

WOBURN HIGH SCHOOL

The Reflector

MAY, 1924

Safety



Strength

CAPITAL \$100,000

SURPLUS \$100,000

Woburn National Bank

WOBURN, MASS.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

We offer you the facilities of
BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

and

THE AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.

when traveling this summer.

The two greatest traveling agencies on
earth

Tanners National Bank

“of service to the community”

Compliments of

The Woburn Teachers' Association

Compliments of

THE CENTRAL HARDWARE CO.

*Queen
Quality*
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. T.G.P. CO.
SHOES

for
Women

McElwain

for the whole family

Sold by
VAN TASSEL &
QUIGLEY

470 MAIN STREET
WOBURN

BOSTONIAN

for
MEN



Patronize Our Advertisers. They have made this paper possible.

The Reflector

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....MIRIAM J. HOSMER
 Assistant Editors.....NORMAN T. PROVEST,
 ALOISE R. BARRAR
 Athletic Editors.....GEORGE E. CAIN
 RUTH K. WHEATON
 Alumni Editor.....EVELYN G. DICKINSON
 Exchange Editor.....JOSEPHINE A. MEAGHER
 Rumford Editor.....ELEANOR ARNOLD
 Senior Class Editor.....JOHN E. HARNEY
 Junior Class Editor.....LOUISE S. WOODMAN
 Sophomore Class Editor.....MADELINE B. LEAVITT
 Freshman Class Editor.....DOROTHY B. PROVEST

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager.....EDWIN C. JOHNSON
 Assistant Business Manager.....HAROLD W. BURNES
 Circulation Manager.....JENNIE F. NARKIEWICH
 Treasurer.....ETHEL M. BASCOM (Faculty)

ADVISORY STAFF

Mr. CLYDE R. CHANDLER Miss ELIZABETH C. WHITE
 Miss ELSIE M. WOLFENDALE



The Reflector

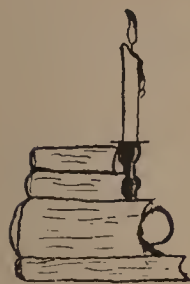
May, 1924



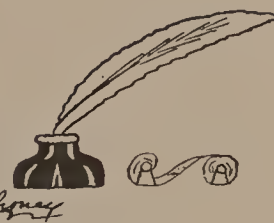
Published Five Times a Year by the
Students of Woburn High School
Woburn, Massachusetts

CONTENTS

Forming Habits	5
Politeness	5
Safety First	6
Punctuality	6
Milk and Miss Roberta	7
Willie	8
His Share	8
My Idol	9
Jewish Packard No. 2	9
Sunrise	10
Venetian Glass-Blowers	10
Romeo and Juliet	10
The Three M's	11
Rumford School Section	12
Exchanges	15
Class Notes	18
Alumni	21



Editorials



Forming Habits

By FRANCIS HARDCASTLE '24

Has it ever occurred to you what a great deal habits good or bad have to do with your mode of living? Very few people give any thought at all to habits when they are young and when they grow older they are very sorry that they did not break themselves of their oddities before they had become fixed habits. Do not think that the foregoing applies to all habits in general, it applies only to those which are considered bad, morally or conventionally. It is a very good thing to cultivate good habits in oneself, as you will not be sorry in later years; it is very much easier if we try to cultivate these habits while we are young.

The habit that should be most cultivated, especially by the young people is **playing the game**. Whether it is morality or conventionality, athletics or class studies, play the game with the best that is in you. Do not give up because someone laughs at you or tries to make fun of you, but play harder. If he is made of the right stuff he will eventually come around to your view on the subject. If you are tempted to make fun of some one who is playing the game, just remember, and "Put yourself in the other fellow's place." If you are broadminded at all, you will not ridicule him.

The habit that is most peculiar to most young people, also a goodly number of older ones is **Procrastination**, that is, putting off to some other time what should be done now. It should be most carefully guarded against. It may mean success or failure when you enter the business world. Do not say to yourself "Oh! This is only a trifle; I'll let it go until tomorrow." Do it now, immediately. The affairs of the world hinge upon trifles. If you form the habit of doing necessary, so-called trifles immediately, it will not be hard to perform greater tasks on time.

The boys, especially those whose intention is to enter the business world, should most carefully guard against the habit of what is termed "Sharp Practices." If this habit is formed while young it will follow you to the grave. It is the hardest habit to break and the way to get out of breaking it is not to contract the habit. Some people might say "Oh! that is all right, you are inside the law", but just because the law does not forbid it does not mean that it is just. And as nothing succeeds like success, you, having found yourself

successful on the shady side of the law, will be soon going beyond it to make coups; and then will come your downfall. Whether you meet your downfall or not you will not have a very high opinion of yourself nor will the people who know you well. Deep down in your heart you will say to yourself, "I am nothing but a despicable cur."

The most despicable habit that anybody can have is that of passing on stories that tend to ruin a person's character, whether they be true or false; if you have tendency to do this sort of thing say to yourself, "Would I want anyone to tell the same about me."

And now, interested readers, if you have followed me through the foregoing paragraphs and will harken to my advice you will be able to face the world with the outlook of an optimist. For there is an old saying, "If you look for evil you will find it, if you look for good you will find it," so make your choice. Those who generally look for good in others sooner or later do good themselves, while those who look for evil, generally do evil. We are none of us perfect but let us do our best and "play the game."

Politeness

By LOUISE WOODMAN '25

Politeness is a quality which few possess and many covet. The few that do possess it are esteemed above their fellowmen in the home, the community, and in the church. Such people have many friends and when you are with them you are at your ease. Politeness is something acquired only after long practise. Your tongue will cause you more trouble than you can imagine. This useful but troublesome member of your body must be carefully trained so that it will utter only words that will reecho your kindly feeling toward others and not reecho words that will stir up anger and hatred. In short, your words to others must be the words that you would wish to have spoken to you.

There are many places where politeness is necessary, but I wish to discuss its value in the school.

A quiet "thank you" to your teacher will do no harm, but it will do her a great deal of good. She will be glad to do everything in her power for you if she realizes that you appreciate her efforts and do not accept them as a matter of course. Attention when she is trying to teach in the class room is important. No matter how trivial you may think it you must listen and get the most out of every lesson that you can. You may be sure that she will talk of nothing but the most

important things. Therefore always be polite enough to listen and learn.

Your class mates must not be forgotten. They too deserve their share of your politeness. They will respect you and wish for your friendship. They will be glad to say that you are in their class. Be careful in your speech. Say nothing that you know beforehand will stir up hatred. When your friends wish to talk, be polite enough to allow them to. Make them feel that you think what they will say is just as important as what you would have said. Do not always keep the center of the floor for yourself. Remember! "Speech is silver, but Silence is golden."

Outside of the school your politeness will still reflect upon it. When you are on the street, recall that it does not all belong to you. On the cars if you offer your seat to an elderly person, it will bring a smile of appreciation to his face. On the ball field be polite to your opponents. Let them go back to their own town, not raging within, but glad that they have come, not feeling that it was a fight, but a clean and manly sport. We cannot all win laurels for our school, but we all can uphold its standards.

This quality which few possess and many covet can be yours if you so desire. With it you will become a credit to your home, your school, your church, and your community.

Safety First

By EBEN N. BLAKE '25

Many unfortunate students do not realize the importance of the term "home study." The old saying "If a thing is to be done, do it well" should be the motto of every student. The key to success in school work really lies in this proverb. For if a boy or girl goes home from school without any books to study that evening when the teachers have assigned him lessons to study, he is not getting what he should out of school. He is going to school because he has to and not because he wants to learn something. He is not doing the thing well, he is only doing half of what he should do. This boy has not yet learned the meaning of education. He is not thinking of the future. He is only thinking of the present day, and the following day does not enter his mind. When he is going home from school, he feels that his work is done for the day. The lessons he should

study for the next day do not concern him in the least.

The athlete should realize the great importance of home study in his case. For if his home study is not done, he not only is hurting himself, but also his team's chances in whatever sport it may be. He will not be popular in his school but will be subject to ridicule by his class mates, and his shame will be unspeakable.

If a student does his home work from day to day and does not get behind in his school work, his school life will be much easier and more enjoyable than that of the fellow who does not do his work faithfully from day to day, and has a great deal of hard work all at once. Do not put off 'till tomorrow what you can do today.

Punctuality

By ARTHUR G. FULLER '25

Punctuality may be defined as a quality entirely necessary for the advancement and progress of education. Education is worth striving for, as that is the source from which, and by which we attain, generally, our goals throughout life. A business man has learned the value of punctuality and highly prizes it as the origin of his position. Even the ruler of our government and the national officials also, hold the same feeling toward it. Even the working man and foreigner, although they have had little training, have grasped the vast meaning of this essential. The early writers and poets deal largely with this subject. A well known saying illustrates punctuality: 'A stitch in time saves nine', a good motto to remember and to adopt. If this word means that much, why can't we in our every day life help to follow that meaning out by attending to our duties and engagements promptly? If we do, it will mean saving of time and worry, and will greatly benefit our fellow workers and teachers. Be punctual.

We all know that tardiness is, because we see so many examples of it daily. It's something to guard against. A person that forms the habit of being tardy, is one who can never be relied upon for work physical or mental. He is always behind, both in business and social activities, and so considered a poor manager. Don't be known as a slacker by being tardy, but be on time. To avoid tardiness, put your mind and thought on what is to be done, plan things out thoroughly, and not immediately. **Do not be tardy.**



Milk and Miss Roberta

By RUTH EDMUNDS '24

Miss Roberta Tenly aged four years sat in the middle of her grandmother's pansy bed picking the "pitty 'ittle f'owers" and incidently pulling most of the plants up by the roots.

What was that queer feeling in her stomach? Miss Roberta's face clouded as she felt the unpleasant gnawing. Suddenly her face cleared, and she jumped up, the pansies falling unheeded to the ground, and she ran towards her grandmother's house. She was hungry and "malk" would be just the thing to ease that faint feeling in her stomach. She announced to her mother, who was sewing and talking at the same time with her grandmother, that she wanted some "malk."

"Go out and play, dear, it isn't time to eat now. You eat all the time," answered Roberta's mother.

"What queer folks grown-ups are," thought hungry Roberta as she went towards the kitchen. She guessed she knew when she was hungry.

Roberta wandered into the back pantry in search of something to do. Ah! what a lovely pail of milk her grandfather had left here. It was just the right size for sailing boats, but what could she use for a boat? If she went up-stairs for one she would have to pass through the living room with the boat and questions might be asked about what she was going to do with it and where she was going to sail it, and Roberta felt that mother and grandmother would not approve of sailing boats in the pail of fresh milk. Therefore, she must look for a substitute. Not seeing anything suitable in the pantry, she started for the woodshed for a stick, but—Oh joy! right outside the kitchen door were her grandmother's rubbers. One was plenty, and just the thing for a boat—hollow in-

side and waterproof. Roberta saw some strawberries on a low shelf and placed a goodly number in the "boat" for passengers. Some of the "passengers" fell out of the boat and colored the "ocean" red, just as though they had been hurt by falling into the water and were bleeding to death.

But Roberta's stomach was feeling more faint all the time. Suddenly a brilliant idea popped into her head. She ran softly into the kitchen again and brought back a cup.

From which pan was it that mother usually poured her milk? Yes, Roberta was quite sure it was the big white pan on the fourth shelf from the bottom. That was rather high but she guessed she could get it down if her mother, and grandmother and grandfather did.

Roberta placed the stool near the shelf which held the much desired pan of "malk". She jumped onto the stool and reached for it. Oh dear! her hands wouldn't quite touch. Yes they would too, by standing on tiptoe. She pulled the heavy pan towards her until it rested on the very edge of the shelf. How tired her arms were from holding them up so long. She would just put them down for a minute to rest, and then lift the pan to the broad shelf below that she might fill her cup with the rich sweet milk.

"Oh mother," Roberta screamed, the second she had put her arms down "lumps are falling on my head."

Roberta's mother rushed into the pantry. "Oh Roberta, what have you done to grandmother's sour milk that she was saving to make Dutch cheese. She led the crying little girl to the kitchen sink.

"Don't like ol' sour "malk". Take it off, mother," wailed poor Roberta.

And mother proceeded to "take it off" by turning the faucet of water on the head of poor Roberta who decided that she never wanted to get any "malk" by herself again.

Willie

By DOROTHY B. AYER '24.

"Willie, are you going to take your sister down town or not?" cried his mother. A low growl from upstairs.

"Willie!" cried his mother.

A door was heard to slam somewhere above. "What do you want?"

"Are you going to take your sister down town?"

"Humph, well I might if you'd stop calling me "Willie."

"I think," said his mother, "that I've a perfect right to call you anything I want to."

His mother was a very young looking woman and indulged in all kinds of outdoor sports. At times William Duncan was rather proud of his mother—but this was one of the times when he wasn't.

He wore "long pants" now and spoke in a low bass voice. In view of all these things, he considered the name Willie to be far below him. His mother still continued to call him "Willie", however, and argument seemed of no avail.

The argument continued for a little while and then his sister's voice was heard.

"Willie, do hurry, I promised to meet Alice at five o'clock."

"Coming," said Willie. On his way out, he stopped to say to his mother, "After I take Alice down, I'm going to take the car down to the beach for the rest of the evening."

"No I don't think so," responded his mother, "after the way you talked to me a few minutes ago."

"Oh! mother, please be a good sport I had everything planned!"

"No, Willie; I think not."

"Willie; Willie!" There you go again. "Say! if any of the fellows ever heard you call me that I'd never hear the end of it!"

"If you had ideas as modern about things like this as you do on other things I'd like it better," continued the injured William.

"Why I—Oh do go and,—Yes take the car.", cried his mother in exasperation. Later, after William had safely delivered his sister and he and his chum, Lawrence, were enjoying themselves at the beach in the company of two young ladies he noticed a sudden quiet—two search lights were being played on the water. A girl and a man dived from the wharf into the water beneath. It was a race! The girl was very slender although her face was not visible and the reddish brown ringlets of her hair could be seen beneath the bathing cap.

William fell in love with her on the spot. At the beginning the man was ahead but he made many use-

less movements and the girl with her firm suré stroke was slowly gaining. William cheered himself hoarse and when the girl finally came in victorious he was nearly beside himself with joy. As she suddenly turned around the spotlight fell full on her face—Even at a distance William recognized her—He gave a gasp, turned to the girl beside him and said, "Why that's my mother!"

"Didn't you know it," said the girl.

"No! I." began William, but suddenly he excused himself and left his companion with the other two and raced toward the bathhouse. It seemed ages before his mother came out and he began to be nervous when suddenly he heard her slip the bolt inside. He quickly stepped back into a shadow. As she opened the door and stepped forth he caught her in his arms kissing her full on the mouth—She gave a terrified little gasp and tried to get away. In a moment however she caught a glimpse of his face.

"Oh Willie!" she cried, "you frightened me so."

"Mother!" he said, "I'm so proud of you! You may call me Willie all the rest of my life if you want to. You know I fell in love with you this evening."

"No" she said—"I've come to the conclusion that you've grown up now and I must call you William—I didn't realize that you weren't a little boy any longer—"Willie" was my pet name for you when you were a baby." He took her arm and they walked happily down the beach together looking more like lovers than Mother and Son.

His Share

By KATRENA CHIMETA '27.

The inhabitants of peaceful Lynville woke up one March morning in 1917 to see the fear inspiring word **WAR** staring at them from their morning papers. Of course they knew a war was being fought abroad; but, somehow, they didn't seem to think that the United States would go into it.

Burton Prescott, the minster's son, was one of the first to read this ominous word. He and his little white-haired mother together with Dr. Prescott, his father, were having breakfast, when he saw it. At the same time h's father and mother saw it, and as he looked up at them now, he saw a question in their eyes.

"I shall do my share," was the unspoken answer they read in his eyes. Thus it happened that within a week a khaki-clad Burton Prescott, together with a few of the Lynville boys, was escorted to the station by young and old. These were the first of the boys to leave the town and Lynville outdid itself in its display of banners and cheering as the train slowly drew out of the station. What did it matter if women and girls hid

their faces in their handkerchiefs, men gulped and blinked, and the smiles left the faces of the children as the train's last car disappeared, around the bend, if only their boys left the town with the memory of smiling faces, flying banners, and cheering?

Months went by and Lynville took on a new importance. The Lynville Club, which was really a part of the Red Cross, was formed under the leadership of Mrs. Prescott. The ladies of the town graciously gave up their afternoons to the making of bandages. Those of the men who were useless for army work did all in their power for the boys "Over there."

One afternoon Mrs. Prescott was absent from the usual meeting of the Lynville Club. This was not unusual lately. Two months previous, word had come to the parsonage that Burton had been wounded in the battle of Belleau Wood, and since that day Mrs. Prescott's health had been failing.

Silence prevailed in the sitting room where Mrs. Prescott and her husband were, for both were busy with their own thoughts. The sudden ringing of the door bell brought them back to the present.

Dr. Prescott himself went to the door and a few minutes later returned with a tall, slender, young officer. His eyes were covered by a bandage and his right arm was in a sling, but this did not prove successful in making Burton Prescott unrecognizable to his mother.

With a cry of joy the mother ran to her hero son. It was some time later that their son told the Prescotts of his experience in Belleau Wood, and how he lost his eye sight, and the use of his right arm, in doing his share in the cause of humanity.

The mother listened without a single word to encourage or stop her son from recounting his story. When he finished she said smiling, "We should thank God that He saw it right to send you back to us alive."

Perhaps you think she didn't love this hero son of hers, but if I tell you that night a little white-haired mother sobbed her heart out to the One who saw it right to deprive her son of his sight and the use of his arm, will you still think she did not love him?

My Idol

By ALEXANDER CHIMETA '26.

He is handsome and dark, and in his eyes, from the very first, I have seen gentleness and faith. I was on my way to meet a friend when I first saw him, and from that first time I have been possessed with a great desire to make him, at least, my friend. Day after day I used to go by the house where he lived, always hoping that I would catch a glimpse of him. My friends considered it a great joke that I should choose him for my idol, but such was the case.

One day I was going through his street when I heard soft footfalls behind me, and turning, I saw—my idol. He gave me but one glance and then continued on his way. The temptation to put out my hand just to touch his black coat was so great that I almost trem-

bled.

He must have gone as far as the corner when I heard the rumble of wheels. I looked up to see our grocer's team, driverless, coming around the corner towards me. I knew Job, the grocer's horse, was having another one of his runaway fits. I was trying to think what to do, when a dark form dashed out into the middle of the street. It was my idol! He ran toward the horse, jumped up, and caught and clung to its mane. Job tossed his head, lifting my idol from the ground, and ran a few more steps before he came to a standstill just in front of me.

A number of breathless people, who were following Job, came upon us just then. "You wonderful youngster," old Mr. Smith, Job's owner, gasped. "You did a good day's work when you stopped that horse of mine".

"Pardon me, Mr. Smith," I hastened to explain, "I didn't stop Job, but he did." And here I turned to point proudly to my idol.

"He did! How—?" But I wasn't listening. I was looking at my idol who hadn't said a single word during this act. And as he stood looking at me, I noticed that his eyes were dark and soft, and in their depths I saw that, from then on, he was to be my faithful friend.

Well, to make a long story short, I told my parents about my "affair". Dad proved to be my staunchest ally, and together we won my mother's approval. The result was that I now have my idol, and he's all my own, though Dad *did* pay for him. I have changed his name to Bob, and I can tell you that he is the most faithful, beautiful, black and white St. Bernard. I say he's the best dog in this country, but Dad says that's a broad statement, and that I had better say he's the best in the state.

Jewish Packard No. 3

By THOMAS H. DUFFY '24.

Jim Smith, a college boy, who was working in the lumber camps during the summer, paused in front of a small country garage. And as he did so he kept thinking of the distance he had to walk back and forth from his boarding house to the camp every day. The advertisement which he was reading was "Fifteen Dollars Buys Me," which was hanging on the side of a dilapidated Ford runabout. Finally he went in, gave the owner the required sum, and then proceeded to start the car. He found that he had to crank it for about five minutes to get it started. He headed the car through the woods toward the camp and he saw approaching him a large Packard touring car and as luck would have it his car stalled in the middle of the road. In the car was Bill Rogers, a cripple whose father was the richest man in the town and also some of Jim's classmates. One of the party remarked, "Look at the beaut Jim's got" and Bill Rogers said, "Yes it's a 'Jewish Packard No. 2.' The name spread through our town and everywhere Jim's car was hailed as "Jewish Packard No. 2." But when Jim tightened up all the bolts, gave it a few coats of paint and put a new

top on it, it was able to compete in looks with any Ford around the town. However the name stuck just the same.

About a month later Bill Rogers took a party of friends to his camp in the woods and after a week they returned, leaving Bill at the camp. About three hours after they returned the woods caught fire and Bill Rogers was trapped. The news that he was at camp and that the woods were on fire came to town. Jim got into his Jewish Packard No. 2 and started to the rescue. He reached the camp, picked up Bill, who was sitting on the porch unconscious of the impending disaster, and put him into the car. Then he raced the car homeward and all the way their faces were burned with flying cinders. Once he stopped at a brook to wet their handkerchiefs and cool their faces. He tied a handkerchief on Bill's face and again started the car. Then as he saw that the flames were closing in on all sides and the car approached a lake, he took two tree trunks which were lying on the shore and put Bill on them and waded out to his neck. When the fire stopped he waded to the shore and as his car was all burnt he picked up Bill and started carrying him towards town and just as he met a party of Bill's friends he became unconscious. Three days later he awoke in a hospital and after a few days he was released. As he walked toward the street he saw Bill in his roadster waiting to meet him and while he was talking with him, Bill's friends approached with a Packard car on which were the initials J. S. And underneath was printed in gold "Jewish Packard No. 3." Bill's friends had bought the car to give to Jim and now when people talk of the "Jewish Packard No. 2" they never laugh at it because it saved a life.

Sunrise

By EVELYN DICKINSON '24

A light gleamed out of the darkness,
Faint as a distant star,
And the pink and gold were blended
Into beauty which nothing could mar.
Over the sea it gilded,
Casting its rays abroad,
So that soon the water was bathed
With a radiant light from God.
The colors changed in their splendor,
Brighter and brighter it grew
Until just above the horizon,
The glorious sun burst thro'.

Venetian Glass Blowers

On Monday, March 19, we had an opportunity to see the Venetian glass-blowers, and watch their exquisite art. Glassblowing, which is an ancient art, has been perhaps more carefully developed in Venice than anywhere else in the world, although it is well-known in almost every country.

The most interesting fact in connection with the manufacture of the glass used is the coloring. Green

glass is colored with iron oxide and blue with cobalt oxide. Glass of pure white is made with bone ash. Opaque colors are made by adding arsenic. But strangest of all, pink glass is colored with silver, and red glass with gold. The ruby lights used by photographers, and the tail-lights in our automobiles all contain gold.

The first thing blown was a simple globe at the end of a tube; then two more globes which were filled with water, excellent magnifying glasses. Two birds were blown and filled with water, and Albert Brown and Bessie Temple held a private competition to see who had the better lung power. Bessie blew all the water out of her bird, we were told, just two seconds before Brown finished.

The glass-blowers spun some glass into fine threads which looked like silk, then tied some of it into a knot. After that, glass was blown into a long-crooked tube, so thin that it finally broke. It was one twenty-thousandth of an inch in thickness before it broke. As thin as the thinnest paper, it covered the floor, making it look as it might the day after Christmas. Surely a better imitation of snow would be hard to find.

Margaret Foley and Margaret Geary, Oscar Carlson and Randall Kean were asked to try their skill in glass-blowing. Miss Geary, and Carlson blew the longest tubes, and each was given one of the waterfilled magnifying glasses as a reward.

The glass-blowers showed us a water hammer they had made for Mr. Ricker to use in demonstration. It takes so long to make one of these that they could not show us the process.

But the prettiest thing they made was a tiny ship of blue glass, with sails and ropes of yellow. Delicate strands of glass were woven back and forth to make this dainty and exquisite ship.

When the performance was over, Mr. Ricker demonstrated the water hammer so thoroughly that he broke it. The other pieces of this lovely art, however, may still be seen upon request.

Romeo and Juliet

By OLIVE WOODS '24.

On April first ten pupils from Room 16 accepted the invitation to attend the dress rehearsal of Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet" given by the Masque, a Dramatic Society of Tufts and Jackson Colleges. We were accompanied by Miss Hart who proved herself a very efficient and excellent chaperon.

The play was held in Jackson gymnasium and was attended by pupils from a number of other High Schools. We were given special programs and the best of seats. The acting of the principals was beyond criticism. In many ways the production was unique. The beautiful costumes were designed and executed by the students themselves. They dyed the materials and cut and fashioned the garments after historic examples. The scenes and settings which were also the work of both colleges were beautiful.

Lectures

The Three M's

By C. WHEELER BEGGS '24.

The members of the three upper classes were fortunate in hearing a lecture by Mr. Gibson, State Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

He immediately attracted the attention of his audience by his jovial manner and clever wit.

The subject of his lecture was the three M's.

The first "M" was muscle. There is hardly a boy who sometime in his life has not tested his muscle and has wished to improve it. Every young man should respect his body. However, a boy's body is only his "house." He related an incident which happened recently. He was walking along Boston Common and saw a boy come slouching up the walk. He judged that he was a messenger boy because of his gait, slow and lazy. The boy leaned up against a tree and rolled a cigarette and therefore became a member of the "Amalgamated Order of Human Chimneys." He described the actions of the boy rolling his cigarette in such a sarcastic manner that the audience did not get the point of his story until he had finished. Then it came like a cloudburst. If that boy wanted another position, which would be for his advancement, he would surely have been turned down. The employer would ask him "Let me look at your hands." Yellow stains would show on his finger tips and he would be rejected even though he might have had good credentials. There is a certain group of business men in Boston who agree not to accept boys under twenty-one who smoke. He said that every boy was worth a million dollars. The audience was amazed. Yet he proved it. "How many of you would sell your eyes for a million dollars?" No one answered. "Well, then, you must value them at a million dollars."

His second "M" was mind. He said that some peoples' heads are woefully empty. "How much would you amount to if you were able to go and buy fifty cents worth of brains?" However, he said that he had not read of any such phenomenon yet and until he did, the pupil would have to study and improve his own brains. The good old process that the pupils are going through now will give them brains. He said that a pupil did not necessarily have to be a grind. He said, "If health is your wealth, knowledge is your power." Take your mathematics as a challenge (every virile youth accepts a challenge) and say "Mathematics, I hate 'cher, but I'm gonner get 'cher." Every virile young man likes football because of the challenge which it offers. Now let your lessons become a challenge and when you have won, you will enjoy the same feeling of satisfaction, which you have after winning a football game. What you do now

will determine what you will be twenty-five years from now. Enter school in a new way and strive to do your best, and later on you may be an executive. We can import our muscle at three dollars per day, but mind can demand whatever it will.

The third "M" was moral foundation. In his office in Boston, all the letters which he receives from employers asking him to recommend some young man ask about the man's character. Why so many questions about character and so few about skill? A Boston man said, "We used to want skill but now we want character because a few years ago when our best skilled engineer was working on a large contract, he became intoxicated; the work was held up and we lost thousands of dollars in two days." That man had skill but lacked character. For the fellow who desires success, his greatest asset is character. He showed us a picture of a splendid type of young athlete. The young man had been a councilor at Camp Beckett and was at the time a freshman at Harvard. This young man was Dave Putnam. He came to Mr. Gibson one morning in camp and said that he felt that he should go to war. The United States had not declared war. Mr. Gibson saw that the young man was determined, and nothing could stop Dave Putnam at that moment. He told of Putnam falling four miles and his aeroplane being smashed, while Putnam had only a tooth broken. Putnam brought down twenty-six enemy planes before he was killed, and he never once looked into the face of his dead enemy. A dinner was given to him by his brother aviators in Paris and when the wine was served, he quietly turned his glass upside down and showed his real character once more. That little act took real courage. The French have recently named a battleship after Putnam. His body now lies in a lead coffin in Flander's fields. Every high school boy should stand for clean speech, clean scholarship, and clean sport and should say "I may fail, but that is where I stand." He will soon come to be admired by his chums. Mr. Gibson told about a group of young men in the Portland, Maine High School who are like Dave Putnam in ideals. They are a controlling power in the affairs of the high school. He finished his most impressive lecture with the poem, "The Better Way" by Eder Guest. The poem showed to us the better way to reach success.

Have your Diplomas and
Class Pictures framed

AT

SMITH'S ART STORE

445 Main Street

Woburn, Mass.

Rumford School Section

Not So Brave

By AURA BEATTIE.

Bob and Elizabeth were walking home from high school one afternoon. "Are you going to join us tonight at the dance, Lib?" asked Bob.

"Don't I wish I could, Bobbie, but that pest, Raymond, asked me to take a walk with him. He's so tight he wouldn't buy a ticket. And such a 'fraidcat!. If he were as brave as he pretends to be, he'd tame animals for a living," answered Elizabeth.

"I agree with you, Lib. He is an awful baby. I'll tell you what we'll do. You call up Ray, and ask him to go early, around dusk. The dance doesn't begin until eight-thirty. You choose the road that leads down by the cemetery. When you come along, I'll poke out around the corner with a white sheet over my head. We can imagine what will happen after that."

That night, Ray and Lib started on their walk. "Which way shall we go?" asked Ray. "Oh, let's go down this street," answered Lib, "all right, but gee, that's kind of a lonely street for a girl to walk down." "Why, Ray, why should I be frightened when I have some one as brave as you for an escort?"

"Oh sure, you can't blame yourself in a case like that," answered Ray. As they were passing the cemetery, Ray whispered, "Let's go over on the other side. Er, I don't think there are so many stones over there."

"I don't mind the walking," said Elizabeth. "Are you sure there is nothing else that troubles you?"

"Oh no, I only thought—ooh, what's that?"

"What, Ray?"

"Ooh, run for life, Lib, it's a ghost!" When Elizabeth had recovered from her laughter, Bob was beside her and Ray was just disappearing around the corner. "Come on, Lib," said Bob between breaths. "We've just got time to get ready before the dance begins."

Fisherman's Luck

By WINSLOW BURLEIGH.

For three weeks the "Mary Ann," a square rigged, old sailing vessel had floundered around on the banks without a catch worth mentioning. The "Fort Worth," "Mary Jane," and the "Merryland" had gone out with the "Mary Ann" but they had filled their holds and had returned to port. The "Mary Ann" was still left on the banks with its crew of hardy fishermen.

A storm was coming up as they hauled in their lines. The men looked at the few fish in the net and groaned. At this rate they would not be back to port for two months. They made ready for the storm.

The tempest broke with great fury. The lightning

flashed, and the wind tore through the rigging. The anchor did not hold and the ship was blown far out to sea. The men and officers were greatly alarmed because they were likely to be driven into an iceberg. As they sped out into the ocean, the lookout shouted, "Ice ahead. Port your helm."

As the man swung the helm to port, the ship nearly rolled over on its side. All that night and part of the next day the storm raged.

After the storm had stopped, the men came onto the deck to see what damage had been done. One of them happened to look over the side at the water below. He gave a cry that could be heard throughout the ship. "The fish, the fish, just look at them!" He called the Captain who had the nets put out. Later, when they drew in the nets, they marveled to find fish in great abundance.

All that day they fished and it was a hungry, tired crowd of men that turned to their bunks.

The next day they put on all sail for port. The men left the company for which they had been working and purchased a ship of their own. The place where they met their good luck is now their favorite fishing ground.

Ode to Kerosene Lamps

By ELEANOR ARNOLD.

The light was shining brightly,
As I with book in hand,
Was sitting in a rocking chair,
Away in Wonderland.

The hero drew his dagger,
To slay the dreadful scout,
His sweetheart screamed; th dagger fell,
Just then the light went out,

I shook the lamp but not a sound,
My blood began to boil,
Oh, why did I lie in idleness
Neglect to put in oil?

O would the lamps within my house
Would shine through all the night;
But better still how nice 't would be
To have electric light.

Pupil: (Who has come to English class unprepared) I am very sorry not to be prepared, but I really did not know we were given an assignment for today. However, if you wish I will tell a story.

Teacher. Don't bother, you already have.

Quelques Mots De Francais

Extraite d'une lettre ecrit a Miriam Hosmer.

Votre derniere lettre ou vous me parlez de la ceremonie de la graduation m'a beaucoup interessee. Les coutumes des etudiants americains ne sont pas les memes que les notres. Voici comme nous procedons chez nous avant l'examen du baccalaureat. Chaque soir tous les etudiants s'assemblent et entonnent la priere a saint. Bachot veut dire en argot d'etudiant "baccalaureat" et saint Bachot est le saint de l'examen. Cette ceremonie est naturellement un plaisanterie et il n'y entiere aucune connection religieuse. Voici le texte de la priere chantee:

Pour les Maths et Philos
Pous les V. T., Rhetos
Prions bien Saint Bachot (repetez)

Elle merite une explication. Les Maths et Philos sont les eleves des classes de "Mathematiques" et de "Philosophie". Les V. T., c'est a dire les veterans, sont ceux qui ont echous a l'examen l'annee precedente et qui s'y presentent de nouveau, le Rhetos sont les eleves de "Rhetorique".

Puis le jour de la distribution des prix nous fascinous la ville en "**Monome**" c'est a dire en file indienne. En tete est un etudiant poussant un chariot charge des prix.

Vous voyez que les etudiants francias sont un peu "foolish."

Ecrite a Edith Dodge

Ici nous sommes dans l'eau jusqu'au cou. La Seine monte et deborde partout; des centaines de familles sont obliges de quitter leurs maisons et beaucoup de tonnes de marchandises sont perdues. Le chemin de fer du P. O. a ses gares inondees et ne march plus qu'avec grandes difficultes sur les lignes de banlieu. Enfin, ceci me touche plus sensiblement; les caves du Lycee noyees et nous n'avons donc plus ni lumiere ni chauffage, ce qui est tres agreeable quand il gele. Alors nous travaillons jusqu' au cou et nous nous eclairons avec nos seules intelligences et lumieres c qui est peu, fort peu meme.

Ecrite a Edith Dodge

La Fontaine etait un drole de caractere; il etait d'une distraction et d'une distraction extraordinaire. Un jour il alla a Chateau-Thierry pour voir sa femme. Cela lui fit faire un voyage de trois jours. Quand il arriva, on lui dit que sa femme etait a Vepres, qu'elle serait bientot de retour. Il s'en va, oublie pourquoi il etait venu, reprend le choche, retourne a Paris sans avoir vu sa femme et aux amis, qui, s'en etonnaient il repondit que sa femme etait aux Vepres."

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh, potestne cerni, profulgente die,
Salutatam signum circa noctis adventum?
Lati ciav(i) et stellae, decertant(e) acie,
Gloriose cingunt oppidi munimentum!
Iaclumque rubens, globus sursum rumpens
Per noctem monstrant vexillum fulgens.
Stellatumne vexillum volans tegit nos,
Patriam liberam fortiumque domos?

Oh, sic esto semper, manus si libera
Arcet a patria belli vastationem!
Triumphante pace patria prospere
Deum laudet qui nos statuit nationem!
Victoria me(a) est, quando causa iust(a) est;
Haec nostra sit vox: "Deus salus nostr(a) est."
Stellatum vexillum triumphans teget nos,
Patriam liberam fortiumque domos!

EXPRESSIONS OF COMMON OCCURRENCE WHOSE MEANINGS ARE DEPENDANT UPON A KNOWLEDGE OF CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY.

1. To fight like a Trojan—to fight with amazing boldness (or work with unusual energy)
2. To hector a person—to annoy.
3. A Herculean task—one that only Hercules could presumably accomplish.
4. A fidus Achates—a faithful friend.
5. A Helen—a woman of surpassing beauty and charm.
6. An Odyssey—a tale of wild adventure.
7. To cut up didoes—to play tricks.
8. Between Scylla and Charybdis—a choice between two difficulties.
9. An Apollo—an exceedingly handsome man.
10. To look to one's laurels—to take care lest one's position of eminence be lost.

Musical Terms in English.

Most of our musical terms come from the Italian and thus ultimately from the Latin. The following are derived from Latin words: alto, forte, fortissimo, piano (planus), accerlerando (celer), ritardo (tardus), con amore, soprano (super), mezzo-forte (medius), de capo (de capite), crescendo, opus, finale, libretto, trio, solo, tempo.

Most of the names of our states are Indian, but several of them are of Latin origin or form. Vermont means green mountain (viridis mons), New Jersey is "New Caesarea", Pennsylvania is Penn's woods (silva). Virginia is the maiden's land (named after Queen Elizabeth, the virgin queen), Florida is the flowery land (flos), Colorado is the land of the colored or red, Montana is mountainous (mons), Nevada is the land of snow (nix), and Rhode Island is named after the Greek island of Rhodes, meaning rose.

States names with Latin feminine forms are: Carolina (Charles II), Georgia (George II), Louisiana (Louis XIV), and Indiana.

Our Latin Page

Why We Have Deponent Verbs—A Story

Once upon a time, hundreds of years ago, there lived a young hero named Active Verb. One day when he was riding through a deep forest he came upon a hut. He entered and found an old white haired man, Antiquus Vir, crouched in a corner weeping bitterly.

"Why do you weep?" asked Active Verb.

"My only daughter, Passive Form, has been kidnapped by young Capio. Alas, I shall never see her again."

Active Verb then volunteered to follow the villain, recapture the maiden and restore her to her father. The old man called down upon him the blessing of the immortal gods and promised him that if he should succeed, he would give him her hand in marriage.

After many adventures Active Verb returned, bringing with him the lovely Passive Form, and they were married with great pomp and also much felicity.

Now in this home was born a marvelously beautiful daughter. She was active in her disposition but resembled her mother Passive in her personal appearance. They named her Deponent.

The gods, who observed all these things from high Olympus, were so much pleased at the doings of the family that they conferred upon them eternal life. They make their home in the Latin Grammar.

Contributed by Ivy Green, Ely, Minn.

Roman Wit

No Friend of Mine

1. Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

Teeth

2. Thais haet nigros, niveos Laicania dentes.
Quac retio ets! Emptos heac habet, illa suos.

Nothing at all

3. Esse nihil dicis quid quid petis, improbe
Cinne:
Si nil, Cinne, petis, nil tibi, Cinna nego.

The Names of the Months

In early Roman times the year began March 1, and February was the last month. We still use the ancient Roman names of the months. **March** was named after Mars. **April** was the opening month (aperio), when the earth seems to open up. **May** is the month when things become bigger (maior). **June** is June's month. **July** was originally called **Quinctolis**, the fifth month, but was renamed in honor of Julius Ceasar when he had the calendar reformed. Similarly **August** was originally **Sextilis**, the sixth month, but was renamed after the Emperor Augustus. **September** was originally the seventh month and kept its name even after it later became the ninth; similarly, **October**, **November**, **December**. **January** was named after **Janus**, the god of beginnings. **February** was the time of purification (februa), like the Christian Lent.

Latin in Medicine

In writing prescriptions, physicians use Latin constantly, and druggists must be able to understand it. The letter R at the top of a prescription stands for **recipe, take**. Other examples are: aq(ua) pur(a), pure water; aq(ua) dest (illata), distilled water; t(er) i(n) d(ie), three times a day; cap(iat), let him take; gtt. (abbreviation of guttae), drops; sig(na), write.

AMERICA

Te cano, Patria,
Candida, libera;
To referet
Portus et exulum
Et tumulus senum;
Libera montium
Vox resonet.

Tutor es unicus
Unus avum Deus!
Laudo libens.
Patria luceat,
Libera fulgeat,
Vis tua muniat
Omnipotens!

SOLES' CORNER MARKET

Fancy Groceries and Quality Meats

345 Main Street

Telephone 0494

Telephone Connection

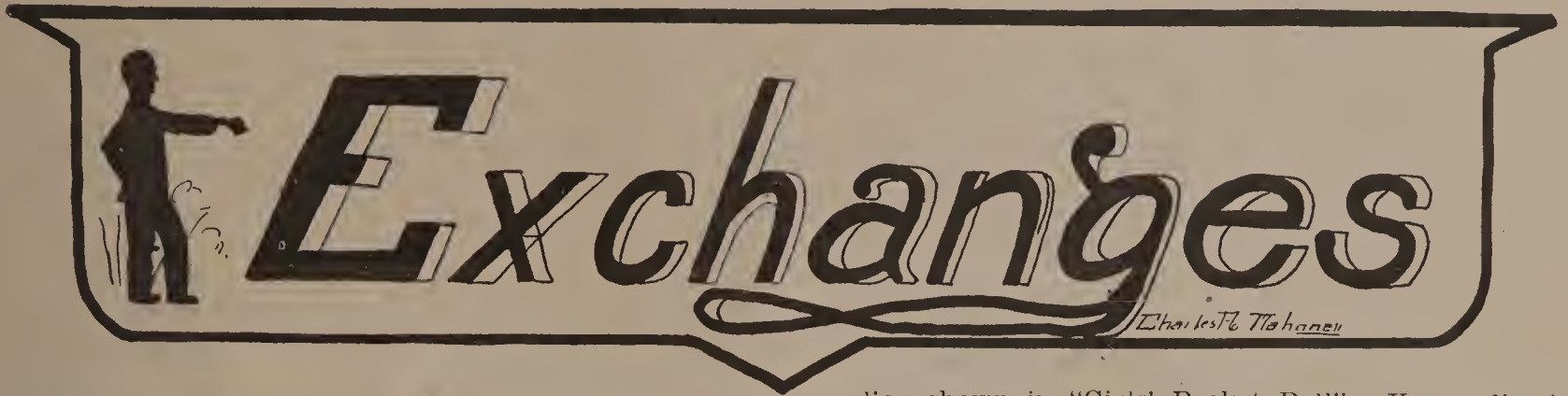
WOBURN SHOE STORE

Footwear of Every Description

Samuel Gorin, Prop.

439 Main Street

Woburn, Mass.



“What We Say About Others”

THE ITEM, Dorchester Mass.—Welcome to our school! We enjoyed both of the papers we received very much. We like the way your many departments are divided. Your cuts are very amusing. We know, from your school notes, that you are a jolly group of students. Come again next month.

Sulie: “Its only six o'clock and I told you to come after supper.”

Bob: “That's what I came after.”

The Item

THE RADIATOR, Somerville, Mass.—You are also one of our new comers. We enjoyed our first meeting very much. Your Poetry page is a special feature of your paper. It is worthy of praise. We cannot help but pass a word of admiration about your clever cuts. They are fine. Let us suggest that you enlarge your Exchange Department. Your stories are interesting but why not have more of them.

“Mother,” asked Tommy, “is it correct to say ‘water a horse’ when he is thirsty?”

“Yes, my dear,” said his mother.

“Then,” said Tommy, picking up a saucer, “I'm going to milk the cat.”

The Radiator

THE PILGRIM, Plymouth, Mass.—What an appropriate name you have! Your literature is very good and we're glad to say “plenty of it”. Your jokes are also good. Let us suggest better arrangement of the paper, as a whole. “Issy's Dizzy Puzzle is a new and clever idea.

“Mama,” said Little Fred, “this catechism is awfully hard. Can't you get me a kitty chism?”

The Pilgrim

LITERARY MAGAZINE, Mercersburg Acadamey You are a well-worth-while paper. “A Toast” was a noteworthy article. We were pleased to see Woburn represented by the article “Why I Want an Education” written by Charles Mawn. “Soliloquies” is a novel idea.

What's good to put on a bald head?

Ans.—A hat.

Literary Magazine

THE STUDENT'S PEN, East Bridgewater—We found you to be a very interesting paper. We liked the way in which you brightened up the ads. by placing jokes between them. We congratulate you on your

policy shown in “Girls' Basket Ball”. Your editorial on “Tardiness” was unusually fine. “An Explanation” showed good sportsmanship.

Teacher: “Where did the battle take place?”

Williams: “On page 42.”

The Student's Pen

THE INDEX, Haverford, Pa.—You a school paper of high standing. The quality of the paper and the general appearance of the paper fascinates one immediately. “Current Events” is a very good article. We think that more fiction would be a great improvement.

“I'd rather die a natural death than be gassed.”

“So would I. I'd rather be shot for instance.”

The Index

THE AUTHENTIC, Stoneham, Mass.—Welcome to Exchange Department, friend. Your Athletic Department designates that you are wide awake and ready for business. Your editorials were written on good subjects. We liked them. Your “Junior Roll Call” was indeed very humorous. We missed your jokes.

THE CLARK MONTHLY, Worcester, Mass.—Your paper aims directly at promoting school spirit. We congratulate you. Your poetry is of high grade. Your Literary Department is also beyond reproach. We profit greatly by our Exchange Department. Why don't you organize one.

THE BEACON, Thompson's Island—You are a newsy little paper, always welcome. Your “Calendar” is a fine way of suming up the events of the month. Let us suggest that you brighten up your paper with a few jokes.

THE PINNACLE, Meredith, N. H.—You are an ideal paper. The “Senior Record” was full of mirth. The Juniors surely stand by their name “Jolly Juniors”. We were glad to see each class well represented. We liked the way your departments are arranged.

**Sport Shirts and
Up-To-Date Neckwear**

AT

JACK'S

467 Main Street

Woburn, Mass.

THE AEGIS, Beverly, Mass—Welcome to our school, stranger. We missed you during your long absence. Don't you think it would greatly improve you if the advertisements were in a department by themselves. We looked in vain for your Athletics and Alumni Departments. "Linda Visits Aunt Lucy" added much to your Literary Department.

Senior—"What's a bridge for?"

Freshie: "To keep the rain off the water."

Senior: "No. To give the fish a shady place."

The Aegis

THE SKIRMISHER, Bordentown, N. J.—We are proud to have you among our Exchanges. We liked your "Corps of Instructors" on the back of the cover. We are convinced that you have many societies that are doing good work. Your Literary Department is one to be proud of. Your Junior Department cut is clever.

Mr. Low—"Why were you late?"

Student—"I saw a sign down on the corner".

Mr. Low—What did the sign have to do with your being late?"

Student—"It read, "School ahead, go slow."

The Skirmisher

THE TORCH, Billerica, Mass—You are an evenly-balanced magazine. Congratulations to your type-writing Department. Your jokes have a very appropriate heading. Why not enlarge your Alumni Department? We notice that the teachers have abandoned "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and taking as a more popular ditty, "Yes, you may stay 40 minutes."

THE ARSENAL CANNON, Indiana—We have missed your frequent visits. You were such an interesting, well-balanced, newspaper. Come oftener in the future.

Miss Jones: "Who is the laziest person in the room, Beulah?"

Beulah: "I don't know."

Miss Jones: "You ought to. When every one else is studying industriously who sits in her seat watching the others?"

Beulah: "Why you, of course!"

The Arsenal Cannon

THE PURPLE PARROT, Red Wing, Minn.—Your April Fool number brought out the spirit of the day. Let us suggest the addition of short stories and an Exchange Department.

"Why are you mailing all those empty envelopes?"

"I'm cutting classes in a correspondence school."

The Purple Parrot

THE WAKEFIELD HIGH BOOSTER:—You are small, but very well arranged and you contain a great deal of news. For your size, you are admirable in every respect. Your jokes in the March issue were exceptionally good.

Alice—"I hear your uncle died and left all he had to an orphan asylum."

Edythe—"Yah!"

Alice—"What did he have?"

Edythe—"Fifteen children."

Wakefield High Booster

"What Others Say About Us"

THE PINNACLE says—"Your paper would be much improved if the advertisements were in a department by themselves."

THE WAKEFIELD HIGH BOOSTER says—"We enjoy the "REFLECTOR"—a democratic and well developed magazine."

Thomas—"Hello, Eva".

Eva—"Hello Tom, how are you getting along in college now?"

Thomas—"Oh! pretty well, I'm trying to get ahead, you know."

Eva—"I think you need one."

The Pinnacle

Boston Dry Goods Store

**LADIES' AND GENTS'
FURNISHINGS**

329 MAIN STREET, Opposite Church Ave.

STUDEBAKER

and

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Motor Cars

J. H. Bates & Son

Phones 120-121

Montvale Avenue - - Woburn

"Yours for Real Service"

Acknowledgements

The Exchange Department takes this opportunity to thank those who so readily agreed to exchange with and comment on, "THE REFLECTOR." The Exchange List now includes the following magazines.

- THE AUTHENTIC, Stoneham High
 THE ITEM, Dorchester High
 THE RADIATOR, Somerville High
 THE AEGIS, Beverly High
 THE STUDENTS PEN, East Bridgewater
 THE ARGUENOT, Norwood
 THE PINNACLE, Meredith, N. H.
 THE CLARK MONTHLY, Worcester (2).
 THE INDEX, Haverford, Pa.
 THE RACQUET, Portland, Maine.
 THE STUDENTS' PEN, Pittsfield, Mass.
 THE PILGRIM, Plymouth, Mass.
 THE TORCH, Billerica, Mass.
 THE SKIRMISHER, Bordentown, N. J.
 THE BEACON, Thompson's Island (2).
 THE PURPLE PARROT, Red Wing Minn. (2).
 THE WAKEFIELD HIGH BOOSTER, Wakefield 2
 THE EMERSON COLLEGE NEWS, Boston, Mass.
 THE ARSENAL CANNON, Indianapolis, Ind.
 BOSTON UNIVERSITY NEWS, Boston, Mass. (6).
 THE MACON COUNTY SCHOOL REVIEW,
 Tuskegee, Ala. (3).
 THE LEWIS AND CLARK JOURNAL, Spokane,
 Wash. (7).
 THE X-RAY, Sacramento, Calif. (4).
 LITCHFIELD HIGH NEWS, Litchfield, Minn. (2).
 THE ALPHIAN, Owatonna, Minn.
 THE OREDIGGER, Colorado.
 THE MIDGET MESSENGER, Alamosa, Col.
 THE LION, La Grange, Ill.
 RENESSELAER POLYTECHNIC, Troy, New York.
 THE HEADLIGHT, Marblehead, Mass.
 THE ELTRURIAN, Haverhill, Mass.
 THE RECORD, Newburyport, Mass.
 THE STUDENT, Covington, Kentucky.
 SCHOOL LIFE, Melrose, Mass.
 THE GLEAM, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 BOSTONIAN, Boston University.
 THE VOICE, Concord High School.
 THE ALPHA, New Bedford, Mass.
 THE TRIPOD, Roxbury, Mass.
 THE RECORDER, Winchester, Mass.
 BURDETT LION, Burdett College.
 THE INDE, Hanover, N. H.
 THE RED AND GREY, Fitchburg, Mass.
 HIGH SCHOOL RECORDER, Saratoga Springs
 New York.
 THE HERALD, Holyoke, Mass.
 THE MIRROR, Waltham, Mass.
 THE SPICE BOX, Avon, Mass.
 THE MEGAPHONE, Dean Acadamey.
 THE CLARION, Arlington, Mass.
 THE CONGRESS, Clean, N. Y.
 THE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Mercersburg, Pa.

Radio of Today

ARTHUR MACKAY

Radio, as we see it today has advanced greatly. Five years ago there were only a few crystal sets and only inventors and rich people had tube sets, but today about every third or fourth house owns a set, mostly one or three tube sets. One tube set enables a person to hear at least 2000 miles and sometimes 3000 miles. Three tube sets are used to operate loud speakers.

Lately the radio world has been progressing with rapid strides, five, eight and twelve tube sets being on the market. Radio is even being used to transmit photographs, and now the scientists are working on the transmission of moving pictures by radio.

It has been recently stated by a scientist, on his death bed, that power can be transmitted by radio, and that radio will eventually run the world.

Your prescriptions properly prepared by experienced men at our store.
 Four registered druggists.

McLaughlin & Dennison

The REXALL Store

433 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

HOWARD'S BAKERY

HARRY S. HOWARD, Prop.

Full Line of Bread, Cakes,
 Pies and Pastry

315 Main Street

Woburn, Mass.

1856 The Old Reliable Shoe Store 1924

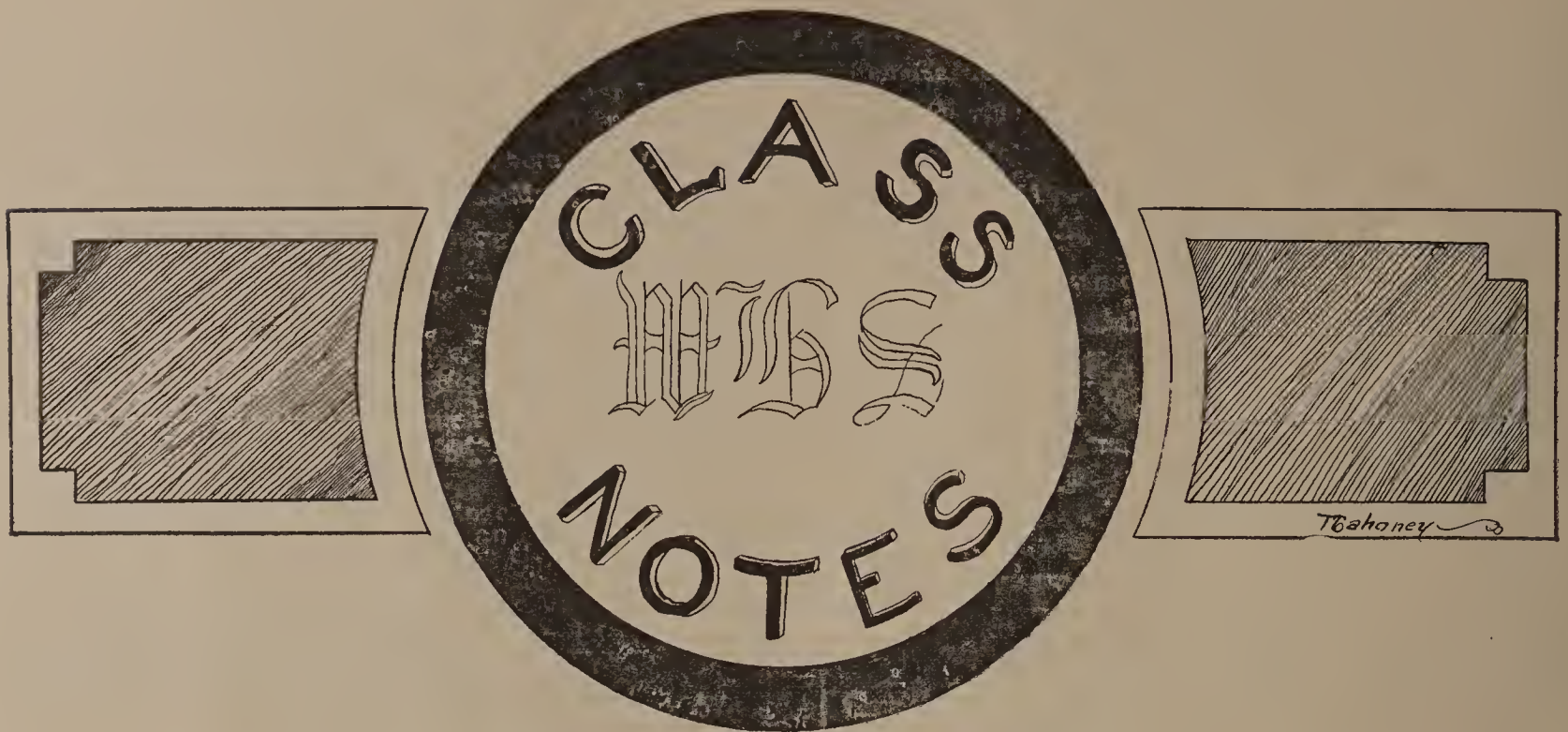
Shoes that Wear well

Shoes that Look well

Shoes that Fit well

BUCKMAN'S SHOE STORE

383 MAIN ST., WOBURN



A Guilty Conscience

A Comedy consisting of a prologue and 5 acts.

Scene of action—Room 16 English ICS.

Prologue

Miss White:—"Before continuing the lesson I want the two boys who are chewing gum to put it in the waste-paper basket.

Space of silence.

The Acts are in Pure Pantomime.

Act. 1 One boy slowly goes to the basket.

Act. II The second fellow goes.

Act. III And a third one starts.

Act. IV Still another.

Act. V But one more.

Curtain!

Mr. Chandler: "Tell me about Alexander's I death.

Pupil: "He only died once."

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?

Neilson prepared his French for three consecutive days.

McHugh didn't ask any foolish questions in History. Lila Carlberg read her English so that it could be heard.

Miss. W. did not have to tell Whittie to "face front."

Miss Wolfendale: "Carl, what are the two genders?"

Carl: "Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate. The feminine into frigid and torrid."

BUY YOUR SPORTING GOODS

At

Al Clark's Smoke Shop

436 MAIN STREET

WOBURN

Leberman claims that the number of words that the class has to memorize for a two minute theme is unreasonable.

Edwin Langille, a talented musician, played a banjo solo in Room 20, March 21.

Take Notice: Blake has graduated from short pants.

Hazel Percy is developing her hyoglossus muscle so that when she becomes a missionary she can sing to the Chinamen.

Pratt dreaming of high marks in French.

Miss C: Pratt, where are you, up in Burlington?

Margery: (giving an oral theme) I knew I would know enough to go home so I thought Peg would.

Lynch: Smartness must run in that family.



Boys—Girls—Parents

Get This New Schoolmate Today! \$3

—the \$3 Pen, almost like the \$7 Duofold made especially for the younger folks. The

"Parker D. Q."

—a brand-new, high-grade, flashing black pen with a beautiful fluted grip at a price that won't break your Dad if you happen to lose it. A pen so good you hand it down to the next in your family-line when you're ready to buy the famous lacquer-red Duofold with the 25-year point.

The "Parker D. Q.," long or short, large ring or pocket-clip, at \$3—the finest pen ever produced for the money. Come in and see it today.

L. R. Pratt, Pharm. D.
394 Main Street, Woburn

1926

Miss Wolfendale (dictating the story of the Last Struggle of the Roman Republic): "Brutus and Cassius were in the East and raised an army."

Brilliant Student: Do you spell it y-e-a-s-t?

Miss Parker didn't know what real work meant until she tried to get a note for continual tardiness from S. McDonough.

Radio Program

ARTHUR MACKAY '26

STATION W. H. S. - THE VOICE OF THE SCHOOLMARM; "SILENCE!"

- 3.00 A.M. Song; "It's three o'clock in the morning."
Sung by JAS. BRYANT (Just returned from a dance).
- 6.00 A.M. Song; "Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning!"
Sung by BOBBIE KAPLAN (Just getting up to milk the cows).
- 7.00 A.M. Song; "Now my morning chores are over, I'll go in and study my French."
Sung by CHARLIE ROONEY
- 8.00 A.M. Song; "Ma, where are my books?"
Sung by CHARLIE EGAN (getting ready for school)
- 8.08 A.M. Report of the race to school, with the Early Risers running.
- 1.10 P.M. Song: "Yes! we have no 1.10's, we have no 1.10's to day."
Sung by IDA NEILSON
- 8.30 P.M. Evening Program:—
Selections by the Burlington Navy Yard Band.
Led by Drum Major WALSH
- 9.00 P.M. Lecture—"Getting a real EDUCATION for nothing."
By ROBERT WATERS
- 10.00 P.M. Orchestral Selections,
By the IIIc2s ORCHESTRA with BENNY ROBINOVITZ, the Whistling Soloist.

ALFRED. ELSON
Photographer

Photographs of Quality
Moderately Priced
385 Main Street Woburn, Mass.

1927

DOROTHY B. PROVEST

The following Freshmen are on the Honor List for the January-February term, James E. Boviard, Dorothy M. Burnes, Ruth A. Cleveland, Theta F. Conant, Dorothy H. Fowle, Charles G. Geary, Marion P. Miller, Dorothy B. Provest, Ruth B. Wills.

IV c2s discussing "Evangeline"

Miss White;—"What was Evangelines's Last name?"

Keller;—"I don't know what her last name was, but her fathers' name was Bellefontaine."

Mr. Hurld, "What does Civics teach us?"

Freshman, "Civics teaches us the elements of community warfare."

On Saturday, March 22 ten girls, from the Appreciation of Music class, made the trip to Boston accompanied by Miss Kearns, and enjoyed a real treat in the line of music. We attended a lecture and concert given by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Club. Before the concert we took a short stroll thro' Boston Common. Members of the Latin classes hunted for a tree having "arbor vitae" on it that being the only one we knew in Latin. We did not succeed in finding it.

Miss White: Why should we speak good English?

Hardcastle: To extinguish ourselves.

Mr. Walker: What is the difference between the electric bell and the telegraph?

M. Kelley: The difference is that they are just the same.

A Nameless? Comedy IV C2S.

Great Scott! Why did St. Germaine Mock Wills when Hardcastle who is such a born Leader, took "A. Faria" to ride in his "one hoss Shay". She said that Lyons couldn't keep her from that ride because she knew that she'd receive a Lovely Golden Ring.

John Flaherty in A3 talking about Woburn's history: Mr. Baldwin caught a wild apple and tamed it. Therefore the apple inherited his name."

Interested in statistics? Swallow the following, Dot Provest has collected 3,794 Victrola Needles (14 ounces) which means that 18,970 double-disc records have been played at Provest's.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Graduation Gifts at Square Deal Prices

HENRY BILLAUER, Square Deal Jeweler
327 Main Street Next to Tanners Bank

Compliments of

JAMES H. LINNELL

Provisions

406 Main Street

Woburn, Mass.

Munroe's Clothing House

An old store in a new location
Look us up—IT PAYS TO WALK

Our prices are lowest and our
Quality the best

314 MAIN ST., PARAMOUNT BLDG.

We give Merchants Legal Trading Stamps

HABER

The Reliable
Lunchman



Raymond Wallace '18, has a dentist's office in Winchester center.

Robert Sherburne, major of the battalion '15 is salesmanager of the Wearever Aluminum, in the State of Maine.

Phillis Smith '19 is specializing in music at Hollins College, Va.

Earnest Matson '17, is working at the Traveller's Insurance Co., New York City.

Mildred Elson '17, has charge of the physio-therapy department in the male clinic, Rochester, Minn.

Gladys Caldwell '19, is teaching physical training in Detroit, Mich.

Sherman Converse '19 is a senior at Tufts College.

Hope Blodgett '18 is giving violin lessons. She expects to go to Europe in September.

Alma Herman '20, was one of the fifteen young women to be elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa, Boston University. While at Woburn High, she was an excellent student and delivered the valedictory address at graduation.

Daniel B. Linscott '22, is a member of the Exeter Senior Council and president of his fraternity, Alpha Nu. He has also been chosen as a marshall for graduation.

Ethel Robbington '17 is working at the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston.

Dr. Joseph A. Doherty '19 has recently opened an office at the corner of Main and Campbell Streets. While at Woburn High he was a four letter man and later while at Tufts he was captain of the track team.

E. Frances Parker '17, is a secretary at the Congregational House, Boston.

Constance Smith '22, has been elected president of her house at Wellesley.

Ruth Stretton '17, is librarian in the Junior High School, Waltham.

Mary Starble '22, is a clerk at Chandler's store, Boston.

Margaret Roche '23, is attending Boston University.

Evelyn Foster '23, is working at the Creditor's Clearing House Boston.

Josephine McDonough '23, holds a responsible position at the T. B. Massaro Co., Boston.

Frank Maguire '19, works at the Employers Liability during the day time and goes to Suffolk Law school at night. Leonard Weafer '17, Margaret Doherty '17, Helene Canney '23, and Eleanor Young '23 are also working at the Employers' Liability.

Anna Jansen '22, is a stenographer for the American Tel. and Tel. Co., Boston. Gladys McDermott '23 is working for the same company.

Harry Cummings '23 has been elected treasurer of his class at Dartmouth.

Young Men's Suits

\$25.⁰⁰ to \$50.⁰⁰

HAMMOND & SON CO.

(Incorporated)

Lyceum Hall Building

WOBURN

-

-

MASS.

**RADIO SETS AND
SUPPLIES**



B. F. Waldron & Son

4 Salem Street
Woburn, Mass.



Tires, Accessories and Vulcanizing

WALKER & BROWN

Jenny Gasoline Station

21 WINN ST.

Tel. Woburn 0087-R

WOBURN

Miss Bascom, dictating in shorthand class: "The members of the firm are men thoroughly reliable."

Miss Cullivan starts reading her shorthand notes: "The members of the firm——" and then she hesitates.

Miss Bascom prompts her: "are men——"

Miss Cullivan sits down.

Miss Bascom: "What are you sitting down for, Miss Cullivan?"

Miss Cullivan: "Why, you said 'Amen'!"

Pussy: "Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man!"

John: (bashfully) "He did, I'm the man."

Captain to seaman: "Young man, why didn't you shave for Captain's inspection?"

Seaman, putting his hand to his face in amazement, and finding all kinds of whiskers, "Why, sir, I thought I did, but there were eight of us using one mirror, and I must have scraped the wrong face."

Steve: "There will be many sad hearts when I marry!"

Jinx: "Indeed! How many do you intend to marry!"

B. W. FEENEY

Quality Ice Cream
Fine Confections
Catering

Our Motto - Quality First

438c MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

SPECIAL

DIAMOND RINGS

\$25.00 \$37.50 \$50.00 \$75.00
\$100.00

Every stone guaranteed perfect
and set in 18k mountings.

DIAMONDS — WATCHES — CLOCKS
JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

SMITH & VARNEY

Quality and Value

Established in 1871

STUDENT'S DISCOUNT

10% Discount Given to High School Students Purchasing
Merchandise at

DON WALSH'S TOG SHOP

438 MAIN STREET

Next to Feeney's

WOBURN

It's funny how important,
Some people have become,
Since the Traffic Squad was organized,
To keep us on the run.

Each day as down the halls we go,
As we now understand,
There's surely some unwelcome cop,
To grab us on every hand.

There's Herman Decker, by Room 8,
He's always there and never late,

And as sure as school will keep each day,
"No talking, girls," you'll hear him say.

And there's Miss Graham,
By the girl's side door,
You used to be able to smile
But you can't there any more.

When it comes to 3.10 sessions,
Deris Cummings takes the cake.
She gives us all so many,
That the thought just makes me ache.

"Say it with Flowers"



Aylward

THE FLORIST



398 Main St., - - Woburn



BOTH YOUNG AND OLD

frequently need glasses. Our business is to supply you with the lenses that are best adapted to correct and relieve the defects of your vision.

All eye troubles require prompt attention. Call and have your eyes tested today.

WM. P. SHEA, Optometrist

"The Eyeglass Shop"

420 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

E. C. SHAW

Plumbing

STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING

10 WALNUT STREET

WOBURN

Are you one of the satisfied customers?

W. T. BURNES

Everything to furnish a home

For REAL ESTATE



Call WALL



Tanners Bank Building

For the PRUDENT MAN

Paid up shares are recognized as one of the safest forms of investment.

Issued in multiples of \$200.00 to \$2000.00.

May be purchased at any time.

No time lost; money goes on interest at once.

Dividends quarterly at 5% per year.

Exempt from Federal and Massachusetts Income Tax.

Our investments are all first mortgages on real estate in this vicinity.

Woburn Co-operative Bank

Dollar Upon Dollar:—

interest upon interest makes money grow fast.

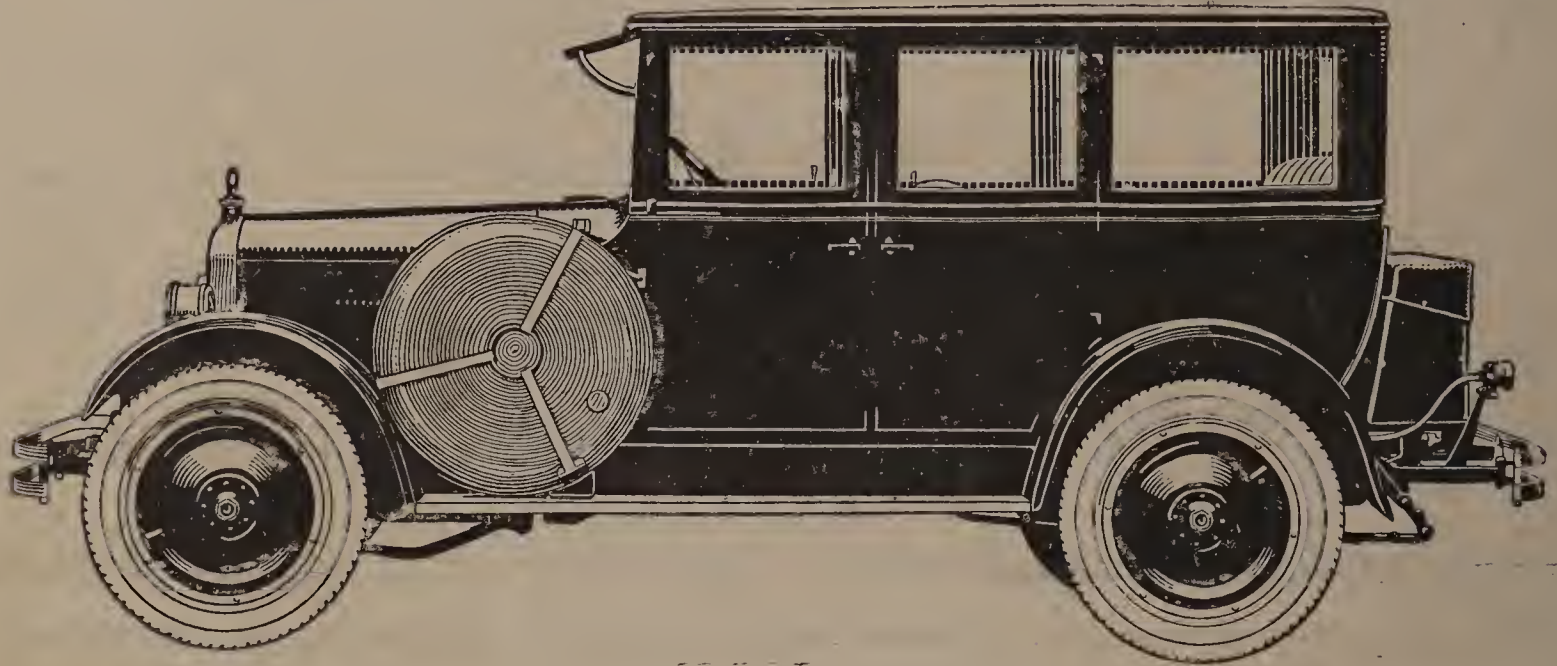
Start your dollars earning interest at this bank today.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank

The New

JEWETT
A Christy Six built by Paige

Will Do It!



WHY?

Ask Us

PIGOTT MOTOR SALES CO.

508 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

Phone 0797 or 0371



DISTRIBUTORS OF PAIGE AND JEWETT SIX CYLINDER MOTOR CARS