

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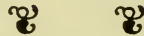
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