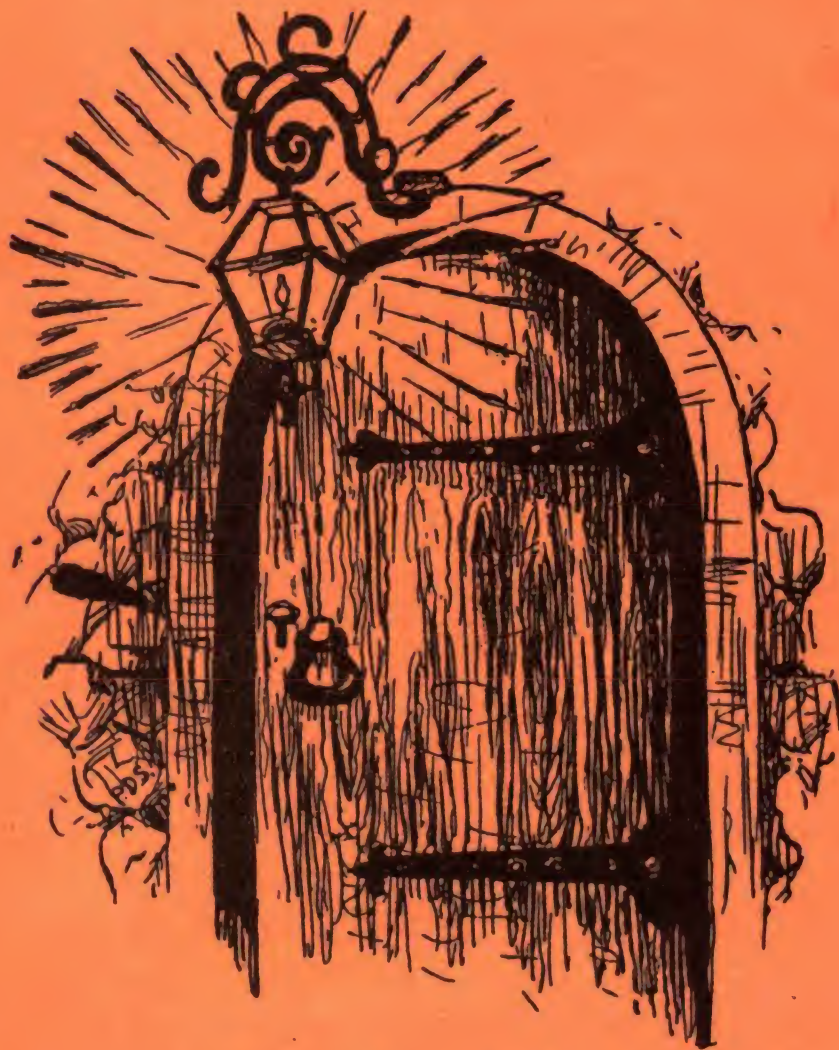


November 1917

# TORCH



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# THE TORCH

Vol. X

BILLERICA, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER, 1928

No 1

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### TORCHURE



### SCHOOL SPIRIT

School Spirit is a feeling of good-fellowship and co-operation that is so often lacking in the modern High School. It is greatly needed to bring forth the best results in both academic and character training and is a great asset to any school in which it exists.

In athletics we may show our real School Spirit, if not able to play on the team, by at least attending all the games; by cheering the players on to victory! By boosting the team; always, even if it **isn't** quite up to the standard or **isn't** the best team to be found. Also, we may help the athletic association, in every way possible whenever we are needed. In that way aren't we showing just as much School Spirit as the fellow that makes the touch-down and wins the game? We aren't probably praised as highly or made as much of as the fellow that won the game, but aren't we giving just as much of our time, doing just as good work and supporting true School Spirit as much as the athlete? A school always has students of both types and it takes **both** to make genuine School Spirit. Don't be discouraged, boys, if you're not the hero of the day, or the fellow that made the touch-down in last week's game. Because you may be doing just as much good and be helping out the team equally well in your own way.

School Spirit may also be strengthened in academic work. We say, "Oh, **how** can I show School Spirit in this way, when I'm not smart, and when I

can't seem to understand everything the teacher says?" Then, we get discouraged and say, "Oh, what's the use!" Then the spirit begins to weaken and before we know what has happened, we haven't the least bit of School Spirit left and the outstanding feeling of the school is one of lack of interest in everything. But, we do not necessarily have to help the spirit of the school in this way. We may co-operate with our teachers and help them in every way possible to make it easier for them to teach us. If we are a help to them — instead of the hindrance that so many of us sometimes delight in being, — and if we listen attentively to all they try to teach us, I'm sure that our marks will be much higher than before and we will seem to be, not the hopeless failures that we once appeared, but smart, brilliant scholars.

So, listen one! listen all! and take heed to these words! and see if the true spirit of good fellowship and co-operation can't be increased in this school of ours.

Florence Martin '30

### THE PIECE OF OLD TAPESTRY

Jean had for a long time been looking up at a large piece of tapestry which hung on the wall.

"Who is that lady in the red dress, and the man ringing the bell, Hannah?", she suddenly asked. Hannah, the darky maid, knowing Jean well, had expected the question and was

ready with an answer.

"That tapestry was yo' great-great-great-granfadders', and he gib it to yo' great-great-grandfadder, and he gib it to yo' great-grandfadder, and he gib it to yo' fadder, and thar 'tis. As fo' the lady and man — Lausy! I don' know who day is! Ask them yo'self, Missy Jane."

So Jane pulled her footstool nearer to the fire and gazed more intently at the tapestry. It was a picture of the old colony in New Amsterdam, a picturesque farmyard, chickens wandering at will, flowers everywhere, and a low, thatched roofed house; at the right of the house were wharves, and an old windmill; in the harbor were two ships at anchor while gulls flew overhead. There were two outstanding figures in the picture: one, a man with newspapers under his arms, ringing a bell, the second, a young girl standing at the farmyard gate.

Suddenly Jean leaned forward — for wasn't there a faint sound coming from the tapestry? The hens had begun to cackle softly among themselves; the messenger, for that is what Jean took him to be, began to ring his bell; and then the girl herself began to talk.

"Have you brought me news of father, newsboy? It has been a long time; the last Dutch ship lay in the harbor, since I have heard from him."

"Yes, mistress Van Burgen, I have news—much news," as he handed her a paper and two letters, then passed on to the next house. Katharine looked over the letters, but set them aside because she did not recognize them as her father's. At the same instant she picked up the paper; her eyes widened with horror as the headline caught her eye.

"Man by name of Van Burgen found wrestling in street with another man, unknown, since he escaped; Van Burgen will be tried by jury October fifteenth, and will probably be hanged."

"Father, father, father!" called Katharine, and then fell to the ground.

Winter passed before another ship from Holland came to New Amsterdam, this time bringing more settlers.

The whole town was at the wharf to meet the strangers. Katharine was there watching, hoping, praying; but no, her father had not come; he had been hanged as the paper had said.

The next day a party was given for the new colonists, but Katharine, the magic light of parties was not there.

"Where is Katharine? Why didn't Katharine come? Is she ill?" Questions of this sort, passed from mouth to mouth, caught the ear of a young gentleman standing apart from the rest. He, too, had come in with the new settlers and was not yet acquainted.

"Who is this Katharine of whom you all speak" he asked of a lady near him.

"Why, of course you must know her, she is the best known girl of the colony, Katharine Van Burgen."

"Van Burgen!" The name struck the man like a thunder bolt; he started forward, began to speak, but changed his mind and became silent. The lady with whom he was talking, not noticing his strange movement, continued:

"Tomorrow I will take you with me when I find out why she is not here tonight." With this satisfaction Falton turned away.

It was a bright sunny morning and Katharine for a while forgot her sorrow, and sang. She sang as the clock struck nine and still sang as the same clock struck ten. Then she stopped when a knock was heard at the door.

"Good morning, Madam Solten. How are the hens laying today?" asked Katharine.

"Same as yesterday, Kathy, three dozen this morning. Here are yours. But, Kathy, why weren't you at the party last night?" Instantly Kathy sobered.

"I couldn't. Father wasn't there."

"Cheer up, girlie, I might have known. I was going to bring John Falton to see you this morning, but he was out, and I could not find him."

"I met him this morning at the springs," said Kathy, "and found that he owns land just behind mine. He is going to help me pick strawberries

this morning for jam."

"Making jam again?" Good! If you need help, just call. Good luck, Kathy," and Madam Solten departed.

Two months went by, during which John and Katharine became more and more friendly. One day in early spring while the two were sitting together, Falton spoke.

"Katharine, I have never told you how I came to be here; let me, now. Two years ago, my father lay on his bed with a high fever. He could not live long, and knew it. It was with great effort that he spoke to me.

"The top drawer, son, get it. Go!" there was one other thing he said, but it was so faint that I could not hear plainly. However, it sounded like your name, Kathy, it sounded like Van Burgen. I believe he sent me to you to live with you, to share with you this land that was granted him on the papers in the top drawer. Will you come with me to live, Kathy?" Kathy did not answer, but he knew.

Once again came a ship from Holland. Once again the town met at the wharves to greet the new comers. One hundred men, women, and children, came down the gangplank, and Kathy watched every one, still hoping, still praying. The last to step on shore was an old man; with long hair streaming across his bent head, and with trembling did he slowly descend the plank. Once on shore he lifted his head enough to gaze around him. Suddenly Katharine leaned forward, gasped, and threw herself upon the old man, calling, "Father, you have come!"

As night drew nigh, a family of three sat around the fireplace of Katharine's and Falton's home; the first two, Kathy and John themselves, and the third Mr. Van Burgen.

"Tell us, father, how it happened."

"I will, daughter. It was this way. I was returning from market one evening, when a man jumped at me, demanding the papers which included my grant of land. When I would not give them up, he began throwing me around, and finally found them in my coat pocket, escaping just as the constables came to the place. I was blamed for disor-

der on the street, and sent to prison. I never found out what because of the fellow who attacked me, but an on-looker of the fight said his name was Falton."

"Falton!", cried Kathy and John in the same voice.

"Yes, that was the name."

"But Falton was my father's name and is mine," said John.

"Yes, my boy, I know it is. Have you any papers that might have been your father's?"

John went across the room and pulled from an old cupboard a large paper which he handed to Mr. Van Burgen.

"Mine!", was all the old man said.

At this point the tapestry figures seemed to become quiet, and then were silent altogether. The hens stopped cackling and the messenger boy's bell stopped ringing. Jean herself had fallen asleep before the fire. Hannah, seeing her thus, smiled, and said softly, "The tapestry lady is tellin' Jean her story."

Carol Tyler '30

#### THE CALL OF THE DREAMLAND FAIRIES

Shadows of darkness swiftly falling,  
Fairies of Dreamland sweetly calling:  
The beautiful stars up in the sky  
A moon that laughs above us high  
Do not heed that wonderous call  
Of the Dreamland Fairies to us all.

Mildred Lemay '32

#### FARMING AT SEA

Is this fair, I ask you? Buddy and I have been Medical Corps Supply Mates on the U. S. S. Tourraine for five years, and they won't advance our rating at all; fellows who haven't been in the service half as long as we have and who don't know half as much as we do have been rated way above us. You see it was like this:

Commander Lowe was "skipper" of the Tourraine which carried the big-

this morning for jam."

"Making jam again?" Good! If you need help, just call. Good luck, Kathy," and Madam Solten departed.

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Commander Lowe was "skipper" of the Tourraine which carried the big-

gest cargo of cockroaches in the Navy. And to cap it all, the Skipper had a very vehement hatred of cockroaches. Roaches were everywhere, especially at night, the sailors all carried their side-arms to bed with them for protection. It was nothing to find a fresh cockroach in your dinner. The Skipper had this happen to him one morning.

The Skipper was just taking his cup of coffee up when he noticed a cockroach floating around in it as big as a battleship.

"Hey, Cookie, c'm'ere, there's a cockroach in this coffee!", he yodeled.

Cookie sidled up cautiously and looked into the cup critically and said:

"That's all shipshape, sir, he's quite dead."

Poor Cookie got a week on bread and water. The Skipper was all heated up and conceived the idea of offering two cents for every dead roach that was brought to him.

Well, do you know, it wasn't long before some of those sailors got real flashy with money they were saving up for shore leave. It wasn't long before the cockroaches began to get mighty few and far between.

Now, as I said, Buddy and I were Medical Corps Supply Mates, which means that we, and only we, had charge of the medical supply storeroom. Buddy was Scotch, so you see it was quite natural for him to think up some way of gaining money through cockroaches. I could see that he was trying hard to think of something. One day he came to me with his face all smiles and outlined his plan.

"D'yon no' see, Jerry, just you an' me are allowed into the supply room, an' that bein' so, if you don't blab, mately, I can start a cockroach farm!"

"Oh, I see, you raise cockroaches and sell them to the rest of the boys for — say a cent apiece and they can bring them to the Skipper and get two cents."

"That's just it, mately, and you know how fast they multiply."

So Buddy got busy that day and when I went into the supply room about five bells, he was just picking up

his tools and such an array of pens! For the next week Buddy and I was busy catching roaches; I was getting a commission of a cent apiece for them. In about a month Buddy was open for business; he had pens for males, females, young ones, eggs, and the ones that were for sale. We estimated about 7,000 roaches in all, so that's how fast they multiplied. A word to the wise was sufficient and business began to boom right away.

In six months Buddy had so much money that he got a leave of absence and left me in charge of his farm. He told me he was going to the mountains on a vacation and said that I could have all the profits of his farm while he was away.

On board ship there was quarters inspection by the ship's officers every two days, but they never inspected the supply room. So I just reaped the profits in day by day until one day Federal Officers asked me for my keys to the supply room because it was Federal Inspection Day on our boat.

You can imagine that they found about 5,000,000 assorted cockroaches in our little farm and what happened to us. They took me and put me in the cooler and held me until they got Buddy, then they took us up to court martial. The Skipper was mad enough to eat us, but we hid behind the Federal Officers.

The court gave us six months in the cooler and a mark on our record which says that we could keep our jobs as Medical Corps Supply Mates on the Tourraine, but that we could not receive any higher rating in the U. S. Navy. And believe me, they inspected that supply room every week after that.

Now, I ask you, is it square that I should stay here in this supply room and have to duck the Skipper every-time I see him coming, just because Buddy is Scotch?

Forrest Paradise '29

## WINTER

Winter comes to northern lands  
 In gusts of wind and whirling snow;  
 From storm tossed seas to frozen  
 marsh

He reigns supreme with crystal breath  
 He flings from his arm his cloak of ice.  
 Where'er he steps the earth is white,  
 No flowers smile to greet the sun,  
 The world lies still neath the snowy  
 shroud.

Marion Alley '29

## WHILE SEEKING INSPIRATION

Somewhere, very softly a clock struck seven. The sound, passing through many closed doors, became weaker and weaker, until it was scarcely louder than a whisper, when it reached Clarence Vivien Sweet's room. Yet this faint noise falling on his delicate nerves awoke him. He stretched with disgust between his shell pink silk sheets. Who ever heard of such an eminent poet getting up at seven o'clock. However, he knew he could not fall asleep again once he awakened. That was another peculiarity of his nerve system. Therefore, thinking it over he decided to get up and go into the country to seek inspiration for his next poem. Clarence was still like the old fashioned poets, who needed congenial surroundings to write their masterpieces. He had not always been a poet, neither had his name always been Clarence Vivien Sweet. But can you expect a poet to have the same name as a truck driver?

With a muffled oath from the chauffeur, the car stopped in a little country road several miles from any main highway.

"No gas," he announced tersely to Clarence.

"Go get some," replied that effeminate young man just as laconically, for he saw on the other side of the road a field of daisies, white and fresh in the early morning sunshine.

"Daisy, daisy pure and white," he talked to the flower in his hand, oblivious to the world.

"In your heart the bright sunlight," tenderly said aloud. "Ugle glub." He was suddenly brought back to earth by a deluge.

"Pore feller," drawled an old farmer, "so young and takin' to fits, already." "Be you affected long this way, young feller?", he asked Clarence.

Inspiration retreated and innocent anger in the poet's mind.

"You, you, you!", he gasped incoherently, pale of face and shaking violently with passion. "You, you, you!" was the extent of his vocabulary at that moment.

"Pore feller, pore young feller," soothingly said the farmer as he picked up his empty water pail and walked away. "So young and his brain like a scrambled egg."

The daisies had lost their interest to the wet young man. He turned his back on them and proceeded into the next field.

Oh! such soft grass, that beautiful bobbing brppl. that — With a push and a thump the returning inspiration was knocked out of Mr. Sweet's mind. Another harder bump helped him cover three feet in the place of one. He cast a startled glance over his shoulder and broke into a wild run for the opposite wall. Clarence, the coming champion sprinter, training by racing an angry ram. The wall was near, but not near enough. The animal caught up to the frightened runner and stopped himself by bumping into Clarence Vivien. The ram stopped but the poet flew. In his mad flight he caught a branch of a convenient tree to stop himself, the bough broke and he fell on the branch which he still clutched. But there was a soft grey, huzzy ball on it which Clarence hadn't noticed.

"Thank goodness I fell in this nice soft grass, under this beautiful tree. Who knows, if I stay here long enough I might compose a masterpiece," he rejoiced.

He wasn't destined to stay there long. One quick needle like stab followed by about a million others, quickly convinced him that this was no resting place. He jumped to his feet and ran from the murderously inclined

insects who followed him as closely as if he had been their rich uncle.

Water glistened in a hollow and into this plunged the now very bumpy person. The water in the pool, which really was a large mud puddle, was nowhere deeper than a foot.

Clarence resting his poor knobby head on a rock stretched out in the water. He put a mud pack on his face to stop the pain. The mud on the bottom was such a nice soft, cool, black sticky kind and it felt so good to the many bumps, from the hornet stings, that Clarence could have lain there forever! so comfortable did he feel after his harrowing experiences.

He was startled by a grunt near his ear. Turning his head he beheld the dirtiest specimen of hog he had ever seen. Immediately, the pool lost its attractiveness. So it really was a pig wallow. Arising wearily he left it. That was the last straw.

Never again did Clarence compose poems by laughing brooks, and whispering trees. He made them up while sitting in an easy chair at home.

Austra Upley '30

#### A STUDY IN HUMAN NATURE

It was an ordinary enough scene — a few newspaper reporters, a clerk of the court, a judge, witness or two, few spectators, and the sergeant of the police. — yet in that courtroom there was everything for a scene from one of life's most pitiable dramas.

After carefully clearing his throat the judge started off the drama by giving his speech "Case two: Mary Collum Malone vs. Jerry Malone. Mrs. Malone, please take the stand."

A pitiable figure dressed in a shabby black shirt walked slowly to the front of the court room. Her eyes were red from weeping, wisps of crisp white hair strayed from beneath her tiny black hat; her feet were clad in shabby, shapeless, black buttoned shoes; and her hands were covered with soiled white gloves. In a quavering voice this poor soul told her heart-breaking story.

"June 9, 1909, Jerry Malone and me were married in St. Paul's church. Jerry didn't have much money — but, sure we were young and happy and we didn't mind that at all.

"But after we were married five years, Jerry took down with pneumonia, and sure with doctor's bills and the like, I went and got a job as house-keeper for the Parkers. The money I earned paid the bills and soon Jerry was on his feet and able to work. But the five dollars I got a week helped out so, that I decided to keep on working and I did work — worked for ten years.

"We didn't see much of each other except evenings, but every Saturday night we went to the Bank and put in half our pay. The money in the bank grew until we had a good tidy sum. Then we decided to buy one of the new cottages down on the Lac du Glor. I could then stop working, and we'd live there in our own little place.

"We bought the house, and a right smart cottage it was, too.

"But somehow, your honor, things weren't going as they should;—Jerry didn't get home till late, and he was changing. He was no longer the happy — go — lucky Jerry I had married, but rather a surly, ill natured sort of a chap. The amount of money he gave me each week grew smaller and smaller, and sometimes — very recently, this was — no pay at all.

"Then one day I got a letter which said that if the mortgage wasn't paid within the next six weeks, we would find ourselves without a home. I couldn't understand it, we had paid for the house — sure! There must be some mistake!

"But that afternoon while going over the papers and documents of the house, I found a note written in a woman's hand, and it said something about thanking her dear Jerrums for the sparkler which was envied by all the gang.

(Signed) His Lillums"

"That's a lie, and you know it! What would I want with women?," cried a frenzied man, who up to this time, had been nervously tapping the

floor while watching his wife with squinting eyes. You see, this was Jerry.

"Wait a minute, you skunk, you — you demon! What do you think this is? What's your game? Get up there and tell your story straight or I'll tell it for you" shrieked a young girl, her hard boiled eyes blazing with genuine anger.

"Well, of all the dirty tricks to play on anyone — borrowing money to take me sporting! And you were going to be a juror today! Ha! Ha! You look very much like a juror. You — you dirty weasel, you were the bachelor real estate man, owning all the cottages on Lac du Glar! Get —"

"Order, order!" shouted the judge, sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to interrupt the avalanche of this girl's angry out burst. "I think sufficient evidence has been given. Mrs. Malone is granted a divorce on grounds of lack of fidelity. Mr. Malone is ordered to pay \$50 per week to Mrs. Malone until the mortgage on the house is cleared — then he must pay her but \$30 per week."

"Next case!"

And so the law went on its way, seemingly unaware of the melo drama it had left in its wake.

Mary O'Neill '29

### SORROW

Soft, soothing notes from the organ  
Sift through the hushed silence,  
Now a sad, sad sob  
Pushes itself from the soul of a mourner.  
We all sit in a sympathetic silence  
In honor of those who weep.  
The minister's consoling words  
Sink deep into our hearts,  
And our minds for a moment  
To wonder how long it will be  
Before we lie cold  
While others weep for us.  
Again the solemn notes from the organ  
Blend sympathy with sorrow  
As we turn out into the world again

Rhodora Buckle '29

### AUTUMN GYPSIES

Murmuring, rustling,  
Whispering, bustling,—  
Red and yellow, orange brown;  
Tumbling, sprawling,  
Racing, falling,—  
Sunset colors floating down;  
When the wind blows from the North-  
west,  
Swaying sumaches flaming reddest,  
Tossing treetops, never at rest,  
Then you whirl in parties gay:  
Laughing, dancing,  
Skipping, prancing,—  
Hiding underneath the eaves;  
Caught! no, never!  
Free forever!  
Oh! you gypsy autumn leaves!

Carolyn Tyler '30

### A FEUD OF THE HILLS

In a beautiful, secluded valley, far from the hurry and tense atmosphere of so called civilized towns, where the birds sang sweetly and fearlessly, and the sky was a pure blue, untainted with factory smoke, a young man stole quietly through the verdant wood. He was a clean cut, athletic looking fellow, with tanned, even, features, eyes blue and clear, and with a bearing that might give one the impression that he belonged here, in the mountains. He was clothed in a pair of riding breeches, high top boots, and a lumberjack's checkered shirt. He cut a romantic looking figure as he strode so lithely through the brush.

The sky was even bluer to him, and the music of the birds sweeter, for he was in love, and the thoughts of his Eve obsessed him at all times. His heart sang with joy, for he knew that she was waiting — waiting for him.

But underneath the exultation of his soul, which is love, there seemed to be something which troubled him. And without wonder — for his was a secret love, and he did not like to steal through the woods like a thief, keeping his love hidden as if it were an ugly thing. But it had to be so, for

there existed between his family, and that of his sweetheart Eve's, an old feud, started from a half forgotten incident, some generations before.

He had told his father that he was going on the ridge to watch the sunset; and so he was, but not alone. He was going to see Eve, which explained his eagerness, and the flush on his brow. They met frequently on the top of the ridge that separated Eve's homestead from John's, and, to arrange their trysts, they had found a crevice between two rocks into which they put messages for each other.

John was nearing the top of the ridge, eagerly watching for Eve, and he saw her, waiting on a log.

"Hello, John," murmured Eve, rising and holding out her hand.

A very beautiful girl, this Eve, with curly blond hair, a firm, slightly rounded chin, and teeth like pearls. She was very graceful, and had the same undefinable air that John had, giving one the impression that she was a woodland goddess or nymph.

"Eve!", cried John, "It's wonderful to see you again!" a trifle breathlessly, for the climb was a long one. He gazed at her enthralled, drinking in her beauty, and she thrilled with pleasure at his too evident joy in seeing her again.

"I won't be able to stay long, because Fred wonders where I go when I come up here. It would be terrible if he followed me!"

"Does your father ask you?"—anxiously.

"No, but he doesn't like me to go out when I should be helping mother, and I get frightened sometimes, for if Pa found out he'd kill me!" whispered Eve. And she seemed so small and unprotected to John. He grew indignant at the thought. Was she not his and did she not love him? Then why was he deprived of his right to cheerish and protect her?

"Eve, dear," he cried, "What can we do, I've got to see you — even when I don't see you for only two days I get so awfully lonesome! Gee, if we could only get married now."

John had forgotten himself in his

earnestness. This was a problem with which he had wrestled for many days. It obsessed his thought, and his parents had noticed the change that had come over him in the last week, his moodiness and abstractedness.

"Oh, John, you know that I would do anything, if anything could be done, but we must wait — someday we will be happy," she replied quietly to his outburst. Yes, perhaps some day they could be married. But is that a consolation to a lover? Perhaps to some, but not to John.

"Well, it's getting late, I'll have to go soon," said Eve resignedly.

"No! Stay! We've got to thrash this thing out! We just can't go on this way. I love you! I want to marry you! Don't you think that your Pa would let us get married? Gee, he has nothing against me, has he?"

"Well, you know how he hates all the Trumbulls."

"Yes, just because some fool of a great grandfather had a fight with one of mine," cried John.

"John — you mustn't talk that way

"I don't care — it's true, isn't it?"

"Please don't worry so much, you know I love you, and some day everything will be all right," like a mother to a child, comfortingly.

"Yes — someday is right — it will never be right unless I do something, and I'm going to."

Her pretty blue eyes widened at this, and raising them to meet his, she asked, "Well, what can you do?"

He spoke softly, "I don't know — just go on loving you, I suppose." His hand closed over her's and she smuggled closer, drawing a breath of contentment.

They sat there for a while and listened to the many sounds of the approaching night, the twittering birds, and the slight hum of insects among the leaves, while there to the west the rim of the sun peeped over a hazy blue hill as if it were spying on the lovers. What a wonderful world it all was, and how calm and peaceful it all seemed to John as he sat there with Eve close to him. Yet behind this

feeling of contentment there loomed some monstrous thing, like a bugaboo, to steal Eve and his happiness from him. He drew her nearer, and she started, her reverie interrupted, filled with thoughts of duty, of her father, and of suspicious Fred.

"I must go, it is late," she murmured wistfully, and drew away from John.

"Yes, perhaps it is better, dear — 'cause something seems to tell me that something is going to happen soon." John rose, still holding her hand, bent low and kissed it. He stood upright and his mouth straightened, as a determined expression came over his face, and said, "Tomorrow I'm going to see your father, and tell him I want to marry you, and if he does say no, we will elope."

"But you cannot! Why, he would never give his consent, John. Think! Isn't it better to wait a little while — perhaps you could do something to please him."

"No, I shall tell my folks tonight, and tomorrow I'll visit your father. It'll be better for us both, and something will happen anyway. If your father sees that we really care for each other, he might relent."

"Well, perhaps you are right," Eve agreed somewhat doubtfully, "But if you do come, please come in the afternoon, when Fred and mother are away to the village, then we can both confront him together. His legs do not bother him so much as they did, and he says that he will walk soon, so it would be better to do it now, while he is feeling well. And John, I do hope that by some miracle he says yes."

The sun was now quite out of sight and it was getting darker. The trees made a gloomy background, and had a depressing influence on both Eve and John. Here and there in the sky stars could be seen, through the openings of the trees, but they were not cheerful stars, they glittered with a cold paleful light, and Eve shivered.

"Come on, I'm going to walk down with you as close as I dare go" said John, throwing off this feeling that had so suddenly come over them both.

"Your father probably wonders what has become of you."

"But you will have farther to go! And I can go alone just as well." Her remonstrance was weak, for she did not relish the walk down the gloomy path alone.

It took but a minute for John to see her home, and he even waited in the obscurity of the trees outside of the opening until he saw the gleam of light caused by the door, and saw Eve pass into the ramshackle house.

A picturesque place in the daytime to be sure Eve's home, but at night, and this night particularly, it seemed to afford little more shelter than did the forbidding forest.

John turned swiftly and retraced his steps. He knew that his revelation to his parents would be trying and difficult. What would his father say! And how queer it was that he had lived such an ordinary uneventful life until a few months ago, when it had changed so suddenly to one of shame and perplexity. No matter which way he turned, it seemed a new barrier sprang up to bar his way to happiness. However, he would know tomorrow just what he would do. Unless Eve's father gave his consent, John would draw from the bank the tidy little sum of money he had inherited, marry Eve and buy a small farm somewhere. He felt a thrill of alarm, stopped and listened. He was now nearly at the top of the ridge. Ah! There it is again! A snap of a breaking twig. His keen ears caught the sound of rattling stones — someone was coming down the trail!

Who could it be? Eve's brother was at the village, to a barn dance, it could not be he. Was it his father, suspecting that John had met Eve, and had come to put an end to what John knew his father would term foolishness? He slipped behind a tree and waited. The man came around a bend, and his dark figure loomed up against the starry sky for a moment, and then was swallowed by the shadows of the trees. No, he was not John's father, he was too short and stocky.

He came nearer and passed so close

to John that he could have stretched out his hand and touched him. John smelled the reek of cheap liquor as the man passed, and had a glimpse of his vaguely familiar face. Ah! He knew now who it was — one of a gang of moonshiners who had their still near Eve's father's land, and who had caused so much trouble to him when he had threatened to disclose their hiding place to the agents. Could this man's presence here mean trouble to Eve and her father? If the man was drunk there was no telling what he might do!

John waited until the fellow had stumbled further down the trail, and cautiously followed him. His thoughts were in a turmoil. Perhaps this was his chance to prove his worth to Eve's father, for this fellow seemed to menace him and Eve too.

When John arrived at the edge of the clearing, he saw that the moonshiner was creeping towards one of the windows, and the lamplight glistened on something shiny that he held in his hand. Was it a gun—? It must be! He saw, as if in a dream, the fellow take aim through the window and then John waited no longer—he dashed out of the bushes behind which he had hidden himself, and tried to cover the some twenty yards separating them in nothing flat. He nearly succeeded, but not until after Red Hadley (for that was who it was) had fired his shot into the house and turned, startled, and emptied his revolver towards John.

It was fortunate for John that Red's hand was unsteady from too much drink, and that his befuddled brain was slow in comprehending that he was being attacked, for none of the bullets struck John, who bent low, running in a crouching position, as he heard the whine of the bullets over his head.

Red waited the attack — his now useless gun held clublike in his hand, and as John rushed him in a sort of football tackle, he swung viciously at his head. The impact of John's attack forcibly threw Red against the house, where he stood for a moment, stunned. John fell at his feet, for

Red's blow had found its mark. To Red's now clearing mind came a scheme. Here was a way that he could shift the murder of Eve's father on to the shoulders of young John Trumbull. He knew of the old feud between the two families and he could drag John into the house, tell Eve that he had captured John after he had shot her father, and take Eve on a fake errand to get the sheriff. John would be found there with the murdered man and would be convicted of the crime.

Red immediately put into effect this plan. He dragged John into the house, and started to tell his story, but paused, for everything was quiet. There lay the old man, blood flowing out of a wound in his head, and now forming a small puddle on the rough hewn board floor. He had fallen backwards, chair and all, and lay sprawled between the table and the stove. His ghastly features seemed to smile, and his eyes were closed. There in a corner was Eve, a crumpled pitiable heap who had fainted at seeing her father so mysteriously knocked over, and hearing the shots and sounds of battle outside.

Red wasted no time. He dropped John like a bag of meal near the window which he opened, making it seem that John had entered through it. He quickly tore up the room — tipping over chairs, pots and pans — to make it seem as if there had been a fight.

He gathered Eve into his arms, and paused — for he was taking a great step. Still, with Eve out of the way for two weeks or so — that would be plenty of time for the suspicious of the slow witted town officials of the village to centre on John. When he did release Eve, (if he did, he thought, for as he looked at her he noted her beauty, and the white curve of her neck as she lay, unconscious, in his arms) he would still have plenty of time to make his getaway.

He gave a last look about the room, and stumbled out with his burden, leaving the door open.

Poor, John! Laying there so unconscious of the approaching danger in

the form of Fred, returning from the barn dance.

He moved his head and groaned, for he had been hit hard. Hundreds of hammers seemed pounding away inside of his head and his limbs felt like leaden weights as he slowly regained consciousness.

He opened his eyes, looking uncomprehendingly at the littered room and Eve's father lying apparently dead with a puddle of blood at his head. Then he remembered! Red aiming a gun through the window, — his own mad dash towards Red, a vain attempt to avert the tragedy.

Realities were filtering through his pain racked brain.

Then the murderer must have escaped?

And how came he here?

He raised himself to his tottering legs and stumbled across the room. Good God! The old man was dead! He knelt dazedly at his side and put his ear to the old man's chest, listening for the heart beats. No, he was only wounded, he could hear his heart beating.

But where was Eve? "Eve — Eve!" he cried in a choked voice. God! If only he could think straight!

He heard a gasp of horror at the doorway, and looking there, saw Fred, a husky, young fellow, a typical Kentuckian mountaineer, his mouth wide open in amazement. His eyes passed from the wounded man, seemingly dead, to John, still dazed, who asked in a weak voice "Where's Eve?"

A murderous glitter came to Fred's eyes as he slowly grasped the situation — "Where's Eve?" he mocked. "You damned filthy murderer!" He grasped the axe that stood by the doorway, and advanced toward John — his intentions written over his malevolent features and narrowing eyes.

(To be continued)



### NOMADS OF THE NORTH

By James Oliver Curwood

The particular year in which the story takes place is not given but in the opening chapter I find that the story begins in the month of March. Neewa, the bear-cub, and Miki, the pup, began their friendship in a wild battle at opposite ends of a leash to which they had been tied by their master, a Hudson Bay Co. Trader. Not long after this they became separated from him, and so, as inseparable friends, faced together the problems and hardships, the joys and sorrows of animal life in the northern wilderness.

It was not until they were a grown-up bear and grown-up dog, that they found their master, and brought to him the girl he loved.

Throughout the story these two faithful, half-wild, intensely human creatures of the north are made real to us as the man and the woman, and we catch something of the author's sympathetic understanding of animal and human nature.

Just as the sun was setting a man on his hands and knees was examining a damp patch of land. His sleeves were rolled up, showing his brown arms half way up to the shoulder; he wore no hat, so that the breeze ruffled a ragged head of blond hair that, for a matter of eight or nine months, had been cut with a hunting knife. The name of the man of this description was Challoner. He was a lover of animals, very sincere, kind-hearted, and faithful.

Neewa was a little, round, fat, roly-polly black bear cub. He took the part as a companion to Miki, the dog of

Challoner.

Mike was one of the homeliest and yet one of the most companionable looking pups ever born of a Mackenzie hound father, and a mother, half Aire-dale and half Spitz. His tail was long and lean with a knot at every joint; his paws, like and over grown boy's feet, looked like small boxing gloves; his head was three sizes too big for his body, and he was missing half of one ear. Miki really played the part of the hero in the story.

Nanette stood with shining black eyes, flush cheeks, and her big shining braid fell over her shoulder, glistening with a velvety fire in the light which came through the window. Nanette was all that was pure and beautiful in motherhood; an angel of mercy. She had many hardships but in the end was rewarded by getting Challoner as a husband.

This story was filled with tragic incidents and kept me interested right through to the end. I think because of Curwood's being an out-of-door man, a man who loves nature and the wilderness, who lives the thrilling adventures of his novels before he begins to write them, is he makes his stories seem so real and exciting. He uses many vivid descriptions, not long, not dry; but short, funny, and interesting. The descriptions are so well planned that you can see the pictures as you read them. On the whole, I think I have had as much pleasure in reading this book as from any other I have read.

Grace Reynolds '29

## CRITICISM OF DAVID COPPERFIELD

By Charles Dickens

This interesting book is the biography of David Copperfield. It not only gives his actions but the very passions that swayed his life; his very thoughts.

Very early in his life he was left an orphan to be jostled about by the world. After leading a brave existence in the city of London, he decides to set out to see his aunt, who kindly takes him under her protection. Soon we find him studying hard. It is at this time that he meets Agnes, the guiding star of his life. He works diligently to become a lawyer, but, instead, becomes an author of a rising reputation. He marries Dova! She was sweet but frail and at length her tender life is snuffed out. David wanders all over Europe, not knowing what to do; but Agnes praises him, and by the pureness of her character inspires him. He marries Agnes and we leave them very happy in their domestic life.

The book has many minor plots, and is filled with vivid descriptions of people, in which I think the author's best work lies. He describes a rough seaman equally as well all the beautiful Agnes, whose sweet spirit and influence radiates through the book.

The reader is made a friend of the characters in the book, especially, David Copperfield. The author's choice of words is very good and it is written in an interesting manner.

William Knox '30





Bud Fermoyle is the Solomon of the Chemistry Class.

The Freshmen are growing smaller each year. Can it be that their brains are getting larger?

It's about time the chairs in the Library got pensioned.

Some people have queer ideas of music judging from the squeaks in Latin III.

"I guess I've lost another pupil" said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the sink.

Many people in the Howe High question Helen Wills' supremacy in Tennis judging from the interest evinced in the Tennis Tournament.

The Howe High must take after the Sioux Indians judging from the number of hot dogs consumed Wednesdays.

Teachers come and teachers go,  
But Bart remains forever.

Could the recent deluge from the Lab. have been an experiment to test

whether the ceiling in Room 5 in the Junior High was waterproof?

The departure of Miss Precious must have left an aching void in some of the manly hearts in the Howe High.

A new excuse has appeared in English III — "I lost it."

The would-be chemists in Chemistry are busy preparing many powerful odors. They must have strong lungs to stand them.

The budding authors in English III have proved that it isn't always in springtime that their fancies turn to love.

There are some remarkable shots in Chemistry.

Time passeth pleasantly in Latin III  
for some.

French II pupils catching up on their sleep during the oral topics.

Some pupils are getting a good review of Plane Geometry in second period study.



## SCHOOL NOTES

On Tuesday, Sept. 18, Pruella Reynolds, our former vice-president brought the first meeting to order. As it was necessary to have new officers the class immediately chose the following:

President ..... William Leslie  
 Vice-President ..... Pruella Reynolds  
 Treasurer ..... Forrest Paradise  
 Secretary ..... Mary O'Neill

Miss Belcher, our former class advisor, was again chosen to serve in this capacity.

On Monday, Sept. 24th, President Leslie called a meeting — the second of the year to order. The all important subject — class dues was the main topic of discussion while the annual play served as the other.

It was finally decided with a vast majority, that \$1.00 would serve as our class fee.

A play committee was formed to help Miss Belcher in selecting a suitable play. The members of this chosen committee was: Forrest Paradise, George Calum, Evelyn Solomon, Ruth Quinn.

The matter of class flowers was also discussed. Since our class colors are orchid and silver, we decided to have the orchid sweet pea as our class flower. We decided, too, to let the matter of class bouquet wait until later in the year.

On Friday, Sept. 28, President Leslie called the class together for the third meeting of the year. Since it was an informal meeting all parliamentary preliminaries were omitted. The "Play Committee" gave its report on "Romantic Age", "Green Stocking", "Full House." As we could come to no decision as to a choice in any one of these, we left the matter in Miss Belcher's hands to look over a few other plays.

Monday, October 8th, Leslie called the Seniors to order. The most important business to be transacted being the all important subject, Senior Play. The vote was close between "Green Stockings" and "Romantic Age" — the final vote being 21—20 in favor of the former.

### Class of 1930

The first meeting of the Junior Class was held September 18, 1928. Nomination of Class Officers and the election of Class Advisor took place. The officers are as follows:

William Knox ..... President  
 Abraham Blake ..... Vice-President  
 Alice Blake ..... Secretary  
 Arlene Gay ..... Treasurer  
 Miss Hapgood ..... Class Advisor

It was voted that the class dues be paid as one found it convenient. A ring committee was appointed which consisted of the class officers and Helen Yaras.

### Class of 1931

The class of 1931 held its first meeting Sept. 24th. The following officers were elected:

Warren Stearns ..... President  
 Charlotte Sousa ..... Vice-President  
 Florence Morrill ..... Treasurer  
 Elsie Williams ..... Secretary  
 Miss Tutein ..... Class Advisor

The second meeting was held October 5th, and plans for the Hallowe'en Party were discussed.

The following committees were appointed:

Refreshment Committee: Dorothy Richardson, Chairman, L. Akerman, E. Williams, C. Sousa, E. Grady, R. Oliver, R. Morris, S. Tannennbaum.

Entertainment Committee: Victoria Gardner, Chairman, C. Frost.

Decoration Committee: L. Akerman, Chairman, C. Sousa, M. Greene, D. Sutcliffe, D. Butterfield.

Music Committee: Henry Collins, Chairman, W. Stearns, R. Oliver.

Clean-Up Committee: William Har-

ris, Chairman, R. Morris, S. Stowers, H. Lent.

Fudge Committee: C. Sousa, Chairman, M. Brown, E. Williams.

Punch Committee: Duncan Butterfield, Chairman, M. Brown.

The Hallowe'en party was decided to be held Thursday evening at eight o'clock, October 25th.

### Class 1932

Mr. Locke called a meeting of the Class, October 2, 1928. The object of the meeting was to elect the class officers. The officers of the class are: President, Robert Nardini; Vice-President, Dorothy Carr; Secretary, George Murray; Treasurer, Marie O'Brien; Class Advisor, Miss Baker.

## ATHLETIC NOTES

Howe High's first football game was played October 5th, with Wilmington at Wilmington. It resulted in a victory for Howe, (2-0.) Paradise and Trainor were the outstanding players of the day.

October 12th, Howe was held to a six all tie by Mitchell. There was a very good attendance at this game. The outstanding player for Howe was Balaski.

The first defeat of the season for Howe High was received at the hands of Johnson High of North Andover, October 20th. A touchdown by Johnson in the first period was not made up by Howe, but a placement kick by Trainor at the last minute mellowed the defeat. The football team welcomed Albertini after a long absence.

Much interest was shown in the mixed doubles tennis tournament held this fall. The finals were held October 19th when Edith Williams and Abram Collier played John Dale and Carol Tyler. The winners were Dale and Carol Tyler.

## ALUMNI NEWS

The Alumni Department wishes to congratulate those who were chosen to comprise this year's staff. It also wants to extend to THE TORCH all wishes for success—that success which the school magazine has been noted for in past years. May this year prove to be a better and bigger year for THE TORCH than ever before.

The following is a brief summary of what the members of the classes of '28-'27- and '26 are now doing:

### Alumni 1928

Maurice Bouvier is employed in a potato chip factory in Canada.

Maurice Ellis is attending Burdett College in Boston.

Isabella Cooper, Anna Lenardson, and Louise McElligott are going to Kimball's in Lowell.

Charlotte Mahoney is a student at the Lowell Normal School.

Alice Hosmer is attending Miss Pierce's Secretarial School in Boston.

Margaret Holmstead, Louise Longgell and Althea Spaulding are training in Tewksbury to be nurses.

Anna MacMillan is working in the B. & M. office in Boston.

Mary O'Brien is attending Boston University.

Helen Elder is at the "Manse" in Virginia.

May Jones is a student at Abbott Academy.

Roberta Green is working for Dr. Stearns in Billerica Centre.

Alma Coleman is training in the Chelsea Memorial Hospital.

Mitchell Balas has returned to the Howe High School.

Evelyn Parkhurst is secretary for

ex-mayor Webster of Somerville.

Emily MacAllister is attending Forsythe Dental School.

Edward Bourque is working in a shoe factory in Lowell.

William Luscomb is working at a filling station in Everett.

Paul Devon Smith is a Harvard Man.

Doris Kenney, training for nurse.

Annie Lenardson, Kimball.

Marie Loranger, Chalifoux Co.

Eva Parkhurst?

Edith Snell?

Marjorie Wescott?

Edward Bourque, Alton Ward Heel Co.

#### Class of 1927

Ruth Greene, telephone operator.

Ella Ennis is employed at McCartney's, Lowell.

Louise Crosby is at the Lowell Normal.

Stanley Gonyea is working at the Lowell Electric Light Corp.

Howard Batchelder is attending school in Texas.

Reginald Baker has returned to Billerica after an enjoyable trip across the country.

Pauline Drujetis is private secretary for Dr. Ward of Billerica Centre.

Benjamin Currie, employed in A. & P., Billerica.

#### Class of 1926

Nathaniel Jones and Gordon Barrington are sophomores at Dartmouth.

Jeannette Loring is attending Art School in Boston.

Mason Bailey and Thomas Sadler are attending Lowell Textile School.

Marjorie Ellis is a Junior at Wheaton.

Eleanore Wain is teaching in the Talbot School, North Billerica.

Doris Goodwin is training to be a nurse.

## JUNIOR HIGH

### THE CONCORD RIVER

Have you ever taken a ride on the Concord River in a motor-boat? Many people do not know the beauty of the Concord River. People in Billerica, Bedford, Carlisle, and other towns on the river have not yet learned its beauty, but ride miles to places elsewhere, which often are inferior to those in our own vicinity.

In the middle of August we started, in a motor-boat for the town of Concord. Along the way we saw many interesting water-birds, among which were several American bitterns. This bird is brown with darker brown stripes on his breast, and he has a wing spread of three feet. The law protects these beautiful birds at all seasons.

We also saw a great blue heron, much larger than the bittern, having a wing spread of six feet. In size the blue heron ranks next to the eagle. He is a grayish-blue color, and is often seen in the marshes. Blue herons build their nests in tall trees along the river banks and return to the same nests every year. In late October they migrate to the southern states.

On our way home, just at twilight, as we were enjoying the sunset reflections in the water, we noticed something against the scarlet sky—a bird! Snow white! How beautiful! As we looked he glided down upon the marshes like an aeroplane, alighting in the water — standing about three feet tall — he reached down into the water and drank, wholly unconscious of our presence. This was the first snow-white heron I had ever seen and besides seeing a snow-white heron we also saw many smaller birds; kingfishers, sandpipers, and swallow.

Richard K. Morris, Gr. 8—R 2

## HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

One dark and spookey Hallowe'en night  
 I lay in my bed by the dull moon's light,  
 When I was about in slumber to go  
 I heard a noise which sounded like oh-h-h,  
 It was the most peculiar noise,  
 I thought it might be those trickey boys,  
 But no, they wouldn't be as mean as that,  
 To play a trick under their hat,  
 There it goes again oh-h-h-  
 It makes me shiver and my head whirl  
 round  
 As I think of that very peculiar sound,  
 I'd forgotten it was Hallowe'en night  
 And the witches were out to give us a fright  
 So down to sleep I snuggled again  
 When what should I see at the foot of my  
 bed,  
 Oh! oh! I screamed and turned on the light,  
 But a figure in white as tall as Ned,  
 Only to find a very queer sight,  
 Do you blame me, readers, for raising cane,  
 When I found my brother at it again?

Joan Albertini, Gr. 7

## CAMPING WITHOUT A CLOCK

We had just arrived at camp. Suddenly realizing that I was very hungry, I asked "What time is it?" No one answered, but Edna began to rummage wildly about in the bag. At last she asked, "Have you seen the clock?" We had not. We all hunted and hunted but at last gave up. "How shall we tell time?" I questioned.

"There are plenty of ways to tell time that nature has given," Miss Kennedy said. We were at first puzzled but soon learned what she meant.

Every morning at six, a bass singer among the frogs started croacking, "Time to get up! Time to get up!" Every morning promptly at the given signal we got up, dressed, and took a walk through the woods.

At eight o'clock the katydids started to sing, "Breakfast! Breakfast!" This was the call we like to hear best of all. After breakfast we got water

down at the spring. We were allowed to explore the woods when our tasks were done. When the sun was exactly in the zenith we had our dinner; at three o'clock the "Bouncing Bets" began to close; at six in the afternoon the "fried fern" curled up. At this hour we ate our supper. At nine the whip-poor-will started to sing, "Time to go to bed."

In this way we managed very nicely. The next time we go to camp, we shall know that a clock is not needed in our outfit.

## FALL

In the woods are signs of winter,  
 Fallen leaves are brown and red,  
 Chestnuts on the ground are bursting,  
 And the lovely flowers are dead.

Birds no longer carol sweetly  
 In the birch trees by the stream,  
 High up in the sheltering pine tree  
 Startled bluejays scold and scream.

Milda Upley

## THE WHIP - POOR - WILL

Way down by the old saw mill  
 Where the rushing stream goes by  
 One can hear the song of the Whip-  
 Poor-Will

When the evening hours draw nigh.

Sweet is his song though melancholy  
 One would never think him jolly,  
 His plaintive note that soars into the  
 sky,

Is like a tender mother's lullaby.

Francelia Matthews.



If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, then laugh at the age of the jokes

Dumb Scholar: "Great Scott! I forgot who wrote Ivanhoe!"

Dumber Scholar: "I'll tell you if you tell me who the dickens wrote the 'Tale of two Cities'."

Mr. Clark: "I don't know if any of you have ever had the opportunity to feed chickens. I have." (In explaining to chemistry class how ice forms on water.)

Unanimous from the rear "How old were they?"

Mr. Clark "Sssh, keep quiet, don't give me away."

Man to Bud in drug store: "Please give me some Ginger-Ale."

Bud: "Pale?"

Customer: "No a glass will do."

Mrs. Simpson: "Who's the smallest man in the world?"

Shaloo: "The Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch."

Fermoyle: "Mary Ann lived in a place where men are men."

Miss O'Sullivan: "But Ah... Fermoyle, what are women?"

Farmer in the dell,  
Farmer in the dell,  
Passed a phony bank note,  
Now he's in a cell.

Teacher: Tommy, why do you spell "Bank" with such a large "B"?

Tommy: Cause pa said that a bank

was no good unless it had a large capital.

"You can't eat your cake,"

They say, "and have it too."

And since I took an ocean trip  
I believe the saying's true.

Old sailor: "Bit of a swell today."

Seaside visitor: "Oh that's nothing, you ought to see me on Sundays."

Life saver : How much can you carry?

Would-be man: Two hundred pounds.

Life saver: What would you do if you saw a woman drowning that weighed 400 pounds?

Would-be man: Make two trips.

Dumb Dora: I know a girl that plays the piano by ear.

Drug store cowboy (guess who): That's nothing, I know a guy that fiddles with his whiskers.

Mr. Clark: The denser the medium through which it travels the better sound travels. Do you understand, McGinness?

McGinness: Is that why you can hear so much better than I can?

Mrs. Sampson: Where was Washington at this time?

Nat Newman: (Quoting) In the right place at the right time.

Miss Precious: Illustrate the difference between "lay" and "lie".

Leslie: A hen lays an egg, and it lies there.

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