

The
..Reflector..



W. H. S.

1923 DECEMBER 1923

Published in the Interest of

Woburn High School

WOBURN, MASS.

Q If you wish to enjoy a real Merry Christmas at your house next year:---

Join the Christmas Savings Club now forming at this bank.

Woburn National Bank

WOBURN, MASS.

PROGRESS

Assets Nov. 1, 1917 . . .	\$215,547.05
Assets Nov. 1, 1923 . . .	\$1,470,827.93

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Association



The Reflector

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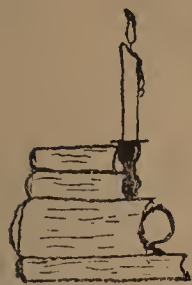
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Editorials



Foreword

The Editors of the Reflector are glad to have received so many contributions for this issue of the paper. As the motto of the staff must necessarily be "E pluribus unum," the more material is offered us, the better the paper will be. Do not be discouraged however, if your article has not been published in this number. We are keeping some good stories and poems in our files for future use. You whose articles appear in the Reflector are undoubtedly well pleased to see your own literary efforts printed. And you who have only read what others have written will surely want to try your hand at writing. Let us have as many more manuscripts for the next number of the Reflector.

and distinctly written and could be easily read; and the writing was on one side of the paper only, as it should be. We were able to send the manuscripts to the printer without rearranging or rewriting. We hope you enjoy our part of the Reflector, Rumford freshmen, as much as we enjoy yours.

New Departments

We are introducing two new departments in this issue of the Reflector. One is the French page. After you have read the extracts from French letters printed on that page, read your own letters through, and see if there is not a paragraph in some one of them that would be interesting to the school. If you like the French page, send us something to put on it.

In this number also we have a section given up to the Rumford Junior High School. These freshmen really belong with us, and would be in the building with us were it not for the crowded condition of our own school. So we have given them their columns and we are sure you will agree that they have filled them well. The Rumford freshmen are to be complimented also on the appearance of the manuscripts that they submitted. They were clearly

Stick

If anyone should say "stick" to a group of high school students, few of them would have the same mental picture. "Stick-in-the-mud" is a common expression. It applies to one who happens to be in a soft, easy place, and stays there because he has not the determination to get out. But "Stick-in-the-mud" is not worth our attention except as a warning.

Let us consider another example. The snapping-turtle has a reputation for sticking. The only trouble with him is what he sticks to. Hold out a piece of wood, and the turtle will grasp it and hold it until hunger forces him away. But sticking to the piece of wood does the turtle no good. He does not choose any particular object, but grabs the first thing he sees. Let us choose carefully the things we are going to stick to.

Again, let us consider that humble servant, the postage stamp. Did you ever try to mail a letter without first putting on a stamp? How far did it get? A letter will never reach its destination unless a stamp is sticking to it. And our school will get no further without stickers than a letter without a stamp. Let us then, from loyalty to ourselves and to our school, choose an aim worthy of our effort, and when we have found it, stick.

School Activities

The Battalion

This year the battalion had a fine start under Captain Walker's leadership and guidance. Up to this time no entire battalion movements have been attempted, but time has been well spent in perfecting the squad, platoon, and company movements. The boys responded very well to the order to wear uniforms at the designated time, and at present there are very few without uniforms.

There are six companies as last year, a competent drum corps and the regular officers' staff. Officers of the battalion are appointed from records of scholarship, conduct and ability. The officers selected for this year have proved very satisfactory so far, and Captain Walker has passed favorable comments on most of them.

Two officers' schools have been instituted by Captain Walker this year. The Commissioned Officers' School meets every Tuesday at 1:10 P. M., and Non-Commissioned Officers' School, Wednesday at 1:10. In these schools the problems and difficulties that arise in drilling a company are discussed, and often remedies for these defects are suggested that prove beneficial to the parties concerned. In the Commissioned Officers' School, Captain Walker gives a series of informal talks concerning military subjects, which prove very interesting.

Each week the companies are marked on their procedure during drill and are dismissed the following week in accordance with records for the preceding week. This method rouses more interest in the boys for the success of their respective companies, and each tries hard to outdo the other companies.

Company A with John Harney as captain has the proud distinction of emerging from the first term of drill which ended October 30 with the highest number of points. Company E, with Norman Peterson as captain, was only one point behind Company A, and therefore also deserves credit.

It is hoped that next spring the officers will have an opportunity to visit the rifle range at Wakefield and learn something of rifle firing. If Captain Walker's plans materialize, some time will be spent in patrolling and scouting this year, and possibly an exhibition may be staged at the annual field day of the battalion this year.

WALDO J. HILL, Major.

Presentation of Portrait of

Warren G. Harding to

Woburn High School

In accordance with recommendation from National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of America, three Woburn troops assembled in the Woburn High School Assembly Hall, Nov. 2, to commemorate the life and character of Warren G. Harding, the late President of the United States of America, and honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America. November 2 was the fifty-eighth anniversary of Mr. Harding's birth, and very appropriate memorial exercises were held by the boys, at which a very beautiful portrait of Mr. Harding, which may be seen in the assembly hall, was presented to our school.

The program opened with the marching of the Scouts to the tune of "America the Beautiful," followed by the singing of the same by the entire audience, standing. Mayor Bean was represented by Alderman Arthur W. Finnegan, who brought the greetings of the city and commended to the Scouts certain outstanding features of Mr. Harding's character which they might well copy. Mr. Geo. I. Clapp, Superintendent of Schools, also addressed the meeting. An exceptionally fine portrait of the late President was presented to the Woburn High School by Scoutmaster Elmer

Waters, in behalf of the Scouts of Woburn, who was also the presiding officer. The gift was accepted by the principal, Mr. Orel M. Bean, in a few well-chosen words. The portrait bears the inscription: "In Memoriam. Presented to the Woburn High School by the Boy Scouts of Woburn, Nov. 2, 1923."

Mr. Thomas H. McGowan, chairman of the Woburn School Committee, addressed the Scouts in a very stirring and inspiring manner on the life of the late President as a source of inspiration and encouragement to them in their efforts to make real the Scout program of character building and citizenship training.

Short sketches were given by Scouts of the life of Mr. Harding. Scout James Graham of Troop 2 spoke of his early life. Senior Patrol Leader Warren Graham of Troop 4 spoke on his life as a politician.

Appropriate hymns were sung during the evening with Miss Ruth Kean presiding at the piano.

The evening's affair was ended with prayer by The Rev. James McDougal Blue of the North Congregational Church, and Taps sounded by the bugler, S. P. L. Chase of Troop 3.

The Glee Club

About forty girls belong to the Glee Club. The sopranos greatly outnumber the other two parts, with second sopranos ranking next, and altos last. The altos are fortunate in having Dorothy Harrington, Louise Woodman and Constance White among their numbers. As a whole, Miss Kearns says the Club is fairly good. The only time it has solos is when some lonesome soprano ends long after the others. With Miss Kearns working so patiently with them, in a few more weeks they will be able to render good work, we expect.

**Boston Dry Goods
Store**

**LADIES' and GENTS'
FURNISHINGS**

329 MAIN STREET

Opp. Church Ave.

The Electrical Exposition

The Woburn Electrical Exposition was held in Times Hall during the week of November 11. The affair was open to the public all day until ten o'clock in the evening. Special times were appointed for the various schools, and three periods on Tuesday were allowed for High School students to attend. Many of our students saw it and were greatly interested, both from a practical and from a scientific standpoint.

There were household helps, such as washing machines, sewing machines, electric stoves, lamps and irons. The boys were more interested in the radio sets, graphaphones, pianos, carpenter's machines and lighting systems.

The coloring and decorations made a fine impression on the people as they stepped into the hall. The music room with the electric piano was a great attraction.

The broadcasting station WTAT, which was located at Times Hall,

broadcasted, with remarkable clearness, several fine programs. On Friday afternoon the concert was given by six of the High School students.

The Pop Concert

An entertainment in the form of a Pop Concert was held in the Assembly Hall, November 9. The hall was arranged very attractively for the occasion with small tables at the rear and sides of the room. Miss Boynton, physical director, had charge of the entertainment, which was a decided success.

The program was well arranged and held the interest of everyone. The first number was a specialty number. Raymond Graham sang "That Red Head Gal" and a group of girls danced. After each number, social dancing took place, and twelve girls in white middie blouses and skirts served ice cream, punch and home-made cake.

A Powderpuff Dance was the next on the program. Helen Doherty sang and danced with four girls in gay costumes—Madeline Leavitt, Lila Carlberg, Ruth Akeson and Margaret Carrol. This dance was very attractive.

"Tillie Kum" with John Pratt and "Miss" Wilbur Dobbins came next. "Miss" Dobbins certainly made a very attractive young lady.

Other features were the "Tarentella" by Priscilla Sawyer and Marion Stevens, and a ventriloquist stunt by Miriam Hosmer and Edith Dodge. Miss Hosmer was a "rag doll," and she played her part perfectly. Everyone was pleased with this number, and the school jokes were especially interesting.

"The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" scored a big success. The soldiers were dressed in red coats and hats, and white trousers, and each carried a wand. The captain,

Aloise Barrar, had her soldiers trained thoroughly.

John Pratt sang several songs, after which balloons were given out, and social dancing followed.

RADIO

Hinkle, pinkle, little spark,
Somewhere out there in the dark,
Gather music sweet and low,
And play it on my radio.

Hop right on to my antenna,
Play me jazzy songs or tenor.
Tho' you come from far or near,
Toss a tune into my ear.

H.M.C.

The chairman of the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the light brigade.'"

At this point a consumer jumped up with the shout: "Oh, what a charge they made!"—Collegian Reporter.

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NEW ENGLAND

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MEDFORD

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FRAMED PICTURES

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445 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Compliments of

The Central Hardware Company

La Petite Page Française

From Our French Correspondents

Vous me demandez des détails sur Noël en France. Je ne sais pas si quelques unes de nos coutumes ne vous sont pas connues en Amérique. Le soir de Noël on dresse un petit sapin au salon. On l'illumine avec des bougies, des feux de bengale, et on le charge de jouets pour les petits. On reçoit des invités amis et parents, et la soirée se passe en fête. Les petits mettent le soir sous la cheminée leurs souliers. Dans la nuit, le Bonhomme Noël, que l'on représente avec une grande barbe blanche et une hotte pleine de jouets sur le dos, descend par la cheminée pour y mettre des jouets. Mais le Bonhomme Noël est tout simplement le papa ou la maman.

Vous me demandez de vous raconter nos coutumes de la Noël et du jour de l'An. La veille de la Noël, les enfants mettent leur souliers dans la cheminée pour le "Père Noël," les remplissent de jouets et de bonbons.

Les grandes personnes font la veillée autour de la Crèche. Puis à minuit, tout le monde va à la "Messe de Minuit," qui est très belle. On y chante de très beaux cantiques qui célèbrent la venue du Messie.

Dans les familles riches on fait un grand arbre de Noël et l'on distribue des jouets et des bonbons aux enfants pauvres. On joue aussi la "Pastoral," qui représente la naissance de l'enfant Jésus.

Le jour de la Noël, toute la famille se réunit chez les grands parents, et souvent aussi le lendemain.

Nous terminons l'année par un office religieux qui consiste à remercier Dieu de nous avoir accordé cette année de vie, et l'on chante le "Te Deum."

On fait aussi la veillée, mais on ne reste pas debout comme chez vous. Le matin de jour de l'An, les enfants vont de très bonne heure souhaiter la bonne année à leurs parents qui sont encore couchés.

Puis dans la journée, ils vont présenter leurs vœux à leurs grands parents, à leurs amis, et ils reçoivent des cadeaux et des "Étrennes."

Ce jour-là, le facteur apporte le calendrier pour la nouvelle année. On lui fait l'étréenne, aussi au garçon boucher, au garçon boulanger, au posteur de dépêches.

Mes deux premières années d'école quand j'avais sept et huit ans, je les ai passées avec mon frère dans un lycée de garçons et parmi ces garçons j'avais beaucoup d'amis et de vaillants chevaliers. Pensez donc dans tout le lycée nous n'étions que deux filles et tous ces messieurs étaient aux petits soins et aux attentions pour nous; ils possédaient au plus haut point la galanterie et la courtoisie française. Mais parmi eux celui que je préférerais c'était Georges, un ami intime de mon frère; il m'aimait aussi, je l'aimais; et un beau jour (ne riez pas surtout), un beau jour, dis-je, il a gravement sorti de sa poche une magnifique bague qui coûtait un sou (c'était le fruit de ses économies de la semaine), me l'a passée au doigt et nous nous sommes fiancées. Nous promettions de nous marier quand nous serions grands! Il avait huit ans, j'en avais sept et demi. Vous pensez si nos parents en ont ri et s'ils se sont moqués de nous, mais nous étions très sérieux, nous.

Mais un beau jour hélas! trois hélas! Georges m'a fait une remarque desobligeante, je lui ai jeté sa bague à la figure, il a répondu par bourrade et nous sommes battus. Tout était rompu.

Pendant trois jours nous n'avons plus voulu nous voir, puis nous nous sommes reconciliés et maintenant nous sommes assez bons amis et quand on veut nous faire enrager, on n'a que nous parler de nos fiancailles.

Vous voyez cette histoire tragico-mique qui est assez amusante et me vaut bien des taquineries qui me mettent hors de moi, car je n'ai plus pour Georges qu'une très vague affection.

Louis XIV parlait un jour du pouvoir que les rois ont sur leurs sujets. Le comte de Guiché osa prétendre que ce pouvoir avait des bornes; mais le roi, n'en voulant admettre aucune, lui dit avec emportement:

—Si je vous ordonnais de vous jeter à la mer, vous devriez sans hésiter y sauter la tête la première.

Le comte, au lieu de répliquer, se retourna brusquement, et se dirigea vers la porte.

Le roi lui demanda avec étonnement ou il allait.

—Apprendre à nager, sire lui reprit-il.

—Quelles sont les personnes qui ont le plus de caractère?

—Les imprimeurs.

À la première représentation d'une pièce qui fut un "four" notoire, le public debout sur les fauteuils sifflait avec entrain. Seul, un monsieur applaudissait à outrance.

Un spectateur surpris lui demanda:

—Quoi! la pièce vous plaît donc beaucoup pour que vous, applaudissez de la sorte.

—Non, mais je ne sais pas siffler, alors j'applaudis ceux qui sifflent.

Le Bon Republicain

Un débute republicain disait à un de ses amis, en montrant son bureau: "Voyezvous ce meuble! J'y tiens beaucoup car c'est un bureau Louis XVI authentique our c'est un meuble de famille."

Son petit garçon qui l'écoutait, de dire:

—Mais, papa, tu n'es pas republicain, puisque tu es la même famille que Louis XVI!"

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Look Us Up, It PAYS TO WALK

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Quality the best

314 Main Street, Paramount Building

We give Merchants Legal Trading Stamps

WHAT'S IN A NAME

An English motorist was stopped by a policeman on account of poor lights.

"I'll have to take your name, sir."

"John Smith," was the reply.

"Don't try that on me, sir," warned the man in blue. "I want your proper name and address."

"Then if you must have it, it's William Shakespeare, Stratfordon-Avon."

"Thank you, sir," said the policeman, jotting it down. "Sorry to have troubled you."

"Don't mention it," said the motorist, driving on. —Boston Transcript.

This Program Executed by
JOSEPH CORRIGAN, '19
 101 Pine Street
 Woburn

309 Washington Street
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A Cubist Love Song

Oh, I love my love with a round,
 round love,

With a love that hath no end;
 With an infinite-angled circular
 love,

A limitless, circular-ircular love,
 With a love that hath no end.

Her eye is a true oblate spheroid
 With a hyperbolic roll;

An ellipsoidally curved spheroid,
 A sphere-spheroidally-oid spheroid,
 With a hyperbolic roll.

Her parallelepipedical nose
 Has an obtuse, upward slant,
 Her too obtuse, polyhedral nose,
 Her generatrixical-ixical nose,
 Has an obtuse, upward slant.

She has such parabolical lips,
 So helicoidally curved;
 A pair of paraabolical lips,
 Of e-elliptical-iptical lips,
 So helicoidally curved.

Like A and B are her unknown ears,
 Posited here and there;
 Her own unknown, hypothetical
 ears,
 Her theo-e-oretical ears,
 Posited here and there.

Oh, I love with a circumferential
 love,

With a love that hath no end;
 With a polygonally-infinite love,
 A heliocentric-entrical love,
 With a love that hath no end.
 LIFE.

Don't-You-Worry Town

There's a town called Don't-You-
 Worry,

On the banks of the River Smile;
 Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy
 Blossom sweetly all the while.
 Where the Never-Grumble flower
 Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
 And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience
 Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment,
 In the province of I-Will,
 You will find this lovely City
 At the foot of No-Fret hill.
 There are thoroughfares delightful
 In this very charming town,
 And on every hand are shade trees
 Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches quite enticing
 You'll find scattered here and
 there;
 And to each a vine clinging
 Called the Frequent - Earnest
 Prayer.

Everybody there is happy,
 And is singing all the while,
 In the Town of Don't-You-Worry,
 On the banks of the River Smile.
 —I. J. Bartlett.

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Where you can bring the
 boys and girls in your
 family and be satisfied.
 Where to spend your eve-
 nings. This is the Home
 of Stars and Pictures of
 Quality.

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 in large variety to satisfy
 the young folks of our High
 School.

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The Class of 1924

PRESENTS

“Turn To
The Right”



FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, 1924

AT LYCEUM HALL

DIRECTED BY MR. HARLOW C. SEELEY



Merrick's Mansion

By George Skenderian, '24

There is an old house in the midst of one of our thriving, modern cities. It is a dilapidated, tumble-down affair, known as Merrick's Mansion, which, unpromising and insignificant as it now seems, has nevertheless a very interesting tale connected with it, known only to the oldest inhabitants and told by them to a favorite few. I by chance have heard the story, and it has so impressed me that I am going to attempt in my poor way to retell it to you.

Many years before, when this part of the country was at best very sparsely settled, the house and all the land around it for many miles belonged to a farmer by the name of Merrick. Coming to this region in a destitute condition, he became so rich in such a short while that it was the accepted belief that he had unearthed a large hoard of buried Indian treasure. Indeed Merrick had once, while under the influence of liquor, boastfully admitted this fact, declaring furthermore that he had secreted the find on his premises.

Shortly after this incident he disappeared from sight. Search was made high and low for him, but he was never seen nor heard of again.

It was generally thought that he had unwittingly disclosed the whereabouts of his treasure and had been murdered and his money stolen. So, as he had no heirs, the govern-

ment took over his estate, cut his land up into houselots, and rented his mansion.

Time passed. The Merrick acres were now covered with prosperous homes and the tragedy associated with that name almost forgotten, when an event occurred which once more brought the story into notice.

A new family had moved into Merrick's mansion, poor, unknown, unnoticed. The father and mother were hard-working and earnest people; the three boys—John, Tom and David—quiet and unoffending.

One day while chopping wood in the cellar by the flickering light of a candle, John, the oldest boy, upset the taper, extinguishing it. As he was without matches he groped his way toward the stairs in the dark. As he slid his hand along the cellar wall for guidance, his finger slipped into a little crevice in the massive masonry, and what could be greater than his surprise when he discovered the whole wall moving away from his hand!

Greatly excited, he rushed upstairs and in a trembling voice told his strange experience to his incredulous family.

Of course he was accused of paying more attention to the hard-cider barrel than to the wood pile, but at his earnest and repeated denials the father and the other two boys descended into the cellar, armed with lanterns, to verify his story. There, behold! the uncertain gleam of their lights disclosed a gaping aperture in the cellar wall, from which was issuing a damp smell.

One by one, their curiosity over-

coming their fear, they filed into the secret chamber.

A strange sight greeted their eyes. Heaped in a corner were baskets of strange workmanship filled with gold and silver. Littering the floor were curious articles of all descriptions.

Suddenly, Dave Swift made a discovery which sent a chill of horror up their spines. It was the crumbling skeleton of a man, lying in an obscure portion of the chamber.

Toward this new find the party made its way, momentarily forgetting the treasure. In the bony hands of the skeleton was clutched an envelope, yellow with age. Mr. Swift, carefully removing this, inspected it.

Inside was a single sheet of paper dated May 28, 1803, and written on it were these words: "I, Josiah Merrick, while digging the foundation of this house, discovered the treasure here hidden. I constructed this dungeon where it pleases God that I give up my life, being entrapped here by a defective mechanism of my own. This is my seventh day in this hell. I cannot survive much longer. May God save my soul!"

After reading this message the Swifts notified the proper authorities regarding their discovery and, being superstitious, changed their living quarters.

What actually became of them or the treasure is very uncertain, but the precedent established by them when they vacated the house was never violated, and forever after that it was tenantless.

This, my friends, is the strange story of Merrick's Mansion.

The Spy

By NORMAN PETERSON, '24

It was early morning in a little village in France. On the hillside was a small peasant boy tending his flock of sheep, while in the valley below, part of the American army lay encamped. All was quiet around the grounds except for a few guards stationed at their various points of duty. A careful observer could have seen a soldier creeping along towards his tent, always keeping out of sight of the nearest guards. At last he reached his destination without, as he thought, having been seen. He crawled quickly under the side of his tent and disappeared.

It was 10 o'clock that same morning. At the headquarters of the General, three officers were conversing when suddenly a guard entered with a small boy. He saluted, and announced that the child had a very important piece of news to impart. Having performed his duty, the guard saluted again and withdrew. The boy told his story to the officers, who listened to every word. It appeared that the lad, who had been tending his sheep on the hillside the night before, had been awakened by the bleating of lambs and had, by the light of the moon, distinctly seen, in the valley below, an American soldier sitting with another man who, he had no doubt, was a German. He had become greatly excited at this and had come at his first opportunity to report what he had seen to the General. The boy then described the man. The officers concluded that this description corresponded to that of a German spy which had been forwarded to them by French officials.

The General then sent for all the guards that had been on duty that night. They arrived, and were questioned in turn if they had seen a private enter the camp during the time that they had been on duty.

One after another answered that he had not, until finally, one young fellow was questioned. He admitted reluctantly, for he admired the young man that was under suspicion, that he had seen a private enter the grounds during breakfast. The General then dismissed the guard, who saluted and took his leave.

The private, who was held under suspicion, was then summoned to headquarters. He saluted and waited for the general to speak.

"Were you granted a furlough last evening?" was the first question.

"Yes, sir."

"And you did not return until this morning?"

"Why — no, sir," replied the soldier becoming surprised.

"And you were with a German during the night?" demanded the officer in fierce tones.

"Why, I suppose I was, sir, but —"

"Take this man to the guard house immediately!" commanded the general to the guards.....

It was a week later, and the private was arraigned before a court-martial to be tried. He was called upon to give his story, and he stepped forth to do so.

"To begin with," he said, "I wish to say that I am not guilty of the treasonable crime, of which I am suspected. I asked for a furlough last Thursday evening, and set out for the village. I then turned down a dark path through the woods that led to the next village. After walking for about an hour, I heard foot steps coming in the opposite direction. I threw myself down in a clump of bushes beside the path and watched the form coming toward me. The moon was bright and I immediately saw that it was a German. I drew my revolver and fired three shots at him. After collecting a few papers and a revolver from him, I took a short cut to the camp. But I lost my way in the swamps and fields and did not reach here until morning. Everyone was at breakfast and I tried to creep to

my tent without being seen. I then looked over the papers that I had taken and found out that I had killed a deadly German spy who was planning to blow up our encampment. I was then summoned to headquarters. I was going to explain myself there, but was misunderstood and not given the chance. But now that I have been given it, I hope that I have cleared myself."

This private was rewarded for his noble deed by being given a lieutenantancy in the army.

Moore & Parker

News Dealers

Stationers

375-377 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Howard's Bakery

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BREAD, CAKES, PIES
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JAQUITH & COMPANY

Something New

The producers had all in turn refused Zizka's play. "The verse is well written and the music is full of melody, but your piece is out of date. We want something different, something new."

Returning home after his latest failure, Zizka had passed the manuscript to his mother. "He has refused it because it is not new. Read it and you will understand."

His mother read it twice before she ventured an opinion. "It is nice, Stephen, it is very pretty, but it is not beautiful. In our country we love all that is beautiful. Whether it is old or new matters little, but it must be beautiful. Write something beautiful, my son."

Although his mother and father were Hungarians, Stephen Zizka was American. He had refused to learn the Hungarian language, he had thrown aside all customs of the old country. He scorned anything not American. This speech of his mother's angered him. What did Hungarians know of music or of plays. He had been told to write something new, something new he would write. His musical play

would be a great American masterpiece, different, and new.

Zizka spent many days studying further, in music and literature. He took long walks through the city looking for something new. He watched the plays and operas of others to discover what in them was different. Every night he would come home tired and worn out, having searched, but not having found the new. He spent more and more time away from home so that he saw his family very little. All this work to find something different, something new.

One night he came home early and went to his room without a word. The day had been like all others, fruitless. He threw himself down upon the bed to let his tired mind think. He was much discouraged, and now he was beginning to despair. For months he had been seeking and had not found. Was it a hopeless task?

Down in the little front room his sister Sigisma was beginning to sing. He would listen awhile and rest. What was she singing? Oh, yes, Marie's Song, from last year's most popular musical play. A fine song! An American song! But his would be better, if he could ever write it. Marie's Song, an ordin-

ary song! How was it different from others? Was it different? Surely there were Martha's song, the song of Madelyn, and many others alike in name, in thought, in sentiment. They were not different. There was nothing different. All were alike, all old. "There is nothing new!" he said aloud. The words started him. His thoughts had never before been so definite. The words astonished him, paralyzed his mind. His work, then, had been for nothing, there was nothing new.

He lay back exhausted by the shock of the realization. He began again to listen to his sister. She was beginning another song now. as he listened, his muscles grew tense. What was that song? What was it? He had never heard it before. It rose and fell in a melody, the like of which he had never known. The words he could not understand, she was not singing as clearly as usual. But what did the words matter? It was the song, the song itself.

There was a hush downstairs, then he heard his mother say, "It is beautiful Sigisma. Sing it again, it is beautiful."

Again he heard the same melody, now wild and exultant, now low and

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sweet. Why did she not sing clearly? She must learn. What was the song anyway? Where had Sigisma learned it?

Suddenly the thought came to him. Here was something new. Whenever Sigisma might have learned it, he had never heard it, others had never heard it. This was different. With this he would write a play to move thousands. Something different, something new.

He jumped from the bed and ran downstairs. He stood in the doorway as the song came to a full, joyous close. Before the last note had died away, he was by his sister's side.

"Where is that music. Let me see it. Why do you not sing clearly? I could not hear the words. What is that song? You were singing without notes? Where have you learned such a song? It is different. I shall write my play around that. Where have you learned that song?"

"A new song? echoed his sister." That is not a new song. It is the old Hungarian melody, sung for centuries. It is the "Song of the Years." It is beautiful indeed, but it is not new."

"Not new! It is new to me. But if it should not be accepted because

it is new, perhaps as you say, it will be accepted because it is beautiful. I shall go on, and write a beautiful play.

The piece was written, accepted, played. One night in the height of its success, Zizka, his mother and his sister sat near the back of the hall. As the curtain went down for the last time, a storm of applause rose from the audience. Stephen Zizka's mother turned to him. "You see it is not only in Hungary, but also in American that the people love the beautiful. Whether it is old or new matters little, but, it must be beautiful.

Do you speak Polish?
 "Oh, to some extent.
 Let's hear you."
 Rkgxshu rptbrgwa bluuugmzda
 prtshi shhkzxitshkiklu.
 Whatzat mean?
 That means, Yes."
 Fine. Tell me some more.
 Pxxtgwyra.
 Whazat mean?
 That means, "I am going to town for a few days and will probably return on the eleven thirty-two train."

IF

With apologies to Mr. Kipling and the Ford

IF YOU can keep your head when all about you
 Are running Cadillacs and Packards, too;
 If you can run your Ford when all men scorn you,
 But make allowance for this scorning too;
 If you can be passed and merely smile at the passer,
 And being laughed at, not mind the laughter,
 And yet remember that they are all just folks.
 If you can ride with crowds and not be envious,
 Or want a limousine or high-priced car,
 If neither sneers nor smiling friends can change you,
 If all things count with you but not too far:
 If you can fill the time with joy of living
 And see the country from that simple toy
 Yours is the road and everything that's on it,
 And, what is more, you'll have a bank account, my boy!
 The Automobilst.

The street car conductor examined the transfer thoughtfully and said meekly: "This transfre expired an hour ago, lady."

The lady, after digging into her purse after a coin, replied: "No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."

"Say It with Flowers"



Aylward

THE FLORIST



398 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Haber



The Reliable Lunchman

“Wiggles” Jones and the Bingville High School Team

By NORMAN LIEBERMAN '24

Thomas D. Jones was a senior in Bingville High and on his seventeenth birthday he received a football suit, shoes, helmet, and football from his father. He was small for his age, but was very, very clever, and quick. In school he kept up in all his studies, and was on good terms with all the pupils, being nicknamed “Wiggles” because of the fact that he could not keep in any one position for any length of time.

Bingville High had only ninety-four pupils and most of them were girls. Bingville High also had a football team for which just twelve men went out every year. The football field where they played was taken care of by the town, and on a rainy day it was one big mud puddle. The players had to furnish their own football paraphernalia and this year they had no football. They could not get Wiggle’s football unless they made him quarterback, so Wiggles was the quarterback.

The Bingville High football teams held the record for losing games, for they had lost every game for five years, since they first started the football teams. They played five games every year, and considered themselves fortunate if the other teams did not beat them by more than thirty-six to nothing. No Bingville High team had ever made a touchdown, and it was a rare occurrence when a Bingville High team managed to get the ball within forty yards of their opponents’ goal line. So this year the school decided that if the team did not do any better, they would have no more football teams in Bingville High School.

Wiggles was elected Captain so that the team would be sure to have a football, and he immediately began to make things hum.

He made the men report for practice every day except Sunday, and for two hours, he had them practicing tackling, blocking, catching forwards and punts, learning signals, formations, and trick plays. He was assisted by the Bingville telegraph-operator who had played for two years on a small college team, and he had a twenty-five cent copy of the rules and regulations of football, and how football is played. He also went to the parents of the football players and told them to see that their athletic sons were properly fed and that they went to bed at the right time.

In their first four games the Bingville team won by narrow margins, due to Wiggle’s generalship. He pulled so many trick plays over the other teams, that they did not know whether they were going or coming.

Finally the day of the Bellevue-Bingville game approached. In the game of the year before, Bellevue had beaten Bingville 91 to 0 and stated that this year they would make it one hundred to nothing. The game was to be played at Bingville, and as there had been a light snowstorm, and several warm days, the Bingville field was one, big, slushy, muddy lake. On the afternoon of the game a large crowd appeared, for Bellevue and Bingville were tied for first place in the East Pepperil League. Finally the game started and Bellevue kicked off; Wiggles received the kick off and ran it back twenty yards. Then for the rest of the game till the last five minutes both teams resorted only to line plunges and punting,

for the ball was too slippery to make passes with. In the last five minutes Wiggles took the ball for an end run and brought it down to the opponent’s ten yard line but he was tackled so hard the ball slipped out of his arms and a Bellevue man fell on it.

The Bellevue team made four line plunges and made twenty yards. On the next three plays the Bellevue backs were thrown for a loss and they decided to punt. They punted but the kicker slipped and kicked it straight up into the air. When the ball came down twenty bodies jumped at once for it, and resulted in a big pile, from which issued groans, profane language, threats, and wildly waving arms and legs. All were in the pile except Wiggles who stood watching when suddenly there was an upheaval in the pile and the ball bounced out. Wiggles immediately pounced on it, and went for a touchdown, while the referee was frantically trying to break up the pile. Just then the whistle blew and the game was over. Bingville had won her first championship, due to the leadership of resourceful Wiggles. The town of Bingville held a celebration at which all the players were given sweaters and their letters, and Wiggles was the hero of the hour. His nice football suit of which he had taken such good care was all tattered, torn, and muddy, but he had a warm glow of satisfaction in his heart, for was he not the captain of the first victorious Bingville High eleven?

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ATHLETICS



Football Games

MALDEN 39—WOBURN 0

Malden proved superior to Woburn in our first game, of the season on September 22. The Woburn line was very strong, but forward passes and end runs, accounted for Malden's high score. Captain Colucci's defensive, and offensive work, was the outstanding feature of the game.

AMESBURY 7—WOBURN 0

Woburn played its second game on September 29 at Amesbury, losing by a margin of one touchdown. Woburn's line weakened in the final period, and Amesbury managed to push the ball over once. Woburn nearly tied the score the last period, but they were stopped on the 10-yard line.

SALEM 28—WOBURN 0

At Salem, October 6, Woburn was defeated by the score of 28 to 0. Salem was scoreless in the first half, but ran wild in the last half, scoring four touchdowns. As in the Malden game, forward passes proved too much for the Woburn boys. The Woburn backfield showed great improvement in this game.

WOBURN 27—ARLINGTON 0 (Mystic Valley League Game)

Woburn played its first home game and also its first league game October 13 at Library Field. Captain Colucci continually made big gains through the Arlington line and around the ends, and was largely responsible for the four touchdowns registered by Woburn. Harney and Whittie showed that they were line plungers, and each netted many gains during the game.

WOBURN 13—WATERTOWN 6 (League Game)

Watertown came here on October 20, fully expecting to defeat our team, but Captain Colucci was too fast and the Woburn line too strong for them. Fitzgerald and Mahoney stopped everything coming their way and were real demons at tack-

ling. Watertown's only score came when the left end intercepted a forward pass and ran 60 yards for a touchdown.

MELROSE 7—WOBURN 0 (League Game)

At Library Field, October 27, Melrose defeated our team by one touchdown. Shaw, with aid of excellent interference, ripped up the Woburn line and scored early in the first period. From that time on, Woburn had the best of the game, and more than once had the ball in the shadow of the Melrose goal. Captain Colucci's punts greatly out-distanced those of Shaw of Melrose. As usual, the end runs of Colucci were a feature, and he might easily have run away from the entire opposing team if the ground had been dry.

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH 55 WOBURN 0

The home team stopped B. C. High's much heavier team in the first half of the game, but in the second half our opponents scored heavily. A field goal from the 30-yard line and a touchdown resulting from an end run were the only points registered by B. C. High in the first half. Chances for Woburn to score looked bright in the closing minutes of the first half when a forward pass brought the ball to B. C. High's 20-yard line. "Doc" Flaherty played a great game at center, and, as usual, Colucci's playing stood out.

WOBURN 3—WAKEFIELD 0

At Wakefield, November 10, Woburn was the winner by a score of 3 to 0. Woburn outplayed Wakefield throughout the game, and three times had the ball on Wakefield's 10-yard line, only to lose it on downs. Captain Colucci scored the only points of the game by a fine drop kick from the 20-yard line, in the third period. In the final period, Colucci carried the ball over from the 25-yard line, but because the signals had been called while new players were being sub-

stituted, the ball was called back, and the score stood 0-0.

WOBURN 3—WINCHESTER 0

Woburn won the annual game with Winchester on November 17 at Manchester Field. The Woburn line was much stronger than that of Winchester, and Fitzgerald and Flaherty opened up large holes for the backfield men. On the defensive, only two first downs were registered against Woburn. Captain Colucci played his usual brilliant game and scored three of the five touchdowns. Time after time Woburn swept down the field, with Harney, Whittie, and Kerrigan taking their turns with the ball.

Cross Country

The cross-country team began its season without the services of any letter-men. In answer to the call for candidates, about twenty-five reported. The first test came when the boys journeyed to Cambridge to compete in the Y. M. C. A. cross country run. "Toots" McDonough won the two-mile run in 11 minutes, 57 seconds, October 12.

The next meet was held at Library Field, when the local boys defeated Watertown over our own course of three miles by the score of 23-32. Captain Duran was the first man in, winning the race in 21 minutes, 2 seconds. McDonough, Cooke, Lennon and Contalonis also counted in Woburn's scoring.

On November 3 the team journeyed to Harvard Stadium to compete in the Harvard Interscholastic Meet, and placed fifth against fifteen schools which were entered.

On November 10, Woburn journeyed to Cambridge and defeated Cambridge Latin High by the score of 24-34. Captain Duran, Cooke and McDonough led the entire squad over the distance, finishing in the same order. Lennon and Waters were also counted in the scoring.

The team: Charles Duran (captain), Thomas McDonough, John Cooke, Robert Waters, Charles Lennon, Redmond Walsh, George Contalonis, Thomas Duffy.

Field Hockey

Did our hockey team succeed this year?

They did not win in scores, but they won our confidence and appreciation. They worked hard and faithfully and, above all, they played fairly and squarely. Out of the thirty who reported at the first practice, only four were veteran players. Thus our team was practically new. Nevertheless the new players were greatly interested in the sport and did their best to become proficient in it.

Under the direction of Miss Louise Woolf as coach, the girls progressed and showed real ability in the first practice game with Lexington. The league games were played in a fair and square way, and the results, though not the best, were promising.

While we think of the team as the eleven who played the games, we must not forget that those who only practiced deserve credit, too. Next year, with more veterans, we may expect better results.

The services of Captain Helen Cummings and Manager Priscilla

Sawyer have been greatly appreciated this year, both by the team and by the school.

GAMES

October 2—Lexington at Woburn (practice game): Lexington 2, Woburn 0.

October 5—Swampscott at Swampscott: Swampscott 3, Woburn 0.

October 10—Stoneham at Woburn: Stoneham 1, Woburn 0.

October 12—Melrose at Melrose: Melrose 9, Woburn 1.

October 17—Lexington at Woburn (practice game): Lexington 5, Woburn 0.

October 22—Winchester at Woburn: Winchester 5, Woburn 0.

October 28—Winthrop at Woburn: Winthrop 5, Woburn 1.

Anna Nolan

Florence Glennon

Theodora Cassimus

Constance White

Catherine Burnier

Anna Peterson

Alice Gilgun

Myrtle Park

Dorothy Canada

Bernice White

Emma Fields

Lila Carlberg

Helen Cummings

Manager Begg's efforts to get together a good cheering section were finally rewarded when a large number assembled at the Melrose game. Although the cheers were not given in perfect unison, there was a great volume of noise, which counts the most. However, one thing very noticeable was the fact that when the opponents were in possession of the ball, and the local team was being driven back, the cheering was not as lusty as when Woburn themselves had the ball.

Many of the merchants of the city contributed to the fund to supply the football team with blankets. The entire football squad appeared on the field before the game with Melrose, wrapped in their blankets, and looked like a group of real warriors. The new blankets are gray with a large orange W in the center.

Pat: Oi wouldn't throw ye a rope if ye was drownin'.

Mike: Oi wouldn't touch it if ye did.

TRY GLASSES

Prof.: "This is the third time you've looked on Jones' paper." write very plainly."

—Beanpot.

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Girls' Hockey Team



Top Row: L. WOOLF (Coach), WHITE, WHITE, PARK, FIELDS, SAWYER (Manager).

Center Row: GILGUN, PETERSON, CUMMINGS (Capt), CARLBERG, FITZGERALD, BURNIER.

Bottom Row: HOSMER, GLENNON, NOLAN, CASSIMUS.

Rumford School Section

The North Woburn Athletic Field

By ALFRED NUTILE '27

Foster's field in North Woburn, the boys' favorite playground, has been purchased by the city for an athletic field. So if you High School boys want a good field, where you can play baseball or football when Library field is too wet, you may come up here next spring when the field is completed and look it over to see what you think of it.

I am sure you will be pleased with it, because it is so big and level. There will be no puddles, or ponds rather, as there are at Library field.

I remember plainly, about three years ago, when Woburn was to play Belmont at Library field, that the Woburn players were all down at the field waiting for the Belmont team.

While they were waiting, a man came along and said, "How are you going to play football here?" The boys replied that they had canoes all ordered for the game, and that they were on the way.

While the boys were waiting for the Belmont team, somebody came down and told them that they had to go to Winchester to play because Library field was too wet.

Now here's your chance! You won't have to go to Winchester to play. Just say to yourself, "There's a better field in North Woburn." Help boost the North Woburn Playground!

A Narrow Escape

By ELEANOR ARNOLD '27

The sun yawned, woke up, and began to climb from his gray, woolly blanket. With him the people of Brownsfield yawned, woke up, and climbed out of their gray, woolly blankets, because the day had begun, and each one had his day's work to do.

Helen Wright jumped out of her bed quick as a wink, and jumped into her clothes. The day had come! The most wonderful day! For she was going to Boston, the great city, at least fifty miles from the little farmhouse where she was born ten years ago. Her mother was to go with her and buy her, what do you suppose? A most wonderful coat, a most wonderful hat, and a most wonderful dress!

In less time than one can tell, they arrived in Boston. Helen walked in a daze of excitement. The elevators, the trains, and most of all, the stores astonished her. How different the stores were from Ed White's at Brownsfield, where everything was kept, from cough medicine to farm tools!

The most wonderful hat, the most wonderful coat, and the most wonderful dress were bought when the thing happened. They were crossing the street to go to the station. Helen, in the crowd, was losing sight of her mother. She rushed into the street to catch up with her, just as a huge truck came traveling down the street. She caught a glimpse of it. She ran as fast as she could, but it was of no use; it was towering over her! Just then a

man's strong arm shot out from the sidewalk, grasped her shoulder, and swung her to his side. Half a second later, the truck roared past!

Helen scarcely knew what had happened, only that she was crying, and that somebody was patting her shoulder and telling her that it was perfectly all right. Then she heard her mother come and try to comfort her.

After the storm had passed, and only sobs remained, she looked up to her mother who was holding her. No where could the stranger be seen.

"I want to go home, mummy," she sobbed. "Let's go home."

The sun was sending its last glance over the earth, when two people trudged homeward, one laden with bundles, the other clutching tightly to the laden one's hand.

"Boston's all right," thought the smaller one with a shudder, "but," as she looked at her own dear farmhouse, "there's no place like home."

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The New Hat

By AURA BEATTIE '27

Silas Woodby had promised to go to the city with his wife to help her select her new fall hat. It was a cold frosty morning and the "old tin Lizzie" was hard to start. Silas was about ready to give up when he remembered that his wife had spoken of a bargain sale in one of the stores.

Finally, after much cranking, the car started and they were on their way. Alice was the first to speak. "What kind of a hat do you think would look nice on me, Si?" she asked.

"Oh, I dunno, I don't see why you wanted me to come anyway," was the reply.

"Well, Si Woodby, if you don't want to come, you can turn around and go back, but if I choose a twenty-five dollar hat, I shall not expect you to kick," said Alice.

Silas, being a mercenary old man, thought it best to say nothing more.

At last, they reached the city. They parked the car and entered one of the department stores. They went to the basement and after leading her husband around to the different hat counters, Alice spied a hat she thought would look well on her. She tried it on. "How does it look, Si?" she asked.

"How much?" muttered Silas.

"Only ten fifty," was the reply.

"Nothing doing. I don't intend to pay over four dollars for a measly hat."

Alice sighed. Would her husband never be free with his money?

Silas walked over to a hat counter where hats were on sale for three fifty. He picked up a little velvet hat and sat it on Alice's head. "There," he exclaimed, "that looks fine."

"May I help you, Madame?" a salesgirl asked.

"I'll take this," said Alice quietly.

Silas was already saying goodbye to the three dollars and fifty cents that he had kept for so long.

All the way home, Alice was thinking of the pretty hat she had liked so much.

When they reached home, Alice attended to the fire and started dinner. Then taking her new hat from the bag, she tossed it on the lounge, not noticing that it landed over Bubbles, the kitten.

Silas had seated himself in the easy chair which he had pulled up before the fireplace.

"Do you remember," said he, "the time that Jim Cook heard there were ghosts around town? He thought it was true. I'll never forget the night the kids thought they'd have some fun with him. Little Joe crept up to the door and knocked three times. Ha! ha! I'll never forget how he jumped up from that chair. He thought he was gone for sure." But as Alice had gone upstairs, she had not heard what Silas had said.

Tap, tap, tap. What was that: Silas' eyes nearly popped from his head. It was really Alice's hat coming across the floor. Silas jumped up and backed away from it but still that hat was coming for him.

There was only one thing to do

and that was to capture the moving object. With one long stride Silas crossed the floor and snatched the hat, giving it one throw into the fireplace. When he turned around, Bubbles was smiling at him. What had he done? Thrown away three dollars and fifty cents! He dared not tell Alice since he had fussed so much about getting even a cheap hat.

Presently, Alice entered the room. "Er-er," stuttered Silas, "I was going to say, let's go to town again and get that ten fifty hat, I kinda liked it on you."

The next Sunday in church every woman admired Alice's hat.

Young Lady to Conductor: "Does this car go over the Harvard Bridge, sir?"

Conductor: "Well if it don't, we are going to get a terrible ducking."

Voo Doo.

His Kind Invitation.—Professor (after trying first-hour class)—"Some time ago my doctor told me to exercise early every morning with dum-bells. Will the class please join me to-morrow before breakfast?" — The Watchman-Ex-

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School Notes

A public meeting of the North Woburn Playground Association was held at the New Rumford School on Tuesday evening, November, the thirteenth.

Mr. Flaws, President of this organization, opened the meeting with a few interesting remarks.

Short talks in behalf of the playground were given by Reverend Father Richard Boland, Reverend Mr. Blue, Mr. Arthur H. Linscott, Mr. Thomas McGowan, Mayor Stephen S. Bean, and Representative Everberg.

Miss Cora Boutelle and Mr. Harold Child were the soloists of the evening. Martini's orchestra also furnished music for the occasion.

The meeting ended with a moving picture "Safety First." This association is planning to give a series of entertainments this fall and winter to raise funds for the development of the playground.

On Friday, November, the ninth, the Rumford School had a very interesting program in the Assembly

Hall. The ninth grade gave a Better Speech play which was adapted from "Pandora's Box."

The leading characters were:
 Pandora Doris Dickinson
 Epimetheus Lester Quincy
 Hope, the Fairy Helen Coughlin

Another feature of the program was "The Parade of the Alphabet" by Grade Seven.

Miss Cenzel Weiss and Miss Helen Smith gave piano solos. The orchestra, under the direction of Miss Kearns, played several selections.

On November, the fourteenth, the fast Rumford School team defeated the Burlington School by the score of 60-8. The game was played at Foster's field, the site of the new playground. The Rumford School team has played three games and is still undefeated.

About twenty people in the ninth grade with Miss Redding and Miss Stevens went to see "The Merchant of Venice" with David Warfield as a pathetic and very human Shylock. The play was indeed wonderful with elaborate scenery and beautiful costumes. We were held spellbound during the whole performance.

The Rumford School regrets the illness of Miss Shea, teacher of literature and music. She is a great friend of the pupils and they all miss her. Everyone hopes that she will soon be well enough to return.

McKittrick: Miss Scanlan, may I speak to Frank?

Miss Scanlan: No, Thomas.

McKittrick: Then, may Frank speak to me?

Miss Redding (explaining the lesson in "Treasure Island" to John Mallon): You will find today's lesson in Book III.

John (dazed): Why, you gave me only one book.

THE AUTO AGE

A small boy during his first eventful meal in a restaurant, suddenly became engrossed in a man at the next table who was regaling himself with waffles. He turned to his parents and announced in a shrill voice:

"Mamma, I want some of those non-skid griddle cakes."—American Legion Weekly.

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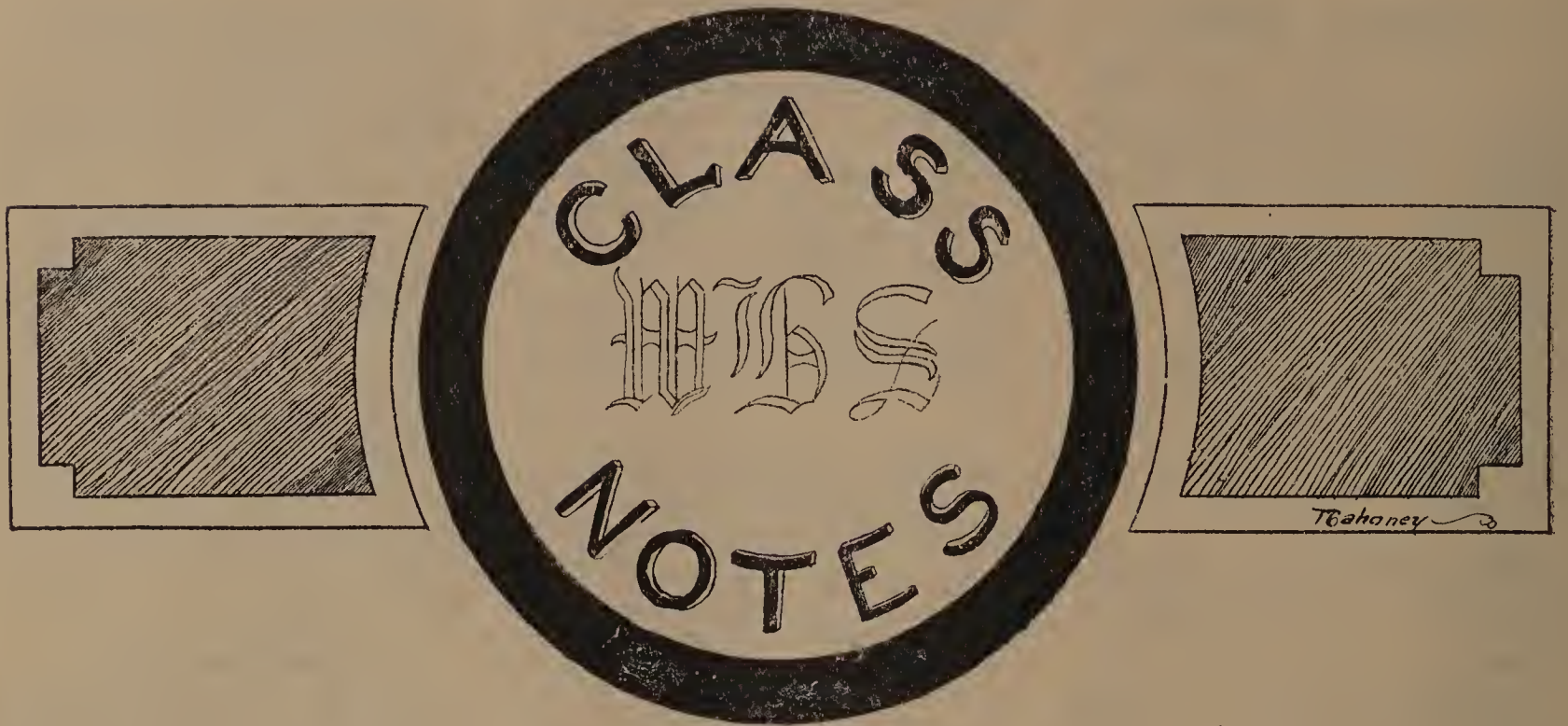
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To Which Do You Belong

A little bit of foolishness,
A little bit of sass;
Put them both together,
And you have a Freshman Class.

A little bit of lovingness
Between a lad and lass;
Put one and one together,
And you have a Sophomore Class.

Everyone is jolly,
All the boys are fast;
Put them all together,
And you have a Junior Class.

All are proud and airy
No matter whom you pass;
These two characteristics
Make up a Senior Class.

A.B.

1924

At the first Senior Class meeting elected the following officers:—Herman Decker, President; Margaret Golden, Vice President; Margaret Meehan, Secretary. Maurice Sargent has been appointed Treasure.

At the other meetings, thus far, the following committees have been elected:—

Dance Committee; Esther Sullivan, Evelyn Dickinson, John Harney and George Cain.

Class Motto Committee; Miriam Hosmer, Leo Rooney, Waldo Hill and George Cain.

The Seniors have chosen French Blue and Gray as their class colors.

Their motto is "Esse quam videri. To be, rather than to seem."

NEW METHOD TEST

Are the following statements true or false?

1. Rooney was not tardy once last week.
2. Keyes was very much excited yesterday.
3. McLaughlin did not speak for an hour.
4. Flossie Glennon was in the library this morning.
5. Cain has an orchestra.
6. Dot Ayer grew two inches last month.
7. "MacPherson, take an extra session."
8. Jerry Callahan raises butter and eggs on his new farm.
9. John Harney recited in geometry.

INFORMATION WANTED

Can anyone furnish information about the following:

What does Marion Stevens do with her dimples when she is sleeping?

How does Pete know so much about cosmetics?

Does Agnes McElhinney ever go anywhere without Flossie?

Has Squeak Beggs as much pep while he is reciting Latin as he has at the football games?

Is Dot Ellery going to teach math?

How long does Miriam study each lesson?

Is there ever a time when Evelyn Dickinson is not smiling?

Did Margaret and Billy ever go a whole period without whispering to each other?

How long does it take Frogs to get from East Woburn to Central Square?

Some of our members of 1924 are attending other schools this year.

Lindsay Poole is at Tilton Preparatory School.

John Maguire is attending Boston Latin High School.

Frances Upton is a senior at Winchester High.

1925

A. King says if elastics were dollar bills, Room 20 would be the richest in the building.

H. Burns has been trying to see whether he could wear out the pencil sharpener before he could wear out his pencils. Mr. Sanborn has just repaired the pencil sharpener.

Lila Carlberg got the prize in the beauty contest held in North Woburn.

Allie Whittie has discovered a new method of swallowing gum very quickly when a teacher speaks to him about it. Catherine Harrison will have to have some lessons from him.

Room 19 is passing the hat to buy a megaphone for Helen Gates to use in English.

The dignity of the junior class may be seen any day. Just look at Elizabeth Mack.

The pupils of IICg breathe a sigh of relief when Frances Park is called on in Latin.

Bancroft Stephenson is a very good authority on the merits and use of Slickum.

1927

Things the Encyclopaedia does not tell us.

If Plummer can speak above a whisper.

If Langille ever forgot his green talk handkerchief.

If Burns ever spoke to Helen Cummings.

If Brown and Pratt ever talk in class.

When Blake is going to put on long pants.

If Chester Brown ever shot an elastic.

If Eben and Virginia have made up since their last boxing match in room 11.

If Callahan and Provost will dare to enter room 20 again.

1926

D. Cummings: Miss Hall, may I be excused from my extra session?

Miss Hall: Do you know what N-O spells?

D. Cummings: Yes!

Rubber seems to be on the rebound. What about it, Chaffee?

Teacher: What is the meaning of the word apparent?

Pupil: One's father or mother.

Teacher, teacher, I've been thinking
What a fine world this would be
If there were no 3:10 sessions
To forever bother me.

Miss Wolfendale: Kean, stop mumbling; it's a sign of old age.

Egan: Oh yes, he wears long pants now.

Your Prescriptions properly prepared by experienced men at our store. Four Registered Druggists

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417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

YES, WE HAVE LONG, LONG LESSONS

Yes, we have long, long lessons,
We have long, long lessons today.

They say they're not easy,
But if we get busy,
We can do them well day by day.

We have old-fashioned geometry,
Plane and trigonometry.
Oh yes, we have long, long lessons,
We have long, long lessons today.

We editors had a hard time getting even this little bit for the 1926 column. Help us out by sending in many more personal items for the next number. Let us have a longer Sophomore column.

A TOUCHDOWN

Traffic Cop—Hay you! Didn't you see me signal you to stop?

Ex-Football Player—Sure, but I had a clear field to the goal posts.
—The Automobilst.



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

We hear that there are some live wires in room A1. A home room meeting was called there and the following officers were elected:

Neil Murray, President.
Elizabeth Murray, Vice-President
Edna Cox, Secretary.
John Cooke, Treasurer.

They hope to develop a fine class feeling and are making the following their slogans:

Get acquainted.

Yours for service to the Woburn High School.

Mr. Bean highly indorses this plan.

Credit should be given to Dorothy Burnes, Home Room Captain of Room 2, for obtaining one hundred per cent membership in the Athletic Association.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS WE KNOW

A year elapsed between B. C. and A. D. time.

In a correct standing position, one's feet should be parallel with one's spine.

A pyramid has a square base and three triangular sides, that meet in a point.

Babylon is located on the Thebes River.

The American Civil War was fought in the seventeenth century.

Sheridan's Ride was written about the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Hiawatha wrote *Evangeline*.

We're living in the nineteenth century.

BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS

Things we never can hope to see:

Thomas Dwyer rising immediately when called on to recite.

Margaret Murray lacking pep.

William Dunnigan taking "Father John's" to build up.

Edythe Riker dumb during a science recitation.

Charlotte Shea without a wave.

Jones' hands out of his pockets

Miss Johnson: What people make up the lower class in Europe?

Carl Johnson: Unskilled laborers and pheasants.

ALL CHANGED

We wish to Announce to the Public AN OLD STORE—BUT A NEW POLICY.

After years of square dealing and faithful service to the people of this city and surrounding community—We announce to the public a change in policy.—Classified Ad in the Charlestown (S. G.) Gazette.



Non-graduates are placed under the class to which they belonged while at Woburn High School.

Allen C. Preble '23 has attracted favorable attention by the superior standing he attained in physical tests at Tilton School. Every boy, unless excused by a physician's certificate, is required to pass what is called the simple manhood test, consisting of running, jumping, throwing, and climbing. A point system has been carefully worked out and the first month the highest score of 3745 was made by Preble.

Mildred Lewis '22 is a sophomore at Boston University. On Nov. 16 she took part in a Shakespearean Festival held in the Copley Plaza. She was dressed to represent a Lady-in-Waiting in Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen from Verona." This festival was one of the social events of

the season.

Ruth Tanton '23 is working at the Employees' Liability in Boston.

Herbert Verity '23, Elliott Arnold '23, and Thomas Murphy '23 are attending Massachusetts Agricultural College. Arnold has been elected Campus Manager, while Murphy is a member of the Student Council and the football team.

Margaret Wade '16 attended the American Legion convention in Los Angeles, California, in October. One of the interesting places she visited was "The Cave of Winds" in Grand Canyon. She said that there were miles of hairpins strung up in this cave by tourists who believed if they did this, they would meet their "Romeo" before the year had passed. If you get discouraged, girls, take a trip to the "Cave of Winds," and leave a hairpin.

Charles Murphy '23 has been elected athletic manager of his class at Wentworth Institute.

William Devine '23 has taken a position as clerk in the office of our Superintendent of Schools.

Kenneth Bernard and Thomas Lynch of '23 have entered Boston University.

Room 16 is glad to have Edith Dodge's smiling face there again this year. Other P. G.'s are Roberta Lovely and Norman Lieberman, all of '23.

Harry Cummings '23 is attending Dartmouth.

Marjorie Child '23 and Elizabeth Burns '22 are at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School.

Constance Smith '22 is at Wellesley.

Mildred Adams of '23 is studying at Simmon's College preparing to train at the Deaconess Hospital.

Esther Ford '22, Muriel Leavitt '23 and Ellen Anderson '23 are attending Burdett's College.

Information about our older alumni will be greatly appreciated.

W. L. FISHER

Baker

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Class in Mechanical Drawing, Northeastern University

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The School of Engineering, Northeastern University, offers four-year college courses of study, in co-operation with engineering firms, in the following branches of engineering, leading to the Bachelor's degree:

1. Civil Engineering
2. Mechanical Engineering
3. Electrical Engineering
4. Chemical Engineering

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of the Woburn High School who have included algebra to quadratics and plane geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September 1924 should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

CATALOG

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

CARL S. ELL, Dean

School of Engineering, Northeastern University, Boston 17, Mass.



To Our Exchanges

Last year the "Reflector" received many school papers from all over the United States. We are hoping to receive an equally large number this year; also we are hoping to enjoy more friendly criticism. We are always glad to add more names to our Exchange list.

"The Reflector" acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:

"The Arsenal Cannon"—Indianapolis.

"The Purple Parrot"—Red Wing, Minnesota.

"The Alphan"—Owatonna, Minnesota.

"Litchfield High News"—Litchfield, Minnesota.

"Lewis and Clarke Journal"—Spokane, Washington.

"The Macon County School Review"—Tuskegee, Alabama.

"Boston University News"—Boston, Massachusetts.

"Rensselaer Polytechnic"—Troy, New York.

"Beacon"—Thompson's Island, Boston, Massachusetts.

"The Alpha"—New Bedford, Massachusetts.

"School Life"—Melrose, Massachusetts.

"Bostonian"—Boston, Massachusetts.

"The Racquet"—Portland, Maine.

"The Skirmisher"—Bordentown, New Jersey.

"The Aegis"—Beverly, Massachusetts.

"The X-Ray"—Sacramento, California.

"The Tripod"—Boston, Massachusetts.

"The Index"—Haverford, Pennsylvania.

"The Gleam"—Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Voice"—Concord, Massachusetts.

"The Student"—Covington, Kentucky.

"The Advance"—Salem, Massachusetts.

"The Voice"—Your poetry is a feature of your paper. Your Exchange Department can be enlarged.

"The Student"—You are an ideal school paper. Your material is good and is presented in an interesting manner. We agree with your ideas expressed under "Alumni Notes."

"The Aegis"—An interesting, well-arranged paper. Let us suggest the addition of Class Notes. "Our Scientific Chat" is a worth-while topic. Your Literary Department is indeed interesting.

"School Life"—Your paper is good in every respect. Why not add a few more jingles and scatter them in out-of-the-way corners? Come again.

"The Skirmisher"—Your cartoons are numerous and amusing; they add much to your paper. Your "Societies" show great progress and deserve encouragement. A few more stories would greatly improve it.

"The Purple Parrot"—We could not tell by reading one issue whether it is a weekly or monthly paper. More fiction would be enjoyed. Your Exchange Department is small.

"The Alphan"—Your paper needs better arrangement and a good Exchange Department. Let us suggest more jokes and stories.

Comments

"The Index"—Your cuts are exceptionally good and deserve much praise. Your "Current Events" is a novel idea. Let us suggest that you comment on some of the Exchanges.

"The Gleam"—You are an interesting, well-arranged paper.

"The Tripod"—We appreciate the "broad-mindedness" shown in the introduction of your Exchange Column.

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TWO OFFICES

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WINCHESTER, MASS.

Who's Who in Room 16

Name	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Ambition	Claim to Fame	Hobby
Ruth Edmunds	Boots	Oh Boy!	To be a second Cicero	Her hair	Behaving
Fvelyn Dickinson	Dicky	Good Night!	To go to Tech	Her blush	Skating
Marion Stevens	MES	That's a help.	To pass in Geom.	Her giggle	Hiking
Edith Temple	Deedie	O Gee;	To learn French	Her golden locks	Powdering her nose
Olive Woods	Oddie	Halifax!	To join the Follies	Her bracelets	Worrying
Thelma Graham	T. B. G.	O Gee!	To keep house	Her coiffure	Library Science
Dorothy Ellery	Dot	Fish Cakes!	To learn to dance	Her feet	Collecting pictures
Josephine Meagher	Joe	My Goodness!	To be a school-marm	Her acquiescence	Skating
Florence Glennon	Flossie	Sakes Alive!	To own a Ford	Her captivating ways	Borrowing dictionaries
Agnes McElhinney	Baby Tootsie	Sweetness!	Nothing much	Her romantic stories	Writing notes
Margaret Foley	Peg	Oh Billy!	To sit near Billy	Her imagination	Debating
Miriam Hosmer	Mim	I might.	To be an author	Her hockey	Fiddling
Dorothy Ayer	Dot	Oh fiddle!	To reach six feet	Her size	Telephoning
Catherine Burnier	Kay	My Senses!	To be an old maid	Her braids	Football
Priscilla Sawyer	Puss	My dear!	To write a Latin book	Her laugh	Vamping
Edith Towle	Grandma	My word!	To take around the bulletins	Her history	Bicycle riding
Maurice Sargent	Froggy	Heavens!	To get married	His haircut	Dancing
Norman Peterson	Pete	Not necessarily.	To be a druggist	His car	Making eyes
Wheeler Beggs	Squeaker	It's this way.	To be a Harvard cheer leader	His speeches	Leading cheers
Jerome Callahan	Jerry	Got 'nything to eat?	To be speedy	His glasses	Eating
Norman Provost	Professor	Bazilla!	To be in style	His debonair air	Eating
George Cain	Deacon	Hi!	To grow up	His dimples	Giving orders
Russell Keyes	Rusty	Mamma!	To be a minister	His angelic ways	Sitting still
Arthur Colvin	Apple	You tell 'em.	To be witty	His clownish stunts	Flunking French
Edward Philbrick	Fairy Eddy	and er-a	To be an electrician	His voice	Radio
George Skenderian	Skin	Hey!	To be a pugilist	His laugh	Farming
Robert McLaughlin	Donkey	Oh Miss White,	To have his seat changed	His tongue	Talking
John Harney	Bozo	You don't mean it!	To learn to dance	His profile	Winking
Edward Forsburg	Cutie	Yuh!	To own Ames' Stores	His ears	Selling butter
Anthony Colucci	Tony	24-86-93-48	To be a Harvard captain	His touchdowns	History
Russell Kean	Keeno	I'm blue.	To be a detective	His father	Everything
Clyde MacPherson	Mac	Try and do it.	To be a heart-breaker	His profound silence	Doing Business Practice
William Rossiter	Billy, Molly	U-h!	To be a Julian Eltinge	His long legs	Combing his hair
Leo Rooney	Chuck	You don't say!	To see a shooting star	His gait	3:10 Sessions
Redmond Walsh	Red	Oh lady!	To get a steady	His intense study	Vamping
Waldo Hill	Jockam	Yeah!	To be a valedictorian	His punctuality	The Battalion
Francis Hardcastle	Turk	Stars!	To arrive on time	His face	Sleeping
Thomas Duffy	Ty	None	To drop Geom.	His overalls	Running

Autumn and Spring-time

The trees bereft of fruit and leaves
Look barren as they stand;
But in the coming spring-time
Will Nature take her stand.

The leaves will shoot out like the
stars
That dot the sky above;
And sweetly scented blossoms
Will point to heaven above.

B.M.F.

MY WISH

I'd like to be a pirate
And sail 'way out to sea.
I'd like to own a schooner
With pirates brave as me.

I'd sail the seas all over,
I'd weather stormy gales.
I'd loot the ships of treasure
And throw them to the whales.

I'd scare sea king and giant,
If them I chanced to meet.
I'd burn the ships and sink them
Till the water boiled with heat.

I'd knock the stuffin' out of 'em.,
And look elsewhere for more.
And as for other pirates
I'd kill all those off shore.

I'd live just like a seaman,
Courageous, brave, and bold;
The stories of my daring
Around the world would be told.

I'd like to be a pirate,
But I couldn't, I confess;
For every time I go to sea,
I get the seasickness.

J.N.

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Laura—"Say, Liza, wuffo, you buy that other box of shoe blackin?"

Liza—"Gon on niggah, dat ain't shoe blackin, dat's mah massage cream.

Student: "I want the life of Julius Caesar."

Librarian: "Oh, you're too late, Brutus took it long ago.

Sergeant to colored sentry:—"If anything moves, you shoot."

Sentry:—"Yas suh, an if anything shoots, Ah moves.—

Have you read "Freckles?"

"Heavens, no! that's my veil."

Teacher—"What is the Latin word for break?"

Voice—"Smasho!"

"I just burned my finger—what'll I do?"

"Read Carlyle's Essay on "Burns."

B. W. Feeney

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An article headed **Alumini Notes** was recently handed to our Alumni Editor. We would like to know if the singular of **alumini** is **aluminum**.

"We had a wooden wedding at our house last night."
"Who got married?"
"Two Poles."

Senior—"Have you ever read "To a Field Mouse?"

Freshman—"No, how do you get them to listen?"

FOOTBALL

Teacher:—As I am in a hurry this morning, I won't stop to call the roll. Will all those who are absent please raise their hands?

A blow of the whistle.
A kick of the ball,
Then off goes Woburn
For a touchdown and all.
A.P.

A well-brought-up little Episcopalian was turning the pages of the Prayer Book during the morning service, just as the first lesson was announced. "Mother," she whispered presently, "which is the gossip for today?"



BOTH YOUNG AND OLD

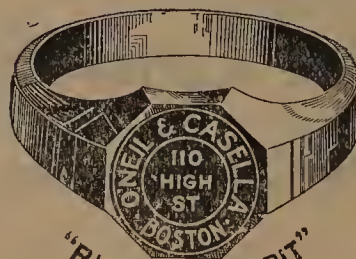
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Let your wife or daughter drive — they don't have to learn, thanks to the easy clutch, marvelous gear-shifting and easy steering.

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