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Tufts College Medical and Dental Schools,

416 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Tufts College Medical School, Boston, Mass.

Changes in Entrance Requirements in 1914

At a meeting of the Faculty of Tufts College Medical School held April 18, 1913, in accordance with a recent ruling of the Association of American Medical Colleges of which this school is a member, the following action was taken:

VOTED: That after January 1, 1914, one year of college work in Physics, Chemistry, Biology and either French or German, equal to the work done in the freshman year in standard colleges and universities, in addition to a completed four year course in an accredited high school, shall be required for admission to Tufts College Medical School.

Tufts College Medical School is prepared to give the one-year pre-medical course in its building in Boston, and will begin the first course October 1, 1913.

Full details regarding the course will be furnished upon application to the Secretary.

The requirements for admission in the session, 1913-14, will remain as previously stated in the

FREDERIC M. BRIGGS, M. D., Secretary,

Tufts College Medical School,

416 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

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Olive S. Barnum
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Jennie B. Buck
Doris L. Carswell
Agnes G. Connolly
James O. Connolly
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CONTENTS

Roster, Class 1913	3	Base Ball Team, Photo	28
Editorial Staff	6	Athletics	29
Editorials	9	The Battalion Field Day and Prize Drill	30
Toasts for Future Class Reunion	10	Episode in the Reception Room	31
Our Trip to Washington	12	“Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles”	32
Haskell’s Rock	14	Parody on L’Allegro	34
Battalion Officers, Photo	16	A Tragedy in One Act	35
Some Beneficial Effects of Military Drill	17	Class Officers, Photo	36
The Advantages of Rifle Shooting	18	Victory King	37
A Paragraph a Month	20	Alumni	39
The Class Play	22	Alfred Austin	40
The Greeting	22	Honor Pupils, Photo	41
Twilight, Sonnet	22	Scrap Book	42
Mamie	23	My Trip to Washington	42
Physical Culture	27	A Portrait	46
A Reminiscence	46		



ELIZABETH P. HILL
Editor-in-Chief



WILFORD A. WALKER
Business Manager



EDITORIAL STAFF.

Back Row, from left—Elmer E. Silver, Jr., Marjorie Heath, Carl Everberg, Olive Barnum, W. H. Sherburne.
 Second Row, from left—Deborah Curtis, Elwyn Cotton, Elizabeth Hill, Wilford Walker, Lillian Hubbard,
 Walter Hooper. Front Row—Jennie Buck, Mabel Hamilton, Frances Parker.

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The Alpha Omega

Vol. 2

WOBURN, MASS., JUNE, 1913

No. 1

Editor-in-Chief, Elizabeth P. Hill.

Associate Editors—Deborah Curtis, Lillian Hubbard, Walter Hooper, Mabel Hamilton, Elmer E. Silver Jr., Marjorie Heath, Carl Everberg, W. Haven Sherburne, Olive Barnum, Jennie Buck, Frances Parker, Elwyn Cotton, Sarah S. Waterman, Katherine D. Barker.

Business Manager, Wilford A. Walker.



For a second time the Alpha Omega makes its bow to the public. It is the same magazine, though in a new dress and with a new editorial staff. Note the brilliant cover. Glance through the pages and see that we, too, have tried our hand at the story, the verse, the joke, and the sketch. We still have maintained interest in Athletics; we have an enthusiastic military organization; we have tried to keep in touch with past graduates. We expect that our readers will find something which will interest them and which they will consider worthy of their attention.

The Class of 1913 takes this opportunity to express its appreciation of the Harlow Library. It gives the pupils a quiet, artistic room where they may study and furnishes a fitting background for the school trophies. The shelves contain 1252 volumes: books of History, Literature, Art, and Science besides dictionaries and text-books, and is therefore of great assistance in every course of instruction in the High

School. It has been a field of work for the library class, and both teachers and pupils have found it a valuable aid. The graduating class again wishes to thank Mrs. Harlow for this generous gift.

Readers of the magazine will find that several of the senior boys have already become travelers and have not confined their journeyings to Massachusetts alone. We feel distinctly honored in having had our battalion represented at the inauguration of President Wilson.

April 2, 1913 the senior class presented successfully the play adapted from Dickens's book, "Our Mutual Friend." The last few years, interest in Dickens has been renewed and we have come to realize more strongly his greatness as a man and as an author. Through his pen Dickens aroused sympathy for the poor and ignorant classes of society. While much of his writing is pathetic, there is always an underlying current of irresistible humor which delights

his readers. Furthermore, Dickens was an able portrayer of character, and the descriptions of many of his heroes and heroines with their striking peculiarities are unforgettable. Other towns have flourishing Dickens clubs. Why should not our High school graduates institute such a club or clubs in Woburn?

TOASTS FOR A FUTURE CLASS REUNION

“Toasts old and new,
Toasts grave and gay,
Toasts for to-day
And yesterday.”

The girls:—

“Let the toast pass:
Drink to the lass:
I’ll warrant she’ll prove an excuse for a glass.”

The Boys:—

“Drink to the lad:
“Drink to the lad:
He’s never all bad:
Though he cuts up a mite
His heart is all right.”

The Faculty:—

The teachers who never are blind
And always keep extra sessions in mind.

The Battalion Officers:—

Here’s to the officers, proudly arrayed
In dangerous swords and brilliant gold braid.

The “Men in the Ranks:”—

“Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching.”

The Baseball Team:—

The valiant boys who play on the team;
One looks for the stars and finds them a
dream.

Here’s to the citizens one and all
Who meet every Wednesday in the big hall.

The Honor Pupils:—

Praise to the honored and reverend six
Who earned their good marks without any
tricks.

Communication:—

Communication is temptation,
A thing we can’t resist,
But oh! those four demerits
On which the teachers insist.

Company D:—

Victory smiles on Company D,
That takes the prize, so full of glee,
The boys march gaily day and night,
But keep in step when Hooper’s in sight.
Here’s to Kenney who “falls” them in,
He’s certainly great at making folks grin.
Foley marches with a deal of motion;
I suppose that’s one of his very queer notions.
Gorin is also an officer keen
Who’s usually heard and seldom seen.
Lieutenant Foster, who’s wondrously wise,
Was almost forgotten because of his size.
It’s an excellent Company after all,
Though none of the boys are exceedingly tall.

Jennie Buck:—

The girl filled with good humor and pluck,
Our popular scholar, Miss Jennie B. Buck.

Harry Lawson:—

Here’s to the boy who is always game,
And lucky the girl who will share his name.

Here’s to Dorrington, the living clown,
Who can always make the girls turn ’round
To watch him comb his hair up nice,
E’en though they have to pay the price.

Frances and Bertha always together;
May peace and happiness follow them ever.

Silver, who is always waiting
For a chance to cause some sport,
Fond of daring schemes relating,
“Parler Francais” is his forte.

Here's to Weafer, the star of our team,
Who pitches the ball so it can't be seen.

Clara, who would never worry
When a test was drawing near,
Florence, always in a hurry,
Gladys and her "proofs" so clear.

Here's to Winchester who likes to talk so well
Has he anything important to tell?

Gertrude and Helen who thought that spare
Was made for a jolly good time:
May they always be happy and as free from
all care,
As they are while we're writing this rhyme.

Joseph Schiaffino and Edward Wall,
Mighty good fellows though not very tall,

Agnes, our prophet, far-sighted and keen:
The truth of her wisdom remains to be seen.

Here's to Mabel Hamilton
A poetess 'tis true;
She'd help a friend or foe alike,
And always bright things do.

Gilloglie, our prize debater,
With stockings of every hue,
Ryan, who'll surprise us later,
Famous even as John Drew.

Deborah Curtis:—

Musician, actress, athlete;
So much in one girl complete.

James Connolly:—

Here's to our bugler so happy and gay,
Who's willing to play for us all through the day,
But when he's called on to recite,
He surely gets in an awful plight.

Amelia, Marjorie, and Olive, those three,
Who were never content with less than a "B".
Who in moments of fun were right on the spot,
But unlike most others, rarely were caught.

Hurrah for O'Rourke,
Who is always jolly:
Tempting the others
Off of their trolley.

Here's to Kirk
The innocent Turk.

Gertrude Cotton:—

She who never remembered her own troubles
when another went to her for sympathy.

Sherburne and Seaver:—

Without them our class
Would have seemed rather dismal and drear.
Then with earnest good-will let each raise his
glass,
And drink to their health and good cheer.

Annie Doherty, Mary Noonan:
Each has proved herself a friend.
Lillian Brauer, Kathryn Dolan,
Who play and work so wisely blend.

Walker, the major, vice-president too,
Always right on the spot to advise us.
Cotton whom it made exceedingly blue
Not to rouse, excite, and amuse us.

Gladys Anderson and Valborg,
One as cheerful as the other.
Florence Jewett, Huldah Thenberg:
With lessons only did they bother.

Everberg, our future lawyer,
And leader, too, in politics:
Preston, that distinguished actor,
Noted for amusing tricks.

Elizabeth, our editor,
Who's worked with might and main
To distance each competitor,
Though praise she does disdain.

Here's Ethel Peterson, prompt to the minute,
While for maintaining peace Helen Olson's
just in it.

Mary Dunnigan, cheerful and skillful,
Alta Smith, both quiet and true.
May Mary always be really successful,
May Alta's misfortunes and troubles be few.

Evelyn, famous for her fudge,
And Doris, with an equal fame:
They'll both succeed, if we can judge,
And if our tastes remain the same.

Shinquin, always right at hand
When we forgot our books,
No meeker chap in all the land
We'd say, if we could tell by looks.

Lillian Hubbard, our artist so skillful,
Mary Walsh and her violin:
May Mary's ambitions be ever as hopeful:
May Lillian many more honors win.

Alice Wood and Lena LaCasse,
That inseparable, reckless pair,
Alice, the merriest girl in the class,
Lena with pluck very rare.

John McDonough, an unfortunate boy
Always in or just out of a scrape:
Tracy, who would in class meetings employ
All his skill our opinions to shape.

Bessie Darrah, a girl much admired—
Ruth Froborg, our champion skater.
Both our respect and goodwill have acquired,
May many reports of their fame reach us later.

Katherine Grant will reap rich glory
In writing from life a true love story.

Looney, our dancer, accomplished and airy:
O'Connor so silent, of speech rather chary.

Alice Fountain, Helen Corry,
Helen's heard, and Alice seen.
Alice Petersen so jolly,
Yet so practical and keen.

Henry McGowan, not a giant 'tis true,
But time will show us what small boys can do.

Marshall, our captain who walks so sedately,
Tall as the tallest, and by far the most stately.

Florence Elson, tiny and 'cute;
She wears a small shoe, and diminutive suit.

"Alpha Omega," a paper worth while,
The pride of the class of "Thirteen."
May its teachings inspire, its jokes win a smile,
And its equal never be seen.

The Class of 1913:—

"Here's to us. God bless us every one."

OUR TRIP TO WASHINGTON

When Company G. of the Fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia was preparing to attend the Inauguration exercises in Washington, several officers of our High School battalion through the kindness of Captain Kean accompanied the Woburn militia on their trip. The officers concerned were Wilford Walker, Harry Lawson, Roland Marshall, Haven Sherburne, Clifton Shinquin, Carl Everberg, and Martin Foley. During our journey to the capital city, we became acquainted with the regular members of the company; and their congenial manner assured us of a very pleasant trip.

Arriving at Washington, we marched directly to the Old Census building where we were to lodge. While we were on our way to the building, several darkies came running from all directions, and gave us a rousing welcome. On all sides were heard shouts such as: "Hurrah for the boys from Massachusetts." We found that our lodging-house was practically at the foot of the steps of the Capitol. Having reached the building, we were given a few instructions, and then we were allowed absolute freedom for that day. Before leaving the building, we High school boys decided to "stick together" as much as possible.

The main thoroughfare of Washington is Pennsylvania Avenue. This avenue stretches in a straight line directly from the Capitol, for

a distance of about a mile, to the Treasury. The avenue is about one hundred fifty feet wide. At the time of the Inauguration, electric lights and festoons of hundreds of colors were stretched across the avenue like rainbows. As soon as the sun began to set, these decorations were lighted up; green and red lights were played upon a huge fountain before the Capitol, powerful colored searchlights played upon the dome of the Capitol; and at a distance the Washington Monument loomed up as the searchlights were pointed at it. Everything was a riot of light, color, and music. We lost ourselves entirely amid all this grandeur, and it was a late hour when we returned to our rooms.

Those who slept that night awoke the next morning to see the Inauguration Day ushered in. We were allowed only a few hours' liberty, before we were to report for the parade. It was very amusing to me in the morning when I went to breakfast to see the crowds already begin to assemble. Even at eight o'clock in the morning, hundreds of people with camp-stools and lunches took possession of the front of the sidewalk. Thousands of people were pouring into the avenue. Temporary grandstands seating an enormous number were already filled.

At ten o'clock the Massachusetts Fifth Regiment, to which the Woburn company belongs, assembled and marched to the rear of the Capitol. There we waited for about three hours.

As we looked forward for a mile or so, we could discern only military organizations before us,

brilliant in colors. Pennsylvania Avenue was filled completely with human beings. One thing that discouraged me was the fact that there was very little applause for the earnest and hard-working soldiers. Except for an occasional cheer from a person from our home state there was hardly any applause. Instead, there were jeering remarks, such as "Here comes the Beanery," and "Boston Baked Beans." These jeers together with the dusty parading annoyed us especially; for we were tired and hot. In the parade, we were to pass the White House where President Wilson stood to review us. Just as we were approaching this point, and as the suspense was great, a cheer broke out from the immense throng: "Hurrah for Woburn." This unexpected ovation caused several to turn their heads, and as I turned mine slightly I recognized a Woburn man, well-known in local politics. In a few moments the command: "Eyes left," was given, and for a minute and a half we looked at the new president of the United States. Thence we marched about a mile when we turned directly back over Indiana Avenue toward our quarters. We were all heartily glad when the parade was over. Few of the soldiers were out that night.

On Friday morning as we were marching out of the city, the same darkies who had greeted us when we entered the city were on hand to bid us farewell and to hope for a return some day. We all regretted leaving the city.

Carl Everberg '13.



HASKELL'S ROCK



ELMER E. SILVER JR.

When the days grow warmer, there comes to every true lover of the wilderness that indescribable longing, almost a homesickness, for the wilds. He wishes to pack his duffle bag, jump into the old canoe, and glide away through the cool stillness of the forest, broken only by the occasional splash of a salmon hungry for his breakfast, or by the love-note of a bird calling to its mate.

As yet, however, the voyager up the East Branch of the Penobscot must content himself with "shank's mare" a while longer, for the ice has been out of the river only a few days, and at any time the forerunners of the big "drive" may come down.

Let us suppose ourselves in there at this season a quarter of a century ago. We have been tramping up river since early-morning, and passed the Huling Machine Falls two hours ago, and now as we come around a curve in the stream we hear above the roar of Grand Falls just below, the rough talk and laughter of men, and see clustered about a spring of clear water, the eating house and the out-buildings of a large lumber camp. Lounging about are a score or more of men jesting and laughing, apparently not long away from their noon meal. We find ourselves the object of much interest for the moment, and after answering their questions as to how far we have come to-day, re-

ceive the welcome invitation, "Better go 'round and see 'Cookie,' he'll probably have something for you."

After our appetite has been appeased, we look around a bit. It is a clear day in the last of May, and the woods are green and fresh, while the birds sing happily in a vain attempt to drown out the roar of the river. The men say they have been waiting for the drive all the morning, and expect it any minute now. Why so many extra men here? Do not enough follow the drive to handle it in all ordinary places? Yes, in all ordinary places; but notice carefully that great rock yonder in the river. Exactly in the middle of the stream it stands, as large as a house, and so firm that nothing can sweep it away. The current runs swiftly past the rock in such a way as to throw the logs against it, and, if there is a jam here, trouble occurs; for only a few hundred yards below is Grand Falls, a drop of some thirty-five feet in fifty. Hence extra men are stationed here to see that no log lodges on the rock in a way likely to collect others.

Let us now turn our attention to the men about to take part in so thrilling and dangerous a sport; for other than sport it cannot seem to those who like the thrill of danger, and the necessity for quick thought and action. Conspicuous among them is one Haskell, of large, mus-

cular build, renowned for deeds of bravery and daring, now jovially swapping stories with others. Some of his adventures seem to us to have been almost foolhardy, and all of them would be utterly suicidal when attempted by any save one trained by long experience in "log-riding," and familiar with danger.

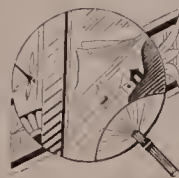
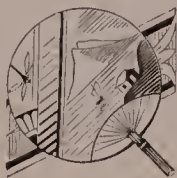
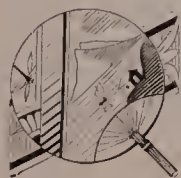
We join the knot of men and are listening to some very good stories, when suddenly the speaker stops in the midst of his yarn, while all turn their attention to a low, murmuring, just audible sound suggesting a train approaching in the distance. Instantly, "The drive," is echoed from mouth to mouth, and at the sound of a large bell from the cook-shack a number of reinforcements appear in the door of a bunk-house. The camp is plunged into confusion, men rush hither and yon; some to the cabins for more clothing, and possibly their high-topped spiked boots; others to the river bearing "pike poles" and "cant-dogs"; and still others, already there, are hitching up their suspenders for the fray, and eagerly watching up river for the advance guard of the drive.

Like a thunder-storm in summer it comes, sweeping 'round the bend of the river with a deafening roar. Now it is abreast of us, and the eager men easily shove off a few logs which have been jostled out of the main course by their fellows. Now it has reached Grand Falls, and in a cloud of spray the logs go end over end down the falls. Everything seems to be going smoothly, and we are thinking that this time there will be no excitement, when our attention is attracted by a shout, and we see a huge log, heavier than the others, firmly caught between the rock

and the other logs which are fast piling up behind it. The cry of, "Jam" resounds up river, and some distance up in an open space, the boom is set, holding back the rest of the logs, although for a mile or so the jam extends with logs piled high in many places. It is easily seen that the large log by the rock is the "key" to the whole jam, and the jam must be broken. Who will go out and free that log? The boss looks from one to another, but before he has time to speak, a man is seen cautiously making his way over the treacherous logs. Haskell, ablest of the gang, will easily break the jam. He has reached the rock, climbed with difficulty to its highest point, and with a mighty shove freed the log. The jam is broken. The logs rush past end over end here now, as they did over the falls. The man, high on the rock, seems safe enough, but just watch this enormous pile of logs, high as the rock itself, which has just rounded the bend. He sees it too, and waves to his comrades on shore just as it reaches him. The logs sweep over the rock, and John Haskell goes down without a cry, fighting for his life as only a backwoodsman can fight, but fighting in vain.

.

Again the hot sun beats down on the old camp site; the dashing of the waters at Grand Falls sounds like the humming of thousands of bees, and there in the middle of the river, pointed out to all who are hardy enough to take a trip up the East Branch of the Penobscot, stands Haskell's Rock, Nature's own memorial to that type of courage which is the ideal of the true woodsman.





OFFICERS OF BATTALION. Back Row, from left—William Looney, Robert Gilloglie, Clifford Ryan, Nathan Ryan.
Middle Row, from left—Hanson Foster, Carl Everberg, Haven Sherburne, Elmer Silver, Jr., John Seaver, Clifton Shinquin.
Front Row, from left—Roland Marshall, Harry Lawson, Captain Fred C. Kean, Major Wilford Walker, Elwyn Cotton, Walter Hooper.



SOME BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF MILITARY DRILL

Is military drill to be successful in the Woburn High School? There are still many defects in our battalion. We may not be able yet to do the work that schools in the neighboring cities are doing. It will take several

years before the battalion can attain its highest degree of efficiency. But when we consider the vast progress it has made during the last year, the amount of good it has done for the school, and the training that it has already given the boys, we are assured that military drill ought to remain in our High School.

When I speak of the training received, I do not speak as one who is theorizing, but as one who has benefited by it. Unlike baseball or football, which are only for the chosen few, military drill gives physical exercise to all, especially to those who need it most. The private must learn to obey, whether he likes his officers or not. He must learn to think and act quickly. When he is promoted to the rank of corporal, he is given responsibility. He is in charge of seven men besides himself. I say besides himself, because first he must learn to conduct himself like an officer and a gentleman. As he is promoted through the various sergeantships, he has more responsibility. Probably, when he is a senior, he will receive, best of all, a commission.

If military drill did no other good whatever, except the training it gives to the commissioned officers alone, it would be worth many times more than what the city pays for it. The officer commands his company or platoon. He must learn to deal with all sorts and classes of boys, and also to control himself. His work gives him self-reliance, the use of his voice, the ability to think quickly, and to stand up before a body of men and talk. I know there is this benefit because I have received it, and my officers will say the same.

I have noticed, since I have been in the Woburn High School, how the boys are divided into different cliques. This grouping according to sections, caused perhaps as much by the geography of the city as by anything else, is harmful to the school life. The students misjudge one another, and the reason is that they really do not know one another. Military drill brings them all together with a common interest. Working side by side, commanding or being commanded by fellows whom they have not known very well, and therefore may have undervalued,

will teach them to recognize the true worth of their schoolmates.

There has been talk against military drill in the High School, because it might give boys the desire to go to war. I think the very opposite is true. The greater knowledge we have of military tactics, and the power of an armed body of men, the less we want to see a war. A "dandy" while showing off his sword and pretty uniform, might make a good deal of noise about fighting, but a true soldier realizes too well what it would mean. We have, as proof the famous words of General Sherman, "War is hell." If any one thinks that being unprepared is the best way to prevent a war, he differs greatly from that great and wise statesman, George Washington, who said that the best way to preserve peace was to be prepared for war.

Last year, military drill was new to nearly every one in the school, and while some were enthusiastic about it, many were indifferent. This year we have an instructor, who, besides knowing his business thoroughly, commands the respect of every boy in the battalion. He has injected new life into it, and has had all working with him from the start. The seniors, fifteen officers and nine non-commissioned officers, have worked hard and faithfully. They have made mistakes, they have not known a great deal about military affairs, but they have tried hard and have devoted much of their outside time to holding meetings for instruction and for the discussion of the welfare of the battalion. The other classes have followed their example.

I have endeavored to emphasize some of the advantages of military drill, that I, myself, have seen. A cadet learns to obey, to take responsibility, to acquire self-control, to think and act quickly, and with self-possession to address his school fellows. All the boys are united in a common interest. Owing to the enthusiasm of the class of 1913, the work of the battalion has been well started. If the subsequent classes show the same spirit, its success is assured.

Wilford A. Walker, '13.

THE ADVANTAGES OF RIFLE SHOOTING

In high school when one speaks of sports, he generally mentions football, baseball, hockey, or track work; but there is a sport that is coming into schools which gives complete relaxation, and if followed under proper instruction, develops many valuable characteristics.

The beginner must first be taught that firearms are not playthings by any means, and that he needs a thorough knowledge of their mechanism. To be able to use a firearm rightly, one must have actual experience on the range under careful instruction. Probably if a canvass were made to find the number of persons who really know anything at all about firearms, the percentage of those versed in the care and manipulation of a rifle would be very low. A great number of people seem to think they can take a modern rifle and do good shooting without any instruction whatsoever, but this is impossible with the newer repeating rifle with its fine sights. The fellow that thinks he knows it all is usually the victim of an accident, or if not he himself, some person standing close by gets the charge. Many accidents occur through carelessness in leaving loaded weapons about the house. A firearm should always be considered loaded until the chamber is inspected. Now if a revolver is kept in the house for protection, the boy gets it and starts to meddle with it, and the result is that some one is fatally injured or maimed for life. The boy of twelve or fourteen years old has a particular fondness for playing "Indian" with the revolver, and one of his "Indian" enemies is very liable to be hit in a vital spot. I would suggest that the following rules be observed by every beginner.

1. See for yourself that the gun is empty: do not take any one else's word for it.
2. Never load a gun until you are ready to fire.
3. Consider all guns as loaded until an inspection of both breech and magazine has proved them to be empty.
4. Never pull the trigger of a gun until you have proved by inspection of both breech and magazine that it is unloaded.

5. Pointing a gun at any one is evidence of intent to shoot that person. Never do so unless that is your intention.

6. Never attempt to manipulate a gun whose mechanism you do not thoroughly understand.

These simple rules should be imprinted on a boy's mind so that whenever he touches a gun he will immediately open the breech and inspect the chamber and magazine. If every boy in the United States knew and practiced these rules, accidents from firearms would be greatly decreased.

The beginner at first finds some difficulty in hitting the target; but after a little practise under instruction, he will be surprised at, and pleased with, the results. Shooting demands concentration and perseverance to a great extent. It is not an easy thing to become a "crack shot." It is like other worth-while occupations, but from the start it is very interesting.

The boy who wishes to be a good rifle shot must have self-control: he must be physically, mentally, and morally sound. It requires well-controlled muscles to hold a rifle steadily and to pull the trigger smoothly and evenly without disturbing the aim. The good shooter must live a clean life. Late hours and marksmanship do not go well together. Cigarettes, late hours, drinking, and unwise eating are not for the boy who wishes to become a good shot.

It requires mental control to concentrate the mind during matches, to sight the rifle, and to make a clean score. The base ball player must keep a cool head to make a three-base hit, but it takes nerve to shoot in a gallery, even though the only spectators may be the judges, and cut the center out of the bulls-eye, knowing that somewhere a competitor is engaged in the same struggle.

Almost every boy wishes some recompense for his time spent. If a boy is a good marksman, he could go into the "National Rifle Association Range" and shoot for the different trophies which this association offers. The

N. R. A., although mainly for the advancement of military shooting also does much for school boy shooters. Any member of a high school rifle team may become a member of this association without paying. Each year the N. R. A. offers a button to school boys making a total of eighty off-hand and eighty-five prone. In 1912, however, this custom was changed, and a bronze watchfob was given to those qualifying. The N. R. A. also offers medals and cups.

The Brookline High School follows up rifle shooting very closely and always turns out a winning team. The Woburn High School has a trophy presented by the first Corps Cadets which was won by members of the school in 1908 with a score of 1078. The team consisted of W. H. Fowle, Raymond Brown, George Blake, George Wyer, and Robert Portal. At the Sportsman's show held in Mechanics Building, Boston in 1908. Walter H. Fowle W. H. S. 1911, succeeded in carrying away first honors. This match was open to any school boy in the New England states.

Undergraduates, get together next year and show some interest in rifle practice. Remember some of the fast records of Woburn men. Sergeant F. H. Kean won the Hayden Trophy at Sea Girt, N. J. with a score of 222 out of a possible 225, and later came out second on the team that represented the United States at Ottawa, Canada, last summer, while Sergeant James Keough of Wakefield won. If you look at the Inter-State trophy which Massachusetts has won for a number of years, you will find the names of Woburn men appearing frequently. High school students, keep up this high standard and do not let the school-boy trophy at the Bay State Military Rifle Association Range slip out of our hands as easily as it did last year. It will look just as well in our Library as in some other high school library. Let us see next year how many members of the battalion will be able to show one or two National Rifle Association medals.

Clifton Shinquin '13.



A PARAGRAPH A MONTH

September, 1909. The ranks of the Woburn High School are increased by a band of little "freshies," the renowned class of 1913.

October, 1909. The freshmen feel their importance when entering into politics for the first time. They stealthily pass nomination papers during recitation hours, and sign their names to important-looking documents.

November, 1909. The class organizes, and elects class officers.

February, 1910. The freshmen are much awed at the sight of a real, live author, James Morgan, who entertains the school by reading selections from his book, "Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man." He gives a copy of it to the Harlow Library.

March, 1910. IV History (a) takes to the lecture platform. Subject—Greek Education.

April, 1910. The residents of Room 14 are given a lesson in housecleaning, being initiated into the use of the dustpan and brush in connection with the interior of their desks where crumbs are likely to lodge.

June, 1910. The freshmen assume the role of assistant janitors, spending most of their recreation time picking up rubbish which the seniors have dropped on the basement floor.

January, 1911. The boys begin the construction of a stonewall in Room 17, filling the desks with the building material.

February, 1911. Mr. William F. Kenney, a graduate of the Woburn High School, and

until recent years a resident here, gives an instructive lecture on "Lincoln."

December, 1911. The atmosphere of junior recitation rooms is bright and cheery from the gleam of mismatched socks where the color combinations are most harmonious, ranging from red and yellow to purple and orange.

January, 1912. Woburn High School Representatives organize to confer with the principal on matters relating to the student body.

February, 1912. A dramatic reading of *Julius Caesar* is given by R. H. Grist.

February, 1912. The school is much honored by having for the principal speaker in the Lincoln Day exercises, Senator Brown of Medford.

March, 1912. The girls don their "regimentals," and enjoy their first lesson in calisthenics under the direction of Miss Charlotte Lowell.

April, 1912. An envelope is placed in a desk by mischievous boys. A girl opens it, and finds fat, crawly worms. Piercing shrieks ensue. The panic becomes general. The consequence is four demerits and an extra session.

June, 1912. The Prize Drill held in the Armory shows the splendid military training of the cadets, especially of the Juniors, among whom is the best-drilled private.

September, 1912. The French class is moved to tears, and an epidemic of colds seems about to break out, caused by a thick cloud of smoke which enters through the windows. Some boy's plans go up in smoke.

October, 1912. The class holds its first real business meeting which will long be remembered by those present, because our

most prominent politicians take an active part.

November, 1912. The senior boys appear the morning after "Belshazzar" with rosy cheeks and ruddy noses. The Bible reading this morning has the sentence "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."

November 27, 1912. The commissioned officers appear resplendent in full uniform with gilt braid and clanking swords.

December, 1912. Chaplain Preston enlightens us regarding "Tennyson, as an Intellectual Force."

January, 1913. At the invitation of the Woburn Woman's Club many of our class attend a dramatic impersonation of "Lincoln" by Benjamin Chapin.

January, 1913. The class of 1913 holds a very successful dancing party in the Assembly Hall of the High School.

March, 1913. The chorus listens to selections on the Victrola, and votes to support any plans formulated to raise money to purchase one.

March, 1913. Found—A rather dark hair, three feet long. Owner may claim the same by applying to the adjutant, and proving property.

April, 1913. The four-act play "Our Mutual Friend," by Charles Dickens is presented by a very efficient cast before a large and appreciative audience.

June, 1913. The class of 1913 is graduated, going out from the High school where they have spent four happy useful years, never to return to it again.

THE CLASS PLAY

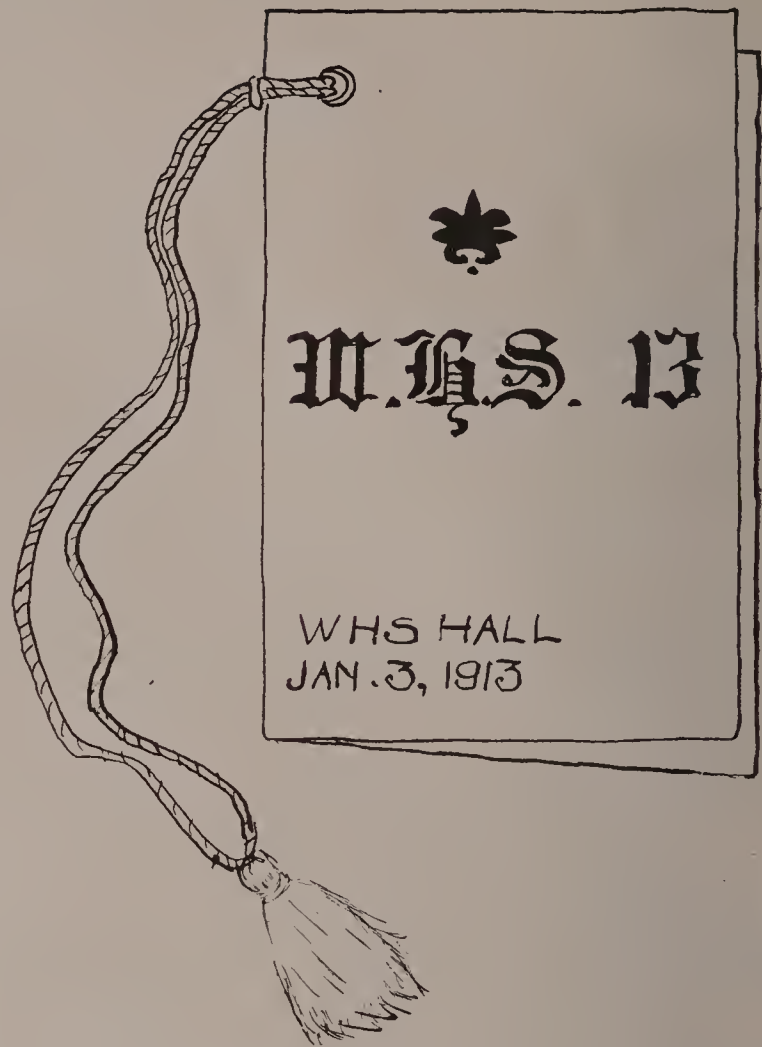
"Our Mutual Friend" presented by the Class of 1913, in Lyceum Hall April 2, 1913, was most pleasing and enjoyable to all. The hall was comfortably filled by an audience eager to witness High School talent. The financial success was due to this full attendance and to the sale of candy by members of the Junior and Senior classes. Miss Charlotte Lowell superintended the production of the play. Appropriate costumes added to the beauty and quaintness of the setting of the play. The characters were well interpreted by the following cast:

John Rokesmith ("Our Mutual Friend")
 Frank J. Preston
 Bella, ("The Lovely Woman")
 Deborah Curtis
 Lavina, ("The Irrepressible Larvy")
 Lena LaCasse
 R. Wilfer, ("Cherubic Pa")
 Henry L. McGowan
 Mr. Boffin, ("The Golden Dustman")
 Clifford Ryan
 Mrs. Boffin, ("A dear, a dear, the best of dears")
 Valborg Anderson
 George Sampson, ("A Friend of the Family")
 Harry Lawson
 Mrs. Wilfer ("Majestic Ma")
 Alta Smith

THE GREETING

Each morning to my window bravely comes
 A messenger with cheery visage bright,
 And greets me, "Take thee courage for to-day,
 Forget the dark and careworn gloom of night."
 It matters not what storms have risen high
 To cloud him from my path the long day through.
 Each morn I shall take courage from the sun
 To bravely face each day with smiles anew.

Olive S. Barnum.



TWILIGHT

A Sonnet

The twilight hour reflects both far and near
 The last bright glimmer of the setting sun,
 The melancholy darkness, deep and drear,
 Must soon its black and lonely night-race run.
 The last faint gleam in all the western sky
 Calls to our minds one all infirm and old,
 Who, having run his race, lies down to die,
 Leaving to earth the fruit of toil and woe.
 But like the setting sun who wends his way,
 Through night, and comes again at dawn to
 glow,
 So may the pilgrim at the break of day
 Awake in realms brighter than earth below.
 Groping at twilight, struggling through darkest
 night,
 He finds the land where burdens are made light.

Olive S. Barnum.

Mamie

by
Deborah Curtis



One still cool afternoon, Lake Massasecum was as smooth as a mirror save for the little ripples that the canoe left behind as it slowly glided along near the shore. Mamie and Jo had stolen away from Camp Dinona, tired out after their hard work of the morning. The camp would open in two weeks, and as yet, more platforms had to be built for the new tents besides making all those one hundred and two beds for the girls. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, the owners of the camp, were very lovely people, especially Mrs. Clark. If the girls had not thought as much of her as they did, I rather think she would have had no end of difficulty in getting the work done. As it was, every one loved her, and did with a cheerful heart whatever she wished. Mrs. Clark was mother to us all, girls and "fellows" alike. The "fellows" were some that Mrs. Clark knew very well, and had asked to help in preparing for the camp girls, if they felt that they could stay a while after commencement at college. Some of them were very anxious to go home for the summer, but others whose homes were many hundreds of miles from the college were very glad of the chance to spend a week or two by the lake with such interesting people as Mr. and Mrs. Clark for company.

Mamie rocked the canoe to attract Jo's attention. Then in her faint, expressionless voice said, pointing down in the water, "There's a turtle's egg. Lets get it." After they had repeatedly tried to balance the round egg on their paddles it broke, much to their dismay.

Poor Mamie! Although she was not really to be pitied, yet she was very unfortunate. Her

mother was a Chinese and her father a Dane. There were four girls in the family. The oldest one, Karin, was beautiful as well as extremely brilliant. In college she always stood at the head of her class. She did not show any trace of her Chinese blood as did her sisters. Mamie, the next oldest, had black almond-shaped eyes, though not as pronounced as those of the Chinese, and straight, thick, black hair.

When a little girl in China both she and one of her younger sisters, Mary, had a fever that left them deaf and dumb. Being bright girls they soon learned the art of reading the lips so well that they could understand any person that talked naturally. When Mamie spoke, her voice was neither high nor low, but rough, faint, and entirely without expression. By talking very slowly she succeeded in making those who were accustomed to her understand her meaning if they listened very closely to what she said. She was of a happy nature and enjoyed her books perhaps more than she would have if she had been able to hear and speak distinctly. She could paint very well.

Mamie was the most lovable girl in the camp. There was no doubt about that. Jo loved to take her out in the canoe; for, although she did not say much, Jo knew by her manner that she enjoyed every minute of it. From the center of the lake they looked toward the sun setting over the mountain whose steep almost perpendicular side guarded the north and west shores. The sun crept down behind the trees, the night stole gently over the land; the song of a bird was wafted through the air.

Jo shouted, and the echo ran, leaping from one hill to another, growing fainter and fainter as the distant hills answered the sound, till at length all was silent again. Mamie turned and smiled at him. She had felt the vibration. But Jo thought it a shame to disturb the silence with such a harsh shout; so she imitated the owl. At first only her echo answered her, but hark! her call had awakened some sleeping owl on the mountain side for his weird note floated through the air to her ears as she sat listening to the last far-off sounds of her echo. Again and again he called, and she answered him. Now she regretted to hear the bugle call to supper! With unwilling hands they paddled back to the wharf. However, as they entered the house and smelled the delicious hot biscuits steaming in the cool air that blew through the out-door dining room, they were not sorry that they had been called in.

After supper they felt quite refreshed, having rested all the afternoon in the canoe. Everybody else was so tired after his hard day's work that he did not feel like doing anything.

"Oh Mamie, dance for us," said Betty Clark, touching her on the arm.

"Yes, yes, the snake dance, Mamie do!" they all shouted, forgetting that she could not hear them.

"What a dear she is," remarked Howard Wright, a fellow from Oberlin college, while Mamie had gone to get her snake.

Soon she was back with the glittering creature on her arm. Chairs and tables were moved out of the way to give her room while they all made themselves comfortable. She did not need music. Slowly and with a stealthy movement she wound it first around one arm, and then around the other, slowly moving her body and head from side to side. Gradually bending backwards she let it slip over her arm to her shoulder while she slowly lowered her body till she crouched down near the floor. Balancing herself thus, round and round her neck she wound it, swaying backward and forward with a snake-like movement. Then slowly, slowly she stretched out her arm, pulling the body of the glittering snake out of the coils around her

neck, rising up to a standing position just as the tail of the snake left her neck and dropped over her arm. What a shout of applause greeted her as she finished! She nodded and smiled in response, and sat down with her lifeless plaything. For the rest of the evening they chatted and told stories around the fire.

The next day Mrs. Clark was very anxious to have the mail as soon as it came in, so she chose Jo and Betty to go down to the Post-office for it. They jumped on the two best horses in the barn and raced three miles down to the Post-office. What a glorious ride that was—but alas what a sad one! For letters do not always bring good news. Mrs. Clark had a very pathetic letter telling her that Mamie's Chinese mother was to lose her last child. The father had had all his children educated in America, and when he sent Mary, the third one over here, perhaps never to return to China again, the mother pleaded for the youngest. She did not understand why her children could not be educated in China as well as in America. The father had promised to let her have the last one, but he did not keep his promise. As he had more money than he wanted, he was anxious that all his children should be equally well educated, and he had decided to take the last baby from the mother, leaving her practically nothing but money which she had no use for. Poor mother! If she could only understand that it was the best thing that could be done for her children, but she could not. She grew very melancholy and her friends in China were anxious about her health. Mamie was ready to cry, for although she wished her sister to have the best education possible she could not help but feel for her own mother.

That day the camp fire girls did not see much of Mamie only at meal time did she appear. They were all so busy between times that they did not have a chance to think whether they missed her or not. After supper it was suggested that they go out in the canoes for a while to watch the moon rise. Sweaters were snatched, and paddles selected by those who paddled. The big war canoe which Howard Wright manned held fourteen. Mamie and Jo had their

own. Mr. Warren had two of the Clark's cousins in his, and the others paired off to suit themselves. The moon had not appeared when they started out.

"Let's get together and sing till the moon rises," suggested Mr. Clark.

They sang camp songs till they were hoarse. Mr. Warren, whose canoe was next to the one Mamie and Jo had, had a splendid strong baritone.

"Solo! Solo! Warren!" shouted Howard Wright. As they all took up the cry, there was nothing for Mr. Warren to do but sing a solo. Song after song he sang to comply with the wishes of his audience, till at length taking pity on him they turned their demands over to Jo who had a rich mezzo-soprano voice. She sang all she knew and more; then Mr. Warren and she tried a duet which was unceremoniously interrupted by an—"Ah there's the moon!" coming from some voice in the darkness. Quickly they all became quiet. Only the sound of the water lapping against the sides of the canoes could be heard. For fully fifteen minutes they watched the moon in silence as she rose above the trees casting her silvery light on the quiet water. Full and beautiful she appeared, looking down upon them grouped together in the midst of grand old Lake Massasecum. Objects around them gradually became more distinct as she rose higher in the heavens. It seemed as if the silence would never be broken. Finally Mr. Warren pulled his canoe along the side of the one Jo had till he reached Mamie, and touched her on the arm. Sitting so that he faced both Mamie and the moon he talked with her. No one but Mamie knew what he said for he only framed the words with his lips, making no sound. Rather than watch him, all began talking. Strains of music floated across the water from the club house. Stories were told, some of camp life, some were made up on the spur of the moment. Now they hated to go in, but it was nearing midnight, and Mrs. Clark warned them of their next day's hard work.

Many times during the remainder of that week Mr. Warren and Mamie took long walks in the woods. One day they followed a small but deep

stream on which was situated a small mill. Following a narrow path by the side of the stream, they walked in silence till they arrived at the falls. Here the path abruptly stopped because of a high precipice. They could see the water dashing over the ledge down to a rather large and very deep pool twenty feet below. Beyond, the water gurgled over the rocks and stones with a happy musical sound till, at length, it disappeared from sight in a dense undergrowth of bushes and vines. It looked very cool and attractive down where the noise of rushing water was not so deafening to the ears, but how to get there was the next thing to be considered. Mamie pointed down to the little stream that ran from the pool, and nodded. Before Mr. Warren could make any remonstrance, she was over the edge, and by climbing to the many crevices in the wall of rock, she gradually worked her way to the safe ground below. When she reached the bottom, she looked up, expecting to see Mr. Warren on his way down; but no, there at the top he stood as if struck dumb. She beckoned to him several times before he showed any signs of joining her. Quickly he climbed down. Then she led the way to a comfortable seat on an old tree-trunk which had fallen on its side near the brook. Here the sound of the falls did not disturb the conversation.

"Well, that was quite exciting," remarked Mr. Warren as he threw some pebbles carelessly into the water.

"Yes," she nodded, "Aren't the falls beautiful? I often come here and spend long hours' reading and watching the different birds and little animals that come to bathe in the water."

"And are you never lonesome or afraid?" he asked.

"Oh no, why should I be? Nothing can harm me here, and I am never lonesome in the woods." Then a silence followed which Mr. Warren hated to break because he knew what Mamie was thinking about. Finally, he asked, "Is your mother like that?"

She shook her head. "No, mother, as I remember her, loved the woods, but she needed people for company."

"And your mother is really sick?" he asked.

"That's what Mrs. Clark said was written in her letter."

"And your father will surely take your little sister Pauline away from your mother and send her to America?"

She nodded, and they watched a little bird that had flown down to take a dip in the cool stream.

"Listen, Mamie," said Mr. Warren leaning forward. "Have you thought of how you might possibly help matters a little?"

"Yes," she said, "I have thought and thought, but I am afraid that there is nothing that could make father change his mind. You don't know how firm he is."

"Listen, Mamie," he said again. "Have you thought you might go home to your mother, and stay with her while Pauline has her education here, just as you and your other two sisters have had? She ought to be educated too. Wouldn't your mother be happy with you?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of that!"

"Yes," he continued persuasively. "You could take up your painting again, and perhaps you will be able to continue studying in China. You will probably find many opportunities."

"I know," she nodded. "It would be the very best thing I could do. I can't thank you enough Mr. Warren for—"

"Oh dear," he interrupted rather awkwardly as he threw a large piece of rock into the quiet little brook. "I don't want thanks for that, Mamie. It was only natural that I should think of it. But it is past supper time," he said, looking at his watch. "We must go back."

At the supper table Mr. Warren told Mrs. Clark, for Mamie, of what she had decided to do. Both Mr. and Mrs. Clark thought that Mamie was doing the right thing. All the camp girls thought so when they heard the news. But to think of losing Mamie! There was not a girl in the world that could take her place.

"It's a shame," declared Betty Clark. "I wish there was something else that could be done."

Many others thought so too, but none could think of anything else to suggest; so they kept quiet lest they make it too hard for Mamie. How quickly the days passed! It would soon be time for her to go! She had received an answer to her letter from her parents, and they were very glad that she was coming to China. Her mother was perfectly willing to let Pauline go since Mamie would go back to China. What sad days those last few were? The camp was very quiet. The work went on as usual, but there were no laughing voices now. The girls took turns helping Mamie pack, so that they might all have a chance to be with her before she went.

At last the day arrived—all too soon! Mamie had on a becoming dark brown suit with a hat and gloves to match. Her face was sad as she stood among the girls, waiting for Mr. Warren to bring the carriage around to the steps. He was going to drive her down to the train. It was impossible for any conversation to be carried on, because the hearts of all were too full of sorrow at the thought of losing the dearest girl in the camp. Mr. Warren was not long in arriving. The trunks were put in, and then Mamie, amid the good-byes and various good wishes called to her from the girls, climbed in. With a crack of the whip the carriage moved rapidly on out of sight, and Mamie was gone.

It was not until the following fall that Mrs. Clark received any word from Mamie. The former had returned from Camp Winona to her winter home, a large farm of about one hundred acres. It was very pleasantly situated at the foot of a high hill. The front view looked out on the Connecticut river as it wound through the rolling hay fields. It had been a glorious day. The air was crisp and clear. Mrs. Clark stood at the large bay window, watching the sun set over the lofty Vermont hills across the river. The sun went down, leaving the sky tinted with glorious colors which rapidly faded from the heavy dark clouds. As Mrs. Clark turned to watch the fire burning cheerily in the fire-place, she heard the familiar steps of her daughter Betty, just reaching home after school.

"Oh Mother!" cried Betty excitedly, bursting into the room, "Here's a letter for you from China! I know it's from Mamie. Do read it quickly!"

"Well, daughter, take off your wraps and sit down here by the fire, and we will see what she says."

With eager fingers Mrs. Clark opened the letter and read the following:

"Dear People:

You don't know how glad I am that I came back to China! Father was overjoyed to see me, and as for Mother,—well she has been growing steadily stronger ever since I arrived, and is more than willing to have her baby educated as the rest of us were, provided I stay at home. It is so different over here that at first it was rather hard for me to get accustomed to the ways and customs of my people, and I was so lonesome and homesick. Now, however, I am perfectly contented, and can never thank you enough, Mr. Warren in particular, for so wisely advising me to return to Mother. Father says that in a few years he will take us all over to America so that Mother may see where her children have spent their school days, and may meet some of the people who have made it so pleasant for them. The thought of this keeps me in a constant state of anticipation.

The clock strikes eleven, and Mother would worry if she thought I was still writing.

With much love, and the best of good wishes to you all,

Mamie."

PHYSICAL CULTURE

The physical culture classes which were started last year under Miss Lowell's careful instruction, have been continued very successfully this year. In spite of the number of robust girls who managed to secure a doctor's certificate because "they were physically weak," the classes have been very large. There have been three classes, Wednesday afternoons.

At the call, "Fall in girls" from the chief aid, the girls arranged according to height would

form a single line on the first floor. When faint strains of music from the piano in the Assembly Hall floated down to them, they would "mark time" and "forward march" up to the hall where Miss Lowell was waiting to receive them. At the first of the year they formed a long line across the hall and waited for Miss Lowell's command, but later they formed "threes" as they entered the hall and marched around the sides to the middle of the back where they formed "sixes and so marched down the center. At the command. "Open order," the girls in the front row clasped hands, and took short steps sideways till just the tips of their fingers met. Each girl in back followed the one in front of her so that the lines were kept straight, and the distances between them even. Various exercises and drills followed.

"Parent's Day" was given May 28, 1913. The exhibition began at three o'clock. All classes took part, but on account of the large number of girls they were divided, some taking part in one thing, some in another. First the French Vineyard Dance was given. The performers entered the hall running, the leader making the whole circuit of the hall and meeting the last girl, as she entered so as to make a complete circle. The Swedish Calisthenics were second on the program. The aesthetic dancing followed, consisting of two dances, the "Polka Boheme" and the "Eloise Gavotte." The wands were used next, and then followed several simple Folk Dances. The last and perhaps the best was the Indian Dance. If any of the spectators felt sleepy during the first part of the performance they certainly must have waked up when the girls gave a wild and unexpected "war whoop" after "smoking the pipe of peace." The dance ended when the girls, with arms stretched high in the air, gave a piercing yell and ran out of the room.

It is to be hoped that as much interest will continue to be shown and as much benefit reaped in subsequent years.

Deborah Curtis '13.



BASE BALL TEAM, 1913. Standing, from left to right—M. Foley, scorer; E. C. Wall, right field and third base; R. Weafer, pitcher; Cotton, manager; Lawson, first base; Waterman, catch; Matson, assistant manager. Sitting, from left to right—Moreland, left field; Hyde, substitute; O'Doherty, shortstop; G. Weafer, pitcher (Captain); Seaver, left field; Colucci, center field. Front Row—W. Hooper, third base and right field; McKinnon, substitute; Shea, substitute; H. Weafer, second base.

ATHLETICS



Athletics in Woburn are not in the condition they should be. What the High School needs is a coach, a college graduate who could coach the boys in base ball, football, hockey, canoeing, and track, because those are the sports the Athletic Association supports. Financial assistance is what we lack. A good coach and teams that win games and races would help us to secure all the financial support necessary.

Woburn has always had very good teams with little or no coaching. There would be no question of the result with efficient coaching. The support of the students is not what it should be: they are slow in paying their dues; even the players, after they have made the team, have to be threatened before they will pay.

Last year there was no school football, but judging from the results of the class teams, a good team could have been developed. The senior team was the "whole show" as usual, beating the sophomores 30 to 0, and the Juniors 18 to 0. Great was the downfall of that light t fast Junior team with its trick plays that

originated in Dean's head. Kenney's falls were heavy, but they were nothing to that of the "Windy" Juniors.

The Hockey team made a better showing this year under Captain O'Rourke than ever before. It lost only one game; one was won, and one was tied. Without doubt it would have won others, if the weather had permitted more games.

The Cross Country team under Captain Dean did very good work this year, and it ought to be better next year because most of the material was new.

The school attempted a Rifle team, and that "attempt" will be spoken of in the Military Department of this magazine.

The baseball team under "Kiko" Weafer has done splendid work, and will give the league leaders a run for the cup. If the pitcher had been eligible the first of the season, the results would have been better.

Seniors vs. Sophomores:—

Seniors		Sophomore
Seaver	re	McAvoy
Cotton	rt	Finnegan

Walker	rg	Bowers
Foley	c	McMahon
McDonough	lg	Hyde
Dorrington	lt	Dickson
O'Connor	le	Murphy
Wall	q. b.	Moreland (Capt.)
W. H. Sherburne	l.h.b.	McLaughlin
Winchester	r.h.b.	O'Doherty
Weafer	f.b.	E. Sherburne

Seniors vs. Juniors:—

Seniors		Juniors
O'Connor	le	Marshall
Dorrington	lt	Fitzgerald
Cotton	lg	Roulo
Foley	c	Kerrigan
Walker	rg	Twining
Winchester	rt	Connolly
Seaver	re	McKinnon
Lawson (Capt.)	q.b.	Dean (Capt.)
Weafer	r.h.b.	Ring
Sherburne	l.h.b.	Mulrenan
Wall	f.b.	Kenney

THE BATTALION FIELD DAY AND PRIZE DRILL

Without doubt, the second annual Prize Drill and Field Day of the Woburn High School Battalion, which occurred on June 4, 1913, was successful in every respect. Each and every event, athletic or military, was a contest. Weather conditions were of the very best, and a large audience witnessed the program prepared by the capable committee in charge. The spirit in which the cadets entered the contests proved the popularity of the method taken to bring the military affairs of the high school to a successful and auspicious ending for the present year.

To begin the day, the school session was shortened agreeably; following the dismissal, through the kindness and generosity of many of the local business men and women, and the loyalty and faithfulness of the high school girls, the inner man of the entire cadet corps was satisfied in a most substantial manner. The appearance of the manual-training room during the distribution of the "rations" truly re-

sembled "mess-hour" in the army. After the pangs of hunger had been satisfied, and cheers had been given enthusiastically by the entire battalion for those to whom they were indebted for the bountiful luncheon, the battalion was formed and quickly on the road to Library park.

The athletic program was commenced without delay. Trial heats and finals ended, the scores were added. William Haven Sherburne '13, was officially announced the best all-round athlete. He later had the honor of being personally presented by His Honor, Mayor William H. Henchey of Woburn, with a handsome silver cup, the gift of the battalion. Other members of the Class of 1913 did themselves credit as well as the members of the lower classes. These competitors were awarded ribbon prizes as souvenirs of the day.

Later in the afternoon, the prize drills for companies and individuals were held. The sight of the entire battalion in full dress uniform was novel to the audience, which expressed its approval heartily. The guests of honor included the city officials, school board and teachers, and the judges of the military manoeuvres. The last named were: Major J. Edward Graham, M. V. M. (retired); Lieutenant John H. Doyle, G Company, 6th Regiment, M. V. M.; and Lieutenant E. J. Connolly, A Company, 6th Regiment, M. V. M. The parents and interested friends of the cadets were massed on both sides of the parade ground.

After the Battalion Review under the immediate supervision of Major Walker and Captain Fred C. Kean, the military instructor, the company prize drills were held. Company A, under command of Captain Harry E. Lawson, led off. As soon as the program allowed, Companies B, C, and D followed, led by their respective commanders, Captain Roland D. Marshall, Captain Elwyn P. Cotton and Captain Walter E. Hooper. The fair-minded decision of the judges awarded the Blodgett trophy to Company B as the best drilled company, with 76 1-3 points, and the Moore cup to Company C as next best drilled company with 69 1-2 points.

The individual prize drills came next on the program with the following results: John F. Hyde, '15, won the "Dode" Parker medal for being the best-drilled private in the battalion; Harold J. Tracy, '13, won the Skinner cup for being the best-drilled private in the senior squad; John T. Martin, '16, won the Hammond medal for being the best drilled private in the junior squad; and Color Sergeant Edward C. Wall won the Kean medal for being the best drilled non-commissioned officer in the battalion.

After the drills were over, the prizes, commissions, and warrants were awarded by Mayor William H. Henchey, assisted by Chairman Charles C. Clarke of the Military Committee and Principal George W. Low.

The officers who received their commissions were: Major Wilford A. Walker, Adjutant Elmer E. Silver and Quartermaster William C. Looney of the staff; and of the companies, Captain Harry E. Lawson, First Lieutenant W. Haven Sherburne and Second Lieutenant John G. Seaver, of Company A; Captain Roland D. Marshall, First Lieutenant Clifton A. Shinquin and Second Lieutenant Clifford E. Ryan of Company B; Captain Elwyn P. Cotton, First Lieutenant Carl B. Everberg, and Second Lieutenant Robert E. Gilloglie of Company C; and Captain Walter E. Hooper, First Lieutenant George H. Foster, and Second Lieutenant Nathan Gorin of Company D.

The non-commissioned officers who received their warrants were: Sergeant Major Frank J. Preston; Quartermaster Sergeant Bertine P. Winchester; Color Sergeant Edward C. Wall; Drum Major O. James Connolly; first Sergeants R. A. Twining, Company A; John P. Kirk, Company B; J. William Matson, Company C; and Harry Kenney of Company D; and Company Sergeants Henry L. McGowan, George A. Weafer, Hugh J. O'Rourke, Michael L. O'Connor, Walter F. Dorrington and Martin J. Foley, all of the Senior class, as well as other company sergeants and corporals of the lower classes.

On the whole the events of the day were inspiring and interesting. The large number of

grammar school children who witnessed the exercises could but have been impressed with the military precision, orderliness, and obedience to commands which they saw. This memory will stay with them, and their minds will be more receptive for military instruction when they enter high school. The parents and adult friends were highly pleased by the "smart" and alert appearance of the cadets; and the city officials and school committee must have been well aware that the re-adoption of military drill in the school curriculum has been for the welfare and advancement of the Woburn high school youths.

The program was long, commencing at noon sharp and ending after six o'clock. A suggestion for the next field day would be, that the drills come before the athletic events, for possibly one of the reasons why the companies made no higher scores than they did, was due to the fatigued members who participated earnestly in the field sports.

But considering all things, the day, the place, the guests, the audience, the events and last but not least, the entire cadets corps, members of the school and battalion can look back with pride and pleasure to the Field Day and Prize Drill of 1913. Bertine P. Winchester '13

EPISODE IN THE RECEPTION ROOM

"373 W?"

"Yes—Hello,—Yes."

"Can I speak to Mr. Low?"

"He has a class this period."

"What?"

"He has a class this period."

"Oh—Yes, but isn't this recess?"

"No."

"Well, will he have a class at recess?"

"No."

"All right, I'll call up later."

Ten minutes afterward.

"373 W?"

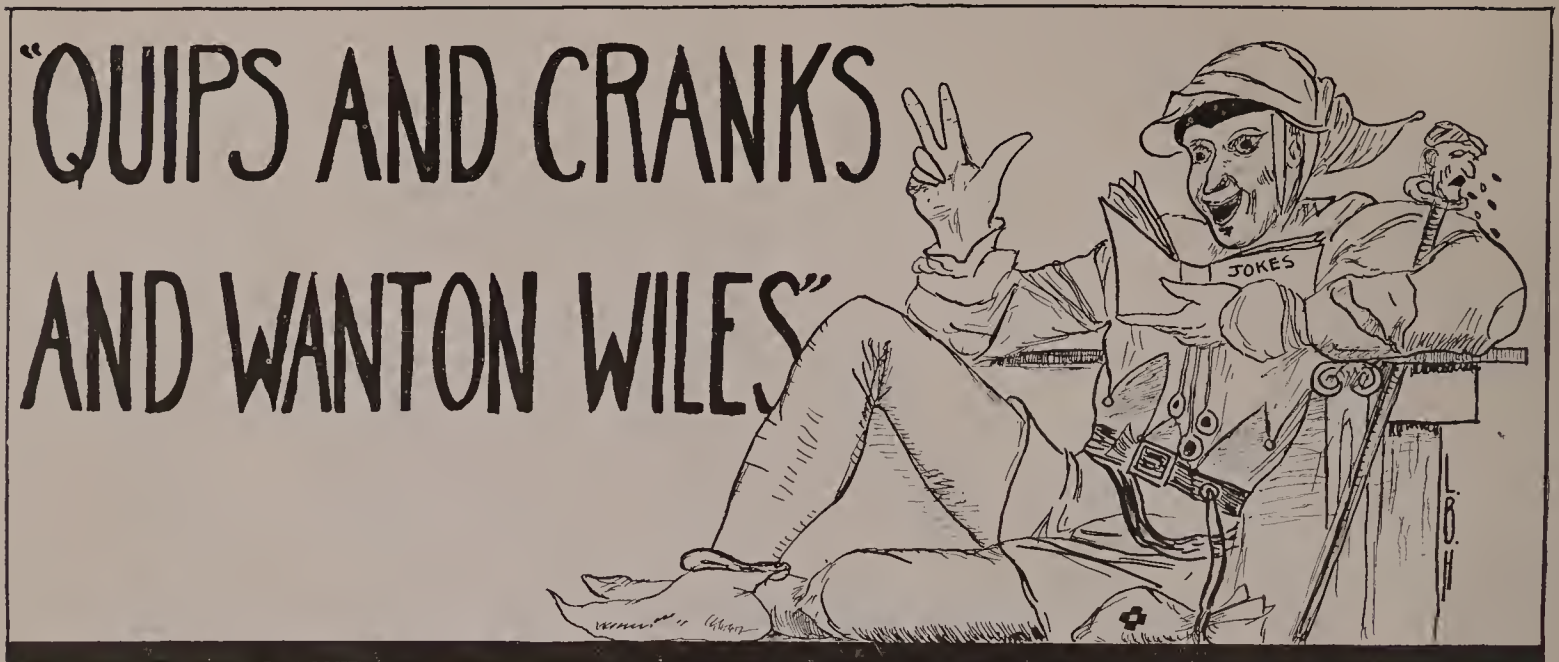
"Yes."

"May I speak to Mr. Low?"

"He has a class this period."

"What?" "Oh! Yes, but isn't this recess?"

Etc., etc., etc.



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

Teacher: "Well, what is the matter, Master Sh-rb-r-e?"

Sh-rb-r-e (in a troubled voice): "I don't know how to draw a parallelogram. Do you draw two sides first?"

Teacher (dryly): "Really now, I think that I would draw one first."

Who wiped the plates for Mrs. Andrews on the face towel—?

Ev-rb-rg (translating Latin): "Sooner than —"

Teacher: "Where is the sooner than?"

Ev-rb-rg: "That—Oh, that's in the notes."

"An excellent place for it."

The boys of I French (a) have discovered why the girls read The Bible. It tells in Genesis how to paint."

Shall we ever forget W-n-h-s-r's eloquent translations in French; particularly the pathetic passage that he brought to a fitting end, with the tearful little sentence in a tearful little voice: "I was *so* touched?"

We think Elmer had better go into the poultry business. One day this spring he had three

eggs in his desk. The next morning he found three little chickens there!

Heard in I English (a) on oral theme day.

Miss B-r-um: "We walked into a drug store for curiosity."

Dean: "I didn't know that one could get that at a drug store."

Teacher: "Oh yes, one finds it almost everywhere."

English teacher addressing those who failed to pass in themes when due: "Now, I shall expect to see either you or your theme on my desk this afternoon."

Inasmuch as the majority of the class did not pass in the themes, we suppose that the desk was rather crowded, either with pupils or with themes.

German teacher: "That is a very difficult passage, how shall we translate it?"

G-r-n, the irrepressible: "Let's not translate it at all."

After being properly "squelched" by a glance of the teacher's he bent his eyes studiously on his book, and absent-mindedly murmured, "Yes'm."

A question for debate: Did the Trojans use overcoats, and if they did, were they embroidered ones?

Latin teacher telling the seniors the story of the Cumean Sibyl: "And it is said that she was nine hundred years old."

Sh-rb-r-e (incredulously): "Say, but that's a myth isn't it?"

Wise deduction, Haven.

French teacher: "What is the past participle of destroy?"

L-ws-n: "Destroyed."

S-l-r has become a genius in geometry; he has discovered "a quadrilateral of fifteen sides."

The teacher was writing the questions of an English examination on the board, and the class which she expected to be answering them had been given no paper.

Student: "What shall we write on?"

Teacher: "The explanation of the allusions!"

French teacher: "Please give me the rule for the position of the direct and indirect pronouns."

Student (hesitating): "The last, er-er, the last precedes the first."

English teacher: "Can you give me some examples of Dr. Johnson's kindness to his mother?"

Sh-rb-r-e: "After she died, he wrote 'Rasselas' to defray her funeral expenses."

French teacher: "Yes, I took off five per cent. for every mistake."

W-n-ch-st-r: "I must still owe you about two hundred per cent. then."

Miss H-ll, translating French in her usual rapid manner: "Oh, God, be you able to confound him!"

English teacher: "In the next paragraph Johnson goes to Sardar with a couple of guineas."

And then she wonders why her remark causes the class to snicker, and grin at Shinkwin.

French teacher: "Je desire voir toutes les demoiselles a une heure quinze. Don't you understand? Translate what I said."

Student: "All the girls are fifteen years old."

Student translating Latin: "The Trojans came, bearing embroidered overcoats as gifts."

Miss P-rk-r cannot solve this problem. We wonder who can. If Athaliah had one son, and he had one son, how could Athaliah have had more than one grandson?

Ask Lawson whether it is the nose of the bottle, or the mouth of the bottle that he means.

Teacher: "Are you communicating, Sh-rb-r-e?"

Sh-rb-r-e: "No, not at all, merely talking to myself."

Can't Haven find anybody more worthy of his attention?

Teacher: "W-n-ch-st-r, what's a molecule?"

W-n-ch-st-r: "I'm sure I don't know, sir. I never saw one."

How strange.

Latin teacher: "What English word is derived from robor?"

Sh-rb-n-e (eagerly): "Robber."

Teacher (later): "What English word is derived from domo?"

Sh-rb-r-e: "Dormitory."

For some time Haven maintained a discreet silence.

Teacher (after W-lk-r has tried in vain to prove a proposition): "Well, W-lk-r, have you proved it?"

Walker: "No, but I don't see why not."

Student (translating French): "And a woman warrior—"

S-l-r: "I should think you'd call a woman warrior an Amazon."

McD-n-gh: "Aw no, call her a suffragette."

In Physical Culture.

The instructor: "Form in couples. Now all on the outside are ladies; those on the inside are gentlemen. Gentlemen, raise hands. No, Miss L-C-ss, put yours down, you're a lady!"

Latin teacher after a very satisfactory recitation in the senior class: "I assure you, I like your speed this morning." What a dreadful remark, just as though I Latin (a) wasn't speedy every morning.

At least one person in the senior class needs to study geography. The following startling address appeared on an envelope addressed by a senior—

Mr. Blank,
Cuba, Phillipine Islands.

Teacher: "And what part of L'Allegro appeals to you?"

From various quarters came the answers—

"The song of the lark," "the sun rise," "the description of music."

Suddenly a well-known voice is heard, "The preparation of the dinner appeals to me."

Oh, how material, Elmer!

Miss Doherty (translating German): "It is always a pleasure to learn something new."

Teacher: "Is it?"

G-r-n: "Nein, ignorance is bliss."

The French teacher: "In preparing your lesson for to-morrow you will be aided by reading Kings II, Chapter 11, and Chronicles II, Chapters 22 and 23.

Voice (in rear of the room): "May I borrow your Bible or do they keep them at the library?"

M-r-h-ll (in telling of his trip to Washington): "There are no houses on the road to Washington."

Teacher: "Fools can ask questions that wise men can't answer."

Student: "That's why so many of us flunk in our examinations."

PARODY ON L'ALLEGRO

Hence, hated Algebra,
Geometry, and dullest German too,
We'll work no more with you
When school is over and at last we're free.
Seek undergraduates,
Who still at thee despairingly work on
Through the hours long.
There take quadratics, proofs, and genders,
Till Fortune to them renders
Diplomas to unlock the door of fate.
But come thou Freedom, fair and free,
Desired by all and most by me.
And to us bring happiness,
And dreamed-of, longed-for, dear success.
Come and make the hours fly,
Till the weeks slip swiftly by,
And let us by your brightness see,
The road of Opportunity.
And if to you our trust we give,
Help us useful lives to live;
To keep our health, to win our bread,
Nor from an honest path be led;
To live our lives as well we may,
To work for right, not just for pay:
Help us each from shame to screen
The name and honor of "Thirteen."
If life to us has given a share
Of worldly goods that we may spare
Some hours each day, though but a few,
In seeking kindly deeds to do,
Then we'll feel the joy of living,
And pleasure gained from generous giving.
The friends that in this way we gain,
Will always form a ready train
To help us, if sometimes we find
That other friends can be unkind.
Although we know full well that we
May never solve Life's Mystery,
Or know why some are free from care,
While others pain and grief must bear.
Yet we shall feel ourselves repaid
For all our friendly, willing aid,
By keeping in our minds this strain,
"Nothing good is done in vain."
These attractions and still more,
Freedom fair will hold in store.

If a business life we hail,
 Let us win, may no one fail.
 To rise each morning, with a thrill
 Of new importance, and with skill
 To work all day in office neat,
 At first to us will seem a treat.
 Some desiring further knowledge,
 The next four years will spend in college.
 Study still with these will stay,
 But if her rules they all obey,
 In time, joined to their names we'll see
 B. L.—A. B.—B. S.—M. D.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new chances,
 Whilst the gleaming sunlight glances
 On the harbor, where a ship
 Late returned from foreign trip,
 Rides at ease, majestically,
 Our country's strength and surety.
 The soldiers, sailors, dressed in blue,
 With hearts and hands both tried and true,
 Make me feel a sudden pride
 In Uncle Sam, known far and wide.
 To sail upon the ocean grand,
 Making stops at every land,
 To prove to many a distant shore
 The strength, the might, in peace and war,
 Of our far-famed United States
 Which servitude and slavery hates;
 To stand for right, wrong to destroy,
 Might well appeal to many a boy.
 Or, if a reckless spirit lead,
 To the far north, of which we read,
 Some one or two of those we know
 May on exploring journeys go.
 When those are sick whom we hold dear,
 When death or sorrow hovers near,
 Oh Freedom, let us by your power
 Brighter make that saddened hour,
 And Freedom, may we ne'er forget
 Those friends that here in school we've met,
 And always, whether heard or seen,
 Oh Freedom, may the word "Thirteen"
 Mean to us "Excelsior,"
 Inspiring us forevermore.
 Give us a chance to do as well
 As those of whom our histories tell,
 Whose lives were governed by the love
 Of all mankind and Heaven above.

Though but by few the way be found,
 To cause a thrill the world around,
 By vital truths of life discovering,
 Or marvelous hidden cures uncovering,
 Yet help us each to travel o'er
 This road of life which lies before,
 That someone, one at least, may say,
 "This person helped me on my way."
 These inducements, Freedom, give,
 And we with thee will choose to live.

Mabel R. Hamilton.

A Tragedy in One Act

Place: Room 16, Woburn High School.

Time: The beginning of a recitation period.

Cast: English teacher and Master G-r-n.

G-r-n (reading the secretary's report): "The last report was read by Carl "Othear" Everberg."

Teacher: "G-r-n, sit down."

G-r-n, (surprised): "Yes'm."

Teacher: "G-r-n, stand up."

G-r-n: "Yes'm."

Teacher: "N-th-n G-r-n, you are an astonishing little rascal."

G-r-n (doubtfully): "Yes'm."

Teacher: "G-r-n, by the end of this year I want to be able to speak to you without hearing that "Yes'm."

G-r-n: "Yes'm."

Teacher: "G-r-n, don't you say 'Yes'm' to me again. G-r-n, I'm going to give you an extra session."

G-r-n (sadly): "Yes'm."

Teacher (hopelessly): "Sit down, G-r-n."

G-r-n (happy again): "Yes'm."

(Curtain)

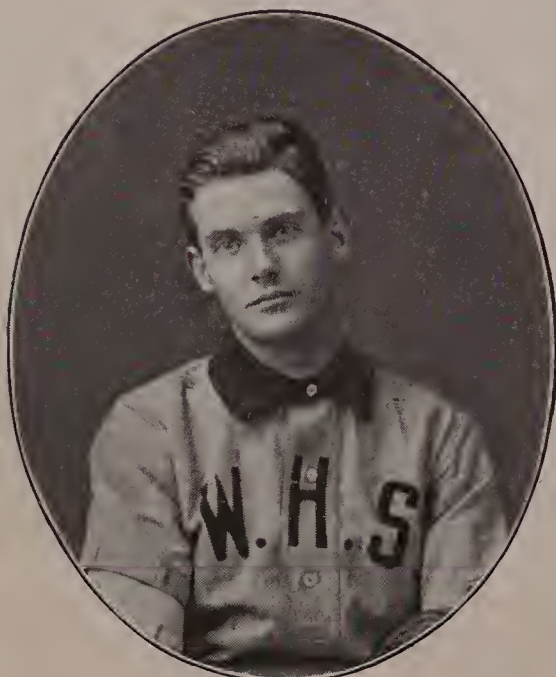
The boys were very indignant because the girls did not rush to the assembly hall when a meeting was called there "for every one interested in baseball." Now, would the boys lose their heads in excitement if notice was sent around of a meeting of all interested in Physical Culture? We think not!



HARRY E. LAWSON
President



WILFORD A. WALKER
Vice President.



GEORGE A. WEAVER
Secretary.



JENNIE B. BUCK
Treasurer



The doctor went to the door himself as the bell rang. At the door was a big, clumsy, red-haired, country girl. He ushered her into his office.

"I am seeking the position of maid at your home," she said.

"What is your name?" asked the doctor.

"My name is Victory King," replied the girl.

The doctor smiled a little.

"I knew you would laugh when I told you my name," she said.

"Well, it is not a bad name as names go," said the doctor, "but it is rather heroic for a doctor's maid."

She replied in a clear voice, "I did not name myself, or I might have had a more common name."

"Have you any letters of recommendation?" asked the doctor.

"What are letters of recommendation?" asked Victory.

"Why, letters from trustworthy people."

"Surely you are joking, doctor. You can see by my face that I am honest, and you can find out what I can do by giving me a chance."

The answer pleased the doctor, and he decided to employ her.

"But your name," said the doctor; "can't we select some more common name? How would Jane suit you?"

"It will be satisfactory to me if I can remember it."

After Mrs. Hastings had seen Victory, she told the doctor that she did not think that

the girl would make a good maid because she was so big and clumsy. Victory's English was also poor, and Mrs. Hastings thought that this was a bad fault in a doctor's office girl.

"She'll learn," replied the doctor to all his wife's arguments.

Victory surprised even the doctor; she learned so quickly. She dropped the bad grammar, and learned to speak in a lower tone of voice. She could go in and out of the doctor's office without stumbling or shuffling her feet. The doctor gave her good books from his library to read, which she perused unceasingly. He then gave her problems to work out, in which she took as much pleasure as a fisherman does in mastering a wary eel.

One stormy night in winter the doctor was out on a case until the early hours of the morning. He had given Victory a problem upon which to spend her time. It was a particularly hard problem, and, as no patients called, she bent to her task with a will and a determination to master it. She forgot the storm that was raging outside, and she forgot to look at the clock. When she had finished the problem, the first thing she did was to glance at the clock. "Half past one," she murmured. But she was glad that she had finished the problem. She put her pencils and papers away in her little desk and was preparing to retire when the telephone bell rang.

Jane, as she was now called, answered the "phone."

"Is that you, Jane?" asked the doctor. "I

was afraid I should be unable to get you as there are so many wires down in the city. I want you to call John and tell him to bring me some ether as soon as he can possibly get here."

Victory wrote down the address and hurried to arouse John. At her vigorous rapping the cook came to the head of the stair.

"No use, honey, John ain't come home to-night. I don't see why the doctor puts up with this nonsense nohow."

Victory, after dressing herself for a cold ride in the wind and snow, rushed up to the room of the doctor's wife and told her what she was going to do. Mrs. Hastings pleaded with her not to go, but Jane rushed out into the barn, harnessed the horse, and was off into the storm. She was just as determined in getting to the patient's house as she was in solving the problem. The horse she took balked at going out into the storm, but Jane urged him on. When he would look around at her, she would say, "Pretty hard, old fellow, but we must save the patient's life at any cost."

After they had traveled some distance, there was a flash, a sharp report, and old Charlie, the horse, fell dead; a wire had snapped and electrocuted him.

A policeman ran to the scene.

"What does this mean? What are you doing out here in this storm? Are you crazy?" he asked.

"I work for a doctor, and I am taking to him some ether for a patient," she replied.

"I think he will have you for a patient by the time you get there, if you get there at all," retorted the policeman.

"What is the doctor's address?" he asked Victory as he prepared to write it down.

Victory gave him the address and then started out to finish her journey on foot.

It was like a strange world to Victory, out there in that raging storm. The unlighted houses, and not a human being in sight, made her feel the loneliness of her position. Now and then she heard a sharp noise that would bring to her eyes again the sight of old Charlie as he staggered and fell.

At the crossing of the streets she stepped again and again into slush knee-deep, wetting her clothes that clung to her legs, and impeded her progress. She walked along, street after street, crossed others, and finally turned into the avenue that the address had called for; along this she staggered, urging herself on by calling herself red-head, lazy-bones, and other uncomplimentary names.

Then she commenced to look at the numbers on the doors; "673," she said, "675," until finally she saw a house well lighted standing out prominently in the dark night.

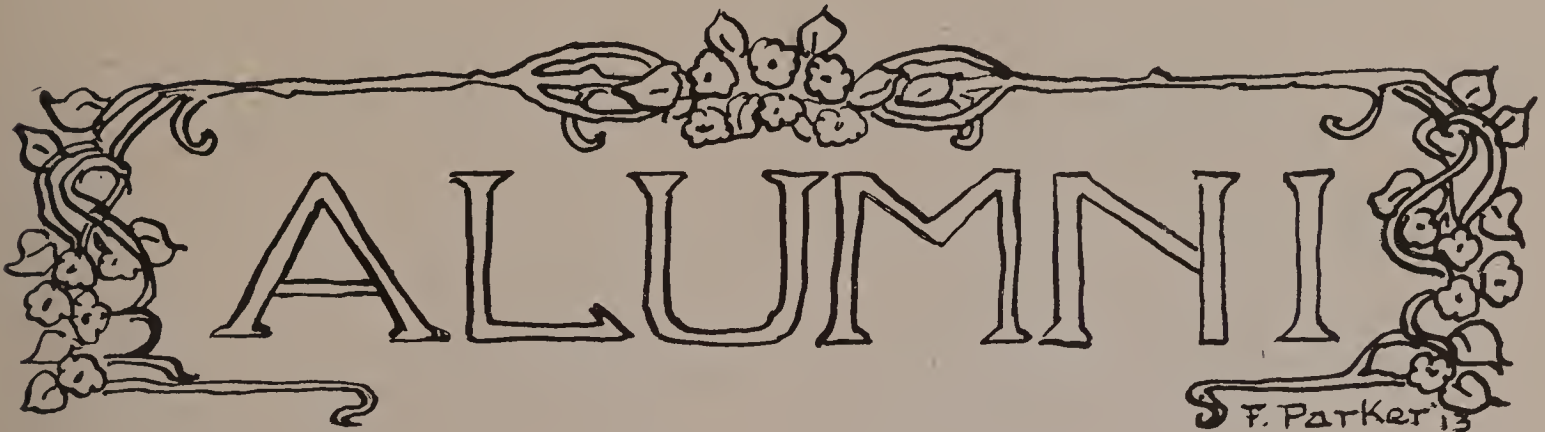
"That must be the house," she said to herself, and she dragged herself on as best she could, and rang the bell. As the door opened, she thrust out her hand and said, "Take it. I am going to faint." Then she fell to the floor with a thud.

"What does this mean, Victory?" asked the doctor. Victory sat up and in an apologetic voice said, "I am not going to faint, doctor. I am only tired. Let me lie down for a while until I have a rest; then I will go home."

The people in the house where the patient was, were surprised when he addressed her as Victory. But she had certainly won a victory for him, because, without the ether, the patient would not have survived.

EDWARD C. WALL.





"Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another."—Addison.

Grace M. Kennedy '10.

"Dreams, books, are each a world: and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good."
—Wordsworth.

Ethel A. Wallace, '09.

"The most valuable result of education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you ought to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like to do it or not."

—Huxley.

Eva S. Ward, '11.

Of Nature's many salutations,
I send just this, "Congratulations."

Helen Sylvester, '10.

"Lest auld acquaintance be forgot."

Bertha J. Boutelle, '12.

To the class of '13: one and all,
Greetings and best success we call.

Ethel M. Frizzell, '11.

"Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows."

Cora M. Boutelle, '12.

Here's to Woburn's good H. S.
May it always win success!

Help it's pupils ever higher!
This the wish of Allan Prior, '08.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy musch trained: know'st thou when
Fate

Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy: do this deed for me?"

Ethel Conn.

Grand Reunion and Banquet by Woburn High
School '10.

On New Year's eve, December 31, 1912, the Class of 1910 held its first reunion. As two and one half quickly passing years had been allowed to slip by with no class gathering, preparations were carefully made to make this a social event long to remain in the memory of each and every member of the class, and justify the good reputation which had always been attributed to '10 for its social functions.

Hardy, unsurpassed in his skill for supplying the inner man, was engaged as caterer, and S. S. Bean president of the class presided as toastmaster, this oc course, meaning that the intellectual feast was also of high order. Speeches by Thomas H. McGowan, C. Earle Sevrens, Ruth S. Curtis and Edward Kenney were greatly enjoyed.

Musical talent was not lacking in the Class of 1910. Miss Mabel C. Madsen, one of our talented soloists, gave choice and pleasing selections. Music was furnished during the banquet and for the dance afterwards by the Misses Alice and Mary Walsh. But on regret comes to mind in the evening's entertain-

ment that the xylophone solos by C. O. Soles were of such a nature as to cast a dark shadow over the musical reputation of 1910. The lack of feeling displayed, the incorrect time, and the general "out-of-tune-ness" of the whole performance were a general cause for dismay.

The dance was the crowning feature of the evening, and was kept in full swing until the clock warned that the supposed-to-be unlucky year of 1913 had been born. Then with hearty congratulations to the committee whose excellent work made possible the highly enjoyable evening, and with many expressed wishes for another reunion in the near future, the Class of 1910 left the hall in the first wee small hours of 1913.

Clifford O. Soles, '10.

The Class of 1910 might rightfully be called the matrimonial class in view of the unusual number who have entered into the state of married bliss. Among them are Leila Weatherbee, Madeline Winn, May Wheeler, Mary Riley, Lucy Carswell, Nellie Buxton, and Earl Sevrens.

Mr. Harold Fraser, W. H. S. '08, Amherst '12, has entered the employ of the Woburn Journal as a reporter.

One of Mayor Henchey's most popular appointments was that of "Big Ed" Wall to the office of Sealer of Weights and Measures. He has recently won laurels as a bass soloist.

Mr. Allan Prior, W.H.S. '09, who has won high honors throughout his course at Harvard has accepted a position in Chicago with the Western Electric Company.

Mr. Thomas Kerrigan, who graduated from the Woburn High school in 1908 and who has been successful in the government service in the Philippines, is expected home in June.

ALFRED AUSTIN

Alfred Austin, who for the past seventeen years had been poet-laureate of Great Britain, died at the age of 77 years, after a lingering illness at his home, the old Swinford Manor, Ashford, in Kent, England, on June 2, 1913.

He succeeded Alfred Tennyson, at the latter's death in 1896, and filled his place with honor.

He was the son of a wealthy Yorkshire merchant, and as such received an excellent education, procured at Roman Catholic colleges, for his parents were of that faith. Later in his life he changed his early religion to that of the English church. His profession on which he launched himself at the end of his college career was that of lawyer, being admitted to the bar in 1857 at the age of 24. He later chose a life of literature, going to Italy in the course of events. Here he was engaged in writing political papers and novels, also being employed as a critic and a war correspondent at times. His chief newspaper work was done in Rome and later in the Franco-Prussian War, when he was assigned as the correspondent of the London Standard, and located with the Prussian Army where he became a fast friend of Bismarck.

The greater part of his poetical works was published between the years of 1880 and 1890. His writings were of a patriotic style. Numbered among his best efforts are the "English Lyrics," "Prince Lucifer," and "Savonarola."

Austin's place in the literary world was unique, in as much that he followed the immortal Tennyson, the poet of the English speaking race, who in the minds of many, excelled all others.

The poet-laureateship is bestowed in Great Britain as a partly political addition to the household of the ruler and as an honor of great worth and merit to the fortunate recipient. While Tennyson was regarded as the greatest poet, seer and philosopher in his time in Great Britain and fully lived up to his reputation, Austin never made any pretense of holding such a place in the eyes of the world. But there is no doubt in the minds of intelligent people that Alfred Austin deserved the honor awarded to him by the noble Queen Victoria when she chose him as the poet-laureate of Britain.

Bertine P. Winchester, '13.

The engagement of Mr. Chester Conn, Woburn high school '06 to a State of Washington girl, has just been announced.



GLADYS E. RICHARDSON
Valedictorian



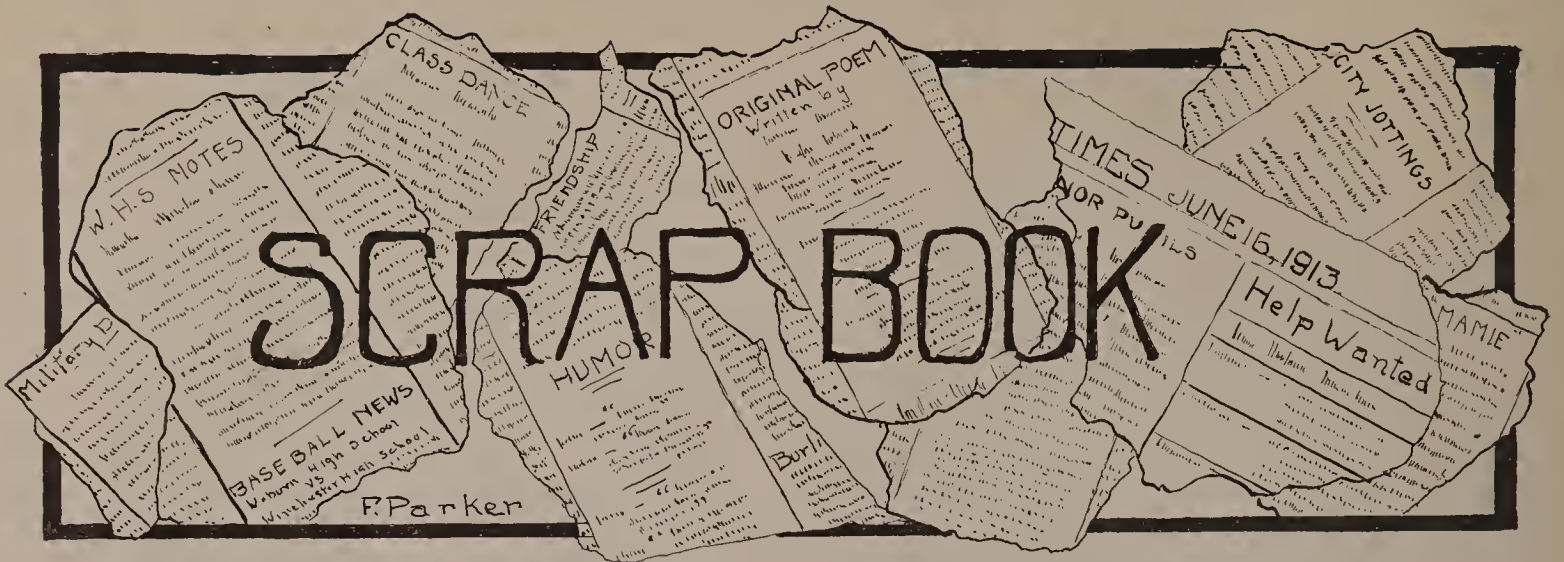
JENNIE B. BUCK
Salutatorian



OLIVE S. BARNUM
Historian



AGNES G. CONNOLLY
Prophet



MY TRIP TO WASHINGTON

My trip to Washington, D. C., covered a period of seven days. I was quite fortunate in being able to go at this time, for, because it was the time of the inauguration of the President of the United States, the railroads gave the cheapest rates possible. I had to become a member of the Militia for these few days. We left Woburn Sunday, March 2, 1913 and returned the following Saturday. At one-fifteen p. m. Sunday, assembly was blown in Woburn Armory and every man who was going to Washington "fell in" and the roll call was given. We marched from the armory to the station where we boarded a train bound for Boston. In due time we reached East Cambridge, and marched to the state armory in Charlestown. After waiting at the armory for an hour, Company G. with the rest of the regiment marched across Boston to the South Station. This was a very strenuous march for some of the men in the ranks, as a terrible blizzard struck us while we were marching up Washington Street and down Summer. We left the South Station at five p. m., just in time to get the boat for New York.

The sail from Fall River to New York was uneventful until we reached the East River. My journey from this point on to Washington was most interesting. I stood on the second deck in the bow of the boat, and observed many buildings, bridges, and islands. First my attention was attracted to Blackwell's Island.

Everything there was very neat, and I was told that this island corresponded to Deer Island in Boston Harbor. Looking over to the right, I could see a white tower which extended above every other building in its neighborhood. It was the tower of the Metropolitan Building. As we sailed up the East River, we passed under Blackwell's Island Bridge, and then stretching across the river before us was the famous Brooklyn Bridge. In order to obtain a good view of this bridge, and to get some idea as to its height, I went up on the highest deck on the ship. As the ship sailed under the bridge there was a considerable distance between the masts and smoke-stacks and the bridge. The Woolworth Building I recognized, as its shape corresponded to that in the many pictures of it that I had seen. The boat docked, and we marched to a ferry. From the ferry boat I succeeded in obtaining a good view of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." This is erected on a small island. Some idea of the size of this statue may be had when we remember that its nose is more than four feet in length, and the rest of its body corresponds to it in size. The statue itself appeared to be of a greenish color to me, which I imagined was caused from exposure to the weather. At nine a. m. we got aboard a train and in less than five minutes we started on our long ride to the capital.

The first few hours of our ride were quite interesting. I noticed particularly the dead

level of the country which extended for miles and miles without the slightest elevation. The railroad bed which is, in some places, some twenty-five feet below the level of the ground gives one an opportunity to see how beautiful the clay pits of New Jersey and Pennsylvania are in color and strata. The train stopped at Philadelphia to get water and coal. Soon we arrived at Baltimore. Of all the cities that I have ever seen this one was the filthiest. The dwelling houses were all of the same height and built of red brick. The yards in the rear of the houses were small and enclosed by high board fences, all of which appeared to be the same size. The streets of Baltimore were very unclean and seemed to be very black and dusty. I imagined that the cause of this was that the sewers emptied into the streets, although the city washed the streets every evening. At three p. m. we reached Washington and the whole Fifth regiment marched to quarters assigned.

At seven o'clock Tuesday morning "roll call" was taken and orders were given to be at the "Barracks" with full dress uniform promptly at eleven o'clock. Nothing of importance happened until eleven o'clock when assembly was sounded. We marched from Pennsylvania Avenue up West First Street for about one mile. We halted in front of the Union Station for at least half an hour. We then marched to a point at the rear of the Capitol, passing the West Point Cadets. I have often read in the newspapers of the West Point Cadets, and their appearance was so stunning that the attention of everybody in our company was taken away from his marching, and the line which our company formed was like a horse-shoe. When we reached the rear of the Capitol, the command was given us to halt, and there we had to stand for at least two and one-half hours. During that two and a half hours a cake or fruit dealer put in his appearance. There was a regular riot in the ranks because almost everybody wanted something to eat. A wagon stopped between two companies; the men in charge sold coffee, sandwiches, and fruit. While they were busy selling, some of the fellows unhitched the horse; of course, when the

men wanted to drive off, they found that only the horse moved.

At four o'clock the command was given to march. From this time until five-thirty it was constant marching. We marched in the form of "Company Front" and it was mighty hard to keep the line straight and thus the marching was very hard all the time.

If by chance one in the company got ahead or fell behind, he was given a "calling down", which we High School boys realized to the fullest. I shall never forget Pennsylvania Avenue. Every store window, every roof, every grandstand, every side-walk and every place in which a human being could place himself, was packed to its utmost capacity. The march down Pennsylvania Avenue was very strenuous, but we finally reached a point near the Treasury Building where we made a "right turn." In less than five minutes we should pass in review before the President. Just before reaching the front of the White House, we passed between two statues of women who were holding a palm leaf in one hand and appeared to be flying. If I remember correctly, at the farther end of the driveway were similar statues. Captain Kean gave the command "Eyes left", and for one minute and a half we looked at the new President of the United States. He appeared to be pretty well tired out. Beside him stood the Vice-President. We passed in review before the Major-general, Governor Foss, the Colonel of the Fifth Regiment, and the Major of our Battalion. It was not long before we reached the "Barracks" all tired out. At eight o'clock there were fireworks which I did not see. I wanted a good night's sleep.

Wednesday was warm and sunny. After eating breakfast we all went to Washington Monument, and by no means were we the first there. There were so many people waiting for the elevator that we decided to walk up, and I think it was best that we did walk because we found the large stone slabs with the names of different states and countries very interesting. The outlook from the top was magnificent. From the west window could be seen Lee's Mansion, Arlington Cemetery, and Fort Meyers.

From the south window we saw the city of Alexandria, which lies on the other side of the Potomac River, the great steel bridges which stretch across the Potomac River, and not far from Washington Monument on the same side, the new building of printing and engraving. From the east window one had a view of the city of Washington itself with its magnificent buildings, and the impressive domes of the Capitol, the Congressional Library, and the new National Museum. From this window I looked to the ground, and this was the first time I got an idea how high Washington Monument must be. The people who were walking about below appeared like pigmies. When we had descended, we all felt that the walk up and down Washington Monument was more tiresome than the march the day before.

After a short rest we went to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Here we were supplied with guides to show us the different processes of making and printing money. The new National Museum was our next point of interest, but, I am sorry to say, we did not spend much time there. It is a most beautiful building both inside and out. On the first floor, are models of a Lincoln park, which, when it is completed will be beautiful. Passing from the new National Museum we headed for the Treasury Building. This is an immense building which is situated at the extreme end of Pennsylvania Avenue, facing the Capitol. We entered, and as in all public buildings, we were furnished with guides. Most interesting was the flag used to drape the box seat which President Lincoln occupied the night of his assassination. We were told by the guide that General Booth, as he leaped from the box to the stage, caught his spurs in the flag, fell, broke his ankle, and at the same time tore the flag. This torn flag was shown in a glass case.

Sherburne must have got tired from sight-seeing for we lost him in the Treasury Building. We went out through the north entrance, and directly in front of us on the opposite side of the street was the State, War, and Navy Department building. It is built of red stone and it is the only building of its kind in Washington.

Three floors of this building are devoted to models of war-ships, torpedoes, armored cruisers, supply ships, and aeroplanes. These models were in glass cases placed on both sides of very large corridors which ran the length of the building.

The next building we visited was the most interesting. It was the White House. We were allowed to enter only certain rooms of the home of the new President,—the Green Room, the Red Room, and the East Room. The impression which I got from my visit to the East Room was one that I shall not soon forget. The East Room I should say was used only for enjoyment. This room was probably sixty feet by thirty feet with a hard-wood floor, finished for dancing. In the centre of the room, hanging from the ceiling, was a huge electric crystal chandelier with its small pendant pieces of glass about two inches long, three-quarters of an inch wide and one-quarter of an inch thick. This chandelier was kept lighted throughout the day, and the effect it gave was one of unsurpassed beauty.

The United States Mint was the last public building we visited this Wednesday morning. The interior of this building is made of a peculiar kind of marble, and it is noted for having held the first inaugural ball. This inaugural ball was at the time of President Grant's inauguration. I think that I heard the guide say that there was an average of fifteen million dollars leaving this mint every day. We went into a restaurant and ate our dinner.

Directly afterward we went to Alexandria in Virginia. Although it was only the first week in March, it was very warm, and after walking a short way, some of us loosened our coats, others took off their caps, and some did both. We crossed the Potomac on the great steel bridge which marks the end of shipping on the upper Potomac. Alexandria, I should say, was a typical southern village. The negroes were lying about, pitching quoits, playing "knucks," or hanging about the little store. The difference between these negroes and those in Washington was astonishing. These negroes were disagreeable to talk to and to look at, while

those in Washington were amiable. I often wondered if it was because we came from the North. Lee's mansion is situated at the top of a very high hill in Arlington, Virginia, and in order to reach it one must climb up by means of stairs. The front of the house has six huge Doric pillars mounted on a platform which is reached by three stairs. We entered this building, and it looked very, very old. Each of us boys registered his name in books which were left there for the purpose and then departed for Fort Meyers which lay about one-fourth of a mile to the west. We arrived too late to see any drilling. We noticed the neatness of everything here. We walked to Georgetown, Virginia, and there we took a car for Washington, D. C. The topic which we discussed on our way back was principally the absence of Sherburne, and when we arrived at the barracks he was still missing.

After supper we went up to the Congressional Library, the largest and most magnificent library building in the world. As we visited this beautiful building at night, we were able to see it in its full grandeur. The ceilings were beautiful with their bright colored frescoes, and the thousands of electric lights in the dome, shed a brilliant light over ceilings and marble walls. In this building we met Sherburne. What an ovation he did receive. Each and every one of us shook hands with him and patted him on the back. The lost was found. We proceeded to tell him what we had done that day. We soon found ourselves back at the barracks, tired out but in good spirits. This morning we visited the Smithsonian Institute spending the larger part of the morning there. While we were on our way over there, a slight snow-storm, followed by a strong wind, struck us. Each of us fellows was fortunate because we had brought our overcoats along. We wore them for the first time. I slept Thursday afternoon, and I have always regretted it, because I missed a visit to the Corcoran Art Gallery. Thursday night came, our last in Washington. Friday morning we were to leave at four-thirty. This last night at Washington was looked forward to by some of the older members of the companies as it

was called initiation night, and in the barracks every "rookie" had to be initiated. There were men from each company appointed to go around to every room and find the "rookies" and direct them downstairs where the performances were held. Fortunately we had a few friends in Company G to tell us not to go down even to look on, and if perchance one of us did go, to say if we were asked, that the rest were at camp. Well, the hour had arrived when the introduction of the "rookies" into the veteran camp was to be made. Some of the forms of initiation were egg shampoos, face painting, and if a man had a mustache, the removal of half of it. When a man got an egg shampoo, I should think that he would never forget it, because an egg was broken on his head and rubbed in. This was over about twelve o'clock and from now until four-thirty everything was quiet.

At four-thirty the first call was sounded, and every man had to get up and roll his blanket and overcoat and be ready to depart at any moment. After rolling our blankets, we went out in search of something to eat. This was no easy matter, but finally we found a place almost opposite the Washington Post-Office. We returned about five-thirty and at six o'clock assembly was blown. We formed our company in "column of squads," but marched out "right by twos", forming "company front", out on the street. We marched to the station, and in less than an hour we were on our way to New York. Our ride from New York to Fall River was uneventful, and at four forty-five we were awakened. Walker, Marshall, Shinquin, Sherburne, and I, who were sleeping in one stateroom, did not pay any attention to this signal, but, being afraid it did mean something, we telephoned to the steward, who told us that all the companies were formed out in the saloon. For five fellows trying to dress in one room was quite an undertaking when there was hardly room for one. Well, three of the fellows got dressed all right, but Sherburne and I had to run to the train with our coats, blankets, haversacks, and guns in our arms. We must have been fine-looking travelers, running through the boat and across the docks into the train. In due time we reached

Boston. We marched across the city to the North Station and reached Woburn about eight forty-five. Harry E. Lawson, '13.

A PORTRAIT

Every one has a "Hall of Memories", even though one does not always call it by that name, the walls of which, are hung with pictures, portraying incidents, scenes, or faces which, when seen, were sufficiently beautiful or striking to fasten them permanently to the walls of this very interesting room. The subject for one of the most beautiful pictures in my "Hall" was suggested by a young girl whom I saw one evening last summer in the railway station at Concord, N. H., where my train was waiting in the train-shed to have another section attached to it. The station was filled with a hurrying, jostling mob, every one was pushing every one else in an endeavor to find some one, or something. As I sat, watching with keen interest the movements of the crowd outside, a beautifully gowned lady entered my car, and, seating herself directly in front of me, opened the window, and began an earnest conversation with a young lady and an elderly gentleman who were stationed outside. The conversation being in a foreign language, which I did not understand, was in itself sufficient to attract my attention; but, had it not been, the beauty of the girl whom I could easily see, was of a nature to command any one's admiration. Tall, slight, and dressed faultlessly in an immaculate suit of white serge, the coat of which had broad, black satin revers, daintily shod, and wearing a large black hat covered with shimmering plumes, she formed a picture impossible to forget, having once been seen. However, wonderful as was her attire, it faded into but an appropriate background for her face, which was suddenly turned toward me in an engaging smile. It was a face over which an artist might rejoice, and then despair, for its beauty was constantly changing. Vivacity, humor, tenderness, and intellect were obviously quite, generously bestowed upon the owner.

Her skin, evenly tanned, her lips parted in smiles, her black eyes alternately flashing and softening beneath her dark hair, made a picture before which I shall always pause with wonder and admiration as I gaze at it in my "Hall of Memories." Lillian B. Hubbard, '13.

A REMINISCENCE

The marching of the high school battalion in the Memorial Day parade as an honorary escort to the Grand Army Veterans, brings to mind a precedent established a number of years ago by the high school battalion when it paraded with the veterans in the same cause.

Up to the year 1899, each and every Memorial day parade marched up Main Street to Charles Street and then into the Charles Street entrance to the cemetery and across to the Soldiers' lot, situated near the old bandstand. Marching up Charles Street facilitated access to the lot. But on Memorial day, 1899, the high school battalion led the parade, and Sergeant Major Fred C. Kean of the battalion, now captain of Company G., led the drum and bugle corps in the van of the column. He had been revolving the matter in his mind, the roughness of the road leading to the Charles Street gate and also the unattractiveness of that entrance; so when the line of the parade reached Salem Street, "Fred" gave the order, "Column Right" and headed up Salem Street.

The wonder and feelings of the officer of the day, J. Fred Leslie, can be imagined. He came quickly to the scene of action and demanded the reason for the deviation from the old established course. Sergeant Major Kean faced his superior and naively replied, "We're going to enter the cemetery today by a good entrance, sir, and that's why we're marching up Salem street."

Whether the reasonableness of the reply or the frankness of the young officer struck Mr. Leslie the more, is not known, but the line kept to the course ordered by "Fred", and ever since, the Memorial Day parade has followed the Salem Street route which was first adopted at the command of a high school cadet.

Bertine P. Winchester '13.

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