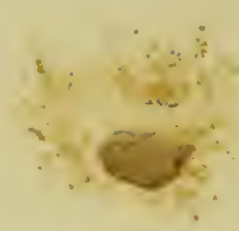


THE
NEWTONIAN

·1917·



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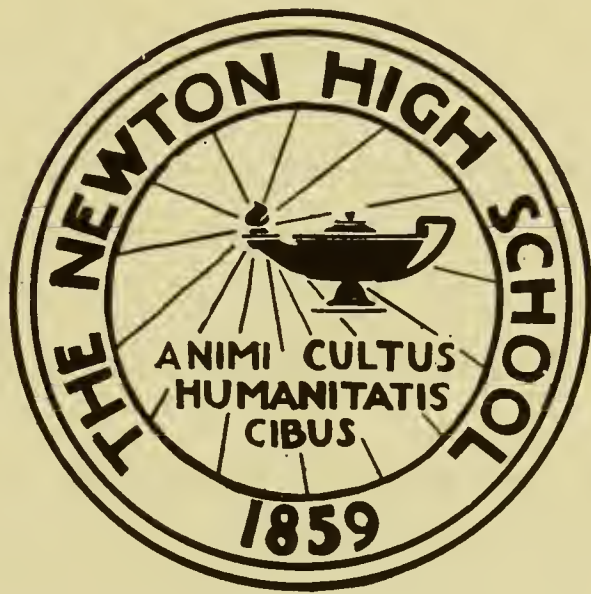


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THE NEWTONIAN



NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

Au Revoir

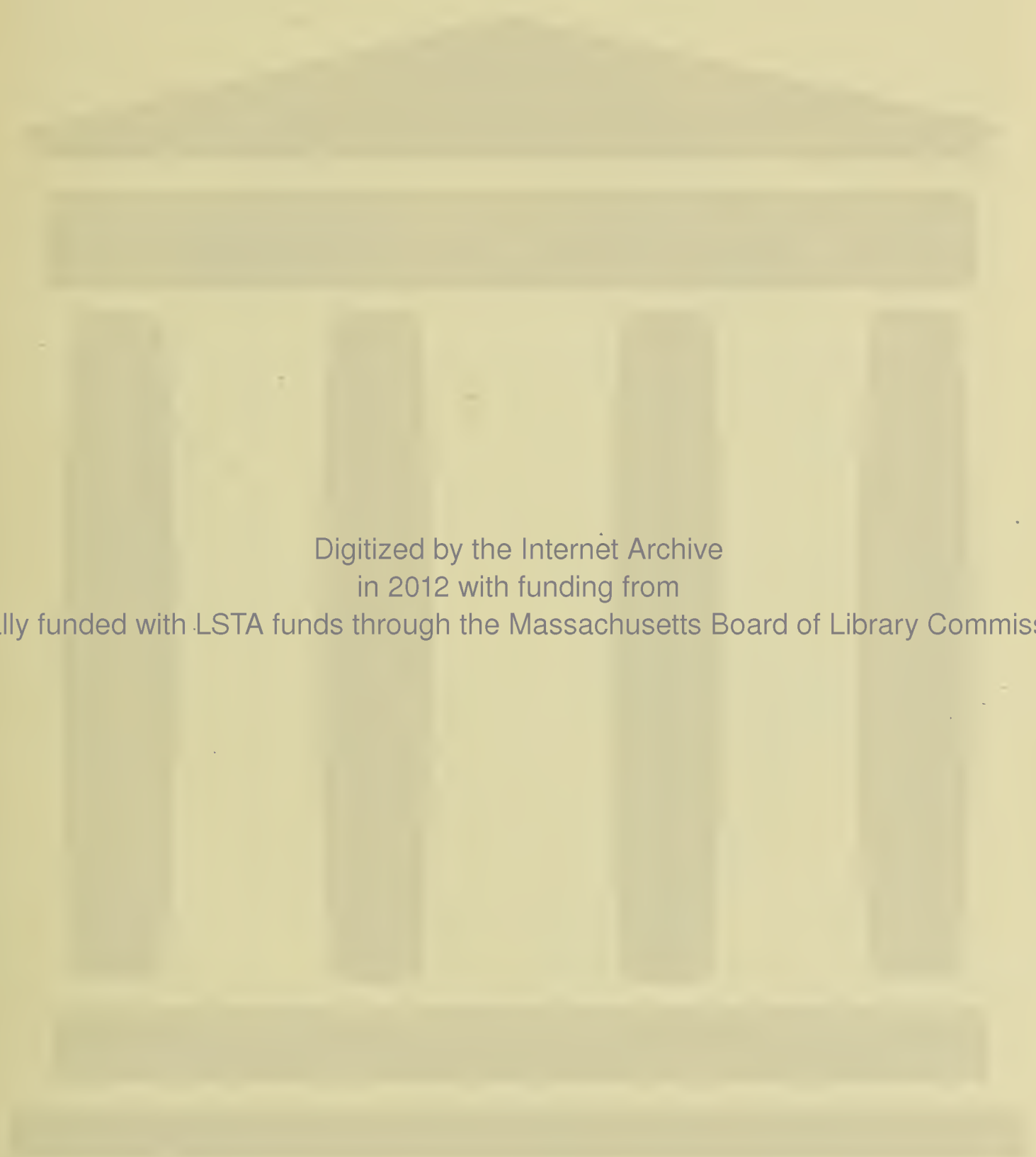
*There can be no farewell for us, dear friend,—
Since you are with us ever, in our hearts;
Your faith will keep us faithful for all time,
'Tis "Au revoir" we say, as our road parts.*

*As ready as were you in every need,—
We hold ourselves in waiting for your call;
You will not send the message forth in vain,
Newtonia, we will come, each one and all.*

*The dearest ties of Love have bound us fast,—
We cannot lose your gift of service true;
There will be no forgetting through the years;
The melody is yours, in our life's song.*

*There can be no farewell for us, dear friend,—
Our Alma Mater, and our guide so true;
'Tis "Au revoir," but not good-bye, we say,
Until we come again, "Mater," to you.*

LESLIE C. PERKINS.



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To

Ruth C. Wise

In grateful appreciation of the countless questions
answered every day,

the many favors gladly rendered,

and the never-failing courtesy and cheerful manner
with which she greets each inquirer,

we,

the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen,

dedicate the eighth volume of the

“Newtonian.”

GEO. E. CROSBY CO.
Printers
394 Atlantic Ave., Boston

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Foreword

THIS is the eighth volume of the *Newtonian*.

The Editors wish to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has helped in the publication of this book.

We have endeavored to make a few changes for the better in this volume. Also we have introduced one or two new features which we hope will meet with the approval of our readers. Whether or not they will, remains to be seen.

Our country is now at war. Perhaps some of the familiar faces within this book will never be seen again. However, let us hope for the best, and rest in assurance that, whatever may come, the sons of Newton High School will do their part in upholding the honor of the nation.

Newtonian Staff

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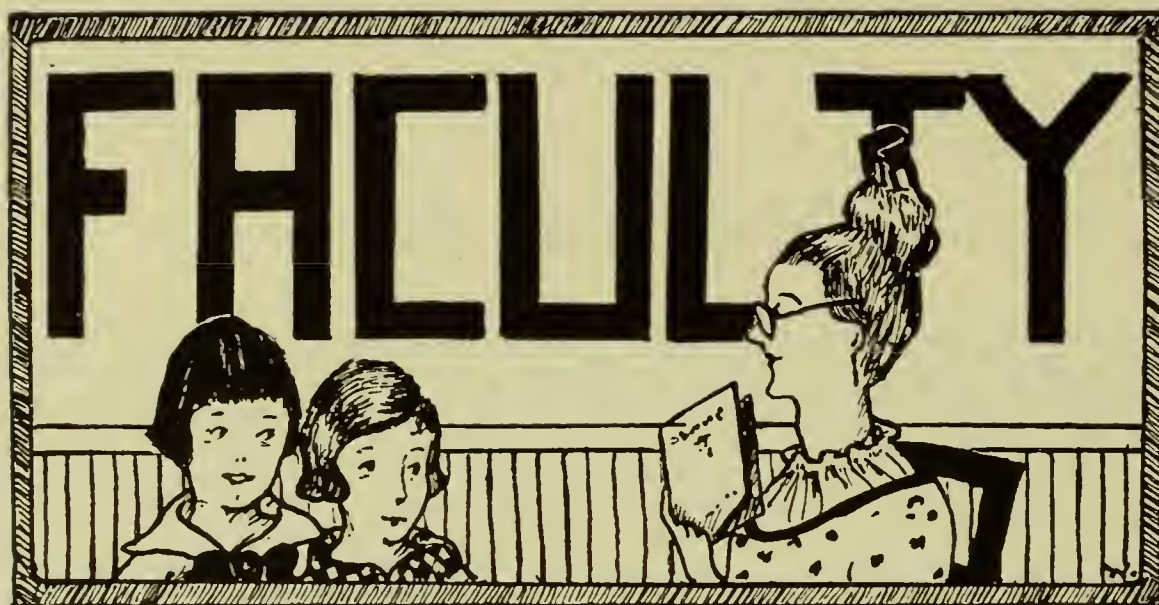
JAMES KILTON, *Special Photos*

Special Features

ELIZABETH CARTER, *Follies*

JEAN OLMSTEAD, *Organizations*

CHARLES SWAIN THOMAS, *Faculty Advisor*



ENOCH C. ADAMS, HEADMASTER
22 Lenox St., West Newton

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THE 1917 NEWTONIAN

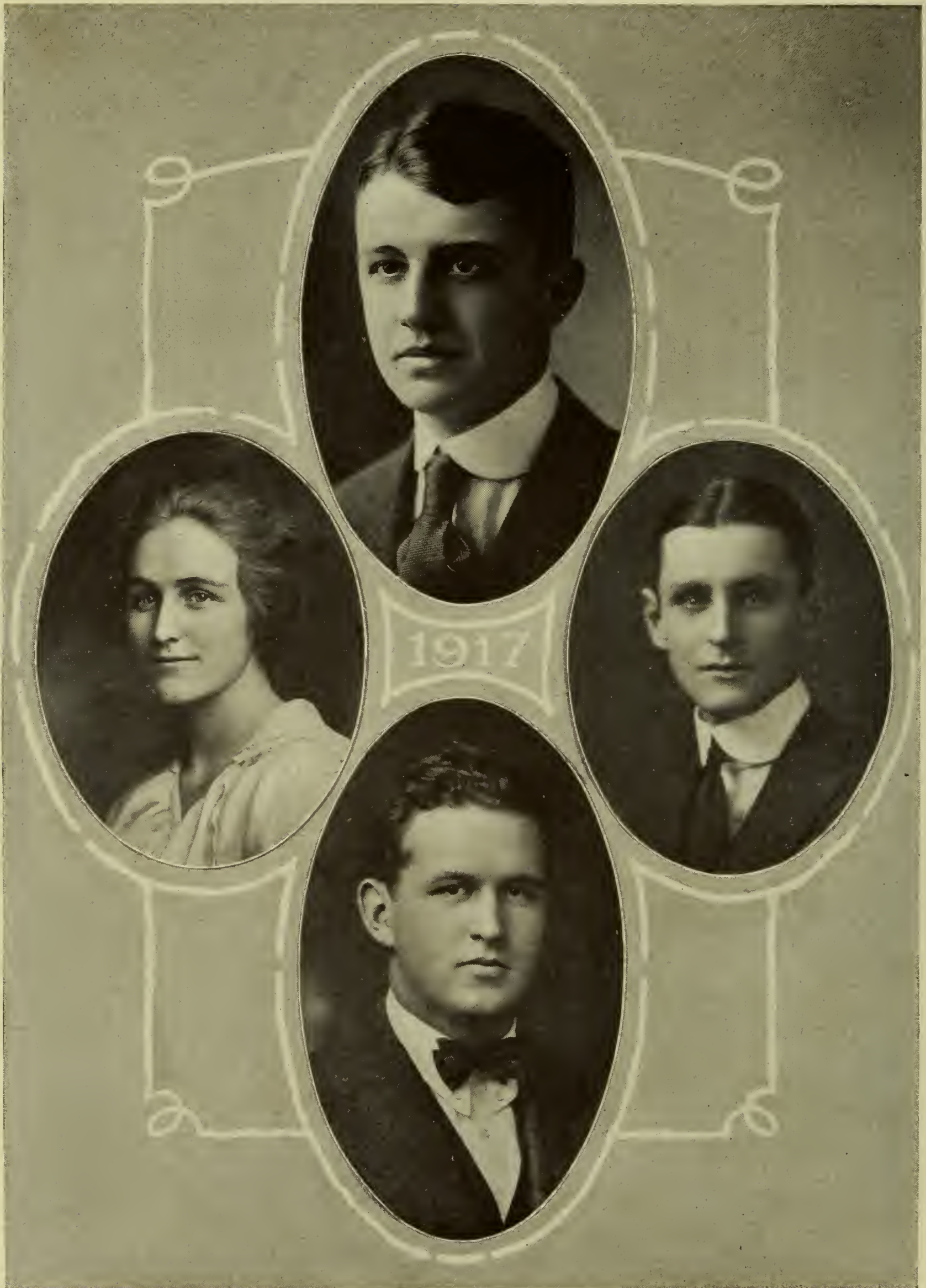
BERTHA HACKETT	74 Highland Ave., Newtonville	Librarian
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MINERVA E. LELAND	2073 Washington St., Newton Lower Falls	Mathematics
OSCAR MARTIN	128 Charlesbank Road, Newton	Physical Training
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WALLACE E. RICHMOND	77 Otis St., Newtonville	Head of Science Department
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JOSEPH SCHWEY	Portland, Me.	Mathematics

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

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ADELE WALDEMEYER	114 Alder St., Waltham	<i>French, German</i>
IDA M. WALLACE	141 Crafts St., Newtonville	<i>Latin</i>
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EDITH A. WIGHT	74 School St., Waltham	<i>Laboratory Assistant</i>
KATHERINE WILDER	15 Clafin Place, Newtonville	<i>Science</i>
RUTH C. WISE	62 Prince St., West Newton	<i>Secretary</i>



SENIORS



CLASS OFFICERS

MARY WEST, Secretary

JOHN STARKWEATHER, President

PAUL NASH, Vice-President

GERALD HENDERSON, Treasurer



CLASS DAY OFFICERS

WINIFRED DODGE, Valetorian
ELIZABETH CARTER, Historian

RUSSELL SIMPSON, Orator
LEVERETT WOODWORTH, Statistician

CLASS OF 1917



CAROLINE MARY ADAMS

19 Fairfax St., West Newton

"LET THY WORDS BE FEW"

Born October 12, 1899

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Pierce School

College Intentions: Wellesley



FREDERICK WILDES ADAMS

19 Fairfax St., West Newton

"THE SPORTS OF CHILDREN SATISFY THE CHILD"

"CUMUL" "FLOWICK"

Born March 3, 1901

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Pierce Grammar School

College Intentions: M.I.T.

Deutsche Verein, 1915-16



CLARK ALVORD

49 Woodcliff Road, Newton Highlands

"HE MAKES SWEET (?) MELODY"

"CLICK"

Born June 15, 1898

Special Course

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Amherst Agricultural



RUTH ALEXANDER

74 Clark St., Newton Center

"FOR IF SHE WILL, SHE WILL, YOU MAY DEPEND

UPON IT"

"RUFUS"

Born April 7, 1899

General Course Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Conservatory of Music

Class Hockey Team, 1913, 1914

Class Basketball Team, 1913, 1914

N.H.S. Basketball Team, 1913, 1914

Class Basketball, 1914, 1915

N.H.S. Basketball, 1914, 1915

Class Basketball, 1915, 1916

Class Hockey, 1916, 1917

N.H.S. Hockey, 1916, 1917

N.H.S. Basketball, 1916, 1917

CLASS OF 1917

JULIA ELIZABETH ALLSTON

255 Mill St., Newtonville

“WHOM NOT EVEN CRITICS CRITICIZE”

Born March 10, 1897

Special College Course Room 14

Entered from Technical High School

College Intentions: Howard University



ELLIOTT BRIDGE ANDERSON

171 Charlesbank Road, Newton

“HER LADY NICOTINE IS HIS ONLY ENEMY”

“ANDY” “ELL” “HEINIE”

Born October 1, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

Debating Club, 1915, 1916



FREDERICK WOLFE ANDERSON

169 Homer St., Newton Center

“HE IS A WATCH THAT WANTS BOTH HANDS”

“FREDDY”

Born October 29, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Bowdoin

German Club, 1916, 1917



ROBERT ARNOLD AUBIN

17 Copley St., Newton

“FORTUNE BEFRIENDS THE BOLD”

“BOB”

Born March 13, 1900

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Student Council, 1915-16, 1916-17



CLASS OF 1917



THEODORE LEARNARD BADGER

Dudley Road, Newton Center

"I CAN WONDER AT NOTHING MORE THAN HOW A
MAN CAN BE A SCHOLAR"

Born November 17, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Mason School
College Intentions: Yale or Williams
Debating Club
Hockey Team, 1916, 1917



RALPH MORTON BILLINGS

39 Eddy St., West Newton

"THEY MOST ASSUME WHO KNOW THE LEAST"
"BILLY"

Born October 18, 1898
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from N.T.H.S.; Horace Mann Grammar
School
Track, 1915, 1916
Track, 1916, 1917
Debating Club, 1915, 1916
Debating Club, 1916, 1917
High School Choir, 1917
High School Orchestra, 1917



WILLIAM FREDERICK BOUCHER

172 Pearl St., Newton

"THAT FELLOW SEEMS TO POSSESS BUT ONE IDEA
AND THAT A WRONG ONE"
"BUSCH"

Born April 24, 1900
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Parochial School, Newton
College Intentions: M.I.T.



WARREN KINGSBURY BRIMBLECOM

25 Braemore Road, Newton

"A GOOD IMITATION IS THE MOST PERFECT ORIG-
INALITY."
"BRIM" "DINTY"

Born June 25, 1899
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School
College Intentions: M.I.T.
Class Basketball, 1914-15, 1915-16
Senior Play
C.D.M.'s Exclusive Society of Algebra Students

CLASS OF 1917

HAROLD FOSTER BROWN

121 Cornell St., Newton Lower Falls

"HE SMILES AND SLEEPS! SLEEP ON!"
"BUSTER"

Born June 18, 1898

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Hamilton School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Debating Club

ELIZABETH COE BUFFUM

1545 Beacon St., Waban

"HAPPY AM I, FROM CARE I'M FREE!
WHY AREN'T THEY ALL CONTENTED LIKE ME?"
"BETTY"

Born December 20, 1898

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Massachusetts Normal Art

Senior Play, 1916

Art Editor of *Review*, 1915, 1916

Class Baby, 1916

ROGER WILLIAMS BUNTIN

60 Temple St., West Newton

"THE MAN THAT BLUSHES IS NOT QUITE A BRUTE"
"BUNT" "BEAR"

Born June 23, 1898

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Pierce Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

N.H.S. Hockey Team, 1915, 1916, 1917

Student Council, 1916, 1917

REGINA GLADYS BURNS

65 Jefferson St., Newton

"LIKE, BUT OH HOW DIFFERENT!"
"BURNEY"

Born December 8, 1899

General Course Room 14

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston School of Physical
Training



CLASS OF 1917



JOHN J. CAHILL

31 Lexington St., West Newton

"HE ALONE HAS ENERGY THAT CANNOT BE
DEPRIVED OF IT"

"JACK"

Born June 8, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Pierce Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard Dental



ELIZABETH HUNNEWELL CARLSON

91 Bishopsgate Road, Newton Center

"ENOUGH WITH OVER MEASURE"

"BETTY"

Born March 4, 1900

General Course Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar School

Student Council, 1915, 1916

Student Council, 1916, 1917

Glee Club, 1915, 1916

School Chorus, 1915-17

School Choir, 1916, 1917



FRANCES CARR

261 Upland Road, Newtonville

"MUCH OF A MUCHNESS"

"FRANK"

Born December 13, 1898

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Hartford High School

College Intentions: Wheaton

English Club, 1917



ELIZABETH CHACE CARTER

104 Highland Ave., Newtonville

"A WOMAN'S WORK, GRAVE SIRS, IS NEVER DONE"

"DIDDY"

Born February 11, 1901

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Clafin Grammar School

College Intentions: Vassar

English Club, 1915-16, 1916-17

Debating Club, 1916, 1917

Student Council, 1915, 1916

President Girls' Council, 1916, 1917

Class Basketball, 1915-16, 1916-17

N.H.S. Basketball, 1915-16, 1916-17

Review Staff

Newtonian Staff

CLASS OF 1917

THALIA CLARK

73 Erie Ave., Newton Highlands

"PRESENT IN BODY, BUT ABSENT IN SPIRIT"
"TATE"

Born July 18, 1898
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Hyde Grammar School
College Intentions: Smith
English Club, three years

HELENE MARJORIE CHELLIS

6 Harvard St., Newtonville

"FICKLE AS A CHANGEFUL DREAM"
"MARJ"

Born November 8, 1899
Classical Course (Changed to General 1916,
1917) Room 14
Entered from Claffin Grammar School
College Intentions: Art School
Class Hockey Team, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16,
1916-17
N.H.S. Hockey Team, 1916, 1917
Sophomore Pin Committee
English Club, 1917
Newtonian Staff

ELIZABETH BREWER CLAPP

49 Temple St., West Newton

"MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS"
"BETTY"

Born January 21, 1900
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Miss Carroll's School
College Intentions: Smith
English Club
Class Basketball Team, 1914, 1915-17
Student Council, 1916
Class Treasurer, 1915

KATHRYN CLAPP

21 Lasell St., Auburndale

"AND WHAT'S HER HISTORY? A BLANK, MY LORD"
"K"

Born September 22, 1897
General Course Room 14
Entered from Newton Technical High School
College Intentions: Art School



CLASS OF 1917



JOHN SUTHERLAND CLAPP

21 Lasell St., Auburndale

"A MUGURIMP IS A PERSON EDUCATED BEYOND
HIS INTELLECT"
"JACK"

Born January 7, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Brookline High School
College Intentions: Harvard
Debating Teams, 1916, 1917
Senior Play Cast



PAUL POND COGGINS

380 Dedham St., Newton Center

"GRAND, GLOOMY AND PECULIAR, HE SAT UPON
THE THRONE A SCEPTERED HERMIT, WRAPPED
IN THE SOLITUDE OF HIS OWN ORIGINALITY"
"COGS" "PROFESSOR"

Born July 28, 1900
Special Course Room 19
Entered from Hyde Grammar School
College Intentions: Harvard
English Club
Co-Editor Senior Play
Class Baseball, 1915
Track Team, 1917
Student Council, N.T.H.S. in 1914, 1915
Business Manager Senior Play, 1917



RICHARD BARTON COLE

20 Somerset Road, West Newton

"HOLD THE FORT, FOR I AM COMING"
"DICK"

Born May 23, 1900
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Pierce Grammar School
College Intentions: Williams
Student Council 1915-16, 1916-17
Treas. English Club, 1916, 1917
Debating Team, 1917
Review Staff, 1917
Newtonian Staff, 1917
English Play, 1917



HAZEL FRANCES CUNNINGHAM

8 Beach St., Newtonville

"ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM"

Born June 14, 1901
General Course Room 14
Entered from Horace Mann School
College Intentions: New England Conservatory
of Music

CLASS OF 1917

DONALD WOODWORTH CURRY
21 Woodward St., Newton Highlands
"INNOCENCE IS ALWAYS UNSUSPICIOUS"
"DON"

Born July 22, 1900
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Hyde Grammar School
College Intentions: M.I.T.
German Club, 1916, 1917

HAROLD BANGS CUTTER
131 Prince St., West Newton

"SECOND THOUGHTS ARE ALWAYS WISER"

Born October 1, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Pierce School
College Intentions: Harvard
Debating Club, 1915, 1916
Senior Play, 1917

LOUISE MAY DELANEY
55 Jackson Road

"LOOKS AS IF SHE HAD WALKED STRAIGHT OUT OF
THE ARK"
"MIGHT"

Born November 30, 1899
General Course Room 14
Entered from Stearns School
College Intentions: Framingham Normal

LEONA DE MONE
152 Webster St., West Newton
"FOR HUMAN NATURE'S DAILY FOOD"

Born September 18, 1898
General Course Room 14
Entered from Pierce School
College Intentions: Perry Kindergarten



CLASS OF 1917



REVENA ETHEL DE MONE

152 Webster St., West Newton

"I WAS NEVER LESS ALONE THAN WHEN BY MYSELF."

Born February 1, 1900
General Course Room 14
Entered from Pierce Grammar School
College Intentions: Mrs. Perry's Normal Kindergarten School



WINIFRED MARIANNE DODGE

26 Orient Ave., Newton Center

"COME, GIVE US A TASTE OF YOUR QUALITY"
"WINNIE"

Born February 27, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: Smith
Student Council, 1915-16, 1916-17
English Club, 1915-16, 1916-17
Vice-President English Club, 1916, 1917
Senior Hockey Team



THOMAS F. DOLAN, JR.

145 Sargent St., Newton

"I HAVE NEITHER HOUSE, NOR LAND, NOR MONEY
TO LEAVE BEHIND ME"

Born May 21, 1898
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Bigelow School
College Intentions: Harvard



HAROLD M. DOHERTY

45 Waban St., Newton

"ONE WITH MORE OF SOUL IN HIS FACE THAN
WORDS ON HIS TONGUE"
"HAL" "DOBBS"

Born September 20, 1899
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Bigelow School
College Intentions: Harvard
Gym Team, 1914
Senior Play, 1917
Debating Club, 1915
Class Treasurer (Tech.), 1913, 1914
Assistant Manager Baseball, 1915

CLASS OF 1917

WILLIAM ELMER DREW

324 Central St., Auburndale

"LORD, LORD, HOW THIS LAD IS GIVEN TO LYING"
"BILL"

Born July 19, 1899

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: Norwich University

Debating Club, 1914, 1915

Fencing Team, 1914, 1915

Captain Fencing Team, 1916

Class Football, 1916

Debating Club, 1916



WILLIAM HENRY DUVALL

37 Champa Ave., Newton Upper Falls

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS, FOR THEY
SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD"
"BILL"

Born September 29, 1899

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from R. W. Emerson School

College Intentions: Boston University

Track, 1916

Track, 1917

Captain Senior Track, 1917

C.D.M.'s Exclusive Society of Algebra Students



ELEANOR EDWARDS

31 Grant Ave., Newton Center

"LAUGH AND BE FAT"

"ED"

Born December 5, 1898

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Wellesley

Class Basketball Team, 1912, 1913

Class Hockey Team, 1912-1916

Class Baseball Team, 1914

School Hockey Team, 1914-1916

Student Council, 1916, 1917



RALPH BURTON EMERY

168 Warren St., Newton Center

"SPEAK AFTER THE MANNER OF MEN"

Born September 13, 1899

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Debating Club, 1914, 1915

Sec.-Treas. Debating Club, 1915-1916

President Debating Club, 1916-1917

Debating Team, 1916, 1917

English Club, 1916-1917

Review Staff, 1916-1917

Manager *Newtonian*, 1917



CLASS OF 1917



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY FAWCETT
30 Hyde Ave., Newton

"ON THE STAGE HE WAS NATURAL, SIMPLE, UN-
AFFECTING,

'T WAS ONLY THAT WHEN HE WAS OFF HE WAS
ACTING"

"BILL"

Born December 19, 1898

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Class Football, 1912

Manager *Newtonian*, 1916

Manager *Review*, 1917

Senior Play, 1916

Senior Play, 1917

Debating Club

President English Club, 1917

President Student Council, 1917

Senior Picture Committee, 1917



JOSEPH FEOLA

50 Charlesbank Road, Newton

"THOSE LAUGHING ORBS THAT BORROW FROM
AZURE SKIES THE LIGHT THEY WEAR"

"DUKE"

Born August 17, 1899

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: M.I.T.

Baseball, 1913

Football, 1914



NORMAN E. FERGUSON

40 Pelham St., Newton Center

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY SHALL IN-
HERIT THE EARTH"

"ICHABOD" "FERGY"

Born November 12, 1898

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: M.I.T.



CAROLINE WARREN FISHER

260 Franklin St., Newton

"UNTHINKING, IDLE, WILD AND YOUNG,
I LAUGH'D AND DANC'D AND TALK'D AND SUNG"

"KIDDLE"

Born January 1, 1901

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Smith

Class Basketball, 1914, 1915-17

Class Hockey, 1914-17

School Hockey, 1915-17

Captain N.H.S. Hockey, 1917

School Basketball, 1917

CLASS OF 1917

LAWRENCE BRECK FISHER

20 Bacon Place, Newton Upper Falls

"THE RABBIT FONDLES HIS OWN HARMLESS FACE"

Born October 5, 1899

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Emerson School

College Intentions: M.I.T.

German Club, 1917



HAROLD MILTON FLINN

103 Newtonville Ave., Newton

"I AM ALL THAT I HAVE SEEN"

"SHRIMP"

Born October 19, 1901

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Debating Club, 1915-16, 1916-17

English Club, 1916-17

German Club, 1916-17



HELEN LOUISE FRANCIS

55 Bridges Ave., Newtonville

"LIKE A PALE MARTYR IN HER SHIRT OF FIRE"

"FRANKIE"

Born March 12, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Clafin Grammar School

Girls' Baseball Team



MARGARET SYLVESTER GOULD

1206 Boylston St., Newton Upper Falls

"AS MERRY AS THE DAY IS LONG"

"MICKET"

Born June 14, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Ralph Waldo Emerson School

College Intentions: Smith

English Club 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16

Class Volleyball



CLASS OF 1917



KATHARINE ELISABETH GRUENER

133 Park St., Newton

"HERE'S TO A GIRL WHO'S GOOD,
NOT TOO GOOD, FOR THE GOOD DIE YOUNG;
AND GOODNESS KNOWS WE HATE A DEAD ONE!"
"KAA"

Born June 16, 1898

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Worthington Hooker School, New Haven, Conn.

College Intentions: Vassar

English Club, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917

N.H.S. Hockey, 1917

Class Hockey, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917

Class Basketball, 1914, 1915

Picture Committee

Newtonian Staff



NORITZA GULIAN

17 Braemore Road, Newton

"HERE'S TO HER HAIR THAT MAKES HER LOOK
A QUEEN UPON A THRONE,
OF ROYAL BIRTH, AND STERLING WORTH;
I HOPE IT IS HER OWN."
"NORA" "RITZ"

Born September 15, 1898

General Course Room 14

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

Class Basketball Team, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917

School Basketball Team, 1915, 1916, 1917



RUTH GUPPY

206 Waban Ave., Waban

"FAULTILY FAULTLESS, ICILY REGULAR"

Born June 11, 1899

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke

English Club, 1912-17

Class Volleyball, 1915, 1916

Class Basketball, 1916

Debating Team, 1917



CHARLES B. GUTHRIE

129 Brackett Road, Newton

"NO SENSIBLE PERSON EVER MADE AN APOLOGY"
"GUT"

Born March 5, 1899

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Bryant & Stratton Business School.

CLASS OF 1917

DOROTHY HALLETT

156 Highland St., West Newton

"I SPEAK IN A MONSTROUS LITTLE VOICE"
"DOT"

Born October 14, 1900
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Claffin Grammar School
College Intentions: Vassar
English Club, 1915-16, 1916-17
Girls' Debating Club, 1916, 1917
Debating Team, 1917

ALBERT JOSEPH HANLEY

79 Jewett St., Newton

"A MIND QUITE VACANT IS A MIND DISTRESSED"
"AL"

Born October 22, 1899
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Bigelow School
College Intentions: M.I.T.

ORA LA PLACE HARDING

11 Parsons St., West Newton

"I NEVER KNEW SO YOUNG A BODY WITH SO OLD
A HEAD"

Born October 16, 1896
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from West Haven High School
College Intentions: Radcliffe

MARY ELIZABETH HARRINGTON

37 Elm St., West Newton

"AN UNEXTINGUISHED LAUGHTER SHAKES THE
SKIES"
"DOFLI"

Born August 18, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Pierce School
College Intentions: Wellesley
English Club, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917
Review Staff, 1915, 1916
Senior Play, 1917
Newtonian, 1916, 1917



CLASS OF 1917



LOUISE ROBINSON HEATH
52 Ashton Ave., Newton Center

"FOR GOOD OR ILL SHE IS TODAY WHAT SHE WAS
YESTERDAY AND WILL REMAIN TOMORROW"

Born June 8, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Wakefield High School
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke
English Club
Debating Club



GERALD HENDERSON
Wayland, Mass.

"THE BIGGEST RASCAL THAT WALKS UPON TWO
LEGS"

"BABE"

Born November 27, 1899
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Middlesex School
College Intentions: Harvard
N.H.S. Football, 1916
Manager Track, 1917



RALPH ERNEST HENDERSON
31 Tarleton Road, Newton Center

"GO TO THE ANT, THOU SLUGGARD, CONSIDER HER
WAYS, AND BE WISE"

"HENDY"

Born June 4, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: Amherst
English Club



JOHN EDWARD HENDRICK
330 Newtonville Ave., Newtonville

"HUMILITY IS THE SOLID FOUNDATION OF ALL
THE VIRTUES"

Born August 19, 1900
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Claffin Grammar School
College Intentions: Boston College
Class Baseball, 1915
Class Football, 1915

CLASS OF 1917

ANNA MacKENZIE HENRY

85 Homer St., Newton Center

"NAUGHT VENTURE, NAUGHT HAVE"

Born January 25, 1898

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke

English Club, 1914



CAROLYN EDITH HOAR

102 Webster Park, West Newton

"SMALL PITCHERS HAVE WIDE EARS"

"CARRIE"

Born August 18, 1899

3 years' Classical Course and 1 year General
Course Room 23

Entered from Pierce Grammar School

College Intentions: Framingham Normal School

Glee Club, 1915, 1916



PHILLIP BRADFORD HOLMES

21 Rockledge Road, Newton Highlands

"HE HAS A FACE LIKE A BENEDICTION"

"PHILL"

Born May 31, 1898

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Hyde School

College Intentions: M.I.T.

Debating Club, 1915-1916

School Choir, 1916-1917

C.D.M.'s Exclusive Society of Algebra Students



KATHERINE HOVEY

58 Plainfield St., Waban, Mass.

"A CHASTE AND UNEXPRESSIVE SHE"

"KAY"

Born October 3, 1899

General Course Room 14

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Simmons



CLASS OF 1917



MARJORY HOWLAND
222 Prince St., West Newton
"HURRY IS THE RESOURCE OF THE FAITHLESS"
"PEGGY" "MARDY"

Born December 13, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Brooks Grammar School, West
Medford
College Intentions: Vassar
Girls' Tennis Team, 1916, 1917
Class Volleyball, 1914-17
Senior Play Cast, 1916
English Club
Debating Club
Chorus
Student Council, 1916



RALPH THEODORE HUNTLEY
1136 Center St., Newton Center
"TRY ALL YOUR LIGHTNINGS HERE, AND SEE
WHETHER I CANNOT QUENCH THEM"
"PIDGE" "PIGEON"

Born December 6, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Mason School
College Intentions: Harvard
English Club, 1916, 1917
Debating Club, 1915, 1916
German Club, 1916, 1917



WILLIAM HURLEY
24 Hurley Place, Newton Center
"I CARRY ALWAYS SOME ILL NATURE ABOUT ME"
"FUZZ"

Born December 14, 1898
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: Wentworth Institute



ROBERT MONAGHAN IRWIN
43 Highland Ave., Newtonville
"IT IS NOT DONE WELL, BUT WE WONDER TO SEE
IT DONE AT ALL"
"BOB"

Born March 13, 1899
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Pierce School
College Intentions: Bryant & Stratton
Manager Baseball, 1917

CLASS OF 1917

WILLIAM HENRY IRWIN
43 Highland Ave., Newtonville

"ENJOYMENT STOPS WHERE INDOLENCE BEGINS"
"BILL"

Born April 28, 1901
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Pierce Grammar School
College Intentions: M.I.T.
English Club, 1916, 1917
Editor-in-Chief *Review*, 1916, 1917

DAMON EVERETT JONES
84 Valentine St., West Newton

"THE EMPTY VESSEL MAKES THE GREATEST
SOUND"

"DAME" "CHAUNCY" "DAMY"

Born December 1, 1899
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Pierce School
College Intentions: Williams
English Club, 1917
Class Basketball, 1916
Debating Club, 1916
Chorus, 1917
Student Council, 1916, 1917

MABEL MILDRED JONES
53 Cottage St., Newton Upper Falls

"PERPETUAL MOTION"
"MAY" "MAZY" "JONESY"

Born March 23, 1899
General Course Room 14
Entered from Ralph Waldo Emerson School
College Intentions: Normal School
The Teaser's Club
Wednesday Morning Chorus

HELOISE KATHERINE KENNEDY

58 Central St., Auburndale

"OBSERVE MODERATION!"

Born May 7, 1899
General Course Room 14
Entered from Burr School
College Intentions: Cathedral Seminary,
Orlando, Florida
Freshman, Sophomore and Senior Class Basket-
ball Teams
School Basketball Team, 1916
Manager School Basketball Team, 1917



CLASS OF 1917



JAMES ADAMS KILTON, JR.
21 Lasell St., Auburndale

"NO MONUMENT CAN PRESERVE MY MEMORY"
"JIM" "JIMMY" "H.M.S." "SPARKS"

Born December 30, 1897
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Brookline High School
College Intentions: M.I.T.
Track Team
Debating Club
Senior Play



FLORENCE JOSEPHINE KINCARE
9 Florence St., Newton Center

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS"

Born July 25, 1900
General Course Room 14
Entered from Mason Grammar School
English Club



RICHARD BROOKS LAKEMAN
43 Evergreen Ave., Auburndale

"HE STANDS IN PITYING ADMIRATION"

Born June 13, 1898
Scientific Course Room 24
Entered from Newton Technical High School
College Intentions: Dartmouth
N.T.H.S. Dynamo Staff



MARGARET LANE
55 Windsor Road, Waban

"BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE"
"PEG" "KELLY"

Born August 9, 1899
General Course Room 14
Entered from Roger Wolcott School
College Intentions: Knox School, New York

CLASS OF 1917

MYRTLE CHARLESWORTH LINDSAY

1 Channing St., Newton
"PUSH ON—KEEP MOVING"
"MYRT"

Born April 26, 1898
General Course Room 14
Entered from Battin High School, Elizabeth, N.J.
College Intentions: Normal Arts

ROBERT MARSTON LINGHAM

309 Lake Ave., Newton Highlands
"THE SIMPLE HEART THAT FREELY ASKS, OBTAINS"
"BOB"

Born August 27, 1900
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Hyde Grammar School
College Intentions: Brown
Senior Basketball Team

DORIS TOWLE LOVELL

257 Otis St., West Newton
"FAIR, FAT, AND FORTY"

Born February 9, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Miss Carroll's School
College Intentions: Smith
English Club
Senior Play
Student Council

BEATRICE MARION LOWELL

17 Cushing St., Newton Highlands
"THICK AS AUTUMNAL LEAVES OR DRIVING SAND"
"BE"

Born March 25, 1898
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Hyde School
College Intentions: Chevy Chase
Class Volleyball, 1912, 1913



Now
Mrs. John
Campbell

CLASS OF 1917



ROBERT ELIOT LUTZ

91 Park St., Newton

"EMBARK IN NO ENTERPRISE WHICH YOU CANNOT
SUBMIT TO THE TEST OF PRAYER"

"BOB"

Born March 24, 1900
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School
College Intentions: Harvard
Captain of Senior Basketball Team, 1917
Debating Club
Track Team, 1917
Senior Relay Team, 1917
Baseball, 1917



EDMUND J. MACDONALD

28 Ash St., Auburndale

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER"

"MAC"

Born September 10, 1899
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Charles C. Burr School
College Intentions: M.I.T.
Football, 1916



JOHN ARCHIBALD MACDONALD

175 Cypress St., Newton Center

"NO MAN IS HURT BUT HIMSELF"

"MERRY MACK"

Born July 9, 1899
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: M.I.T.



KATHERINE L. MACOMBER

23 Prince St., West Newton

"DEEPER THAN E'ER PLUMMET SOUNDED"

"KATIE"

Born December 26, 1898
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Miss Carroll's School
College Intentions: Smith
English Club

CLASS OF 1917

BEATRICE MARIE McOWEN

260 Eliot St., Newton Upper Falls

"HER MANNERS HAD NOT THAT REPOSE WHICH
STAMPS THE CAST OF VERE DE VERE"
"B"

Born January 14, 1899

General Course Room 14

Entered from Ralph Waldo Emerson School

College Intentions: Framingham Normal School

JULIA MASON

1136 Center St., Newton Center

"I WOULD NOT IF I COULD BE GAY"
"JAY"

Born October 20, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Simmons

English Club, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917

Debating Club, 1914, 1915, 1916

Girls' Debating Team, 1916

VIRGINIA ALTHEA MASON

319 Bellevue St., Newton

"I BEAR A CHARMED LIFE"
"VAMIE" "GINNIE"

Born November 9, 1898

General Course Room 14

Entered from Brighton High School

College Intentions: Boston School of Physical
Education

ELIZABETH IRENE McCARTHY

27 Capitol St., Newton

"SHE HAS A LEAN AND HUNGRY LOOK"
"M'DOVE"

Born January 31, 1899

General Course Room 14

Entered from Sandwich High School

College Intentions: Framingham Normal School



CLASS OF 1917



HAZEL MILLER
102 Ripley St., Newton Center
"NEAT, NOT GAUDY"

Born April 1, 1898
General Course Room 14
Entered from Mason Grammar School
Girls' Debating Club, 1916, 1917



MARJORIE BANCROFT MILLER
40 Chaske Ave., Auburndale
"SHUT UP IN MEASURELESS CONTENT"
"MILLIE"

Born April 24, 1899
General Course Room 14
Entered from Charles C. Burr School
College Intentions: Conservatory of Music



MARY SALOME MILLS
52 Arlington St., Newton

"WHY THEN DO YOU WALK AS IF YOU HAD SWAL-
LOWED A RAMROD?"
"MILLSIE"

Born April 25, 1898
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Brighton High School
College Intentions: Boston University
Volleyball, 1914
Volleyball, 1915



PAUL FRANCIS NASH
64 Fairmont Ave., Newton

"I HAVE LAMPOONS SENT ME BY PEOPLE WHO
CANNOT SPELL, AND SATIRES COMPOSED BY
THOSE WHO SCARCE KNOW HOW TO WRITE"
"HEINIE"

Born May 28, 1899
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School
College Intentions: Harvard
Vice-President Senior Class
Editor-in-Chief *Newtonian*
Senior Play
Student Council, 1917

CLASS OF 1917

MARJORIE A. NOONAN
208 Woodward St., Waban
"STUDY TO BE QUIET"
"MAY"

Born August 31, 1898
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Notre Dame Academy
College Intentions: Radcliffe
Girls' Debating Club, 1914, 1915
English Club, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16, 1916-17

SARAH O'HARA
54 Pettee St., Newton Upper Falls
"THE FRIVOLOUS WORK OF POLISHED IDLENESS"
"SALLIE"

Born July 7, 1899
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Emerson School
College Intentions: Normal School
English Club

JEAN McLEAN OLMSTEAD
150 Harvard St., Newtonville
"ENTHUSIASM IS VERY WEARING"
"JEANIE"

Born June 2, 1899
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Brewster High School
College Intentions: Smith
Debating Club, 1916, 1917; President, 1917
Vice-President Triangular League Board, 1917
Debating Team, 1916, 1917
English Club, 1916, 1917
German Club, 1916
Student Council, 1917
Review Staff, 1917
Newtonian Board, 1917
N.H.S. Hockey, 1916, 1917
Class Hockey, 1916, 1917
N.H.S. Cheer Leader

LESLIE CRAWFORD PERKINS
117 Ardmore Ave., Ardmore, Penn.
"LET THY OCCUPATIONS BE FEW"
"LES" "PERKIE"

Born October 2, 1897
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from N.T.H. and Lansdale, Pa., High
Schools
College Intentions: Smith
Treasurer Girls' Student Council, 1917
Newtonian Staff, 1917
Review Staff, 1917
Debating Team, 1917
N.H.S. Tennis Team, 1916, 1917
N.H.S. Hockey Team, 1913, 1915, 1916; Man-
ager, 1916
N.H.S. Basketball Team, 1915-16, 1916-17; Cap-
tain, 1917
English Club, 1916, 1917
Senior Play, 1917



CLASS OF 1917



NORMAN PICKARD

"SUCH IS LIFE"

Scientific Course Room 19



LOUISE KNAPP PINKHAM

11 Copley St., Newton

"I DID NOT CARE ONE STRAW"

"PINKIE"

Born July 14, 1898

General Course Room 14

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Dramatic School



JOHN ALDEN PLIMPTON

11 Oxford Road, Newton Center

"HOPE, ALAS! IS OUR WAKING DREAM"

"JOHNNIE" "CUPID"

Born August 1, 1899

Scientific Course Room 22

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: M.I.T.



CHARLES HERBERT QUICK

186 Pleasant St., Newton Center

"FEAR NOT TO APPROACH! THERE ARE NO
HORNETS HERE"

"VITE"

Born April 22, 1900

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Class Basketball, 1916, 1917

German Club

CLASS OF 1917

DOROTHY MAY REED

52 Rockledge Road, Newton Highlands

“ ’TIS BUT A PART WE SEE AND NOT THE WHOLE”

Born May 7, 1899

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Hyde School

College Intentions: Wellesley

English Club, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16, 1916-17



HELEN WEBB REITSMA

147 Charlesbank Road, Newton

“CONTENT TO FOLLOW WHEN WE LEAD THE WAY”

Born October 15, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke



ROBERT WALES RENO

153 Dean Road, Brookline

“WHAT’S IN A NAME?”

“BOB”

Born August 27, 1899

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Claffin Grammar School

College Intentions: M.I.T.



THOMAS FRANCIS REYNOLDS

54 Ballard St., Newton Center

“GENTLY BORN AND BRED”

“TOM”

Born June 16, 1898

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Alice Phillips Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston College

English Club, 1916, 1917



CLASS OF 1917



ROBERT D. RHODES
16 Omar Terrace, Newtonville

"I PANT BEYOND EXPRESSION FOR TWO DAYS OF
UNBROKEN LEISURE"

Born January 12, 1898
Scientific Course Room 23
Entered from Salt Lake High School
College Intentions: M.I.T.



HUBERT GEORGE RIPLEY, JR.
36 Birch Hill Road, Newtonville

"GEE! HE'S A SKETCH!"
"RIP"

Born December 9, 1898
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Fessenden School
College Intentions: Dartmouth



BERTHA ADELAIDE ROBERTS
1204 Chestnut St., Newton Upper Falls

"PATIENCE AND SORROW STROVE
WHO SHOULD EXPRESS HER GOODLIEST"

Born October 27, 1898
General Course Room 14
Entered from Emerson Grammar School
College Intentions: Framingham Normal School
English Club, 1917
Class Basketball, 1916



HELEN FRANCES RODGERS
274 Auburndale Ave., Auburndale

"TETCHY AND WAYWARD"

Born January 10, 1898
General Course Room 14
Entered from Charles C. Burr School

CLASS OF 1917

ROBERT PAGE ROGERS

10 Monadnock Road, Chestnut Hill

"I KNOW NOT HOW THY JOY WE EVER SHOULD
COME NEAR"

"BOB"

Born June 20, 1900

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Robert Gould Shaw School, West
Roxbury

College Intentions: Harvard



MARIE FRANCES ROMASZKIEVIEZ

29 Linden St., Newton Upper Falls

"I CANNOT TELL WHAT THE DICKENS HER NAME IS"

Born December 3, 1898

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Ralph Waldo Emerson School

College Intentions: Normal School



LAURA BERNIESE ROWE

692 Commonwealth Ave., Newton Center

"ETERNAL SUNSHINE SETTLES ON HER HEAD"

"TORCHY" "ROWIE"

Born December 20, 1898

2 years' Scientific Course—2 years' General
Course Room 24

Entered from Deering High School, Portland, Me.

College Intentions: Lawthorpe School



MILDRED L. RYDER

27 Bacon Place, Newton Upper Falls

"I ONLY WISH I MAY SEE YOUR HEAD STROKED
DOWN WITH A SLIPPER"

"MILLY"

Born October 10, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Ralph Waldo Emerson School

College Intentions: Simmons

English Club, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16

Class Basketball, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16

Class Volleyball, 1914, 1915



CLASS OF 1917



JARVIS MANSFIELD SCOTT

204 Austin St., Newtonville

“AS SOME TALL CLIFF THAT LIFTS ITS AWFUL
FORM”

Born September 14, 1898
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Clafin Grammar School
College Intentions: Harvard or Williams
Class Baseball, 1914
Class Baseball, 1915
Second Team Baseball, 1916
Class Basketball, 1917
Track, 1917
Baseball, 1917
Senior Relay Team, 1917



FRANCIS RUSSELL SIMPSON

124 Grasmere St., Newton

“MAIDENS LIKE MOTHS ARE EVER CAUGHT BY
HIS GLARE”

“SIMP”

Born October 6, 1900
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School
College Intentions: Harvard
Class Baseball, 1912, 1913
Class Baseball, 1913, 1914
Class Baseball, 1915, 1916
Baseball, 1916, 1917
Senior Play, 1917



HELEN SHUMWAY

29 Bowdoin St., Newton Highlands

“IT IS ONLY THE IGNORANT WHO DESPISE EDU-
CATION”

“SHUMMY”

Born January 10, 1900
Classical and General Course Room 24
Entered from Hyde Grammar School
Class Hockey, 1912



EDWARD HARVEY SMITH

859 Beacon St., Newton Center

“I WASTED TIME AND NOW DOTH TIME WASTE ME”
“EDDY”

Born June 18, 1897
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Newton Technical High School
College Intentions: Amherst

CLASS OF 1917

MILDRED DOROTHY SMITH

25 Bowen St., Newton Center

"WHOSO NEGLECTS LEARNING IN HIS YOUTH
LOSES THE PAST AND IS DEAD FOR THE FUTURE"

"MIL" "DOTTIE"

Born February 2, 1900

General Course Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Dramatic School



WINIFRED MANNING SMITH

83 Sumner St., Newton Center

"THOU PENDULUM BETWIXT A SMILE AND TEAR"

"WIN"

Born May 23, 1899

General Course Room 23

Entered from Riverside Grammar School

College Intentions: Mary A. Burnham School

English Club, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1916-17

Debating Club, 1914-15, 1915-16, 1916-17



VIRGINIA SPEARE

61 Montvale Road, Newton Center

"A CANDID CENSOR AND A FRIEND SINCERE"

"GINGER"

Born August 7, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Smith

English Club, 1915, 1916, 1917

Class Hockey, 1915, 1916, 1917

N.H.S. Hockey, 1917

Class Basketball, 1916, 1917

Vice-President of Class, 1916

Student Council, 1916



MILDRED BETHOLINE SPAULDING

37 Carleton St., Newton

"A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS"

"PIETER"

Born September 29, 1899

General Course Room 14

Entered from Lexington High School

College Intentions: Possé School

English Club, 1916, 1917



CLASS OF 1917



CARRINGTON MASON STANFORD

65 Prospect Park, Newtonville

"WITH A BIG MOUTH, AND A DRAWL, AND DANCES
LIKE A HURRICANE"
"CHICK" "STAN" "CAK"

Born January 23, 1900

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from McKinley Manual Training School

College Intentions: M.I.T.



JOHN BURR STARKWEATHER

17 Gibson Road, Newtonville

"DESCRIBE ME WHO CAN"
"J. B. S."

Born July 7, 1899

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Clafin Grammar School

College Intentions: M.I.T.

Member Lunch Room Committee, 1917



MABEL STIMPSON

186 Hammond St., Chestnut Hill

"SPEAK TO ME GENTLY WITH THINE EYES"
"MAHIT"

Born January 25, 1900

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Smith

English Club

Picture Committee



HAROLD O. STOCKBRIDGE

7 Washington St., Newton

"IT IS PROOF OF MEDIOCRITY OF INTELLECT TO BE
ADDICTED TO RELATING STORIES"
"STOCKY"

Born July 25, 1899

Scientific Course Room 24

Entered from Minneapolis, West High School

College Intentions: Cornell

CLASS OF 1917

PHILIP THAYER STONEMETZ

359 Otis St., West Newton

"DISCIPLINED INACTION"

"PHIL" "PEETY"

Born April 8, 1899

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Horace Mann School

College Intentions: Williams

Debating Club, 1915, 1916

Baseball, Second Team, 1916

Football Squad, 1916

Hockey Team, 1917



LILLIAN SWARTZ

95 Faxon St., Newton

"THE LITTLE WOMEN ARE THE DANGEROUS ONES.
THE SHORTER SHE IS, THE FARTHER WE HAVE TO

BOW DOWN TO PLEASE HER"

"LIL" "SUGAR-MOUFIE-KISS"

Born March 14, 1900

General Course Room 14

Entered from Stearns Grammar School

College Intentions: Curry School of Expression



EDNA MAY SWIFT

25 Woodcliff Road, Newton Highlands

"KNOWLEDGE COMES BUT DOESN'T LINGER"

"ED"

Born January 24, 1899

General Course Room 14

Entered from Hyde School

College Intentions: Newton Hospital



MARY ELIZABETH SWITZER

261 Pearl St., Newton

"HER STATURE TALL,—

I HATE A DUMPY WOMAN"

"HERR SCHMIDT"

Born February 16, 1900

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from St. Patrick's School, Watertown

College Intentions: Radcliffe

English Club, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16,
1916-17

Girls' Debating Club, 1914, 1915

Vice-President Girls' Debating Club, 1915, 1916

Girls' Debating Team, 1915-16, 1916-17



CLASS OF 1917



ERNEST WALTER SYSTROM

184 Chestnut St., Waltham

"I LEARN TO PITY THOSE IN AFFLICTION"

"ERNIE"

Born November 22, 1898
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Technical High School
College Intentions: M.I.T.
Football, 1915, 1916
Baseball, 1917
C.D.M.'s Exclusive Society of Algebra Students



PHYLLIS ERNESTINE TAYLOR

58 Elmhurst Road, Newton

"OUT OF MY LEAN AND LOW ABILITY I'LL LEND
YOU SOMETHING"

"PHYL"

Born September 18, 1898
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School
College Intentions: Miss Wheelock's School
Class Basketball Team, 1916, 1917
Class Hockey Team, 1912, 1913
English Club, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16



LAWRENCE W. TROWBRIDGE

14 Hollis St., Newton

"IN ALL THE SILENT MANLINESS OF GRIEF"

"TROW"

Born March 25, 1899
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School
College Intentions: M.I.T.
Midget Relay Team, 1913, 1914, 1915
President German Club, 1917



CHARLES KENNETH VEO

76 Otis St., Newtonville

"YOU MAY SEE ME, FAT AND SHINING, WITH WELL-
CARED-FOR HIDE"

"KEN"

Born February 14, 1898
Classical Course Room 23
Entered from Clafin Grammar School
College Intentions: Harvard
Baseball, 1915, 1916
Baseball, 1916, 1917
Tennis, 1915, 1916
Class Baseball, 1912-13, 1913-14
Class Basketball, 1914-15, 1915-16
Class Hockey, 1912-13, 1913-14

CLASS OF 1917

SIBYL HUNTINGTON WARDWELL

42 Plainfield St., Waban

"STYLE IS THE DRESS OF THOUGHTS"
"SIB"

Born May 21, 1899

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Wellesley

ANNE ATWATER WEED

149 Park St., Newton

"A MAIDEN WHOSE BRIGHT EYES RAIN INFLUENCE"

Born January 22, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Vassar

Student Council, 1916

Newtonian Staff, 1916

N.H.S. Hockey Team, 1917

N.H.S. Basketball Team, 1917

Class Hockey, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917

MARY ISABEL WEST

1136 Center St., Newton Center

"IN YOUTH AND BEAUTY WISDOM IS BUT RARE"

Born November 13, 1898

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Vassar

ELIZABETH WILL

39 Parsons St., West Newton

"THE WINDY SATISFACTION OF THE TONGUE"

Born February 28, 1899

General Course Room 14

Entered from Clafin School

College Intentions: Normal Art

English Club



CLASS OF 1917



CHESTER HOWARD WHELDEN, JR.

93 Madison Ave., Newtonville

"MAN SEEMS THE ONLY GROWTH THAT DWINDLED
THERE"
"CHET"

Born November 15, 1899
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School
College Intentions: Harvard
English Club, 1915-17
Review Staff, 1915-16, 1916-17
Debating Club, 1915-17
Debating Team, 1917
Class Basketball, 1917



ALLEN PETER WILEY

19 Irvington St., Waban

"TOMORROW DO THY WORST, FOR I HAVE LIVED
TODAY"

Born July 4, 1898
Scientific Course Room 19
Entered from Roger Wolcott School



JOHN WILLIAMS WINGATE

144 Hancock St., Auburndale

"I WOULD THE GODS HAD MADE THEE POETICAL"
"JOHNNIE"

Born February 7, 1899
Classical Course Room 24
Entered from Home Study
College Intentions: Carleton, Northfield, Minn
English Club, 1915, 1916
Boys' Debating Club



EARL DUDLEY WOOD

920 Center St., Newton Center

"THE NUNNERIES OF SILENT NOOKS, THE LONGING
OF THE WOOD"
"DUD" "WOODY"

Born September 6, 1899
Classical Course Room 22
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: Brown
German Club

CLASS OF 1917

EMILY WOODS

123 Summer St., Newton Center

"ENTHUSIASM ABOUT ART HAS BECOME THE
FUNCTION OF THE AVERAGE FEMALE BEING"

Born August 18, 1900

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Smith

Art Editor of *Newtonian*



LEVERETT STEARNS WOODWORTH

120 Church St., Newton

"HE TROTS THE AIR"

"LEV" "WOODY"

Born December 7, 1896

Scientific Course Room 24

Entered from Watertown High School, 1914

College Intentions: Massachusetts Agricultural
Track Team, 1915

Football, Second Team, 1915

Class Track Team, 1916

Student Council, 1916

Gym Team, 1915, 1916



WYNNA WRIGHT

22 Circuit Ave., Newton Highlands

"I AM SLOW OF STUDY"

"BUNNY"

Born November 9, 1899

Classical Course Room 23

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Smith

English Club, 1913-17

Class Volleyball Team, 1914, 1915

Assistant Art Editor of *Newtonian*, 1916

Debating Team, 1917



IRVING WENDELL YELLAND

309 Waltham St., West Newton

"IDLE BEAUTY IS A FUGITIVE WHICH IS NEVER
LOCATED"

"IRV"

Born June 18, 1898

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Pierce Grammar and N.T.H.
Schools

College Intentions: University of Maine

Debating Club, 1915, 1916

Student Council, 1916, 1917

C.D.M.'s Exclusive Society of Algebra Students





CLASS OF 1917

JAMES ALOYSIUS COX

153 River St., West Newton

“THINK OF THE ILLS FROM WHICH YOU
ARE EXEMPT”

Born June 21, 1900

Classical Course Room 22

Entered from Pierce Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston College

PORTRAITS OF THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS WERE NOT
RECEIVED IN TIME FOR THIS PUBLICATION

JOHN JOSEPH COLLERAN

395 Highland St., Newtonville

“A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING”

“JOHNNIE”

Born September 19, 1898

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Clafin School

College Intentions: M.I.T.

FLORENCE AGNES HEALEY

646 Grove St., Newton Lower Falls

“WHEN FOUND, MAKE A NOTE OF”

“FLOSS” “MIDGE”

Born November 17, 1899

General Course Room 14

Entered from Hamilton School

Class Field Hockey, 1915

JAMES RUSSELL GRAHAM

197 Mt. Vernon St., West Newton

“THE FRIVOLOUS WORK OF POLISHED IDLENESS”

“JIM”

Born October 12, 1898

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Stamford, Conn., School

DANIEL THOMAS McGRATH

88 Ripley St., Newton Center

“TOO MUCH GRAVITY ARGUES A SHALLOW
MIND”

Born November 26, 1898

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Mason School

College Intentions: Boston College

Football, 1915, 1916

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ELIOT CRAWFORD MOIR

78 Woodbine St., Auburndale

"I LIKE SUGAR AND HATE SYRUP"

Born March 5, 1897

Scientific Course Room 19

Entered from Charles C. Burr School

College Intentions: M.I.T.

Debating Club, 1915, 1916

Debating Club, 1916, 1917

School Choir, 1916, 1917

EUNICE ALTHEA SARTELLE

27 Brooks Ave., Newtonville

"THINKING IS BUT A WASTE OF THOUGHT"

"HARRY A." "SALLY"

Born August 5, 1897

General Course Room 14

Entered from Pepperell High School

College Intentions: Simmons

Alternate Girls' Debating Team, 1917

JOSEPHINE O'LEARY

55 Williston Road, Auburndale

"A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING"

"JOE"

Born December 10, 1899

General Course Room 14

Entered from Charles C. Burr School

HELEN WOOD

920 Center St., Newton Center

"SAD AND CIVIL"

"HALY"

Born June 27, 1898

Classical Course Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

The Editor wishes to thank Misses Harrington and Gruener and Messrs. Starkweather and Boyden for the appropriate and complimentary (?) quotations underneath the names of the Seniors.

History of the Class of 1917

WHEN we entered Newton High School, in the fall of 1913, we were perfectly normal. Like every other class that has ever entered that esteemed Hall of Learning, we were sure that we were going to our doom, and consequently assumed that petrified air peculiar to high-school Freshmen. We wandered aimlessly through the corridors, and toiled breathlessly to the fourth floor to find Room 6. At last, after repeated mistakes, and much embarrassment on our part, we became accustomed to our surroundings, and began to take an interest in high-school life.

Soon hockey and basketball teams were formed, but we didn't believe in making ourselves conspicuous by so far departing from the traditional customs of all Freshmen classes as to win any victories along these lines. Such a modest class!

That adjective, however, applies only to Freshmen. As soon as we became Sophomores we eliminated it from our vocabularies, for now *we* were given that great and glorious opportunity to look down on the Freshmen, and make them realize our worth. How proudly we assembled in the hall for our first class meeting! And we were even prouder, when our meeting adjourned, after we had elected as officers:

HENRY GARRITY: *President*
ELEANOR DODD: *Vice-President*
BARBARA COOKE: *Secretary*
ELIZABETH CLAPP: *Treasurer*

When athletics began, '17 succeeded in winning from the Freshmen in hockey, football, and basketball; and we put up a good fight against the other classes. The boys were defeated in track, but in the girls' meet the Sophomores won second place, overcoming the Freshmen and Juniors. Altogether it was a pleasant and successful year. We had long since lost our childish beliefs of the year before, and had decided that Newton High was a pretty good place after all.

"Isn't it great to be an upper classman?" "Look at those tiny Freshmen!" "Did we ever look like that?" These and similar remarks were heard from various members of the Junior class when school opened in September, 1915. Of course the first event was our election, which gave the following results:

JOHN STARKWEATHER: *President*
VIRGINIA SPEARE: *Vice-President*
SIBLEY LITTIG: *Secretary*
GERALD HENDERSON: *Treasurer*

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Politeness is an epithet belonging to the Juniors. Would you believe it? We had such good manners that we gave victories to the Seniors in almost every athletic contest. However, many from 1917 were on the school team, to help the Seniors win for Newton.

Not to be disregarded is that remarkable magazine, a masterpiece produced by our class, under the editorship of Elizabeth Carter. It bore the title, "The Columbine," and, in our opinion, is worthy of great praise.

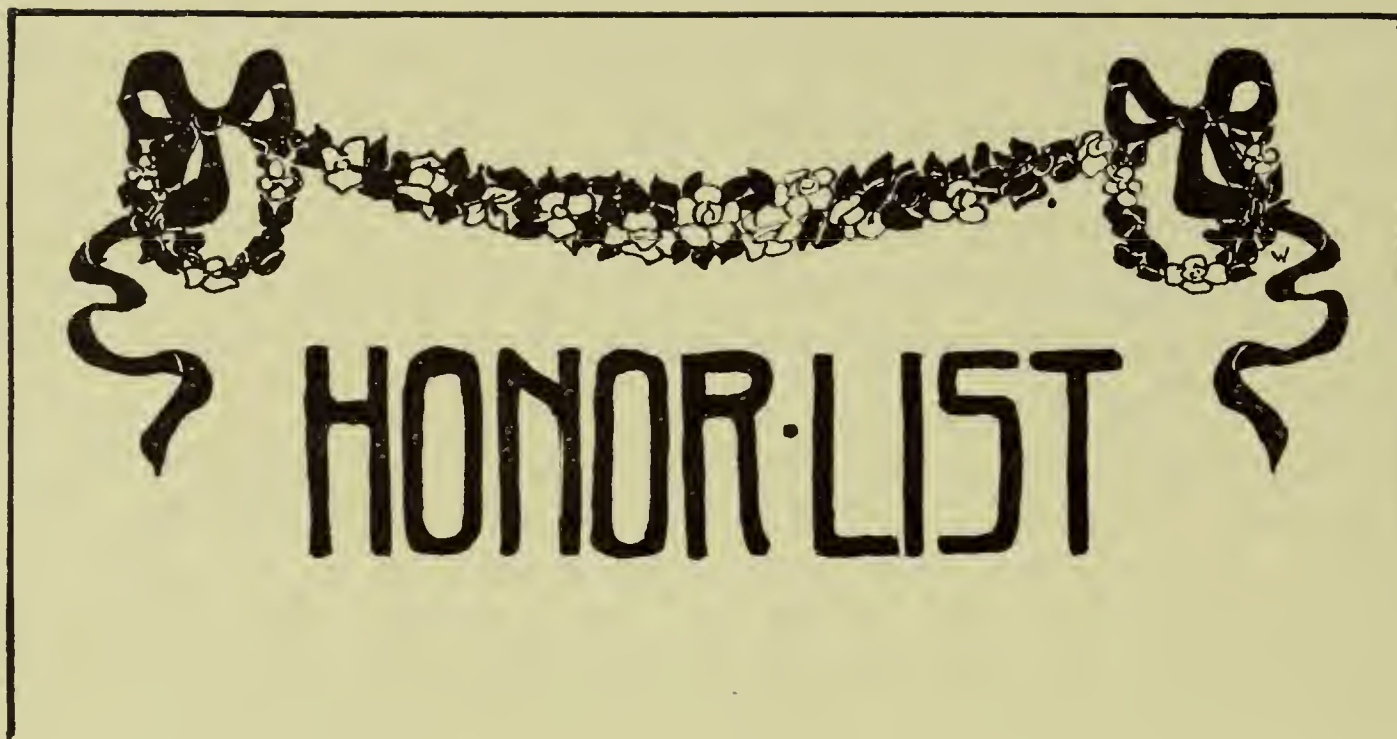
And now at last we are Seniors! It has been said that if life holds any position more important, any business more soul-satisfying than that of being a high-school Senior, few people are so fortunate as to have discerned it. Of course we admit the truth of this statement. We are fully aware that this year has been most important and soul-satisfying for the class of '17. As our officers we elected:

JOHN STARKWEATHER: *President*
PAUL NASH: *Vice-President*
MARY WEST: *Secretary*
GERALD HENDERSON: *Treasurer*

The athletic field and the gymnasium have been scenes of victories for us, and the *Review*, Student Council, English Club and other societies have flourished under our guidance. And we mustn't forget the English Club play, written by J. M. Scott and Paul Coggins, and presented by members of the Senior class. What glory both authors and actors reflected upon '17!

The time is now close at hand when we must leave Newton High forever. May it be said of us, "The school has lost its finest class, that of 1917!"

DOROTHY HALLETT, '17.



Class of 1917

First Honor — WINIFRED MARIANNE DODGE

Girls

Caroline Mary Adams
Frances Carr
Elizabeth Brewer Clapp
Ruth Guppy
Mary Elizabeth Harrington
Marjory Howland
Doris Towle Lovell
Julia Mason
Dorothy May Reed
Virginia Speare
Mary Elizabeth Switzer
Emily Woods

Elizabeth Hunnewell Carlson
Elizabeth Chace Carter
Caroline Warren Fisher
Dorothy Hallett
Louise Robinson Heath
Florence Josephine Kincare
Edith Florence MacDonald
Mary Salome Mills
Winifred Manning Smith
Mabel Stimpson
Anne Atwater Weed
Wynna Wright

Boys

Frederick Wildes Adams
John Sutherland Clapp
Richard Barton Cole
Donald Woodworth Curry
Harold Martin Doherty

Robert Arnold Aubin
Paul Pond Coggins
James Aloysius Cox
Harold Bangs Cutter
Thomas Francis Dolan, Jr.

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Boys

Norman Edmands Ferguson

Ralph Theodore Huntley

James Adams Kilton, Jr.

Edmund John MacDonald

Charles Herbert Quick

Robert Page Rogers

Francis Russell Simpson

Lawrence Wellington Trowbridge

Harold Milton Flinn

William Henry Irwin

Robert Eliot Lutz

Paul Francis Nash

Robert Wales Reno

Jarvis Mansfield Scott

John Burr Starkweather

Chester Howard Whelden, Jr.

John Williams Wingate

Senior Statistics

THE PURPOSE OF THIS ANNOUNCEMENT IS NOT TO GIVE INFORMATION, BUT
MAY BE FILLED IN AFTER GRADUATION

Although the contest for the most popular teachers was very close, Miss _____ and Mr. _____ were finally elected.

There are _____ girls and _____ boys in the class. The total weight is _____ pounds and the total height _____ feet. In spite of the eccentricities of Betty Buffum and Jerry Henderson, the height of the average senior is _____ feet. Ages vary from _____ to _____ years, but most of us are about _____ years old. _____ is class baby.

_____ boys and _____ girls have won their N's, but _____ and Miss _____ seem most worthy of this honor.

In the opinion of the class _____ is class grind and _____ gets the reward (?) for laziness. _____, our farmer, is right in style with his vegetable garden. We are not surprised to learn that _____ is class fusser and Miss _____ class flirt. The House of Kuppenheimer is advertising that _____, our class dude, wears Kuppenheimer clothes exclusively! We are glad to see justice done to the good looks of _____ and Miss _____. As for popularity _____ and Miss _____ win easily.

BETTY CLAPP.

NEWTONIA

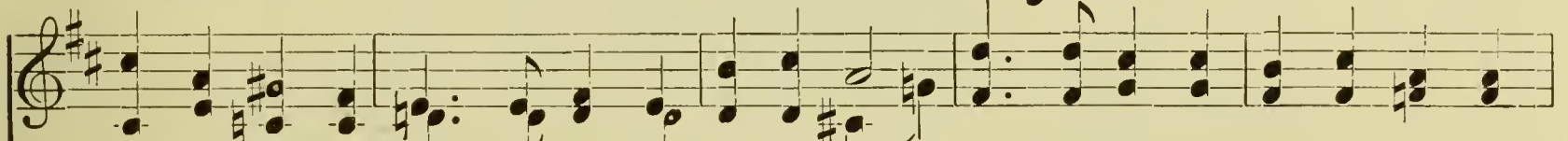
Class Ode, 1917

Words by LESLIE C. PERKINS

Music by HUBERT G. RIPLEY, Jr.



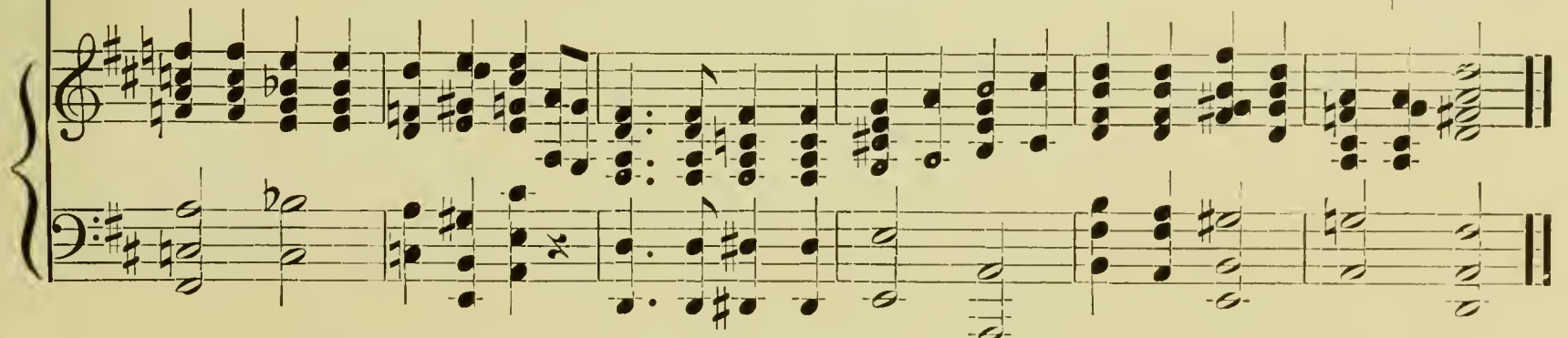
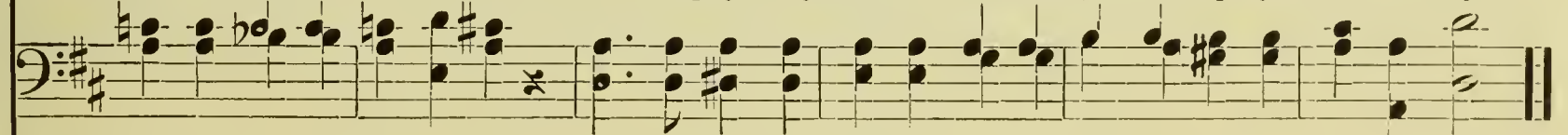
1. Rev-'rent - ly, dear Al - ma Ma - ter, At thy call this day of days, To be judged and
2. Life, the un-known, waits us yon - der, To come forth and show our might; The e - ter - nal
3. Rev-'rent - ly we stand be - fore thee, Hum-bly ask thy bless-ing kind; We will go our



sent forth by thee, We, the class, thy word o - beys. Chil - dren first we gathered 'round thee,
chal-enge calls us, We must go and win the fight. Judge us now, dear Al - ma Ma - ter,
way un - fal-tering, Seek - ing truth and right to find. As we leave thee, dear New - to - nia,



List'ning to thy mys-tic lore; Ea - ger still to hear thy wisdom, Come we to thy feet once more.
Lest we fail thy per-fect trust; Show us where-in lies our weakness, Let us hear thy ver-dict just.
Safe - ly sheltered in our hearts, Lov - ing-ly thy name we'll cherish, In Life's play whate'er our parts.





SUB-SENIORS

JUNIORS





JUNIOR CLASS PRESIDENT

Junior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	ALLEN DAVIDSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	FLORENCE MANDELL
<i>Secretary</i>	PRISCILLA CLARKE
<i>Treasurer</i>	FREDERICK HOWELL

History of the Class of 1918

CHUG! Chug! A green automobile came proudly into view. Hadn't it reason to come proudly along? Hadn't it spent eight years preparing for the long four years' journey that now lay ahead of it? However, this proud feeling did not last long; the other cars took care of that.

Many a hardship came to the little green car. There were the sharp "five-week-report" stones to get by without blow-outs. This feat required considerable skill and diplomacy, and patching the punctures required still more. The "three-to-four" mud was also a great hindrance.

The athletic part of the road shook the little car up badly—so badly, in fact, that, sad to say, it brought up the rear. But with never-dying spirit it met and passed its last road terror, the June finals.

The next year the road seemed easier and, under the guidance of Allen Davidson, the green car sped swiftly ahead. This time the athletic road held it up finely. Perhaps a new pair of tires, in the form of an entertainment, had something to do with the green car's success.

The third year of the journey found the car still under the guidance of Allen Davidson. Two years' experience had prepared it for the athletic road, and it had left the other cars behind on the basketball and track speedways. The school team owed its success partly to the green car, for Captain Garrity, Macomber, Hughes and Nutting belonged with its passengers. It also contributed Garrity, Eaton, Davidson, Scott, Hughes, and Owen to the championship hockey team.

In fact, this year the car, no longer helpless and inexperienced, was a throbbing factor in the life of the Newton High School, and we believe that the fourth lap of its journey will find it still more so.

AUGUST H. HILTON.

SOPHOMORES





SOPHOMORE CLASS PRESIDENT

Sophomore Class Officers

<i>President</i>	SIDNEY BOWEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELEANOR LYON
<i>Secretary</i>	KATHERINE HOLMES
<i>Treasurer</i>	WALTER LOVEJOY

History of the Class of 1919

BY HIS EXCELLENCY ENOCH C. ADAMS, *Principal*

A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, the Sophomore football team in its Freshman year twice defeated the Sophomores and once defeated the Juniors, and in its Sophomore year defeated the Freshmen; and

Whereas, the Sophomore track team in its Freshman year finished four points ahead of the Sophomores, and in its Sophomore year finished thirteen points ahead of the Freshman in the interclass meet; and

Whereas, two members of the class made their letters on the track team; and

Whereas, the Sophomore baseball team has passed through two successful seasons; and

Whereas, the Sophomore girls' hockey team defeated the Freshmen in their Sophomore year; and

Whereas, the Sophomore girls' basketball team defeated the Sophomores in their Freshman year, and the Freshmen in their Sophomore year; and

Whereas, the boys' Sophomore basketball team finished second in the interclass games, winning two and losing one; and

Whereas, the Sophomore Class was the first class allowed to organize in its Freshman year; and

Whereas, several members of the class are in the school orchestra and one an alternate on the debating team; and

Whereas, the class held a very successful dance on the twentieth of April, with Harrison Fairfield in charge, I do hereby proclaim that on and after the twenty-second day of June all members of the Sophomore Class shall be called Juniors, in order that they may more freely partake of school activities.

Furthermore whereas, the offices of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, held during the Freshman year by Sidney Bowen, Mary Olmstead, Eleanor Lyons, and Richard Southgate respectively, were left vacant on the

THE 1917 NEWTONIAN

twenty-second day of June in nineteen hundred and sixteen, I hereby do further proclaim the offices of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, held during the Sophomore year by Sidney Bowen, Eleanor Lyons, Katherine Holmes and Walter Lovejoy respectively, and also the two positions on the Boys' Council, held by Harrison Fairfield and Richard Loring, and the two on the Girls' Council, held by Evelyn Morton and Emily Talbot, to be vacant commencing June twenty-second, and I heartily recommend that these offices be filled at the earliest convenience of the Junior Class in the fall of nineteen hundred and seventeen.

In witness whereof I have caused my name to be signed and the seal of the High School attached hereto.

Done at the High School of the City of Newton this first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and seventeen, and since the founding of the city the two hundred and eighty-seventh.

By the Principal,

RUTH C. WISE, *Secretary.*

ENOCH C. ADAMS, *Principal.*

FRANCIS DONOVAN, '19.

FRESHMEN





FRESHMAN CLASS PRESIDENT

Freshman Class Officers

<i>President</i>	STANLEY LYON
<i>Vice-President</i>	BETTY BOUTELL
<i>Secretary</i>	CHARLES WARDWELL
<i>Treasurer</i>	CATHERINE JONES

History of the Class of 1920

THERE she sat by the fireside. She was a dear, kind old lady and was called "The Class of Twenty-one." As she sat there watching the dancing flames, she thought of years back, when she was a Freshman in the Newton High School, and she fancied she saw a procession pass by in the flames.

First there came down a long, rocky pathway the class officers. These were Stanley Lyon, President, Betty Boutell, Vice-President, Charles Wardwell, Secretary, and Catharine Jones, Treasurer.

Next came the girls' basketball team, but they were not looking very happy, as the result of a severe defeat by the Sophomores. The team consisted of J. Heath, C. Jones, K. Slayter, K. Daniels, A. Hatch, D. Fales, E. Ewing, F. Owen and K. Rising. The boys' team followed, but the only faces that could be recognized were those of Coady, Bell and R. Garrity.


The girls' hockey team was seen next. D. Hall, as captain of the team, was followed by K. Daniels, F. Owen, H. Schultz, K. Slayter, H. Nathan, M. Juthe, E. Leacy, D. Fales, H. Crampton and E. Stubbs.

Then down that path came many others. Some were studying or reading books, others were running along happily and were laughing, while still others were talking quietly as they walked along in two's and three's. There were many teachers, too, who were walking with the children, helping those who stumbled or fell.

The log in the fire fell, shattering the lovely picture, but in its place stood a tall building. This made "Class of Twenty-one" think of the many Monday mornings spent in the Assembly Hall when Mr. Adams spoke to the class. Many incidents in school life were then thought of, each one suggested by another.

The firelight began to flicker and slowly the embers burnt out, leaving this old lady, "The Class of Twenty-one," to dream about her happy school days in the dear old Newton High School.

KATHARINE RISING.



CALENDAR

1916

- Oct. 2 School opened.
- Oct. 6 Senior Class meeting.
- Oct. 16 English Club meeting.
- Oct. 17 Senior Class meeting.
- Oct. 18 Address by Mayor Childs, "Exit Drill."
- Oct. 18 Junior Class meeting.
- Oct. 24 Sophomore Class meeting.
- Oct. 26 Irwin and Fawcett spoke in Assembly Hall about the *Review*.
- Oct. 27 English Club trip to Concord.
- Nov. 15 Mr. Winslow addressed school on the "Preferential Ballot."
- Nov. 22 Address by Dr. E. T. Sullivan on "Development of Character."
- Nov. 24 Open meeting of English Club.
- Nov. 29 Thanksgiving recess began.
- Dec. 15 Christmas meeting of English Club.
- Dec. 20 Captain Ian Hay Beith spoke in Hall.

1917

- Jan. 5 Senior Class meeting.
- Jan. 12 Girls' Hockey dance in Gym.
- Jan. 16 Mr. Marshall Darrach recited "The Tempest."
- Jan. 17 Mr. Homer Rodeheaver of the "Billy" Sunday party spoke.
- Jan. 19 Girls' Debating Team picked.
- Jan. 23 Mr. Darrach recited "Julius Caesar."
- Jan. 26 German Club meeting.
- Jan. 30 Mr. Darrach recited "Hamlet."
- Jan. 31 Entertainment in Hall by Glee Club.
- Feb. 1 Basketball dance in Gym.
- Feb. 1 Freshman Class meeting.
- Feb. 6 Mr. Noble talked to the boys on the Junior Military Training Camps.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

- Feb. 14 Dr. MacLure addressed the school.
Feb. 14 Boys' Debating Team picked.
Feb. 16 February Carnival of History Department.
Feb. 21 Lincoln-Washington addresses.
Feb. 21 Open meeting German Club.
Feb. 23 Spelling match of English Club.
Feb. 27 Sophomore Class meeting.
Mar. 7 Mr. Whitmore spoke on the Constitutional Convention.
Mar. 9 Girls' triangular debate.
Mar. 16 Newton defeats Brookline, 3-0.
Mar. 24 Annual Senior play, "Number 313."
Mar. 28 Assembly in Hall.
Mar. 30 German Club meeting.
Mar. 30 Boys' triangular debate.
Mar. 30-April 9. Spring vacation.
April 14 Newton defeats Huntington, 4-0.
April 17 Assembly. Mr. Angier, Mr. McDonald and Supt. Wheeler spoke on
"Gardens."
April 17 Cambridge defeats Newton, 6-2.
April 19 Newton defeats Boston Latin, 4-3.
April 23 *Newtonian* goes to press.

ATHLETICS



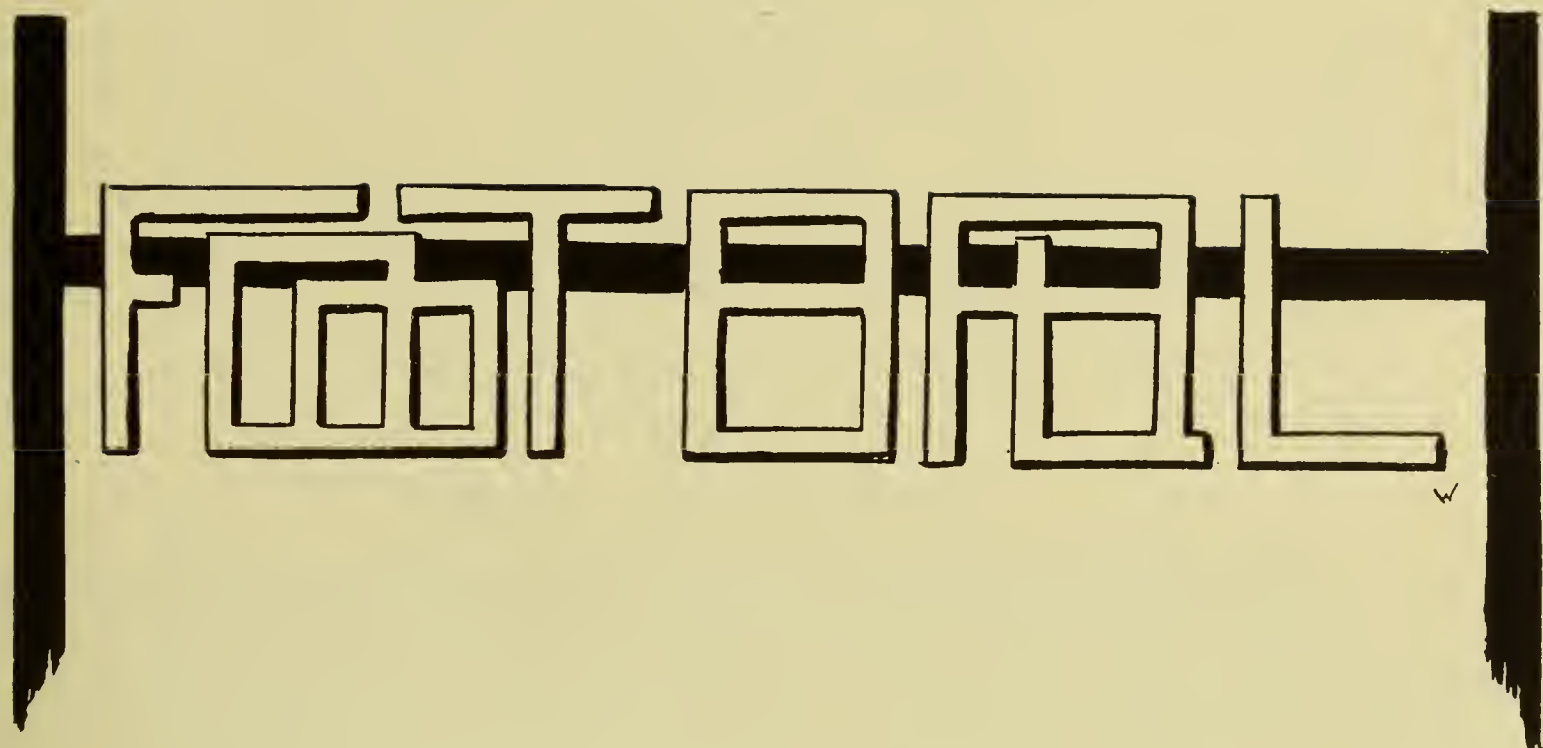


FOOTBALL TEAM

Back row: Dickinson (Coach), Leete, Storey, Wyatt, Starkweather, Henderson

Middle row: Murphy, Doherty, E. McDonald, R. McDonald, Cannon, Rottler, Systrom, Turner

Front row: Spalding, Nutting, Hughes, Garrity (Capt.), Hargedon, Champagne, Wiley
McGrath Macomber



Captain, HENRY GARRITY

Manager, J. B. STARKWEATHER

GAMES won, 6; lost, 4; tied, 1. This does not look like a particularly enviable record. Nevertheless, when the very small number of candidates is taken into consideration, we wonder that we succeeded in defeating any team other than Watertown.

We lost the first three games to Needham, Revere and Somerville respectively. The next games were more encouraging—Huntington, Watertown, Tech 1920, Wellesley, Cambridge and Boston Latin were disposed of easily; Waltham succeeded in tying us, and we lost to Brookline.

This year, for the third successive time, the game with Waltham resulted in a tie. After the game Coach Dickinson made two interesting statements: "No Newton team will ever fear Waltham again." (He did not refer to this year's team, but to one of a few years ago); and, "Newton will never again lose to Waltham, unless it be on a fluke."

The team contained two real stars: Captain Henry Garrity at half-back and Ed McDonald at tackle. These two were the nucleus of the team. Too much cannot be said of the remarkable ability and indomitable gameness of Garrity; to fully appreciate him as a football player, one must have played on a team with him. His team mates recognized his merits, and unanimously re-elected him captain for next year. We wish him all the success in the world.

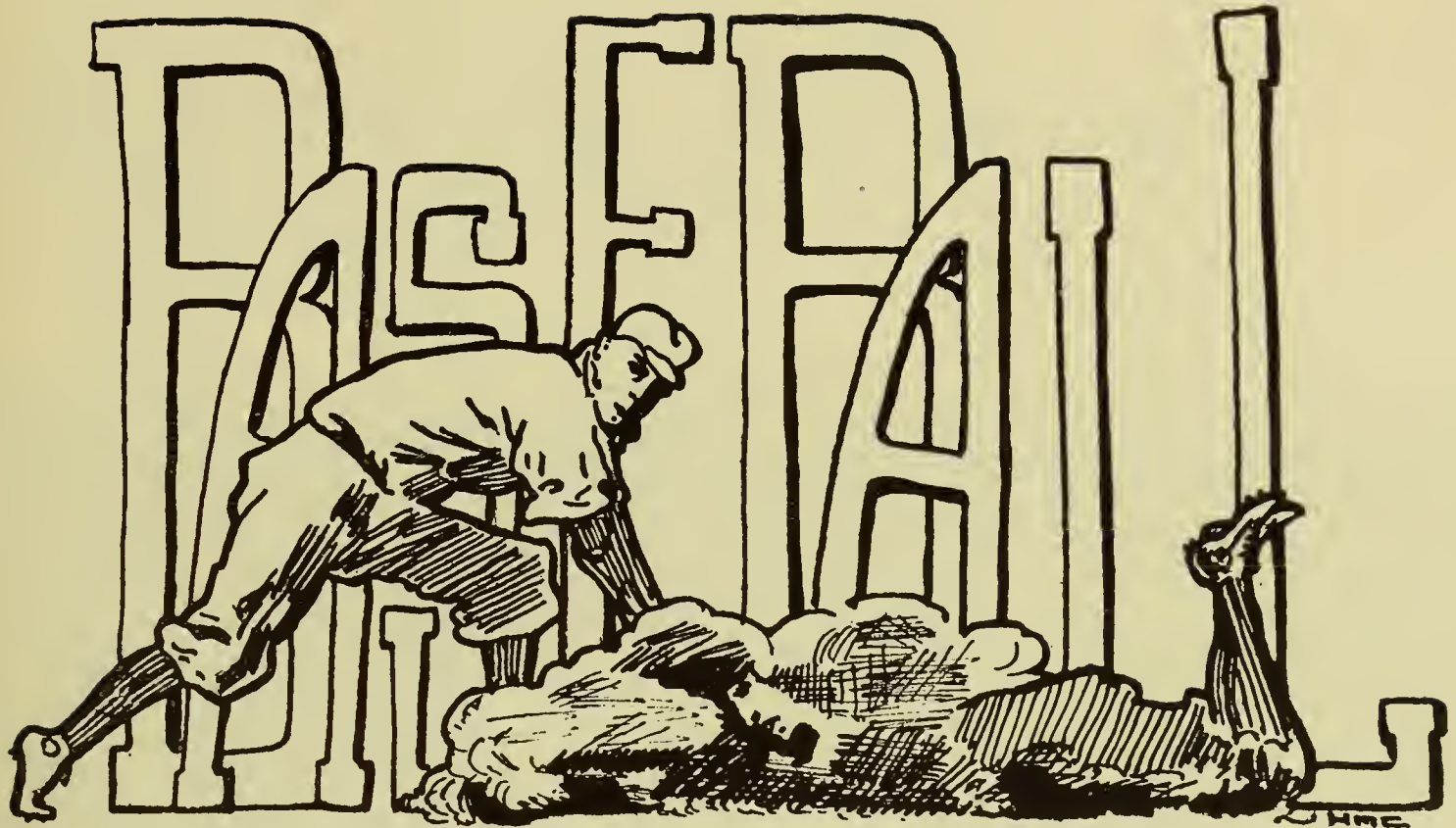
Edmand McDonald was a tackle of exceptional ability, and, although not a brilliant player, his consistently good work classes him as one of the best tackles of the year. The whole team deserves no small amount of credit for its season's work. The stellar performances of Spalding at guard, Nutting at quarter and Macomber at center cannot be overlooked.

After the Brookline game, the whole squad, with the exception of three or four, signified its intention of returning to school for another year, if for no other purpose than to play again against Waltham and Brookline. If half of those who say they are going to return do so, heaven help the opposition.



BASEBALL TEAM

Richards, Lord, Irwin (Mgr.), Veo, Garrity, Henderson, Systrom, Sawyer, Maynard, Allen
Murphy, McDonald, King, Hurley, Hughes, Rottler, Owen, Eaton, McGill, Davidson



PHILIP TURNER, *Captain*

ROBERT IRWIN, *Manager*

IF quantity of candidates proves anything, Newton should be well represented on the diamond this spring. Coach Dickinson had a wealth of material to choose from, and, along with the veterans, the team presents a formidable appearance. Captain Turner behind the bat, Garrity guarding the hot corner and Murphy on the mound are the three-seasoned men to report. Sawyer, Systrom and Veo are also likely looking hurlers. Manager Irwin has arranged a fine schedule:

Fri.	April	6	Watertown	Fri.	May	11	Somerville
Wed.	April	11	Natick	Mon.	May	14	Rindge
Sat.	April	14	Huntington	Wed.	May	16	Everett
Tues.	April	17	Cambridge	Sat.	May	19	Waltham
Thurs.	April	19	Boston Latin	Mon.	May	21	Wellesley
Tues.	April	24	Wellesley	Fri.	May	25	Cambridge
Fri.	April	27	Brookline	Wed.	May	30	Brookline
Tues.	May	1	Melrose	Sat.	June	2	Medford
Thurs.	May	3	Cambridge	Tues.	June	5	Wellesley
Sat.	May	5	Revere	Thurs.	June	7	Lynn Classical
Tues.	May	8	Brookline	Sat.	June	9	Beverly



TRACK TEAM

Henderson (Mgr.)	Duvall	Hayes	Bowen	Wyatt	Dickinson (Coach)
	Mooney	Nutting	Garrity (Capt.)	Brickhouse	



HENRY GARRITY, *Captain*

GERALD HENDERSON, *Manager*

THE track season, when all things are taken into consideration, was moderately successful. The material was not what it might have been, and, although some fifty odd candidates reported for practice, no man of Arthur Roberts' caliber was uncovered. Then, too, the schedule was unusually difficult.

In the interclass meet, for the first time in many years, the Senior Class failed to come through; they were nosed out by the Juniors, only after Captain Garrity decided to give his points to the latter class.

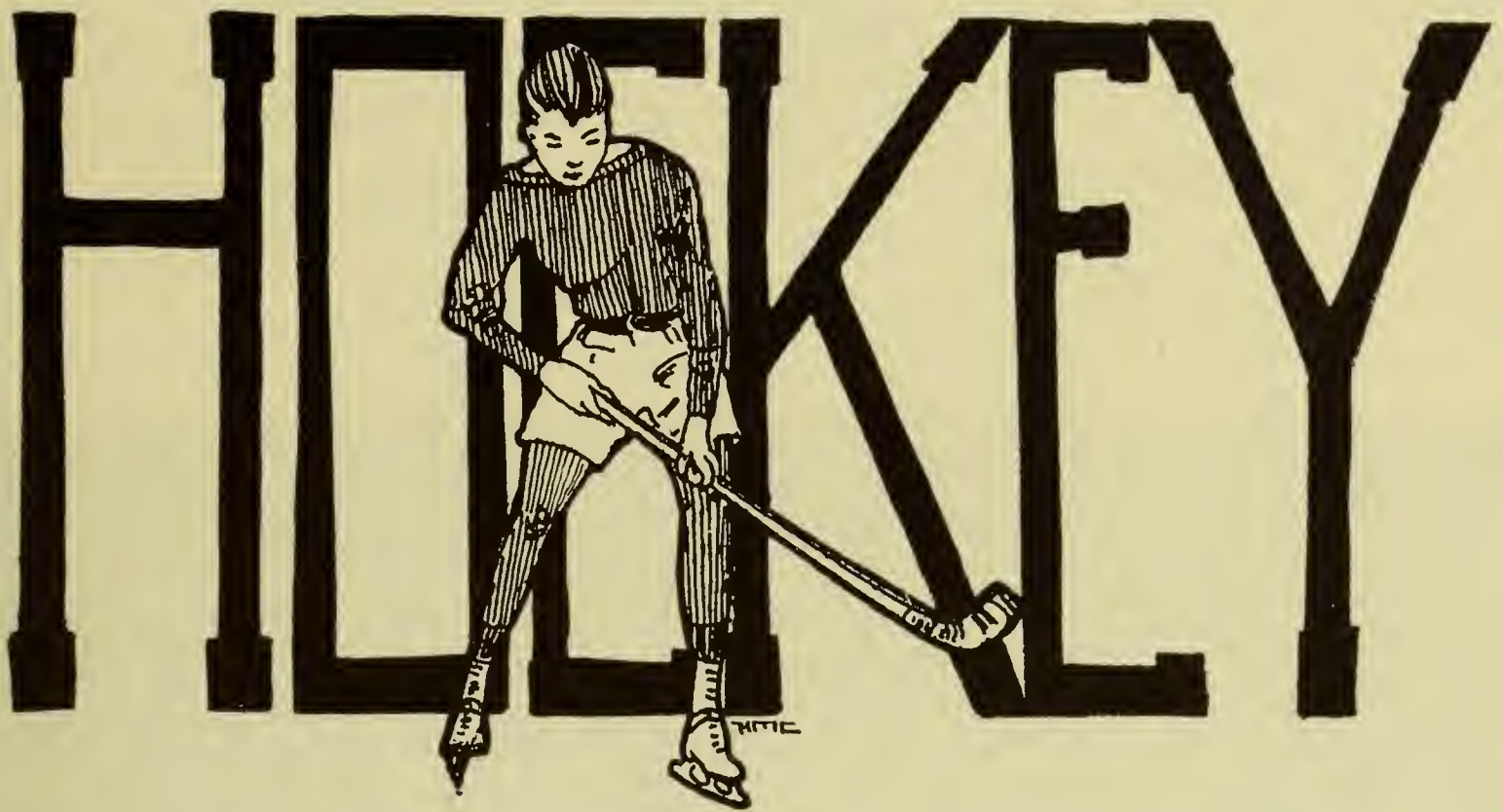
In the dual meet with Huntington, in their gymnasium, Newton was decisively defeated. Garrity was the only Newton man to win a first place.

Next was the triangular meet in our own gym with Wakefield and Cambridge. The latter team was among the also-rans, as it failed to score a point. The meet was hotly contested between Newton and Wakefield, and not until Newton lost the relay race was Wakefield awarded the decision.

In the greater Boston interscholastic meet, which Newton won last year, the team made a better showing than was expected, taking fourth place. Duval, our trusty long-distance man, sprung a surprise by winning the mile easily; Hayes took second in the dash; and Brickhouse finished second in the 300.

The B. A. A. meet afforded another surprise, when Bowen landed a second place in the high hurdles; neither he nor we expected it. Hayes took second place in the dash.

The team was strong in the dash, 300-, 600-, and 1,000-yard runs, with Hayes, Brickhouse, Garrity and Duval, respectively, taking care of these events; but in the jump and shot-put the team was somewhat weaker, although Billings, Gray and Macomber did some creditable work. Nutting has been elected captain for next year, and Clarence Wyatt was appointed manager.



ALPHONSE LACROIX, *Captain*

WALCOTT FORBUSH, *Manager*

HATS off to our hockey team! They came through in great style, winning the league title in handy fashion, and not losing a single game, being, incidentally, the only undefeated high or prep school in the State. Too much cannot be said of the stellar performances of Captain LaCroix, Roger Buntin and Leo Hughes. LaCroix throughout the season played a grand game in the net, and was almost universally conceded to be the premier goal of the year. Buntin played a whale of a game all season, and was one of the best rovers on the ice. Leo Hughes was probably the most valuable man to the team; he played a hard, fast game, and was a tower of strength on both the offense and defense.

Every man on the team is entitled to great praise. Garrity played a strong game at cover-point; Stonemetz, until scholastic deficiencies got in his way, showed up well; Davidson, Eaton, Rottler, Scott and Whalen were also good.

The team got away to a good start in the league, by defeating Arlington 4-2. Then all went along smoothly until we met Brookline. This team proved to be a tartar, and after ten minutes' overtime the game was declared a draw, 1-1. In the play-off Newton won easily, 3-0, and the league title at last came home.

Newton has been a member of the Interscholastic Hockey League for three years, and in that time has made an enviable record; for the last two years we have been runner-up, and this year the title is ours.

The election for captain was closely contested between Hughes and Eaton, the choice going to the latter. Hine was appointed manager. With Davidson, Captain Eaton, Garrity, Hughes and Scott back in the fold, there is apparently no reason why Newton should not repeat next year.

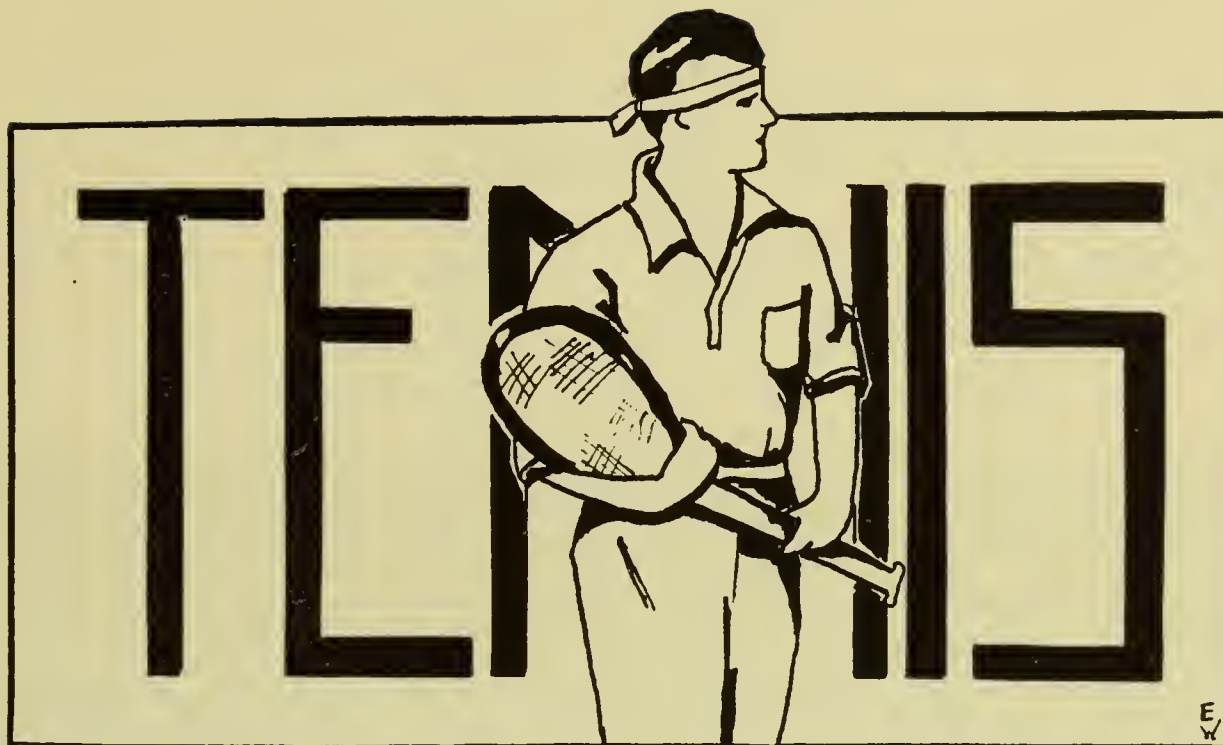


TENNIS TEAM

Taylor
Vaughan

Fairfield (Mgr.)
Scott (Capt.)

Leete
Andrews



GEORGE SCOTT, *Captain*

HARRISON FAIRFIELD, *Manager*

CAPTAIN George Scott, Vaughan, Leete, and Taylor showed up well in the annual fall tournament, and were accordingly given places on the school team. Andrews and Jackson were chosen to complete the team; the latter, however, has left school, and it is uncertain who will replace him. Andrews, Scott and Vaughan will take care of the singles, while the latter two, along with Leete and Taylor, will furnish opposition in the doubles.

A triangular tennis league has been formed between Newton, Brookline and Cambridge; this should stimulate the interest in this sport.

Great things are expected of Captain Scott this spring, and he will undoubtedly come through. Manager Fairfield has arranged the following excellent schedule:

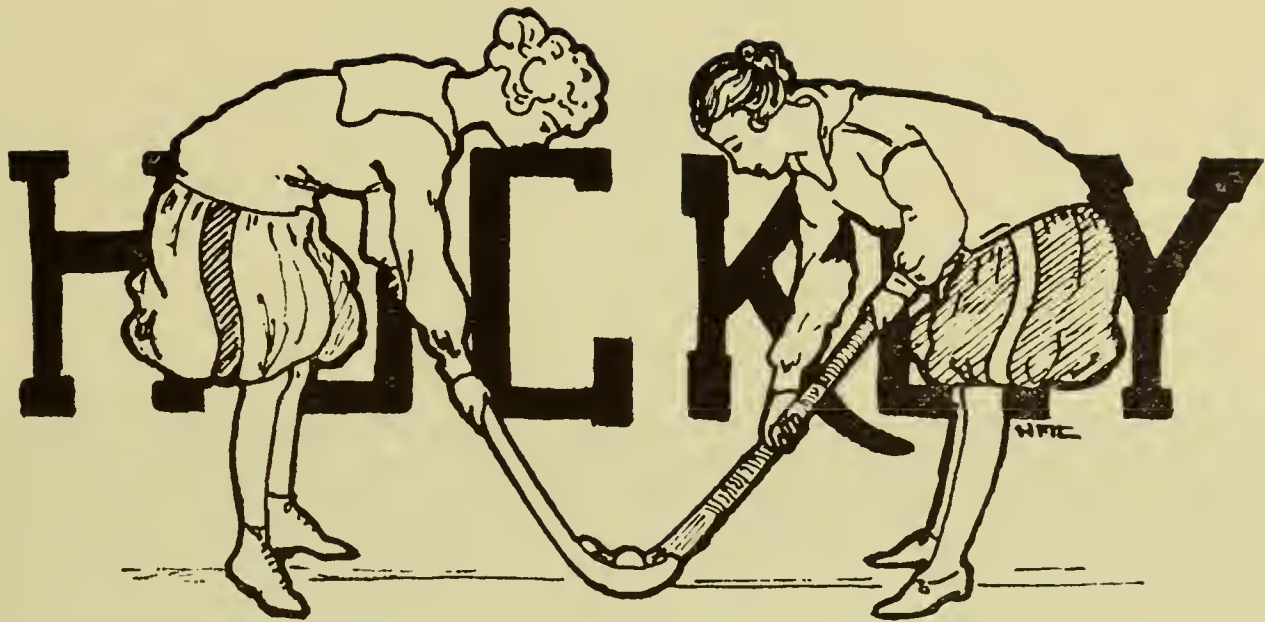
Tues.	April	24	Needham
Fri.	April	27	Huntington
Tues.	May	1	English High
Sat.	May	5	Exeter
Wed.	May	9	Boston College High
Sat.	May	12	North High
Wed.	May	16	Boston Latin
*Sat.	May	19	Cambridge Latin
Wed.	May	23	St. Mark's Academy
Sat.	May	26	Manchester
Wed.	May	30	Worcester
Sat.	June	2	Open date
Wed.	June	6	Lynn Classical
*Sat.	June	9	Brookline

*Triangular League Games.



FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

Miss Weed Miss Edwards Miss Gruener Miss Perkins Miss Speare Miss Schermerhorn Miss Clarke
Miss Chellis Miss Atkins Miss Fisher Miss Olmstead Miss Alexander



Girls' Hockey

CAROLINE FISHER, *Captain*

LESLIE C. PERKINS, *Manager*

HOCKEY began with a hundred and nine girls as candidates, among them five veterans of last year's team, and from this number Miss Flanders and "Captain Kiddle" chose the following team:

Caroline Fisher, *right wing*
 Eleanor Edwards, *right inside forward*
 Marjorie Chellis, *center*
 Katharine Gruener, *left inside forward*
 Jean Olmstead, *left wing*
 Anne Weed, *left halfback*
 Leslie Perkins, *center halfback*
 Priscilla Clarke } *right halfback*
 Josephine Atkins }
 Helen Schermerhorn, *right fullback*
 Virginia Speare, *left fullback*
 Ruth Alexander, *goal*

In the class games the Seniors won the championship by defeating the Sophomores 3-2 in a very exciting game.

The school team won from Arlington 3-0; from Miss Bouvé's 4-2; and from the alumnae 4-3; but lost to Wheaton 3-0. The season was one of the best, and Newton is proud of the showing made by the team.

Special credit should be given to "Kiddle" for her steady work at wing; to Marjorie Chellis for her good aim; and Ruth Alexander for her splendid defense in critical moments. The wish of the team to next year's captain, Priscilla Clarke, is that she may enjoy as successful and pleasant a season.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss Gulian Miss Pedley Miss Carter Miss Fisher
Miss Alexander Miss Weed Miss Perkins Miss Kennedy Miss Lyon



LESLIE PERKINS, *Captain*

HELOISE KENNEDY, *Manager*

BASKETBALL began early, but practice was broken into terribly by vacations and interruptions of one sort and another. When the team came to be picked, however, it certainly came up to the standard set by last year's team and others that have gone before. There were only four veterans, and the team was chosen as follows:

Guards: ANNE WEED
HELOISE KENNEDY
RUTH ALEXANDER
Centers: ELIZABETH CARTER
ELEANOR PEDLEY
CAROLINE FISHER
Goals: NORA GULIAN
ELEANOR LYON
LESLIE PERKINS


The class games found the Seniors again victorious over the Sophomores, 28-22. The school team won from Miss Garland's 44-5, and from Wellesley 34-17.



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Miss Perkins
Miss Atkins

Miss Howland
Miss Bartholomew



TENNIS



Girls' Tennis Team

ALTHOUGH last year the tennis team was chosen too late for publication in the *Newtonian*, it is worthy of mention here, since the first team to represent the girls of Newton in tennis won all its matches, with Brookline, Somerville and Winchester. The team was: Eugénie Brown, Captain; Margaret Spaulding, Marjory Howland, Josephine Atkins and Leslie Perkins.

In the fall of last year a new team was chosen for a match with Brookline, which Newton won. The team for that match and for the season of 1917 is as follows: Marjory Howland, Irma Bartholomew, Josephine Atkins and Leslie Perkins, with one new member to be chosen.

FOOTBALL

CANNON
CHAMPAGNE
DOHERTY
GARRITY
HARGEDON
HENDERSON
HUGHES
E. McDONALD
R. McDONALD
MACOMBER
MCGRATH
MURPHY
NUTTING
ROTTLER
SPALDING
STARKWEATHER (*Mgr.*)
SYSTEM
TURNER
WILEY

TRACK

BOWEN
BRICKHOUSE
DUVALL
GARRITY
HAYES
HENDERSON (*Mgr.*)
MOONEY
NUTTING

BASEBALL

GARRITY
HUGHES
MURPHY
TURNER

BASKET BALL

R. ALEXANDER
E. CARTER
N. GULIAN
H. KENNEDY
L. PERKINS
A. WEED

HOCKEY

BUNTIN
DAVIDSON
EATON
FORBUSH (*Mgr.*)
GARRITY
HUGHES
LACROIX
ROTTLER
STONEMETZ

FIELD HOCKEY

R. ALEXANDER
M. CHELLIS
E. EDWARDS
C. FISHER
K. GRUENER
J. OLMSTEAD
L. PERKINS
V. SPEARE
A. WEED
J. ATKINS
P. CLARK
H. SCHERMERHORN

LITERARY



My Greatest Experience and How I Met It

IF Harvard had not played football with Michigan, I never should have turned story-teller. But, as it happened, she did, so I did! Now, whenever Harvard goes away, I like to keep an eye on her; so on Saturday morning I dug up an old atlas, spread it open on the hall window seat and found the map of Michigan. If you've ever looked at the map of Michigan, you know what a mess it is—all covered with measly printing; and you know how hard it is to find what you want. Well I couldn't find what I wanted, to save my soul. Then I got mad.

"Where the deuce," I exclaimed wrathfully, "where the deuce is Ann Arbor?"

"Oh, you *dear* boy, say those *blessed* words again!" My sister Mildred came rushing downstairs and fairly threw herself at my feet.

"What do you mean?" I asked coldly. I didn't cherish much love for Mil that morning because she hadn't asked me to an old dinner she was giving in the evening. Not that I care a straw about dinners, but it simply made my blood boil to think she'd left me out just for the sake of inviting that loathsome Archibald Hall. There isn't a man on earth that I hate more than I do him. He's one of those awfully self-satisfied people, you know, who are simply unbearable. It was the height of my ambition—always had been, in fact—to make him appear ridiculous in the eyes of our town, which had such respect for him. "Get up!" I added sternly.

Mil pulled herself up and then flopped down on Michigan. "Oh!" she sighed, "you don't know how good it seems to hear a girl's name!"

"Girl's name?" said I.

"Yes, Ann Arbor."

"Why, that isn't," I began, but stopped.

"Who is she?" demanded Mil.

"What do you want to know for?" I snapped.

"Don't be so cross! You know I'd have invited you if there'd been room. Now, listen! You must tell me who Ann Arbor is so I can ask her to dinner!"

"What?" I gasped.

"Yes. Dinner. It is a little unusual, asking someone you don't know. But *you* know her, Billy, so it's all right. You see, Billy, while you were down cellar, Mary Carr's maid called up to say that Mary had just stumbled downstairs and hurt her back so she couldn't come. I nearly went mad. I telephoned

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every girl I could think of, but no one can come in Mary's place. I want my party to be a success. Now tell me who Ann is and if you think she'd come. Does she live in Cambridge?"

"Er—she's staying there for a while."

"Oh, she's one of those girls you're always taking to the 'Merle.' I know, dear, and I won't tease you. But *do* you think she'd come?"

"Sure she'd come! She said the other day she wished she could meet you." (You know I can lie like all outdoors when I get started!) "Shall I call her up?"

"Oh, if you *only* will! Billy, you're just the dearest boy! I'm so sorry you can't come, but you know there really isn't room!" Mil handed me the telephone, as she spoke, and I called Anne's number.

I got Ann and she said she'd be delighted to come. I told her how to get to the house and said I was sorry I shouldn't be able to meet her—and then hung up. Mil smothered me in one of those big hugs of hers and ran upstairs. I got my hat, yelled that I was going in town and probably would stop at college on the way out and wouldn't be home till late at night. Then I went off, my innocent little head filled with very naughty thoughts.

Well, Ann Arbor arrived safely, and a little ahead of time. She was dressed in a pretty silk dress and looked very sweet. (Ann really had very pretty golden hair and noticeably red cheeks.) Mil gave her a glorious welcome and invited her up to the sun room for a cozy little chat before the others came. A cozy chat they had. Mil learned all of Ann's past history—as well as present; how Ann had come on from Michigan after her parents had died and was living in Cambridge with an aunt. And how she *did* love the good times the Harvard boys gave her—Billy especially. Billy was *such* a dear boy. She just hated to have him go home for week-ends.

Ann was very popular with the rest of Mil's guests. When dinner was served, she found herself beside a Mr. Archibald Hall, a very neat-looking gentleman who wore a monocle. He was a millionaire, and, although thirty-three, was still unmarried. It was some time before he ventured conversation with Ann, though he kept looking at her out of the corner of his eye; and Ann, who was quite used to such things, detected devotion in his glance!

"Er—Miss Arbor," he stammered finally, "I think we ought to talk."

"Yes," smiled Ann, who had been thinking so for a long time. "What shall we talk about?"

What they did talk about was Mr. Archibald himself, rather that was what *he* talked about, while Ann listened. She was surprised at the number of times he had crossed the Atlantic, astonished at the immense size of his house and

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gardens, and astounded at the deeds of valor which he had done. But when, right out of a clear sky, he asked her if she believed in love at first sight she spilt her glass of water all over his trousers, and dropped her fork with such a bang that everybody stared at her. When calmed somewhat, she suggested that a proposal would sound better on a nice moonlight night when they were alone. And so he decided to wait. Then he became suddenly embarrassed and said nothing more until after dinner when he and Ann were alone in the hall for a moment.

“Miss Arbor,” he began passionately, “may I come to see you? And how soon? And—and where do you live?”

Ann smiled. “Surely you may! And come just as soon as ever you like. You will find me in Michigan, where Harvard was playing football today!”

With that sweet reply, Ann snatched off her wig, and I turned to face the dumbfounded Archibald Hall.

Well, everybody is simply *howling* about old Hall. And when I get home next Friday night I’ll get it, all right, from Mil. But who cares? I have reached the height of my ambition!

ESTELLE WELLWOOD.

Feet of Clay

WITH a whirlwind rush Gwendolyn entered her chum's room and threw herself upon her surprised friend.

"My dear! When did you get home? I *am* so glad to see you; I haven't seen you in years!" Marion gasped.

The two girls were most intimate friends who had been separated for three months, as Gwendolyn had gone away to boarding school. She had come home unexpectedly for a short visit and had "come over to tell Marion about everything."

"I have *so* much to tell you!" she bubbled, putting down a package she had brought with her. "Marion, guess what—" (Short pause for dramatic effect.) "I have found my ideal!"

Marion gasped sympathetically and pulled her friend down beside her to tell all about it.

"He's *so* wonderful," Gwendolyn continued rapturously, "tall, dark, and so strong and handsome, with marvelous, crispy black hair, and black eyes that make me shiver, they are so mystic and soulful."

"Who is he?" interpolated the deeply impressed Marion.

"That's just it. He's an actor and all the girls are crazy about him. He's such a wonderful actor he thrills you to pieces, although they don't give him very big parts. He played in Southbend for five weeks and I went to see every single matinee I could. And what do you think, Marion," her voice sank to an awed whisper, "I never told anyone else, but we have been corresponding!"

"My dear! What a coinci—"

"And he sent me his picture, autographed," she went on; "I'll show it to you, but first you must see his letters."

Proudly she drew them forth while Marion looked tensely on.

"'Dear little friend,' " she read. "Isn't that a sweet beginning? 'Your note gave me very great pleasure and I thank you for it so much. One does not get such letters every day. Be sure to be down front at the next matinee with your violets on for identification, so I may see my appreciative little friend. It is almost time for me to go on now, but don't disappoint me next Saturday, will you? Enclosed you'll find a photo of me if it is of any interest to you, as I venture to hope it will be. Hastily yours, Carl M. Jennings.' "

A stifled exclamation escaped Marion and she seized Gwendolyn by the arm.

"Gwen, I have something terrible to tell you!" she said in the dead voice of

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one whose fondest dreams have collapsed. She rose and, going to her desk, took from it a bunch of letters, from which she selected one and spread it before Gwendolyn.

"There!" she breathed tragically.

Gwendolyn looked and her eyes widened with shocked horror, for the letter was almost the exact replica of her own!

"O—oh! O—oh!" she cried. "Then he never meant any of it at all. He just wrote the same thing to any girl to get her to come to the play!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! That is the best joke on you two girls I ever heard."

The girls whirled around and found Marion's younger brother, who had slipped in unnoticed in their concentration.

"I always told you he was a joke—and I found out something about him that I came to tell you about," he added hastily, to justify his presence there, as he saw Marion advance with determination in her eye.

"Jim Nayland's father used to know him and he says he's about forty-five and also that he's practically bald, but he hides the fact by wearing a wig. Hence his be-ootiful black coirly locks. Ha! Ha!" And with elfish glee he slipped out, leaving the blow to sink in.

"I could have stood anything but that," mourned Marion. "At least it was romantic to have him faithless, but to have adored a baldheaded man all this time—I am crushed!"

As they were tearing up the letters and pictures and throwing them into the wastebasket, Gwendolyn gave a little giggle.

"I was just thinking," she apologized, "how much we worshipped that wig of his. Wait till I tell the girls!"

VIRGINIA SPEARE.

His Little Bit

IN a dark and dreary attic room Armand LeFevre was bending over a work-bench strewn with tools and bits of machinery. A stray beam from the setting sun, venturing into this gloomy retreat, lighted up for a moment the face of the worker. Armand was a bright-appearing young fellow of perhaps eighteen or nineteen years, though one would have judged from his face that he was much older, for it was drawn and tired-looking, as if the owner had passed through much suffering. Alas, this was very true, for the boy had been born with one arm useless and withered, and all through life he had been handicapped by this defect.

As the sun slowly sank below the horizon and the room became too dark to see his work, Armand reached up and took down a candle from a near-by shelf. After having lighted it, he resumed his work at the bench, pausing now and then to listen for any sounds of footsteps, for this, you must know, was somewhere in Belgium, a little town under German rule. The conquerors had taken his father prisoner, deported his mother and sister, but had left him unmolested on account of his infirmity. It had been hard indeed for him not to go to the front with his father, but the latter had said to him on leaving home, "Keep your eyes open, my son. Perhaps a chance will come for you to do your little bit for Belgium and her protectors."

It was in an attempt to do this that the boy was at this moment busily engaged at his bench. For days and nights he had puzzled over a bit of mechanism designed to automatically allow for the wind in the firing of the big guns. At last the invention was nearing completion; only a few details yet remained to be perfected. Feverishly he worked, straining his eyes to see the small screws and washers by the flickering light of the candle. Every moment or so he would stop and listen, as if fearing discovery. He must not be discovered at the last moment!

Suddenly a step was heard outside in the hall below. Quickly he swept all his apparatus into a little box, and hid it under his bed. With the same motion he whisked a book out from under his pillow and sat down as if reading. Just as he had gotten settled, someone knocked at the door.

"Come in," called out Armand. The door opened and a young girl entered, dressed in peasant costume, and carrying a basket under her arm. "Ah! then it is you, Marie!" Armand said when he saw her. "I was afraid that it might be one of those Germans below coming up to tell me to keep quiet."

"Yes, it is I," replied the girl with a smile as she drew off the napkin which

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covered the contents of the basket. "It was hard work, but I managed to get them you see," she said, putting the basket on the bed before Armand. "They kept very close watch on the storeroom, but I managed to slip in just at noon when the men were at dinner. These are what you wanted, aren't they?" she added as she noticed her cousin, for such he was, looking over the contents of the basket.

"These are just the things," he answered, taking out piece after piece of metal, screws, bolts, springs and such bits of machinery. "You did well to get them, Marie."

"You might have known that I'd get what I went after," she said with a laugh, remembering how, when they were little children playing together, she generally had her own way.

Armand smiled too, and cast an admiring glance at the neat and trim figure sitting on the bed before him. Indeed she did look capable. She was a picture of health—red cheeks, sparkling eyes, and a mass of light brown hair. It was no trouble at all to look at her.

Armand rose, went to the door, and listened. Then he returned and sat down beside Marie, who looked up at him, waiting for him to speak. She did not have long to wait.

"Marie," he began, "I am going away soon. The invention is nearly done, and I must get it to France as soon as possible. That means that I must carry it there myself, for I would not trust it to anyone else you know." Marie nodded for him to continue. He went on, "I plan to leave tomorrow night at eight. I will go to the front, and get to the French lines. From there it will be easy to get to Paris to the War Office, and give them my invention."

Marie remained silent for a moment, and then she looked into her cousin's eyes. "It is a brave deed that you are doing, my Armand," was all that she said.

"And I have something for you to do too, Marie," Armand answered. "I want you to take these plans and diagrams and bake them in two loaves of bread, so that I may carry them without being suspected, as I surely would be if the things were discovered."

Marie took the roll of papers and the model which were handed to her and concealed them in her basket. "You are right," she said. "They will be safe in the bread. No one would think of looking for such things in bread." She picked up her basket and started to go out. When she reached the door she turned to Armand and said, "I will bring the bread tomorrow night at half past seven. Until then 'au revoir.' "

A moment later Armand stood up and listened. He heard the sound of Marie's footsteps growing fainter and fainter as she went down the street. As soon

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as all was quiet he turned to his bed, and, throwing himself upon it without having removed his clothing, was soon asleep.

In the morning he was awakened by a rough hand shaking him, and a loud gruff voice calling, "Here you, Armand! Get up!" Quickly Armand got up and washed his hands and face from the water in a little pitcher which stood on his bench. Having completed his simple toilet, he went out to his work, which consisted of carrying water and provisions to the officers and men.

Through the whole day he worked, stopping only to eat a morsel of bread for his dinner. No one paid any attention to him except to find fault when he chanced to be a little slow, or when he made a mistake in something. It was an especially hard day, as there was much work to be done, and by nightfall Armand was very tired indeed. And this very night he must leave for France, weary as he was. It was not a cheering prospect, but he never faltered. It was as if divine strength had been granted him to carry out his mission. Perhaps the fate of a nation lay in his hands.

At last his work was done. The sun had already set as he went hurrying along the street to his room. When he reached there it was quite dark. He hurried up the stairs and ate a simple supper of corn bread and rice. Then he put the few things that he was to take with him into a sack, and sat down to wait for Marie. Soon he heard her footsteps coming quickly up the stairs. He opened the door, and she appeared breathless before him, her basket in her hand.

"So you ran to get here the sooner, my dear," said Armand as he took the basket.

"Are these loaves all right?" Marie asked as Armand took the well-browned bread from the basket.

"Excellent. You are a good cook. I imagine that it will be a long time before you make any more such bread," he added with a laugh. "This bread will not be good for the Germans." As he spoke, he put the loaves with his other belongings in the sack. When this was done, he came over to where Marie was sitting. Taking both her hands in his, he said tenderly, "Marie, wish me success; wish the cause success. Pray for us, Marie."

With tears in her eyes, Marie turned toward him. "You are so brave, so kind, so true. I am but a girl. I wish that I could do something as great as you are about to do," she sighed.

"Hush, hush, Marie," was the tender response. "You are brave, you are kind, you are true. Without you I could never have finished the invention. If we succeed, the success is both yours and mine."

"You almost make me feel as if I were really a great person," she smiled up at him through her tears.

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For a few moments the two sat thus in silence, then suddenly Armand said, "I must be on my way now." Both stood up, still as if in a dream. Impulsively Marie turned her face up towards Armand's and hurriedly he kissed her, and said, "You must leave now, dear, for I must go out quietly and alone." Marie picked up her basket. At the door she turned and whispered, "Adieu, and may God guide you safely," and was gone.

When he could no longer hear her footsteps on the paving, Armand picked up his sack and slung it over his shoulder. Then, casting one last look at his humble room, he opened the door softly and went out. It was difficult going down the creaky stairway without being heard, but Armand succeeded in reaching the street in safety. Now he drew a free breath, for he knew that for the time being he was out of danger.

It was about two miles to the railroad. After walking for about forty minutes he saw ahead the large watering tank where the supply trains stopped to get their water for the boilers. Armand planned to get on one of these trains without being seen, and ride on it to the front. When he reached the tank, he concealed himself in a clump of bushes near the track. In a few moments he heard the puffing of a heavy freight engine, and soon the train had pulled to a stop directly beside the tank.

It was a very dark night, and Armand had little fear of being seen as he stole from his place of concealment. After looking about for a moment, he found what he considered a suitable place to travel on, namely, a brake-beam. Quickly he stowed himself into this uncomfortable seat. But he was none too soon, for the train started at once. At first he was afraid of falling off, but gradually he became accustomed to his position.

All night long he traveled thus. At about daybreak the next morning the train pulled to a stop, and Armand realized that he must be at the front. With great care he got out from under the train and had succeeded in going quite a distance up the road before he was challenged. A burly German guard stepped out in front of him and asked him who he was and what he was there for. Armand felt his heart leap to his throat, but he remained outwardly calm as he answered, "I just came from the country back there, and I am looking for one of your soldiers who said that he would take care of me if I came here to him."

"What have you in that sack?" was the soldier's next question. Armand handed over the sack for inspection. After having looked it over carefully, the German said, "All right. Go anywhere you like. I guess you're harmless."

Thankfully Armand went on his way again. During the entire day he wandered about the trenches, laughing and talking with the soldiers, and inwardly praying for the night, under cover of which he hoped to get to the French

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lines not more than three hundred yards distant. As night drew near, the firing became more regular, and every few moments a shell would burst somewhere in their vicinity. Once night had fallen, Armand walked through the trenches until he had found a place where he might act unobserved. When he had satisfied himself that no one was about, he threw his sack on the level ground and swung himself up after it.

Very, very cautiously he wriggled through the entanglements and crept out upon No-Man's Land. There he fell on his stomach, and thus crawled silently along, dragging his sack after him. Once he thought he heard some men approaching. The voices sounded gruff and like German, so he lay very still, scarcely daring to breathe, for fear that he would betray his presence to them. One of the men passed within ten yards of where he was huddled, and he had almost given up hope of remaining undiscovered when the man hurried off in the other direction. When all was quiet once more, Armand resumed his journey, for he knew that there was no time to be lost.

At last he came to some entanglements, and he stood up and walked straight towards the trenches, waving a white handkerchief so that he would not be shot by the French soldiers. "Qui va lá?" came the sharp question from the trench ahead. "A friend," was the reply. In a moment he was in the trenches, and a group of men was gathered about asking him questions.

Now that he was in the hands of friends, Armand felt much relieved, and when he asked to see the officer in charge he was led to a dugout in one of the rear trenches. There he found a kindly-appearing gray-haired officer, to whom he told his story.

"But how am I to know that you are telling the truth?" asked the man when Armand had finished talking.

"You can do no harm by believing me," was the answer. "I must get to the War Office at once. Will you help me?"

Something in the boy's face made the soldier pay heed, and, after giving Armand something to eat, he put him on a supply truck which was going to the railroad, from whence it was but a short ride to Paris. It took an hour to get to the railroad, and when he got there Armand was nearly overcome with fatigue. But he managed to keep awake until he was aboard the train. Once he had seated himself in one of the seats, he dropped off into a sleep of sheer exhaustion.

The next thing he knew he was being shaken gently by the officer who had been instructed to see that the boy reached the War Office safely. They were in Paris, and it was morning. Armand was hurried out into a waiting auto, and in a few minutes they stopped in front of a large building. This, he was told, was the War Office; this was his goal. With a light heart he walked up the steps and

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into the room marked Artillery Department. Here he found a clerk, and, having told him his errand, Armand was ushered into the presence of General Joffre. For a moment he was overawed at finding himself in the presence of so great a man, but under the kindly smile of the leader of the French army he soon forgot his fears, and told his story to the man. When he had finished he pulled out the loaves from his sack, and, breaking them open, handed the papers and the model to the general.

For fully five minutes a dead silence reigned in the office while Joffre looked over the papers and examined the model. At last the great general rose to his feet. Going over to where Armand was sitting, he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder and said, "My boy, your invention is wonderful. France owes you her thanks."

A sob of joy broke forth from the boy's lips as he heard the words. Then General Joffre led him out of the office and took him to his own home, where he was given a meal and a room. For twelve long hours he slept. When he awoke he thought that it had been all a dream until a footman entered and brought him breakfast, and informed him that he was to go to the War Office as soon as he had eaten.

A half hour later he was ushered into the general's presence once more. When he had saluted, and had been welcomed by the great soldier, Joffre pushed a bell and the door opened. Suddenly Armand felt himself seized from behind, and, looking around, he beheld his father standing before him.

"Father! How did you come here?" was all the boy could say. Then he learned that his father had recently been exchanged and had returned to Paris. When General Joffre had heard the lad's story he sent to find whether the father was among the exchanged men. On finding that he was, Joffre sent for him, and now the two were together once more.

Ten days later Armand was to be seen wearing the insignia of the Legion of Honor, and well indeed might he be proud of it. Under the greatest of difficulties he had accomplished what his father had suggested; he had done his little bit.

PAUL P. COGGINS, '17.

War

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
To take away from man the breath of life;
To rouse in him the love of murd'rous strife;
Oh, may repentance seize thy poisoned heart!

Have culture and achievements done but this?
Can this be human nature, as 'tis said,
Or hath the world gone mad and reason fled?
Why can we not these awful thoughts dismiss?

The human derelicts war leaves behind;
Man's dwellings razed, all nature drenched with blood;
Far wilder chaos than a world-wide flood—
These things are caused by man in fury blind.

Oh, man, in Heaven's name wilt thou ne'er cease
Till every living creature lieth slain?
From fiendish slaughter wilt thou ne'er refrain?
Till strife is o'er we'll plead and pray for peace!

HAROLD M. FLINN.

Her Part

WAR with Germany had been declared. Marblehead had been changed from a charming summer resort to an arsenal of war. No longer was the lighthouse on the Neck allowed to shed its feeble beams across the water. A small battery of heavy guns and a few of the anti-aircraft type had been planted on the point. Old Fort Sewell of Spanish War times had been built over and, although to outward appearances the same, it was now a modern hornet's nest. The new million-dollar plant of the Burgess-Curtiss Aeroplane Company in Little Harbor had been taken over by the Government and heavily guarded.

However, as yet, no sign of the German ships had been seen. Consequently a few daring and enthusiastic skippers still sailed their small boats in Salem Bay. Among these was Caroline Jonson, an athletic young lady of eighteen, whose father had owned one of the shipyards in the harbor ever since she could remember. She was never happy away from the water and her beloved seventeen-footer "Scat." The worst northeasters did not hinder her from making her daily sail. Thus it was that, even in war times, the white sail of her little knockabout was seen flitting here and there about the bay.

At last came a time when things were not so peaceful. German ships had been sighted from various points along the coast, and the warning of a submarine raid had been sent out by the Government. It was absolutely necessary to send some plans from the Burgess plant to the Misery Island station. The entire fleet of submarine chasers had left for Boston, and nothing was left but the flying machines and a few pleasure boats. It did not seem advisable to the Colonel in command at the fort to risk an aircraft for such a short distance; and yet it was imperative that the plans should not fall into the hands of the enemy or be lost, as there was no time to duplicate them.

Finally, after a short consultation with a couple of his brother officers, the Colonel dispatched an orderly into the town.

Before long the man returned, accompanied by Caroline Jonson, simply clad in a blue sailor suit and a white midgy hat. The Colonel met her and escorted her to his office.

"It is this way, Miss Jonson," he began. "We have some important plans which must be delivered at once at the Misery Island station. All of our speed power boats left for Boston this morning and all that we have left are our Dunne machines. We do not think it wise to risk one of these for so short a

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distance. To send a man in one of our 'clogs' would be sure to attract the attention of the enemy submarines, which are without a doubt lying about the outer harbor. You have been sailing every day, so that your boat would not attract any particular attention. Unfortunately the wind lies in such a position that it will be almost a dead beat to the island. However this will only help to baffle anyone who might be looking, if you make one or two long hitches towards the Beverly shore before you start out for the island. You can put this packet under your hat and then pin them both together. The plans are heavily weighted, so that in case of any trouble you need only to throw them overboard."

Hardly stopping to tell the Colonel how happy and willing she was to be of some service, she made her way to the float where her tender was tied.

A few minutes later the familiar seventeen-footer with its lady skipper was beating its way out of the harbor. Never before had Caroline found her boat slow. Never before had she bothered her head about the much-talked-of submarine raids. Now her speedy craft seemed to be crawling, and its usual ability to sail close to the wind was gone. It seemed to Caroline that every now and then she saw the flash of a periscope, but upon closer examination it proved to be only the crest of a boisterous wave.

At last, after a hard and nerve-racking sail, the "Scat" shot up into the wind alongside the pier at Misery Island. Caroline jumped out, and, leaving her boat in charge of the guard on the pier, went at once to the officer in command with her little packet of plans.

As she slacked in sheets and headed for home, Caroline leaned back in the cockpit and began to think. Night after night, since both her brothers had enlisted, she had stayed awake trying to think how she would be able to do her part. Her chance had come at last and she had been able to carry out her orders to the very letter. The plans were now safe in the hands of the officer at Misery. She was suddenly awakened from these thoughts by a noise off the port bow. She started to look up, but that move was never finished.

The men on shore, who had been watching the little sailboat through the glasses, saw it suddenly rise into the air in a thousand pieces. They realized what had happened—Caroline Jonson had done her part.

WILLIAM V. M. FAWCETT.

On the Lunch Room

(With sincere apologies to Milton)

When I consider how my noons are spent
In that poor lunch room which we all abuse,
And that one ticket, which is death to lose,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To reach a chicken sandwich, and present
The yellow check, though people crowd and punch.
“This is the lunch room, but where is the lunch?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “Mortal, take heed!
Win Mr. Marshall’s favor thus! Who best
Bear the long wait he serves them best; his state
Is kingly; many at his bidding speed,
And run from boys’ to girls’ side without rest,
They may be served who sweetly stand and wait.”

WINIFRED DODGE.

A Mid-Spring Night's Dream

FOREWORD: Some of the information conferred in our reports is admittedly vague, occasionally ambiguous; but will one not deal leniently with us, when one takes into account the strict censorship which is everywhere prevalent?

SPECIAL DISPATCH FROM FRONT AT NEWTON, MASS.:

Comparative quiet predominated today in the Eastern War Theater. About ten o'clock a bombing party against the right flank was repulsed in a most unusual manner. Capt. Garrity of N Company leapt to the parapet, followed closely by Lieutenants Macomber, Hughes, and Systrom, as well as by non-commissioned officers Henderson, Murphy, Nutting, Spaulding, Turner, Wiley, Rottler, and McDonald; there, under the direction of Col. A. W. Dickinson, the men systematically caught and returned the bombs before the latter could explode. The opposition seemed to be concentrated against Capt. Garrity. The latter was game to the core, but after the fray Lieut. Oscar Martin of the medical corps found eight large caliber bullets lodged on the brave Captain's person. The enemy claim a temporary victory, but we believe we can come back firmly.

SPECIAL DISPATCH FROM FRONT AT NEWTON, MASS.:

Our men met the foe in the last of a series of skirmishes today; and, while all assaults have left us undefeated, not until this last victory could we proclaim our superiority. Capt. La Croix, H Company, has been somewhat of a target during these petty frays, but has proved himself a bulwark of defense during the entire series. No serious destruction has been wrought on the position he guards. Other men mentioned with honor in the official reports are Buntin, Eaton (the latter was disabled near the end of the series), Hughes, and Davidson—all non-commissioned officers; also, as usual, Capt. Garrity. Lieut. Stonemetz, who was impeached early in the fray, likewise received favorable comment.

GENERAL DISPATCH FROM NEWTON FRONT:

The outlook and general criticisms of the forces about Newton, Mass., are as follows:

Authority believes that, unless a minor war with the German Empire interferes, a serious conflict is sure to brew on the heels of these daily engagements.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

In fact, reports indicate that the hour approaches for a most sanguinary strife. With this in mind, Capt. Turner's Company has been specially instructed by Col. A. W. Dickinson as to course of action, and this game bunch expects to repel all comers.

The service owes much to its Red Cross branch; members of such ability and experience as the Misses Pierce, Mandell, Kennedy and Stimpson, when under the influence of such men as Attending Officer J. B. Starkweather and his assistants, Dame and Howell, are invaluable to the success of this unit.

The Vigilance Committee, with such exponents as Special Officers E. C. Adams, S. W. Davis, C. S. Thomas and C. D. Meserve, merits all the praise it has received, not only for the discipline maintained, but also for its skillful promotion of learning among the rank and file. Nevertheless one crime did escape notice when some private, with malice aforethought, gave Quartermaster Marshall an old car ticket in place of his mess check, and received a hearty meal straightaway. There was one attempt to rob the dead. Some culprit attempted to steal a silk shirt from the person of Corp. J. Lupton; but the latter was only asleep, and when he awoke later he was able to recover his property.

However, taken as a whole, the inspecting officer is obliged to say that the unit is indeed a very proficient one in every respect.

I AM WILLIAMSON.

ORGANIZATIONS





BOYS' DEBATING TEAM

Vaughan (Mgr.)
Cole

Forbush
Ford Emery

Sperl
Macomber

Lane
Clapp Whelden

Boys' Debating Club

RALPH B. EMERY, '17, *President* JOHN CLAPP, '17, *Vice-President*

C. CLARK MACOMBER, '18, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Mr. EPSTEIN, *Coach*

NOT only the girls, but the boys as well, are interested in debating. The Boys' Debating Club met for the first time early in October, with a membership of more than seventy-five. For a month we held our meetings in the Lecture Hall, every other week, alternating with the girls in the use of the hall. Here we planned to hold debates between the members of the club, preparatory to our work for the trials.

On November 24 the six debating clubs of Brookline, Newton and Somerville held a reception at the Brookline High School. We all spent a very pleasant afternoon.

About this time Mr. Epstein was appointed as our coach. We then disbanded our regular club meetings, to spend the ensuing month in preparation for the trial debates.

They were held on the sixteenth of January. Of the number who entered these six were chosen for the school teams: Clapp, '17, Cole, '17, Emery, '17, Ford, '18, Macomber, '18, Whelden, '17. The teams spent the next two months in hard work under Mr. Epstein's instruction. Late in February he divided them. The affirmative team was composed of Clapp, Macomber and Whelden; the negative team of Emery, Ford and Cole.

Here we wish to thank Mr. Epstein for his great services. He has been a wise and patient coach. Both the Girls' Club and the Boys' Club unite in extending to him our sincere appreciation.

The Triangular League debates took place on the evening of March 30. The problem to be debated read as follows: "*Resolved*, that, waiving the constitutionality of the question, the United States should adopt a system of old-age pensions modeled upon that of Great Britain." Our teams lost to both Brookline and Somerville. But they put up a good hard fight, which after all is the only thing that really counts.



GIRLS' DEBATING TEAM

Miss Wright	Miss Perkins	Miss Hallett		
Miss Switzer	Miss Olmstead	Miss McGill	Miss Rimbach	Miss Guppy

Girls' Debating Club

JEAN OLMSTEAD, '17, *President*

RUTH CUMMINGS, '18, *Vice-President*

MARY I. WEST, '17, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Miss MCGILL, *Faculty Advisor*

Mr. EPSTEIN, *Coach*

WE, the Girls' Debating Club, have worked for one purpose this year—to win. We have lost both our debates, but we have won something of far greater value—the support of the school.

We assembled early in October, with a membership of more than fifty. Our first meetings were held in the Lecture Hall every other Monday morning. There we planned to spend a part of the year on briefing, a part on the speech proper, and a part on its presentation.

In November, however, the school board appointed us a coach, and until January we united with the boys, under his instruction, in learning the elementary principles of debating.

We held our trial debates on the nineteenth of January, and out of the possible candidates these six were chosen: Ruth Guppy, '17, Dorothy Hallett, '17, Jean Olmstead, '17, Leslie Perkins, '17, Frances Rimbach, '18, and Wynna Wright, '17. Two weeks before the debates Ruth Guppy succumbed to the epidemic of mumps, which necessitated Mary Switzer, one of the alternates, taking her place.

Excellent material for the teams! We have never heard a more charming nor convincing delivery than that of Dorothy Hallett. She was perhaps the ablest speaker of her team. You can always depend on Leslie Perkins; she will never fail you. Her work showed much thought and sincerity. Some day Frances Rimbach is going to make a very able lawyer. She has splendid ability as a speaker. We shall not soon forget Mary Switzer, her never-tiring energy and ever-ready willingness to do her best for her team. It is a rare thing to find the ability to gesture in a girl. Wynna Wright has that ability, which combined to make her a very forceful speaker. The negative team was composed of Miss Rimbach, Miss Hallett and Miss Perkins; the affirmative team was composed of Miss Olmstead, Miss Wright and Miss Switzer.

We are a member of the Triangular League with Brookline and Somerville. On the evening of March the ninth the debates were held. The problem to be discussed was that of the Japanese in California. Both of our teams lost.

We are not beaten yet, however. There is another year coming, and with the knowledge that the school is behind us, "backing us up," whether we win or lose, we will try again, and win!



REVIEW STAFF

Back row: Henderson Mr. Richmond Dodge Fawcett Emery Story Woodbridge Tucker
Middle row: Cole Miss Olmstead Irwin Miss Carter
Front row: Vaughan Miss Rimbach Miss Perkins Whelden Miss Diehl Miss Wellwood

The Review

IN a school as large as our own, with more than nine hundred pupils coming and going, we have need of some common interest. This need is supplied by the *Review*. Nor has the *Review* more successfully satisfied this need than during the year of 1917. We have endeavored to interest every girl and boy in the school. To those of a literary bent the short-story pages have proved a never-ending source of enjoyment. To those who have gone out for athletics the Athletic Department has never been more interesting nor better carried out. To those who have liked a good laugh now and then the Base Hits have never proved more snappy nor better worth watching. Moreover every student in the school has been made to feel that he was necessary to the *Review*. His support has been sought. This perhaps has been the secret of our success this year.

THE STAFF

WILLIAM IRWIN, '17	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
WILLIAM FAWCETT, '17	<i>Business Manager</i>
ELIZABETH CARTER, '17	}	<i>Assistant Editors</i>
JOHN WOODBRIDGE, '17						
RALPH EMERY, '17	}	<i>Assistant Managers</i>
BRADFORD STORY, '18						
FRANCES RIMBACH, '18	<i>Among Our Graduates</i>
ESTELLE WELLWOOD, '18	<i>Around the Hall</i>
CHESTER WHELDEN, '17	}	<i>Exchanges</i>
RICHARD COLE, '17						
ALICE FOLEY	}	<i>Across the Road</i>
JOSEPH MURPHY						
GERALD HENDERSON, '17	<i>Athletics</i>
LESLIE PERKINS, '17	<i>Girls' Athletics</i>
WAYLAND VAUGHAN, '18	}	<i>Base Hits</i>
GLADYS DIEHL, '18						
JEAN OLMSTEAD, '17	}	<i>Photographers</i>
HAROLD TUCKER, '17						
WALTER DODGE, '19	<i>Art</i>

In finis, the years pass quickly. Soon the Class of 1917 will be scattered, and then it will be that these old copies of the *Review* will grow very dear to us, carrying with them as they do so many mementos of those happy days spent in Newton High.

Der Deutsche Verein

LAWRENCE TROWBRIDGE, '17, *President*

ESTELLE WELLWOOD, '18, *Vice-President*

WALCOTT FORBUSH, '18, *Secretary-Treasurer*

DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN hielt seine erste Versammlung an ——— (?) ——— we will write in English! On January 26 the German Club held its first meeting in the library. It was an afternoon of games. Each one of us was given a slip of paper with the name of some animal upon it. Then we were requested to go to a blackboard and draw that animal as best we might. Ach Himmel! Such queer looking creatures! The dog looked as if he had a toothache, the cat as if she had a cold in her head, and there was one animal we could not identify. Several other games followed, and then we all played "Buzz."

The second meeting of Der Deutsche Verein was held on February 21 in the Lecture Hall. First Helen Miller played Schubert's "Minuet," the most perfect song that ever was written. Afterwards, while the hall was darkened, several pictures of the Rhine and its neighboring cities were cast upon a screen. As each picture appeared, some one of us made a few interesting remarks. And then we all joined in singing "Die Lorelei."

We wish to thank Miss Owen for her assistance in preparing these meetings. Much of their success has been due to her.

Der Deutsche Verein is not, as some have supposed, a club composed only of pro-German enthusiasts. "The majority," as one member remarked, "are French in their sympathies, but only say so in German, that's all." Indeed, we have spent many pleasant afternoons at the club meetings, and not only that, we have learned to know and like the German language much better. Das Ende!

The English Club

WILLIAM FAWCETT, '17, *President* WINIFRED DODGE, '17, *Vice-President*

ESTELLE WELLWOOD, '18, *Secretary* RICHARD COLE, '17, *Treasurer*

TO be a member of the English Club stamps one immediately. As Mr. Thomas once said, "The English Club represents the intellectual aristocracy of the school." It is an honor to have one's mark in English such that he may belong.

The first meeting of the English Club for the year of 1917 was indeed a "novel experience." On October 27, immediately after school, we took a trip to Concord by automobile. There were eight cars and more than fifty in the party. The first stopping place was at Hawthorne's home, where we were told we might walk about, if we didn't wake the baby! Here Mary Harrington sketched for us briefly the life of Hawthorne. Then we visited "Orchard House" across the way. Mary Switzer told us about Louisa Alcott, and as we wandered through her home the *Little Women* atmosphere still seemed to linger. Later we drove to Concord Bridge, and from the bridge we climbed a stone wall and walked across the fields toward the Old Manse. But, as people are requested not to trespass, we could only view it from a distance. Afterwards, quite unintentionally, the party broke up, but we who kept together drove to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and later to Emerson's home, where we heard an interesting talk from Richard Cole. It was dusk before we started homeward, but one girl expressed our general sentiments when she said, "I wish it were just beginning—our 'novel experience.' "

On Friday, November 24, the English Club held an open meeting in the Assembly Hall. The Thanksgiving number of "Red Letter Days" was presented. We submit the following review of the magazine: The front cover, as designed by the well-known artists, Miss Buffum and Miss Wright, was a tableau of a farmer and his turkey. Clark Alvord pictured the part of the farmer and Miss Buffum that of the turkey. Several pages were devoted to the "photographs" of the contributors. Then followed several original poems and a series of short stories by many of the noted authors. Editor Fawcett read the last installment of Estelle Wellwood's continued story. Bartlett Boyden answered all correspondence, and Allen Davidson, with John Barry, filled the ensuing pages with

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

advertisements. The back cover was a tableau by Estelle Wellwood. A very clever magazine, the most popular of the month! After we had "read" it through we all adjourned to the library, played games, and ate apples and pop corn.

The Christmas meeting of the English Club took place in the library on December 15. We all gathered 'round the Christmas tree in the center of the room, and then Mary Harrington told us about "Little Hunchback Lea." A very pretty little tableau followed between Katharine Gruener and Virginia Speare. Dorothy Reed read an original poem, "The First Nicholas," and then we all went for a trip with Mary Switzer in her good ship, "Die Weinachte," across the seas, to visit other countries at Christmas time. Miss Carey spoke to us about the famous Madonnas, and Estelle Wellwood read an original story about how Billy Boy and "nelephant" found their Christmas. And then, outside in the hall, the "waits" began to carol—Mary West and Rex Huntley! We all joined in on the last song, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!" Afterwards the President passed around a clothes basket full of "presents." Some of the gifts were quite clever, as no one was supposed to cost more than five cents. Mr. Thomas received five cents in stamps, and we have even heard that one person received a five-cent piece!

The last meeting of the English Club was held on February 23. We had an old-fashioned spelling match—or rather three of them. The first was not counted, for we all went down like ninepins before the word *eleemosynary*. Dorothy Hallett won the second match, and Florence Kincare the third. They spelled against each other and Miss Hallett won. She was presented with a beautiful dictionary containing a rhyming word list at the end. Afterwards pineapple ice-cream cones were passed around. One boy was seen to eat seven!

What happy times we have had in the English Club this year!



STUDENT COUNCIL

Back row: Cole, Aubin, Dolan, Nash, Davidson, Macomber
Third row: Vaughan, Fiske, Henderson, Miss Carlson, Miss Howland, Miss West, Miss Olmstead, Fawcett,
Buntin, Jones
Second row: Miss Lovell, Miss McGill, Miss Carter, Miss Morton, Miss Dodge, Miss Lyon, Miss Rimbach,
Miss Talbot, Mr. Adams, Miss Mandell, Miss MacNamara
First Row: Fairfield, Bowen, Richards

The Student Council

NO other agent has been more effective in bringing about that fine spirit of co-operation between the faculty and the pupils than the Student Council.

Through it we have come to a better understanding of each other. We have worked side by side in the interests of the school.

The Council is strictly representative of the three upper classes. It consists of two distinct bodies—the Girls' Council and the Boys'. Each body is composed of seventeen members; each body has its separate officers. The faculty is represented by Miss McGill as advisor for the girls, and Mr. Adams as advisor for the boys.

Girls

<i>President</i>	ELIZABETH CARTER, '17
<i>Secretary</i>	MARY I. WEST, '17
<i>Treasurer</i>	LESLIE PERKINS, '17

Edith Carlson, '17	Sylvia Church, '18
Winifred Dodge, '17	Dorothy MacNamara, '18
Eleanor Edwards, '17	Florence Mandell, '18
Marjory Howland, '17	Frances Rimbach, '18
Doris Lovell, '17	Eleanor Lyon, '19
Jean Olmstead, '17	E. Morton, '19
H. Chase, '18	E. Talbot, '19

Boys

<i>President</i>	WILLIAM FAWCETT, '17
<i>Secretary</i>	GERALD HENDERSON, '17
<i>Treasurer</i>	ROBERT BUNTIN, '17

R. Aubin, '17	A. Davidson, '18
R. Cole, '17	R. Fiske, '18
T. Dolan, '17	C. Macomber, '18
D. Jones, '17	C. Richards, '18
P. Nash, '17	W. Vaughan, '18
J. Starkweather, '17	S. Bowen, '19
I. Yelland, '17	H. Fairfield, '19

R. Loring, '19

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To better apportion the work, the Council has been divided into four committees: the Civics Committee, the Assembly Committee, the Lunch Room Committee, and the Grounds Committee. The Civics Committee assumes responsibility for all elections, calls rallies of the pupils together, and generally stimulates school spirit. The Assembly Committee co-operates with the faculty in arranging programs for our Wednesday assemblies, or for any other purpose. The Lunch Room Committee looks out for the general conduct of the lunch room during the recess. The Grounds Committee assumes all responsibility of keeping the grounds in a neat and tidy condition.

Until this year the Student Council has been held in rather slight esteem. Indeed one person went so far as to say that it was nothing more than a name. But it has so ably looked out for the interests of the school along its special lines, it has so successfully coped with whatever problems with which it has had to deal, that we all feel it has certainly proved itself much more than a name this year.



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Back row: Brimblecom Coggins Miss Dodge (Coach) Scott Miss Carey (Coach) Clapp
 Third row: Cutter Simpson Nash Kilton Fawcett Ranlett
 Second row: Cole Miss Howland Miss Perkins Miss Harrington Miss Clapp Miss Lovell
 First row: Doherty Whelden

The English Club Play

MAGNUM opus! "Number 313," our English Club play, was written by J. Mansfield Scott, '17, and Paul Coggins, '17. It was presented by the Senior Class, under the auspices of the English Club, on the evening of March 24 in our Assembly Hall. The cast of the play was made up as follows:

HERF KARL HOCHSTEIN	John Clapp
Chief Spy, Division 5, German Secret Service	
FRANZ REICHLER	Chester Whelden
Official Secretary, Division 5	
OTTO HERNSCHOFF	James Kilton
Spy Number 209	
JOHANN MÜLLER	Harold Cutter
Spy Number 517	
ASHLEY ROBINSON	Paul Nash
Spy Number 440	
NORA	Leslie Perkins
Maid at the Chester home	
Mr. HAMILTON CHESTER	William Fawcett
Inventor of a new explosive compound for use in British shells	
Mrs. CHESTER	Doris Lovell
His wife	
GRACE CHESTER	Mary Harrington
Their daughter	
ARTHUR HALL	Harold Doherty
Of New York	
Mr. LAWRENCE HUNTINGTON	Richard Cole
Chester's most intimate friend	
PHYLLIS HUNTINGTON	Marjory Howland
His daughter	
EDITH CARLTON	Elizabeth Clapp
Friend of Grace Chester	
FRANK HARWOOD	Russell Simpson
Friend of Grace Chester	

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EDWARD SAWYER Frederick Ranlett, Jr.
Friend of Grace Chester

AMOS TOWNSEND Warren Brimblecom
An official Canadian constable

Inspector MALCOLM STEELE
Head of English Secret Service

We wish to thank both Miss Carey and Miss Dodge for their services. Not even we, the cast, can realize how much time and patience it takes to coach a play.

“Number 313” was a mystery, a story of the German Secret Service. It was quite unlike any other play ever presented at the High School, but from the time the curtain went up on the first scene in the German Secret Service headquarters to the last scene, when we learned who “Number 313” was, we were all unanimous in our applause that it was the most interesting and exciting amateur performance we had ever heard. As the constable said, “It certainly did beat Tim Riley’s drum all holler.”

N. H. S. Orchestra

MUSIC is a part of our lives. Through it that dream of ours which we call "happiness," and which we have hitherto sought in vain, becomes a reality. Through it we realize those truths which we may not understand, "for it is not given us to know any other way."

No one of us should allow this realization to escape him. There are a few among us who could perform music well. These should receive instruction. There are many more among us who are capable only of loving music and of understanding it. These should be given the opportunity to develop this capacity.

And, as Mr. Walton once said, no instrument can be found more effective to this end than a school orchestra. Already it has become an important factor in our school life. The N.H.S. orchestra this year was composed as follows:

First Violin: Bartlett Boyden, Allen Symonds, Winthrop Whitaker

Second Violin: Aldith Barrett

Flute: Natalie True

First Cornet: Ralph Billings

Second Cornet: Natalie Ham

'Cello: Donald Curry, Richard Loring, Jr.

Piano: Mildred Colby

All winter long the orchestra has been practicing under Mr. Walton's able instruction. On the night of the Senior play it gave a very beautiful concert, which added greatly to the pleasure of that evening.



MR. FARNSWORTH'S LUNCH CLUB

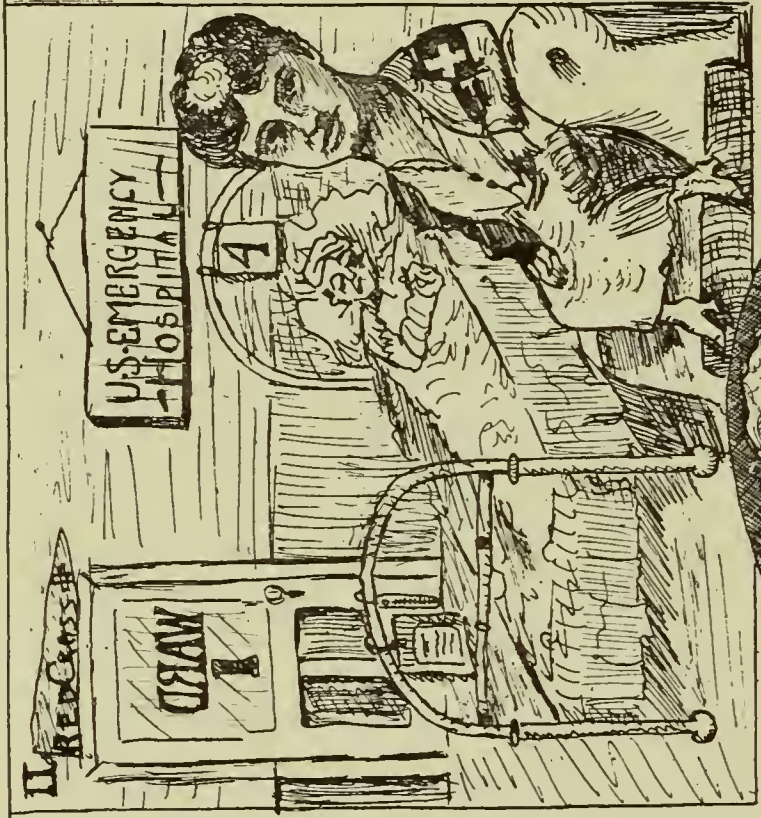
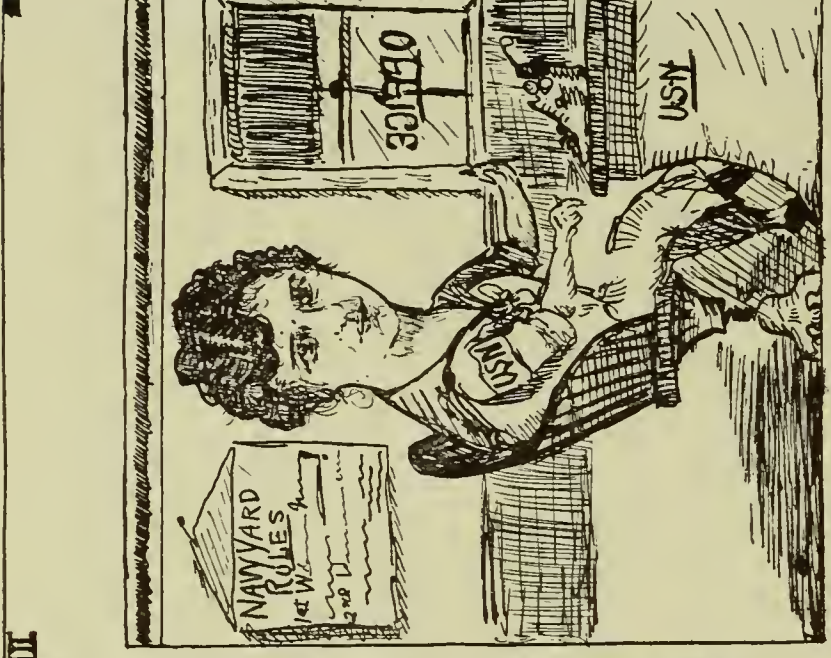
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"STAN" AND DAMON

BETTY AND THE "WAYLAND WONDER"
"KEN"

"MAC"
"BILL" AND "BRIM"

Autographs





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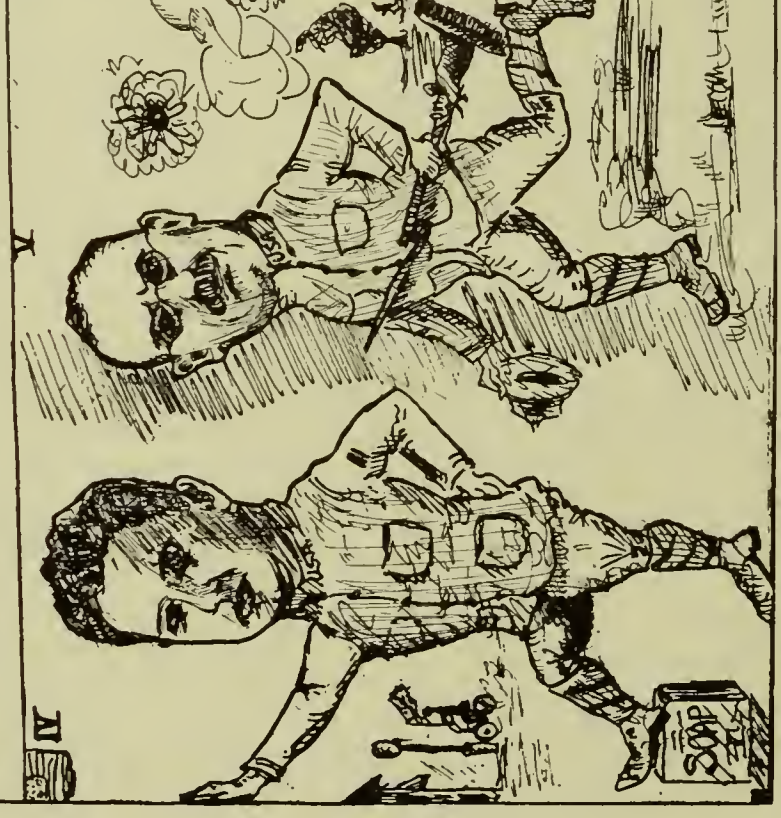
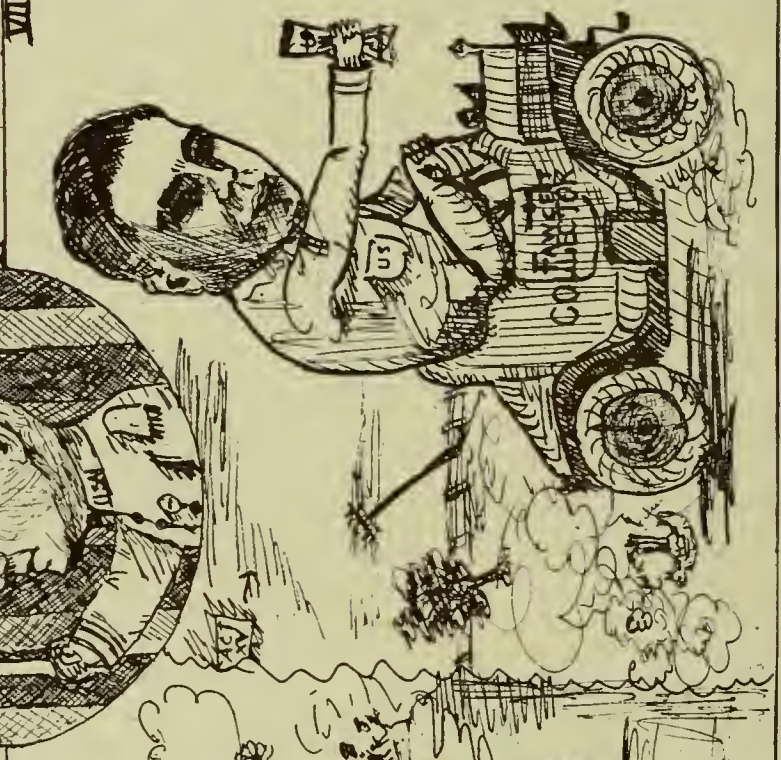
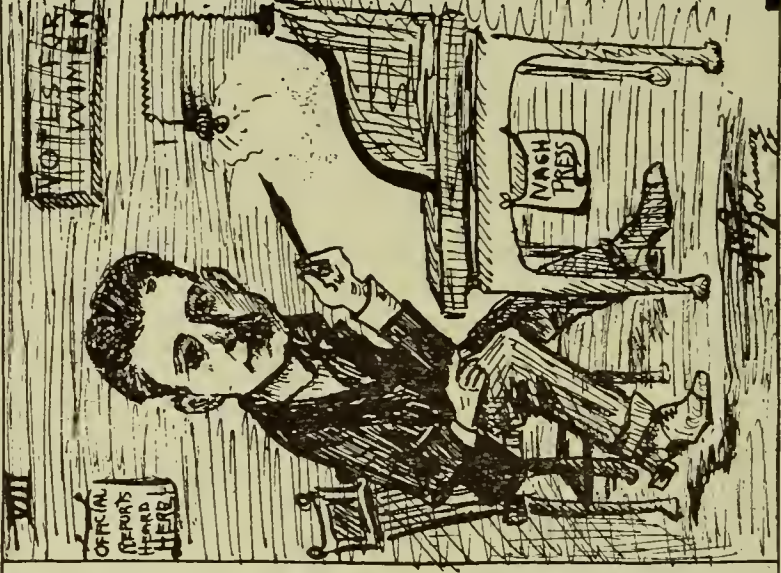
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Boston May 11 - March discussion is

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much
peace



I. Miss Margaret McGill — It might happen? II. Betty Clapp — Her calling? III. Katharine Gruener — A Yeoman? IV. "Jerry" Henderson — Waiting? V. "Jerry" McMahon — Charge! VI. Mr. Enoch Adams — Headmaster or General? VII. Wm. V. M. Fawcett — Tax Collector? VIII. Our Editor — Official Correspondent. Drawn by Robinson, '17.

FOLLIES OF 1917



Why Our Seniors Came to High School

- HUBERT RIPLEY—pure force of habit.
BETTY BUFFUM—to grow up.
KIDDLE FISHER—to defy the man who said, “Children should be seen and not heard.”
JOHN CLAPP—to make brilliant recitations.
DAMON JONES—to keep Mr. Meserve in good spirits.
MARJORIE CHELLIS—because there wasn’t anything else to do.
GERALD HENDERSON—to make a hit.
BILL FAWCETT—to run the school.
CLARK MACOMBER—(we’re stuck!).
ROBERT AUBIN—for an education.
VIRGINIA SPEARE—to show that Dot’s sister is just as cute as Dot is.
LESLIE PERKINS—because Anne did.
CLARENCE WYATT—to be the teachers’ delight (?).
RALPH EMERY—to acquire more wealth than Bill Fawcett.
WINIFRED SMITH—to have a pleasant smile for everyone.
JARVIS SCOTT—to open windows for Miss Myles; incidentally, to help write the Senior play.
CHESTER WHELDEN—to learn to be a man.
KATHARINE GRUENER—for the fun of the adventure.
ANNE WEED—so that Leslie wouldn’t be lonesome (see above).
WILLIAM IRWIN—to prove that the best things always come in the smallest packages.
MARY HARRINGTON—to teach Doherty how to make love.
WINIFRED DODGE—to learn how a valedictorian feels.
PAUL NASH—because something (possibly someone) called him and he couldn’t resist.
ROGER BUNTIN—for the lovely walk to and from school.
TEDDY BADGER—why not?
ELEANOR EDWARDS—for the car ride.
RUTH GUPPY—to develop her character.
JOHN STARKWEATHER—to learn how to preside at meetings.
MARY WEST—for the experience she gets as secretary (how many is it, Mary?).
TOM DOLAN—to overcome his bashfulness.

THE 1917 NEWTONIAN

MABEL STIMPSON—because the rest of the bunch went, and then there are such good-looking boys, don't you know?

MARIE ROMASZKIEVIEZ—to make little boys ask questions.

HERBERT QUICK—to give the teachers a chance to show their skill in making puns.

JIM GRAHAM—to enlarge his acquaintance so as to help out those dances that he gives.

Ah me! if I only could bluff 'em,
Ah me! if I only could stuff 'em,
Thus sadly we cry
As we try to get by,
But *that* doesn't trouble B. Buffum!

A 1917 STUDENT DESCRIBING HIS CLASSMATES TO A STRANGER

LESLIE PERKINS—"She's an incorrigible lump of heterogeneous aspirations."

MABEL STIMPSON—"She's a dainty bit of feminine humanity."

GERALD HENDERSON—"He's Cyclops the Second with the addition of one ocular extremity."

BILL FAWCETT—"Bill has eyes, nose, mouth and brains, but the greatest of these is———." (Choose the appropriate word.)

KIDDLE FISHER—"Kiddle is an infant with all the worldly knowledge and experience of a grandmother."

WINIFRED DODGE—"She's an inscrutable conglomeration of gray matter, wit and foolishness."

BETTY BUFFUM—"She's an accomplice of the Evil One."

Query: Why didn't Adam and Eve gamble?
Ans.: Because they lost their par-a-dise!

School Gossip

We heard a rumor the other day —

That Gerald Henderson was awfully cute when he was a baby. Do you suppose it's true?

That John Clapp isn't half so bright as he thinks he is. Wonder if it can be so.

That Betty Buffum's father makes eyeglasses. Does that necessarily mean that Betty makes eyes?

That Clark Macomber ought to have been a girl. Why? Because he'd make such a wonderful flirt. How's that? Well, Clark can't stand girls, so, if he were a girl, he would always be running after the boys.

That Winifred Dodge doesn't study any more than the rest of us. Why aren't we all valedictorians?

That the lower regions of this building encourage deception. Query: If yellow mush is called chicken, why shouldn't we call the "movies" a headache?

That the class of 1917 will be missed by more people than any other class that ever graduated. Upon inquiring into this flattering rumor we found that there are more people graduating than ever before. Disillusionment!

“AS OTHERS SEE US”

Perhaps you did not know that every person who enters this High School brings with him from Grammar School a recommendation or, in certain rare cases, a warning. Now that the class of 1917, so full of interesting and distinguished people, is about to pass on it is rather interesting to look back and see how correctly or incorrectly the teachers of our childhood summed us up. Here are some summaries picked at random:—

GERALD HENDERSON—Gerald will be the big man of his class. Everyone will look up to him. Even the faculty itself will sometimes be forced to admit that he is above them. Don't let his head become swelled!

ESTELLE WELLWOOD—A girl of retiring nature, but with a hidden ability that it is well worth your trouble to bring to light.

CAROLINE FISHER—It is with great regret that we send this child into your worldly and demoralizing school. She is as innocent and trusting as a baby, and we entreat you to see that no harm befalls our Caroline.

LESLIE PERKINS—You must not be surprised at anything that this girl does, but she has a good heart, nevertheless, and must be looked upon with your indulgence.

ROBERT AUBIN—We have ever found Robert to be of an industrious and never-tiring nature. He will do you credit.

VIRGINIA SPEARE—This girl is ever inclined to a good time, but she is quite harmless and one who will be well liked by her classmates.

MARY HARRINGTON—Mary is small in size, but in no other way. She will not put herself forward, but cannot help accomplishing things in her quiet way.

LUTHER PRIESTON—You will never hear from this boy. Do not bother to look him up.

BARTLETT BOYDEN—Only one word can be used in describing this boy—bright!

JOHN CLAPP—Like all geniuses John is erratic, and his original ideas may not be appreciated by you. We feel sure, however, that the world will hear from him sooner or later.

DOROTHY HALLETT—This girl is small and unobtrusive, but we advise you to look her up. Her spelling ability is remarkable. We have never known her to misspell a word during her eight years' stay with us.

BETTY BUFFUM—No word can be applied to Betty but incorrigible. She is utterly beyond our power of comprehension. We know no more about her now than we did eight years ago when she came to us, a curly-haired child of six.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

TO THE FRESHMEN

DELIVERED IN ALL EARNESTNESS FROM ONES WHO KNOW:

1. Don't be too high and lofty next year to the incoming class. It doesn't pay, because, on the whole, Freshmen are more popular than Sophomores.
2. Don't go into Mr. Meserve's classes half prepared unless you are perfectly willing to be the laughing stock of the room.
3. Adore the Seniors. They have lots of power and it flatters them to be adored.
4. Don't be blasé about subscribing to the *Review* and *Newtonian*. If the managers are any good, you'll wish you hadn't.
5. Don't break a rule or act like a fool before any big event. Curb your impatience and wait until the day after. It pays in the long run.
6. In short, follow the example of the Class of 1917 in all respects, and you'll make your way in the world with very little difficulty.

IT ALL DEPENDS UPON THE POINT OF VIEW

Henry Garrity's idea of heaven: To be captain of every team that has a captain.

Mabel Stimpson's idea of heaven: To live in a dance hall.

Robert Aubin's idea of hell: To flunk a subject.

Kiddle Fisher's idea of hell: To be a grind.

WANTED: A Reliable Life Insurance.

THE "FOLLIES" EDITOR.

Slang is classic. Vergil says: "The fragrant honey smelled like time" (classic spelling, "thyme").

The leavings of the Greeks: "Believe me! He fixed his lights on the kingdom of Libya."

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TOTAL RESOURCES OVER \$5,150,000.00

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LESSER LEAKS:	Fawcett, <i>Main Vent</i>		
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HELPING HANDS:	F. Anderson, <i>Grand Mazuma</i>		
	Aubin	Wingate	Whelden
	Henderson	Ripley	Badger

Mother Carey's chickens weren't in it with the coddling the members of the Senior play cast received!

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A Seaside Fancy

Along the darkening shore
The waves leap high,
The hollow caverns roar,
And sea birds cry.

O'erhead the heavens are rent,
The thunder throbs,
The anguish of the waves is spent
In moaning sobs.

As if all Nature grieved
For blasted life,
And innocence deceived,
And useless strife.

But lo! from yonder height
The lighthouse beams
Across the waves with light,
In fitful gleams:

For each man who must grope
In these dark spheres,
It is the light of hope,
Like smiles through tears.

DOROTHY REED.

The Crime of the Jar of Mucilage

It was a jar of mucilage
That stood in the dark pantree—
A place in which a thing like glue,
Of course, ought not to be.

Swiftly, swiftly comes the thief,
Yet he comes softly, too;
Sweetly, sweetly does he gaze
Upon the feast in view.

The jars were here, the jars were there,
The jars were all around;
But each one looked like all the rest—
Hark! listen! what's that sound?

The burglar wards his sister off,
For fear that she might blab,
Then sticks the spoon into a jar
And takes a good big dab.

“Water, water! Quick!” he cries,
“A reservoir to drink!”
And disappears at once in the
Direction of the sink.

HAROLD FLINN.

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“Do you know Fat Burns?”

“No.”

“He said that he knows you.”

“I don't remember meeting him.”

“Well, you ought to, you have
been cooking long enough.”

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

S for the Seniors in the cast,
E was the evening come at last,
N the "Number 313,"
I the inspector, long and lean,
O the awful time we had,
R the rehearsals, always bad.

P the plot so very deep,
L the lure—quite a heap,
A the authors, three times three,
Y for you who came to see.

Though Bobby Burns warbled of Jean,
And of his loves she was the queen,
There's a dear maid we know,
And there aren't miles to go
To find her—the Jeanie we mean.

Little Ralph Emery
Sat in the printery
Reading *Newtonian* "pi!"
He fished with both thumbs,
But there weren't any plums,
And Ralphie was ready to die!

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
But when he found the *Newtonian*
was out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again!

To talk he always is ready,
Altho' his tongue's often not steady;
He bluffs right along
And he's still going strong,
But don't try to badger *us*, Teddy!

A—bsolute bliss.
B—loomin' luck.
C—ould be worse.
D—n!
E—ternally cursed.
F—ate's agin me.

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NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

N.H.S. PROGRAM

Tongue	— 8:15 to 8:31	Jaws	—12:00 to 12:15
Brains (?)	— 8:31 to 12:00	Brains (??)	—12:15 to 1:36
Suspense—1:36 to 1:40			

=====
KNOBBS: Did you hear about the Brown girl's attempt to run away?

DOBBS: No. How did it happen?

KNOBBS: She disguised herself in her father's clothes, but was caught. It came out in yesterday's paper—"Flees in Father's Clothes."

=====

CHIEF CHARACTERS OF THE WAR OF 1950

WILLIAM V. M. FAWCETT—General of Eastern army.

THOMAS DOLAN—General Fawcett's Chief-of-Staff.

JOHN STARKWEATHER—Chief cook, General Fawcett's army.

HENRY GARRITY—Assistant cook.

RUSSELL SIMPSON—Quartermaster.

DORIS TRACY—Private secretary to Simpson.

KATHARINE GRUENER—Chief yeoman, Charlestown Navy Yard.

MARY HARRINGTON—Organizer Women's Home Knitting Club.

ELIZABETH CARTER—Head of Red Cross movement.

PAUL NASH—Chief censor.

HELEN SCHERMERHORN—Secretary to Nash.

LESLIE PERKINS—President Women's Special Aid Society.

WILLIAM UHLER—In charge of brass polishing division of U. S. S. Virginia.

JAMES GRAHAM—Uhler's understudy.

JAMES KILTON—First wireless operator to send war message.

FREDERICK ANDERSON—Orderly for General Fawcett.

PHILIP STONEMETZ—Recruiting officer.

PAUL COGGINS—Correspondent of Associated Press with U. S. forces.

RALPH EMERY—Chief Government chemist.

"BABE" HENDERSON—Commander of the war "tanks."

JOHN CLAPP—Lecturer on recruiting.

Look Pleasant Only for a Moment

The older readers of this advertisement will recall with a smile the command of the photographer of twenty years ago: "Look pleasant, please, for just a moment."

They also will recall the insipid, smirking, woodenish "pictures" that once passed as photographs.

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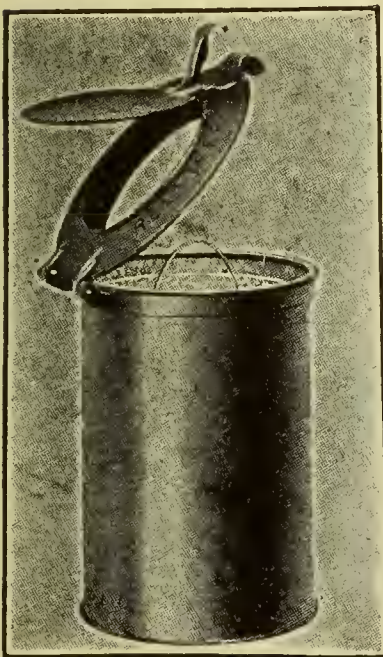


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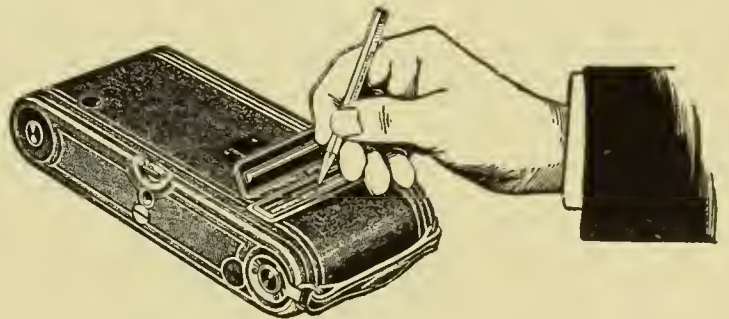
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Answer — Five dogs.

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Sergeant:—(Addressing a man who is starting to climb out of the trench) “Hi, there, what are you doing that for?”

Absent-minded Recruit:—Hi thot, by Jiminy, as 'ow that shell screamin' over'ead was the twelve o'clock whistle.”

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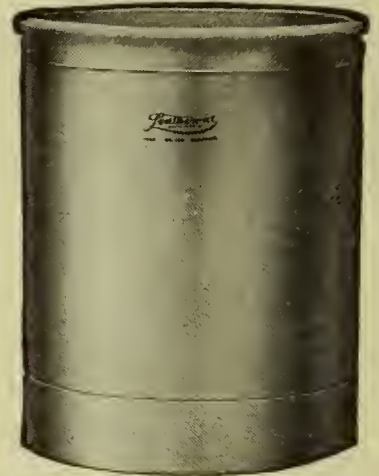
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