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Christmas Number



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Gloucester, Mass. High School

The Reflector

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY STUDENTS OF GLOUCESTER HIGH SCHOOL

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By the time this issue of the Reflector has been printed, one-third of the school year will be over. How have *you* utilized your time during this term? Has it been a real benefit to you—or have you only wasted your time and made yourself a general nuisance to your fellow-pupils and teachers? *You* know the answer better than any one else.

You are the only one who can make your high school career a success, a success in every sense of the word. Perhaps you say that this way or that way is the *easier*. Perhaps it is, but don't forget that after you graduate comes the time when success or failure depends on whether you chose the *better* way.

Two-thirds of this year remains. To those who are making a success of the year, we can only say, "Keep up the good work," and to the others, "Go in and make good."

The Reflector wishes everybody a happy and prosperous New Year. Make those good resolutions,—and *keep* them!

Gloucester 11—Lynn English 0

Gloucester won a great victory that

day on the field, but it has almost as great reason for pride in the conduct along the side lines. For G. H. S. pupils acted as G. H. S. pupils ought to act—like "ladies and gentlemen." Not one bit of rowdiness, which sometimes characterizes high school athletic games, was in evidence, and this fact was commented on by several strangers. The Gloucester cheering section was very generous with its cheers, and the Lynn warriors received their share. Good work! May all football games in the future take this one as their model! They will then be victories, in the truest sense of the word.

Dramatic Club

It is with regret that we notice that there is no dramatic club in our school this year. Since G. H. S. has so few clubs, it seems a pity that one which could be such benefit to pupils interested in dramatics has been discontinued. To be sure, the dramatic club was not a financial success last year. Neither were some of the other organizations of the school, but they have not been discontinued.

Certainly there must be plenty of talent in a school of nearly 750 pupils, A dramatic club should be organized, if for no other reason than to pay off the debt of last year's club. But there are plenty of other reasons, and so we hope to see it organized, not merely as a temporary money maker, but as a permanent organization in the school.

The following article reprinted from the Times of Dec. 14 should be of special interest to G. H. S. pupils.

How Supt. Brooks Became a Convert to the Military Drill.

Out in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where a movement is on to introduce military drill in the high schools of that place, George A. Davis, one of the members of the Grand Rapids Board of Education, who strongly advocates the system, has received two important letters on this subject. One is from Albert W. Bachelier, "father" of the Gloucester High School battalion, and former principal of the local high school, and another from John D. Brooks, superintendent of schools.

Both letters will be read with interest locally. Mr. Bachelier believes that military drill is a good antidote for athletics overdone, while Superintendent Brooks does not agree with some of the criticism that has often been raised, that it fosters the war-like spirit.

The letters are as follows:

What Mr. Bachelier says

815 Boylston St.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 30, 1915

Mr. George A. Davis,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

My Dear Mr. Davis:—I am an advocate of military training in our secondary schools.

First—I believe the system furnishes a healthy physical training under supervision at an age when it appeals to the interest and attention of the boy.

Second—That it is an antidote, a partial substitute, for that athletic craze. I mean the interscholastic commercialized form of athletics now in vogue. Some 30 students of Everett High are this week journeying 1,000 miles to play a game with Detroit High. These 30 are about all there are of the Everett High school's 500 boys who get the advantages of the athletic training of that school. The whole thing is wrong. It is noted that schools having military training do not figure in these extraordinary contests.

Third—Whether or not we adopt the excellent Swiss idea of compulsory school training in military, which training is prolonged at leaving school to three solid months with the colors we must admit that a reasonable "preparedness" for defense (not for war) demands that attention at some time be given to acquiring the rudiments of a knowledge of this art. What time so easy, so economical, so justifiable as the years of a boy's secondary education?

Continued on Page 14

THEMES

“Pinched”

“Speaking of law,” said my cousin Elliott, one evening, as we were resting our weary bodies in his den, with nothing to occupy our minds except some twenty-five lines of Cicero and five or six similarly delightful prospects. “Speaking of law,—well, I’ll just tell you, you never want to get ‘mixed up’ with law.”

“Pooh!” I sneered, from behind the covers of *The Red Mist*. “Fat lot you know about law!”

“I guess I know something,—or at least I ought to, after my experience of last summer.”

Immediately, I was all attention. I enjoy listening to a good story, and from the beginning Elliott’s promised to be a good one.

“I thought you said you told me everything that happened to you last summer, and now you go and spring something of which I’ve never heard before. Go ahead, I’m listening.”

And Elliott proceeded with his story.

“You know in June, after school had closed and you had gone to the mountains, I went to work for the railroad company. I sold papers, candies, etc., on the trains. Of course, you know that everything found on the trains by the railroad employees has to be ‘turned in’ at the ticket office, where the finder is given a receipt for it. If it is not claimed

within thirty days, the finder may have it for himself. I found a great many things, among them a twenty dollar bill, left by some man who was playing cards. Fortunately this bill was never claimed, so that accounts, in a way, for my being so ‘flush with the coin’ this winter.”

“One time, as I was passing thru the car after the passengers had alighted, I saw a large black morocco case lying on the floor under one of the seats. ‘Inquisitive’ picked it up and opened it. Inside was a clock, inclosed in a glass case, and such a handsome one! I had a desire to keep it; but partly because this would not be honest, and partly because one of the conductors had seen me pick it up, I carried it to the ticket office, where I gave it to the clerk in charge. He did not give me a receipt, and I, thinking that he had forgotten it, reminded him of the fact. He gave me a sharp look, and then very suavely informed me that his supply of receipt blanks was exhausted. He told me to come back the next day, and he would have some.”

“The next day Bob, Fred and I were walking downtown when suddenly I remembered the receipt, and we stopped at the railroad station. I reminded the clerk of the fact that he had not given me the receipt, and asked if I might have it then. He looked at me in blank amazement, and then shook his head as if trying

to recall something. Suddenly his face cleared, 'My dear boy', he said, 'what kind of a trick are you trying to play on me? I gave you your receipt yesterday.'

"That was a whopper, and he knew it. I very plainly informed him of the fact. He calmly denied it. I argued; he smiled; I still endeavored to convince him, and he still persisted in not being convinced. Then I got mad. The nerve of that fellow to say that he had given it to me! The truth of it all was that he knew the value of the clock, and wanted to keep it for himself. I told him, in none too gentle phrasings, what I thought of him, and even invited him outside to have it out with me."

"Then, suddenly, something happened. Before I knew it I was gazing into the muzzle of a revolver, pointed at me thru the iron grating of the office. I did not flinch. He wouldn't dare to shoot, and I knew it. I still kept demanding my rights. It was of no avail, so at last I departed for home."

"The next morning while I was eating my breakfast the door bell rang, and a policeman stood at the door. He presented me with a summons to appear at court, charged with threatening the clerk. The policeman and I went down to get my father, because I am a minor and father had to go with me. Father procured a lawyer and we went to the court. The clerk and his lawyer

were there before us. As soon as I was asked to tell what I had to do with the matter, I blurted out the whole story. I was severely cross-questioned, and when I started to speak out of my turn, told to 'shut up.' I won the case, however."

As luck would have it, I did not get my clock, because the clerk swore that the owner had come the day before and had claimed it. Upon being asked the man's name, he said that he had neglected to take it, but had given the clock readily since the claimant described it very accurately. The clerk did, however, have to pay the cost of the case, and he lost his job with the railroad company."

"Not many days later, Mr. Clerk moved out of town, taking with him, as I afterwards learned, my beautiful clock in its handsome morocco case."

I was just trying to stifle a yawn when Elliott's story came to its end. For—horror of horrors!—I had almost committed the unpardonable sin of falling asleep while the poor fellow was talking."

'CHATTERBOX, '17.'

"The Friendly Enemy."

You stand with your face pressed against your window, breathing little cloudy spots on to the glass and then rubbing them clear with the tip of your nose. You rest your chin on the window sash and think a Christmas story for the Reflector.

* * * * *

Out of a red wall of sunset came a little band of the King's Own, about twenty tiny black manikins on horse-back far in the distance against a December sky. Down over the hill-sides they came, into a quiet valley of farm houses, where already lights were gleaming from some of the windows and curls of smoke from the chimneys told of supper preparations within.

Two or three riders stopped at each gate, hobbled their horses, and strode to the doors. They knocked heavily, and, entering, demanded a hot supper and a lodging for the night.

Their commander, a sub-lieutenant, saw his men apportioned to the various farms, and being a generous sort of fellow went on up the road to a less hospitable looking farm, with the smallest house of all, where no light shone from the windows and no curls of smoke offered comfort or reason for fear.

An odd droning noise came from the house, but stopped when the lieutenant knocked. He knocked again but there was no sound within. Uncertain whether to fear an enemy or force an entrance he stopped a minute—then rattled the door. It gave so easily under his touch that he almost fell into the room. When he could see thru the darkness, he found a young fellow in the blue and buff of the colonial uniform lying on the floor near the window.

He raised a startled face toward the intruder; then with a groan of dis-

couragement closed his eyes and turned his head away.

"What's the trouble here?" asked the officer.

"Broken leg," said the colonial shortly.

"Alone?" inquired the officer.

"And your prisoner," said the other grimly.

"Then it was you who were groaning," said the loyalist.

"I wasn't groaning," answered the colonial, then rather stiffly, "since you heard me, I might as well tell you I was singing."

"Singing—with a broken leg—?"

"No, not with my leg. I did have a voice once. Tomorrow's Christmas and I was just mumbling one of my kid sister's Christmas songs.

"D'you live here?"

"No. She does. But some folks told me she had set out to find me. She's been gone about a week. Missed each other. Then with my leg—just dragged myself here and must have fainted. Been here since last night. But now you'll dispose of me."

"I'll dispose of your leg first."

Very awkward was the silence while the loyalist tried to relieve the colonial and when he had laid him on a bed, both were mightily embarrassed.

"Some of us quartered ourselves uninvited in the village," said the lieutenant in explanation, "and I came here."

"You're in power. Go ahead,"

was the return. "Well, maybe some supper would be good for us both."

He began fumbling around in the storeroom but food was scarce. He built a fire in the fireplace and together they ate everything he had found. The officer sat looking into the fire. Finally he spoke.

"Your sister, does she live here alone?"

"Yes, I was here until they called for reenforcement and then of course I went. Now it's Christmas eve—not the pleasantest I've had."

"Nor I," said the officer.

Over the road came a tired figure with bent head and lagging step. At sight of the horses picketed at the gates, it drew back in alarm. When it reached the last house it stopped uncertainly, for there was a horse at the gate and a fire in the house supposedly vacant.

Tired and anxious, the girl pushed open the door and entered. The officer rose to his feet, but the girl, after looking at him in surprise for an instant, pushed on past him to the blue uniformed figure on the bed. She threw her arms around her brother with a flood of eager questions, but seeing his bandaged leg, became tenderly solicitous.

"Did they shoot you? I've been looking for you everywhere. What is this officer doing here?"

The officer had been looking into the fire and wishing himself in any other house than this, but now he turned to the girl.

"We are spending the night in the village," he said, "and I came here, but I'm going now, of course."

"You may as well stay. There are three or four horses at every other gate and your men will spoil Christmas for all the little village children. There is plenty of room here though not much else."

So he stayed.

The girl did not mention his position as an enemy, but during the rest of the evening courteously talked of things as far from the war as possible. At her brother's request she sang and they laughed a little at his account of what the officer took for groaning.

When the brother and sister had said good night, the officer slipped out of the house and went to each door in the village. Calling out his men he ordered them to do everything in their power to make a real Christmas for the children.

Then from each house he brought a few things, provisions, wood, bedding and a package of candles. Four or five of his men carried them to the door of the smallest house and left them there. In the package of candles the lieutenant left a note.

"After the war I am coming back."

At about six o'clock in the morning, in the glory of a Christmas sunrise, he and his followers rode away into a red wall like that from which they had come.

You start and find yourself watching a troop of little black horsemen

riding out of sight over your own piazza railing. Your teeth are sunk dry in the woodwork of your window sash. But for a moment you've lived a Christmas far different from what your own will be.

SCHOOL NOTES

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That when a brick drops on his head
He does not say I'll surely lick
The unmentionable who dropped that brick?

—From the Rhime of the Ancient Monkey Latham.

Room nine has become "The Sign of the Prophylactic."—Orders taken daily at 1.15 P. M.

The mathematics department has been obliged to tell the young ladies of the algebra and geometry classes that they should burn more midnight oil doing their lessons and less in curling their hair.

Miss Parsons (in French)—"Can't anyone give me a better word for 'grave' than 'strong'?"

Miss Robishaw—"Cemetery."

Senior Girl—"After Addison died he went from bad to worse."

It is said about one fellow in the senior class that he's so stingy he wouldn't even spend the time—he'd pass it. Look around.

The School Organizations

Glee Club

After many weeks of watchful waiting, Miss Sullivan has published for

our perusal the list of those whom she has selected to be members of the G. H. S. Glee Club this year. Very soon we suppose the weird wails of these winsome winter warblers will waft through the frosty atmosphere.

N. B. After reading these lines we expect that the members of the G. H. S. will raid the clothing stores and purchase ear muffs and ear pads. Be prepared!!!

Junior Civic League

The Junior Civic League survived the terrible after-effects of the sensational trial, reported in the last issue of this paper, and seems well on the road to a rapid recovery. The League has a serious new member problem on hand because of the changes which have been brought about by the transfer of Miss Whitcomb to the English Department, and also because of the unfortunate ending of the "General Course." These matters will have to be untangled before much work is done. The officers solicit advice on the question from all members and friends of the League.

The Printing Press

After much hard work on the part of Mr. Colman's Civics Class and

much hard planning on the part of the press committee, the necessary funds were raised to purchase a printing press for Gloucester High School. The press committee feels deeply indebted to Miss Stella May for her kindness in selling Christmas cards and turning the money over to the press committee.

The press is here and has been installed in the little room adjoining the Chemical Laboratory. Enough type has been purchased to supply the needs at present, although more must be obtained soon. The press has already demonstrated its value in many ways.

Joseph Cohen is in charge of the plant and great credit is due him for his skilful management. Cohen thoroughly understands printing and has had much experience at the Sawyer School.

The press is now ready to do any printing for high school authorities or pupils, and also for charitable and benevolent organizations, at a price which covers merely the cost of the stock. As the demand for its work increases some scheme will have to be developed to enable the printers to spend more time in the press room.

Mr. Parsons—"Who commanded the siege of Quebec?"

Andy—"Gen. Wolfe."

Mr. P.—"How did he happen to be in command?"

Andy—"Because he was an old fox."

Lee Smith in rounding the corner of the corridor, bumped into one of the faculty. Lee, taking her for a junior girl, cried out, "For the Lord's sake, why didn't you blow your horn?"

Miss Clough had just explained a reasonable problem in algebra—"Can any one tell me the rate of the fastest train in the United States?" she asked.

Latham came out of one of his trances long enough to yell out, "seventy-five miles slower than the accommodation train."

Teacher—"Why will you whisper so much today?"

Freshie—"Today's my birthday."

Miss Smith (to short hand class)—"Can any one see anything wrong now?"

Voice—"Miss Douglass' 'grave.'"

"Hattie" Burkhardt "The highest building in New York is the Woolworth building, fifty feet high."

Freshman Mineralogy

"J'uai dans le bois"—I love the boys.

Miss Fogg—"What is chaos?"

Jewett—"An ash barrel."

Burton Fisher says Hiawatha decorated his canoe with feathers from a porcupine.

“Marie se dipeche.” Marie is a peach.

“Longfellow’s poems were written in taxi-meter verse.”

Every time Frances K. comes into the study room Leighton Simonds makes a B-line for a nearby seat. Mr. Brackett is willing to announce the engagement.

First Aid

The other evening, while I was doing my algebra, the telephone bell rang. When I answered, a voice at the other end said, “See here, this is Santa Claus, and I’m in an awful scrape. You’re pretty good at getting out of things yourself, so perhaps you can tell me what to give to those down in Gloucester High School. I can’t think of a thing to put in their stockings for Xmas morning.

“Wait just a minute,” sez I, “until I get my periscope and look around a bit. Better hold the line, because Alden Bartlett usually calls up during the evening.” With that I left him for about two minutes; “then-Hullo Santa? Well, I’ve got just what you want for the whole bunch of them. Got a note book? Ready? All right.”

A lawyer to settle disputes with lady friends for Blatchford.

Six recitations a day at the Y. M. C. A. and a new drumstick for Christy.

About two dozen Maxim Silencers for Miss Clough, to use.

A tractor to lug his bass viol for Ed Hotchkiss.

A reduction on fig bars from the National Biscuit Company for Mr. Kimball.

Somebody’s sergeant pin for Synia Whittmore.

The same person’s sergeant pin for Eleanor Commerford.

A motor-cycle that will climb Beacon St. for Harry Mills.

A girl who lives a long, long way from the church for Sunday nights for Charlie Brooks.

Weary Warren and Breakdown Bill want to exchange two Fords for an auto.

Eleanor Bearse wants a Billikin.

Alden wants to be Major.

Helen Marshall would like a free telephone line to Rockport.

Moxie wants some ready made simpology.

Send a flesh reducing compound and a map of Hampden St. to Roger Brown.

A book on prize fighting to Paul Wyeth.

Some one who can dance like Mr. Whitman to Helen MacDonald.

A private secretary for Reflector work to Everett Gordon.

A bonfire of department and extra session slips to Charlie Grant.

Send Elizabeth Poole a man.

Give James Shute a book on how to become an Earl William.

Leonard Roffey wants a boudoir cap.

Hester Coakley wants an officer.

Send Artie Rogers some ballet slippers and a femme.

"How to get by without Studying," by H. Bibber, for Ingersoll.

A job paying fifty per week for daily labor of one hour, for "Smiles."

A good auto road to Wellesley Hills for Clara Spinney.

A couple of front teeth and a picture of the Lynn game, framed in gold for "Brick."

A drum major for Mr. Thompson.

"How to be popular with the Girls," and a half dozen to practice on, for Harold Bibber.

A ticket book to Manchester or a Cole Four of his own for Riff Burnham.

An office and some money for the "Reflector" and that's all.

Thanks awfully, "said Santa," by the way what do you want?"

"I'd like a check big enough to cover my breakage bill in chemistry, "sez I."

"Whew! That's the worst yet but it shall be done, Merry Xmas and Good bye."

"Good bye," sez I.

SOCIETY NOTES

The Trials and Tribulations of Ye Society Editor

When our present job was so suavely and gracefully handed to us last June, our lot seemed so good that our cup of joy was filled to overflowing. We expected to be able to sit back in our easy chair and accept invitations galore to lovely little social functions. In our mind we could see a veritable flood of these cute little, scented, pink-tinted pieces of card board pouring in upon us. Then we would dress in our neat little tuxedo, or otherwise, and attend the function with much gusto.

Once on the scene of action we planned to have as comfortable a

time as could be expected under the circumstances, to be as ultra-polite as our vocabulary would permit, and to escape from the affray with as little drain upon our financial resources as our shrewd business sense could imagine. Of course if we had been feted properly we would write a pleasing account of the function and would consider our accounts squared.

How different, however, is the stern reality. To obtain our invitation we have to battle our way through the mob and the rabble, and bribe the printer to print a few extras and hand one over to us.

Our editor-in-chief and his plenipotentiary, the assistant editor, crowd us and hammer us, coax us and tease us, cudgel and corner us, wheedle

and squeeze us, for more copy. Our poor brain is quite fatigued because of this harsh treatment. And then, as though they had not already done their worst, the aforesaid archconspirators connive in some mysterious manner to use nearly a whole issue of their almost worthless publication, to slander our deeds, thoughts and actions. This they do, in spite of their knowledge of our tireless labors, for which they know only too well that they should laud our name to the skies.

“ Friends, Romans, fellow-countrymen,” send us, we beg of you, invitations to your social events, and in return we will decorate these pages with a brilliant account of the gathering ; we will blazon your name forth here, in all its glory, as one who served as benefactor to a party-hungry soul.

The Alumni Dance

Thanksgiving evening the alumni of the school held a dance in Brown's Hall. The dance was well attended, both by present and past members of G. H. S. After the happy results of the morning football game, everybody felt like dancing. The alumni are to be congratulated on the successful and satisfactory way in which they managed the event.

The Orchestra

The G. H. S. Orchestra rendered

two very fine concerts for the school, November 29. Half of the school heard the concert during the fourth period, and the other half during the fifth. A collection was taken at each concert and the result was the sum of twenty-three dollars, which goes toward the support of the orchestra. It is hoped that the pupils appreciate this very fine aggregation of its musical members.

Society Squibs

We observe that Gardner H. Smith is a very popular young man,—so many flags bore his initials at the football game on Thanksgiving Day.

A certain young man of the Junior College Algebra Class,—we promised not to mention his name because we mentioned it so frequently in the previous issue,—is reported to be searching, even as Diogenes searched for an honest man, for the cube root of 1.

Some one of our Willie Doolittles has observed that one of the sophomore girls may be reached by telephoning to **773-Y**. We agree.

After the recent presentation of “Fi-Fi” our previous surmise that some of our fair young ladies used artificialities in their make-up was somewhat strongly confirmed.

BATTALION NOTES

With the arrival of the snow, ice, and cold of winter, the drills until spring will take place in the Armory. While we are fortunate in having such a building available, we wish that it was somewhat larger or that it had two drill floors, as the present one gives an opportunity for only two companies to drill at a time.

The formation of battalion parade and review will be perfected during the winter months so that open order work may be taken up in the spring. A new arrangement of companies has been developed for battalion parade ;

the band is stationed at the rear end of the hall on the right, and then two companies each extend towards the street on the right. In this formation the entire battalion faces the major.

The Sound Off by the band, under the leadership of Lieut. J. Carey Martin is quite a feature of the parade, adding much to the military spirit of the ceremony."

The competition for company letters is practically over. The marks after Christmas will be kept for the year prize.

Continued from page 4

Fourth—Obedience, precision, respect for authority, promptness are virtues worth acquiring by American youth. Is there a better means, to their acquirement than the drill? My experience has not revealed a better.

Fifth—Like all goods things, the military training has its weak spots. Vanity may be fed by it. Gold lace and brass buttons and space in the newspaper are attractive feeders of such vanity. The time stolen from scholastic work is a loss that every teacher deploras. Expense of equipment and maintenace are an added burden on the public purse.

Sixth—You must let me criticise one word in the resolution of your board. "Optional" is fatal to success in this matter; either make the drill compul-

sory to every high school boy not physically disabled, or fail to adopt it.

Seventh—I heartily endorse the idea of "putting the emphasis on drill rather than the science of war.

Eighth—Let "optional" apply to the select few who would enjoy rifle practice with the army rifle on the range.

Very truly,
A. W. BACHELER.

Does Not Foster Warlike Spirit

Gloucester, Mass., Nov. 29, 1915
Mr. George A. Davis
Grand Rapid, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Your inquiry relative to the military organization we are maintaining in our high school is at hand.

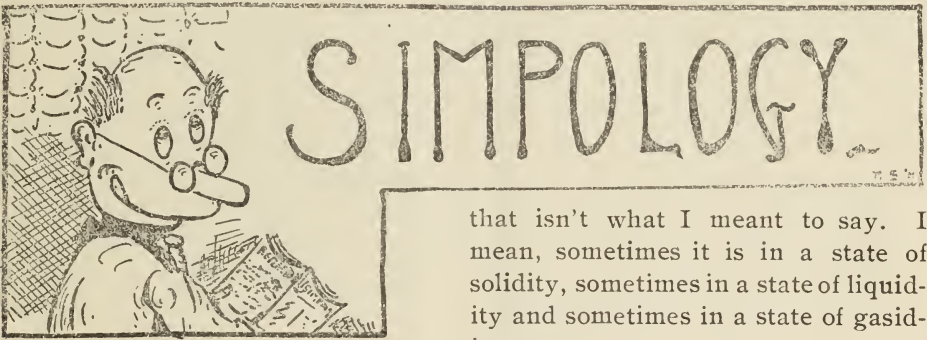
We have had military drill in our high school for 18 or 20 years. I have just come here this year. I was prejudiced against military drill when I came here. I was a soldier myself and have been an officer, so I thought that my judgment in the matter should be entitled to some weight. My experience here, however, has caused me to change my views. I endorse military drill. I endorse it mainly for the esprit de corps it gives to the school and for the increased self-respect that it gives the boys. It improves their carriage, behavior and general bearing. I am unable to say that it increases the warlike spirit. We constantly keep one boy from our high school at West Point.

I don't value it particularly as a gymnastic drill in so far as muscular exercise is concerned, but it does teach co-ordination, instant responsiveness and alertness. Drill is compulsory with the first three classes of the high school. It is optional with the seniors. The commissioned officers are chosen from the senior class. We have a battalion consisting of four companies. We have guns and uniforms. The other equipment and expenses are provided for in various ways, but not a cent comes out of the public funds.

Very truly yours,

JOHN D. BROOKS,

Superintendent of Schools.



Water

Water is a compounded conglomeration of hydrogen and oxygen. Hydrogen, two lumps; oxygen, one lump. When they meet they have a scrap. Result: one lump of water.

Water is found in three states: Maine, Kansas, and Colorado. No,

that isn't what I meant to say. I mean, sometimes it is in a state of solidity, sometimes in a state of liquidity and sometimes in a state of gasidity.

Ice is frozen water. It is very expensive, because it costs a lot to freeze it in winter. When it is melted it is the only thing that will quench that unconquerable thirst—the morning after.

Liquid water is useful to extinguish fires with, and to sail boats on. Bot-

anists tell us that four-fifths of the earth's surface is water. It surely is fine that there is so much of it between Europe and the U. S., just now. It is also used to make one pint of milk equal two.

Steam or gasified water, is superheated and over-compressed air into which some water has been thinly distributed. When a lot of it is liberated in one spot, its spizzerinktum is so great that all objects in range are disintegrated with great rapidity. I once heard of a man who tied the safety valve of his locomotive boiler down. When the steam blew the side of the boiler off * * I believe they did pick up some of him in a pail.

From this frenzied digression you will see that water is almost a necessity; almost. Never try to exist without it for more than a month at a stretch. You are sure to feel somewhat uncomfortable.

Next month I will discuss "Air" if this passes the censor—no; if the censor passes this—and if I can think of anything to write.

—PROFESSOR GUMGOOZELUM.

S. O. S. !!! S. O. S. !!!

It's no use, the editor has got along through the year somehow, but he can't see his way much further. He needs help, and *Succor*. What's the sense of having a humorous depart-

ment in this paper, if one fellow has to furnish all the material? The stuff bores him, and it must bore the readers. Last month, *every single item* was written by the editor. Is that right? Is that fair to him? Is it fair to the paper? No! not by a long shot.

Where are those assistant editors? Where is the school? Surely, in this school, there must be lots of people who can write, so will call on the school at large. Come now, *you* pupil, sit back on your haunches, close one eye, scratch your right ear with your right hind foot, look up into our face with your big, brown, intelligent eyes, and *think of something bright*.

May the Reflector bless you!

Officers' Party

The annual party of the officers of the G. H. S. B., will be held in the state armory, Friday evening, Jan. 28. The officers of several battalions in neighboring cities have been invited to attend and it is expected that a large number of them will be present.

"Il y aura plus de joie au ciel pour le visage en larmes d' un picheur repentant," etc.

Miss T—, "There is more joy in heaven for the tearful countenance of a repentant fisherman."



Albert A. Wykes, G. H. S. '12 has received an appointment as clerk in the Boston Postoffice.

Senator-Elect and Mrs. Charles D. Brown have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Emma Winslow Brown, a graduate of the G. H. S. and of Mt. Holyoke, 1912, to Everett Russell Webber of Arlington Mass.

The P. I. C. Club held a very pretty and well attended alumni party at Brown's hall on Thanksgiving evening. The matrons were Mrs. William F. Moore and Mrs. William T. Shute. The committee in charge included William Moore, Albert Bott, George Shute, Ralph E. Cunningham, William Carr and William Regan. The Imperial orchestra furnished excellent music for dancing.

Miss Nellie Wonson, G. H. S. '13 has a fine position in the office of the Russia Cement Co.

Harland Smith, G. H. S. '15 is attending the Hickox School in Boston.

Miss Delia A. Webber G. H. S. '15 has a position at the National Lending Library.

Miss Evelyn G. Wonson G. H. S. '15 is at Miss Pierce's School of Sten-

ography in Boston.

Miss Nellie S. Burkhardt G. H. S. '14 is teaching school in Holderness, N. H.

Married

Miss Annabel L. Porter, G. H. S. '08 and Simmons College '13 to Mr. Walter L. Seelback of Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Vera M. Kitfield of Manchester to Mr. Frank Foster Tenny, G. H. S. '12.

Miss Carrie Wilhelmina Peterson to Mr. Alden Curtis.

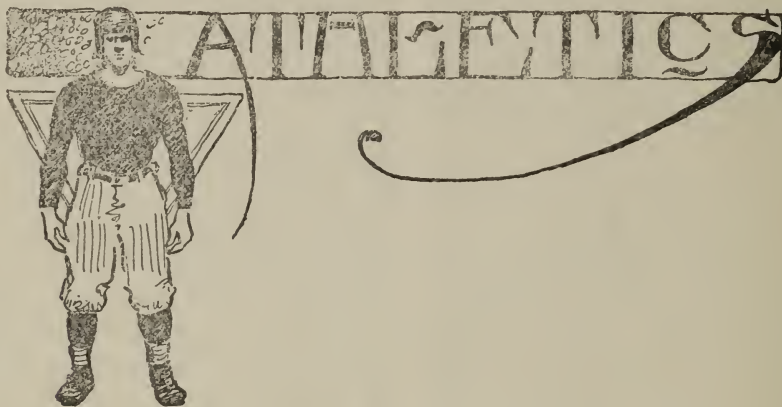
If any of the present members of the school know any interesting bit of news about past members of G. H. S. please write it out and put it in the Reflector Box. The Alumni editors will greatly appreciate it.

We noticed that quite a number of the Alumni attended the football game Thanksgiving morning also the dance in the evening. Among those home from college for the holidays were, O. Proctor Friend and Rodney Brown from Dartmouth; Max Parsons and Alan Miller from "Tech"; "Ed" Dennen from Tufts; Sidney Johnson from M. A. A.; "Jake" Albert, Stanley Burnham, A. Story Wonson, and

"Bill" Moore from Harvard; Albert "Zeke" Leman from B. U. Misses Constance Wonson and Margaret Davis from Wheaton; Miss Dorothy Haskell from Bates; and Miss Shirley Choate from Smith.

A number of the alumni of the Gloucester High School attending college about Boston have formed a club for the purpose of uniting Gloucester college men. Thus far the

colleges represented are Tufts, Technology and Harvard. The club proposes to hold a private dancing party on the evening of December 27th, holding it in the Christmas recess in order that those alumni who are some distance away may be able to attend. The committee for the dancing party consists of Jacob Albert, Harvard '18, Stanley Burnham, Harvard '19, Edward Dennen, Tuft '18, Louis Goldman, Harvard '18, and A. Maxwell Parsons, M. I. T. '18.



G. H. S. 3—Revere 13

On Nov. 6, the Gloucester High School football team met with defeat at the hands of the fast Revere team in a clean and spirited contest. In the first half of the game Gloucester completely out played its opponents but in the second half the Revere team came back strong and scored two touchdowns on the local eleven. Gloucester scored in the first half by the field goal route, for the Gloucester

team after recovering a fumble on its own twenty-five yard line marched down the field to Revere's ten yard line. Here Revere team held them and Gloucester called on "Babe" Abbott to try for a field goal, which he succeeded in kicking.

In the second half the Gloucester team was out played and was unable to stop Fermoyl, the fast Revere left half back, on his wide end runs. Gloucester's chief ground gainer all

through the game was the short forward pass. Hamor starred for Gloucester making many good gains through the line. Thomas was unable to take part in the game being laid up with a bad knee.

G. H. S. 13—Chelsea 6

Gloucester defeated Chelsea at the Oval on Nov. 13 by a score of 13—6. Hamor was the star of the game, running seventy yards for a touchdown through the whole Chelsea team. Gloucester scored after three minutes of play. Chelsea kicked off to Gloucester and Thomas caught the ball on the thirty yard line. On the next two plays Gloucester was unable to gain, but the shift play was tried next and a touchdown resulted from it. Gloucester scored again when Thomas circled Chelsea's left end for fifteen yards and a touchdown. Chelsea scored in the second half on a long forward pass over center but failed to kick the goal.

Basket Ball

There is much doubt, just at present, whether or not Gloucester High School is to be represented by a basket ball team. Two of Gloucester's best players are playing with an independent team and do not seem to care whether they play with the school team or not. What should be loyal alumni are tending to all appearances, to keep basket ball out of the school.

G. H. S. Warriors Triumph Over Lynn

Great Support Shown by Students

The home team defeated the eleven of the Lynn English High School at Webster's Field on Thanksgiving Day morning by a score of 11—0. The game is one that will always stand out in the history of football in Gloucester. It was a hard fought contest from beginning to end, marked with clean, brilliant playing by both sides, but showing to the thousand onlookers that Gloucester had the better team.

At the outset things looked bad for Gloucester as Lynn was aided by heavy penalties, that placed the ball in dangerous territory. Lynn's advance was suddenly stopped when Mitchell interrupted a forward pass and after a long run was tackled on Lynn's eighteen yard line. On the next play, Hamor sprained his ankle and was forced to leave the game. When play was resumed "Babe" Abbott booted the ball between the uprights for a field goal and three points. There was no more scoring during the remainder of the first half neither side being able to gain.

At the beginning of the third period Gloucester showed the results of hard conscientious practice; and Lynn's neglect of the same. Gloucester pushed Lynn back to its very goal line. It was then that Colsen blocked a punt, that was recovered by a Lynn man behind his own goal line but this

man was tackled for a safety, and two more points were netted for Gloucester. From the twenty yard line Gloucester started for its touchdown. Hopkins made a good gain from place kick formation, and soon afterwards. Mitchell crossed the line for a touchdown. In the last quarter Coach Brackett sent into the game all of the seniors on the squad, giving them their last chance to represent Gloucester on the gridiron. They certainly showed plenty of fight and good playing. Hallett caught a high pass that was almost in the hands of Lynn players, and made a good gain before being downed. A lateral pass to Hopkins and a forward pass to Lufkin had put the ball on Lynn's four yard line, when the whistle blew, ending one of the most remarkable games ever played in Gloucester.



This and That on the Lynn Games

Gloucester's victory over Lynn was due to the spirit of the entire squad, as all of the fellows practiced and worked hard all through the season,

Coaches Brackett and Coffin are also to be credited with the results they obtained from the group of inexperienced men.

"Hoppie got off some good punts.

The playing of the Gloucester ends was noticeable all through the game. They took everything that came their way and sent back better than was given.

"Smiles" Leavitt played the game of his life and broke up play after play, often swinging around to the other side of the line and getting his man.

Lufkin pulled off his old stunt of nailing the man behind the line for a loss.

"Christie" Colen, Abbott, Webber and Warner proved to be a quintette of line men too tough for the Lynn boys.

The cheering section did its share in helping the Gloucester Team win the Thanksgiving Day game.

By winning the Thanksgiving Day game the Gloucester High School football team accomplished what it has been trying to do for the past three year.

EXCHANGES

Every month the "Reflector" receives about twenty-five "Old Faithfuls." We are always very grateful for the receipt of these and they will continue their punctuality. This month a few magazines which have not been received before this year

have come in. We acknowledge the receipt of the following new exchanges; Walpole High School "Searchlight," Quincy High School "Golden Rod," Arlington High School "Clarion," West Roxbury "Clarion," Keene High School "En-

terprise," "Rayen Record," "Student" from Portsmouth, Va., Nashua High School "Tattler." It is sincerely hoped that these will become regular additions to our exchange list. A Merry Xmas to all our exchanges!

Portsmouth "Student" is a large and very well organized school paper. All the departments are well worked out and full of interesting material.

"Rayen Record." We like your short, crisp editorials. You are numbered among our best exchanges.

For so small a paper, the "Enterprise" is exceeding interesting. Come again, "Enterprise!"

Exchange Jokes

Dink—"My wife drives nails like lightning."

Jink—"You don't say!"

Dink—"Sure!! Lightning, you know, seldom strikes twice in the same place."—*Ex.*

Our father slipped upon the ice,
Because he couldn't stand.
He saw the glorious star and stripes,
We saw our fatherland.—*Ex.*

"Describe water, Julian," said Teacher.

"Water," said Julian, "is a white fluid that turns black when you put

your hands in it.—*Ex.*

"Now," said the arithmetic teacher," Mary had eight eggs, after using four for her cake what part did she have left, Lulu?

"Eggshells," answered Lulu promptly.—*Ex.*

Cavalry Sergeant—"Haven't I told you never to approach horses from the rear without speaking to them? First thing you know they'll kick you in the head and we'll have a bunch of lame horses on our hands.

It was a youthful class in physiology. "Why is it best to eat soup first when we are very hungry?" asked the teacher.

The pupils stared at her blankly. Then Jamie enlightened them from the depths of his experience.

"You can get it down fastest," he announced.—*Ex.*

An Eulogy

I stood upon the hillside
And looked across the plain;
I saw a lots of green stuff
Which looked like waving grain;
I quickly looked again,—
It much resembled grass,—
But found to my surprise—
It was that *Freshman Class.*—*Ex.*

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