

TRANSCRIPTIONS NUMBER

GOLDEN  
ROD

1922-23



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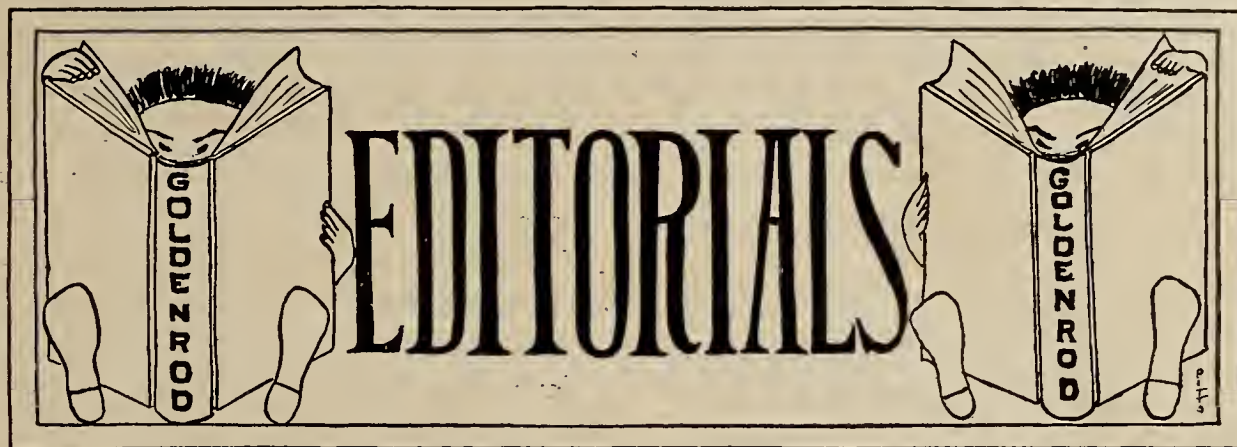
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# The Golden-Rod

Volume XXXIII

November 25, 1922

No. 1



## The Golden-Rod

PUBLISHED BY THE  
PUPILS OF QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL

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## WELCOME

The February 1923 Golden-Rod staff welcomes again all its old friends and hopes that everyone will help it in its efforts to put out a school paper of which Quincy High can justly be proud. Four issues are planned, two of them Commencement numbers. These two special numbers offer great opportunities to make this year's Golden-Rods the best in the history of Quincy High.

## ATTENTION

How many students in this school have had the unpleasant experience, after sitting in the middle of a row of seats in the Hall during assemblies, to have to crawl over or struggle past a number of down-turned seats in order to gain the aisle? Whether you have had this experience or not, you can readily see that with the present crowded conditions in the Hall anything which is a hindrance to a rapid exit is undesirable. Therefore, let each person take the responsibility of pushing back his seat as he rises and thus facilitate the filing out. This will also be a great help to the sweepers, as they will not have to lay aside their brooms to fold up seats.

## TRAFFIC SQUAD

The Traffic Squad certainly deserves a great deal of credit for its excellent work in handling the passing in the corridors between periods. Compare the

helter-skelter pushing and crowding at recess and dismissal with the orderly filing between periods, and you get some idea of the helpfulness of the traffic squad's work. The student body also deserves commendation, for its hearty cooperation and ready grasp of the traffic rules have been a constant help in establishing the traffic system.

### SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Staff calls the attention of the pupils who have not heard it already to the short story contest being conducted by the American Boy Magazine. The subject must deal with school affairs of a political nature. Many valuable prizes are offered both to the individual writing the story and to his school. Additional information can be obtained from the editor, who has several circulars containing information about the prizes and rules of the contest, also several late numbers of the American Boy which contain a number of good sample stories besides the latest developments of the contest. Let's see some one from Quincy High win a prize!

### CHEERING

Although the football season is nearly over, it is not too late to speak of something (since it is a part of all sports) that has become very prominent this fall, that is cheering, especially as it applies to the boys. People attending the games have commented on the good work of the cheering squad, but have noticed and spoken of the fact that the squad is practically composed of girls. Boys, where are you! Such observations should not be true. Your voices are stronger and should be the strength of the cheering. So let's see the boys doing their share of the cheering at the basketball games this winter and baseball games next spring.

Jack Bird, the artist who draws so many of the posters which dot our corridor halls, has very kindly consented to draw the cartoons for this Golden-Rod. We are sure every one will enjoy them.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under the wide and sunny sky,  
The village blacksmith sits;  
Before him is a new Ford car  
Broken to little bits;  
And the owner and the chauffeur  
Have almost lost their wits.

The village blacksmith puffs his weed  
And smiles a smile of cheer;  
While his helpers pump the tires,  
And monkey with the gear;  
And the owner and the chauffeur  
Stand reverently near.

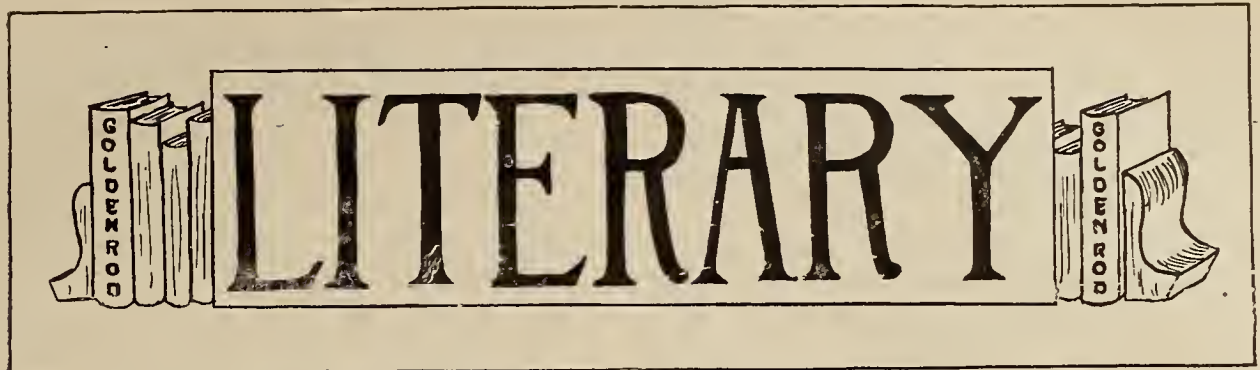
The children, coming home from school,  
Look in through the open door;  
They like to see him make his bills,  
And hear the owners roar;  
And see them weep, as they declare  
They ne'er paid that before.

The chestnut tree long since has died,  
But the smith does not repine;  
His humble shop has grown  
Into a building big and fine;  
And it bears "Garage," above the door  
On a large electric sign.

The village blacksmith smiles with glee  
As he lights his fat cigar;  
He tells his helpers what to do  
To straighten up the car;  
While the owner and the chauffeur  
Stand humbly where they are.

Behind the village blacksmith is  
The portal of his shop;  
The shop is very large in size,  
With a tiled roof on top;  
And the owner and the chauffeur  
At the time were glad to stop.

He goes away mornings to the bank  
To invest his easy cash;  
A high silk hat and long frock coat  
Help him to cut a dash;  
While the owner and the chauffeur  
Their teeth all vainly gnash.



## A NIGHT ON THE PACIFIC

The smoke left a long, thin, gray trail in the sky. It stretched away into the distance, yes, to the very horizon which was all aglow with the brilliant rays of the setting sun. Above in the zenith shone a solitary star, twinkling and dancing as if it knew it was the only one in the heavens at that early hour of evening. But now, one by one, others appeared, as the golden light of the west turned gray, until numerous sparkling eyes looked down upon the close of a perfect day. To the right, far off in the south, loomed the ghostly outline of the Hawaiian Islands. These, too, faded into the distance as Apollo with his chariot drove into the west. On the left, in all its glory, was a three-masted schooner in full rig, taking advantage of the east wind—a wind which seldom blows in that part of the globe. Ahead lay the vast waters of the Pacific Ocean in a quiet and restful stillness, aware of the breaking of a day when no sun would shine. The sea which had been a warm blue all day now turned to a cold green, and then to black as the night came.

The United States Revenue Cutter "Dewey," a speedy little ship about a hundred and eighty feet long, bound from Tokyo, Japan, where she had been looking out for American vessels, to San Francisco, plowed steadily into the east. There were two government officials aboard—one a tall, light-haired young man of thirty, the other an old sea captain who had been around the world many times in the course of many years.

For fifteen minutes these two passengers had been sitting on the stern deck viewing the sunset and watching the formation of the smoke as it poured from the funnel, when the silence was suddenly broken

by the old captain.

"Well, sonny," he remarked, "the rest of the trip isn't going to be so pleasant, I'm afraid. See how that smoke hangs together in an endless line and is blown straight into the west?"

"Yes," replied his companion, "I have felt in my bones that something would happen. Let's go forward and see if the moon has risen yet."

The two made their way forward and saw the moon shining through a gray haze that seemed to stretch above the horizon. The wind was cool and blowing strongly.

"Good evening, Captain," said Sandy, a seaman. "Looks as if we're in for a little rough weather."

"What does the barometer read, Sandy?"

"It's 28.9 sir," replied Sandy, "and going down."

"I notice the moon has lost out," said Blondy.

"How's that?" asked Sandy.

"Well, you see the moon had just risen; had shown itself, when slowly but surely it was covered by those clouds," said Blondy, pointing to the cloud bank which was now prominent.

"Come on, Sonny," said the old captain, "let's turn in, for there may be such a thing as our not getting any sleep to-morrow night."

It was agreed, and they went inside and were soon lost in the sleep which only sea air produces. The wind constantly increased, and as the hours passed, the night grew darker and darker. The gentle roll of the sea changed into swelling billows and lifted the cutter up and down as it plowed, nose first, into them. By ten o'clock the wind was blowing a gale; the sea had become choppy, and a driv-

ing rain had set in. Sandy, whose watch ended at ten, fairly—crawled along the port side of the ship until he reached the door of the engine room and went in. He took off his wet clothes and then went aft to his hammock.

The storm increased violently and tossed the little cutter up and down like a chip, hurling great hills of water over her with a roar like cannon on a battle field.

Bang! Sandy went to the floor; Blondy went up against the wall with a slam; the old captain rolled out of his berth with all his blankets. The cutter had swung around side to the rollers and had received one of them broadside. Instantly everyone was on his feet and into his boots, ready for whatever might happen next. But after a while the pitching of the boat became regular again, and all turned in once more. When Sandy went on duty again at two o'clock, the sea was surging about the ship and the rain beat down in torrents.

All about was inky darkness, and the roar of the wind and the waves made it almost impossible to hear any other sound. With hands held above his eyes to keep out the rain, Sandy peered into the darkness, for he thought he had caught a sound which was not the whistling of the wind. Again he heard it, and then off to the right, not more than fifty rods away, in the dim light that the searchlight cast through the rain, ap-

peared a huge form. Sandy's heart almost stopped beating, and he stood motionless with fear. Now he could see the form more clearly and discern the shape of a hull and sails. He knew that she was coming towards them. Would the cutter clear her? Why didn't she change her course? Then instinctively Sandy awoke to his duty and was off to give the alarm. But immediately he heard the bells ring out the signal to stop the engines, followed by the signal to reverse, and he knew that the danger had been foreseen. With a terrific throb and tremble the cutter slackened her speed, and at once all hands were on deck preparing for the blow which seemed to be inevitable. On came the schooner like a phantom in the darkness, and the cutter slowly began to back away, but it seemed futile to try to avoid a collision. All was excitement. Officers were shouting orders; men were getting ready to lower the boats, and the schooner was drawing nearer. Now she was right upon them, and behold! like the phantom ship she looked to be, she held to her course and came steadily on. The men on the cutter ceased their labors and shouting, and gazed with awe as she sailed majestically across their bow, so near her sails nearly swept them, and slowly disappeared into the darkness beyond.

PARKER WHITTAM, *Feb. '23.*

#### THE FLAPPER

The quaint little Miss of long ago,  
Dressed so neat and her hair just so!  
Would look old fashioned to us today,  
But has the flapper a better way?

With her short fringed skirt and silken hose,  
A peek-a-boo sweater and powdered nose;  
A great big fan on the top of her head,  
Or else a bob that is curled in bed.

She goes to school in her very best,  
And smiles at the girl more quietly dressed;  
She thinks more of clothes than she does of books,  
And the studious girl gets very queer looks.

There are some who have tried to change those  
styles,  
To middies and skirts and hair with less piles,  
But as long as the flapper has her way  
They'll be just the same as they are today  
For boys will be boys, and girls will be girls  
They all love powder, paint, and curls

MABEL OVERLOCK.



## A DISASTER

"Edmund, I think you ought to change your trousers if you are going down to the field to play with the boys," said Mother.

"Oh, that's too much bother. Besides I don't think I'll play; I'm just going to look on," I replied as I went out through the door.

Such was my intention when I left the house but football is football, and in a short while I was in the game, just "centering" the ball, supposedly, not tackling or carrying the ball. But instinct is strong, so when a fumbled ball bounced into my arms, off I started for the opponent's goal. I was not the only one born with instinct in this world, for one of the opposing team dove for my legs. A loud rr-rr-i-pp sounded. Instantly I dropped the ball and grabbed for my trousers in the direction from which the appalling sound had arisen; instinct was secondary in this case for frequent and painfully similar cases had made this procedure a habit. My apprehensions were well founded. I did not have to search long, for a long, substantial tear showed how violent had been the tackler's attempt to separate my leg from the rest of my body.

Immediately my memory brought up a vivid picture of the last time I had gone home with such a rip. Oh! boy, I was in for "it" now, when I got home. I was not in any way relieved by such exclamations as: "Whew, what a rip," "There's another pair of pants gone wrong," "More trade for Raymond's," and "It might have been worse, you'd still got one leg left."

The game broke up right then and there. I had to get through the streets somehow so I made all the fellows collect in a group. I stood in the middle and down the street we went in mass formation. I leave the trip to your imagination. You can't make it any worse than it was.

On the way home a good friend of mine suddenly said, "I tell you what. Ed, you come into my house, the family is away and we can sew up your pants. We can perhaps do a job good enough to get by for a while at least."

Did I fall for the idea? I'll say I did! I expressed great surprise that a fellow with a brain like his was not in the White House. Here was a chance to avert dis-

aster.

So when we came to my friend's home, several of us trooped in. The rest in a most obliging fashion let me know what was in store for me. I retorted in a very forceful and appropriate manner which entirely suited my state of mind. After this I left much relieved.

Did you ever try to do anything at which you were a novice with a group looking on? If you have, you can realize the time we had mending those trousers of mine. At first we had trouble in finding thread to match the color of the trousers. Then none of the group could agree on the proper way to sew up the tear. Long and hot were the arguments on the relative merits of putting a piece of cloth under the rent, sewing it as it was, or first cutting off the loose threads. The first was put aside, as we could find no cloth to match. A compromise on the next two ideas was adopted. We cut off a few of the worst loose threads before we began sewing.

Finally the job was finished in a way satisfactory to almost every one. In fact we were just a little bit proud of that job. So I started home, went in the house, sat down and read a book all evening, hardly daring to stir. That patch may have been good but just the same I believed in playing safe.

My mother was pressing something or another that evening and after looking at me several times in an inquiring manner, suddenly said, "Edmund, if you change trousers I will press those you have on. They need it."

My heart proceeded to go through a number of erratic turns and contortions. "I don't think they need pressing," I replied.

"You come here, I want to look at those pants. I asked you that just to see what you would say. You have kept out of my sight all night so I wondered what was wrong. Did you tear your pants down the field?"

Of course the trick was done. I had to show the pants. However, I did not mind the "after scenes" one half as much as I did having my mother burst into laughter at our patch work. I thought that was a neat bit of tailoring myself.

## THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

The howling wind swayed the branches of the tall trees and carried twigs and leaves down the lonely country road that cold and dreary November evening. Heavy snow was falling, covering the tops of the trees and almost burying the small country abodes which were dotted here and there along the roadside. The angry cutting wind snapped the icicles from the edges of the low roofs and trees, and went on with its mournful message. The far-off whistle of a train, leaving the station, pealed out.

Who could it be that would venture out into such a silver whirlpool of snow and merciless wind?

On the small platform of the little box-like station stood a man about the age of thirty. He wore a soft black hat which slouched down, partly concealing his bronzed face. His heavy black overcoat collar was pulled up around his ears. In his right black-gloved hand he carried a valise. Who was this stranger? Surely not a farmer returning from the city—one could tell that by his fine clothes. He consulted his watch, then put down his valise while he tried unsuccessfully to light a cigar. Picking up his valise he started to walk up the country road.

In the little windows of the cottages by the way friendly lights gleamed. It seemed to warm the heart of the stranger for he hastened his steps toward the snow-white hill. Once he tumbled in a deep snow drift, an easy prey for the masterful wind. He arose, uttered an exclamation, pulled his hat down lower, took a firm grip on his valise and struggled on. Up the hill he slowly toiled, gazing longingly at every lighted window that he passed. How good a warm fireplace in a cosy little room must be on a night like this! Who cared how much the angry wind howled outside as long as he was snuggled closely in a big arm chair idly dreaming as he watched the cheerful flames leap up the chimney into the frosty night?

The stranger in the road shivered and moved on, eager to reach his goal. Arriving at the top of the hill by a low fence, only the top of which was visible, he

stopped to catch his breath.

Not a light burning in the place that he called home! How dreary and ghostly it looked against its white background of sleepy hills!

Pushing open the little gate he walked a few steps, and, stumbling on something, he fell head-long into an icy snow drift. What had he stumbled over? Ah! Yes! Mother's geranium box that stood by the walk! But why should it be there? Didn't mother always find a safe corner for them in winter? He glanced toward the dark and lonely house and wondered. Brushing away the snow from his coat with cold-stiffened fingers, he made his difficult way to the little porch.

Not a sound could be heard within the house! Outside the unfastened shutters slammed against the side of the house with loud bangs and the loosened panes shook as wind and snow beat against them. Partly wiping away the snow from the colonial knocker, he tugged at it, and soon he heard a faint tinkle of the bell in the dark halls. Again he pulled the knocker—the bell rang out loudly and echoed through the house. He walked around to the back of the house and peered into the small kitchen window.

Empty! No familiar furnishings, not even a friendly chair! Mother gone! Everyone gone! He bent his head to escape a hurricane of wind and snow as he went back to the front door. He walked slowly to the old gate and turned back for one last look at his childhood home. "Ah! What a fool to leave home! What a fool!" he muttered as he trudged wearily down to the distant station.

To what had this man returned? Nothing! Nothing but a cold and empty house where once rang children's joyous laughter.

## THE MYSTERIOUS POST

I heard someone creeping up behind me. Wheeling about and bringing my rifle to the "Ready," I called out, "Halt, who's there?" My voice cut through the still night air like the crack of a whip. Straining my ears I could hear that someone was still coming. For a few seconds the thought of Death on the march crossed my brain. I had that sensation which the sheep must have after being awakened in the lonely pasture and feeling that a wolf is about to have a bloody meal.

I strained my eyes, for it is hard to see into the darkness when one is within the circle of light from a powerful search-light overhead, and there I could see, with my imagination, a broad sombrero crowning the ugly face of a Mexican. He looked just like the bandits which the other "Regs." had described to us, who steal across the river at night to murder the sentries. The eyes were slits which seemed to spit fire, the dirty teeth showed between homely lips and seemed to say, "We love blood," and the face was scarred with knife-cuts and bullet wounds of many conflicts.

I again turned my thoughts to the footsteps and realized that they were growing louder, that this horrible creature's mission was nearly at an end.

I had prided myself on my bravery but that was gone, for my teeth were trying to drown the tread of those footsteps which began to sound on my ears like those of a colossus, the sweat dripped from my forehead and the end of my nose, while my tongue failed to moisten parched lips.

Recollecting my incumbancy I swallowed hard and my cracked voice repeated, "Halt, who's there?" Still there was no answer, while those footsteps drummed in my ears and my heart beat vehemently.

"Why didn't he come into the luminosity? Why did he stay there?" I asked myself. Yet he was coming nearer, his footsteps were counting out the last minutes. I thought of home, of my mother, of my friends, and of a grave on the other side of a mountain on the Border where the Indians used to slaughter the whites, as this encroacher was going

(Continued on page 10)

## IF

If you can roll down mountains  
And tumble off of cliffs,  
If you can ride a broncho  
In the way of hit or miss,  
If you can drive a speedster  
At the rate of ninety-five,  
If you can do this perfectly  
And still be much alive;  
If you can be as thrilling  
And amorous as a shiek,  
If you can smile and roll your eyes  
(A rather startling feat)  
If you can play the villian  
And quickly pull a gun.  
If you can tell the heroine  
She is the only one;  
If you can shout and holler,  
Shriek, and tear your hair,  
If you can turn a camera crank  
Or paint some scenery fair,  
If you—dressed in an evening suit  
Can flapper hearts asway,  
If you can slick your hair down fine  
In the Valentino way;  
If you can do these minor things  
And a couple o' thousand more,  
You're just the moving picture find  
Dave Griffith's looking for.

By LEONORA COLOMBO, Feb. '24.

## GOLDENROD

Gently nodding in the breeze  
That can rock the tallest trees,  
Shyly growing at the edge  
Of some rich, expensive hedge.

Peeping from some field of corn  
As the sun peeps forth at morn,  
Budding near the mounds of hay,  
Slightly rocking all the day,

Making bright the poorest field  
While the trees their harvest yield,  
Like a stately queen of old  
Tall and slender, rich with gold,

Draped with many leaves of green,  
From the roadside may be seen,  
Always swaying, always bright  
As the moon which shines at night,

Goldenrod, fair, favorite flower,  
Blooming forth within your bower,  
Shyly growing 'neath the trees,  
Swaying gently in the breeze.

M. A. GUILHOP.

## THE MYSTERIOUS POST

(Continued from page 9)

to do now.

I gripped my rifle till my fingers hurt to assure myself that I still held it, and crouched down to see if I could distinguish a murderous form against the sky, but it was heavily overcast so that all was black.

It was fearfully hot; I felt sick; my stomach was empty, and my hands shook. All was still about me but the faint breeze which stole past like a ghost, slightly cooling my feverish forehead, and whispered in my ears, "The end has come." Again I tried to swallow, but in vain. I was too weak.

At last I said, "Halt or I'll fire." My voice seemed no more than a whisper. There was no retort but the steady tramp, tramp, tramp, sounding in my ears like roaring artillery. He was coming closer. Why didn't he shoot? Why didn't he leap if he intended to knife me? Why did he torture me so? Why not end it now? These questions passed in review before my mind. It seemed years since I first called out.

With one great effort I managed to throw the safety and it sounded through the night air like the report of a revolver. Surely he would stop now. But no, he kept on coming closer, drawing nearer, like a silent, yet noisy, avalanche creeping down a mountain side dealing destruction to all. It took him so long.

Then as I raised my rifle to my eyes I could see, with my imagination again, this sneaky greaser draw his gun, the while he marched onward. Leveling my rifle on him, I could hear my heart trying to burst and see that his gun was leveled on me. These seconds would be short, I thought, but, O, how long they were. I can see his face as it spelled the end to my mind and the words, "Death—death—death," slipped from between my quivering lips. Great drops of sweat stole down over my eyes interfering with my clear vision. I became dizzy, everything was blurred.

I began to press the trigger when something white flashed at the edge of the circle, in semi-darkness; I cleared my eyes as into the light came an old, shaggy, battered, worn, white truck horse.

JOHN W. FARRELL, Feb. '23.

## AN AUTUMN DAY

The morning rises over the hills,  
The gold of the frigid sky  
Tingeing their rims; and the air is filled  
With the wild bird's plaintive cry.  
The gorgeous splendor of drifting leaves  
Glints in the sun's cool rays;  
O, the glory of the whole wide world  
On these wonderful autumn days!

The hot noon hovers above the hills,  
The sun's thick heavy beams  
Turning them brown, and the corn below  
To tawny and golden reams:  
It kisses the fruit on the orchard bough,  
The flowers of scarlet and blue:  
While idle white clouds wing slowly  
Through a sky of summer's own hue.

The dying sun sinks behind the hills,  
Caressing with lingering light  
Field and meadow of golden brown;  
Still, at the edge of night,  
Spreading abroad over lake and wood  
A mantle of dusky red:  
For an autumn day is glorious,  
Even as it lies dead.

RUTH BROADBENT, Feb. '25

## FLIVVERS

(Apologies to Van Dyke)

Did you ever ride in flivvers  
And travel up and down,  
And feel as if you'd never live  
To see another town,

Behold the rolling landscape  
With ruts along the way,  
And feel that you had jounced enough  
To do you for a day?

For it's up again and down again,  
And home I want to be,  
In a chair where I can sit again  
And rock quite peacefully.

It's great to go to movies  
And it's fine to be a sport;  
But when it comes to riding,  
A Ford is not my sort.

I like the great big Packards  
That glide along the road;  
But when it comes to numbers,  
First place goes to the Ford.

I know that Fords are wonderful;  
But speed they somewhat lack,  
For when other autos pass them,  
They always stay in back.

So it's up again and down again  
And home again for me.  
I like a Ford that's homeward bound,  
For there I want to be.

For in the Land of Room Enough  
I get my bed and board  
By tinkering on flivvers  
That are made by Henry Ford.

EDWIN BECK, S. '24.

(Parody on America For Me)

## CHRISTMAS AS I DREAMED IT

'The fairies met at Christmas  
To celebrate the day,  
They danced, and sang, and frolicked,  
And all were very gay!

The king sat on a throne of love,  
And Reine was by his side,  
He wore a cloak of happiness  
And spread it out world wide.

"Come," said he to every fairy,  
"Tell me what you've done  
To make our Christmas merry,  
And fill it full of fun."

A little fellow known as Gai,  
And dressed in palest blue.  
Came forward first, and in this way  
He told his story true.

"In the pretty town of Fumble  
I found two lovers sweet,  
Patched their silly quarrel,  
Left 'Mary' loving 'Pete.'"

The fairies laughed aloud at this,  
And then the next, a dainty miss,  
All dressed in roses red,  
Arose, and very sweetly said,

"I found a little baby  
Crying all alone;  
I took her in my tiny arms  
And carried her safe home."

"Good work you have done,  
Cheer and honor is won,  
So frolic, make it snappy,  
May next Christmas be as happy."

A fairy by the name of Mer  
Who wore a coat of warmest fur  
Which was all draped with wet seaweed,  
Got up and told of his good deed.

"Flying o'er the briny ocean,  
Behold! A ship in distress,  
I quickly helped to right her,  
My name the crew all bless."

Slightly turning towards King Roi,  
Happy fairy known as Joie  
Sang her song of Christmas cheer  
To all the folks who wished to hear:

"Making people happy,  
Singing to the sick,  
Cheering little children,  
Was my Christmas trick."

The elfish jester, Folle, was last,  
He handed Roi three birds;  
Then looked around the fairy ground,  
And told his tale in these few words:

"Coming home, by flying west,  
I found three birdies in a nest,  
No one to care for these little three  
So let them enjoy our Christmas tree."

Then all the fairies began to sing,  
And danced around in a merry ring,  
The king stood up, and waved his wand,  
And spoke these words so very fond:

M. A. GUILLOT.

## HALLOWE'EN WITCHES

There are countless witches roaming  
Everywhere this Hallowe'en;  
'Tis the queerest lot of witches  
Human eyes have ever seen.

They are lurking round the corners  
In most unexpected lairs,  
Waiting to jump out upon you  
When they catch you unawares:

There is one we meet most often,  
He is called "Oh I forgot":  
And his friend, "I didn't mean to,"  
Is the worst one of the lot.

"Couldn't help it" is another  
Who delights to capture us;  
And his friend, "Just wait a minute,"  
Really is quite dangerous.

Hand in hand are two more witches,  
Here, and there, and everywhere:  
"Let it wait until tomorrow,"  
And his comrade, "I don't care."

Oh, these ever-present witches  
How they love to lurk about!  
They are sure to catch you napping  
If you don't keep watching out.

DOROTHY BRIGGS.

James W. Bine & Co.  
Athletic Goods  
286 Devonshire St. Boston Mass.

THE  
HIGHEST QUALITY  
ATHLETIC GOODS  
MANUFACTURED

# School News

## ASSEMBLIES

Monday, Sept. 18, the school assembled for a football rally. Manager Foster read the schedule which contains several of the leading teams in Massachusetts. Capt. Guinan, and Coach Mitchell, amid enthusiastic applause, urged the students to back the team and also said that they expected to have an excellent team. Mr. Webb, while pleading for financial support, emphasized the excellent reputation that Quincy has secured in athletics. Mr. Ball then delivered his annual, humorous plea for money which speaks for itself.

The greatest surprise and pleasure was the speech of Mr. Fred J. O'Brien, who formerly coached at Boston Latin. He said that Quincy always had had clean, hard football teams that played football for sport's sake. He stated that he never enjoyed having his team play another team as much as when they played Quincy. He also mentioned the sportsmanlike conduct of the rooters and said so many complimentary things that everyone felt a thrill run up his back to think that he went to Quincy. There was so much applause when he finished that the building threatened to burst open and Mr. Burtt had difficulty in quieting the students. His speech will always be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to hear him.

One morning Mr. Collins held an assembly to tell the students that freak days are prohibited. He said that the younger classes had gone to the extreme and that the older ones should set an example for them, although he felt that they had always celebrated the freak days within reasonable bounds.

## Music

The music department of the school is now well started on another successful season. In order to accommodate all who wish to take chorus singing, an extra period was added on Thursdays. That the pupils appreciate this is proven by the large number who are now taking chorus.

The glee clubs issued a call for candidates about three weeks ago. An extraordinary number answered and they are sure to have a season like that of last year when they were welcomed all over the city because of their excellent singing.

## SCHOOL DANCE

Friday, Oct. 20, the first school dance was held in the gym under the auspices of the two senior classes. An entertainment was given which consisted of music, both piano and violin, and an impersonation and dance by Miss Virginia Carrell. After the entertainment the dancing commenced and lasted until ten-thirty. The elimination dance was won by Ted Guinan, the popular football captain, and his partner, Miss Dorothy Johnson. Refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake were served. The hall was appropriately decorated with yellow and black streamers. Excellent music was furnished by Wilson's Orchestra.

## NEWS AROUND SCHOOL

The papers in the library are almost invariably opened to the sporting page. What about it, Mr. Webb?

The boys in Miss Thompson's classes should be excellent African golfers as they have plenty of practice juggling chalk at the blackboards.

Mr. Webb hasn't bought that winter overcoat yet.

We don't notice that long skirts have come in style again.

We have noticed, however, that the bobbed hair is growing long again.

All that Fat Young eats at noon is a loaf of French bread. Castor Oil!

It seems that nearly all who leave high school, for one of several reasons, go to Thayer.

Miss Emerson is soon to change her occupation to that of florist judging by the flowers in her room. We wish that more rooms had the same cheery, homey atmosphere.

CLASS NEWS

THALIA CLUB

The Thalia Club opened its season immediately after school commenced and now is well along in its plans. It is the club's intention to have another Thalia Club Day this year, when an excellent speaker will be obtained to address the school. Plans are also being completed for a Mother's Luncheon.

On Friday, Oct. 27, the club initiated its new members. Nothing definite is known about the initiation but it is rumored that those who were initiated had a most enjoyable (?) time. The new members are:

September, 1924	Walker, Margaret
Bain, Bernice	Wiley, Mildred
Buckley, Margaret	February, 1924
Hanson, Geraldine	Bissett, Hazel
McPhillips, Agnes	Colombo, Leonora
McMillan, Alice	Couch, Sarah
Morey, Elizabeth	Edmonston, Maria
Morgan, Elizabeth	Eovacious, Anna
Olive, Geraldine	Fitts, Mildred
Olson, Ruth	Miller, Edith
Osborne, Dorothy	Zottoli, Clara
Pavan, Anna	September, 1923
Pratt, Mabel	Di Panfilo, Eleanor

The officers for the current year are:

President.....	Alice Goodhue
Vice-President.....	Clara Zottoli
Secretary.....	Eleanor Akin
Treasurer.....	Florence Martin

DRAMATIC COMMITTEE

Elizabeth Morgan,	Elizabeth Miller
chairman	Geraldine Hanson
Harriet Couch	Helen Bigelow
Edna Abbiati	

LITERARY COMMITTEE

Mildred Maloney	Elizabeth Morey
Elizabeth Brown	

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society, according to its custom, held its first meeting in October. Because of the large number of members who graduated last year, there are several vacancies in the club although most

of them have been filled. Any boy who wishes to join the club for his own benefit and for the benefit of the school will be welcome if he has the necessary qualifications.

Plans are being completed for debates with Winthrop, Malden, and Everett. Mr. Jewell wishes to assure the school that these debates will be as good and probably better than those of previous years.

The following are the officers:

President.....	Walter Blake
Vice-President.....	Hargraves Heap
Secretary.....	Eliot Weil
Treasurer.....	Joseph O'Brien

The question committee is as follows: Robert Cunningham, Joseph O'Brien and Clarence Nickerson.

SENIOR COMMITTEES

DRAMATIC

February, 1923	June, 1923
Edmund Johnson	Joseph O'Brien
Elsie Thurber	Helen Campbell
John Reed	Robert Cliffe

DANCE

Edmund Johnson	Joseph O'Brien
Eleanor Akin	Alice Goodhue
George Frothering-	Hargraves Heap
ham	

COMMITTEES OF CLASS OF FEB. 1923

RECEPTION

Chairman, Parker Whittam	
Earl Bassett	Elsie Thurber
Herbert Berman	Beatrice Golbransen

SONG

Mary Driscoll	Elsie Thurber
Daniel Ford	

HISTORY

Joseph Cohen	Tyney Flincke
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PROPHECY

Fred Kendall	Martha Tikkanen
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CLASS DAY

Edmund Johnson	George Saylor
Ida Newman	Eleanor Akin
George Frothering-	John Reed
ham	

CLASS PHOTOGRAPH

Fred Kendall	Marion Glidden
Daniel Ford	

## ALUMNI NOTES

1906

J. Harry Hooper, a formerly well-known Wollaston boy, was ordained to the Unitarian ministry in September, at the Meadville, Pa. Theological School. Rev. Mr. Hooper also attended the University of Chicago. He is at present located in a parish in Florence.

1914

Miss Dorothy Brokaw, who was recently married to a doctor, has gone to China with her husband.

1915

William MacMahon is an estimating contractor for Frederick H. Hunter.

1916

Evelyn Luke is working for J. B. Hunter Co.

1917

Esther Bagg, Radcliffe '22, is traveling with a circuit in Ohio.

Francis Shea is employed by the Brockton Rand Co.

The marriage of Violet Shay to Sheldon Heap, Q. H. S. '17, took place on Tuesday evening, September 12.

C. Heber Bailey is Director of Boys' Work in the Neighborhood House, Louisville, Kentucky, one of the oldest and finest social settlements in the country.

1918

Lawrence Curtin, having graduated from Boston College this June, is teaching in South Boston High School. In February he intends to return to the college to get his master's degree.

1919

Robert Barrows and Trescott Abele '19, played for Mass. Aggies in its first game of the season, in which the much heavier Conn. State team was defeated, 13-6. The Aggies were coached by Harold Gore, also a Q. H. S. alumnus.

Lawrence Dewey, having left M. I. T. for a year, is out in Iowa.

John Flavin, who is in his senior year at Boston College, is president of the Fulton Debating Society and managing editor of "The Heights," the college weekly.

1920

Marion Bishop, Helen Spear and Doris Thomas have returned for their junior year at Mount Holyoke, South Hadley.

Mary Whiton has entered Penn. College at Chambersburg, Penn.

Anna Golden is working in the office in Shepard's.

Evelyn Currier is finishing a course at Mass. Homeopathic Hospital.

Clifford Boshan is a sophomore at B. U. Law School.

Ethel Driscoll was recently married to Mr. Theodore Grant Murray of Woburn.

Louise Drake, who graduated from Forsyth Dental Infirmary last June, is now a school hygienist in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

1921

Anna Blair and Esther Campbell are attending Miss Wheelock's.

Betty Breslyn is training at the Children's Hospital, which includes a course at Simmon's College.

Wilfred and George Cook have moved to California.

Barbara Wells is going to Burdett's College.

Marion Campbell has entered Miss Wheeler's Kindergarten School.

Helen Donovan is working in the branch office of the Manhattan Rubber Co.

Larry Leavitt, full-back for Dartmouth, is considered the best line plunger in the backfield.

Murray Hamilton is a freshman at the University of Maine.

Louis Merrill, Buddy Bissett, John Fuller, Eddie Davidson and Arthur Whitehead are sophomores at Northeastern.

Arthur Mendel is in his second year at Harvard, and John Djerf is registered as a freshman.

Paul Akin will finish a two-year course at the Faelton School of Music this year.

Ruth Bishop and Marjorie Owens are at Thayer.

Reginald Hanson is a student at Dartmouth.



Marjorie Dame and Sadie Berman are in their second year at Bridgewater Normal.

Miriam Hixon has entered Simmons College.

Francis Driscoll is a sophomore at Boston College.

A marriage of surprise to friends was that of Miss Ethel Axberg to Edwin Day. Mr. Day is associated in business with his father. Miss Axberg is also a Q. H. S. alumna.

John Miller is working in Maine.

Henry Blake is a freshman at Dartmouth.

1922

Doris Currier and Edna Martin are attending the College of Secretarial Science, Boston University.

Don Cummings and Gordon Spear are enrolled at M. I. T.

Jeannie Brown is employed in the Massachusetts Trust Co.

Annie Barr is working in a broker's office on Kilby Street.

Hazel Schools is taking a four months' course at Simmons. Later she will train at the Deaconess Hospital.

Esther Jensen, Muriel Harris and Gertrude Rogers are P. G.'s

Gordon Watts and John Wilson are at B. U. College of Business Administration.

Margaret Ashland is doing typewriting and stenography in the Waterman Fountain Pen Co.

Earl Hersey and Catherine Griffin are taking business courses at Bryant-Stratton.

"Dot" Dana, Virginia Ripley and Connie Hoey are taking post graduate courses at Thayer.

Marjorie Payson is attending the New School of Design.

Helena McCormick is working for Couch Telephone Co.

Francis White and Joe Bruton are freshmen at Boston College.

Alma Scott is working for the Draper Woolen Co.

Ethel Wiley is registered at Simmons.

Lawrence MacQuarrie is attending Stone Academy.

Helen O'Brien is working in the office of the Tubular Rivet and Stud Co.

Charlotte Nowell has moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., where she is working for her father.

Helen Handy is attending the New England Conservatory.

Hazel Jackson and Mary Drake are studying at Bridgewater Normal.

"Don" MacKay has entered Dartmouth College.

John MacMahon is registered at Wentworth Institute, and Wilson Barstow has entered Norwich.

Ralph Arveson and Hymie Richmond were nominated for class president at Northeastern.

Priscilla Streeter and Doris Pinkham are attending Miss Allen's School in Newton.

Esther Adams is at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale.

MARY DRISCOLL, *Alumni Editor.*

## AROUND THE SCHOOL

Herb Berman attempted to outshine Wallace Reid one day. Most of us will give the prize to Herb.

About time that someone started talk of a school uniform for girls. It has been annual for some time.

We are all anxiously waiting for Mr. Jewell to produce a second Daniel Webster.

Anyone who didn't feel a thrill at Mr. O'Brien's speech at the football rally has something missing in his or her make-up. (Don't take this too literally, girls).

The lower classes seem to be more beautiful and refreshing. Ask "Ding" Heap, "Mac" Macleod or "Ed" Johnson, not to mention "Ted" Guinan.

Perhaps those who enjoy the extra period on Thursday the most are those who use it for a study period.

We have a second Bud Fisher in our midst. Good work on those cartoons, Jack. Keep it up.

The very latest in men's fashions, Mr. Dawson's moustache.

# Exchanges

The Exchanges for this issue of The Golden-Rod are all too few, but it is not surprising, as this is the first issue and many schools are just putting out their first numbers, also. But by the next issue, we hope to have a greatly enlarged Exchange Department and we hope that all our old firends will again exchange with us as in previous years. Of course, new exchanges are always welcome!

The following magazines and papers have been received:

Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.

The Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Maine.

Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.

Lynn, C. H. S. Gazette, Lynn, Mass.

High School "Q," Quincy, Illinois.

Proviso Pageant, Maywood, Illinois.

The Echo, Winthrop, Mass.

## THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS

Here is a paper that has cartoons, poems, good stories, 'n' everything. Your joke department deserves special note.

DRURY ACADEME, *North Adams, Mass.*

## OUR OPINION

Lynn C. H. S. Gazette, Lynn, Mass.—We enjoyed your Commencement number very much. We liked especially the article, "The College and The University," by an alumnus of your school. Your cuts are good and the advertisements show good business management.

The High School "Q," Quincy, Illinois—The Literary Department could be greatly enlarged. You have a variety of good material.

## EXCHANGE JOKES

Two guys on a telephone.

"Are you there?"

"Who are you, please?"

"Watt."

"What is your name?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes, what's your name?"

"My name is John Watt."

"John Watt?"

"Yes."

"I'll be around to see you this afternoon."

"All right; are you Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott."

"Not what?"

"No, not Knott Watt, Will Knott."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"Will you be home this afternoon?"

"Certainly, Knott."

"What?"

"Aw, shut up."

MEGAPHONE, *Franklin, Mass.*

"John, John!" whispered Mrs. Congressman Squibbs. "Wake up! I'm sure there are robbers in the house."

"Robbers in the house?" he muttered sleepily. "Absolutely preposterous! There may be robbers in the Senate, Mary, but not in the House."

HIGH SCHOOL "Q," *Quincy, Illinois.*

Young lady (to small boy): "Does your mother know you smoke cigarettes?"

Small boy: "Naw! No more'n your maw knows you talk to strange gemen on the street without a proper introduction."

EMILY STEWART, *Exchange Editor.*

## AROUND THE SCHOOL

So that the Freshmen may know what to expect, we repeat Miss Dawe's famous expression, "No excuses accepted for failure to do home work except for death, marriage, or imprisonment."

The judge who delights in giving long term sentences—Miss Thompson.

Mr. Collins will make an excellent "Dick Deadey" in "H. M. S. Pinafore"

to be given by the Quincy Teachers' Association.

"Ain't them traffic cops grand?" Yes, and the first bell sounds "grand" to some of them.

We need another ice cream counter.

Who wants to tune the piano in the gym?

Mr. Mitchell doesn't say much but!  
!!!?!!!?



# ATHLETICS



## FOOTBALL, 1922

On September 11, fifty-two candidates responded to Coach Mitchell's call. This is the largest squad Quincy has had for some time. Among these men there were nine letter men and six others who had had football experience. Out of these men Coach Mitchell has developed a clean, hard fighting team.

This year the team has been better equipped than ever before. Manager Foster has been hard at work with his assistants taking care of the team. Mr. Nisson and Mr. O'Brien have also been teaching the squad the fine points of football.

After a month of careful study, Johnson received the first call for pivot-man. He is ably subbed by Sjostrom and Marr, both of whom are light but scrappy, and are well qualified to fill Johnson's shoes next year.

The guard berths are filled by Dingwell, Jacobson, Heap, Young, Wiel, Christy, Cunningham and Dean. These men have lots of power in them and are proficient in opening holes for the backs.

Reed, Olson, Cook, Hoey, Richmond and Solomon are taking care of the tackle positions. Reed is the only veteran, but the others are learning real football.

Coach Mitchell found plenty of good end material in McLeod, Schenkelberger, DeBoer, Widlund, Maskilieson and Gately.

It is a toss-up between Mowbray and Vallé as to who is the best man. Both have football sense, and can drive the team very well.

Captain Guinan and Neal are both veteran half-backs and upholding their former reputation. Berman, Morgan, Macgaw, Milford and Cullivan are learning the backfield tricks, and when called upon can fill the half-back positions.

Quincy has a wealth of full-backs. Listman, last year's quarter-back, is playing full-back this year. He is heavy and fast and "hard to get." Bassett is also a three-year man, and is pressing Listman for his position.

Captain Guinan, Listman, Mowbray and Schenkelberger are doing the punting. Basset, Neal, Schenkelberger and Guinan can drop-kick fairly well.

Manager Foster arranged a fine schedule for this year, on which were some of the best teams in the State. With the exception of Brockton the schedule is now complete

### NEWTON 13; QUINCY 0

On September 30th, Quincy opened its football season, playing the big, powerful Newton eleven. The game was hard fought; Newton had the weight and advantage on Quincy. However, Quincy put up a hard fight, and held Newton to two touchdowns. Fumbling proved disastrous for Quincy. Dingwell, Mowbray and Johnson played well for Quincy.

### WALTHAM 31; QUINCY 0

Waltham, by superior playing and a great weight advantage, administered a beating to our boys that will not soon be forgotten. Our men did not work as well as they should have. Lowery, Waltham's slippery quarter-back, was the big star of the game. He slipped through the hands of Quincy tacklers time and time again for long gains. But as Waltham has a wonderful team this year, the score does not look very bad.

### QUINCY 19; NATICK 0

Quincy got down to real work on Columbus Day and outplayed the heavy Natick eleven. The work of our men showed a marked improvement. Listman, Captain Guinan, Bassett, Reed and McLeod played well for Quincy.

## QUINCY 27; MILTON 0

Quincy High "walloped" Milton High in its fourth game of the season. The home team worked together better than it had before. All the men *worked together* as one, and as a result, Quincy piled up twenty points in the first half. Coach Mitchell used three full teams. Our team has finally learned to *work together* and should win its important games hereafter.

## BASKETBALL, 1923

Quincy has a bright outlook for a basket ball team this year. Coach Clark has seven veterans; namely, Jacobson, Anderson, Maskilieson, Listman, Guinan, Neal, McLeod and Thompson, to answer his call. Also there are a host of other boys who have played basket ball before.

John Reed is manager. There is a possibility of a South Shore Basket Ball League to be formed. In that case Quincy will probably become a member of the league.

## AROUND THE SCHOOL

Widlund went without a necktie for so long because of a boil on his neck that several people suggested taking up a collection to buy him one.

Listman always gets the blame.

Everyone misses Mr. Dawson in the morning. Especially les femmes.

The Alhambra has been losing money. There has been football practice nearly every day.

Two more resigned from the — Society which admits only bachelors. They are Herb Berman and Bun Neal. Only a few of us left.

One way to arouse Mr. Mitchell's ire would be for all of this year's team to go to Thayer.

Basketball soon.

I expect to see you at the football reception and the Senior Dramatics. When you learn the dates—save them!

"Till We Meet Again."

## JOKES

*Heard in a Quincy Shoe Store*

Lady: "Have you a pair of shoes suitable for this boy?"

Berman: "Yes, certainly. French kid, perhaps?"

Lady: "No, indeed. He is my own son, born right here in Quincy!"

Pat: "Say, Mike, I bet you can't use the word 'celluloid' in a sentence."

Mike: "Aw, sure an' I can."

Pat: "Spill it."

Mike: "I have two dogs, 'Hot Dog,' and 'Lloyd.' If you don't want 'Hot Dog,' I'll sell you 'Lloyd.'"

Al: "Who's that stranger I saw around the library this morning?"

Fred: "Some kind of an investigator."

Al: "Working for the city?"

Fred: "I doubt it. He keeps pretty busy."

Bill: "I had to fire that McLeod fellow."

Leo: "Why?"

Bill: "A red-headed man came in and asked for hair oil—"

Leo: "Yes—"

Bill: "And that boob gave him a bottle of russet shoe polish."

You can always tell a Senior, he is so sedately dressed;

You can always tell a Junior by the way he swells his chest;

You can always tell a Freshman by his timid looks and such;

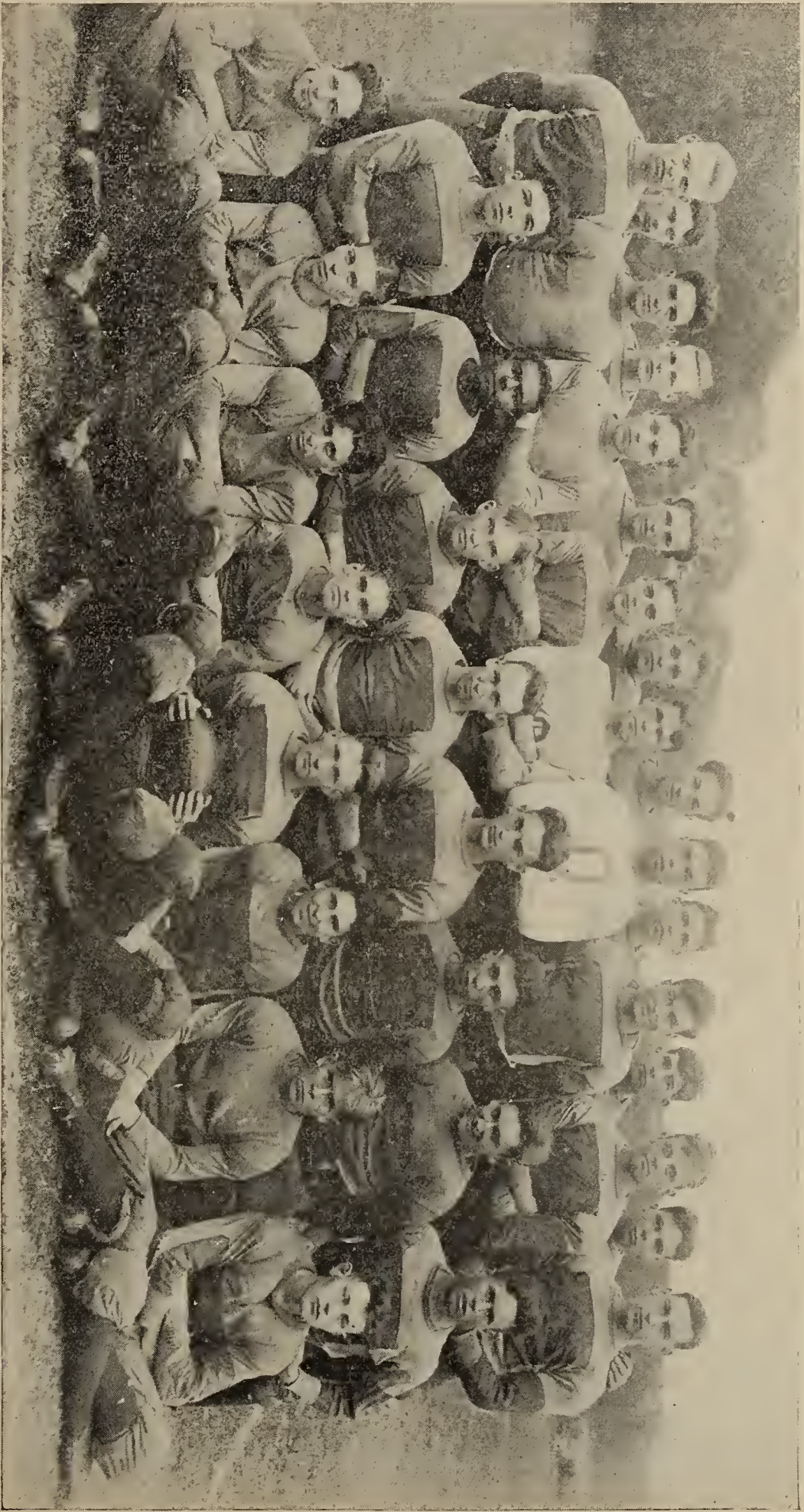
You can tell a Sophomore also—But you cannot tell him much.

Mr. Jewell: "Did you take that book down to the library, boy?"

Freshie: "No Sir, the library was closed."

Mr. Jewell: "Well why didn't you wait until the librarian came back?"

Freshie: "There was a sign on the door saying, 'Return immediately,' so I came back here as quickly as I could, Sir."



THE SQUAD



Mr. Burt: "Has anyone done the extra homework I told you that you could do if you wanted to? No one? Well, I guess that's human nature."

Belding: "Oh, I did it!"

Guinan: "Aw, you're not human!"

Cop: "Hey! Where you going? This is a one way street."

De Boer: "Well, I'm goin' only one way, ain't I?"

Miss Dawes gave her class a test, in which she asked them to name five of Shakespeare's plays. Among the titles received were these: King Liar, A Merchant of Venus, Old Fellow, McBath, Omelet; which reminds us of the high school pupil who said that Shakespeare's most famous poem was Venice and Ade-noids.

Miss Jones: "Do you believe in heredity?"

Mr. Collins: "Of course I do! Why, I've got one of the brightest boys you ever saw."

Miss B: "Bronson Alcott was an extreme Transcendentalist. He spent so much time dreaming and feeding his soul on bowls of moonshine that he neglected to provide more substantial nourishment for his family."

"What made your son leave High School?"

"Well, the dear boy tried to do a few studies between track practice in the afternoon and the Alhambra in the evening, and it really was too much for him."

The fact that Patrick Henry was married might have added stimulus to his fervid exclamation, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

### *Modern Education*

Yes, we have advanced far in the art of becoming educated. In the old days it was, "Meet my friend. We graduated in the same class."

Now it's, "Meet my friend. We flunked out of High School the same day."

Miss Dawes: "Berman, let's hear your poem."

Berman: "I didn't bring it."

Miss Dawes: "Where is it?"

Berman: "Oh, somewheres."

Miss Dawes: "What's the correct word, Olson?"

Olson: "No where."

Miss A (After a long algebraical proof on the blackboard): "And now we find that  $X = 0$ ."

Platner: "Ye gods! All that work for nothing."

Miss B: "Do you always stutter like that?"

Deans: "N-n-n-o; only when I t-t-talk!"

Policeman: "If you want to smoke here, you'll either have to put out your cigar or go some where else."

Miss G: "Have you read 'Freckles,' Mr. Fallis?"

Fallis: "No, ma'am, mine are the brown kind."

### *Fare, Please!*

"Fare!"

Cunningham gave no heed.

"Fare, please!"

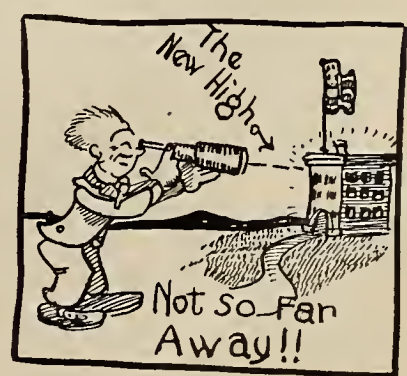
Still Robert was oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term 'Fare,'" said

THANK YOU VERY MUCH



Jack Bird



the conductor, "I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of the service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation. I merely allude, in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car, and suggest that you liquidate."

At this point Robert C. emerged from his trance.

### *A Hardy Breakfast Food!*

"Afar off some early negro was CHOPPING WOOD FOR BREAKFAST."

Mr. Burt: "So you stayed home from school yesterday because your father was ill, Anderson? I hope it is nothing contagious?"

Anderson: "Gee! So do I. The doctor says he is suffering from overwork."

Mary: "They say that very wise people are awfully homely."

Johnson (Very ardently): "Mary, you're the most beautiful girl in the world."

Prohibition has removed the sin-tax from liquor.

"Who wrote 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room?'"

"Shakespeare."

"Aren't you thinking of 'Twelfth Night?'"

"Oh what difference did a couple of nights more or less make in those days?"

Two high school boys met in the Square and stopped to talk.

"Say Bud, I've got a dog with distemper. What did you give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine! See you later!"

Two days after, they met again.

"Say Bud, I gave my dog turpentine, and it killed him."

"Killed mine, too! So long!"

It was foolish of Johnson to make a wager that he would eat a quart of peas with a hat pin if Quincy lost the Newton game. But having done so, he had to make good.

"There's only one thing I ask," said he to the winner.

"What's that?" inquired Whittam.

"If you're going to stand by and see

that I eat all those peas with a hat pin, I want you to admit that you won the bet and are insisting on its payment. Don't you pretend that you are my keeper."

X: "A thermometer certainly is a clever instrument, to be able to tell your temperature so well."

Y: "It should be, it has a college education."

X: "A college education! How so?"

Y: "Well, isn't it graduated with many degrees?"

Soph: "Say, some of the fellows in our class couldn't spell antidote."

Senior: "How'd you spell it?"

Soph: "Me? Oh, I was one of 'em."

### *Too Many Mechanics Spoil the Car*

Webb: "Don't you think that the Americans live under the best form of government on earth?"

Reed: "Well, they would if Congress wasn't always under it tinkering with it."

Mr. Thomas: "Close your book Tabor!"

Tabor: "How do you expect me to know anything then?"

Mr. Thomas: "I don't!"

Teacher: "And why isn't the U. S. an absolute Democracy?"

Freshie: "Because some people are Republicans."

L. E. F.: "This snake strikes with mathematical precision.

Stude: "It must be an adder!"

Finn, criticizing a dialogue: "That was a good dialogue, but there was too much conversation in it."

Reed: "Why the worried expression, Parker?"

Parker: "I've been wondering! Can a genius who stays at home be called a homogeneous?"

Miss G: "Troupe, which of these letters do you like best?"

Troupe: "You haven't heard mine yet."

T: "By the way, Ford, who was it that saw the handwriting on the wall?"

Ford: "Mr. Collins!"



Miss Galleher: "Jameson, translate 'Il y a sept jours dans une semaine.'"

Jameson (Slowly and seriously): "There are seven hours in one week."

Mary: "I have been to see that new play of Machin's."

Lil: "Full of ideas, isn't it?"

Mary: "Yes; I especially noticed a skirt of lace, cross-gored; a coat in a new shade of gray, and an orange tunic decorated with green spots!"

Miss Rogers: "Spondeo is a word of one syllable with the accent on the first. (How strange!)"

From the way they always yell at the umpire's decisions, evidently some of these ball players on the City League agree with the Salvation Army, that a man may be down but he is never out.

In Miss Shaw's English history class one day the pupils were unprepared on a certain question.

"Can you answer this question Miss Mullaney?"

"No."

"Miss Wood?"

"No."

"Listman?"

"No."

"Miss Bailey?"

"No."

Richie: "Shake 'em up."

Miss Shaw: "Can you recite this passage, Listman?"

Listman: "How does it begin?"

Miss Shaw: "I won't tell you."

Listman: "Then I won't tell you either."

Miss Howe: "De quelle couleur sont les cheveux de Monsieur Hughes, De Bona?"

De Bona (Waking up very flustered): "Les-r-r-a-che-veux-de-err-r-de-Mon-si-er."

Miss Howe: "It'll be gray by the time you tell us."

Miss Galleher to Finch (who is mumbling some French): "Speak louder, Finch, they can't hear you."

Finch: "I don't want them to hear me."

Ela (translating latin): "I cannot pronounce P-i-c-e-n-u-m."

Mr. Jewell: "Well you know what pie is and you've seen 'em—hence Picenum."

WAYNE G. BELDING,

*Joke Editor.*

We wonder why the football team named the tackling dummy "Jones." If you don't know you will have found out Saturday, Nov. 18.

No more freak days. We don't need any with some of the apparitions around that drift by now and then.

The quotation, "The hand-writing on the wall," can well be applied to the bulletin on which are registered the names of those football men who are low in their studies.

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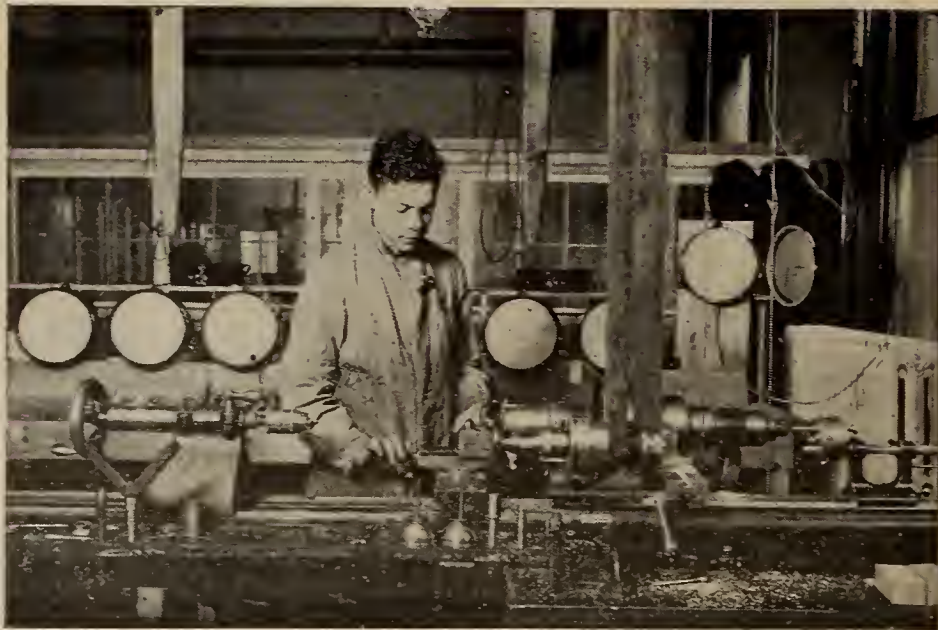
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1919	1,417,000	102,200
1920	1,403,000	120,600
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