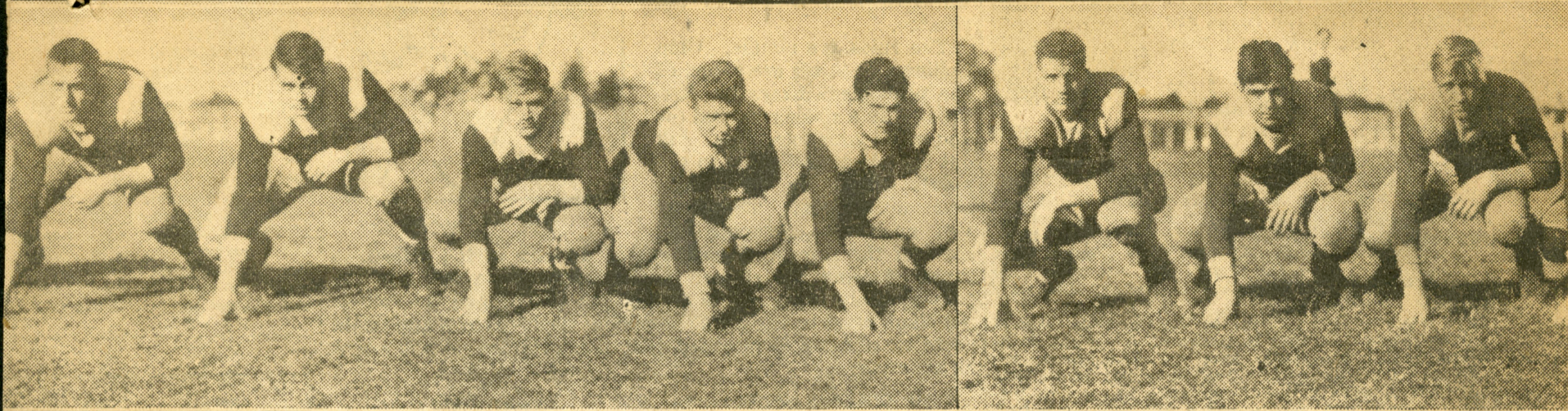


D. M. M.

# Linemen Who Must Stop Manchester Central



RIDDICK. LISLE. SHAW. J. SULLIVAN. REID. CHANDLER. MACHADO. SILIN.

## FUTURE STARS



JOHN MACHADO.

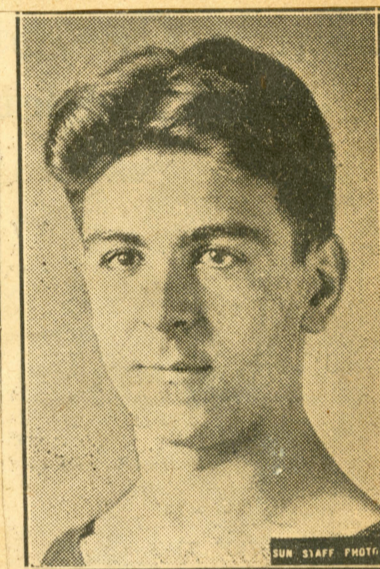
A leading candidate for a varsity guard position, John Perry Machado is about ready to get a starting assignment with the Lowell high eleven. He has been plugging away for the entire season. He is often in the varsity line in practice drills. A junior, Machado is 17 years of age and comes from the Morey school. He will therefore be back next year, when he hopes to get a starting post. Fred Balas, Eddie Miller, Lester Ginsberg and some of the other guards will not be back, so Johnny will be in a better position to assert his class.

Head Coach Tom Keady plans to send Paul Sullivan to Varoski's post and to later shift Fred Balas from guard to tackle, replacing him with Johnny Machado. Sullivan and Machado have been battling all season for starting places. Sullivan has been doing a standout job, while Machado has shown far more aggressiveness than any other guard candidate. Only a junior, he is regarded as an excellent prospect for the coming year.

## Punts and Passes

There will be only one football game of any general interest in Lowell tomorrow—Lowell high vs. Manchester Central, of course. The time, 2.30. The place, Alumni Field.

John Perry Machado is making a great fight for a guard position on the Lowell high club.



JOHN MACHADO  
Comets

*Basketball.*



*L. H. J.  
Football Coach*

THO  
pub  
us



MOTHERS

Mothers choose lovely, simple things  
When they would make a home  
Fires on the hearth, a kettle's song  
Lamps for the feet that roam.  
Chant of a lullaby in the dusk,  
Cookie jars on low shelves,  
Prayers that are coined with rhyming  
words,  
Stories of kings and elves.

Cakes where the birthday candles shine,  
Secrets that child lips speak,  
Brief wounds that need a healing touch,  
Marbles and hide-and-seek  
Mothers give up their heart's deep  
dreams,  
But women can understand  
That there is a compensating joy  
In the clasp of a small child's hand.

HELEN WELSHIMER.

NEVER

Never to be foolish  
is a sorry plight,  
Never to say silly things  
On a star-mad night.

Never to draw in your breath  
With a quickened pain  
When it's summer time and  
dusk  
And it starts to rain.

Never to be half afraid  
Of your wistful dreams--  
Not to have to learn that  
love  
Isn't what it seems!

HELEN WELSHIMER

AFTER THOUGHT

I told you I'd rather  
Have written a book,  
Than wash your dishes  
And mend and cook.

Teacups and roses  
Were foolish and sweet  
But I needed more  
To make life complete.

The things that I wanted  
Are silly, I find...  
How can I tell you  
I've changed my mind?  
HELEN WELSHIMER

A RAINY DAY

I'm saving things  
For a rainy day...  
I have a new moon  
racked away.

A walk we took  
In April weather,  
All the times  
We have laughed together.

Your face, fire-bright  
in the drifting dark,  
A bench we shared  
in a bright green park.

A funny tune  
That you used to hum...  
I'll need them all  
When the fall rains come!  
HELEN WELSHIMER

EVENING

These are the things men seek at dusk  
Firelight across the room;  
Green splashing against dim roofs,  
Gardens where flowers bloom.

Lightlighted gold of a window pane,  
Trees with tall stars above,  
Women who watch a darkening street  
For somebody whom they love.

Faith of a small child's rhyming prayer  
Candieshine.....tables spread  
With a blossom or two in a gay blue bowl  
Fragrance of crusted bread.

For men may dream of a clipper ship,  
A wharf or a gypsy camp,  
But their footsteps patter a homing way  
To a woman, a child, a lamp.

HELEN WELSHIMER

IF

If I make puddings  
And plant new seeds  
And read more books than  
One usually read....

If I have people  
Who come for tea,  
And lunch and dinner  
Quite regularly....

And shine the silver  
And dust and sweep  
Till the neighbors praise  
The house I keep....

If I go cheering  
The poor and sick,  
And learn the art  
Of a social trick....

Maybe with all  
These things to do,  
I won't have time  
To remember you.

HELEN WELSHIMER

BRAVERY

Men would place bright banners  
On a soldier's grave--  
But I remember women  
Who were very brave  
When the dreams they cherished  
Died with marching men,  
And they knew loved voices  
Would not speak again.

Mothers who kept seeing  
Toys upon a floor,  
Banners waving gaily  
Where small boys played war.  
Birthday cakes with candles.  
Bugs and bandaged knees.  
Stray dogs. First long trousers.  
School bells. Christmas trees.

Slim girls who surrendered  
Hearth-fire for awhile,  
Waved goodby to tall lads  
Through a misty smile,  
Hung their gold stars proudly--  
How can they be brave  
When the bands make music  
And the high flags wave?

HELEN WELSHIMER

SPRING

I think it is spring...  
Small girls jump rope,  
And miss on the name  
Of the boy they hope  
Is fondest of them;  
Or find if he's true  
By asking the daisies  
As I used to do.

I think it is spring  
Wherever I go  
Shop-window flowers  
Are marked very low,  
For sales aren't high  
Since sun-spattered hills  
Are flooded with violets  
And gold daffodils.

Small boys play ball,  
And gay hoops roll down  
All of the streets  
in the carnival town...  
I'm sure it's spring,  
But isn't it queer  
That it could come  
When you aren't here?

HELEN WELSHIMER

Mention of Kimball without particular praise to such gridsters as Henry Masur, Al Varoski, Tom MacAndrews, Philip Greene, Capt. Ray Reid and Marty Boudreau would be unfair. Then there were Paul Charlie Saxones, John Machado, Paul Silin and Maurice Bouthellette who came in for their share of the glory accompanying Lowell's great conquest. For Lawrence, Dan Lombardi was the outstanding back. On the line was of high calibre. The remaining was of high calibre. The performed downriver athletes also far short of being good enough to maintain step with the Lowell

The above picture of the Lowell high school squad was taken the day before the Lawrence game. A beautifully framed copy will be given to each member of the squad with the compliments of the EVENING LEADER. Sitting, left to right: John Machado, Ray Copeley, Walter Bagshaw, Thomas Linneman, Thomas Neylon, Leighton Kimball, John Sullivan, Everett Stuart, Henry Golden, Allen Nelson. Kneeling: Student Manager Wm. Kourkoulakos, Al Varoski, Charles Saxones, Philip Greene, Capt. Ray Reid, Maurice Bouthellette, Henry Mazur, Henry Pitta, Frank Targ, Justin Mickles, Edward Murphy, Francis Duffy, John Balian. Standing: Line Coach Fred Drescher, Capt. Ray Reid, Maurice Boudreau, Walter Murphy, George Fotopoulos, Martin Boudreau, Paul Silin, Edward Smith, Coach Thomas Keady, Joseph Polak, Robert Lucier, Steve Sideras, Thomas McAndrews, Al Baraby and Coach Baron Keady.

Well, of course, you have heard it said of the backs that they usually get most of the cheers while the line gets blazes if they don't get the backs clear. I don't know who it is that said, "Be a back and get the headlines, be a lineman and get the headaches." Whoever it was said a mouthful. I have this to say about this line and then I am done. That line has shown all year long to be a standout in every game played. They have never faded once all season and yesterday was the best of the long season. What they did was a lot and without their work the team would never have gone far.

The ends were great, Boudreau and Bouthellette stood out like a sore thumb. They blocked, tackled and did about everything you could expect from real ends. As for the rest of the line: Capt. Reid ended his football in great fashion and has been an ideal captain. My hat is off to him. Machado was wonderful, both in the line and running interference, and has been a great man against passes as well as out of the line and yesterday's was his best game of football. Saxones was an ideal guard and played his usual game. He has been a stonewall in there and just think, he will be with us next season. Silin played his usual steady game and also has been of immense value to the team, both as a defensive center as well as at tackle. He played a whale of a game yesterday.



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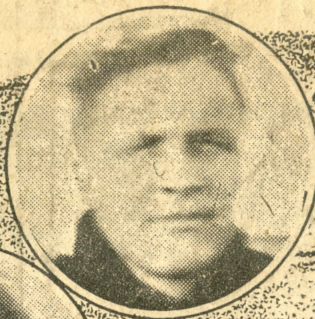
# LOWELL vs LAWRENCE



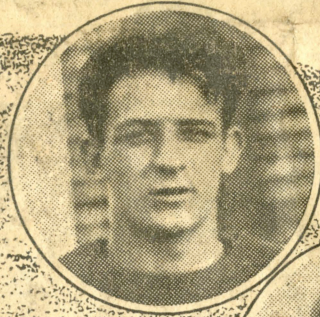
TOM KEADY  
COACH



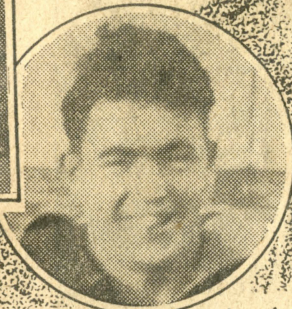
MARK DEVLIN  
COACH



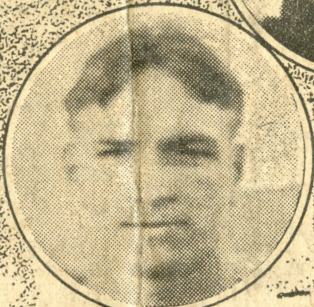
SILIN, Tackle



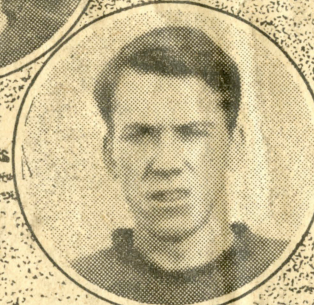
O'CONNELL, Tackle



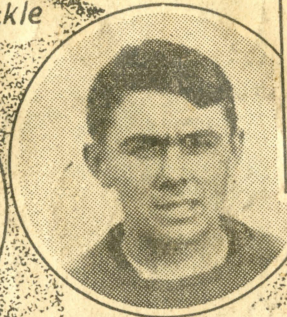
McANDREWS, back



VOROSKI, Tackle



BAUDOIN, guard



LISTER, back



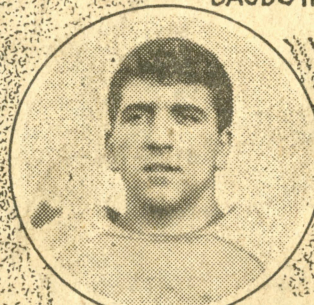
GREENE, back



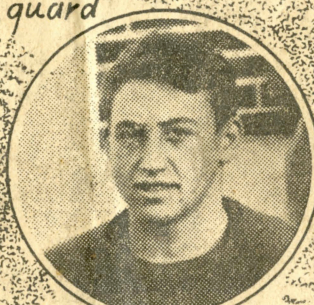
MACHADO, guard



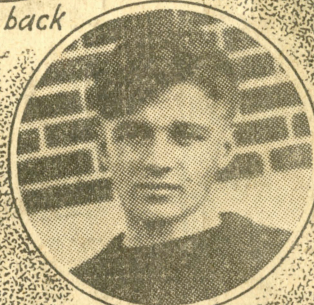
SAXONIS, guard



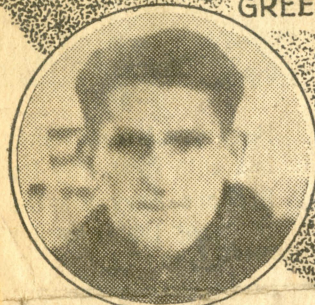
KATHAS, guard



SESTINI, guard



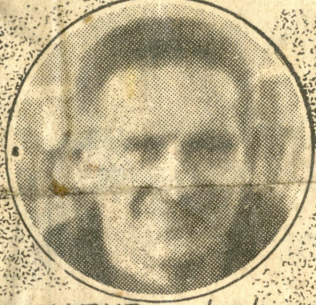
WEISS, back



BOUTHILLETTE, End



BOUDREAU, End



MAZUR, q. back



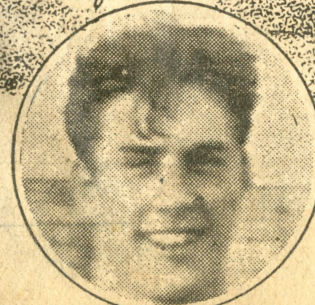
BASH, Tackle



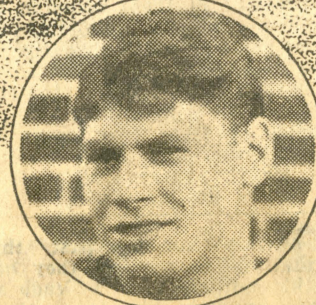
COLLINS, End



CONCENI, End



KIMBALL, f. back

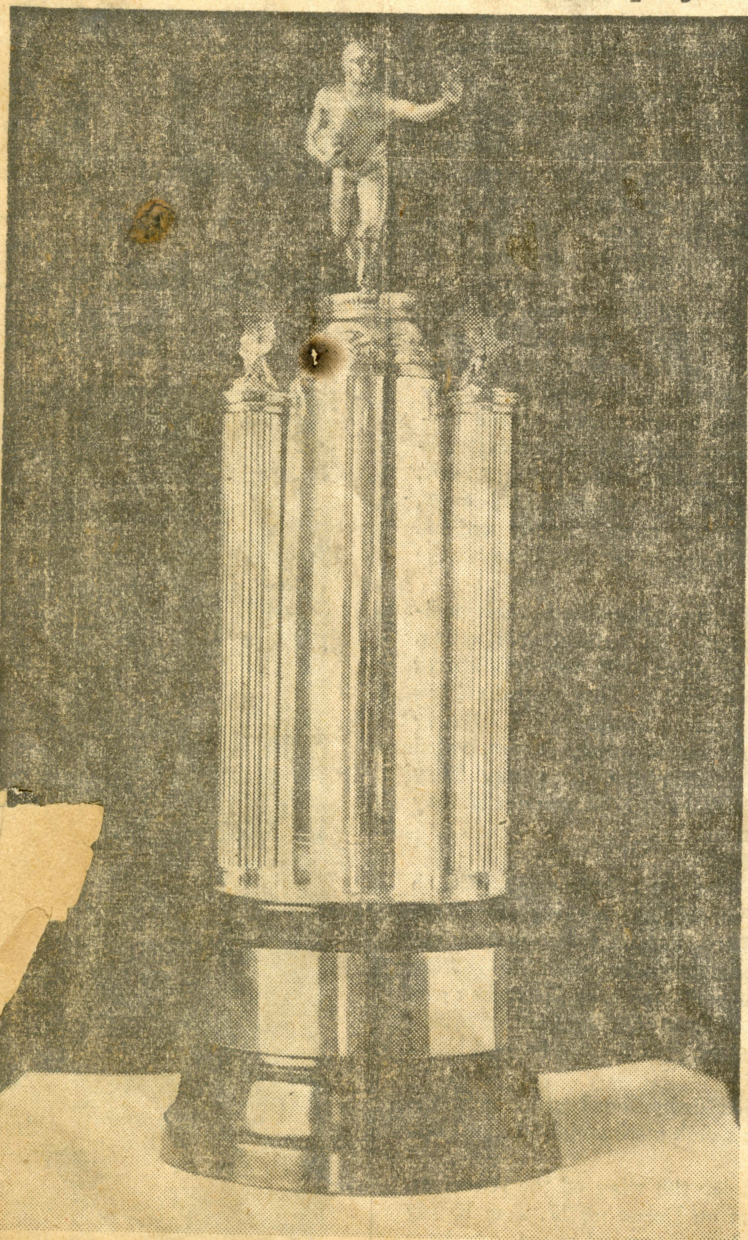


LOMBARDI, Half back



ing.  
one

### L Men's Club Gives School Trophy



The "link" that binds the Lowell high school and the Lowell L Men's Club. This beautiful trophy was presented Headmaster Henry H. Harris for the Lowell high school by Joseph Janocha, former football star, on behalf of the graduate letter men last night at the testimonial dinner at the Elks club. It will be placed in the trophy hall and each year, beginning with the 1935 season, the name of the football team captain will be inscribed under the football figure, at top.

## Experts Pick Them

### Capt. Reid, Mazur, Kimball, Machado and Redman Are Given Honor Places On Teams Selected By Five Coaches.

Five Lowell high school football players have been placed on the honor roll of schoolboy players of one Boston newspaper, which is quite a tribute considering the usual attitude of Boston writers and coaches is that Massachusetts is a state confined to Boston. Although no Lowell player makes the all-state club as picked by that newspaper, five of them won sufficient notice through their all-around playing to receive partial recognition. They are: Leighton "Buddy" Kimball, Henry Mazur, Rodney Redman, Capt. Ray Reid and John Machado.

These players were picked by a committee of five coaches, appointed by the Boston paper to pick the best representative schoolboy team possible. It will be remembered that last year, Raymond Riddick, then captain of the Lowell team, was selected at right end on the varsity all-state team.

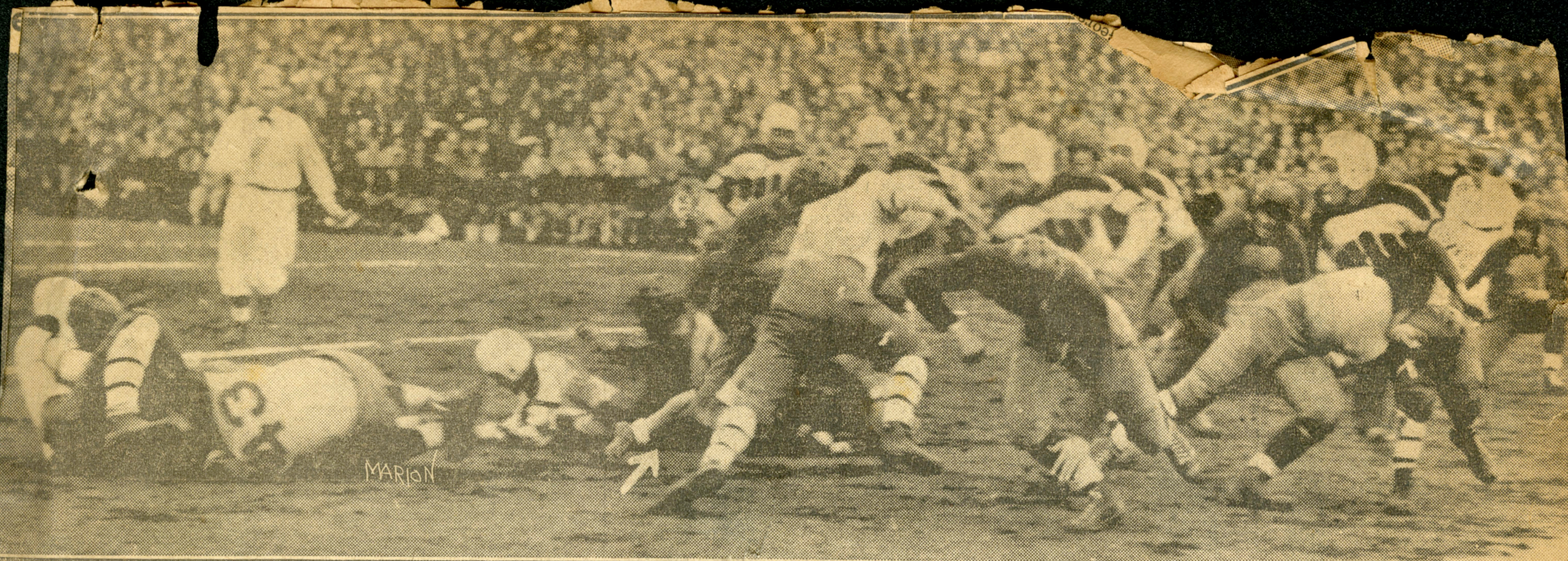
The fact that no Lowell player made the first club is probably attributable to the fact the Lowell team did not play any one of the clubs coached by the five mentors who made the selections. Last year, Lowell played one of the teams represented.

A line such as Lowell's that was not scored upon in eight games, all

against Massachusetts teams, certainly contains some players who are worthy of better recognition. Backs such as the entire collection of Lowell ball carriers and blockers are all above the average.

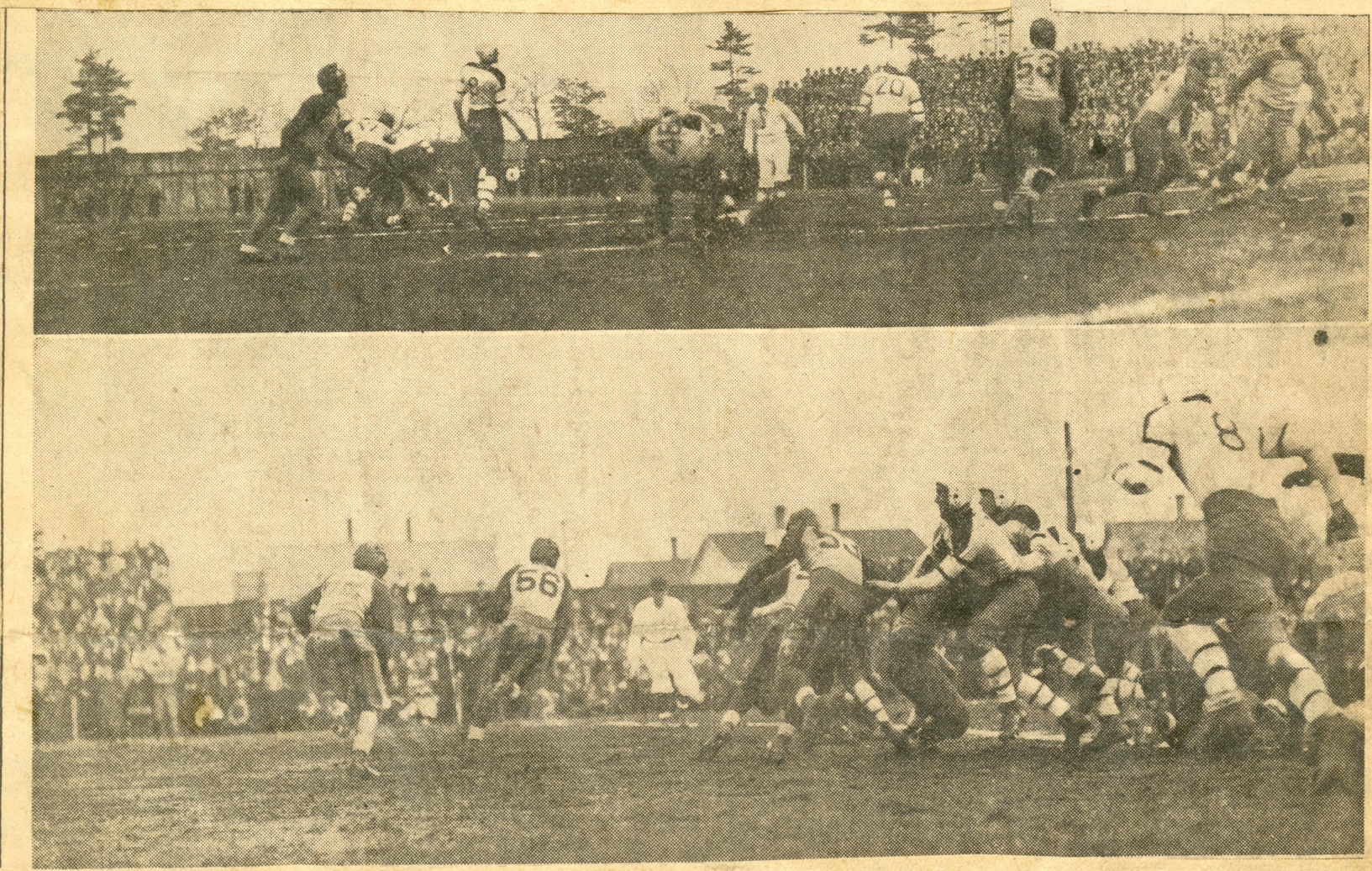
Kimball was picked at his full-back post, Mazur as quarterback, Redman as halfback, Machado as guard and Capt. Reid as tackle, where he played during the first half of the season.

Kimball also has the distinction of being named on another all-scholastic team. He made the honor roll of the club picked by the writer of another Boston paper and was the only Lowell player to be named.



Here is Rocket Redman starting on the run which resulted in his injury. Arrow on the ground points to Redman. Notice Lowell's fine blocking. The three white jerseyed players on the ground, with two more in front of Redman about to be knocked out of the play. In the background is one section of the big crowd.

**Speed and Power**  
**Here as L. H. S.**  
**Wins 18-0**



**TO LOWELL—UNSCORED ON IN THE STATE:**

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,  
 But they with a chuckle, replied  
 That maybe it couldn't, but they would be one  
 In saying naught 'til they tried.  
 So they buckled right in, with a trace of a grin  
 On faces—worried? (They hid it)  
 They started to sing as they tackled the thing  
 That couldn't be done and they did it.

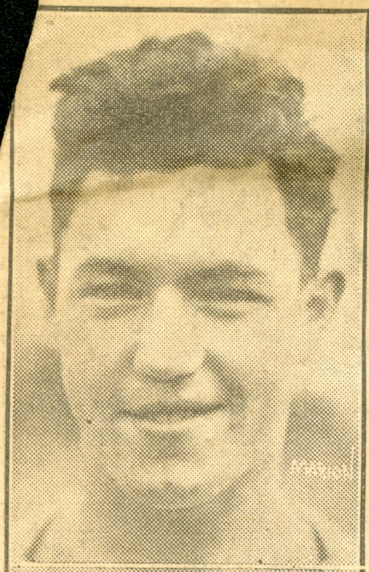
There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,  
 There are thousands to prophesy failure,  
 There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,  
 The opposition that waits to assail you;  
 But you buckled right in, with a bit of a grin,  
 And put on your cleats to go to it;  
 You showed the "zing" as you tackled the thing  
 That couldn't be done—and you did it!  
 —With apologies to Dan Beard.

The glory that is Lowell's will be expressed amid the enthusiastic surroundings of school spirit, speech, song and story tonight at the testimonial dinner of the L Men's club at the Elks Home in Warren street. While there remains little that has not been said in the peans of praise heaped upon the Red and Gray since its magnificent 26 to 0 triumph over Lawrence high on the holiday, tonight's outburst of a new civic spirit is assuredly a means toward acquainting the heroes with the fact that there is a rich reward for merit.

Lowell—unbeaten and untied in Massachusetts! The single defeat, at Nashua, is another of those baffling mysteries of football as easy to explain as Vanderbilt's defeat of Alabama or Manhattan's tie with the Holy Cross eleven that has rolled up 260 points to Opponents' 19, but the stamp and calibre of the gridders who will be feted tonight is such that not one would detract a whit from the spunky Nashua team that turned the trick.

Coaches McGuirk of Malden, Brooks of Medford, Devlin of Lawrence, McDonough of Manchester, Yarnall of Textile and Griffin of Keith will be in the parade of well wishers. The L Men's club several weeks ago planned tonight's testimonial—"win, lose or draw against Lawrence," and so theirs is the glory, too.

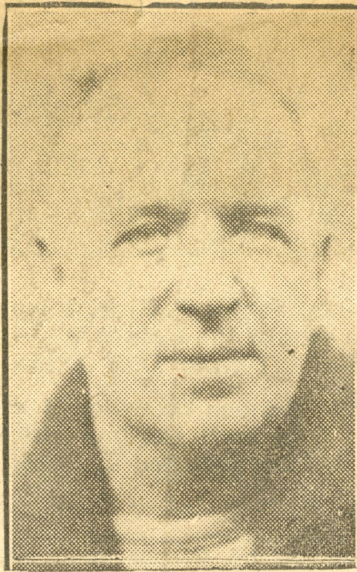
# They Hold the Secret of Lowell's Grid



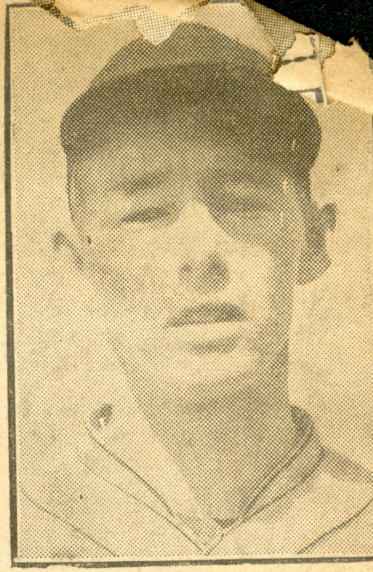
TOM McANDREWS.



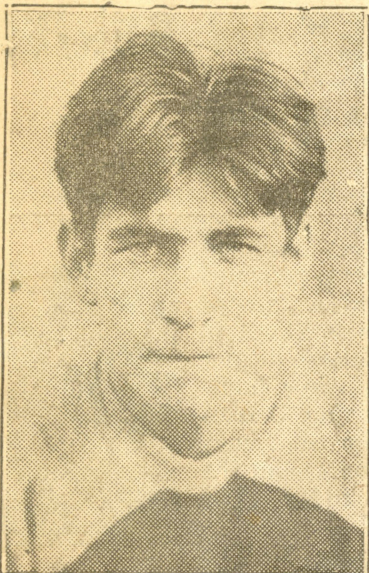
PHILIP GREENE.



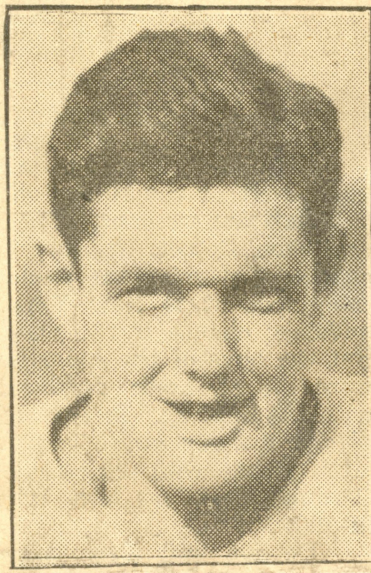
COACH TOM KEADY.



TOMMY NEYLON.



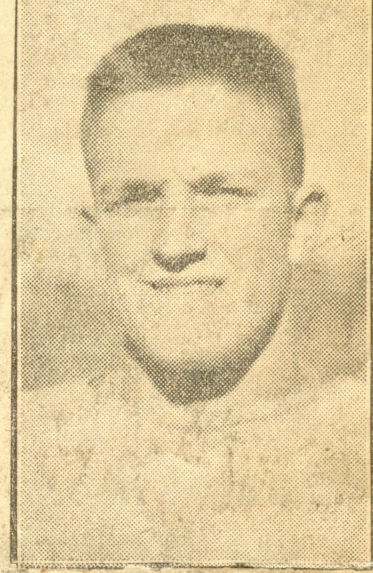
STEVE SIDERAS.



CAPT. RAY REID.



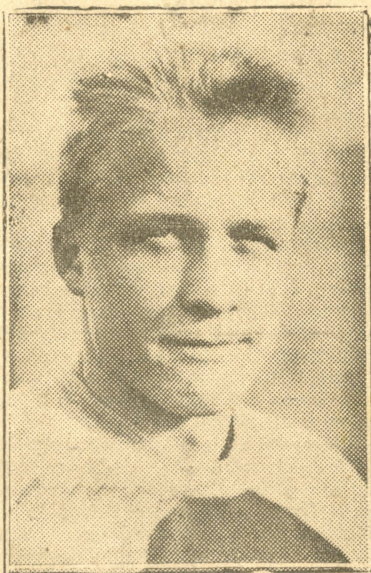
HENRY MAZUE.



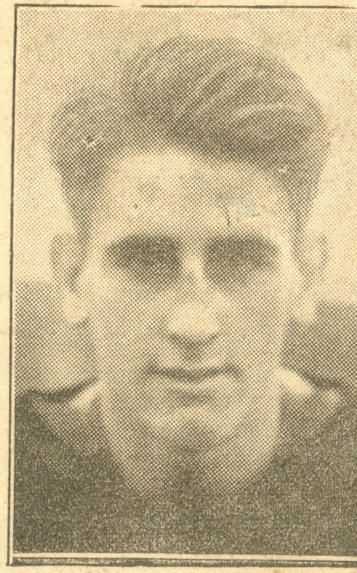
RODNEY REDMAN.



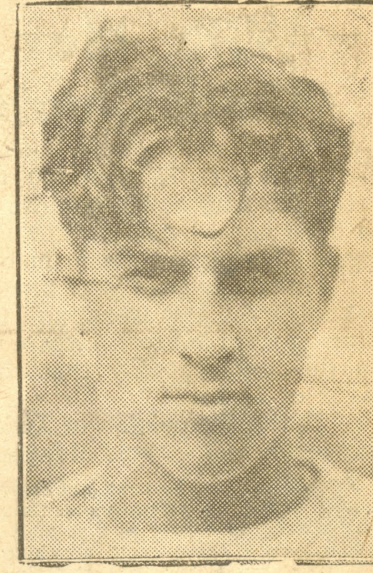
JOHN MACHADO.



PAUL SILIN.



MAURICE BOUTHILLETTE.

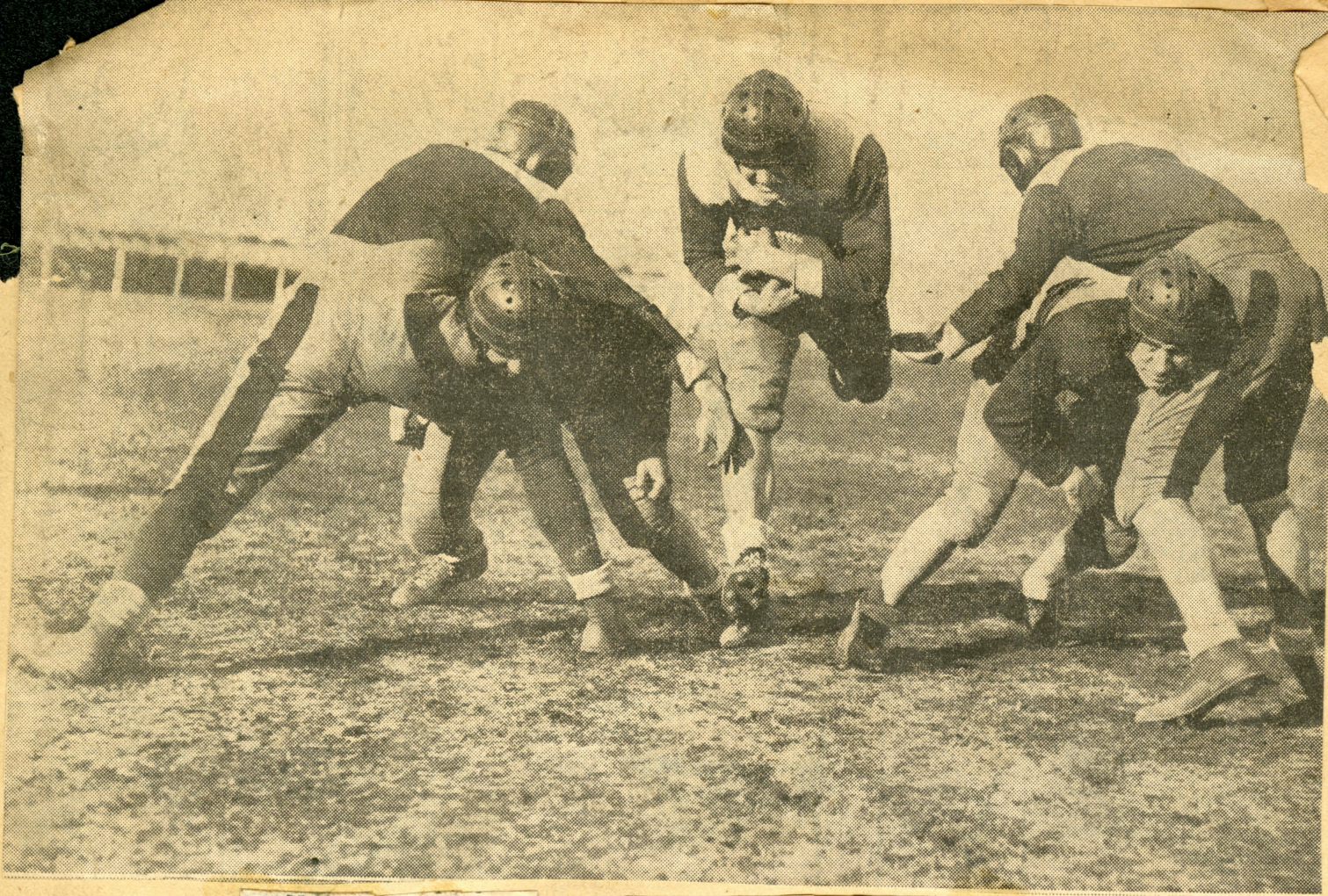


LEIGHTON KIMBALL.



A Kimball to Bouthillette pass which was incomplete. The passer is outside the range of the camera in this one but the ball may be seen sailing over the scrimmage strip. The lower shot shows Juron trying to turn Lowell's left end. Jack Machado, who made the tackle, may be seen coming across fast to stop the fleet Nashua back for no gain. Both of these photos were snapped in the first period of Saturday's high school contest.

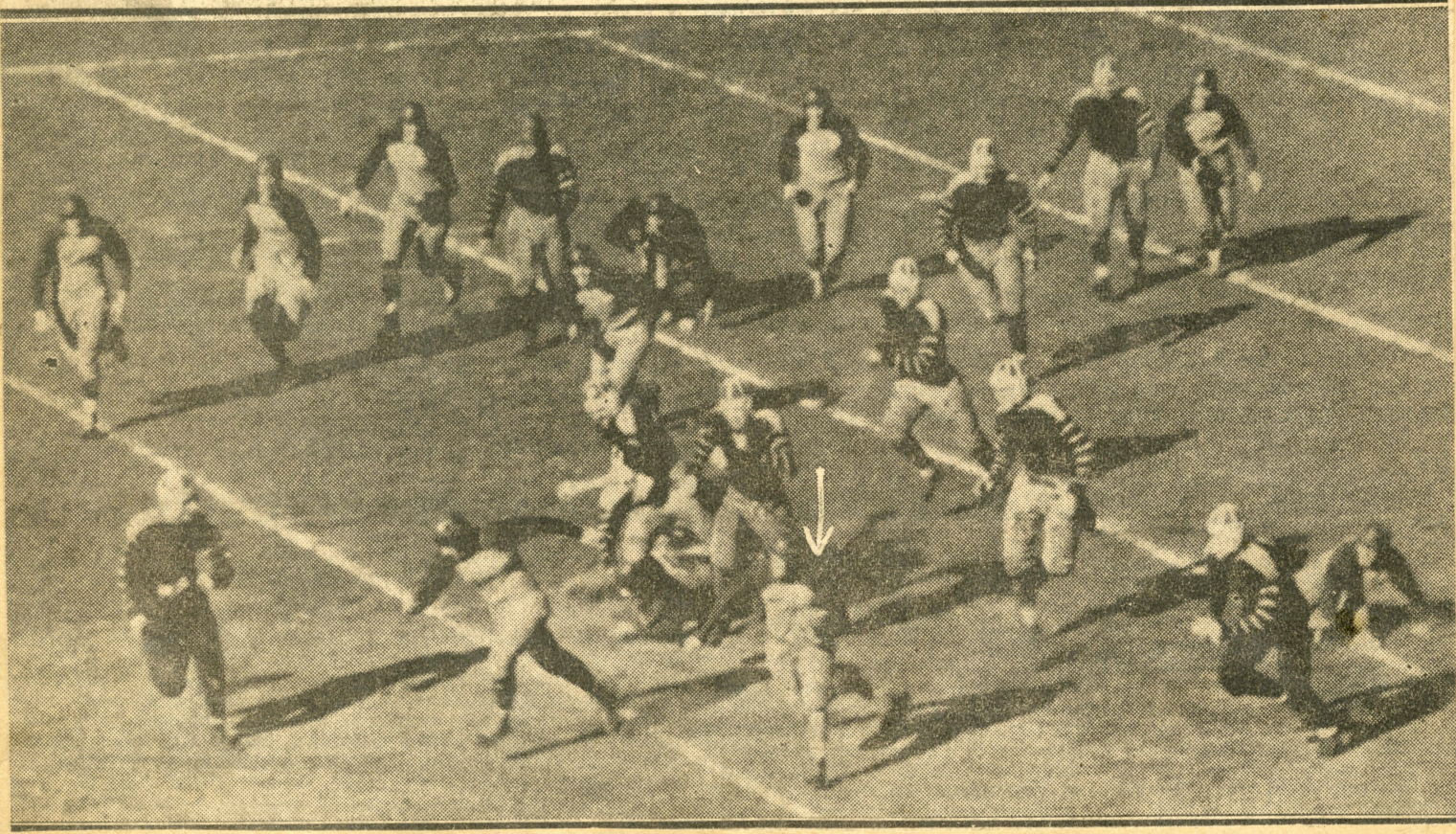




Mazur shooting through a Saxonis.

hole in the line opened up Machado and Charlie

### As Lowell Clicked Against Manchester



# FIFTEEN YEAR OLD STUDENT THEATRE MANAGER FOR A DAY



JOHN MACHADO BEGINNING HIS DAY AS MANAGER OF RKO KEITH'S THEATRE YESTERDAY

To twist an old saying, "News is stranger than fiction," and here is a news story that proves it. John Machado, 15-year-old member of the graduating class of the Charles W. Morey Junior High school expressed as his greatest ambition, in a recent issue of the Morey School News, to be "Manager of Keith's Theatre."

The paper came under the eyes of Manager Samuel Torgan, and yester-

day John realized his ambition and became manager of R-K-O Keith's theatre for a day, experiencing all the duties and activities of a manager's day.

Starting right from the very first duty in the morning—opening the mail—down through a long succession of inspections and check-ups, he learned how a theatre is operated and what a theatre-manager must do to keep his theatre operating at

top-notch efficiency.

John, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Machado of 49 Lincoln street, is a bright youngster, shy; but wholly likeable. At present his interests are pretty well tied up with baseball, holding down third base for the fast-traveling Morey school nine. He intends to go to high school next year, but beyond that he is uncertain—perhaps a start towards his goal as a theatre manager.

## The War-Seeker

John O'Keefe, in New York World.  
I am the ghoul whose spade's a pen,  
who kills with a printed line,  
And I'd dig a grave for a million men  
if it led to a golden mine!

In this Republic great  
I mask myself as Fate,  
Blow hot or chill,  
Fools work my will,  
As I the fools mislead.  
To my slave-Senator  
I shriek command for war,  
And men cry hot,  
"A patriot!"  
I! making graves for greed!

I am the traitor who lifts a spear in  
sham of a hero's part,  
And drive the shaft to the handle clear  
in Mother Freedom's heart!

I make the dullards think  
Our honor is to sink.  
Unnumbered lies  
Are in my cries  
For hearing by the fool.  
"We have been wronged, I shriek,  
"Let fire-mouthed cannon speak!"  
And then in glee  
I wait to see  
Boys sent to death from school!

I am the vampire whose name is  
Greed! I win with my golden eyes,  
And bend the fool to doing my deed,  
and drain him till he dies!

The Flag I ever wave  
To call you to your grave,  
For I've impressed  
That banner blest  
To cover up my shame.  
Those Stars, with God's own eye,  
Know that my love's a lie,  
But still my breath  
Gives call to death  
In Patriotism's name!

I am the juggler who plays with lives,  
with a careless hand and free  
And what are the tears of a million  
wives if their men go die for me!

## POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

### Where Pa Draws the Line

This poem, which sounds so much as if it had been written only yesterday, appeared in the Chicago Record-Herald 31 years ago.

"The girls are wearin' collars like the ones the fellows wear,  
And their coats are cut like men's are, next they'll shorten up  
their hair;

I see that now they're goin' to wear Panamas," says paw,  
"And they play the games the men play—it beats all I ever saw!  
The girls must have their highballs and they're smoking  
cigarettes.

All the habits that the men have woman hurries up and gets;  
When she rides a horse she straddles, I suppose next thing we  
know

She'll discover some concoction that'll make 'er whiskers grow."

Maw had a dandy raglan when the raglans were in style;  
Her collar's made like paw's is, and it seems that all the while  
She keeps goin' to some meetin' where she makes a speech or  
two

And gets wrote up in the papers—all that paw does she can do!—  
She's takin' fencin' lessons and she's got paw's cane and tied  
A fancy ribbon to it and she holds it at her side  
Up end down, when she's out walkin'—so, at last it's got to be  
That paw locks his Sunday trousers in the trunk and takes the  
key.

## POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

### A PRAYER IN TIME OF NEED

By Minnie Meserve Soule

Dear Lord! My need is great,  
For I am sore distressed,  
The burdens of my kind,  
Bring sorrow unexpressed;  
I am not near to bind  
Their wounds, their hearts to heal,  
But I cannot forget,  
And so I make appeal,  
To ease the pain and fret,  
The smart and sting of Fate.

From forest, field and plain,  
Let fall a rich supply  
For these, my neighbors need,  
Far country, or near by,  
For aching hearts that bleed;  
For empty, outstretched hand,  
Give food and shelter, I dare  
Not hold my goods and land,  
As rightful, but would share  
With them, my golden grain.

Through my closed door I hear  
The cry for food each day,  
Through my drawn shades I see,  
Long lines of men who pray  
For work to make them free;  
I count my treasured store,  
Too small to clothe or feed,  
Those who knock upon my door!  
Increase my power to bless, their need  
Is great, cast out my fear!

## POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

### "THIS ROOM IS PLEASANT"

By Laura E. Richards

"This room is pleasant?" So it is!  
I hasten to confess it,  
Though 'twould be pleasanter if you  
Dear Sir or M'am, would grace it!

The fire glows, the goldfish gleam,  
The books are good and plenty;  
And I'm as blithe at eighty-two  
As e'er I was at twenty.

How does one make a pleasant room?  
I'll tell you in a minute.  
No room can well be otherwise,  
When cheerful hearts are in it.

### "REALITY"

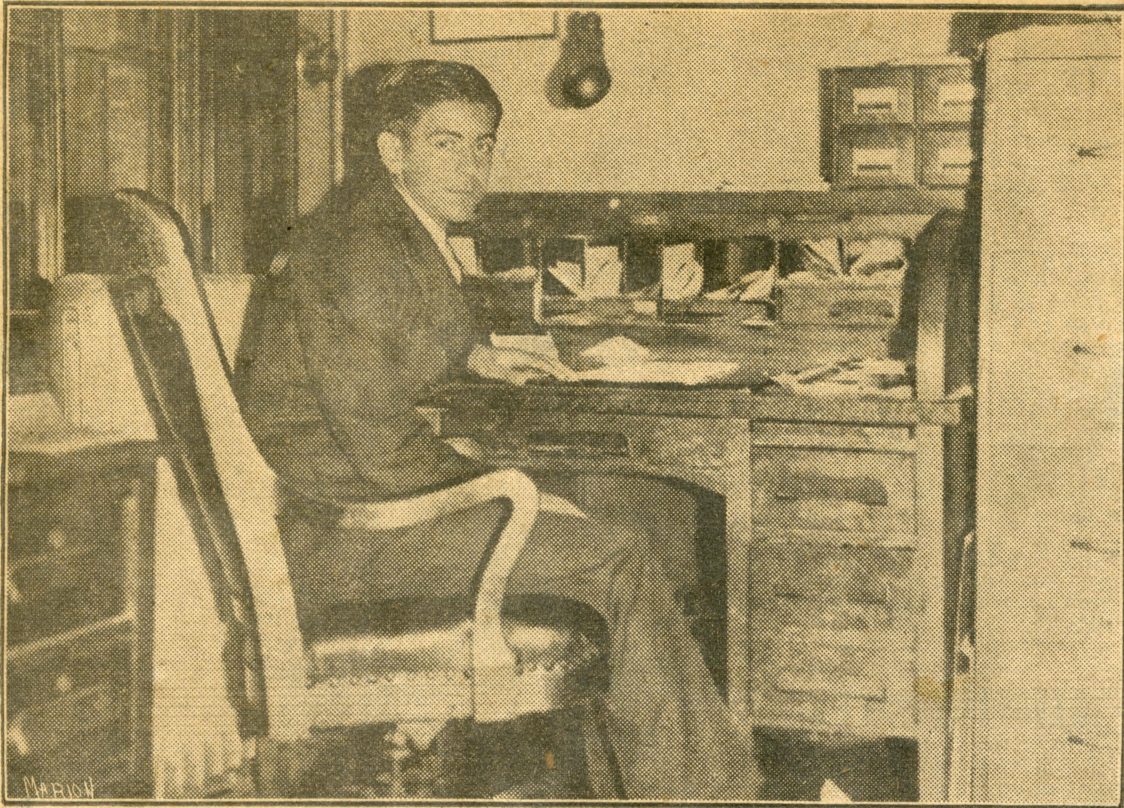
By Hazel Reese Collins in Ontario, Cal., Herald

We sat beneath the stars and planned what we would do—  
We'd have a little cottage and perhaps a child or two;  
A garden full of roses and a bench beside the wall,  
And, dreaming there, we'd never mind the storms of life at all.

We have a little cottage (with a mortgage almost due),  
We have a hearty youngster—and a tiny baby, too;  
We have a little garden, but instead of roses red,  
You will find some golden carrots, or perhaps a cabbage head.

Today it seemed I caught the sun a-laughing out at me,  
At midday, as it danced and pranced and sparkled in its glee—  
A spider had a web across that bench beside the wall!  
We had been very busy it was scarcely used at all!

# Theatre Manager For A Day



John Machado, 15-year old Morey school student, as he began his duties as theatre manager for a day at RKO Keith's theatre.

## John Machado Takes Over Keith's Theatre As Manager For One Day

### Morey School Boy Had Expressed Desire To Be Executive of Local Playhouse.

The thrill that comes once in a lifetime came to John Machado, aged 15, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Machado, today as he realized his greatest ambition and became manager of the RKO Keith's Theatre for the day.

The sketch of the graduating class of the Charles W. Morey school, of which John is a member, in the Morey School News, brought to Manager Samuel Torgan's attention the desire of the boy to become a theatre manager. In the sketch of the class which listed the name, nickname, hobby and greatest ambition, "Manager of Keith's Theatre" appeared beside John Machado's name. The paper was brought to the attention of Manager Torgan who immediately suggested that he become manager for a day and set the date for today.

Sitting at the manager's desk in the RKO Keith office, this morning, as he began his day of days, John was the picture of suppressed excitement and seemed to be enjoying himself to the fullest. His face beamed with smiles but it was difficult to get him to talk about himself as he is a modest youngster and all the more likable for it.

He said, however, that his reason for choosing RKO Keith's Theatre rather than any theatre to be manager of, was on account of the vaudeville shows presented during the cooler months. Manager Torgan regretted the fact that the straight picture policy now in effect prevented him from showing John how stage shows were presented but he explained every move from booking to presentation thoroughly.

A big day is in store for the youngster as Mr. Torgan guides him step-by-step through a theatre manager's duties. In fact it was a question as to who was the most enthused over the day that lay ahead, Mr. Torgan or the boy, for the former seemed to be enjoying it as much as John.

Mr. Torgan not only took the boy through the routine but gave him the reasons for all the duties. The opening and consideration of the morning mail was the initial step, immediately followed by an inspection of the lobby to make sure that all attractions featured there are being sold. Inside the theatre the

Prior to the opening of the doors an inspection of fire exits was made, as well as of the service staff.

Later, John and Mr. Torgan watched the first show, taking down notes and criticisms upon its operation for the use of the chief projectionist and the stage manager to correct mistakes made.

Newspaper advertising is the most important of all mediums through which theatres bring their attractions to the attention of prospective audiences and so John will receive instructions as to how they are laid out and made up. Proofs of forthcoming

newspaper advertisements will be corrected and criticized.

A return to the art shop will be made to check up on the output of display for the lobby and decisions made as to whether or not it is acceptable and what revisions must be made.

Following this John will be taken over the entire theatre to see for himself how and why it goes and will be introduced to the various department heads and given an idea of their responsibility in the entertainment, comfort and safety of the patrons.

The day will close with Manager Torgan and John taking dinner at the Vesper-Country Club.

# Machado Theatre Manager for Day

John Machado is now experiencing the biggest thrill of his lifetime because his greatest ambition is being realized. John is 15 years old, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Machado of 49 Lincoln street, and he is manager of RKO Keith's theatre for today.

A recent issue of the Morey School News carried a sketch of the graduating class of which John is a member, listing beside each name their respective nicknames, hobbies and greatest ambitions. Beside his name was "manager of Keith's theatre."

The paper was brought to the attention of Manager Samuel Torgan of RKO Keith's who, immediately suggested that John be made manager for a day so that he could see for himself what being a theatre manager means.

At his desk this morning as he began his day, young Machado was beaming with pleasure and eager anticipation as Manager Torgan introduced him to the intricacies of not only operating a theatre but the methods of producing and distributing motion pictures and the booking and operation of stage shows.

*A memorable day!*

## Morey School Student to Be Theatre Manager for a Day

Who is the happiest youngster in Lowell today? That's easy. He is John Machado, son of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Machado of 49 Lincoln street because his greatest ambition is to be realized tomorrow.

In a recent issue of the Morey School News, a paper edited by the students, there appeared sketches of the members of the graduating class, giving each one's name, nickname, hobby and greatest ambition. Beside John Machado's name under "Greatest ambition" column was listed "To be manager of Keith's Theatre."

The paper was brought to the attention of Manager Samuel Torgan of RKO Keith's Theatre and he immediately suggested making John manager for a day and set the date for Saturday.

When informed that his dream was coming true the youngster smiled and said, "Gee, that's great!" He is shy but extremely likeable and when

a representative of the Courier-Citizen tried to get John to talk about himself he received monosyllabic answers. But this is the gist of the interview in which the interviewer did most of the talking. He wants to be a theatre manager because he thinks he would enjoy his work,—which is an excellent reason. Just now he is all wrapped up in baseball, holding down a regular position on the fast-traveling Morey school nine and being a candidate for the American Legion team. He intends to go to high school but beyond that he is uncertain,—perhaps a start toward his goal as theatre manager.

Manager Torgan is much enthused over his opportunity to give the boy a big day Saturday. He will take him through a theatre manager's day, step by step, introducing him to all the intricacies of operating a theatre from morning until night.



