

VOL 3 - 1007

1914-15
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THE



ARCHON

NOVEMBER, 1914

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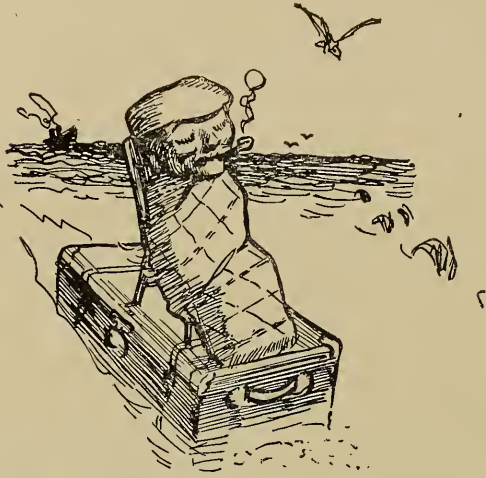
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THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the
Students of Dummer Academy

Vol. 3, New Series

NOVEMBER, 1914.

No. 1



A TRIP TO MT. WASHINGTON

It was a happy and live crowd of boys who awaited the end of the rain-storm, so that they might start on their trip to and up Mt. Washington. In the meantime, preparations were made for the trip, rolling up their packs of blankets and perhaps a tooth brush and a handkerchief, while the commissary department was busily looking out for the coming meals. Any camper will know that a good meal is the most relished of all luxuries. The packs were sent ahead in a wagon to the railroad station, about twelve miles away.

The first instalment of our journey was a twelve-mile walk. The roads were in fine condition after the heavy showers and it seemed as if we ate up mile after mile without feeling it at all. With about two miles to go to the station we were overtaken by a terrible shower. Some forged ahead in the pouring rain, while others sought shelter on the side of the road, but almost everybody received a good wetting. The stragglers arrived just in time to catch the train for Glen and Jackson. It was a rather restful ride in the train and we seemed to be there before we could realize that we had

traveled one hour and a half.

When we reached Glen and Jackson, it seemed rather dismal, as it was already on towards evening, but the fellows started a ball game and it broke up when the game was called on account of a horse feeding on second base. At the station several interesting characters kept us busy supplying information, so it sounded mighty good when the first call for supper was whispered about. Such a supper is not to be forgotten, especially as we were hungry enough to eat a farm, house and all. Even beans went down by the plateful, while not a word can be said of potatoes, pies and pickles. Some one suggested that a good sleep would come in real handy, so on to Glen we marched in darkness, which made one nervous when he tried to hear himself think. Songs, from "Everybody's Doin' It" to "Good Night, Ladies", were rendered by all, whether singers or not. Somebody discovered a hay-mow and everybody purchased his Pullman berth ticket and it wasn't many hours before all were sawing wood.

Morning was announced by a compulsory game of "Hot-hand" by a few early risers to those who were not

as conscientious. A short walk was taken down to a variety store, where various remembrances were purchased. A hard day was before us, so after a very pleasant breakfast at a boarding-house nearby, we all started for the Glen House, which was fourteen miles away. Fourteen miles staring one in the face is not as attractive as one might imagine; however, it was a very enjoyable walk, as several interesting sights and views were seen. Two of these worth mentioning were the Glen Ellis Falls and a fine view of Mt. Washington. A halt was called for dinner and meanwhile several fellows rolled over a few times in a shallow mountain brook.

The Glen House was reached late in the afternoon, and immediately a spot was chosen for the camping ground which overlooked the road and gave us a wonderful view of several mountains. A hearty supper was laid away by everyone and then parties were sent out to explore the surrounding country, but really to see if there were any young ladies in the vicinity.

The following day was one to be remembered. A four mile walk to the foot of the trail put us in trim for a hard three or four mile tramp up the mountain by what is known as "Tuckerman's Ravine Trail." It was a hard and tedious climb, over slippery roots and balancing rocks. Crystal Cascade Falls was a beautiful sight and one not to be forgotten. One especially noticeable feature of the climb was the very sudden change in temperature between the foot and the top of the mountains. When the top was reached a very innocent-looking hut was discovered, but upon entering, it was found to be very cozy and to contain very precious things—something to eat. The prices were outrageous. A doughnut with two small pieces of cheese cost about fifteen cents, but we had to eat and probably would

have eaten the place out, only we would have had to go without other meals for months at the price of doughnuts. After we had satisfied our hunger we looked about the place. The view was rather disappointing, as the heavy mist covered up the valley and left innumerable mountain peaks standing out as giants. But even the view obtainable was well worth the climb. An interesting feature on the mountain was the railroad with its funny engine and cars. About five trains take the trip up the mountain, one following right behind the other. The descent of the mountain is made at about the ordinary gait of a man.

Our descent of the mountain was made by the toll or carriage road. It was fourteen miles to the foot of the road where our camp was. The road winds about the mountain on one side and affords the hiker a fine view. We made a short stay at the toll house where we bought some fine maple sugar for a few cents and later sold it to some of the fellows for a much larger sum. A hearty supper was prepared and devoured and then was sawed up in our dreams.

The next day was one of sight-seeing about our camping ground. Several fellows went swimming in a mountain brook at a place called Emerald Pool. The water was plenty cold enough to drink, but nevertheless, a few brave lads indulged in a swim, and it was a swim they will not soon forget. Some other fellows went trout fishing, while in the afternoon everybody went raspberrying, and enough berries were picked so that several large luscious shortcakes were enjoyed for supper. In the evening a compulsory grand opera was enjoyed by all, and several made reputations while the whole crowd joined in and sang popular songs and then the camp-fire was left to sing good night.

The trip back to camp was over

the same route, but enjoyed fully as much as that to the mountain. Some of the fellows managed to get rides part of the way back from kind autoists who were going in the same direction. Camp was reached late one afternoon by the tired but happy lot of fellows, and it was found that we had covered over ninety miles in five days. It is a trip that will be remembered for several years to come by all of the hikers.

A. C. H. '15.

MEXICAN SPORTS

There is much difference between the sports and games of this country and those of Mexico. Mexicans are still a little savage in their play, but at the present time the Young Men's Christian Associations, the Country Clubs and others, English and American, are trying to introduce more civilized sports and games among the people.

In Mexico Saturday is a business day, like the other days of the week, but Sunday is used for sports and amusements, so that Sunday has something of the holiday character that Saturday has here.

Our national game, and the most savage of any of our sports, is the bull-fight, in which are sacrificed six bulls, many horses, and sometimes one or two men. There is a good deal of cock-fighting too, but the government permits this only in certain parts of the Republic.

When the bull-fight begins, hundreds of people, eager to see it, throng to the amphitheatre or bull-ring, and when the first bull appears on the sand of the arena all the people clap their hands with enthusiasm. Two men on horseback, dressed in ancient style, ride out to meet the bull, the horses having bandages over their eyes so that they cannot see the danger in which they are. The bull-fighters have for a weapon a

stick about ten or fifteen feet long, with a nail in one end. The men have to be very strong, for this poor weapon is all they have to protect their horses with. If the nail is driven in with force between the neck and the back of the bull it makes him run away, but if the fighter is not strong enough to stand off the bull in this way the horse is killed and often the rider too.

After this savage act, another bull-fighter appears in the arena, with a stick in each hand. These sticks also have a nail at the end, but about a foot long and terminating in a barbed hook. These also are to be fastened in between the neck and the back of the bull, and it is a very difficult thing to do. The purpose of it is to get the bull as mad as possible for the last and most interesting period of the fight. In this, as in ancient Rome, the fighter has to meet the bull with a simple sword. He stands some fifteen or twenty feet from the bull, and when the latter is in a convenient position he jumps up and wounds the bull in the same place where the sticks were driven by his predecessor.

Sometimes, after some minutes of terrible fighting, the bull-fighter falls, and expires without any help under the bull's feet, but if he kills the bull at the first stroke the judges reward him with the bull's ears, which he keeps as a souvenir of that fight.

The orchestra then begins to play national airs and the next bull appears, quite ignorant that he is going to his death.

PINO SUAREZ, '17.

SOLVE THIS

If the gas man should come around when everybody was away, how would he read the meter if it had been changed to kilometers? Give answer in seconds.

TOLD BY LANTERN LIGHT

I had just arrived in Chicago from South St. Paul, with three cars of cattle. It was about half past two in the morning and, as I didn't know the stock yard district very well, I thought that it would be best for me to wait around the yards until daylight.

Several fellows were sitting under a runway which led to another part of the yard, and so I went over to join them.

A young fellow who came from a small town in Missouri was telling about a trip which he had made through Kansas about harvest time.

This was his story, as nearly as I can remember it, in his own words:

"I left my home town about the middle of June and rode into Kansas City with my friend, Jim, on the Chicago and Alton. Jim is the conductor on that train, so he let me ride for nothing. We got into K. C. at eight or nine o'clock in the morning and, for want of something better to do, I thought I would see a little of the city.

"Maybe some of you fellows have been there and know that in order to get to the business district you have to go up a steep hill. Well, I went up and saw the place and went to a few moving picture shows.

"About six o'clock I went over to the freight yard of the Santa Fe. I ran into a fellow there who was going to Topeka. We thought that it would be all right to take that road into Topeka and then get the U. P. to Ellis, about 300 miles out of Kansas City.

"As we were going along, we met a fellow with an automatic gun around his waist. He didn't have much to say, but the fellow I was with said that we had better get out of there because that fellow was a detective.

"We got a heavily loaded train a few miles out of a place called Argentine, which is four or five miles out of K. C. That train, in order to go to Topeka, should have branched off to the right. We didn't know it then, so we were taken off on the wrong line.

"The brakeman came over the train and kind of smiled when we told him we were going to Topeka.

"We were about half asleep when we got to the first stop for water, Ottawa, and didn't notice a fellow coming down the side of the train with a flash light. He pulled us off, and after a few questions, made us buy tickets for Topeka at a cost of \$1.08.

"We had to wait around that town until about quarter past eight in the morning for the train. When we got into Topeka we went over into the U. P. yards, and after a wait of several hours, got a through freight going west.

"All told on that train, I should say that there were about sixty fellows. They were everywhere and anywhere to keep out of sight. Every separator had about six fellows in it, and there were several carloads of separators and traction engines going out to the harvest fields for the 'bumper crop.' If you had seen that train go by, you would not have been able to see any one on it but the train crew.

"We noticed them unloading most of the fellows at Junction City, but for some unknown reason, they didn't look into the machine where we were.

"We got into Salina along in the afternoon. As we were walking down the tracks at Salina, we met a fellow whom we took to be the railroad policeman. When we told him that we were going west, he seemed to be a pretty good fellow and told us that a train left at about four o'clock.

"About a hundred or more fellows

got on that train, but since there were so many, they didn't take the trouble to keep out of sight. The brakeman sat down with the crowd and swapped stories.

"Everyone was unloaded at the stop east of Ellis, which is the end of that division. We went up to the town and got something to eat. As we walked down the street, the farmers would stop us and ask if we wanted to go to work. We talked with several farmers and decided to go out to a German's farm about twelve miles out of town, and go to work for \$3.50 a day and board. We got out to his farm after dark, but then, there wasn't much to see there but a few buildings of the usual farm variety. That night we slept under a wagon, but it wasn't cold, so we didn't need much over us to keep warm.

"About an hour before sunrise the old German came out to wake us up. It is something new for me to get up at that time of day to start in work and also it was in June, when we have the longest days.

"It has always been my policy to try anything once, so I got up and started to work. The job consisted of catching six half wild horses, for a start. After that we had breakfast in a part of the house which might have been called the cellar. An adjoining room served for sleeping quarters for the German, his wife and six or seven children.

"We started to work about an hour after sunrise and took turns driving the headerbox and loading it. It wouldn't have been so bad if the sun hadn't been so hot. About ten o'clock one of the German's children brought us a lunch, which surely tasted good. About noon we had a regular dinner with a large amount of pastry. All told, we were two hours away from the field. In the middle of the afternoon another lunch was brought out and about sundown, 8.30, we quit.

There were a few chores to be done and we didn't get back to our beds until about ten o'clock.

"When the German tried to pull us out at the same time the next day, about four o'clock in the morning, we struck. We thought that we were entitled to at least eight hours of sleep in every twenty-four. He didn't care much for our idea of keeping in condition by having enough sleep, so after breakfast we got our checks and walked the twelve miles back into town."

MY SUMMER AT CAMP

My chance to go to a summer camp for the first time, came toward the end of last June. I gladly accepted it, as I had known several boys who had been away to camp during the summer and they were always telling me what good times they used to have.

I was all excited getting ready to go, and on account of this there were several things that I forgot. Finally, one bright morning I got started and left on the eight o'clock train from the North Station, bound for Keene, N. H. It is supposed to be quite a pretty ride but I am afraid that I was so excited that I did not appreciate it. On our arrival in Keene, which is a small city, although somewhat larger than Newburyport, the director of the camp met us with an automobile and we had a beautiful ride of about eleven miles. The last part of it, however, was not very enjoyable as the last three or four miles were over some of the worst roads I have ever seen.

My first impression of the camp was a large figure nine, as the tents were arranged in that manner. The campus was situated in the center of a ring of tents about fifteen in number and it was worn bare from countless scufflings. There were several tents forming the tail of the nine and

they were situated on a sort of, rocky bank. There were also several single tents scattered around in no definite place. The buildings of the camp were permanent structures, built to last. They consisted of The Lodge, a very pretty building, situated on the shore of the lake, and The Mess Hall, also on the shore; the Pavilion, a large building, containing the junior lockers, an Assembly Hall, a Library and a Chapel. The other building contained the senior lockers, lavatories and dark room for the camera sharks. This made up practically all of the buildings, except for two or three small ones such as a tool house, garage and a water tower.

Four boys lived in each tent and I was put in with three other boys, one from Buffalo, one from New York City, and one from Bayonne, New Jersey. Each tent had four cots and was furnished with electric light. There was also plenty of room for our trunks. The boys in camp ranged all the way from twelve to twenty years and were a very likable crowd. There were also seven masters, young men in the twenties, and all of them wonderful athletes. Altogether, counting everybody, we had about a hundred people there, which was a good crowd.

I will now try to tell as nearly as I can the way things were run and the things we used to do.

At breakfast every morning the order of the day was read. This contained the names of those who were detailed for certain duties, such as the canteen, police and water squads; it also stated who was officer of the day and what special events were to be run off. Then, after breakfast, we could do anything we pleased until about eleven thirty, when there was the morning swim. Right after the swim we had dinner and I always thought that it tasted doubly good just after coming out of the water.

In the afternoon there was generally a ball game or something arranged for. The base ball field was at the camp farm. The farm was across the lake and in order to get to it we used either to take the launch or go in the war canoes, of which we had two and each held about twenty-five people. It was quite a large place, having a house and a large barn on it. The ball field was the chief attraction, however, it being a very good field and having an excellent infield but a poor outfield. Some very exciting games used to take place there between teams from the camp, and I must say that a very good brand of baseball was played.

Those who did not go to the farm either played tennis, went canoeing, or had some other plans to follow. There was a large flotilla of water craft, and we had about a dozen canoes, four or five row boats, and a sailboat and a sailing canoe, at our disposal. Some very amusing incidents happened to people who tried to go out in the sailing canoe on a windy day. For instance, a fellow from Mexico City, named De la Rue, thought that as it was a nice calm day he would take a sail. Having successfully launched the boat, he bravely set out. He was just crossing a reef in the middle of the lake when a sudden squall upset him, and as nobody saw him he remained seated on the reef in water about up to his neck all the afternoon. Charlie, that was his name, was the joke of the camp, and all sorts of jokes were played on him. I will tell you a couple of them as they were pretty good. One day Charlie went fishing and while he was gone a cake of yellow sulphur was burnt in his tent, and when he came back he was told that the board of health was there and had fumigated his tent, and as a result Charlie had to sleep at the Lodge for a couple of days. Another one was nailing a board up in his

tree and placing sixteen tin cans filled half full of rocks in such a way that when one fell the others would be jerked down. This was done about twelve o'clock one night.

We had a tennis team there and used to play matches with the hotel and the country clubs around there.

We also had some trips, one to the Lowell Lake, Vermont, and one to

Mount Monadnock, and a canoe trip up the Connecticut river. As I have used up nearly all my space I cannot say anything about these trips except that they were very enjoyable.

I will end my account with the words that were given to us on our departure, namely that "School may come and school may go, but us for Camp N— forever." P. H., '17.

OUR HOUSE STUDENTS

NAME.	TITLE.	AMBITION.
Bartlett	Barique	to make money
Gardella	Lady	to be a man
Pino-Suarez	Pino	to learn how
Young	Cy	to run Bradford A.
Beaver	Bussey	to meet everybody's girl
Hussey	Huss	to be a "Willie" boy
Lowman	Kid	to take the 3rd degree
Williams	Willie	to be a waiter
Holden	Brud	to have a card index for his girls
Flanders	Fat	to own a variety store
Coulter	Greeny	to kid everybody
Downing	Nuts	to be president of the M-e-c-c-a-s
Small	Itchy	to gain a good rep.
Saunders	Tub	to live in the Commons
Woodward	Twweed	to hug a girl
Maccabe	Mack	to own a railroad
Havlin	Art	to buy the school
Ferguson,	Cracker	to keep Amsterdam on the map
Tapley	Taps	to tell you all about it
Francis	We don't call him, we let him sleep	
Friest	Bud	to be an admiral
Gale	Sissy	to be a lecturer
Yu	Skinny	to be a lady
Mead	August	to be a cross-country runner
Drake	Duck	to run a movie show
Skeelee	Dink	to have a real baseball team
Chen	Shorty	to own a news stand
Cabot	Sebastian	to be a tennis player
Kramer	Bob	to dig tunnels in the tennis court
Cummings	Eddie	to get married
Spencer	Rudolph	to lick Mead
Baker	Stick	to learn football
Rowe	Gunboat	to be good
Goodwin	Nat	to graduate
Towne	Brick	to study twenty-three hours a day to live with his Jane



The Archon

*Published Monthly in the interest of
the Students of Dummer Academy*

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The circulation of THE ARCHON is 1000 copies, each issue.

The readers and subscribers of this paper will be doing it a favor if they will patronize its advertisers and mention the fact that they saw the advertisement in THE ARCHON.

We have now returned again to our school duties, studies and athletics. Among us are new fellows, some new to prep school life, others new to our methods. Old fellows, it is up to you to set the standards of scholarship and character which those who have arrived lately may follow. An appeal is made to everyone, through this column and possibly many others, and the appeal is coming from the faculty, as well as the managers of the various athletic teams, that is, show the right spirit. SPIRIT is the word; whether it be school spirit or the spirit you put into your studies; it all comes from the same channel, that is, energy in the right direction. Put all your heart and life into this spirit, the school needs it and you'll never regret it.

Seniors, you are on the way to that which many of you have looked forward to—graduation. Now is the time to start right, not next June, when you realize that you want to go to college. The machinery is now starting; start with it, and don't drop off for even a single day, for it hurts the school as well as yourself. Well, seniors, let us make it a year of good results, and don't forget you receive in return just what you put into it.

We welcome heartily, as new members of our faculty, Mr. Thomas, who takes up his duties as instructor in our mathematical department, and Miss Enlind, who takes Mrs. Jenkins' place in the Junior School.



ATHLETICS

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

The boys elected to hold the offices of the Athletic Association are as follows:

PresidentArthur Havlin
Vice-PresidentMarston Young
Secretary-Treasurer, Sebastian Small

The managers elect of the athletic teams are:

FootballSebastian Small
TrackFred Tapley
HockeyPaul Hussey
BasketballMarston Young
BaseballWilliam Drake

FOOTBALL

The less said about football the better. Dummer started the season under very trying circumstances. Only four men of last year's team returned and two of these were "subs" last year. There were quite a lot of new men eager to enter the squad, but when sized up they were found lacking in weight and speed.

The very first day out, Drake, the most promising candidate on the squad, had the misfortune to break his collar bone. This seemed to cast a shadow over the whole squad.

The team has hung together and plugged along constantly, but to no avail, as far as victory is concerned, but the boys are hopeful and are gaining physical development daily.

The games played thus far show the following results: September 26, Portsmouth High 20, Dummer 0, at Portsmouth. This was a very enjoyable trip and the first time we have had football relations with P. H. S. and we hope to continue the same.

October 3rd, Marblehead High 32, Dummer 0, at Dummer. The Marblehead team outweighed Dummer and the boys, although working hard, could not stop their line plays.

October 9th, Manning High 53, Dummer 0, at Ipswich. The Ipswich team is a speedy crowd and worked Dummer off their feet.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

A Junior team consisting of the younger element of the school, was formed and coached by Mr. Farrell. Their first game was played Oct. 9, with the Parochial School. They lost, but they were heavily outweighed by their opponents. The game was full of thrills from the start to the finish. The first score came through a beautiful forward pass, which Donovan caught while running and continued for a touchdown. The goal was missed. After a few more minutes of scrimmaging, the same man received the ball on a double pass and circled left end for a touchdown. The last score was made by the right half back, who tore through the line for a touchdown. No goals were kicked and the game ended with the score at 18 to 0. The Junior lineup:—Priest l e., Smith l t., Whitman l g, Baker c, Saunders r g, L. Whitman r t, Mead r e, Cummings q b, Pino l h, Francis r h, and Woodward f b. Woodward and Mead starred for Dummer, while Donovan played a good game for Parochial.

The next few days were spent at practice, and as the first team had disbanded, Williams was taken in and the team became a second team. Beaver was also added to the team before the next game, which took

place the 16th of October, with the same school. Saunders was shifted to the back field from the line and from his good rushing in the game we believe we have a second Brickley in him for he runs on the same scale as that great player. Williams proved his value in this game by making three of the touchdowns and the other one was credited to Woodward on a line plunge. The Newburyport boys' touchdown came towards the end of the game in which their left half circled left end for a touchdown. The field was very soggy and the ball very slippery, but in spite of all this there were very few fumbles. The home team played a much stronger game than before, and the back field was greatly strengthened by the shift in positions.

The next game was with the Jackman School, and two changes were made in the lineup, as the Newburyport fellows were too heavy for the former team. In this manner Lowman and Ferguson were added to the team as left and right ends respectively. On Oct. 21st they met the Jackman school and both teams were about evenly matched as to size and weight. Dummer won the toss and received the kick-off, running the ball back about fifteen yards. For about six minutes the ball see-sawed back and forth with the advantage on neither side. With the ball in Dummer's possession, Williams was given the ball for a line plunge, and he made six yards. On the next play, which was a fake, Williams threw a forward pass to Ferguson which netted fifteen yards. The next play, which was criss-crossed by the ends, resulted in a touchdown, which Lowman made after running fifteen yards. The punt-out was fumbled, so no goal was kicked. Toward the end of the next period on the same fake play and on forward pass, Ferguson ran forty-five yards for a touchdown. The goal was kicked.

At the beginning of the second half the Jackman team started off with a rush. Their long gains came through the left side of the line and left guard especially. Their long runs resulted in two touchdowns from which no goals were kicked, so the score at the end of the game was a tie, 12 to 12. Saunders and Woodward of the home team, made some fine tackles, and when called upon to carry the ball they usually brought forth good gains. Williams was especially fast in this game, making some long runs and several good tackles beside. Cummings, at quarterback, played well, and the tackles, Beaver and Suarez, also played a good game. For Jackman the full-back and Donovan, a half-back, starred.

The following game was played with Ipswich freshmen on Oct. 29, and was perhaps the fastest game of all. The game opened with Ipswich receiving the ball, and after a few plays they lost it on downs. In the first quarter neither side had much advantage. In the second period the home team showed their speed, and after several good line plunges by Saunders and Woodward the ball rested on Ipswich's 30-yard line, from whence Williams, on a triple pass, went around right end for a touchdown. Woodward kicked a pretty goal. The next touchdown was made after some good line plunges by Saunders, Woodward and Williams, which made it possible for Beaver on a cross tackle play, to go over for a touchdown. The goal was missed. The next half started with Ipswich strengthened by two veteran players from the first team. This had little effect, however, for they were unable to get past our 30-yard line, let alone the fact of scoring. Woodward made some fine tackles, preventing touchdowns on several occasions. Williams and Saunders played a fine game, both on the defensive and offensive.

Lowman and Ferguson put up a hard game at end. Whitman and the two tackles, Beaver and Suarez, played a good game on the defensive and made large holes for the backs to plunge through on the offensive. The stars for Ipswich were Martell, their plucky little quarterback, and Eweng at right half, played a good game. In fact both teams played a hard and fast game. The team has several games to play, and we believe that we shall win a majority of them.

The lineup for the Ipswich game was as follows:

DUMMER	IPSWICH
Lowman, le,re,	Sawhursh
Beaver, lt,rt,	Campbell
Whitman, lg,rg,	Silverman
Francis, c.c,	D. Wells
Varney, rg,lg,	Peterson
Suarez, rt,lt,	Reiley
Ferguson, re,le,	G. Gordon
Cummins, qb.qb,	Martell
	(C. Martell)
Saunders, lhb,rhb,	Eweng
Williams, rhb,lhb,	Chisholm
Woodward, fb,fb,	Perkins
	(S. Perkins)

Score: Dummer 13, Ipswich Freshmen 0. Touchdowns, Williams, Beaver. Goals from touchdown, Woodward. Umpire ————. Referee, Havlin. Linesman, Rowe. Time, 2 8 min. and 2 10 min. periods.

So far the team has had a very successful season, and much credit is due Mr. Farrell for his fine coaching and management, and to the team for its good playing and spirit.

TRACK

Soon after school opened in September, the first call for track candidates was issued by Coach Goodwin. The following men answered

his call: Downing, Kramer, Young, Skeele, Flanders, Chen, Yu, Spencer, and Tapley. This is a comparatively small number, but after the football season is over many more are expected out.

Kramer, the only veteran, is back in form and stepping the century run in quick time. There is a lot of good material here, and by the excellent coaching of "Nat" and the help of all the boys, Dummer should be represented by a good track team this year.

Already, meets are pending with other schools and much interest is sure to be displayed in this sport.

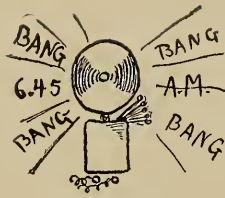
A FEW DON'TS

"Don't" forget, fellows, that athletics cannot be successfully carried on without the aid of every fellow in school, including the day pupils.

"Don't" *you* be the last one to answer the call for basketball, hockey, track, or baseball candidates. Why not be the first? And if you are a cripple in any manner, shape or form, come out and make yourself of *some* value, which I am sure you can do.

"Don't" hang behind the rest of the contestants and criticise their playing, or knock the team as a whole. But just come out yourself and do better,—if you can. If each boy saw that he, himself, took part in some branch of the school's athletics, I'm sure that no other school could hold us from fighting to victory.

"Don't" you forget that an athlete is not an athlete unless he attends strictly and honestly to the training rules, and throws aside all interests and activities that might dissipate his strength. To be an athlete one must be sound in mind and body.



HOME LIFE.

Never has the old school looked more attractive than it has this fall. For the one hundred and fifty-second time, it has opened its doors in welcome to the students, both old and new. A few of the familiar faces are missing, and we learn that they are forming new associations in various New England colleges. During Colonial times, Dummer contributed to the entering class at Harvard, a larger number of men than any other school. It was also true, that every professor on the Harvard faculty was, at that time, a graduate of Dummer.

The new fellows have already shown themselves worthy to keep up the traditions and standards established by those who have gone before.

As we are now in the midst of our first set of examinations, it is rather early to predict what the scholarship record is going to be. We have reason to hope that it will be good. Work and interest are not lacking.

Weather conditions have been very favorable for out-door life. We regret that our football team has not been more successful. The squad is small and the individual players inexperienced. No coach can produce a winning team under these conditions. The second team has done remarkably well and gives us hope for the future.

Some of the fellows have guns and many delightful afternoons are spent roaming over the marshes and hills.

The track squad, in abbreviated white costumes, is often seen jogging along the road or coursing across country. Tennis has been in favor and basketball practice will soon begin.

We have had one excellent concert in the Commons room. Last year a course of entertainments was given under the direction of the Athletic Association. These were so well received that plans are being made to conduct a like course this season, which we believe will be even more successful.

Dummer's size, location, and traditions all tend to make the home life of the school of great importance. Its success depends upon the efforts of the individual members of the school family. There are fifty-eight fellows in the school. Know them all. During a recent visit to Yale, a prominent senior told me that he knew every member of his class of several hundred men. To make good friends be a good friend. Nothing will contribute more generously toward your happiness and usefulness.

W. H. B.

The social side of our school life was started for this year by Mrs. Ingham, who gave a very pleasant little party for her daughter, Miss Katherine Ingham. First we played several games, among which was a contest to see who could remember the greatest number of articles from a

group on the dining-room table. After a glance at the table, we had to write out all the things we could remember. Flanders was the winner, and carried away the prize, a box, with something in it that rattled, whether candy or horse chestnuts, we never knew. After this, ice cream and cake were served. To top off with, we sang a while around the piano, and then our enjoyable evening was over.

On September the 26th the Fesmar Sextette, of Newburyport, gave a very good concert in the Commons room under the direction of Mr. Frederick E. Baur. Quite a large number of people was present, many coming from Newburyport and the more immediate neighborhood. Mr. Towle's rendering of "The Morning's Mail" was particularly good, and was highly applauded. The whole concert was fine, and was much appreciated by all those present.

At last the "movies" have reached out into the country, and we are entertained at Dummer by lantern slides that move at times in a very erratic manner. August Mead has acquired a magic lantern and a number of slides. In his room in Pierce cottage he has given a few stereopticon lectures, to which he has charged an admission of one cent. Professor "Buddy" Priest gives the lectures on the pictures. We are shown views of things in the different foreign countries, of wild beasts of the jungle, of scenes in the days of chivalry, and of many other interesting things. The real feature, however, is Professor Priest's lecture. Every picture, as it comes on the screen, is explained by some naive statement of personal experience, delivered in the most solemn and business-like manner. "Buddy" undoubtedly earns his share in the profits, and the audience feels fully repaid for its outlay in hard cash.

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We all feel that Mr. Thomas has arrived in the nick of time to fill the place at the piano, left vacant by Spud Marr. Without him we would be indeed a dead community as far as music is concerned.

A few weeks ago the Commons crowd organized a chorus, and it was the custom to serenade Jim Sleeper as he passed the building on his motorcycle after ten o'clock. The chorus held together for two nights, but on the second one, the refrain of "Hi, Jim!" disturbed the comfort of our vigilant keeper and we were disbanded summarily.

Considering the state of feeling over the war in Europe, it is perhaps, just as well that French and German did not return to school this year.

Towne is developing speed in his attendance on the tables which should make him an available candidate for the basketball team. His favorite remark as he grabs away your food before you have eaten more than half of it,—“Say, are you through with this combination?”—has become quite a classic.

Spencer (in French III): “Vous boirez une tasse de lait—You drink a taste of milk.”

Mr. Degen (in English IV): “What does Burke refer to when he speaks of the return of the grand penal bill?”

Small: “Why,—they had a bill hanging on parliament.”

Tapley (at almost every meal): “Give us that Whittier joke, Itchy.” Taps has a keen appreciation for real wit.

Student: “Why are you going home, Mr. Ramsden?”

Mr. Ramsden: “Oh, to get some real food.”

(She must be one of the kind that “look good enough to eat.”)

Towne: “I brought in your coat because it looked like rain.”

Small: “It must have been a funny looking coat.”

Maccabe (in Geometry): “Say, Mr. Thomas, how do you make a left angle?”

Dr. Ingham: “You are murdering Cicero all right, Ferguson.”

Class: “It’s too bad he wasn’t murdered before he delivered his orations.”

Skæele: “What’s all this blasting for?”

Tapley: “Oh, they’re blasting out Bartlett for appendicitis.”

Mac: “Gee, I wish I was a prize fighter.”

Mr. Thomas: “Why?”

Mac: “I’d look for the ‘man higher up’ in the eats department.”

Williams (in study hall): “Can I do my lesson?”

Mr. Degen: “Well, that’s what you are here for.”

Williams (after about ten minutes): “Never mind, I’ve found it.”

(This remark lacks clearness, unity, force and coherence. But Williams doesn’t mind a little thing like that.)

Dignified Senior: “What are you writing the word ‘water’ for, ‘by’?”

“By”: “Mother wants to know what we have for meals, and I was sure of that.”

Mac: "Did you hear about the Boston subway?"

Flanders: "No, what's happened to it?"

Mac: "It's in the hole."

Mr. Degen (in English IV): "What is the House of Brunswick?"

Holden: "I don't know."

Mr. Degen: "It is the family to which the Four Georges belonged."

Holden: "Well, how should I know? I've never met them."

It is rumored that the Sunday evening services are to be enriched with sacred selections by the Haverhill quartette: Gardella, 1st tenor; Bartlett, 2nd tenor; Tapley, baritone; Howard, bass.

Hale: "The line is perpendicular to the plane MN."

Mr. Lacroix: "Why is it, Hale?"

Hale: "Because—"

Havlin: "Oh, that's a woman's reason."

Mac: "Rudolph must be a regular guy. He wears a watch chain."

Mr. Thomas occupied an expensive seat in the bald-headed row at the Mead Movies the other night. A shade of disappointment crossed his face when the announcement was made that the films had been carefully censored. But he was game, and didn't demand his money back.

Mr. Degen: "Correct this sentence, Rowe: 'Have either of the boats returned?'"

Rowe: "Have either of the gunboats returned?"

Ferguson: "Young wears the same size shoe as I do, only his are smaller."

Small: "It's all over the dormitory!"

Dodge: "What's that?"

Small: "Oh, the roof."

Tapley: "What kind of pie is that, Mr. Ramsden?"

Mr. Ramsden: "That's one of Towne's squashed pies."

Mr. Degen (reading): ". . . . offer peace with honor and safety."

Small: "Did you say safety first?"

Flanders (to Gardella): "If a man was leaning on the window sill and the window came down, how long would it take him to walk from Boston to Chelsea if it was raining?"

Gardella: "Now, let me think. I know there's some joke about that."

Ferguson: "Say, fellows, I received a letter from a girl on the 15th, and she wrote it on the 17th."

(Well, Cracker, you certainly come from a fast town.)

Small: "I guess I'll go out for track work."

Tapley: "What part, — the dashes?"

Small: "No, greasing the rails."

P. H.

Spelling socials are now held on Wednesday afternoons, from two to six, and are well attended. They are much more improving than the movies, and besides, you save car fare.

Flanders is now starring as 'cellist with the Fesmar Sextette. It is worth the price of admission to see him in his new dress suit, but we understand that it is mortgaged.

Good boys and those who shine in the class room will get two days off at Thanksgiving; others only one. Francis expects to get a week, on his spelling record alone. Hussey, Ferguson and Holden also expect to get a week—in jail, for shooting without a license.



The last year's graduates have entered college as follows:—Coulter has entered Williams; Chandler, Worcester Polytechnic; De Rosay, Harvard; James Howe, Washington and Lee; John Yesair, Amherst Agricultural; Anthony Poto, Trinity; Hammond and Spaulding, Dartmouth. Cutter has a position with the Southern New Hampshire Electrical Railway Company. Coleman is with Lamson and Hubbard, 92 Bedford St., Boston. It is worthy of note that those entering college this year do so without conditions, and that George Chandler is a scholar under the Wheelwright Fund. De-Rosay was preparing for Amherst Agricultural, and while he did not decide to go to Harvard until his senior year he entered successfully under the new plan.

George B. German, a student at Dummer last year, is in Colorado for his health.

Richard Bushnell is taking the last two years of his course at Andover.

Phil Kimball, a student here two years ago, is studying ophthalmology in Chicago. He expects to graduate in February and practice in Newburyport after that.

Former master Perley L. Horne, after ten years successful work as president of the Kamehameha School in Honolulu, has returned to the States. He is recuperating on a ranch in the state of Washington.

Sing Sung Quon, '08, has returned from China and entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Nat Ambrose, a graduate, Dummer '07, was married at Yonkers on October 15th to Miss Marie Gallop of Oneida, N. Y. After a honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose will settle in Buffalo, where Nat is connected with the business of Ginn and Company.

Eric Ambrose, Dummer '10, is with the Thurston Lumber Company in Maine.

Percy Marr, Dummer '15, has entered the Boston School of Design.

"Doc" Worcester '13, is a student at the Essex Agricultural School at Danvers, Mass.

Harold L. Bailey, '04, is State Entomologist in the Vermont Department of Agriculture. While at Dummer he was editor of the "Dummer News", a journal which has passed out of existence.

Paul M. Swift, '11, has just entered upon his Senior year at Trinity College.

Saturday evening, the 24th of October, an old student, Dave Caldwell, gave us an interesting talk on some of his experiences as a runner, besides showing us his gorgeous trophies. Mr. Caldwell was on the United States Olympic team of 1912, and graduated from Cornell last spring. He also ran one year for the B. A. A. He told us of some of his experiences in Europe and gave us the histories of his various cups. His collection is a wonderful one and one to be proud of.

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