

# THE ECHO



JUNE, 1920

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# THE ECHO



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*Robert I. Johonnot*

LITERARY EDITORS

*L. Crawford Churchill*

*Harold F. Lindergreen*

*Elizabeth N. Allen*

*Elizabeth A. Gordon*

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*Frank W. Hallam*

SCHOOL NOTES

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# The Winthrop High School Directory.

**School Committee**—Frank F. Cook, Chairman; Albert R. Stedfast, Secretary; Fred G. Curtis.

**Superintendent of Schools**—Frank A. Douglas.

**School Physician**—Raymond J. Parker.

## The Faculty

**Principal**—Edward R. Clarke; Sub-master, Louis J. Peltier; Secretary, Dorothy E. Dickinson.

**Assistants**—Commercial Department, J. Clifford Ronan, Catherine E. Creedan, Anna M. Pfanenstiehl; Science and Mathematics, Herrick E. H. Greenleaf, Vodisa E. Greenwood, George D. Grierson, Emilie P. Osborn; Modern Languages, Ethel S. Hooper, Mabel M. Ackley, Juliette E. Lemay, Kathleen G. Sullivan; Latin, C. Grace Ayres, Clare E. Longley; English, Lucy A. Drew, Ilga E. Herrick, Gladys A. Merrill, Dorothy E. Ritchie; History, Helen A. Gilliland; Stenography, Sara L. Mansur; Typewriting, Mabel M. Howatt; Drawing and Industrial Arts, Harriet M. Day; Elocution, Clara M. Spence; Domestic Science, Frieda M. Burkle, Ruth E. Tisdale; Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing, Eber I. Wells, Herbert G. Bantam; Physical Training, F. Theresa Key, John W. Manter; Music, George H. Dockham; Supervisor of Drawing in Grades, Margarita Ells; Grade VIII, Bernice M. Moore, Alice M. Angevine, Laura M. Burrill, Ethel B. Crosby, Marion S. Hanson.

## Athletic Association

Harry Dean '20, President; Dudley Allen '21, Vice-president; Vivian Smith '20, Secretary; Edward R. Clarke, Treasurer.

**Basketball**—John Kelley '21, Captain; Harry Smith '21, Manager.

**Baseball**—Harry Dean '20, Captain; George Kemp '20, Manager; Gardner Currier '21, Ass't Manager.

**Field Hockey**—Catherine McCarthy '21, Captain; Dorothy Ball '21, Manager.

**Football**—Andrew Molloy '21, Captain; Richard Leour '21, Manager.

## Athletic Council

Edward R. Clarke, Harry Dean, Frank A. Douglas, Albert R. Stedfast, Martin V. B. Sullivan, John W. Manter.

## The Class Officers

**Senior**—John Herbert, President; Marjorie Somerville, Vice-president; Thelma Seibert, Secretary; Miss Mansur, Treasurer; Richard Curran, Marshal.

**Junior**—Hazel Wentworth, President; Ruth How, Vice-president; Dorothy Ball, Secretary; Mr. Ronan, Treasurer; William Gilliam, Marshal.

**Sophomore**—Harry Benson, President; James Fraser, Vice-president; Clara Brown, Secretary; Miss Lemay, Treasurer; John Foley, Marshal.

**Freshman**—John Fulham, President; Georgianna Gearheart, Vice-president; Louise Gearheart, Secretary; Miss Gilliland, Treasurer; Morton Jennings, Marshal.

## Science Club

Robert Johonnot '20, President; Executive Committee, Arthur Brown '20, Crawford Churchill '20, Gardner Currier '21, Gertrude Hallam '21, Edward King '21, Stewart Perry '21.

## High School Congress

Robert Johonnot, Speaker; Ernest Harvey, Clerk; Edward King, Sergeant-at-Arms.

## High School Orchestra

George H. Dockham, Leader.

**1st Violins**—Evelyn McQuarrie, Sadie Liberman, Phillip Ruskin, Irene Steele, Irene Verry.

**2d Violins**—Arnold Canner, Winthrop Gordon, Gordon McNeil, Milton Sisson.

**1st Cornet**—Helen O'Toole.

**2d Cornets**—Chester Duncan, Newell Perry.

**Trombone**—H. E. H. Greenleaf.

**Drums**—Harold Duncan, Richard Murray.

**Piano**—Marjorie Somerville.



## Class Organization

John Herbert .....	President
Marjorie Somerville .....	Vice-President
Thelma Seibert .....	Secretary
Miss Sara L. Mansur .....	Treasurer
Richard Curran .....	Marshal

## Class Of 1920

Eleanor Abely  
 Margaret Ahern  
 \*Elizabeth Norcross Allen  
 Ralph Waldo Baker  
 \*Eva Alice Band  
 George Gordon Barry  
 Lillian Gertrude Barry  
 Mary Josephine Barter  
 Robert Francis Bell  
 Gordon Francis Berridge  
 Karl Von Betzen  
 \*Elizabeth Martha Blandford  
 \*Pauline Hamilton Broad  
 \*Arthur Leonard Brown  
 William Edward Burke, Jr.  
 \*Beatrice Florence Carro  
 Clifford Knowlton Channell  
 \*Lillian Isabel Chatterton  
 Ulric Hamilton Childress  
 \*Lindsey Crawford Churchill  
 John Lockwood Clayton  
 \*John Francis Cotter  
 John Bernier Cronin  
 Richard Joseph Curran  
 Helen Curtis  
 Robert Thomas Daw  
 Harry Bender Dean  
 Helen Josephine Dervan  
 Elinor Margaret Doherty  
 Timothy Francis Donovan  
 \*Muriel Thelma Dorr  
 Mary Elizabeth Dunn  
 \*Ruth Doris Epstein  
 William Conlam Erwin  
 Albert Rogers Evans  
 Mary Elizabeth Ferrins  
 Marguerite Virginia Fitzpatrick  
 Mary Margaret Flannery  
 John Cornelius Flynn  
 Patrick Clancy Foote  
 Norman Ford

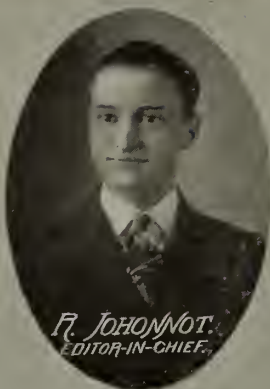
Dean Etherington Freeman  
 Marguerite Theresa Furniss  
 Francis Leonard Galassi  
 Helen Gentle Garbutt  
 Ruth Gardner  
 Bernice Maude Gatter  
 Grace Marie Gillespie  
 \*Elizabeth Augusta Gordon  
 \*Ruth Eunice Gordon  
 Dorothy Haskins Grant  
 Helen Marion Gray  
 Frank William Hallam  
 Charles Hooper Harris  
 \*Anna Teresa Hartt  
 John Kingston Herbert  
 Lewis Buswell Hill  
 John Patrick Hillberg  
 Charles Henry Holthaus  
 Edwin Russell Jenkins  
 Myrtle Mary Jenks  
 Robert Irving Johonnot  
 Gordon Gray Jones  
 George Arthur Kemp  
 Charles Douglas Kiley  
 Ruth Irene Kirk  
 Sara Kearney Larkin  
 \*Charles Edward Lavoix  
 John Haywood Lewis  
 \*Sadie Liberman  
 \*Harold Frederick Lindergreen  
 Stephen Francis Littleton, Jr.  
 Anna Julia Lynch  
 Hazel Louise McLeod  
 Benjamin Miller  
 Lillian Margaret Millington  
 Arthur Alexander Moore  
 \*Walter Brown Morrison  
 Dorothy Agnes Muldoon  
 \*Madeline Marie Muldoon  
 George Andrew Murphy  
 Richard Murray

Jack George Nathanson  
 \*Carl Southworth Newmarch  
 Albert Andrews Nielson  
 Dorothy Paula Norris  
 Helen Agnes O'Toole  
 \*Alice Geraldine Porter  
 Carl Newton Pratt  
 Arthur Alfred Promisel  
 Ruth Mabel Ramsey  
 \*Dorothy May Roberts  
 Mildred Rogers  
 \*Irene Russell  
 Ruth Sawtell  
 Evelyn Frances Sawyer  
 Esther Bell Segal  
 \*Thelma Whitney Seibert  
 \*Alice Jeannette Simpson  
 Helen Thelma Simson  
 Harold Hymen Sisson  
 Harry Howard Smith  
 Vivian Elizabeth Smith  
 Marjorie Louise Somerville  
 Harry Spunt  
 Irene Elizabeth Steele  
 Stanley Wilton Stedfast  
 Doris Elwynn Striebeck  
 John Sanborn Strong  
 \*Ruth Elizabeth Sullivan  
 Lewis Arthur Wellman Swett  
 Alan Peter Terrile  
 Helen Francesca Tewksbury  
 Eleanor Loretta Tierney  
 Irene Ruth Verry  
 John Charles Wakefield  
 \*Harold Winthrop Wheeler  
 \*Hyman White  
 \*Carolyn Louise Whittemore  
 John Calderwood Whorf  
 \*Iris Wingersky  
 Grafton Alexander Wood

\* Honor Students



R. CURRAN.  
CLASS MARSHAL.



R. JOHNSON.  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



J. HERBERT.  
CLASS PRESIDENT.



E. F. CLARKE.  
PRINCIPAL.



T. S. DEFT.  
CLASS SECRETARY.



MISS S. MANSUR.  
TREASURER.



M. SOMERVILLE.  
VICE-PRESIDENT.

GODFREY  
STUDIO



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B. CARTER.



E. SAWYER.



L. MILLINGTON.



H. MCL...



A. LYNCH.



E. SEEGAL.



D. ROBERTS.



E. ALLEN.



L. BARRY.



A. PORTER.



G. GILLESPIE.



M. FITZPATRICK.



H. TEWKSBURY.



E. DOHERTY.



M. FERRIS.

GODFREY  
STUDIO



D. STRIEBECK.



F. GORDON.



D. GRANT.



M. FLANNERY.



S. LIBERMAN.



H. SIMSON.



I. WINGERSKY.



E. DUNN.



H. GARBUTT.



E. TIERNEY.



M. JENKS.



M. MULDOON.



M. ROGERS.



H. DEFAY.



J. SAWTELLE.



I. FUSSELL.



P. BOYD.



F. KIRK.

GODFREY  
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M. FURNESS.



F. RAMSEY.



M. AHEARN.



H. GRAY.



A. HARTT.



H. O'TOOLE.





D. MULRYN.



L. CHATTERTON.



B. CARRO.



V. SMITH.



I. VERRY



S. LARKIN.



E. ABELY.



E. BAND.



D. NORRIS.



C. WHITMORE.



H. SULLIVAN.



M. L. WOOD.



H. GARDNER.



A. SIMON.

GODFREY  
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H. CURTIS.



E. BLANDFORD.



H. EPSTEIN.



I. STEELE.



E. GORDON.



*J. DONOVAN.*



*J. NATHANSON.*



*G. KEMP.*



*C. HOLTHAUS.*



*W. ERWIN.*



*C. CHANNEL.*



*J. COTTER.*



*C. PRATT.*



*R. MURRAY.*



*G. BARRY.*



*J. WHORF.*



*W. MORRISON.*



*J. STRONG.*



*G. BERRIDGE.*

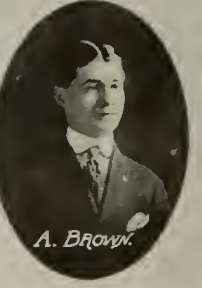
GODFREY  
STUDIO



*F. HALLAM.*



*C. NEWMARCH.*



*A. BROWN.*



*R. BELL.*



*F. GALASSI.*



*H. SISSON.*



*E. JENKINS.*



*S. LITTLETON JR.*



*G. JONES.*



*C. LAVOIX.*



*P. FOOTE.*



*L. HILL.*



*F. BAKER.*



*L. SWETT.*



*H. LINDBERGH.*



*W. ...*



*S. STEADFAST.*



*G. WOOD.*



*A. NIELSON.*



*J. CRONIN.*



*J. HILLBERG.*



*J. WAKEFIELD.*

GODFREY  
STUDIO



*K. VON BETZEN.*



*D. FREEMAN.*



*H. SMITH.*



*A. FROMSBEL.*



J. CLAYTON.



H. DEAN.



H. WHITE.



U. CHILDRESS.



A. EVANS.



L. CHURCHILL.



J. LEWIS.



C. HILEY.



J. P.



G. MURPHY.



B. MILLER.



F. DAW.



N. FORD.



H. SPUNT.



A. TERRILE.

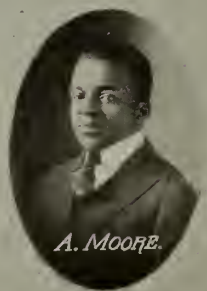


C. HARRIS.

GODFREY  
STUDIO



H. WHEELER.



A. MOORE.

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

### ELEANOR ABELY.

"Anything but history, for history must be false."

Why do the muses so pester the mortal scul as to record history with their shining pens of gold? But, never mind, consider how much more the future generations will have to learn.

### MARGARET AHERN.

"Full well she sange the service divine  
Entuned in her nose ful swetely."

So it is every 2nd lunch period in Room 29, where she can be clearly heard, even among the din of the typewriters, lifting her voice in the lilting way, which so captivates its audience and wrecks ruin on efficiency.

### ELIZABETH NORCROSS ALLEN.

"Her hair is like the curling mist  
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en."

It is not granted all to touch their harps of gold so soon in life. Although she rather dislikes history and other unnecessary trifles, the golden chords of a harp and the well-known green apparel of an earnest young Senior fit in more harmoniously with her style of earthly comfort. As for the harp,—it's well to be prepared.

### RALPH WALDO BAKER.

"It's hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

Another typewriting hound, gifted with a clever knack of basket shooting and a noticeable ease in the escape from prominence—'cause he's quiet. But we're told to be careful of the quiet, light-haired people. They're dangerous. Are you, Ralph?

### EVA ALICE BAND.

"But to see her was to love her,  
Love but her, and love forever."

Especially when some soul-searing question has been asked in Latin. If brains were worth a million an ounce, she'd still be the pride of the class—educationally. Besides loving her, we love her voice, which, while singing, can easily hit the topmost rafters and the ears of its audience.

### GEORGE GORDON BARRY.

"Oh Cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird  
Or but a wand'ring voice?"

This bird was all right until he entered into the sacred halls of learning, Room 15, and then little cuckoo got his wings clipped. However, his football wings are still flapping.

### LILLIAN GERTRUDE BARRY.

"Nay, oft' in dreams, invention we bestow,  
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow."

Well! Well! Here comes a hummer; not

only can she hum in school, but also we notice her hum is very dexterous outside the learned portals. Her hum isn't audible, but we can see it's there.

### MARY JOSEPHINE BARTER.

"Fair as a star  
When only one is shining in the sky."

How unnatural! When one goes out, the rest go out. You seem to be out most of the time, but, never mind, when vacation comes we'll all be out.

### ROBERT FRANCIS BELL.

"Virtuous and vicious every man must be,  
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree."

It looks to us as though dancing and baseball come much more easily to you than the transcription of shorthand. Our hat comes off to you if you can get away with it, and apparently you have.

### GORDON FRANCIS BERRIDGE.

"Tobacco to drive dull care away—  
Joy in its fullest measure."

Who is a little hound on the typewriter; ready with an answer (usually correct), and also producing that disturbing atom of mischief which so worries the faculty and diminishes the pile of Afternoon Session slips? We'll say—Mr. Berridge.

### KARL VON BETZEN.

"From ignorance our comfort flows,  
The only wretched are the wise."

Oh, it is simply terrible to be called upon in History if one does not know the lesson. But school lets out at 1.45 if no Afternoon Sessions are received, so then for air and freedom of speech.

### ELIZABETH MARTHA BLANDFORD.

"A poor, lone woman."

She really likes Latin and Algebra and things like that; but she doesn't say much in History. As to cooking, we know. Never mind, the time may come when you can show how brightly a lone woman can shine.

### PAULINE HAMILTON BROAD.

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,  
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

She's an actress, for even those in the back row heard her die—gracefully and pathetically; but John Alden and Priscilla scenes are more to her advantage.

### ARTHUR LEONARD BROWN.

"Good orators, when they are out, will spit."

Oh! for a chance to argue! As the blue-jay, perched high in a tree, continually chat-

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

tering about the vastness of nothing, so this would-be orator, with his perpetual marcel wave, may soon find his perch on a high limb, if he is not lost from view.

**WILLIAM LEONARD BURKE, JR.**

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

Oh, gentle youth, in the upper corner of the gym at lunch-time, we hear your feeble jokes and view your heroic attempts at horse play. Are you heroic in Shorthand?

**PHYLLIS CARPENTER.**

"Mr. Kremlin, sir, was distinguished for his ignorance; for he had only one idea and that was wrong."

It's rather hard luck to take another year of the everlasting grind; but what a cinch it will be. With English safely in the rear, life will be just one study period after another.

**BEATRICE FLORENCE CARRO.**

"Her smile is as the evening mild,  
When feather'd tribes are courting."

And not only when feathered tribes are courting, but also when the "real stuff" is being played upon the stage, for "B" goes to all the musical comedies and there her smile is much in evidence.

**CLIFFORD KNOWLTON CHANNELL.**

"Style is the dress of thought."

And Cliff is thinking constantly, at least on this subject, for report cards tell a sorry tale. But a man is judged by his clothes; not by his report card. What about it, Cliff? And, also, we have been told that report cards do not create excellent dancers.

**LILLIAN ISABEL CHATTERTON.**

"Hush, little child with the golden hair."

What a fine English sparrow you'd have made! They always appear to be "chewing the rag" over some nonsensical point; but whether your points are nonsensical or not, the fact remains that your name tells the truth.

**ULRIC HAMILTON CHILDRESS.**

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet."

It worked such wonders on him that he hasn't dared to look up since, because he is a sweet, pastoral number, very quiet, almost tongue-tied. Imaginations are vivid; so perhaps it's best to conceal them.

**LINDSEY CRAWFORD CHURCHILL.**

"You know who critics are?  
The men who have failed in literature and art."

Why do you rake the teachers so? They never harmed you much. And, before you criticize, think of the cheerless reception room and that awful feeling one receives just before the arrival of the principal.

**JOHN LOCKWOOD CLAYTON.**

"The height of his ambition is, we know,  
But to be master of a puppet show."

A second Daniel Webster with, we believe, the same appearance. If he can love as well "off the boards" as he does on, the girls had better beware. He's a star at football and taking tickets, but stars don't shine during History's reign.

**JOHN FRANCIS COTTER.**

"On a log behind the pig-sty of a modest little farm

Sits a freckled youth and lanky, red of hair  
and long of arm."

And when upon the football field

Of dear old Winthrop High,

'Twas he that kicked the old pigskin  
High into the sky.

**JOHN BERNIER CRONIN.**

"Oh, call it by some better name,  
For friendship sounds too cold."

March on, O representative of Eros, and let us hope the swagger of your head and heels may never assail your skill in pounding the typewriter, for you are a dabbler in this and a dabbler in that. Jack of all trades; master of none.

**RICHARD JOSEPH CURRAN.**

"A girl on my knee, a glass at my side,  
A lute to strum and a horse to ride,  
What can a man want more?"

The boy with the appetite of a regiment. Let the ladies, if they care for their larders, beware of him. Entrancing, courtly, foolish! A lion in society; but a past actor "after the ball." When it comes to driving an auto on a cold and rainy night, we can now see the reason for tire chain advertisements. In another's pantry—a hyena; but in Room 15—'snuff.

**HELEN CURTIS.**

"I am in earnest; I will be heard."

A little ray of sunshine in every class we have. Even the barren aspect of Room 15 does not chill her spirits, and her glasses, when gazed through backwardly, can always bring some comment and clear perception.

**ROBERT THOMAS DAW.**

"Here's to the man who loves his pipe,  
The greatest of earthly pleasure,—"

The staunchest and bosom friend of Mr. Manter, who grants him the privilege of bearing little yellow messages to the office.

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

These messages are mainly noted for the now famous saying, "2½ hours." He should receive a pension for these duties well performed.

### HARRY BENDER DEAN.

"I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more is none."

It's peculiar how "Bones" picks off the tall ones in football, basketball and baseball; but when it comes to women we notice he picks the short ones.

### HELEN JOSEPHINE DERVAN.

"Not as a child shall we again behold her."

Perhaps it is fortunate. Although you are pretty nice, for a quiet one you can surely hold your own. Sang-froid must be your chief composite part.

### ELINOR MARGARET DOHERTY.

"Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonnie, O."

Demosthenes had to put rocks in his mouth to talk; but we fear that you must seek dynamite. If you know your subject, all well and good; but when shall we know?

### TIMOTHY FRANCIS DONOVAN.

"She floats upon the rivers of his thoughts."

And upon more than one street corner; but what has this to do with basketball and spelling? But he can catch more than baseballs! See the ladies following him next time he goes past you. That's the answer.

### MURIEL THELMA DORR.

"She knows her man and when you rant and swear  
Can draw you to her with a single hair."

A mere word plus a recess will suffice to accomplish her end and this fair Atlas of the school corridor (when graduated) will be missed and later Mrs.

### MARY ELIZABETH DUNN.

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main."

She's drifted her way through English, we notice, and she may continue to drift through life; but look out for cross-currents, you may get soaked.

### RUTH DORIS EPSTEIN.

"It would talk,—  
Lord! how it talked."

We have nothing to say; she speaks for herself. No matter where the place or who the person, she always has the first, last and every word.

### WILLIAM CONLAM ERWIN.

"There never was a bad man that had ability for good service."

So that is why, when you want a thing well done, you go to "Bill," who smiles and does it. Yet is he successful in trying to evade the eagle eye of the teacher in Room 27?

### ALBERT ROGERS EVANS.

"From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;  
Account for moral as for natural things."

He's very frivolous, especially around the ladies, whom, apparently, he likes very much. His famous hobby is taking lunch tickets. He has eaten in the lunch room all the year and is still living. Wonderful constitution!

### MARY ELIZABETH FERRINS.

"Thou of an independent mind  
With soul resolv'd, with soul resigned."

She hates to be teased, always does her work, and is very partial to colds in her head. But at the movies—you'd be surprised. Beware the Sailor, he's dangerous. So are library books long overdue.

### MARGUERITE VIRGINIA FITZPATRICK.

"To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale."

The whirlwind of thy merry dance,  
Thy evening gowns, at which we glance,  
And—a dab of rouge, a fleck of paint  
Make girls seem what they really ain't.

### MARY MARGARET FLANNERY.

"I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,  
And still my delight is in proper young men."

Here is another quiet number and she finds it's hard to express things, although, orally, it runs in the family. But remember—always be "Frank."

### JOHN CORNELIUS FLYNN.

"But his mien is proud and haughty  
And his brow is high and stern."

In spite of being the lengthiest boy in the class his pretty posing and alert classroom interest fill Miss Howatt with admiration and fill up her spare moments writing out Afternoon Session slips.

### PATRICK CLANCY FOOTE.

"He don't cut any ice at all  
In Fash'n's social plan."

This boy is a dramatic orator with Latin fires of eloquence coursing through his veins. Though it took two times,—what a result!

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

### NORMAN FORD.

"God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."

Whither did he let him pass? Why, any gym period look in and see him pass either around the gym or to the office! By this time he is well acquainted with that yellow peril, the Afternoon Session slip.

### DEAN ETHERINGTON FREEMAN.

"My only books were women's looks, And folly's all they've taught me."

Time has been your tutor. Evidently you have devoted your undivided attention to this subject. But we wonder on which side the division has come. Time will tell.

### MARGUERITE THERESA FURNISS.

"Honest labor bears an honest face."

Just to jingle the many keys of the typewriter is not all; but to skip with the light fantastic pencil in shorthand makes one believe that perhaps, after all, she has fairly earned her "job."

### FRANCIS LEONARD GALASSI.

"Music hath charms to calm the savage breast."

"Pop" is sure one fine fellow, and he can start our feet tripping when he tunes up his orchestra. The finished tunes of the orchestra show what a master musician "Pop" is.

### HELEN GENTLE GARBUTT.

"A bon marché." (A good bargain.)

A good cook must know how to make a good bargain, at least we fancy so. Where do you go? We recommend Woolworth's. But at the same time we estimate your value far above the common five and ten.

### RUTH GARDNER.

"Ho, little Sweetheart, how do you do? What has the world been doing for you?" Counting up columns and setting them straight, Pond'ring on shorthand and sitting up late.

### BERNICE MAUDE GATTER.

"The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed today Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?"

"You tell 'em, kid, you've got the education!" is Bernice's masterpiece. Her education, while not entirely confined to this example of knowledge, has been thoroughly trained in modern, up-to-the-minute American slang.

### GRACE MARIE GILLESPIE.

"Like a print in books of fables Or a model made for show."

From a convent came this maiden  
Not many months ago.  
Though her standard in her studies  
Is not high up in the "E's,"  
Her simple ways and manners  
Are the things that seem to please.

### ELIZABETH AUGUSTA GORDON.

"At this the blood the maiden's cheek forsook;

A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look."  
It is a startled look of awe and fear,  
As though she knew her end was very near;  
For rumor has it that her marks are high,  
And she repeats the rumor till we cry.

### RUTH EUNICE GORDON.

"What can't be cured, must be endured."  
Full of "pep," with ringing step, she hits  
the classroom hard,  
Her answers fast, her answers loud, in a  
voice that can't be jarred.  
In History the shining light, she always  
heads the list,  
But Friday night at some class dance, we  
fear she'd ne'er be missed.

### DOROTHY HASKINS GRANT.

"The essence of frivolity  
Is Dorothy."

Ha! The originator of the Glee Club. She certainly can use her lungs and her feet as well. She must like trouble, but as for those nefarious social entertainments, we justifiably lift our hats to her.

### HELEN MARION GRAY.

"Be wise with speed;  
"A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

Let's burn the candle at both ends and pass through an earthly round of jollity, but don't forget that this is your last chance for four years.

### FRANK WILLIAM HALLAM.

"Good talkers are usually found in Paris."

The majority of children first learn to say "Mama," but Frank did not start as tamely as that. His first sentence, and practically his only sentence since, was, "Read 'em and weep." We wonder whether he learned the art in Paris. Paris, we understand, is full of art. You ought to know, Frank.

### CHARLES HOOPER HARRIS.

"Like a dog he hunts in dreams."

"Chick" is a night owl and has learned to like the many nefarious social entertainments through his nurse, Ivan. Hence he is a devoted Bolshevik.



# THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

## ANNA TERESA HARTT.

"I shall be like that tree,—I shall die at the top."

We hope that top will be the head of the oral composition class; for, after your years of earnest endeavor, you deserve the just rewards of heartbreaking effort.

## JOHN KINGSTON HERBERT.

"Every man meets his Waterloo at last."

"Hot Dog," Lunch Counter, Class President, Echo Business Manager, Trouble Maker and Office Retainer. Your path to that sacred sanctum is so frequently traversed, we fear the place will be lonely when you leave. You can play whist like an elephant picking pansies. Instead of dropping Alg., Geom., etc., why not drop (into) a couple of dances and Miss Key's exhibition.

## LEWIS BUSWELL HILL.

"I'm a-thinking of Polycon, dearie,

Of receptions and Theism, too,

But under it all runs a longing

For one little kiss from you."

We're surprised and deeply pained that you could ever think of such a little, trivial and unimportant thing as that. Math. is more in your line, especially that gliding and sliding with your slide rule.

## JOHN PATRICK HILLBERG.

"There's something in the air

Round about me everywhere,

Faintly humming."

Does it worry us? Oh, no, because we know where he was the night before. What about being a hummer in shorthand? Why not hum, "Hum, Sweet Hum"?

## CHARLES HENRY HOLTHAUS.

"The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on."

You always get picked upon in English and French; but, never mind, when you're a millionaire you can loaf all day long. Won't that be great?

## EDWIN RUSSELL JENKINS.

"And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances and the public show."

And how he bears it! Especially we notice it at a basketball game or when he puts the quality in the Quality Shop. Some quality!

## MYRTLE MARY JENKS.

"I know on which side my bread is buttered."

And so does everyone else, to their own disgust. Perhaps if she were not so fickle and really made up her mind about someone, she'd get somewhere.

## ROBERT IRVING JOHONNOT.

"Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,

I watched that wretched man.

And since, I never dare to write

As funny as I can."

He fancies he's a fancy dancer, but we fancy he'd better confine his efforts to checker-playing. The latter is a sure cure for that nasal irritation which is so detrimental towards the accomplishment of other people's endeavors.

## GORDON GRAY JONES.

"When melancholia comes to me

In rings of smoke, I bid her flee."

If such is your devotion, perhaps it is well to avoid the ladies. They are occasionally dangerous. You know how much money they waste. They're always kind to a soldier boy, however; perhaps that's why you're a hit.

## GEORGE ARTHUR KEMP.

"And gentle Dullness ever loves a joke."

Except when it's on himself. Another so-called "Jazz Artist," whose retiring hours are those small, unheard of 2's and 3's. Do you retire in Latin? Er-er. The poor little Kemp boy doesn't like sarcasm, it makes him cry.

## CHARLES DOUGLAS KILEY.

"The stars am a-shining,

The mole am a-mining.

Hush, little baby, don't cry."

Here's your Kazoo; jazz away. Shoot a little basket and a little mouth and tease Miller; but—don't be too warlike, it's dangerous.

## RUTH IRENE KIRK.

"Love came and went and left me what I am."

But we think that it's come again. At least it is the means of Ruth's wanting a P. G. course next year. Seeing that she is such a hard worker we want to know how she finds any time to hold up the corridor wall.

## MARJORIE KITSON.

"Come, read to me some poem,

Some simple and heartfelt lay."

Never mind the reading, she can write. Sorry you had to leave us; but thanks for the story.

## SARA KEARNEY LARKIN.

"Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none like pretty Sally."

She's smart enough, we all know, but why try to conceal it? Perhaps she could "raise the Dickens" if she started. Are you afraid of the Office? "Freckles" is her name, but has she all of Freckles' virtues?

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

### CHARLES EDWARD LAVOIX.

"Whose life is healthful and whose conscience clear,  
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year."

Charlie is a wizard at football and basketball, but the first of the year he was rather bashful among the ladies. However, as the year went on, he came out of his shell and now is quite accomplished in female society.

### ALBERT LETSON.

"The world could do without us if we would but think so."

Now, Albert, take our word and let the ladies alone; never look backward, especially in Geometry. However, you are not backward because you are too forward, but perhaps this satisfies those Everett girls. Your presents are refreshing.

### JOHN HAYWOOD LEWIS.

"The dice of Zeus fall ever luckily."

When rolled by the "Master Hand." "Come seven, come eleven; baby needs a pair of shoes," and other like expressions must be very familiar to you by now. But, can you say them in French? This has been a bad year for Jack. How many pairs have you lost?

### SADIE LIBERMAN.

"Yee have many strings to your bowe."

It might be well to cut out a few and use those left to advantage. But all your strings are not made out of horse-hair. Eyes, lips, expression,—sorry we can't go further,—we'd like to.

### HAROLD FREDERICK LINDERGREEN.

"A mother's pride; a father's joy."

And the teacher's also. What a number of virtues he possesses! Is the boy a shining light in the social circle? One look suffices. How well the ponderous subjects take to him.

### STEPHEN FRANCIS LITTLETON, JR.

"Less said soonest mended."

Which should be taken to heart, for you are a shining example of school spirit, sports and sponging on someone else for lessons. One immediately thinks of a wreck; yet that is not the case, for without such worthy youths as is this specimen, where would the high school be?

### ANNA JULIA LYNCH.

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Poets deal with the blushing of flowers when the breezes gently kiss them. Could it be possible that blushes are caused by other means?

### HAZEL LOUISE McLEOD.

"You can tell a good girl wherever she's found,  
No trimming, no lace, no nonsense around."

You must be pretty strong now, after a year's exercise, walking around with the notices. Some people were born lucky; but you were born quiet.

### BENJAMIN MILLER.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Our handsomest boy and one whom all call smart. Very frequently in the gym we hear your raucous pleasantries and often long for the pleasure of the plagues of Egypt. But, what's the use, you fill the bill.

### LILLIAN MARGARET MILLINGTON.

"For speech is shallow and silence deep,  
What heart feels most we cannot speak."

Here is where we use the soft pedal. She's slow and stately like a minuet; but what a relief from the many "Jazz-affected" in the High School.

### ARTHUR ALEXANDER MOORE.

"I rarely read Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book, in the original, which I can procure in a good version."

Jinx is fond of music, yea, even musical, for he can well interpret the music of the bones. 'Tis too bad that these interpretations aren't as successful when applied to Latin and French. That's when a good version would come in handy.

### WALTER BROWN MORRISON.

"He never says a foolish thing,  
And never does a wise one."

Let's look at his reputation. Compare the adjective close. He has the principles of a millionaire, that's why he landed the first job. With the former in view he'll be a millionaire some day.

### DOROTHY AGNES MULDOON.

"You with the dark and weary eyes,  
Weary of love and sacrifice."

It's nice to take a crack at basketball, but rough on the gang when you take a crack at them. Your virtue—shall we call it metallic courage? Aye, aye, courage; but keep away from Kimball's.

### MADELINE MARIE MULDOON.

"Our little systems have their day,  
Some little systems pass away,  
But those of the Winthrop High School here  
Are bound to last for many a year."

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

### GEORGE ANDREW MURPHY.

"The boys in this country, they try to advance  
By courting the ladies and learning to dance."

George is advancing rapidly, but he is faster at courting and dancing than, we fear, he will ever be at translating Latin.

### RICHARD MURRAY.

"If you've anyone to love,  
Like a blessing from above—  
Love her."

Around the old red schoolhouse this lad is very quiet,

But give him his favorite drum traps and "Dick" will start a riot.

### JACK GEORGE NATHANSON.

"Tis merry a hall, where beards wag all."

Jack don't let his beard wag at a dance, his spats have that little job, and they are some "waggers," even if they compel Jack to relax in the stern educational grind.

### CHARLES SOUTHWORTH NEWMARCH.

"A pretzel, a pretzel, my kingdom for a pretzel."

That "Dinky" is quite noseey  
Is a fact that's widely known;  
For he's always minding business,  
Though it never is his own.

### ALBERT ANDREWS NIELSON.

"My life is one dem'd horrid grind."

You look it. All the wrinkles of worried care upon your broad forehead could be contained on the face of a typewriter key, which, we understand, you can bang quite rapidly.

### DOROTHY PAULA NORRIS.

"I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon."

So will the rest of us. Is your favorite song "Slow and Easy"?

### HELEN AGNES O'TOOLE.

"Why should the Devil have all the good times?"

No reason whatsoever. That's why we get some of them. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come, but we know how to expect better things from you.

### ALICE GERALDINE PORTER.

"The skillful nymph reviews her force with care,  
'Let spades be trumps!' she said, and trumps they were."

"Come! wake up, old lady, it's your turn now; trump in on your partner's ace." And eat! She's got some of the boys beaten. It's a different story going home at half past twelve.

### CARL NEWTON PRATT.

"Bright as a cloudless summer sun."

How beautiful are those calm and gentle Geometry periods. Just exactly like the intricate maze of the waltz; but, somehow, we think you prefer the latter. Are we right?

### ARTHUR ALFRED PROMISEL.

"Behold the child by nature's kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Oh, wild and wicked youth, are you a terror in society? We know you are a student by nature; but what do **you** know?

### RUTH MABEL RAMSEY.

"Thou art not like the roses,  
However fair they be;  
Their beauty sweet is all too fleet,  
But thine can never flee."

It's funny how she can slip around in this High School. She's faster than an Afternoon Session dodger.

### DOROTHY MAY ROBERTS.

"I know a maiden fair to see,  
Take care!  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware! Beware!"  
Ambition is her middle name,  
The art of vamping is her fame;  
And under this effective guise,  
She ruins many with her eyes.

### MILDRED ROGERS.

"Her jolly whistle was well ywette."  
"Whistling girls and cackling hens  
Always come to some bad ends."

### IRENE RUSSELL.

"I am resolved to grow fat, and look young till forty."

One would hardly recognize the fact by her silent and swift method of passing in the corridors. It must be wonderful to be quiet and good!

### RALPH RUSSELL.

"Oh, give me the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall!"

"Boozer" must be studying to be a priest, as he pays so much attention to the "Kirk."

### RUTH SAWTELL.

"She has the teacher in her thoughts  
Appears a hero in her eyes."

Why is it that History forms such an important subject in her curriculum? It must be more than History; one would be inclined to believe that the answer is in the warmth of color found in the setting. This must be so, as English holds no charms for her.

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

### EVELYN FRANCES SAWYER.

"They that do change old love for new,  
Pray gods, they change for worse."

Here is a swift changer. She looks pretty constant, but she knows how to fluctuate. It's rather hard on some of them, but when there is a long lingering regard for the first—that's different.

### ESTHER BELL SEGAL.

"Helter Skelter,  
Hurry Scurry."

And then some. Across the stage, through the halls and in the dressing rooms, your path always resounds with the expected, accustomed and nonsensical laughter. Some call it—giggling.

### THELMA WHITNEY SEIBERT.

"The sweet simplicity of the three per cents."

Acting, reading, dancing and basketball are nothing to her now compared to a new interest in "Bones."

### ALICE JEANETTE SIMPSON.

"Believe me, I have looked, and tell you true  
That naught beyond is half so fair as you."

Honestly, everyone likes her—the boys especially. Slandorous expressions are never near her. What are the reasons? Merely:—1. Her pantry. 2. Her complexion. 3. Her disposition. 4. Her social excellencies.

### HELEN THELMA SIMSON.

"Abnormis sapiens." (Wise without instruction.)

Here is a girl that likes uniforms,—every once in a while she adds another to her collection. They make life interesting, and dancing picturesque.

### HAROLD HYMEN SISSON.

"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

We'll say you can go on. You talk forever, provided you are furnished with a subject; but in German, we would imagine, you worry a little. Can it be possible?

### HARRY HOWARD SMITH.

"So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue  
Far in sin to stray."

Well, Smith, you are some boy. Somehow we have the impression that you are hard-boiled. But don't let Miller put anything over on you, because it doesn't pay.

### VIVIAN ELIZABETH SMITH.

"Gay gowns and laces, merry young faces,  
Couples in alcoves, talking quite low."

Say, it must be fine to forever be having a good time, and at someone else's expense; but if "Nicholls" are plentiful you should worry.

### MARJORIE LOUISE SOMERVILLE.

"Who, through long days of labor  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in her soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies."  
Through studies long and lengthy  
And nights with horrible dreams  
Pianos, drums and banjos  
Don't jar her yet, it seems.

### HARRY SPUNT.

"Shall I, like a hermit, dwell  
On a rock or in a cell?"

Have your features been cast in marble? They look it. Through the opaqueness of Solid Geometry it is hard to radiate your intelligence. Well have you been named, "Dumb-bell."

### STANLEY WILTON STEDFAST.

"Brain him with his lady's fan."

When it comes to fans and footballs "Stan" is a heavyweight, but in his studies, it is noticed that this weighty disposition has a tendency to be especially prominent from the neck up. Therefore we recommend him as an object lesson in Solid Geometry.

### IRENE ELIZABETH STEELE.

"But who can paint  
Like Nature? Can imagination boast  
Amid its gay creation hues like hers?"

Then let the polished reflections of your violin bring forth the brighter sunlight of your face. We must have music, no matter what the cost.

### DORIS ELWYNN STRIEBECK.

"She left us in the bloom of May."

But now she's blooming in Boston with a job to which she can apply herself with her usual assiduity.

### JOHN SANBORN STRONG.

"The race is not to the swift, nor  
The battle to the strong."  
"Rowboat" carries a heavy lunch  
To make him big and Strong,  
Just watch him dive out through the door  
When he hears that dinner gong.

### RUTH ELIZABETH SULLIVAN.

"Speak low if you speak of love."

Harp, Harpist, Harpies,—hold on, that is as far as the train goes, for when it comes to a delicate social situation we doff our hats to this lioness of social delicacy.

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## LEWIS SWETT.

"I saw and loved."

For one look you're surely getting your nickel's worth. Every time the rest of us look we always see you near the door of Room 30, supporting the corridor wall. Later you may have to support more than the wall, but experience counts.

## ALAN PETER TERRILE.

"He ain't no 'pretty soldier boy,'  
So lovely, spick and span."

But can he act like an acrobat, and can he fool like a clown? He'd be just the one to fill out a program for Barnum & Bailey. They'll get him yet.

## HELEN FRANCESCA TEWKSBURY.

"Parent of vapours, and of female wit;  
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit."

And these fits are confined to jitneys. But why? We would suggest that rural atmosphere which has so permeated her former existence. And she still thinks that Maine is better than Massachusetts.

## ELEANOR LORETTA TIERNEY.

"What dire offence from amorous causes  
springs

What mighty contests rise from trivial things."

Oh! those trivial things and the time wasted on them! Here's another one that likes a snap—P. G. course next year.

## IRENE RUTH VERRY.

"This to disclose is all thy guardian can;  
Beware of all, but most beware of man."

We fancy this is rather good advice and we notice that so far you have heeded it well. But remember—the last lap is always the hardest, so use discrimination.

## JOHN CHARLES WAKEFIELD.

"There'll be time enough hereafter  
For dull learnings' dusty lore;  
Now for revel, song and laughter,—  
Youth departed comes no more."

This boy sure hates to debate in History, and at those few necessary periods takes a day off at the Orpheum. But outside of that "Jack" is all right; knows Who's Who in Hoover, and What's So in the Social Committee.

## HAROLD WINTHROP WHEELER.

"With every word (that Ivan says) a reputation dies."

The pen is mightier than the sword (or thumb-tack) especially when wielded by Ivan, the editor of the "Red Flag." He is an authority on burlesque from the front row.

## HYMEN WHITE.

"A man I am, cross'd with adversity."

Is it by this cross that you solve your Algebra examples? Hymen is smart, there is no doubt about. Look at some of those "Tech" classes where he is the main educational wonder and the savior of his fellow-sufferers.

## CAROLYN LOUISE WHITTEMORE.

"They say miracles are past."

But we don't say it for here is a weighty and fitting illustration. At Math., etc., excellent, but "lucky at cards, unlucky in love."

## JOHN CALDERWOOD WHORF.

"If to be perfect in a certain sphere,  
What matter, soon or late, or here or there."

Well, John, we're glad you're graduating with us. You sure have had your share of hard luck; but perfection in your line is not so very far away.

## IRIS WINGERSKY.

"Studying. Please do not disturb.  
Just as well to go away;  
She's absorbed in noun and verb  
Not at home to you today."

What a freedom it is to be relieved from the cares of home study. The hour of intense work commences at 8.19 and lasts until the first class. It's a great life if you like it.

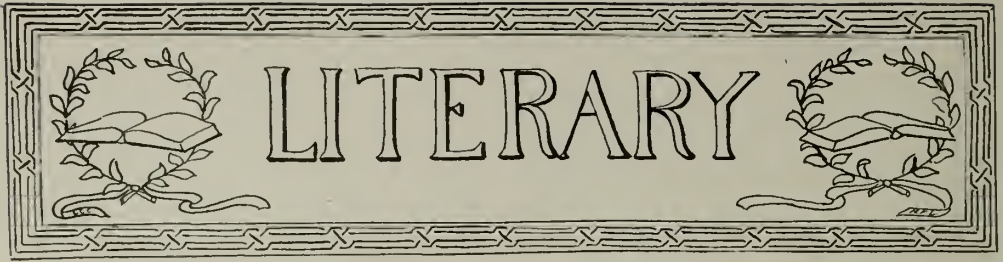
## GRAFTON ALEXANDER WOOD.

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head."  
Football, basketball, baseball and only seventeen. Are you the boy wonder? Keep it up. In school he pays little attention to the opposite sex, but one can never tell.

## PAL O' MINE.

I'm awf'ly lonesome nowadays.  
I wonder why!  
And if being lonesome pays,  
Hear a fellow sigh!  
I'm awf'ly lonesome nowadays,  
And it doesn't seem quite true,  
That the reason for all my loneliness  
Is just spelled Y-O-U.  
But really, Pal, it is—  
Tho small the word may seem;  
And how I miss you, Pal o' Mine,  
You'd never even dream.  
But sometimes when I'm lonesomest  
And haven't much to do,  
A little thought steals up to me,  
And whispers kindly, cheeringly,  
That, p'raps you're lonesome, too!

—Henrietta Perkins, '21.



## THE TAMING OF MAJOR BRISTLER.

The trouble was that we were a parcel of dug-outs. When we mustered round the mess-table we looked like a jury of middle-aged pessimists deliberating over a case that had lasted too long.

It was the third year of the war, you see.

Ours was the Yedley Anti-Aircraft Training Depot; commandant, Major Sir Charles Bristler, C. B. We were ten miles from the nearest station, fifty miles from London, and for four months out of the twelve our bungalows were like houseboats moored in a mud-flat.

The staff, of course, was a permanent one, more or less. They were there to instruct drafts of gunners in the special art of aiming at 'planes and Zeppelins. They were all artillery officers, with the exception of the surgeon and the chaplain.

The commandant was an old Indian officer, who had not seen service for thirty years. He had the usual Indian liver. I admit that some of his staff were the limit, but it was only what might be expected. The sound ones were wanted elsewhere.

We might have shuffled along all right had it not been for the major. Age and lack of experience had not dimmed his desire for that ancient type of military discipline that died gloriously with the "Old Contemptibles" at Mons.

He forgot that that kind of discipline is a ripened product, a slow maturation that began away back in the dimness of time, when regiments were small family gatherings; when the elder sons, in the form of the old soldier, took the younger sons out into the woods behind Aldershot Camp and hammered the fear of the Laird and the pride of the corps into their hearts and bodies. You cannot improvise traditions—and if you could there isn't time to do it in the middle of a big war.

Most of us at Yedley recognized this, but the major wouldn't or couldn't.

"You .....the right of the line?"

"You .....the terror of the world?"

"You .....the pride of the British Army?"

A snort!

"God help you for a lot of flat-footed, herring-trained, fumble-fingered TAILORS!"

I think that every squad formed for training heard this little effort, that started softly and slowly and worked itself up into a bellow.

It was usually about the tenth day it came. The squads were there only for a month at a time, and each squad knew just how the other stood by dating from and to that "right of line" outburst.

Most of them quailed under it. Whatever he might be, Major Sir Charles Bristler, C. B., certainly looked like a fire eater, and he ruled that depot with a rod of iron.

It was the staff that suffered most. The commandant held their fates in the hollow of his hand. He could promote or send away just as his choleric fancy prompted him. Not that we suffered in silence, but our solemn conferences never came to anything, for the simple reason that we lacked a leader. You see a baronet—and a C. B.—is somewhat of a personage, and the old man knew his job.

I don't think there was a camp in all England that paraded as often as we did. There were also minor matters, such as kit inspection every week, medical officer's inspection every three days, and barrack-room inspection every day.

From dawn till dusk the depot hummed like a hive. The commandant, apparently, had no friends and no home ties. He never went on leave, and he had a fixed and rooted objection to granting that little luxury.

"There's a war on, and you're drawing extra-duty pay for extra-duty work. Give you till Saturday night."

From Friday afternoon to Saturday night was his idea of a week-end pass.

The miscellaneous collections of gunners

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who used to come for their training accepted it as a sort of penance, and it did not last too long. Four weeks—and they were out of the torture-chamber again; but the staff had to endure it month after month.

The dark threats that were muttered around would have been fearsome had they not been heard so many times before. That bull-necked, grisly-moustached relic from the old Indian Army waded through it all absolutely unperturbed.

Hope of a change had long died away in the breasts of his subordinates; the end of the war was the only possible solution of the difficulty, it seemed, when—the “Gink” came.

We were sitting in the mess, dozing over newspapers, when the door was swung open with a crash, and there sauntered into the dimly lighted room a lean, long figure in khaki. No one ever entered our mess like that; it was usually a catlike slipping around the corner of a half-opened door and a quick ravishing into an unobtrusive corner. Two strides brought the tall figure well under the lamp, and I think that every eye went to his sleeve.

One star!

One solitary pip—and an entry that only a general would have made.

He was in R. F. C. uniform and wore the neat forage-cap, tilted at an angle over his eye. His hair was fiery red and cropped close. His face was distinctly ugly, freckled, tanned, and with many lines about the eyes and down the long, straight nose.

“Say, gentlemen, can any of you tell me who that gink with the crown and color-chart on his chest might be?”

It was not a bad voice. Indeed, it was distinctly musical—we found later that he could sing rare love-ballads in a fine baritone—but there was the unmistakable nasal in it that marked the Yankee blood.

Topliss, our only full lieutenant, rose to his feet. Topliss had been shell-shocked at Ypres, and was now marked “Home Service only.”

Topliss had a little streak of humor in him that came to the surface then.

“If you would describe the—er—the ‘gink,’” he said, sweetly.

Our tall stranger wheeled to him.

“Fat little fellow, moustache like a played-out shaving brush, and leans on his chin when he talks to you.”

Augustus John could not have drawn that portrait with defter strokes.

“Then that—gink is the commandant here

—Major Sir Charles Bristler—er—C. B.,” said Topliss.

The average British officer would have collapsed, apologised, or fled. The Gink did none of these things.

“Then he’s the man I’ve got to report to,” he said, looking around. “Has anyone got a lonely siphon?”

Four of us jumped to follow the hint. Malcolm tipped over his chess-board and didn’t even stop to pick up the pieces.

“You are joining—us?”

“Sure thing. This is the Anti-Aircraft Depot, I suppose?”

We assured him that it was. His keen, bright eyes seemed to single each one of us out as he drank.

“You must be having a bully time of it here,” he said. “It is some camp! All the paths lined with whitewashed stones; everythin’ neat and pretty. You fellers know how to do yourselves good all right!”

He was actually envying us!

“I’ve been hanging around London for five mortal months, and I’m sick to death of the place. It’s good to be where something is really doing.”

We dared not enlighten him. Who were we to crush the soul and joy out of this young, rampant life that had blown down on us, as a summer wind on a musty group of rooted stumps?

“Hadn’t you better get along and report to the commandant?” Topliss put in, very softly.

The Gink bunched his burberry tighter under his arm.

“Yes, I think I ought to do that. I sort of put my foot in it just now, though, and I shouldn’t be surprised if he’s a bit peeved.”

We dared not let him go then.

“What happened? I asked.

He looked across at me. My three stars were addressed in the correct way.

“Well, sir, I took a short cut—came through the flower beds. I didn’t like to step on the whitewashed stones, they looked so mighty cute. I heard someone holler out behind me, and I had a look round.”

It might have been imagination but did we not see the pointed chin stiffen?

“What made you think he wasn’t addressing you?”

The Gink shifted his pose slightly.

“He was calling someone a ‘flat-footed clodhopper.’”

From the door there came a scrape and the jangle of spurs. There were only two members of that mess who wore spurs con-

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stantly. The crowd around the newcomer melted in a way that they ought to have been ashamed of.

The commandant came into the room, clicking his spurs on the threshold.

"Who is the senior officer here," he barked. I acknowledged the honor.

"Well, sir, I would be glad if you would make it your duty to find a Flying Corps officer who has just arrived here and—and —"

It was only then that he saw the tall slim figure under the lamp.

The Gink took a step forward, slapped his heels together, and reported himself.

"Second-Lieutenant Gilson Rathmay Fale, —Squadron, Royal Flying Corps, sir. Ordered by War Office to report to commandant, Anti-Aircraft Training Depot, Yedley Camp."

No Grenadier guardsman, rattling off a command, could have delivered that speech in better form.

"Se—second Lieutenant Gilson what's it, what's it," our tyrant repeated in a terrible voice, "might I ask you what the devil you meant by deliberately turning your back on me, sah? Who the blazes do you think you are, sah?"

Bristler came a step nearer to the tall figure. His eyes were starting out of his purple face, and by every law of the gods and prophets Second-Lieutenant G. R. Fale ought to have crumpled up into a little wet weed.

"You heard me, sah. Don't deny it. You heard me."

Our commandant was inclined to trip over his breath when he was really annoyed. He did so now, and gave the Gink (for it was by that name that we knew him forever after) his chance.

I had never really appreciated the cold, icy calm of the real American accent until that moment. It cut the still air like a knife; every word distinct, clean-cut, absolute.

"I heard you calling someone a 'flat-footed clodhopper,' but I did not take that to mean me, I guess."

The tall figure moved easily.

"You see, I was wearing King George's uniform, sir, jest the same as you were, and I reckoned it out that it must be some low-class civilian that you were shoutin' at.

There was nothing in that speech to give offence—the voice was as placid as it was clear; but Topliss, who was behind the major, saw the look in the Gink's eyes.

"You—you thought—"

Again the calm voice interrupted.

"I guess I was mistaken. You meant it for me. You came in just now and spoke about a Flying Corps officer and I guess I'm the only Flying Corps officer here."

The burberry was patted down over the long arm.

"I take it," said the Gink, very slowly, "that you were anxious to find me, to apologize. I guess we all lose our tempers at the best of times, and I ain't the sort to nurse a wrath."

It was becoming really painful. I could hear Ramsy breathing like a wheezy bug, in my ear.

"I'm waiting, sir," said the Gink.

It was eye to eye now, and it was Major Sir Charles Bristler who caved. Kings' Rules and Regulations are woefully out of date, and need drastic revision, but there are in them some little wisdom left; and one of the wisest paragraphs is that dealing with the conduct of a superior to his subordinate. I need not quote chapter and verse; we are all soldiers these days.

It had taken a great deal of courage—although the Gink seemed entirely unaware of that—on the part of the newcomer to leap up to that point, but it took much greater courage on the commandant's part to face it.

But he did.

That purple face suddenly underwent an extraordinary change. It slid into a mass of lines; little puckered grooves around the grizzled moustache. The eyes loaded themselves for a moment, then emerged into the light again.

"By Gad!" said Major Sir Charles Bristler. Then suddenly and swiftly he thrust out his hand, and it hooked itself into the Gink's arm.

"What'll you have to drink, sir?"

"Mine's a whiskey, major."

Someone booted the waiter forward, and as one man the whole mess stood up to watch the ceremony.

Of course, you understand that a superior officer **cannot** apologize to his subordinate—never has, and never will. For a superior officer, to be a superior officer, must always be in the right, just as a subordinate must always be in the wrong.

It was not one or two whiskies that the hurrying waiter measured out; there was a glass in every man's hand when the final scene came.

"Good luck, Mr. Fale!" said the commandant.



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We drank that toast in silence, but with a new and enlarged vista in front of us. Then, when the empty glasses were set down with a thud on the table, the major shook his fist at the Gink.

"Why the devil did you tramp across my flower-bed, you long-legged rascal?"

The Gink smiled the smile of perfect understanding.

"Because I was a flat-footed clod-hopper, sir," said he.

That little episode, I must tell you, brought peace to Yedley. —MARJORIE KITSON, Ex '20.

### A PARTY.

(From a Cynic's Viewpoint.)

I have been to a party. I hope it is my last. Everyone said that the party was a success. I did not—and here is the reason why.

The 'Affair' commenced at eight o'clock. It was a neighborhood party, and as I am dangerously in the neighborhood, I was compelled to carry six chairs, one table, and one dozen and a half plates and spoons to the home of the hostess. I might not have minded this so much if it were not for the fact that there was an abundance of snow upon the ground—hard, slippery snow and, as I found out,—very inconvenient. But then, as I fell down only twelve times—it could have been worse.

At least one hour was necessary to prepare that glowing appearance so common among youths of seventeen. Frequent trips were made in search of collars, socks, etc., and, in the end, father's wardrobe, I fear, was sadly depleted. But the departure of hat, scarf and socks really deserved some comment, adverse or otherwise.

At the party everyone sat around and appeared to be wishing for anything but the immediate present. The older people looked in and playfully remarked, "What a bashful crowd!"

Then the action commenced with some games that had as much point to them as the upper region of a piano leg. Some of the gentlemen looked expectant, and some of them, I thought, looked disgusted. Time passed in this way until ten o'clock and then came the refreshments—of course the inevitable ice cream and cake.

After the refreshments the party began to be more active. Repeated calls were made for "Post Office." It was evident that "Post Office" was much in favor. Numbers and seats were assigned to us and some designing person placed me directly over the

register—going full blast, and I became literally and decidedly hot under the collar. But number thirteen, mine, was called and I escaped from the tortures of Hades.

I walked into a small unlighted hall. A young lady walked into the other room. I called a number and another young, fair and comely maiden walked into the hall.

Said she, "You may go now."

"Oh, of course," I murmured, and walked out. But I said to myself, "I fail to see the reputed possibilities in this game."

I was called upon two more times with, apparently, the same results. But others were not so unfortunate, for numbers six, eighteen and twenty were in constant and lengthy demand. One ambitious youth called three numbers at once. Thereupon ensued a rush for that small, darkened, hall. Every chair, window seat, stair and closet was occupied. Someone said that the party was growing "wild." I believed him, for I was left alone in the outside room.

People began to appear with hats and coats so I went to procure mine. As I opened the closet door the hostess was compelled to reluctantly untwine her arms from a gentleman's neck. Perhaps this act was unfortunate for her, because influenza laid her low the next day. Was the party a success? Oh—certainly!

—L. CRAWFORD CHURCHILL, '20.

### DREAMS.

Oh, I builded me a castle,  
In the deep blue sky above;  
Yes, I builded me a castle,  
And its resting stone was love.  
But the gods grew jealous of it  
So a great wind came one day,  
And blew my golden castle  
Into fragments far away.  
Then I builded me a sailboat  
And set it on the sea,  
And filled it full of day dreams,  
Hopes, and fancies, all of thee.  
But a storm arose; 'twas shipwrecked  
On the cruel, piercing rocks—  
And all my dreams were shattered;  
Old Fortune sits and mocks.  
But I am still a dreaming,  
'Spite of all they do to me;  
Yes, I am still a dreaming,  
For, Sweetheart, don't you see  
That taking land o'dreams away  
For just one single hour,  
Is more than most impossible,  
And past all mortal power?

—Henrietta Perkins, '21.

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## THE JUGGER JUGGED.

Last summer I spent a week fishing on the Morgan River in southwestern Maine. After several days of fine luck with the game fish, I decided to try "Jugging for catfish." This method of catching these large fish consists merely of stringing up several jugs or the like and letting them float along the river. There is a large hook attached at the bottom of these "floating guides" and when one notices these jugs bobbing up and down it is a signal to go and pull in the victims, for they are caught on the hooks.

Rowing over to Belmont city, about a mile away, I secured some large hooks, strong line, a half dozen large jugs, and some beef liver for bait. I floated down the river a short distance, as I rigged up the jugs; then I placed them on the water all rigged out, each jug being about thirty feet from the others, in the middle of the stream, which was wide at this point; and then I drifted along in the rear, watching for a strike. There was not much current, so the jugs moved down slowly.

After floating along for a few hundred yards the jug at the head of the line began to jump around and then disappeared, popped up again, and started out slowly toward the far bank. I hurried after the jug, soon came alongside and got a hold on the line. After quite a struggle I succeeded in getting a fine fifteen pound catfish safely into the boat.

I had just placed the jug back into line again and dropped in behind the string, when I heard someone yelling from the shore. I paid no attention, but drifted on, watching the row of jugs for another strike. Suddenly I heard the sharp crack of a high-power rifle, and a bullet splashed the water just ahead of the boat. Astounded, I looked up, and on the bank ahead I saw a man looking down the barrel of a perfectly good Winchester.

"Hang on to the oars, Pard," he said, "or I'll perforate you; and head her in this way quick!"

I turned the boat and cut for the bank at my best speed and without any discussion, as I imagined that I could see at least seventeen long bullets in that gun.

As I grounded the boat, I got the order, "Hands up."

You bet they went up, and it was all that I could do to hold my feet down.

"Now get up and come out," said my captor.

I came out with my hands skyward and my knees bumping. As I came up the bank, he fell in behind and slipped a pair of handcuffs on me before I could realize what was going on. Then, taking a trace chain out of his pocket, he locked me to a tree. After that he hurried down to the boat, saying, "Don't worry, I'll be back for you as soon as I gather up the jugs."

He rowed rapidly out and soon had all the jugs in the boat; then he headed for the bank. As soon as he landed he picked up one of the jugs, uncorked it, took a smell, looked a little astonished and tried another and another, until he had smelled them all. After this he looked rather foolish. Finally he began to laugh, and came up to the tree to which I was locked, saying, "I'm a bone-head, and I don't know how to apologize to you for this deal; but I thought I had a cinch. I'm a deputy sheriff of this county, and I've been laying around here for two days to catch a smooth whiskey peddler who floats down here, where it's bone dry, from the wet country in Canada, jugging for catfish with his jugs nearly full of whiskey; and when I saw you drifting along after that line of jugs, I'd bet my head on a sure thing."

—G. GORDON BARRY, '20.

## OUR MORNING TRIALS.

It is quite a distance to the High School from some parts of the town, so the pupils living in these parts are forced to ride at least two or three times a week, if not more.

The train which is due at the Beach Station at about 7.40 is usually from ten to fifteen minutes late, at this time of year especially; but, if we take our time walking to the station, the train is invariably right on time. It is a real pleasure to board the train and hear some "learned" conductor cry out, "Well, children (!), of course we like to get the money for the road, but you ought to walk to school these nice mornings and get some color in your cheeks. If you'd walk more often, you'd feel better." (We aren't capable judges as to whether we feel able to take that good, nice walk of over a mile twice a day.)

When we finally get on the train, after listening to these fatherly remarks for quite a few seconds, there is not a seat to be found, and a great many of the working people are asking why the train is so late. Foolish questions! We school "children" are always blamed for everything, so naturally, the

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blame is laid on us. It's a good thing there is somebody to blame—really, I don't know what the Winthrop people would do without us!

One morning recently, there were so many on the train that the conductor had to give up trying to collect the "children's" tickets. When we attempted to get off the train, it was found impossible to do so unless the people would condescendingly let us squeeze by them, a thing which most of them refused to do. As it was a very cold morning and I preferred not to walk back from Ingalls, I very politely asked a man if he would please allow me to pass (he was very large, and took up two-thirds of the narrow aisle); he told me in a very snappy way to wait until those "kids" got out of the way and he could get a seat, and then he would let me out. He was so nice and considerate that I said "thank you," and squeezed out the other door. A sample of a Winthrop gentleman! A good many of them are similar to this one.

When we get out of the train, the pleasant conductor almost always has a parting remark. We go through all these trials on the way home, too, so, if the weather permits, the majority (I for one) prefer to walk.

—*Marjorie L. Somerville, '20.*

### DRESS.

#### 1.

A tunic and a veil,  
Of colors bright or pale;  
The flowing robe, all draped so neat,  
So simple were the sandaled feet.  
And thus the Ancients wore their clothes:  
All other styles from these arose.

#### 2.

High ruffles round the neck,  
And skirts a trifle speck  
Too wide. With long and flowing  
sleeves,—  
The narrow waist no breath space  
leaves.  
And thus the clothes of "Middle Days,"  
That matched their prim and stately ways.

#### 3.

A long and slinky gown  
With neck quite low cut down.  
Short sleeves, and drapery round  
the hips,  
And then a narrow skirt that trips.  
And styles are growing worse and worse;  
They quite deplete the family purse.

—*M. Eleanor Mittelstead, '21.*

### MR. SMART'S STRAWBERRIES.

One Thursday evening, late in April, Mr. Smart appeared home some eighty minutes after the usual dinner hour. Mrs. Smart greeted her husband kindly and pleasantly, without showing the least impatience. She knew, from the eager, flushed face of her husband, that his mind at that very moment was reveling in the prospect of some great venture.

"You are a little late, my dear," said Mrs. Smart sweetly. "I trust you have not been terribly rushed at the office today?"

Mr. Smart deposited on the floor a large bundle, neatly and carefully tied. Then, divesting himself of his hat and coat, answered, "No, my dear, I have not been detained at the office. I read this morning an advertisement in a magazine, which has made a deep impression on my mind and, Mrs. Smart, there is at this very moment a great plan being evolved in my mind. However, my brain would function much better, I judge, if I but had something to satisfy the pangs of my hunger. I will enlighten you further on the subject after we have finished our repast. Please put these catalogues where they won't be thrown out," he finished, "they might prove useful."

Mrs. Smart, as my reader will readily suspect, was bubbling over with curiosity about this new venture, but she did not dare to question her husband further, lest his great scheme, which was still in an extremely delicate condition, might become so deranged as to be beyond repair.

After the table had been cleared of the hearty part of the meal, the cook brought in a strawberry shortcake. It was certainly a sight to make the most delicate stomach heir to a ferocious appetite—whipped cream an inch thick, and strawberries, red and juicy, scattered profusely throughout the whole cake,—certainly an inviting appearance it presented. Mr. Smart's eyes feasted on such a sight.

"My dear," said Mr. Smart, with an exultant note in his voice, "I might as well state now the contents of my thoughts. That advertisement which I read this morning was about the production of strawberries. Mrs. Smart, do you realize the millions of dollars which are being spent annually on this delicious fruit?"

"No," replied his wife meekly, "I have never given the matter much thought. Certainly there must be some money in them, though—I paid seventy-five cents for this basket of berries."

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"During the day," Mr. Smart went on to expound, "I have been mentally active." Hereupon he drew from his pocket a slip of paper. "Read this," he commanded, "look at the immense profits that are to be made. Within three months you shall have that electric coupé that I have so long promised you, and Smart's Berries will be known the world over for their superior quality and strain."

Mrs. Smart eyed with great calmness the slip of paper, which read thus:

2000 plants .....	\$ 40.00
Production cost .....	2,000.00
Bearing per season, 40,000 quarts	
@ 75c .....	\$30,000.00
	2,040.00

Clear profit .....\$27,960.00

"This is all very well, Mr. Smart," said she, "but where do you intend to place these two thousand plants?"

Mr. Smart thought a moment.

"That point I have yet to evolve," he sighed.

—ULRIC H. CHILDRESS, '20.

### JUNIOR VIRTUES.

Should Kismet take from all my friends  
A virtue here and there  
Someone's red lips, someone's blue eyes,  
White teeth or curly hair—

For 'tho each girl is charming  
And in herself so dear,  
The "tout ensemble" is something  
To make all wise men fear—

And should you meet a lassie  
One of these fine spring days,  
With teeth as white as Dot B's (Bicknell)  
And eyes like Ellamae's, (Flynn)

Shaded with heaving lashes  
As long as Billy Bates'; (Wilma Bates)  
A nose like Saint Cecilia's (O'Toole)  
And feet like Zita's mates (Foley)—

Cheeks as pink as Allie's, (Alice Irish)  
And Kitty's lovely hands;  
A heart like small V. Smith has,  
Who can steal any man's—

Sharky in Geom. as Vera, (Hallam)  
As game as Ruthie R.; (Robinson)  
With Miriam's A-1 temper (Howard)  
That naught could ever mar—

As clever as Eleanore Herbert,  
A dancer like Eleanore Mitt; (Mittel-  
stead)

Slender as Eleanore Nazro,  
With lots of Dot Smith's grit—

Curls as gold as Helen's, (Smith)  
A smile like D. M. V.; (Verdi)  
The winsome ways of Ginnie (Flint)—  
Oh what a girl she'd be!

But this is only nonsense,  
Like wishing on a star;  
For all the girlies suit me,  
Each one, just as they are.  
—Henrietta Perkins, '21.

### REEL DEATH.

'Twas midnight on the rock-bound cliff,  
The clouds went whirling by.  
Below rushed on the roaring waves,  
Their mournful, wailing sigh  
Foretold of harsh and dread events  
To come that very night.  
Full well the moon behind its wall  
Shut out that dreadful sight,  
For one could see in that black pit  
No particle of light.  
I stood upon the gruesome cliff,  
My face turned toward the sea,  
Behind a resonant whisper came;  
A form crouched;—"Shoot!" said he.  
But every cloud grew much more dark,  
The waves more swiftly rushed.  
And I, upon the rock-bound cliff,  
Was, by the pressure, crushed.  
A shot rang out; up sprang a form—  
I felt a searing pain,  
And, on my coat there quickly spread  
A bright red, scarlet stain.  
I staggered, turned and took one look,  
A Bolshevik was he.  
And, o'er the edge of the rock-bound cliff  
cliff  
Down plunged I to the sea.  
My brain was numb—I heard a splash  
As of someone at my side;  
And, in the depths of the roaring waves,  
I felt no more,—and died.

—L. Crawford Churchill, '20.

### THE OYSTER.

The oyster is a funny bird,  
Its songs are seldom found;  
But I have heard an oyster bay—  
It's a queer, Long Island Sound.

—Ex.

# WHO'S WHO

# AMONG THE UNDERGRADUATES

(Editorial note.—We have created this part of the Echo to bring the Senior number into much closer relation with the undergraduates. As we have been compelled to use as little space as possible, and as there are so many undergraduates, we have had to omit very many names, but we assure you that the omissions made very uninteresting reading and as a result we are presenting only the best that we have received. To the following we stand indebted and gratefully acknowledge the work that they have done:—Juniors, Eleanor Herbert, Henrietta Perkins, Dudley Allen, John Kelly; Sophomores, Clara Brown, Mary Lochhead, Louise Murphy, Catherine Devlin, Harold Turner; Freshmen, Elizabeth Doherty, Louise Gearhart, Kaiane Herakier, Carolyn Magee, Elizabeth Greene, Dorothe Barker, Arthur Murray, Samuel Weibel.)

## JUNIORS.

ANNA COUSINS says, "Huh! bet I can't go over that box? Watch me." Anna's some acrobat in the gym. What would ALICE CROSSMAN do if the word "got" wasn't in the dictionary? Say, LILLIAN EPSTEIN, we hope that you have as good a memory for Burke's Conciliation as for oral comps. GENEVIEVE HONAN is some gym ornament. Is this a birch, river, or man—flee, fly, flewed, Gennie? Well, Captain KATHRYN McCARTHY, next time you play hockey, leave your fingers t'home. HARTLEY MORELAND is one of our football heroes. Why that frightful scowl, Smudge? Some day we expect to hear MARY NORRIS in grand opera. BARBARA SPAULDING is one of the "Ru-Barb" twins. KATHERINE STRONG isn't strong on any one thing in school. FRANCES WORMHOOD is our future librarian. If you wish to know anything about books, ask Frances. EVELYN MACQUARRIE is a member of the orchestra squad. She sure does make those violin strings dance. NELLIE ADROWER is our jolly, smiling little friend with rolling eyes beneath a crown of wavy hair. But beware when she stamps her naughty foot; it portends that trouble is ahead! THEODORE ATCHERLEY needn't fear grey hair from overstudy, but as for making up farces and comedies! You tell them, Ted! All must be acquainted with NANCY BELCHER'S relatives, of whom she is very

proud, for they began and still run the Town of W—. There's SADIE PERLMUTTER, who never finds anything really shocking compared to what she has seen! MINNIE SILVERMAN is one of our friendly, smiling girls, with a wealth of shining, bronzy curls. EVELYN DOANE, you don't believe in exercising your vocal cords to speak above a whisper, do you? Besides, it might widen your mouth, no es verdad? GENEVIEVE KING—there's not a colleen sweeter, in the land where shamrock grows, than our mischievous friend Jennie, she's our wild Irish rose. HARRIET MILLINGTON, whose hobby is not by any means adding up long columns of figures, which cause her a terrible headache; and who would rather keep mum than say anything but good of anyone. If curiosity killed a cat, what would it do to you, FRANCES WOLFSON? How's the weather up there, "DICK WHIPPLE"? We couldn't slam you if we wanted to, ROSA PENDLETON, but take a bit of friendly advice. The next time you make fricassee chicken, use flour rather than baking soda. Isn't it time to take your pony out for an airing, JIMMIE FOOTE? What could we do without you and your witty remarks in our Law Class, MARY HARWOOD? FLORENCE BRUCE is noted for her poems and oral comps, but we don't know about Joan of Arc being "mentally unbalanced." THERESA DELOREY, your bag is always empty, but your brain seems always full. How do you do it, Theresa? Speak when you're spoken to, is WILLIAM FITZGERALD'S motto. LINCOLN YOUNG is always ready to argue out a law case. Sometimes we're convinced, but sometimes we're not. If EDWINA REA would cultivate her laugh, it wouldn't be so wild. ROSAMOND WYMAN'S sweet smile is solved now. In Mrs. Totten's candy store. FRANCIS O'MALEY is one of our heroes, who helped win the war in—the M. S. G.! By the way, MARY McCORD, is the Point car running yet? If not, why walk? Life is too short. DONALD McLEOD is an essay on silence. In silent contemplation, we wonder if the nation realizes that creation possesses such a chap as FRANK ROSS.

The first of our notable and highly esteemed class is the Hon. NOMAN BERTELESEN, ESQ. He comes to school once in a while to pursue his education in this great and wonderful institution. The next in

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order of speaking ability would be JOHN BLAIS. We are sorry to say he is a bit near-sighted and he hardly ever sees the **endings** of words, especially the "ings." Never mind—what's the diff. as long as you get the meaning? Next is our great big assistant baseball manager, GARDNER BOARDMAN CURRIER. His name is just 2.716 inches longer than he is. Now we come to JOHN DOHERTY (because he won't come to us). He would make a great track man, but John Manter hasn't as yet discovered his great speed and ability. Now, MR. DUNN is another speed king. He goes through the corridors so fast the walls are all scorched about six feet from the floor. HERBERT GERSUMKY is one of our society buds. As soon as he finishes his course here he is going to pursue his education at Harvard. What we know about W. GILLIAM would fill a book. He is a very promising athlete, but has very hard luck—such as almost breaking collar bones. MILTON GINSBERG, otherwise known as "Mike," is another society man. He is just budding. He said he was going to join a circus. EDDIE GRIFFIN belongs to our select few. He shakes a wicked knee when dancing, but he only dances for exercise. F. HENNESSY is another of our shimmy-shakers. Say, Francis, who taught you how to dance so well? When STEWART PERRY gets up to give an oration, everyone knows what he is going to talk about. He has already talked to Mars and several other planets not yet discovered. REXFORD'S specialty is long speeches. Everyone hopes that he will be called on first, because no one else will have time to speak after he finishes. ROBERT RICKER is our chemistry shark. He is very fast at doing experiments. He made a record the other day, doing five experiments in one laboratory period. SANDERS is our big football star. The fellows that played against him last year are still convalescing in hospitals. RICHARD STAPLES, the history shark of the class, is a very quiet fellow. His specialty is pronouncing foreign languages. DONALD McNEIL, our sailor boy, is another fiend at dancing. He shakes a nimble hoof,—especially in a disguise.

ELEANOR MITTELSTEAD is the Queen o' Shimmyland. Oh! what a "Steadfast" lass is FLORENCE ROYLE! KATHERINE GOLDSMITH is our "Kitty" without the claws. We'd like to know you, RAY EPSTEIN. JOHN LARKIN, why don't you try peroxide? HAZEL WENTWORTH is the

lovable, dimpled beauty of the Jr. Bus. A., who possesses the admirable qualities of making friends, keeping them and helping them. TED PATTERSON is the great authority on how to stall in French, History, English, or any other subject. THELMA JOHNSON doesn't spend all her time using her verbal powers, but when she does we all sit up and listen. No, no, no, don't get excited, it's only "DOT" BOYSON. ELEANORE HERBERT, she ain't got no wings, much, hardly. No wonder MIRIAM HOWARD is quiet, four brothers are pretty good silencers. Some might spell VIRGINIA FLINT'S name flirt, but don't blame Ginney, blame those great green eyes. NADINE SOULE is strictly according to Hoyle. MORRIS MARDEN is the master mind. The teachers are always reminding ZITA FOLEY to raise her voice, but if you ever stood near her at a football game, you'd wish you had a tin ear. The Indians had nothing on HELEN SMITH, when it comes to taking scalps. CECELIA O'TOOLE is quiet, too, but oh! how she can Spanish! As for ELLAMAE FLYNN, she would she were a Senior. DOROTHY BICKNELL is everybody's pal. HENRIETTA PERKINS, incorrigible, unquelchable! but we love her. VERA HALLAM is gifted with polygons and triangles. WILBUR COLBY—"You'd be surprised." That's Wilbur. He stayed out once until 4 a. m. at a dance. These late hours are detrimental to the mind but, as Wilbur says, "Make the best of it while you are young." He'll tell you so. WALTON IVES—"Once there was a little girl and she had a little curl." Wally doesn't look at all romantic, but "you never can tell." He never pays to telephone calls from the Highlands—never. He has a lot of patience. Keep it up, Wally. "Faint heart never won fair lady," you know. RICHARD LECOUR—The movies are Dick's trysting-place. He sits in the back row—all alone. He must be learning. But Dick asks, "How do you know?" AARON ABRAMS—"Eight-nine-ten." "Ki" boxes sometimes. We think he only boxes the compass. He is a good hitter, though, on the team, so that counts. He is also a good chemist—but there are two kinds of good. ELMER HANNAFORD—"Well-er." He has very enlightening ideas—especially in English. His argument is wonderful. He will soon be demonstrating to us the fourth dimension. RAYMOND TEWKSBURY—"I would suggest that Mr. Abrams give us his theory." Raymie is a great suggester. He is a great

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deal like Socrates. Suggestions and questions appear to be his argument, but Mr. Abrams seems to be a veritable Xanthippe for Raymie. HARRY SMITH—"For Macbeth hath murdered sleep." So with Harry. He murders it every night. You'll be a professor yet, Harry. WALTER REESE—"And, though defeated, argued yet." "Reesie" can argue. No doubt about it. He fears no one except the girls. He is an ardent woman-hater. KENNETH REED—Kenneth receives a letter every week from R. H. White's. He has a unique postal system. Ask him about it. He'll tell you. What does she look like, Kennie? MALCOLM TASKER—"I'm a Jazz Baby." "Bud" jazzes every night. Look out, Bud, you can't jazz homework.

### SOPHOMORES.

Does anyone know the fare to Danvers? If so, please communicate with KATHERINE WELTON. Katherine watches very anxiously for letters marked Danvers. FRANK SAVEL shows a decided unwillingness to change his name, despite the fact that several of the boys volunteer to change it to O'BRIEN. About two weeks ago MISS McPHETRES started for New York and landed in Portland, Me. The ship changed her mind, also her course, but we have no doubt Miss McPhetres enjoyed herself just as much seeing all the sights to be seen in Portland as she would have enjoyed lunching at the Knickerbocker. THOMAS FLANNERY, who is WALLY REID'S double in everything except acting, expression, looks and style, has taken to haunting the hall outside Room 26. The "heavy" of our class is ELLEN HALEY, who goes so light on the studying that it is no great wonder she is heavy. Why don't you try and balance it, Ellen? I wonder if you realize why we have had so many dark days recently? Well, it's because FRANK GUNN's hair is dark now. The light from his golden top used to make things cheery, but now, alas, it is no more. As for Miss BLACK, we advise somebody to give SYLVIA a picture album, for she has taken to wearing "HIS" picture on her watch, and it greatly impedes her view of the time. Has anyone noticed anything funny about LILLIAN SEAMAN? You haven't? Why, Lillian has sworn off using powder. Imagine it, girls, if you can. The Ayer of romance for our class is supplied by ROY AYER, whose black hair and olive skin bring to mind pictures of pretty senoritas while his black eyes remind one of rev-

olutions. But looks are deceiving. Roy isn't a bit romantic and if there is anything southern about Roy it is his ease rather than his fire. If Miss FOSTER is going to conduct experiments in Science Club I suggest she learn how to turn off the gas first and not have the members waiting breathlessly for an explosion to blow them to Kingdom Come. As for the inseparables, RUTH WAITT and ESTHER TAIT, Ruth says she cannot make Esther hurry in the morning when she calls for her, and Esther says Ruth is one redhead who has not a quick temper. So there you are. Yet they're good friends. Our English teacher asked us to write a short poem and ANNA NATHANSON came to school with a whole story in poetry. It was nearly as long as the Bible and nearly as good. Miss KING must be a patron of Maxim Silencers, for MAE surely has one on her voice. Maybe there is a method in her madness, however, for when she makes a mistake it is not noticed. FRED MASKELL is always delving into "queer" things, but there is nothing extraordinary about that, for Fred is queer himself. Carpentier wears a cap on his hair to keep it in place. Maskell should wear one to keep his ears in place. There are three M. B.'s in Soph. Bus. B: Martha Boyarsky, Mildred Burke and Mildred Britain. They all have a sentence to write in Spanish and they all sign them M. B., then, when Miss Lemay asks, "Who wrote this sentence?" Mildred Britain takes the sentence that looks best. BEATRICE ABRAMS has fond hopes of getting a diamond shortly after school closes. It was willed to her brother as a graduation gift, but Beatrice thinks she'll get it. I hope you do, Beatrice. At the beginning of the year we used to call HELEN MURJLACHI "the girl with the unpronounceable name." Some teachers call her Moreardi and some Milliearchie, but the correct is Murlyarkee. Last, but not least, we have RAYMOND MONROE, whom we take great pleasure in introducing as the working man of Soph. Bus. B. He's held one job all winter.

CATHERINE DEVLIN is never known to hurry, and still much less to worry. For love of jokes this bonny lass is rated first among her class. MINERVA WHITTIER is one of the clever members of the class. She is well named. ROBERT HAZEL'S vocabulary consists chiefly of words of more than four syllables. RUTH EVANS says that "Variety is the spice of life." RICHARD McCLINTOCK may be "Wee" but he's

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mighty. MARJORIE HALL, well, all cherubs are pink and white. RUTH GARDNER—Her eyes, how they twinkle! Her dimples, how cute! Her cheeks are like roses! No one will dispute. Latin has wasted DOROTHEA SCHUELER away to skin and bones. RICHARD WHIPPLE is long as the day is short. KATHRYN PATTERSON says, "On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined." MAISIE BURPEE is so quiet as she slips from class to class that we really have decided we cannot slam this lass. Just a little more pep and less dignity, MARGARET KNIPE. Says MARY LYONS, "I love its gentle warble, I love its gentle flow, I love to wind my tongue up, I love to hear it go." Now take a look at PHILIP RUSKIN, he's a second Kreisler. FRANK PERRONE says, "A sense of humor is the salt of life." ETHEL BROOKS—Still waters run deep. See that good looking fellow over there? That's JOHN BARRY, the leader of our widely known Jazz Band. Says JAMES STOKES, "I simply can't make my hands behave!" ALTON WELLS is a regular "Jack in the Box." First he's on one side, then on the other. He can't keep himself still nor his tongue either. Perhaps a rope would do for the former trouble. Afternoon Sessions have failed. GLADYS JONES is the professional "Jazz Baby" of the sophomore class. As for the piano, the keys fairly rattle. MABEL MITCHELL has all the time in the world. She saunters along without ever a care or a worry whether she's late to class or not. Get a move on, Mabel. FLORENCE PENNIE isn't with us very much as the daily slip shows, but when she is, we hardly know she's there. CARL WHEELER always has a broad grin on, especially if he knows his lessons. That being the case, he'll recite the whole lesson for you. BERNICE SMITH is always neat and can be quite quiet when she wants to. However, she likes a good time and manages to get it, even in school. Did you ever notice her "spit-curl"? We wonder what makes it stay in place. JAMES CORBETT doesn't say very much but when he does he gets it all wrong. Wake up, James! EVELYN INGALLS' tongue hasn't lost its daily exercise yet. What a misfortune it would be if she ever lost her voice! FRANCIS MAHANEY is quite a young man in spite of his short trousers though they say he has long ones. Keep it up, Frank, you may be a selectman some day. MARTIN BOSTROM is commonly called "long-winded." Periods and commas are very

rare, and are rapidly disappearing from his dictionary. GERTRUDE EDNAS is a "professoress" of piano. Some day she will be leaving us to take Paderewski's place. RAE PERLMUTTER certainly beats all of us in Spanish. Her motto is "Irregular Verbs make a Regular Brain." MARIE McCANN, otherwise known as "Bab" is Miss Creedan's idea of a pest. HELEN FRASER has left us for a while and is now answering to the name of "Miss Convalescence." ETHEL SMITH is a firm believer in "Children should be seen and not heard." She is so very quiet that most people don't know that she ever existed. STELLA GALASSI has memorized the book of knowledge, but evidently believes in keeping it to herself. CHARLOTTE TROWBRIDGE, our learned student, has become wiser in the last few months, and now lets the rest of the class do the thinking. MARY MORAN is almost too quiet, but never mind, she is very good at writing and delivering compositions. RUTH ANDERSON is an anti-home-work believer. She tries to prove to us that studying is bad for the brain. CELIA BRANZ is our noted "Song Bird." I suppose that some day she will be going abroad to study. Next we have MR. YOUNG, alias "Muggsy, the second." Perhaps you have noticed that Mr. Young has been on the war-path lately. He is also noted for his ability to speak—always something to say, appropriate or not as it may be. Our next is MR. WINTERBOTTOM. Mr. Winterbottom is what we call a "Physics Fiend." Don't ask him what his average is because he is very modest and might not tell you. Our next and honored gentleman is MR. SMITH. Mr. Smith is somewhat noted for his ability to speak. Some people may consider him more or less shy and backward on the platform, but when he gets on his feet he can "deliver the goods." The next of our worthy number is MR. MULLOY, more familiarly known as "Bunk." "Bunk" is a shining light on the gridiron. Now we have a star student in our midst by the name of HOWLAND FREEMAN. "Howie" is noted for many accomplishments, among them, drum solos. He can play any tune on any kind of a drum. Another thing, did you ever notice what a fine-looking fellow he is? If you never did, take a look now. Of course he blushes a little when you look at him, but that is to be expected. Then there is brother HAYDEN, better known as "Breeze." He is late of the United States Marines. and has many interesting stories to tell. Have you ever noticed his muscle?



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Just see the way the sleeves of his coat bulge out. Of course we cannot forget little BENSON, called by his admiring friends, "Peanut." "Peanut" is the coming athlete of our school and we have heard that he is going to try for fullback on the 1920 football team. To further our list we have our contemporary, STAVREDES, otherwise known as "Napoleon. Have heard from reliable sources that he is to play drawback on this year's team. Good luck to you, "Nap," but don't let the applause of the admiring spectators turn your head. Next, as a worthy addition to this learned group is little "FREDDIE" CAMPBELL. We believe, as we do of Smith, that Campbell aspires to the speakers' platform. That is an aspiration worthy of your steel, "Freddie." Next, as a worthy representative of American manhood, is ERWIN, who on a glance appears to be very modest and retiring, some might say bashful. However, do not let that fool you. He can be just as wild and reckless as the rest of us. We next have to deal with PETERSON. It has been said that he has a mania for lighting matches in the Geometry class but we do not know exactly. Finally we arrive at "PETE," sometimes called FOLEY, but only by his teachers. He is that boy smiling in the front seat. "Pete" can see a humorous side to every question. His teachers do not always see the humor though. I saw him yesterday wearing a green necktie. You'd really think that he was Irish from that.

### FRESHMEN.

FRED CHRISTOPHER has a peculiar desire to correct his own papers in arithmetic. We wonder why. LEONA FORD has good times dancing at Fort Banks. No wonder her lessons are usually incomplete. We pity her when the reports come out. BERNARD BASCH'S industrial streak turns up during the twenty-minute period when he delivers ink, though most of it is delivered on the floor. He says the direct cause of it is the "ill health" of his eyes. ETHEL BALLEM is the "class giggler." Say, Ethel, was there ever a time when you gave an oral composition without receiving a zero in exchange for a giggle? EDWINA BEARS is a great dancer. Never a recess passes that we don't see her in the gym. If she went at her studies the way she goes at dancing, she'd crack the High Honor Roll. TINA FINKLE is a helpful soul. On Wednesdays she puts the spelling on the board, but sometimes we can't read it. JOE GREELY has

a grin stretching from one ear to the other. And whisper! whisper! Miss Ritchie says he needs a muzzle, but Joe says, "I don't bite." Maybe TEDDY LEWIS will be an inventor some day. He talks on electricity and wireless, but most of his talks are based on Tin Lizzies and it makes us think he will keep a garage—"second-hand Tin Lizzies for rent." WILLIAM McDOWELL has a funny habit of forgetting his English assignment and during study periods he bothers his neighbors to prostration asking for it. GRACE NICKERSON is a good girl when she wants to be, but sometimes her pockets are fat with afternoon session slips. MARY PERRY'S good luck is beginning to turn. Misfortune tumbled her down stairs some-time ago. CLIFFORD RAMSEY has self-control enough to hide the mischief he is up to. But the teachers are used to his ways. GRACE PINGREE is greatly interested in mouse traps and Mr. Clark, stepping in one morning, found two in her desk. HELEN McDONOUGH is a good sport and ready to hand out something funny at any time. Helen is known by her class as an expert in oral composition. ESTHER PETERSON is our athlete and we are proud to state one of the best little "freshy" basketball players. GERTRUDE WINTER is our little cracker-jack in English. She can learn a current event or a poem in no time and gives it in "Apple Pie order." CLEMENT HIGGINS is a bright scholar and is succeeding in his Freshman year. In English he is a little bit shakey, but "He should worry." KATHERINE DONOVAN is our expert whistler. She can do this without a soul detecting it. EDMUND BARRY usually has his work done, or at least half done, when he comes to class. As long as it is done it doesn't matter much with him whether it is right or not. REBECCA BRANZ is not noted for being bashful. As for talking, she always has something to say in the affairs of the class; and she is also ready to ask questions. CHARLOTTE KATZ usually gives her per cent as "absent" when it comes to arithmetic and the per cents are called for. IRENE CURRAN is not pretty, not homely, but just in between. She is not a bit bashful. But she never does her home work until coming to school to do it. She usually gets it done before school begins. ELIZABETH DOHERTY is a very quiet girl but when she gets going she is very funny. GEORGE GALLAGHER is quite popular with the Freshman girls. I suppose it is mostly on account of his looks.

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(Don't blush, George.) GEORGIANNA GEARHART is a very nice girl and has lots of friends. She is a prima donna opera singer. You ought to hear her sing. She loves to play basketball and football. CAMILLE HINES is good at giving excuses. Her main excuses are "I was absent," and, "I will miss the bus to Point Shirley." You're a clever girl, Camille. VIVIAN MOORE is the most popular one in the class. It is nothing for her to get four or five afternoon sessions or to be made to sit directly in front of the teacher's desk. Just leave it to Vivian, she will have the teachers writing them all the time while she is around. ALICE LIND has beautiful hair, but she doesn't like to have anyone touch it. Put a sign on it, Alice, "Do not handle." EARL MORTON must like Mr. Ronan very much because he talks in order to be kept after school in Room 7. We have to stand on a step ladder to look over HOPE KINNECOM'S head. It's too bad we can't see through her. THOMAS ABELY is our big man. He is always ready to tell what happened when he was young. RUTH AMES is the class vamp. ABELY hasn't succumbed to her charms as yet. Ruth is some speller, so we hear. DORIS PORTER is known as "Musical Comedy." She usually demonstrated her nickname during lunch period. Don't ever try to argue with REGINA BRADLEY or you will soon be in hot water. REGINA is a shark in algebra. MARGARET SAWYER'S greatest fault is that she has none. She was never known to fail in class. ALICE DONOVAN is quite an actress but acting doesn't help her Latin. RUTH ANTHONY aspires to the position of guard on the Evereadys but she doesn't aspire to Latin. One of her favorite words is "er." MARJORIE ANDERSON is usually to be seen with her sleeves rolled up. She is probably going to wrestle with her Latin. ROLAND WENTWORTH is known in "College A" as a masculine vanp. MORTON JENNINGS has a mania for asking foolish questions. Mutt gets high marks without trying. Miss Gilliland offered to give him private lessons in manners. FRED SOLOMON is another class comedian. Fred is a great collector of those little slips that are handed into the afternoon session teacher. Just call Fred "Willy" and see what happens. Say, LILLIAN GAFFNEY, whom do you stick your tongue out at when you recite? It can't be the teacher. JOHN LAW "thinks out loud" sometimes. EDNA MULDOON is like a Jack-in-the-box,—always jumping out of her

seat when she knows the answer to a question. She must think that it isn't enough to raise one hand, because she is always waving both hands in the air. OLIVE FORD once told us in an English composition that if we looked carefully we might "see a robin sitting on a fence with a red breast." ANGELENE GOODALL hates anything that is the least bit horrible or bloodthirsty, such as many of the scenes in "Treasure Island." I wonder what effect a mouse would have. LOUISE BOYLAN has a strong sense of humor, especially when nothing is funny. No, he is not a girl, though that curl on his forehead is rather misleading; his name is JOHN CUSHING and otherwise he is a good fellow. Unless we miss our guess "Jack" has the makings of an electrical engineer in him. Opposite him is WATSON WILLIAMS, who is usually conspicuous by his absence. Even if he never makes a perfect recitation it isn't his fault. How about it, Williams? We have now with us a young lady known as "Sis" Cronin. "Sis" has what is in plain English called a temper—ament which she frequently exercises. We should like to know how "Sis" gets out of these P. M. sessions so often. Perhaps she'll tell us. Here's hoping! As a class we claim distinction to the gentleman who out-solomons Solomon for wisdom. We refer to CHARLES JACKSON. There is no argument that can dismay him and no one else's ideas are as good as his. At least that is Jackson's impression. The dark path of knowledge is illumined by HARRY BAKER'S flaming torch. Baker's grin just can't be resisted, it's true, but he never was cut out for anything in the literary line. MARY COCHRANE'S future is already determined for she has started a manicure parlor in Room 26. Before many years we expect to see the classic profile of JERROL VICKERSON on the screen, for a better actor we have yet to meet. PHYLLIS IRISH, in direct defiance of the last part of her name, is a mild young lady, though we believe once in a while she almost loses her temper. MAXINE TUCKER is our youngest member, and, though she is also the smallest, we give her credit for being a smart youngster. She's another one of those **silence is golden** girls. Alas, far too few!

EDDIE FLINT is the best reader and spell-er in the class. The only trouble with his reading is he runs in high speed and no one can keep up with him. MR. MCKENNY is a new arrival. He was immediately taken

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under the wing of Sheinsohn and so got into trouble. WALTER HART'S worldly aim is to get a perpetual ticket to the big-league ball game. BILL MARTIN may not shine in his studies, but we'll have to admit that he can tell us something about "wireless." ALBERT NEVERS ought to be able to give us an interesting speech on Ancient History or Prohibition in Egypt. SIDNEY BIRNBAUM'S scowl is upon all those who stoop so low as to study. JOHN FULHAM, our class President, is quite popular with the fair sex of this institution. FRED WHITE, commonly called "Mickey," can do almost anything but translate French and do an "about face." ELMER SHATTUCK has undoubtedly solved one of the labor-saving problems by working out his Algebra on three slips. GEORGE PLAKIAS is a healthy looking individual, who seems to be always busy—during the lunch periods. TOM TIERNEY is the boy who comes in before the bell stops ringing; some day the bell will ring a minute or so ahead, and then—. CHARLES RUSSELL is fortunate enough to have a sister who has had all of these studies, but he doesn't seem to take advantage of it. TRUMAN HUE has been one of our star scholars, but seems to be slowing down day by day. HERBERT SWAN, don't you know that "Little boys should be seen but not heard"? It looks as if you got the words twisted. JAMES STANSBURY, or "Jim," has a great liking for poetry (so our worthy teacher thinks and who else should know) and high-class literature, such as "the Alger Series," etc. ROGER BROWN is another one of our studious assembly. He is among the foremost of the class. If GORDAN DOUGLAS used some of his "Jazz" talent on his studies he could be among the first in the class. JOHN HAYES is the "smartest of them all"; sometimes he studies, but—well—sometimes.

ROY ANDERSON recently appeared in long trousers. They make him look very much taller. He wears them only on state occasions, though. RUTH ANDERSON and ROY are the twins of our class. They stay mighty close together. ANITA BATES, or BABY BATES. Why is she called that? Won't someone explain? ANITA FRANKLIN is sometimes called Peter. She is the blonde of our class. Has anyone noticed Anita is generally provided with a ruler for Algebra class? Wonder what she does with it, except rule. Who has ever seen ELISIE JONES without a smile on her face? She's

a regular sunshine girl. We wonder where RUTH INGALLS got that black eye that she appeared with a short time ago. Does she tell? Not she.—RUTH HENDERSON is so overcome when called upon in Latin that she needs the support of her chair to stand up. STANLEY ROBINSON always has an answer for every question asked. He doesn't care whether it's right or not. Wonder if he can always answer a certain person in Freshman College A? CHASE has the electrical bug. He can't keep away from it long enough to give an oral theme. Wonder why he always drums on his desk? Does he think he's working a wireless? GORDON McNEIL is one of the musicians of our class. We almost have an orchestra of our own. Gordon is in the school orchestra. He plays the violin. Does he do it well? How about it, class? CHESTER DUNCAN is another one of our musicians. He plays the cornet. He is also quite a Latin shark. ELIZABETH SHEEHAN, sometimes called Libby, has an exciting time biting her pencil in English. Oh! Why does Miss Merrill have us write it? HAROLD DUNCAN is small, but O, my! Harold is another musician, or, shall we say, noise-maker, because Herald plays the drum. The Duncans are quite a musical family. Almost up to the O'Tooles. HAZEL IVES was our pianist last year, a very good one, too. Hazel is also clever in Algebra. If she can't do a problem it can't be done. HAROLD SHEINSOHN, or Fat, as he prefers to be called, supplies the fun in class. He also has poetic aspirations. MALCOLM JONES and HAROLD DUNCAN could almost pass for twins. Malcolm is always in mischief. How do you get away with it, Malcolm?

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### Related to Both.

"Jack" Herbert was sitting in a street car, and by his side he had a little dog.

An Irishman on the other side of him was very much interested in the dog, and several times essayed to start a conversation with its owner.

"That's a fine dog you have there," he hazarded.

Jack said nothing.

The Irishman repeated his question and, receiving no response, asked: "What kind of a dog is he?"

"Half Irish and half monkey," replied Jack, crossly.

"So," smiled back the son of Erin. "Then he is related to both of us, is he?"

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### HIS ALL FOR ENGLAND.

'Twas during the third year of the great World War, on a beautiful, clear, crisp, autumn day. It was just one hour before sunset, and the sky blossomed out in the majestic brilliance of color common to the sunsets of sunny France; relieving the ghostly atmosphere which one felt when looking o'er the landscape with its shell-blasted ground and shattered stumps of trees, with the dark, gloomy mountain ranges in the background.

'Twas on a former battlefield near Ypres, where the armies had met in many a fierce and bloody combat, and had fought over every inch of ground, until the ground was soaked with human blood, where the bravest of the brave had fought, immortalizing their names in the memory and history of the world.

This "veritable hell" of destruction and devastation, and the wave of carnage and slaughter, were now many miles north of Ypres, and the battlefield was changed into a rest camp for the trench worn and convalescent allied heroes.

On a large level field to the right, a throng of soldiers was gathered. On approaching the throng I noticed a human square of soldiers in the center, with soldiers of England, France, Belgium and Italy forming one side each. These soldiers were of the finest in the allied armies, powerfully built and of even height. They were motionless and stood at attention, masters of discipline. Each side was dressed in the uniform of its respective nation's army, with the bright colors, glistening braids and decorations common to the uniforms of European armies. About this square many other soldiers, including many convalescents, eagerly crowded.

In the center of the square stood a tall, handsome, well built English sergeant of the 3rd Expeditionary Force.

Upon inquiring as to his name and the occasion for this gathering, I was informed that his comrades knew him only as George, and that, while they were in the trenches a few weeks before, their battalion had charged "over the top," their captain had been struck by a shell and badly wounded some distance from the newly captured trench; George had rushed out of his trench, into the storm and hail of machine gun fire and shrapnel, picked up their captain, and brought him safely back to their trenches. They also told me that, during

the preceding week, George had captured a machine gun and its crew single handed. Their regiment had but recently arrived at this rest camp, and now George was to be rewarded by decoration for his bravery.

A brilliant looking, finely uniformed British general, whom I recognized as Sir Douglas Haig, Commander in Chief of the British Armies, walked toward George, escorted by a color bearer and a member of his staff. Amid a din of cheers and shouts the staff officer unfolded a paper bearing the Seal of Great Britain and, as the noise quieted down to an almost breathless silence, he read as follows:—

"In appreciation of the bravery, sacrifice and coolness under fire on the battlefields of Flanders, fearlessly and brilliantly displayed while fighting for his native land, England, through Gen. Douglas Haig, now presents to Sergt. George A. Roberts, Co. A, 52nd Rgt., 3rd British Expeditionary Force, this day, Sept. 23, 1917, the Victoria Cross."

Then, amidst a deafening thunder of cheers and shouts of praise, Field Marshal Haig pinned the beautiful cross on the left breast of the uniform of the deserving soldier. Then, taking the hero's hand with his right, and placing his left hand on the soldier's shoulder, Gen. Haig said, "Well earned, my lad; you more than deserved it."

The field rang and reechoed with the cheers of George's comrades, who picked him up, put him on their shoulders, and carried him all through the camp, cheering and praising their hero.

Two nights later, as I was passing George's tent, I looked through an opening in the canvas, and a heart-breaking scene met my gaze. In the little tent, which was lighted by the somber glow of a small paraffine candle, George was seated on a soap box, his elbows resting on a small table before him; tears trickled down his hardened cheeks. In one hand George held a photo, in the other a pen. On the rude table under the pen was a tear-spotted letter, to his right was the slow-burning candle and the unstopped bottle of ink.

The photo which he held was one of his gray-haired, widowed mother who, when asked to allow him (all she had left in the world to confide in) to enlist in the English Army, readily consented, and who, after he had been sent to France, went to work in a munition factory in order to help supply her son and his comrades with sufficient ammunition. It was the picture of his mother,

who had struggled so hard to bring him up, and who so readily gave him to his native land; the same mother who had given him a parting kiss at the wharf of debarkation at Dover, and had taken his hand and, looking him in the eyes, said, "George, you are a fine boy and I expect much of you."

These were her last words to him before he sailed across the channel to France.

Since then George had worked hard to fulfill his mother's expectations. He had now accomplished most of his aims and thought to himself, "Oh! if mother could only have seen me receive that medal! I know that she would have been the proudest mother in the world."

He wiped his eyes and, dipping his pen in the ink, began to finish the story of the previous week and the decoration he had received, concluding the body of his letter with the sentence:—

"Mother, next week my battalion is going back to the trenches in preparation for a drive. I may not come out alive, so I am sending you this beautiful cross and citation, by which you may remember me, and which may be the last gift that I shall be able to send you."

When the letter with the cross and citation reached his home in England, no adjectives could express the joys that his good mother felt. She had made many sacrifices; these joys were well earned.

About two months later a letter came to her from the Minister of War, stating that:

"George A. Roberts, while rescuing his native standard, the flag of Great Britain, from the hands of the enemy, had been mortally wounded and had died three hours later. His last words were, 'Take good care of my mother for me.'"

His mother's heart was filled with sorrow, but afterwards, as she gazed at the gold star in her service flag, she was, "in a way," happy and contented, for she had brought up, for her country, a son who had received England's highest award and who had died a hero, fighting for England, his native land.

No nation or mother could expect more of a son.

—JOHN C. WAKEFIELD, '20.

An eighth grader was studying geography and was told by his teacher that the Mississippi was called by the Indians the "Father of Waters."

"That's funny," said he; "if it was the 'Father of Waters,' why wouldn't it be Mister Sippi?"

MISTAKES WILL ALWAYS HAPPEN.

John Thornly was a very superstitious sort of an individual. He lived in Greenville, a small but progressive town. The country surrounding it was like a huge forest, while the main highway was nothing but a barren road in the woods. The nearest city was two miles away, and the majority of Greenville's inhabitants walked to the city, where they earned their living by working in the factories.

As a clerk in the office of a large shoe factory, John walked to work every morning in the companionship of his fellow workmen. These pedestrians used the main highway to and from their work, and so it was no unusual thing to see large groups of them.

One evening in autumn John came home from work, very much excited, and carrying the Greenville Weekly, a small newspaper, under his arm. He opened to the front page and gave it to his wife to read. In large letters was the story of "Social Jim," the most daring thief ever heard of in that section, who boldly robbed six of Greenville's prominent citizens on the main highway.

The morning following the day of the robbery, John bade good-bye to his wife and, knowing that the robber was still at large, carried his revolver with him. The main subject, going to work that morning, was the robber.

John worried a great deal during the day, and, when it came to closing time, he found to his sorrow that he would have to work overtime. When he was released it was ten p. m., and the wind, which was howling through the trees, sent a shiver up his back. "Walking through the woods!" cried John, to himself, "I know I'll get robbed."

However, he started home by himself and was making good progress along the highway when, in the distance, he saw a man light a cigarette. Of course John became nervous and thought that this man might be "Social Jim."

The man neared John, walking slowly. His coat collar was turned up, and his face obscured. As he passed John he brushed slightly against him. The man passed on, and John put his hand in his pocket.

"What!" cried he to himself, "my roll that I carried to work with me this morning is gone." Then he noticed that his beautiful diamond ring was not on his second finger, where he generally wore it.

"He is the crook," said John to himself,

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

as he pulled out his revolver and ran back in the direction of the supposed robber.

John got about five feet from him and then cried, "Hands up!" The man turned sharply around and threw his hands up into the air.

"I've got you," cried John, as he went through the pockets of the crook. The man was terribly frightened as John pointed the revolver pointblank at his heart.

After a few seconds of searching, John found what he thought was his own roll and diamond ring. He was very nervous and was afraid the crook might get the best of him, so he decided to let him go.

"Beat it out of town or I'll fill you full of lead!" cried John, after his decision.

The supposed crook ran as fast as he could for the city, while John hurried for home.

On arriving home he found his wife there to greet him. He was pale and felt decidedly ill, but he assumed an air of bravery. His wife opened the conversation by saying in a low, gentle voice, "John, do you know that you left your roll and diamond ring on my bureau?"

John will recover.

—CHARLES H. HARRIS, '20.

### CHARACTER PLAYS.

Mr. Clarke.....	The Man of the Hour
Room 29.....	Up in Mabel's Room
Miss Ackley.....	Dere Mabel
John Cotter.....	Eternal Light
"Pete" Simpson.....	Honey Girl
Glee Club.....	Magic Melody
When we were Freshies.....	Not So Long Ago
"Jack" Cronin.....	No More Blondes
Since 1916.....	Happy Days
Helen Curtis.....	The Wanderer
John Clayton.....	A Prince There Was
"B" Carro.....	She's a Good Fellow
After the Social.....	Tumble In
Graduation.....	Some Night
Muriel Dorr.....	You're In Love
Miss Mansur.....	Here Comes the Bride
Elizabeth Allen.....	Betty, Be Good
"Donnie" White.....	The Man Who Came Back
Vivian Smith.....	Little Simplicity
Irene Steele.....	As You Were
The Senior Entertainment.....	
.....	The Frivolities of 1920
The Freshman.....	Upstairs and Down
"Jack" Flynn.....	Polly With a Past
Harold Sisson.....	Keep It to Yourself
Eleanor Abely.....	The Quaker Girl
Ruth Sullivan.....	Lightnin'
Alan Terrile.....	The Imp

### TO WINE.

1.

Oh glorious, sparkling, crimson wine,  
To thee I sadly sing!  
What thoughts, and hints of thoughts divine,  
What memories you bring!

2.

Yes, bubbling, effervescing wine,  
On you there lies the blame  
Of other days, and other ways,  
No longer still the same;

3.

When we went circling down the street,  
With undulating motion,  
Well seasoned with that gently sweet,  
All ills-relieving lotion.

4.

When we kept vigil all night long,  
Without a single care;  
And wine, and women, love and song,  
Were plenty, and to spare.

5.

But that is ancient history now,  
And these are troublous times;  
For "kick" is censored everywhere,  
And only put in rhymes.

6.

But to thee, wine, I've bid adieu,  
And tho perhaps I sigh,  
There's naught to do but think of you,  
And dream of days gone by.

—Henrietta Perkins, '19.

### THIS IS THE LIFE.

Oh, come, my love, the jitney waits,  
The nickel's in my purse;  
The spark plug snaps at all the Fates,  
For better or for worse.  
Let's jit in joy while life's in June,  
Five coppers pay the bill;  
So come along and jitney 'neath the moon,  
Along the low-grade hill.  
While all the world is smooth as glass,  
While all our tires are spry,  
There's bliss in every quart of gas,  
Let's hit life on the high.  
So come and be my jitney queen,  
A "nick" is all my hoard,  
Who cares for grief or gasoline?  
Come, honey, get aboard.

—Helen F. Tewksbury, '20.

# THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

## EYES.

Gray eyes, go 'way eyes,  
And please don't look at me.  
I love you and I hate you  
Tho why, I cannot see.

Brown eyes, look down eyes,  
I am afraid of you.  
You break my heart or make it  
Till I don't know what to do.

Green eyes are "keen eyes."  
They seem to "Tickle" one.  
They seize you and they tease you,  
Till you wonder what they've  
done.

But—blue eyes are true eyes,  
Sweet eyes and fair.

Dear eyes, come here eyes,  
You haunt me everywhere.

—Henrietta Perkins, '21

## SONGS IN MANY KEYS.

Ruth Gardner, What Do You Want to  
Make Those Eyes at Me For?

Ruth Ramsey, When You Look in the  
Heart of a Rose.

Lewis Swett, When You're in Right with  
the Right Little Girl.

"Boozer" Russell, Along Came Ruth.

"Bones" Dean, Sweet Siamese.

"Lill" Barry, Everybody Calls Me Honey.

"Polly" Broad, Oh! How She Can Sing!

Class Day, A Perfect Day.

Class Reunion, Till We Meet Again.

Final Exams., The Worst is Yet to Come.

1.45 P. M., Liberty Bell.

Our Four Years, Memories.

Mildred Rogers, I Might be Your Once in a  
While!

Helen O'Toole, They're Wearing Them  
Higher in Hawaii.

Dean Freeman, When My Baby Smiles at  
Me.

Anna Lynch, Red, Red, as a Rose.

Lewis Hill, Who Played Poker with Po-  
cohontas?

"Jack" Lewis, I'll See You In C-U-B-A.

Arthur Brown, Eyes of Youth.

Clifford Channell, Along Came Another  
Little Girl.

Myrtle Jenks, If You Knock the "L" Out  
of Kelly?

"Jack" Herbert, Lorraine.

"Tickle" Curran, They're All Sweeties.

Ralph Baker, K-K-Katy.

"Bub" Donovan, The Time, the Place and  
the Girl.

"Bert" Evans, What You Don't Know  
Won't Hurt You.

"Bobby" Nichols, Take Your Girlie to the  
Movies.

"Bunny" Kemp, Jazz Baby.

Crawford Churchill, How Do You Get That  
Way?

June 24, It's All Over Now.

Thelma Seibert, There's a Little Bit of  
Bad in Every Good Little Girl.

"Dot" Roberts, Wonderful Pal.

"Jinx" Moore, Every Dark Cloud Has a  
Silver Lining.

"Fitter" Jones, Freckles was His Name.

Carl Pratt, Long Boy.

"Lill" Chatterton, Oh! What a Pal was  
Mary.

Harold Lindergreen, He's a Nine O'clock  
Boy in a Twelve O'clock Town.

"Sammy" Strong, He's a Devil in His  
Own Home Town.

"Eddie" Jenkins, Give Me the Moonlight,  
Give Me the Girl.

"Midge" Somerville, Don't Take Advan-  
tage of My Good Nature.

Hazel McLeod, Eyes.

G. Berridge, Hello Central! Give Me No  
Man's Land.

"Bob" Bell, Take Me to the Land of Jazz.

## WHEN THE WORLD SEEMS WRONG.

I heard a blue bird singing,

In the treetops just at dawn;

I heard children's merry voices,

All the sunlit summer's morn;

I heard the crickets chirping,

In the nearby grassy lane;

And once more life seemed worth living,

And my heart forgot its pain.

Then before I scarce had noticed,

My lips burst into song;

And I thought—God's in his heaven,

So the world can't be all wrong.

—Arthur L. Brown, '20

## UN QUESTION.

Avez-vous a girlie?

Intellegis the kind,

Lips douce y hair curly,

Cutest on peut find;

Les dents white et pearly,

Les yeux deepest blue?

Si! cause sans a girlie

Qué would un homme do?

# HERE

# AND THERE

# HERE



'DOPPY' MURKELER  
(A BUM THE RE WAS...)  
(PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF THE  
GARDREY STUDIO)

'JACK' HERBERT  
(TRUMPETIST...)  
(PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF THE  
GARDREY STUDIO)

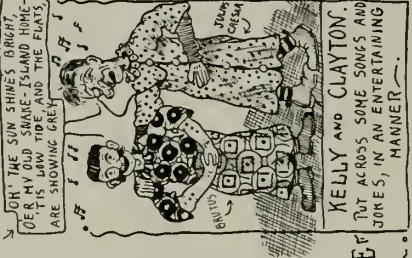
CHARLES KILBY  
(LEADER, JAZZ-KAZOO  
ORCHESTRA)



THE ORIGINAL W.H.S. JAZZ-KAZOO ORCHESTRA -  
(STRUGGLED THROUGH SUCH DIFFICULT OPERATIC -  
AIRS AS "O.M. WHAT A BUM WAS HARRY", AND OTHERS, SUCCESSFULLY)



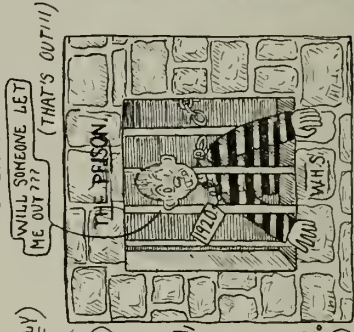
AT THE ALUMNI-SENIOR DANCE  
(SOMETHING LIKE THIS...)



KELLY AND CLAYTON  
PUT ACROSS SOME SONGS AND  
JONES, IN AN ENTERTAINING  
MANNER...



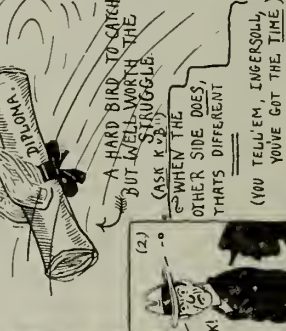
THE ORIGINAL STRONG-  
GUY ACT...  
(AND WE'VE SEEN WORSE  
ACTS THAN THAT, AT KENTDS)



WILL SOMEONE LET  
ME OUT??? (THAT'S OUT!!)



IZZIE AND LIZZIE,  
- (THEY'RE BOTH DIZZY.)



WHEN THE  
OTHER SIDE DOES,  
THAT'S DIFFERENT  
(YOU TELL 'EM, ENBERSOLL,  
YOU'VE GOT THE TIME)



ISN'T IT GREAT  
WHEN THE HIGH-  
SCHOOL IS WINNING  
- BUT,

HE'S SERVED HIS TIME.  
(BUT IT WAS SOME TIME.)

ASK HIM WHAT THAT MEANS  
- BUT,



# → HERE AND THERE.

**YOU NEVER CAN TELL?**

1) "WELL, WERE YOU?"

2) "YES."

3) "GOOD-BYE, FRIEND!"

4) "AND TELLS."

5) "BOO! HO-HO!"

6) "I DON'T FORGET YOU!"

7) "I SHOULD I GO TO MY HARBOR ON TIGHT!"

8) "SURE! I'LL TAKE THE TOP!"

9) "THANKS, OLD THING!"

10) "MORAL ALWAYS STUDY WELL AND YOU'LL GET THERE!"

TWO STUDENTS SAT IN THEIR HOME-ROOM SEATS, IN SUITS OF BROWN AND GREY— THEY HAD BEEN IN HIGH-SCHOOL FOR OVER 4 YEARS— NOW THEY WERE GOING AWAY.

ONE KISSED AN ALGEBRA WORN AND TORN, ONE KISSED A "SQUID" OF BROWN, ONE KISSING FAREWELL TO THEIR STUDIES, SO LONG?— JUST AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.

THE OTHER TWO STUDENTS COLLEGE THAT MAY GETS ABOUT TWENTY "PER" FOR HIS PAY.

NOW ONE IS A LABORER AT ONE HUNDRED PER WEEK, THE OTHER A PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND GREEN.

"PLEASANT SURPRISES?"

"A P.M. SESSION!"

"BUT BUT BUT YOU WANT TO TAKE THIS UP?"

"OH, I'VE BEEN A FAIRLY FINE SUCCESS!"

"PROSPERITY!"

"BROADER FIELDS!"

"PASS ON!"

"SO LONG FOR ITS BEEN A HAPPY FOUR YEARS."

"GO AHEAD, FOR YOU'LL NEVER POPE IN YOUR CHEST, EVERY WORKS!"

"THE GUY WHO TRIES TO TAKE THE WHOLE OF LAYER-CAKE IN ONE BITE!"

"MATE!—LOOK CAREFULLY AND YOU MIGHT FIND ME BEHIND THE CAKE!"

"THE GUY WITH A GOAT-GETTERS EMPHASIZES IN YOUR CHEST, EVERY WORKS!"

"LAND I SAYS TO HIM, SAYS I— (VERY DEEP STUFF)"

"OH! WHERE IS MY SOUL-MATES WATCH OUT FELLERS!"

"THE LAMP YEAR WHO IS STILL ON THE WAR PATH"

"NOT SO BIG, BUT— HE'S A OTHER!"

"BASE BALL!"

"WHIS!"

"BASE BALL!"

"FIELD-HOCKEY!"

"FOUR AGES AND A KING!"

"(W.H.S. HOUHS A FINE HAND!!!)"

"-W.H.S.' 20-"

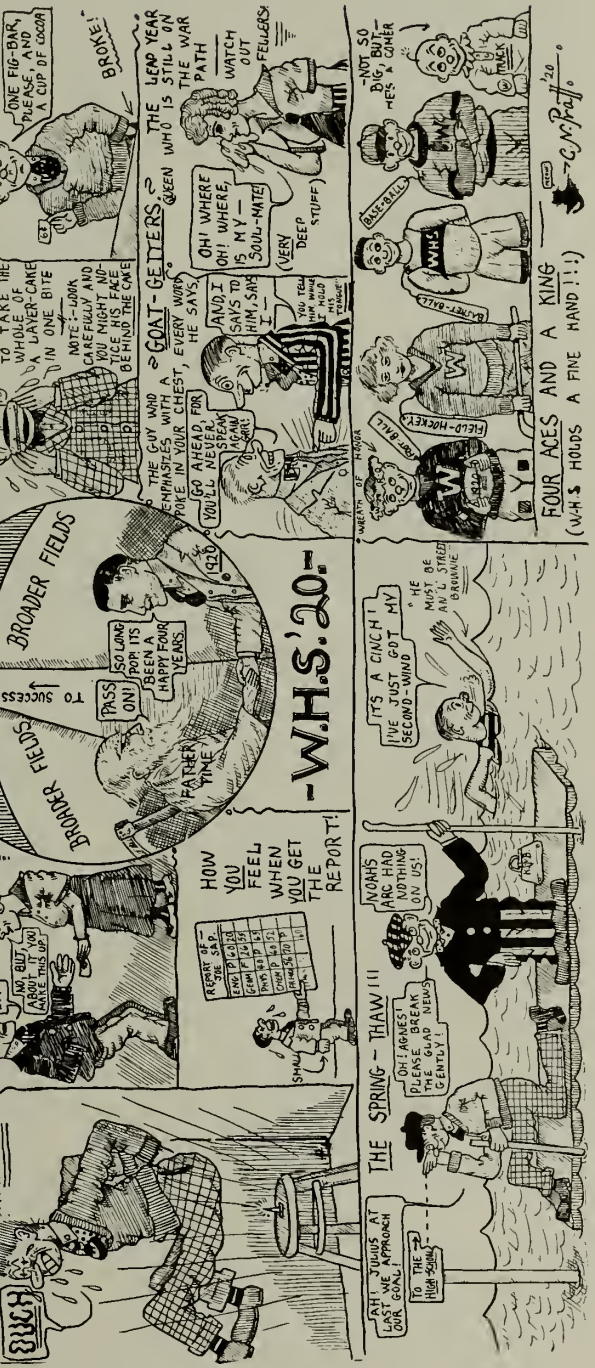
"IT'S A GINCH! I'VE JUST GOT MY SECOND-WIND \* HE MUST BE AN 'L STREET DRABWINE"

"WOMAN! ARC HAD NOTHING ON US!"

"OH, AGES! SPEAK THEM IN GAD NEWS GENTLY!"

"THE SPRING— THAW!!!"

"ATHLETICS AT LAST GOAL APPROACH TO THE HURDLES!"



—C.M. Hall '20



## EDITORIALS

Well, here we are, face to face with another summer, and hundreds of Massachusetts school boys are looking around for work. Our government, at the same time, is endeavoring to solve the very difficult problem of raising sufficient food to supply our people next winter.

With the daylight saving plan in force in most all of the Eastern States, and the machine shops and shipyards paying greatly increased wages to men of all classes, the farmer has been literally robbed of all his help, and so, of necessity, is obliged to cut down his production to just enough to meet his own requirements.

In order to cope with this very distressing and dangerous situation, and to help save ourselves from want next winter, the State of Massachusetts has organized a Farm Service Movement, which plans to enlist as many young men as possible, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, form them into units of about twenty-five and place them on nearby farms.

It is the honest opinion of many that work on one of these farm camps is the best job

that a Massachusetts schoolboy could secure. You ask why? Well, did you ever stop to think that a young man, after a hard winter's work over his books, needs a change of surroundings in the summer,—in short, a vacation? By a vacation I mean a change of work, for there is not one of us in these progressive days that can afford to do any "loafing." A job with the Working Reserve on one of its farm camps this summer, would better a young man in a financial way, as well as affording him a summer's vacation. When a fellow is earning anywhere from three to four dollars a day, he doesn't have to be "a piker" and line his pockets with fish-hooks, in order to save a hundred dollars. What is more, if he wants to work real hard and save every penny, he can easily save close on to two hundred dollars.

The physical benefits derived by the young men who undertake this most patriotic work are great. Just examine one of the young men on his return from the farm in the fall and you will be convinced that he is in excellent condition to make any

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

football team. The manual labor, although in many cases new and a "wee bit" tedious, develops him mentally and physically and makes a "two-fisted," "red-blooded" man of him.

After the day's work is done, which in the majority of cases lasts only nine hours, and our "embryo farmer" has tucked his third good square beneath his belt, his mind naturally turns to recreation.

Recreation in the farm camps is provided by the Y. M. C. A., and nothing is left undone that can administer to the comforts of the boys. Baseball games, boxing and wrestling bouts, moving pictures, phonographs, pianos, libraries, all are provided free gratis; dancing and movies are also provided by the inhabitants of the town where the camp is stationed.

There is no doubt that after a summer spent in the Working Reserve a young man, if normally constructed, should feel very much gratified with his healthy condition, his fat bank account, and with his new friends and varied experiences. N. B.—See your local Enrolling Officer at once, there's one in our own school.

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Did you ever stop to think of the education that "good old Winthrop High" offers you beside its regular course of study? An education thought by some to be of almost equal value with any course in its curriculum, a social education. We have in our school many clubs and societies, such as The Latin Club, The Science Club, The High School Congress, The Glee Club.

Unless a person intends to be a real out and out grind or a complete slacker, he should apply for membership in one of these many organizations.

Our school activities give us ample opportunity to meet people, to choose friends and to learn; they give us the opportunity to enjoy every-day pleasures and finally to choose and make lasting, beneficial friendships; in short, they offer us a complete course in human nature, especially if we are affiliated with athletics or debating.

Everyone should associate himself with some form of school activity and thereby get more than a mere "book education." If you are not a member of some club or organization, go back to school next fall with the determination to join one or more organizations and take an active part in its workings.

School spirit. "Ah, old stuff!" you'll say; "we've got plenty of it. What does he want to talk to us about that for." I'll admit we've got fine school spirit in our school; that is, of one kind—the kind that goes out upon the athletic field, roots, hollers and supports our teams to the limit. As far as that goes, Winthrop High has undoubtedly the best spirit, for a school of its size, in the State.

But did you ever stop to think that school spirit means vastly more than merely getting out on the athletic field and helping your team to victory? Real true school spirit means **Co-operation**, and co-operation means **Support**. Now, are you supporting the school as you should? Are you co-operating with your teachers?

Many are the young men and young women today who will find it impossible to enter college next fall simply because **they failed** to rightly co-operate with their instructors. You will say that this statement is not true, but, deep, deep down, you know it is true; and, what is more, you have already begun to realize it.

Now you, who are members of the class of Nineteen-Twenty-One, come back to the good school next fall with this resolve highly in mind: to co-operate with your instructors and fellow classmen to bring Winthrop High back to her old position among the finest; and, above all, to **throttle the first man** (no matter who he is) who utters a word of destructive criticism of your school; and remember that **it is yours**, for if it were not for you there would be no school. Nineteen-Twenty-One, Nineteen-Twenty bequeaths to you a great burden; would that she could help you carry it, but such is not to be.

"CARRY ON" and "COME UP SMILING."

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### Looking Forward.

New surroundings; new friends; new occupations; in short, "New worlds to conquer." The opportunities, the newness and the zest of it are intoxicating.

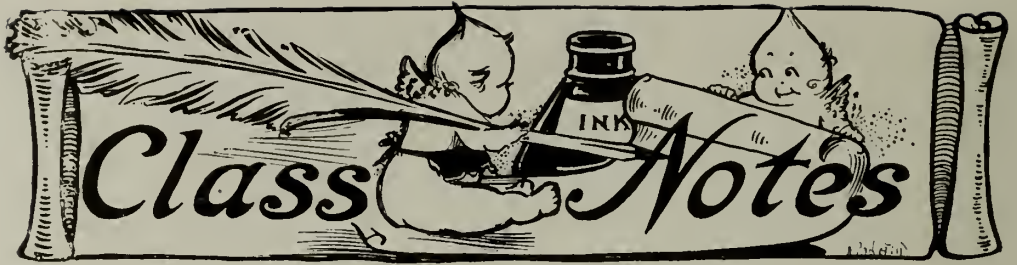
### In Retrospection.

Our petty trials and tribulations of four years become our bosom friends; the companionship of dear old Winthrop still remains, we have suffered no loss. Ours are the riches of Experience and MEMORY.

---

"Tide's in—let's go for a swim."

—EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



### SCIENCE CLUB.

The first meeting of the Science Club was held in Room 20, Sept. 25, 1919. The following officers were elected: President, Robert I. Johonnot; Vice President, Arthur L. Brown; Sec.-Treas., Louis J. Peltier. The Executive Committee consisted of Robert I. Johonnot, Arthur L. Brown, L. Crawford Churchill, Gardner B. Currier, Edward King, Gertrude Hallam and Stewart S. Perry. The following program was then taken up:

1. Gunpowder—Arthur L. Brown.
2. Limestone Caves—Robert I. Johonnot.
3. Fire Extinguisher—L. Crawford Churchill.
4. Sympathetic Inks—Carl Newmarch.
5. Geissler Tubes—Arthur L. Brown.

The second meeting was held in Room 21, Oct. 28, 1919. After an important business meeting the chair was turned over to Mr. Perry, who presented the following program:

1. Principles of Electricity—Louis J. Peltier.
2. Charge and Discharge of Condensers—Ernest Harvey.
3. Motors and Generators—Stewart S. Perry.
4. Arc Lights—W. Robertson White.
5. Solutions—Arthur L. Brown.

The third meeting was held in Room 20, Nov. 18, 1919. Mr. Brown presented the following program:

1. Gas in Modern Warfare—L. Crawford Churchill.
2. Carbon Dioxide—John A. Blais.
3. Iodine—Gardner B. Currier.

On Jan. 13, 1920, President Johonnot delivered a stereopticon lecture in the hall. His subject was "The Manufacture of the Welsbach Gas Mantle."

The fourth regular meeting was held in Room 20, Jan. 20, 1920. Vice President Brown presided. The revised constitution was read and accepted by the club.

On Feb. 24, 1920, the fifth meeting was held in the Chemical Laboratory. Mr. Gardner presented the following program:

- 1 Explosives—Arthur L. Brown.

2. Thermit—Louis J. Peltier.
3. French-American Shells—Gardner B. Currier.
4. Electricity—Miss Greenwood.

The sixth regular meeting was held in Room 21, May 5, 1920. Miss Greenwood presented the following program:

1. Remarkable Machines—Mr. Wile.
2. Musical Tumblers—Mr. Ruskin.
3. Alcoholism—Miss Greenwood.
4. Tests for Silk and Wool—Miss Foster.
5. Tornado—Miss Tuohey.
6. Peculiarities in Plants—Miss Kenrick.

On June 2, 1920, the last meeting of the Science Club took place in Osborne Hall. The lectures and experiments on "Wireless Telegraphy" were in charge of Mr. Perry. The following program was presented:

1. Discovery of Wireless Telegraphy—Prof. H. E. H. Greenleaf.
2. Development of Wireless Telegraphy—Stewart S. Perry.
3. The Radio Compass—William Erwin.
4. Wireless in the U. S. Navy—Donald J. McNeil.

After the close of the meeting the members of the club listened to several wireless messages through instruments set up on the stage.

Next year the Science Club will enter the fifth year of its existence, and it is hoped that many more students will avail themselves of this wonderful organization.

ARTHUR L. BROWN,  
*Secretary Pro Tem.*

Heard when two Commercial Seniors were studying their English lesson:

First: "I never can get my verbs straight. Would you say a hen sits or sets?"

Second: "Oh, it doesn't matter whether she sits or sets; the question is, when she cackles, has she laid or is she lying?"

### Parlor Magic.

This type is black. But the moment you've finished perusing this paragraph, it's read.



## SENIOR PLAY

The first social event on the school calendar was the Senior Play, "The Prince Chap," presented in Osborne Hall Friday and Saturday evenings, December 12 and 13. On both evenings the hall was filled and the play was considered a great success. The cast of characters was as follows:

Wm. Peyton, an American sculptor.....  
 .....J. Clayton  
 Jack Rodney, Earl of Huntington.....R. Curran  
 Marcus Runion, an English serving man  
 .....J. Cronin  
 Ballington, Yadder, Fritz (artists in the  
 building)—D. Freeman, A. Terrile, J.  
 Wakefield.  
 Truckman.....J. Herbert  
 Claudia.....Thelma Siebert  
 Mrs. Arrington, Claudia's mother.....  
 .....Pauline Broad  
 Phoebe Puckers, maid in studio building  
 .....Esther Segal  
 Alice Travers, American fiancée of  
 Peyton.....Dorothy Roberts

J. Clayton, as a poor sculptor, climbing slowly up the ladder to fame, played his part well, the only way he knows how. R. Curran, as Peyton's friend, added much life and fun to the play. J. Cronin was a very "English" butler. Freeman, Terrile and Wakefield added to the merrymaking on

Christmas Eve. Thelma Siebert, as Claudia, a sweet child in the first two acts, an attractive young lady in the last, gave happiness to all members of the household, including Phoebe Puckers, played by Esther Segal,—a hard part and well done. Dorothy Roberts made an attractive, haughty fiancée; Pauline Broad, as Claudia's mother, gave a touch of sadness to the play; and last, but not least, J. Herbert added his bit of humor.

The play was directed, as in former years, by Miss Spence, who deserves a great deal of credit and appreciation.

---

### SHIP OF STATE.

---

There she swings against the tide,  
 Riding in majestic pride;  
 Sailed on all seas, far and wide,  
 With the stars in heav'n her guide.

O ship of state! let praises ring  
 Throughout the land; let people sing  
 Of triumphant voyage now past,  
 The harbor safely cleared at last.

—Arthur L. Brown, '20.

---

Mr. Greenleaf (in Geometry): "Ives, what is a reflex angle?"

Ives: "That's what I was wondering."

# THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

## CONTIO LATINA.

The first meeting of the Latin Club was held in the hall December 19, 1919. New members were initiated and several interesting papers were read.

On October 6 a business meeting had been held in Room 10 and the following officers and committees elected:

Duo Consules—Henrietta Perkins, Virginia Flint.

Scriba—Dorothy Smith.

Quaestor—Thelma Johnson.

### Standing Committees.

Membership—Dorothy Bicknell, Dorothy Donovan, Ruth Gardner.

Program—Eleanor Herbert, Doris Enos, Katherine Patterson.

Custodii—Richard McClintock, Ruth Robinson.

### Special Committees.

Constitution—Mary Lockhead, Lydia Galassi, Alice Irish, Eleanor Middlestead, Marjorie Hall.

Songs and Cheer—Henrietta Perkins, Louise Murphy, Ellamae Flynn.

## HIGH SCHOOL CLUBS.

When Addison said that man was a social animal, he little realized that, in less than three centuries, equal suffrage would be in force, and his saying would also be true of women. Women have proved, through their activities during the war, that they are worthy of leadership in almost everything. In recognition of this merit, therefore, the writer opens this treatise on High School Clubs by first mentioning the clubs entirely composed of members of that sex.

On certain Thursday afternoons, a group of young ladies, called the Girls' Choral Club, assembles in Osborne Hall. Under the direction of an experienced gentleman, they "shout and sing," and raise their voices to each of the nine Muses, whose aid they seek, to appease their musical dispositions.

In the Latin Club, also, the feminine sex reigns. The two presiding officers here are female consuls, dressed in Roman togas, alias sheets. They are assisted by a similarly dressed pair, who, during the meetings, lean against columns, evidently to substitute their presence for the presence of those ancient and honorable gentlemen whose busts have been previously removed from the pillars.

Caesar's famous saying, "Scientia atque

usu," (or, to speak "United States," "Theoretical Knowledge and Practical Use") is carefully observed in the Science Club. Having quickly passed over the deliberative portion of the meeting, the seven wise men, or the executive board, call upon some member to deliver a lecture on some assigned subject, and to accompany it with experiments. The unfortunate writer must confess at this moment that he has already imposed upon himself the honor of listening to several treatises by our premature scientists on subjects ranging from "Why water is wet" to the clamorous explosive of "Tri-notutolluene-noluene."

Writers have always dealt more leniently and kindly with persons and things which have passed away previous to the time of writing; so, the writer, in order to follow custom, will employ an imperfect tense and laconism in speaking of the High School Congress, which lies now in the condition of temporary disbandment. The society was in its times influential and powerful. It did not hesitate to enact the bills which Legislatures perchance rejected; nor did it hesitate to re-enact that which Legislatures had already passed. By order of this remarkable organization prohibition was a reality long before the alcoholic fiend ever dreamed such would be the case. Our community had a new townhouse built again and again; for why should these boys worry about expense, since it cost nothing to speak and to order: and, furthermore, who was to prevent them from building castles in the air?

In conclusion the writer applies to clubs a quotation from Cicero: "They strengthen the youth" (the freshmen), "they delight the aged" (the seniors), "they provide prosperity" (for they are free for all); "they provide refuge and solace to the unfortunate" (for if you are a participant of these clubs you have a good excuse for unprepared lessons); "they delight at home and do not hinder outside" (that is, in the pretense of going to a meeting you can get out at night); "they stay with us at night" (rather, we stay with them at night); "they sojourn with us in a strange land and country" (Ancient Rome).

MORRIS MARDEN, 21.

Miss Lemay was having some French letters written on the board. Clayton had finished his and returned to his seat. On looking over his letter he said: "I was writing to a glue factory for a job." (Pause.) "When I get the job I'll stick."



## DEBATING

On Friday evening, April 9, 1920, Lynn Classical High School and Winthrop High held an interscholastic dual debate. The question for debate was: "Resolved that the United States should refrain from entering into any alliance which involves military obligation with any foreign power." Winthrop sent an affirmative team to Lynn, while Winthrop's negative team opposed a Lynn affirmative team in Osborne Hall. The debate in Winthrop was given by the following teams:

Speakers for Lynn	Speakers for Winthrop
Raymond Tucker	Morris Marden
Fred Miller	Ernest Harvey
Harry Swett	Crawford Churchill
Alternate—Clinton Conway	

Rebuttal by	
Raymond Tucker	Crawford Churchill
Judges.	

Mr. W. B. Alexander, Boston.  
Principal George P. Campbell, Marblehead.  
Principal W. D. Sprague, Melrose.

There were six ten-minute speeches to present the opposing arguments, a ten-minute intermission, during which the High School orchestra gave several selections, and two ten-minute rebuttals. At the close of the debate each judge handed in his separate decision, and the result was announced by Mr. Clarke as chairman. By a vote of two

to one the debate was declared won by Winthrop High School. An unanimous decision for the best individual speaker was given to Crawford Churchill, who was awarded the prize of five dollars in gold.

Winthrop's affirmative team—Frank W. Hallam, Arthur L. Brown and Robert I. Johannot, with Gardner B. Currier, alternate, which debated at Lynn, lost both debate and prize money; as the judges, Mr. Peterson, Principal of Wakefield High; Mr. Bashart, Principal of Salem High, and Atty. Francis W. Hill of Saugus, decided in favor of Lynn Classical. Edward W. Raye of Lynn was chosen best individual speaker, receiving two votes to one for Frank W. Hallam.

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Miss Lemay—There is no sentence without a verb.

Clayton: How about writing a telegram, "Home tomorrow"?

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Andrews (in French class): A mesure qu'elle improvisait sa figure. (Meaning) As she improved her figure.

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Spunt: What is a printing house?  
Harris: A place where they do printing. (Laughter.)  
Harris: That's what I thought it was.

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

On Friday evening, December 19, 1919, the Senior Prom. was held in the gymnasium. Very attractive were the decorations, consisting of many different kinds of evergreen, red and green crepe paper, artificial snow and colored lights. Somerville's orchestra, whose music was enjoyed very much, was on the floor instead of in the balcony. The favors were various kinds of paper hats. The following committee was in charge of the evening: Jeannette Simpson, Chairman, H. Dean, J. Cronin, Ruth Kirk, Vivian Smith, Pauline Broad, T. Donovan.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Junior Prom. was held in the "gym" Saturday evening, February 14, 1920. Many pink hearts and streamers transformed the gym into a very pretty hall. The Legion orchestra furnished the music, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. The favors were bands of pink festoons for the girls and hats for the boys. The committee in charge consisted of F. Ross, Chairman, Wm. Gilliam, J. Kelley, Helen Smith, Barbara Spaulding, Eleanor Middlestead, N. Bertleson.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Friday evening, March 26, 1920, the Sophomores held their prom in the "gym." The decorations, consisting of fiery dragons, serpents, queer writing on the walls, and black and orange paper, lent a real oriental atmosphere. A novel idea was the arrangement of the dance order, the most practical one ever used since the abolishing of individual dance orders. Somerville's orchestra played, and the favors were small parasols for the girls and whistles for the boys. Those on the committee were: R. Sullivan, Chairman, Dorothy Donovan, J. Barry, Marjorie Hall, Mary White, Doris Enos, Ruth Evans, J. Gore, K. Sawin, H. Freeman.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Freshman Social was held in the High School "gym" on Friday evening, May 7th. The hall was decorated with streamers in dainty pastel shades, stretching to all parts of the balcony from a canopy suspended from the center of the hall. The streamers, together with large maybaskets and butterflies, made the hall very attractive. Anderson's orchestra furnished the music, which was enjoyed by all. The elimination prizes were awarded to Clara M. Brown of the Sophomore class and Walter Hartt of the Freshman class. The girl's prize was a kewpie dressed in pink, and the boy's a pair of cuff links. Boutonnieres of

real roses were the favors of the evening. The social committee consisted of: J. Haynes, Chairman, Miss Gilliland, M. Anderton, E. Green, M. Sawyer, G. Gearhart, L. Gearhart, H. Segal, J. Fulham, N. Wells, R. Wentworth, G. Gallagher and M. Jennings.

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### THE EIGHTH GRADE SOCIAL.

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On the evening of May 21, 1920, if one happened to be walking past the High School, he would have seen the lights of the gym gleaming out through the mist and rain.

Inside much excitement prevailed. The balconies were crowded with adults, who were just as excited as were the groups of young people below.

The gymnasium had been completely transformed into a Japanese garden. Overhead were Japanese lanterns and parasols of every description. The balconies were trimmed with cherry blossoms, bringing to the minds of the people who saw them the faraway country of sunshine. At each end of the garden were lovely pagodas, around which hung many fancy colored lanterns. Underneath were wicker chairs, surrounded by palm trees, the chairs having been placed there for the convenience of the faculty. At one end of the room were panels, upon which were mounted various types of Japanese pictures. Lattice work interwoven with many Japanese flowers was placed at one side of the garden, making a very pretty appearance. We all felt that the decoration committee deserved many thanks.

The first event of the evening was a delightful program of reading, dancing and singing, which showed that the entertainment committee had done some hard work. Then followed the grand march. As the couples marched down the gym they received brightly colored caps, which added to the beauty of the grand march. After that there were various dances, and then intermission. Everybody enjoyed the delicious ice cream and homemade cake. Then followed the Virginia Reel, which was enjoyed to the utmost by everybody.

All were sorry to have the good time come to an end. Many guests commended it as the best Eighth Grade Social they had ever attended.

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He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.



# THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

## MASS MEETING.

One of the most interesting and enthusiastic affairs of the year was the mass meeting held in the Winthrop Theatre on Wednesday, November 28. Everyone in school was able to attend, even the eighth grades, an event which has never been made possible before, as we have never been able to seat the entire school in the High School Hall.

To begin with, everyone sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and a very interesting and delightful program followed:

The President's Thanksgiving Proclamation,  
by John K. Herbert.

Thanksgiving Day (Henry Ward Beecher),  
by Arthur A. Moore.

Musical Selection by School Orchestra.

Night (James Russell Lowell), by Margaret  
Knipe.

Cornet Solo, by Helen O'Toole.

America, by the School.

Short but very interesting speeches followed by: Major Joseph McCabe, U. S. A., Mr. Fred G. Curtis, Lieut. Mosely Taylor, Mr. Albert R. Stedfast, Mr. Fred W. Woodcock, Mr. Frank F. Cook, Mr. John L. Hurley.

Poem (D. Boyson), by Helen T. Smith.

Mr. Manter spoke a few words, which were right to the point, and then we adjourned, after a most delightful meeting.

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The Editorial Staff is indebted to Carl N. Pratt '20 and Frank W. Hallam '20 for their art contributions; to the former for our cartoons, and to the latter for our new cover design.

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John Whorf, Dean Freeman and Carl Pratt, so the story goes, were trying to see who had made the most realistic sketch.

"Why, I painted a picture of Abraham Lincoln which was so lifelike that I had to shave it every day," said the first.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the second. "I once painted a picture of a piece of marble which was so like one that when I threw it in some water it splashed like real marble and sank."

"Why, that's nothing," said the third. "I painted a picture of a hen and, thinking it no good, threw it in the waste-basket, and it laid there."

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Senior French translation: The door of the hall entered.

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Kemp considers "dactylic lines snappier."

## POLITICAL RALLIES.

As everyone is interested in the election of a new President, and as many pupils have but little opportunity to form an opinion as to which party and what man they are for, Miss Gilliland introduced the idea of holding political rallies in connection with Senior American History.

The first was a Hoover rally, held in Osborne Hall, April 20. The rally opened with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. The introductory speech was given by Jack Herbert; the second speech, touching upon the foreign experience of Mr. Hoover, was given by Ruth Gordan, followed by a selection on the Victrola. The third speech, touching upon capital and labor, was given by Arthur Moore; the fourth speech by John Wakefield, and the last speech by Eva Band, after which another musical selection was played.

The floor was then open for discussion and several took advantage of the opportunity.

The second rally, for Johnson, was held in Osborne Hall, Tuesday, April 27. The meeting opened with the Star Spangled Banner played by Barry's orchestra.

The first speaker was Crawford Churchill, the second William Erwin, and the third John Clayton. Between speeches the orchestra played selections. Following the debate there was a heated discussion between the Johnson supporters and a party of Hoover men who attended the rally.

## FRIDAY DANCING.

Friday afternoon dancing has been enjoyed this year as during former years and, perhaps, even more, because the music has been excellent. Mr. Clarke and the teachers seem to enjoy themselves almost as much as do the pupils. The fact that Mr. Clarke, together with the teachers and their friends, enjoy themselves at the proms, makes the evenings far more pleasant. Because of the increased number of pupils in the school the Freshmen have not been allowed to attend the upper class dances. We don't wish to offend anyone,—but, **Freshmen**, you must admit that you are small.

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To those members of our faculty who are severing connections with W. H. S. this year: please accept Nineteen Twenty's tribute. May you always have your full share of the good things of life, and may success be your side-partner.

# THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

## GEMS FROM FRESHMAN THEMES.

- (1) "Although he was a school teacher, he was very jolly."
- (2) "Freckles was a poor orphan boy who had his arm cut off and left on the steps of an orphan asylum."
- (3) "The movies also give a fellow a chance to love up his girl which he may not be able in the house."
- (4) "A kernel is a house a dog lives in."
- (5) "Argument is when two or more people disagree."
- (6) "Exposition is a thing that works."
- (7) Formal Invitation to dinner—"Mr. and Mrs. Blank request the presents of Mrs. Jones to dine with them at their home on Monday, February 2nd, 1920, if no other engagement prevails them."
- (8) "They went to the door of the doctor covered with mud."
- (9) "He later died sitting in his chair of apoplexy."
- (10) "A colon is used as a salutation in letter writing."
- (11) "A man came by with two ladies on each arm."
- (12) "In the center of the room is a large table, on which are many kinds of books and comfortable chairs."
- (13) "The boy had his head cropped up with pillows."
- (14) "Panic means to fry."
- (15) "Boycott means not to make any friends with relatives."
- (16) "He was deceased in his head."
- (17) "Salary is a garden vegetable."
- (18) "He was formally his wife."
- (19) "He was the doctor that saved Billy Bones from dying the first time."

### Examples of Phonetic Spelling.

Scair	Slambled
Insylum	Arubtly
Disobed	Lynergites
Depts.	Billzard
Rehearcell	Carm
Floure	Cweer
Limersoine	Inent
Coudent	Ruff

To say that the Senior Vaudeville Entertainment was a success would be to put it too mildly. The array of talent was nothing short of marvelous, and the affair lacked nothing in variety; for there was a movie film that would be worthy of any director's efforts; elocution that even made Webster turn in his grave; comedy that would shake the sides of the wooden horse of Troy; and

jazz! Man, "was jazz a dewdrop, these acts were Niagara Falls!" Between the acts and following them was staged what is known as a battle of music for the dancers' benefit, the contestants being Barry's renowned note knockers and the famous Pop's orchestra.

The annual School play was presented in Osborne Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings, April 30 and May 1, with a good attendance both evenings. Music was furnished by the High School orchestra. The cast of characters was as follows:

- The Hon. Geoffery Myrtleton, Congressman from the ninth district.....  
 .....John A. Fulham  
 Silas Jervis, Elisha Bassett, Myrtleton's constituents from Rambletown.....  
 .....Dudley C. Allen, James H. Corbett  
 Ensign Jack Meredith, acting under sealed orders.....John Kelly  
 Pinkerton Case, an amateur detective.....  
 .....Hayden Freeman  
 Vera Lee, an amateur actor and author of "The Fatal Shot".....  
 .....Raymond J. Sullivan  
 Jasper, the butler at Bachelor Hall.....  
 .....Amos N. Johannot  
 O'Rourke, a policeman.....John M. Foley  
 Betty Vance, Myrtleton's ward.....  
 .....Helen T. Smith  
 Polly Reynolds, an amateur actress.....  
 .....Hazel E. Wentworth  
 Mrs. Van Styne, who has dramatic aspirations.....Eleanor E. Herbert  
 Claire, her daughter, who has not.....  
 .....Celia Branz

The Seniors held their "Farewell Prom" in the "gym" on Friday evening, June 4, 1920. The color scheme of the entire affair was black and white; the decorations, dance orders, favors and elimination prizes,—the latter, a kewpie, dressed in black and white, won by Barbara Spaulding, and a pair of silk sox, won by M. Tasker. A "black and white novelty dance" and the faculty dance were two features of the evening. The favors were small kewpies for the girls and toy guns for the boys. Music was furnished by Somerville's orchestra, and, through the kind consent of Mr. Clarke, dancing was enjoyed until eleven-thirty. The committee in charge consisted of: John Cotter, Chairman, Ruth Kirk, Vivian Smith, Mildred Rogers, Stanley Stedfast, Richard Murry, Jeannette Simpson and Harold Lindergreen.

# SPORTS

## FOOTBALL.

Shortly after school opened Coach Manter called for football candidates. He got much promising material. For two full weeks they worked hard;—then came the first game.

Sept. 20. Lynn Classical at Winthrop.

Lynn Classical 6, Winthrop 0.

Well, although in the opinion of many outclassed by Winthrop, Classical got away

Our opponents may have had marble heads, but they certainly had no marble line.  
Oct. 18. Peabody at Peabody.

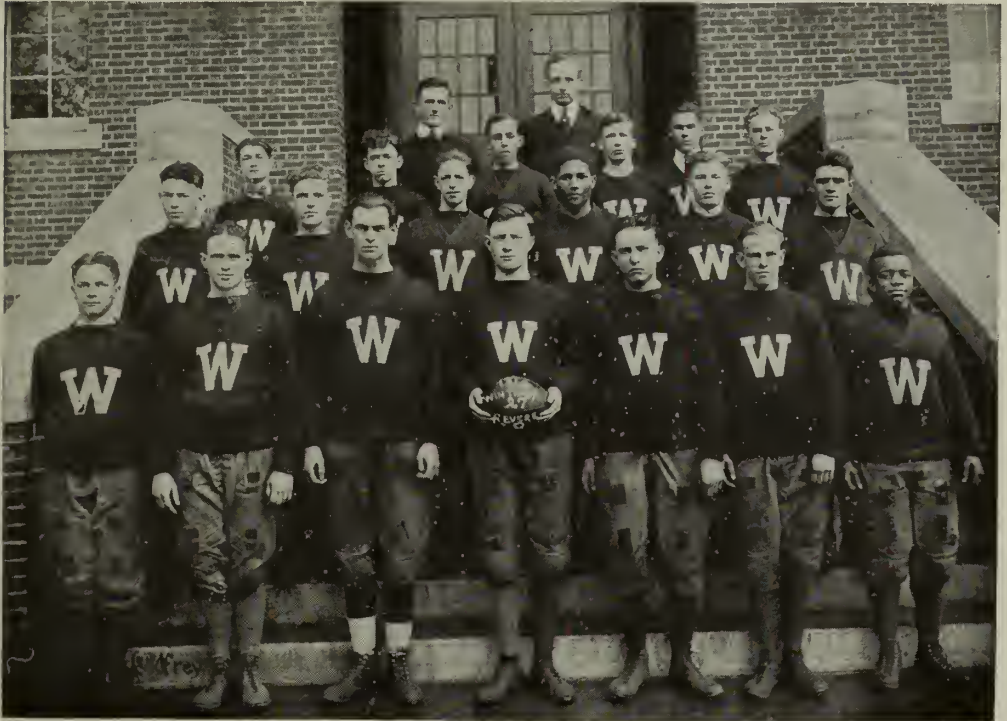
Peabody 26, Winthrop 6.

Talk about Waterloo. The visiting team outplayed us but—Oi, Oi, what police!

Oct. 25. Swampscott at Winthrop.

Swampscott 7, Winthrop 19.

We certainly dumped the visiting team in the swamp. Tres bien.



for a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal.

Sept. 27. Brookline at Brookline.

Brookline 0, Winthrop 0.

We held the strong team of the wealthy city to a scoreless tie.

Oct. 4. Norwood at Norwood.

Norwood 0, Winthrop 19.

The Norwood team certainly had to gnaw wood after that game.

Oct. 13. Marblehead at Winthrop.

Marblehead 0, Winthrop 35.

Nov. 8. Lynn English at Lynn.

Lynn English 0, Winthrop 14.

We scored two touchdowns against English's nil.

Nov. 11. Natick at Winthrop.

Natick 0, Winthrop 20.

They were a husky bunch but lacked the pep and speed of two of their former players, Murray and Casey.

Nov. 15. Gloucester at Gloucester.

Gloucester 0, Winthrop 10.

# THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

They say "fish makes brains," but we doubt it in this case.

**Nov. 21. Melrose at Winthrop.**

Melrose 0, Winthrop 31.

We must admit our **second** team played a fine game against Melrose.

**Nov. 27. Revere at Winthrop.**

Revere 0, Winthrop 27.

Poor Revere! This job seems to be getting an annual one for us. Not a chance even to cheer (thanks to our band) did she have.

## Spotlights on the "Grid" Team.

Capt. Cotter and "Jinx" Moore, the ends, proved very formidable to all teams. Cotter is a big boy and Moore, although small in stature, made the visiting teams sit up and take notice. Barry and Moreland are two big men, whose offensive power seemed invincible, and on defensive they adopted for their motto, "They shall not pass." Doherty, Stedfast and Swett, our guards, along with Kelly, combined to form an excellent center section. At quarterback, "Boozer" Russell, proved to be a real "grid" general. Our scrappy halfbacks were the sensations of the year. "Bones" is a wonderful punter and a clever open field runner. "Bunk" Molloy has the aerial game down to a science and his line plunges meant much in every game. Saunders, our stocky fullback, is a powerful man and sure did break the line hard. Our "letter" men, Thomas, Colby, Flynn, Cronin, and Gersumky, deserve much credit as substitutes. Our assistant manager, "Dick" Lecour, deserves a lot of praise for his daily appearance at the locker room. The position of manager was very ably filled by Arthur Brown.

This year the students and townspeople gave wonderful support to the football team. Our cheer leaders, "Jack" Herbert, "Tickle" Curran and "Johnny" Clayton, were right on the job all the time. The school and the team wish to thank our cheer leaders most heartily, through the Echo.

But when we produce such a team as represented our school this year we must not forget the "man behind the gun"; for Coach John W. Manter works night and day training and perfecting plans to put Winthrop High on the map.

Captain-elect Molloy and Coach Manter have our best wishes for a champion team.

At a meeting of the Athletic Council the following were awarded football sweaters:

Cotter, Capt.	Moreland
Brown, Mgr.	Allen
Dean	Doherty

Bunnell

Saunders

The following were awarded only W's:

Flynn

Colby

Cronin

Gersumky

Thomas

The following were awarded gold footballs:

Barry

Stedfast

Dean

Jenkins

Swett

Moore

John W. Manter, Coach.

## BASKETBALL.

The first basketball game of the season was played with the Y. M. C. A. of Boston. Owing to the fact that our boys were not able to practice much on account of lack of heat in the school, they were swamped 24 to 7. However, this was only a trial game, and the team certainly made up for it later.

**Nov. 7. Wellesley at Winthrop.**

On Nov. 7 we handed Wellesley a little surprise to the tune of 11 to 4. The star performer for Winthrop was Eddie Jenkins, while Wellesley could claim no shining lights.

**Nov. 11. Winthrop at Worcester.**

Nov. 11 Worcester smothered us 21 to 8, nevertheless the boys put up a fine game, making Worcester work for every point. Of course the boys were somewhat outclassed, as Worcester Academy is a Prep. School and had some former High School players on her team.

**Jan. 13. Winthrop at Watertown.**

The first game after Christmas the boys came back strong, serving Watertown a 7 to 5 defeat. The game was hotly contested from beginning to end, but Manter's quintette succeeded in "bringing home the bacon."

**Jan. 16. Arlington at Winthrop.**

On Jan. 16 we sent Arlington home with very little more than their carfare. Not only did we lick them 25 to 8, but nearly every man on the squad got in the game some time before the whistle blew. Jenkins scored 11 points and Donovan came a close second with 10 points.

**Jan. 20. Winthrop at Winchester.**

In a very close game on Jan. 20 Winthrop pulled an 11 to 10 victory over Winchester. This was quite a surprise to the home team, as they fully expected to pull the chestnuts out of the fire.

**Jan. 23. Natick at Winthrop.**

Jan. 23 Winthrop gave Natick all that was coming to them, and a whole lot more than



they expected. Our boys were not satisfied with winning, but decided to run up a score, whitewashing Natick 29 to 10.

**Jan. 27. Chelsea at Winthrop.**

On Jan. 27 the boys seemed to lose some of their former "pep" and let Chelsea go home with a 14 to 5 victory to their credit. However, it was a very interesting game to the spectators, if not for the players.

**Jan. 31. Winthrop at Exeter.**

On Jan. 31 Winthrop met its Waterloo. Exeter Academy handed us an overwhelming defeat of 40 to 8. ('Nuff said.)

**Feb. 4. Norwood at Winthrop.**

Feb. 4 we came back to our old style. After losing two successive games, Manter's boys trimmed Norwood 22 to 14 in a real snappy game on the home floor.

**Feb. 13. Winchester at Winthrop.**

On Feb. 13 Winchester hoped to even up for her former defeat, but the Winthrop quintette played to true form, dealing Winchester a second defeat, the score being 20 to 13.

**Feb. 16. Winthrop at Arlington.**

On Feb. 16 a very exciting game was played at Arlington. When the final whistle blew the score was tied, but rather than split even both teams agreed to play five minutes overtime, which resulted in a victory for Arlington by three points, the score being 22 to 19.

**Feb. 20. Winthrop at Wellesley.**

On Feb. 20 Winthrop handed Wellesley a

second defeat, beating them 12 to 7 on Wellesley's floor. Jenkins scored the majority of the points for Winthrop, while Brennan netted five out of Wellesley's seven points.

**Feb. 25. Watertown at Winthrop.**

Watertown played its return game at Winthrop. They certainly came back full of pep, and evened up for the former defeat they received at our hands by a victory of 18 to 7.

**Mar. 12. Winthrop at Chelsea.**

Winthrop again suffered a defeat at the hands of Chelsea. It was a very interesting game and our team took a large crowd of followers with them, who, however, came home somewhat disappointed, as Chelsea won a victory of 15 to 8.

**Mar. 17. Winthrop at Natick.**

On March 17 Natick succeeded in paying off old scores by defeating us 19 to 15. Donovan starred for Winthrop, while Hickey pulled down 13 of Natick's points.

**Mar. 19. Brockton at Winthrop.**

**Mar. 23. Winthrop at Brockton.**

Much to the distress of Winthrop fans. Brockton finished up the season strong. On Feb. 19 Brockton soaked us 17 to 13 on our own floor, and on the 23rd we suffered a second defeat at Brockton, being deluged by a score of 24 to 12.

Our second team made even a better showing than the first team, coming through the season with but a single defeat chalked

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

up against them. They always played a fine, snappy game, and every member of the team deserves great credit.

The games and scores were as follows:

Winthrop 20	Wellesley 3
Winthrop 11	Watertown 9
Winthrop 23	Arlington 2
Winthrop 9	Winchester 8
Winthrop 28	Natick 2
Winthrop 12	Chelsea 3
Winthrop 23	Norwood 7
Winthrop 23	Winchester 1
Winthrop 27	Arlington 11
Winthrop 26	Wellesley 2
Winthrop 24	Watertown 8
Winthrop 14	Chelsea 17
Winthrop 37	Natick 6
Winthrop 21	Brockton 20
Winthrop 21	Brockton 13
Winthrop 15	Chelsea 11

The single defeat was received at the hands of the Chelsea team. This, however, was compensated for when Winthrop defeated Chelsea in the last game of the season, played for the second team championship.

Taken as a whole, the basketball season was a very successful one, and great praise is due to all the players, who upheld the high standards of Winthrop High School. The following members of the team received their letters: Donovan, Russell, Kelley, Jenkins, Wood, Dean, Cotter and Murphy.

### TRACK.

Although track was not taken up extensively this year, it was much more successful than last year. Mr. Ronan, our popular young teacher, served as a coach for the team.

In the first meet, held at the Huntington School, our senior relay team, consisting of Kelly, Moore, Harvey and Clayton, defeated the South Boston team in one of the most exciting interscholastic contests ever witnessed. Clayton was also able to get into the semi-finals of the 40yd. dash.

In the relay carnival, held at the East Armory, Winthrop High was represented by three teams, junior, intermediate and senior. The junior team consisted of Walsh, Ross, Howard and Stockwell; the intermediate of Colby, Ramsey, Gore and LeCour; the senior of Kelly, Harvey, Clayton and Williams. The senior team sprang a surprise by reaching the semi-finals. If you consider the calibre of the teams they were up against and the facilities for training that the other teams had, such as indoor tracks, etc., you

will certainly agree that Winthrop High made a creditable showing.

Now, what would have happened if our team had had the proper facilities? In our opinion the track team of Winthrop High would have said, "Excuse my dust," to all competitors.

In the next State meet Kelly was able to reach the semi-finals of the 60yd. dash, an effort achieved not by proper training but by pure merit. In the longer runs of this meet the lack of training out-balanced the merits of the runners, so that they were not able to finish well.

At the present writing plans are being made for an informal meet with Ft. Banks.

At a meet held at Harvard Stadium May 29, 1920, Winthrop High was well represented. John Kelly came in third in both the 220yd. and the 100yd. dashes, Exeter Academy winning first place and Worcester Academy second place. Kelly received two bronze medals for his remarkable showing against all academies. Among the schools represented were Exeter, Andover and Worcester Academies and Huntington School.

In track everybody has an equal chance to show his worth, whereas on a football team only eleven men may play; on a basketball team only five men may play; on a hockey team only seven men may play; and on a baseball team only nine men may play.

It is a recognized fact that no other sport demands the grit and courage that track does.

Track offers equal opportunities for the heavy and the slim fellows. In track there is no handicap in physical size, and in track the number of contestants is unlimited.

When track was made a sport at Winthrop High it aroused great enthusiasm, which has gradually died down for want of training facilities. Come, student body, show us that this good old sport will never die in Winthrop High.

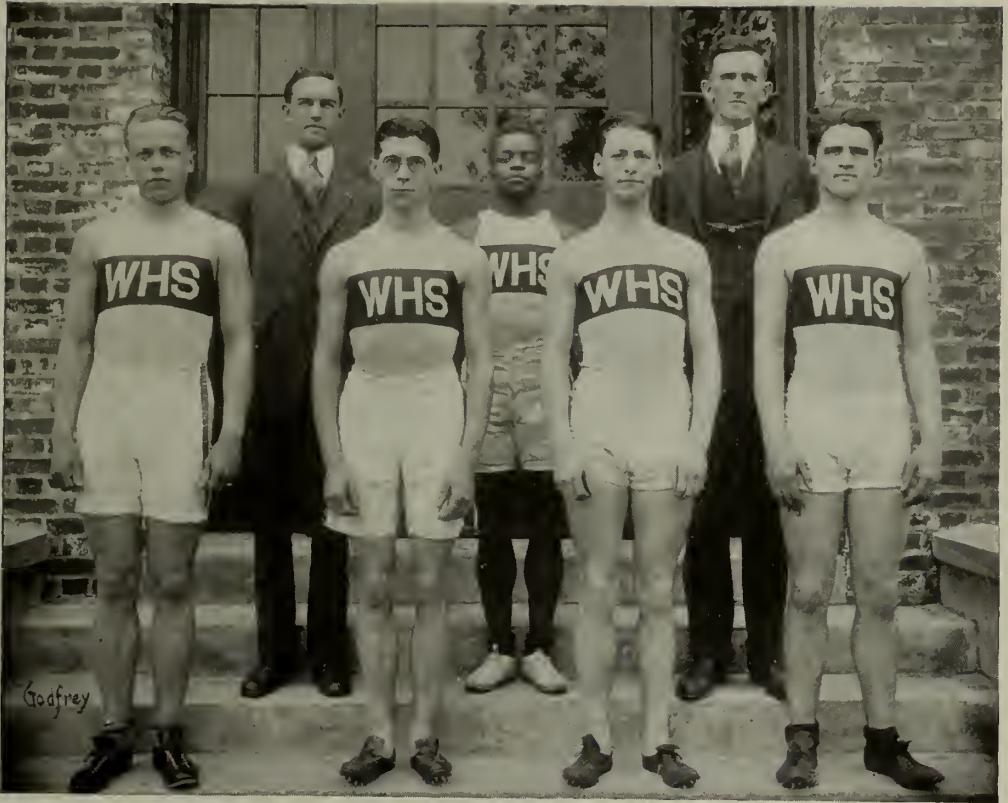
### FIELD HOCKEY.

The "Equal Suffrage Movement" has made great strides in Winthrop High School during the last year, resulting in the admission of the Field Hockey Team to the Athletic Association.

The season opened under the leadership of Dorothy Curtis, Captain; Dorothy Ball, Manager, and Miss Casebeer, Coach.

The games were as follows:

Winthrop 1	Lexington 1
------------	-------------



Winthrop 4	Winchester 0
Winthrop 0	Arlington 9
Winthrop 2	Lexington 1
Winthrop 1	Arlington 3
Winthrop 2	Winchester 0
Winthrop 1	Sargent 7

Without a doubt, Mary Lockhead was the star player of the season, making 6 of the 11 points scored by the home team; Katherine McCarthy and Doris Enos each scored 2, and Dorothy Curtis 1.

On November 14, during the game with Lexington, "Kip" McCarthy broke her finger and was unable to play again during the rest of the season. Her place in the line-up was taken by Kathryn Patterson.

The line-up was as follows:

K. McCarthy, C.	G. Honan, L.H.
M. Muldoon, R.I.	T. Delorey, R.H.
M. Lockhead, L.I.	E. Gordon, L.F.
D. Curtis, R.W.	T. Johnson, R.F.
D. Enos, L.W.	D. Ball, G.
R. Evans, C.H.	K. Patterson, C.

As field hockey is now under the direction of the Athletic Association, all members of the team are entitled to sweaters.

A word for the "subs." They made a good showing, and stand more than a chance of making the team next year. They

are: D. Smith, I.; C. Magee, H.B.; E. Peterson, W.; and R. Henderson, F.B.

"Kip" McCarthy was elected Captain for the year 1920, and "Dot" Ball as Manager. Best wishes for a "champ" team in 1920.

#### BASEBALL.

This year Harry Dean captains our team, while George Kemp fills the position of manager. Coach Manter has hopes of winning a few more games, although the first few produced rather a dampening effect. Woods, Bell, R. Russell, Littleton, Epstein, Molloy, Dean, Donovan, Lewis, Murphy, Moore, Johnson, W. Russell and Ramsey are the men most likely to uphold Winthrop High in the remaining games of the season.

Apr. 19. Gloucester at Winthrop.

Gloucester 13, Winthrop 3.

Gloucester administered a stinging defeat to Winthrop, thereby retaliating for our great triumph over their football team. The game, the first of the season, was loosely played by our opponents as well as by Winthrop.

May 1. Lynn English at Winthrop.

Lynn English 15, Winthrop 6.

Alas! another school returning her "grid" defeat. The home team lost the game be-



cause of the errors made by each member of the team.

**May 4. Marblehead at Marblehead.**  
Marblehead 5, Winthrop 4.

Although we lost the game, we showed much improvement over former games. It took Marblehead ten innings to beat us, however. With Johnson, our regular pitcher, back on the job, we showed the pep of last year's team.

**May 12. Lynn Classical at Winthrop.**  
Lynn Classical 14, Winthrop 8.

Winthrop started finely, but in the unlucky seventh the team got rattled and threw up the game. Johnson, Dean and Epstein all tried in vain to check the onrushing forces of our opponents.

**May 15. Boston English at Winthrop.**  
Boston English 5, Winthrop 2.

Our team was somewhat rattled in the first inning and let in four runs, but later saw that they had an equal chance to win. The team put up a good fight against one of the strongest teams of Greater Boston, but the four runs proved too much for Winthrop.

**May 18. Lynn Classical at Lynn.**  
Lynn Classical 4, Winthrop 3.

We almost turned the tables on Classical, but a scene somewhat similar to an amateur game let in the fourth run.

**May 19. Swampscott at Swampscott.**  
Swampscott 8, Winthrop 13.

Our team seemed to take stock in the old saying, "A thing worth getting is worth waiting for." The team is now in real form and showing the kind of ball Winthrop High is famous for.

Although the first part of the season seemed somewhat like a burlesque of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," the members of the team are working like Trojans to spell Victory on the banner of Winthrop High in the remaining games of the season.

Below appears a schedule for the remaining games of the season:

May 26 Peabody at Winthrop.

May 29 Revere at Revere.

June 5 Revere at Winthrop.

June 12 Gloucester at Gloucester.

June 15 Marblehead at Winthrop.

**Postponed Games.**

Swampscott at Winthrop.

Lynn English at Lynn.

Peabody at Peabody.

The second team has played two games to date:

**May 5. Lynn English at Winthrop.**

Lynn English 8, Winthrop 9.

Well, it took our second team to start the ball a-rolling. Epstein pitched a "corking" game and was given wonderful support by his teammates. All hail the future stars of Winthrop High!



# THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

May 20. Revere at Revere.

Revere 14, Winthrop 8.

Our second team seemed to play "second hand low," for they failed to come across in this game.

## Gold Footballs.

Cotter	Dean
Moore	Barry
Swett	Stedfast
Jenkins	

## BOXING.

Boxing and wrestling are two sports which have survived for ages. The ancient Greeks developed these two sports to a state of perfection.

During the recent war a committee was appointed to supervise athletic training in our army and navy. This committee reported that they considered boxing an ideal sport, one in which nearly all the muscles of the body were brought into action. Therefore they introduced it in our training camps and resting billets, and it met with the greatest of success.

Since the war many colleges have taken up boxing as a regular major sport. Among these are Princeton, Holy Cross, Yale and Boston College. Many high schools also have introduced boxing as a sport.

In boxing, as in track, every fellow has an equal show. Boxing develops many more muscles of the body than any other sport does, and is less dangerous than any other major sport.

The School Committee would make a fine move in authorizing the progressive sport, boxing, to be taken up in Winthrop High.

## '20's LETTER MEN.

During our four years in High School many of the boys of the class of 1920 earned W's. Below appears a list of all of our classmates who were awarded W's by the Athletic Council:

### Football.

Cotter	Clayton
Moore	Flynn
Stedfast	Cronin
Swett	Russell
Barry	Dean
Lavoix	Brown

### Basketball.

Jenkins	Russell
Donovan	Dean
Wood	Cotter

### Murphy

### Track.

Russell	Clayton
---------	---------

### Cotter

### Baseball.

Dean	Littleton
Russell	Moore

Mr. Greenleaf (in spelling class): "Pratt, read the definition of deciduous."

Pratt: "It's missing."

Mr. G.: "Well, then, give it yourself."

Pratt: "I don't know it."

Mr. G.: "Missing again."

Miss Gilliland (in Senior History class): "Herbert, name the border states in the Civil War."

Herbert: "Maryland, Delaware, Arkansas, Texas."

Miss G.: "Texas a border state?"

Voice from rear: "Mexican border."

Miss Downes: "Who was the Roman general noted for his clemency?"

Bright Pupil: "Sulla."

Curran: "What about Attic?"

Herbert (discussing the cheapness of swaying an Indian): "All you have to do to sway a foreigner is to shake a bill under his nose, but to sway an Indian one has only to shake a bottle under his nose." (Nowadays more than the Indians could be swayed in this way.)

Teacher—"Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Pupil—"Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Duty is what we expect from others.

## No Tact.

Miss Jones flung herself into an easy chair with a dejected air. "I don't wonder that Professor Kidd is unpopular!" she remarked. "He has no tact!"

"How so, dear?" inquired her friend sympathetically.

"He asked me," replied the other acidly, "to buy a ticket for his lecture on 'Fools,' and when I bought it the ticket was marked, 'Admit One!'"

Heard in Room 20:

Mr. P.: What is temporary hard water?  
Student (with brilliant thought): Ice.

Teacher: What is a polygon?

Pupil: A dead parrot.

# ALUMNI

Helen Elword '14 is still performing pedagogical duties at the Beach Grammar School.

Norman Foran '18 is gaining more athletic laurels in track and baseball at Catholic Univ., Washington, D. C.

"Ed" Curran '16, who recently returned from diplomatic service in Sweden, is attending Harvard Law School.

"Phil" Segal '19 has been burning the "midnight oil" up at Dartmouth this year.

Myrtle Curtin '19 is employed in the Winthrop Savings Bank. A good place to be in these times, "Myrt."

Mary Tierney '17 is acting forewoman of the Gilmour-Rothery Ins. Co., Secretarial Dept.

Catherine Murray '18 and Carolyn Metcalf '18 are both at Smith College this year.

John Fielding '15 is printing our "Echo" for us at the Mass. Linotyping Corp.

Marjorie Nazro '18 has spent a very profitable year at Mt. Holyoke College.

Louis Sheehan '16 is assisting his brother in the automobile battery business.

Norma Patrick '17 is one of our active working librarians in the Winthrop Public Library.

Dawn Gleason '18 is the proud mother of 1918's Class baby.

"Dot" Cousins '19 is employed in the Winthrop Trust Co.

Claire Fulham '19 is taking advanced business courses at the Sacred Heart Academy.

Eugene Cronin '19 has been a studious student at Chauncy Hall this past year in preparation for "Tech."

James F. Howell '19 will enter Annapolis this fall.

D. Nichols, R. Nichols, F. Hutchinson, C. McClintock and B. Keenan, all '19, have been taking a P. G. course at Winthrop High in preparation for various colleges.

Florence Cullinane '19 has recently been appointed private secretary to Vice Pres. Morgan of the John Hancock Co.

Mary Reade '19 is specializing in dancing and music.

"Gerra" Murray '17 is interested in the insurance business.

Ruth Tobey '17 is retaining her popularity at B. U. B. A.

Ernest Epstein '17 is drawing cartoons for a New York motion picture company.

Sherry O'Brien '14 is in the oil business down in Texas and is doing very well.

"Bill" Spunt '13, who recently graduated from Tufts, is now married and is making a tour of Europe, combining business with pleasure.

Kenneth Donald '16 recently won a scholarship at Harvard, where he is quite ostentatiously displaying his mental ability.

"Dick" Pike '19 has been attending Boston College this year.

"Doc" Holmes '12, who played on the Legion basketball team, is again practising dentistry, having quite recently returned from service overseas.

John Keenan '18 has been making successful strides in the banking course at B. U. this year.

"Donnie" White '19, who has been "finishing" up at W. H. S. this year, intends to enter Amherst this fall.

Violet Hagman, Elizabeth Gilbert and Marion Crocker, all '19, are employed as stenographers in the John Hancock Co.

Miss Howatt '13 is the typewriting teacher in Winthrop High and is very popular among the student body.

"Art" Verney '17 is now connected with the Hood Rubber Co. and is succeeding excellently.

"Joe" Spinney '17 is working for a Boston security house.

Thelma Vickerson '18 and "Dot" Sewall '18 are employed by the John Hancock Ins. Co.

Charles Burke '17 is working for "Pa" in the Burke and Hays tailoring concern.

"Ed" Cousins '17 is employed by the Boston Leather Heel Co.

Barbar Johnson '17 is training to be a nurse and is incidentally exceedingly popular at the Sargent School.

"Gwen" Bloomfield '19 is also active in the college life.

Dorothy Spinney '15 is the head paying teller at the Federal Reserve Bank.

Anna Butler '15 is still teaching in the Pauline-street grammar school.

"Bill" Talcott '17, who played football for the Legion this year, is working for the Talcott Wool Co.

"Howie" Jenkins '17 is working for the Hudson Motor Car Co.

"Tom" Griffiths '18 is in the contracting business.

Roger Walker '18 is working for a woolen concern.

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

James Cody '17 is working in a wholesale grocery store.

Elsie Chamberlain '18 is employed in a security bonding house in Boston.

"Pete" Le Cour '18 played on the football team of the training ship "Ranger" this year.

"Bus" Sullivan '18 has been making quite a name for himself in athletics this year at Bates College.

Henry Carstenson '18 is connected with a plumbing concern in Boston; also he plays ball now and then.

"Ed" Wilson '15 is working for a prominent woolen concern in Boston.

"Dot" Locke '19 is employed by Wells & Co., brokers.

"Jimmie" James '17 has been keeping up her lively record at Lasell this year.

Joseph Burke '18 has an excellent position with a Boston cotton concern.

Marion Pingree '17 has become a matrimonial maniac.

E. Patrick '17 has entered the business world.

M. Jennison '17 is working for the Durant Insurance Co.

Doris Nichols '19 is a typist and is now connected with the Gilmour-Rothery Co.

Marion Benson '18 is attending a private business school in Boston.

Alice Barry '19 is taking a business course at Burdette.

"Dan" O'Brien '16 is taking a financial course at Harvard College.

Earle Hannaford '17 is now attending Huntington School and intends to matriculate at "Tech" this fall.

"Dick" Anthony has a very good position with a prominent woolen concern.

Ralph Ferdinand '17, who was in the recent "Tech" show, has also been quite prominent in other activities there.

Helen Murphy '17 was Captain of the Junior basketball team at B. U. L. A. this year.

Flora O'Toole '19 had a prominent part in the play recently produced by the B. U. B. A. Dramatic Club.

Agnes Sands '19 had the honor of being the Secretary of the first organized class at Boston University Secretarial School.

—G. GORDON BARRY, '20.

Miss Gilliland (speaking of Moore's failure to report for an afternoon session): "I didn't see you Friday."

Moore: "Yes, you did."

Miss G.: "When?"

Moore: "When I went out."

Mr. Greenleaf (dictating spelling words): "Woman."

Wheeler: "Plural?"

Mr. Greenleaf: "One's enough."

### What's In a Name?

She was a young missionary in China, not yet quite proficient in the language of the country, and was giving a little dinner to some friends. During the course of the meal she asked the servant to bring in some fruit—at least she thought she did.

He objected; she insisted; he refused; she grew angry. At last he left the room.

Presently he returned, carrying a large platter, which he placed before her with an air of supreme contempt. On it, carefully arranged, were her husband's every-day trousers.

The manager of a Boston firm advertised for an assistant. Melvin Epstein answered the advertisement. The manager said:

"Yes, I require an assistant. I want a man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter."

### Encouragement.

"Curran, every time your automobile breaks down I notice you examine your state license."

"I do that for encouragement. The license says I'm competent to operate the machine."

Harvey, leading a dog by a string, lounged up to the ticket office of a railway station, inquired:

"Must I—er—take a ticket for a puppy?"

"No, you can travel as an ordinary person," was the reply.

### Changed Attitude to Landlords.

We can remember the days when we used to call up the landlord and tell him that if he didn't paper the front room and kalsomine all the ceilings and put in a new furnace before winter came, and paint the old house and repair all the plumbing and enamel the bathroom and fix the leaks in the roof, we'd move. Now, if the house was on fire we wouldn't call up the landlord for fear he'd raise the rent for the extra heat we were getting.

1st Pupil: Who were the Harpies?

2nd Pupil: Ladies who played on the harp.



Arthur L. Brown, Editor.

The Echo acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges:

1. "The Echo," Canton High School. February number.
2. "The Beacon," Boston University. March and April numbers.
3. "The Gale," Revere High School. February, March and April numbers.
4. "The Argus," Gardner High School. March and April numbers.
5. "The Monitor," Wellesley High School. February number.
6. "About St. Agnes," Albany, N. Y. December number.
7. "Lasell Leaves," Lasell Seminary. December and January numbers.
8. "The Bulletin," Lawrence High School. June number.
9. "The News," East Orange High School. April and May numbers.

"The Echo," Canton High.

Your literary department is good. Your school notes could be very much enlarged. Your joke department is excellent and original. Don't you think that a cartoon or two would put some pep into the magazine? Where is your alumni department?

"The Beacon," Boston University.

As usual, your stories are excellent. "Mush versus Mush" is a very amusing story, while "Black Magic" is a "corker," too. Would not an exchange department add to your paper?

"The Gale," Revere High.

Your editorials are excellent. Don't you think your other departments should have cuts? Your stories are good but there are not enough of them. Your joke department could be worked up, too.

"The Argus," Gardner High.

Your stories are excellent. Your departments are arranged very neatly. Your cover design is plain but effective. Why do you mix up your ads with your stories?

"The Monitor," Wellesley High.

Your stories are very good, especially

"Germany after the War." Where is your joke column? We like your idea of having a special department for Junior High notes.

"About St. Agnes," St. Agnes' School.

Your paper is good, although small. A few more stories would undoubtedly give a better appearance to your paper. If you had a cut for your department notes it would greatly add to this department. We missed your joke column. Doesn't anything funny ever happen at your school?

"Lasell Leaves," Lasell Seminary.

Lasell Leaves is one of the best exchanges we have received. The cuts at the head of each department are cleverly drawn. Would not something in the line of a cartoon help to brighten up the paper?

"The Bulletin," Lawrence High.

Your Class Hymn and Valedictory Address are excellent. We failed to see any exchange or joke department. Would not a few stories and a table of contents present a better appearance to your paper?

"The News," East Orange, N. J.

A very newsy and interesting paper. Your exchanges are well written. Would not a few stories help your paper? Come again.

---

Sisson (in a speech before Congress): My former colleague has shown you that sugar is a due necessity to children from one month to eighteen months. The loss of sugar would decrease their age.

---

Mr. Greenleaf: What is the meaning of taxidermy?

Wakefield: A ride in a jitney.

---

Heard in Room 11:

Student: Can a woman become President of the U. S.?

Mr. Grierson: Yes, if she admits her age.

# COMMENCEMENT

## CLASS DAY PROGRAM.

March.....Class Marshal—Richard Curran  
Song.....Class of 1920  
Address of Welcome.....  
.....Class President—John K. Herbert  
Class Oration.....John Clayton  
Song.....Class of 1920

### "The First Flag."

Scene: A work room behind the upholstery shop of Mrs. Betsy Ross on Arch St., Philadelphia, June, 1776.

George Washington.....John Clayton  
Robert Morris.....Richard Curran  
Colonel Ross.....Dean Freeman  
Betsy Ross.....Dorothy Roberts  
Sarah, a Quaker maid.....Thelma Siebert  
Martha Washington.....Mildred Rogers  
Song.....Class of 1920  
Class History.....Frank Hallam  
Class Prophecy.....Dorothy Roberts  
Presenting Class Gifts.....  
.....Class Day Committee  
Song.....Class of 1920  
Music by the High School Orchestra.

## A HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1920, W. H. S.

Long years ago, when we were boys in knickerbockers, and when the girls still relied on short skirts and the customary pig-tail, and,—we still paid our nickels on the "Narrow Gauge," and,—the "Great White Way" was not lit up as yet, and,—digging clams still had precedence over back-yard gardening, there came a hot, dry summer's day in June, 1916.

After we had lifted up our voices in song, after the painful recitations of our eloquent classmates, and,—after having heard the ironclad remarks of the School Committee, one hundred and ninety-eight expectant and eager children were duly presented with the much-cherished sheepskins, neatly tied with red ribbon.

We spent an entertaining and lively summer at Winthrop Beach, and at its close, on returning to the High School, we met a breezy reception on the part of the august conductor of our destinies.

Having procured a literal translation of our program cards, we commenced to explore the mazes of the lately completed Annex and the intricate system of the lunch room, presided over by honest Seniors.

(Marvelous to say, they are still honest, after a fashion.) But outside of a few occasional slurring remarks of upper classmen and frequent admonitions by the faculty concerning our mental condition, our Freshman trials were very light. After a beautiful exhibition of basquetry for our Class Social (they were cutting down expenses that year and for decorations had one basket at every post in the gym and nothing more) some of us completed the first and last year of our High School careers. We then endeavored to discover the mysterious charm of a summer at Winthrop Beach.

Our entrance to school this year was on time and the introductory monologue was attentively listened to by all. This year we mastered the great American characteristic—Bluff, and saw instituted the ever-famed female honor roll. The battle of faculty versus pupils waged long and hazardously, and many pupils were wounded with Afternoon Session slips. During this battle a long formation of Sophomores could always be seen lined up before the office door, waiting for suitable punishment. A source of diversion was offered by the marriage of the Chemistry teacher. Pecuniary difficulties commenced with the Class Social, for which the dues of many respectable classmates are now long in arrears. Having bothered our principal as little as possible with our scholastic affairs, which were rather low because of a heedless regard for lessons, we passed in our books and gave ourselves up to a long sleep on the clam beds. Some of us were more ambitious and signed the payroll of the "Narrow Gauge," while others patriotically labored on the farms.

Tanned by the sun and hardened by the laborious work of summer, we regretfully returned to school and the usual reception. This year the girls lost all interest in the male members of our class by preference of the Pythagoras of Room 32, ex-aluminum peddler and soldier of misfortune, whose original method of roofing barns and hen-houses was known the world over. An additional vacation was tendered us by the Spanish Influenza epidemic. We dispensed the inevitable Social and its completely Japanese decorations; the only non-Nipponese effects being in the absence of clean collars and laundry checks. Because of the stu-

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

dents' unappreciative hilarity and the need of quiet conferences with the principal, the reception room was installed. Vivacious magazines like the Atlantic Monthly, Geographical Survey, and the ever-interesting Telephone Directory made this secluded nook a favorite with our class. Many of our classmates expressed a desire for an illustrated Telephone Directory. The Constitution of the United States became very popular with the pupils. Our school play, "Nathan Hale," was a dramatic and financial success. But the realistic touch of the "final clinch" brought fond tears of memory to the spectators' eyes. In June some of us took the College Entrance Exams, and some didn't. We regret to note that some of us had to be "held up" for athletic dues. However, we passed through the hazy uncertainty of studies to the end of the year, when some base deserters forsook the favorite beach pursuits for the pleasures of inland scenery.

Gamboling like lambs at play we, as eager Seniors, were again depressed by the sight of the High School and its inmates. Because of the youthful features of many of the faculty it was very hard for us to distinguish them from the pupils; but all members of the faculty gave us their best wishes for a speedy graduation. During this time many of us failed to recognize the line of demarcation between legitimate persiflage and "objectionable familiarity," and so, at an early stage in the year, we commenced to wear out the carpet in the reception room. Our comic-tragedy, "The Prince Chap," passed away as a dramatic and financial success—so did one of the cast. The Senior Social, with its wintry, cold atmosphere and participants, was a howling success. The only adverse howl came from the Freshmen, who were excluded. Owing to a rather serious illness, our principal was unable to occupy his customary chair, but this did not prevent many of our number from being sent to the office, where the sub-master dealt very efficiently with all cases of misdemeanor. In a vain endeavor to convert the school into a dumb institution the famous phrase, "five at a lick," was coined, a phrase which had a gruesome effect on the effeminate members of our organization, but which did not daunt the subscribers of the "Red Flag." Many of our classmates participated in the Senior Vaudeville Entertainment. Some gave acts, while others gave applause. In either case the participation was appreciated. The next

event of importance was the girls' and boys' gym exhibition; the girls held theirs inside the gym, while the boys had theirs inside and out. On the return of the headmaster conferences were started as to whether we would or whether we wouldn't, and finally it was decided that we would if we could. We tendered a farewell dance to faculty and pupils, which was so thoroughly enjoyed that, through the courtesy of the headmaster, the dance was extended to half past eleven, quite an unusual event.

We congratulate our classmates upon their forbearance in listening to this History. We know they must have suffered, for we suffered in composing it and are suffering still.

---

We cannot close this History without referring to the sad death of three of our beloved classmates, who passed away during their High School career. Of Bently Swift, Myra Taylor and Sumner Young we speak with the full appreciation of their noble qualities and the associations formed in the school years previous to their going. Their departure has left a gap in the ranks which seems more apparent today than ever before, and we wish to express our appreciation of them and our sympathy to their bereaved parents.

L. CRAWFORD CHURCHILL,  
JOHN K. HERBERT,  
FRANK W. HALLAM.

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### AMERICA.

America, land of the free,  
Prosperity abide with thee!  
Let thy people's praise proclaim  
To nations wide thy stainless name.

O greatest land of all the world!  
Whose flag when to the breeze unfurled  
Spells freedom, hope, protection—all—  
Responding aye to Justice's call.  
—Arthur L. Brown, '20.

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Curran (in Latin): Eryx was the half brother of Aeneas and a mountain in Sicily.

---

### A COMMENCEMENT SONG, AS SOME HONEST GRADS WOULD SING IT.

(Editorial Note.—We print this merely to express the opinion prevalent among our classmates.)

My high school, 'tis from thee  
I am about to flee,

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

And so I sing.  
School of my parents' pride,  
School where I almost died,  
As soon as I'm outside  
Let freedom ring.

Thy themes of English lit,  
Caused me to throw a fit  
And bored me much.  
Geom. and other math.  
Choked me with rage and wrath;  
For less love no man hath  
Than I for such.

Almost old Caesar's Gaul,  
Hygiene and Physiol.  
Made me expire.  
Almost old lab. and chem.  
So long I slaved at them,  
Won me a diadem.  
In heaven's choir.

My dear old high school prin.  
Forgive my gladsome grin;  
From you I fly.

For now I have my dip  
And I'm prepared to skip;  
Hark to my joyous yip!  
Old high! good-bye!

(Copyright, 1918, N. E. A.)

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

*Taken from the Boston Evening Record.*

### CLASS PROPHECY, 1920.

The rain had come at last. I was driven from necessity into a neighboring doorway, where was proclaimed: "Madame X., Preceptress of the Past, Present or Future, Room 13."

"What fortune is mine?" I exclaimed. "Why shouldn't I go up and find out what has become of the old guard of 1920? Surely I can while away a little time and perhaps learn something to my advantage."

I went slowly upstairs and knocked on the door of Room 13. An attendant silently admitted me into an anteroom filled with tawdry hangings, covered with cabalistic signs. I was led across this false pretence of sorcery and suddenly shown into a small room black as the shades of night.

The walls were covered with black velvet hangings. In the center of the room was a square black table, upon which, resting on a black velvet mat, lay a small crystal, gleaming wickedly in the reflection of the light from the single droplamp above the table.

I seated myself before the crystal and al-

most immediately an old crone, dressed in the expected weird and fantastic costume, appeared before me.

"You wish to know—?" she questioned.

"That's it exactly," I replied, "something about the old guard of 1920 in Winthrop High School."

She seated herself before the crystal, concentrated her gaze upon it, and in low guttural tone began as follows:—

"Listen, for I can see a street corner in New York. On the corner is a cigar store with fumes of smoke coming through the doorway. "Bob" Daw is using up the contents of his stock. Here comes an Ancient History Professor, walking with one foot on the sidewalk and the other in the gutter. It is "Bill" Irwin. Ah! He has met George Kemp, salesman of Life Savers, who is just on his way home, after having conducted a famous cloak model, Dorothy Grant, from the "Midnight Follies" and other pleasures. They are talking; George has just met "Sheeny" Littleton on his way to the dock to go on shipboard, bound for Africa to collect ivory for Harry Spunt to manufacture into dice. Each pair of dice is tested by expert "Jack" Lewis. Carl Pratt has fox-trotted to the cigar store window and is washing it by means of water and solid geometry. In its (almost) clear reflection he is looking at the other side of the street. There goes Alice Porter leading two of her thoroughbred Pekinese. She's raising them now. A few paces behind her, with his stealthy implements of office, goes Dog Catcher "Jack" Herbert. "Jack" can chase any kind of dog; but the "hot" ones suit him best. Closely behind Herbert is Ruth Kirk, an elderly spinster from "up state," who is accompanied by Charlie Holthaus, a famous New York confidence man, smoothly assuring her of the 100% value of his gilt-edge securities. A New York policeman, Walter Morrison, the strongest on the force because of work in his onion garden, is briskly coming near. "Charlie" has disappeared. Before an unfinished building, Albert Neilson, on a soap box, has collected quite a crowd of laborers and is stentoriously demonstrating the benefits resulting from the Soviet form of government. In the crowd are "Jack" Wakefield, resting on his hod for a minute, "Charlie" Lavoix, who has stopped his banana cart; Alan Terrile with his plumbing outfit, supposedly on his way to a gas repair job, wasting the usual plumber's time; Lewis Swett, just descending from the seat of his garbage remover; and Helen

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Garbutt and Elinor Doherty, cook and social secretary, respectively, from a neighboring house. The crowd is thickening. Here comes Harold Lindergreen, Bohemian de luxe, who is now specializing in painting conventional designs on the backs of ladies in full evening dress. Arthur Brown is attracted by the speaker. "Brownie" is now using up his surplus gas by taking a course on Gas Engine Operating. Two other notables are also present; Ralph Baker, a nearby barber, and Harry Smith, safe-cracker and denizen of the underworld. But Harold Sisson, bell-boy of the nearby Hotel Costly Pleasure, has just run out and is yelling "Fire!" at the top of his well-known lungs. Pauline Broad, with her extensive knowledge of machinery (i. e. the typewriter) has rung in the alarm. Vast volumes of smoke and fierce tongues of flame are leaping from all parts of the hotel. Frantic figures have appeared at the windows and are calling for help. The fastest fire-fighters of New York, under the direction of Irene Verry, are on the job; and the life net is spread for the fire's victims to jump. First comes Gordon Berridge, still holding the telephone and talking volubly. More good and fluent English is heard upon the arrival of Karl Von Betzen. Then Elizabeth Allen hits the net, still holding on to her harp and pet Persian kitten. A tongue of flame reaches down for the net. The crowd surges back; but it is only the arrival of Anna Lynch. Marguerite Fitzpatrick is fitting on a dancing pump and arranging her evening dress on the way down, for she has just got in from the "night before." Muriel Dorr, in order to advertise her favorite place and person, is shrieking "St. Louis" (Lewis) at the top of her voice. Doris Striebeck, erstwhile toe dancer at the Winter Garden, has just landed upon the net. The scene is broken.

Now I can see an author's annual banquet. At the end of the room, nearest the stage, is a small table with quite a collection of literary notables. Anna Hartt is giving voluble recitations from her book, "The Proper Use of Oral Composition." Ruth Gardner is also brilliantly illustrating her book, "The Correct Method of Using the Eyes." There sits "Jack" Cronin, noted for "Short Cuts Towards Learning The Constitutions," or "My Experiences With the Higher Law." Opposite him is Thelma Seibert, author of "Why 'Bones' are a good Fertilizer"; and Grafton Wood, present because of "Simplified Spelling Without Profanity." The rest of the table is occupied by Carl Newmarch,

author of "Why Teachers are so Obstinate"; and Irene Steele, "The Scientific Application of Paint to Inanimate Objects." At the same table are the press representatives, Beatrice Carro, stage critic, and Myrtle Jenks, editor of a Beatrice Fairfax column, both guests of the evening. "Bones" Dean, famous psychologist, delaying a few hours a trip on the "Wing" to New Rochelle; and Frank Hallam, conning the notes of his famous speech, "Why Hairpins Sold by 'Pat' Foote are a Medium for The Increase of Heat in Africa." Other entertainment is: first, a lecture by Margaret Ahern on "A Review of the Vegetables I Gathered on the Concert Stage"; second, a short and lively recital of old and stirring music, by the Syncopation Sisters, Bernice Gatter, Lillian Millington, and Ruth Sullivan; and last, but not least, an interpretation of classic dancing, by two rushing dancers, late of the Russian Ballet, Robert Jononnot with his partner, Ruth Gordon. Such are the attractions of the entertainment; however, John Clayton has consented to give a performance of his world-famous "Punch and Judy" show. But the audience still refuses to leave, so Mary Ferrins is rushed upon the stage to give "Original Interpretations of Egyptian and Hawaiian Dancing." Mary has stubbed her toe and landed upon the stage so heavily that both audience and scene have departed.

The still, clear light of morning shows the honest and hard-working clam-digger, Stanley Stedfast, leaning on his clam hoe while he watches John Whorf lay (with much artistic temperament and many cigarette stubs) a bright coat of gleaming and glorious Kelly green paint on "Billy" Burke's "Barbering Establishment." In the big bay window of the "Establishment" "Becky" Miller is seated at his manicuring table, watching the passersby. Before the window have wandered Helen Gray and "Eddie" Jenkins, now Matron and Chaplain, respectively, of Deer Island. Clifford Channel, piloting his ash cart, has rumbled slowly by and is followed by Gordon Barry, President of the Point Shirley R. R., in his private car. Across the street is "Nathanson's Haberdashery," with a sideline of Spat Specialities. Outside the door, with a bomb in his pocket, is a Bolshevist, disguised as a clothing dummy—"Chick" Harris, waiting to free his brother Bolshevist, "Dopey" Wheeler, at present imprisoned in Deer Island for attempting to blow up the Custom House. "Chick" is watching Louise Whittemore swim by on the way to shatter the Boston



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Light Swim record. Arthur Promisel, a world renowned bacteriologist, has just bought a pair of moss-green spats. He has let fall the information that Harvard has just paid him five thousand dollars for the examination of his head after death. The second floor above Nathanson's is a busy honeycomb of offices. Norman Ford, elevator operator, has come out for air. The front windows tell interesting tales! "Hazel McLeod, the Painless Dentist"; "Helen Dervan's Alarm Clocks Keep You On Time"; "Dorothy Muldoon, My Brass Makes the Best Door-Knobs"; "Jenny Simpson and Irene Russell, Inventors"; "Tickle and Worry Eradicators." Next to Nathanson's is Hillberg's grocery. "Bub" Donovan on the delivery cart, after one last long and lingering glance at the cashier, Phyllis Carpenter, has departed to slam baskets of groceries at the customer's back doors. Eleanor Abely, head of the "Snake Island Deaf and Dumb Asylum"; "Jinx" Moore, head of the Language Department, and Eva Band, teacher of hygiene, have entered the store to purchase supplies for their institution. Many signs give utterance to: "Take Home a Couple of Elizabeth Gordon's 'Knock 'Em Dead' Cabbages," "Have Sam Strong's 'Strong Rat Poison' Demonstrated"; and "My Prune Sauce Takes the Cake! Sarah Larkin." At the end of the main street is Hyman White's Point Shirley Pier. Regular evening patrons are Helen Tewksbury, New York artist's model on a vacation; Eleanor Tierney, a merry, moneyed, grass widow, also from the "Big Town"; and Iris Wingersky, now taking a little well-deserved rest from her Matrimonial Bureau. Vivian Smith, after using some of her "Nickel" Polish, is bringing to light the fact that the evening's entertainment will consist of: Esther Segal and Her Dancing Bear; the Roller Skate Twins, Madeline Muldoon and Helen Simson; and (under the management of George Murphy) Dean Freeman and His Walla Walla Girls, among whom are Margaret Flannery, Grace Gillespie and Evelyn Sawyer.

Once more I look and see a hot, broiling side street in Constantinople. The latticed windows of a neighboring house presage a harem. In fact it is so, for it is the town house of the Sultan of Shedjaz, "Tickle" Curran; and at present it contains his seventy-three wives. A beautiful pair of eyes belonging to wife No. 23, Elizabeth Blandford, is gazing longingly upon the lithographic delights of an opposite moving picture theatre. There is displayed—Mildred Rogers in

"Heartbreakers," and Albert Evans in "Jaw-breakers," two splendid educational films. For a line of high-class vaudeville there are Mary Barter and Margarita Furniss in a special contortionist act; Ulric Childress, the Whirling Dervish; and the famous "Merry Rounders Burlesque," featuring "Jack" Flynn, Lillian Barry, Ruth Sawtell, Dorothy Norris, and Ruth Ramsey. "Dick" Murray, though performing at the drums, directs this show and is assisted musically by "Midge" Somerville, Sadie Liberman and Helen O'Toole. But the four o'clock hubbub in Curran's harem has commenced with the opening scandal by wife No. 13, Ruth Epstein. A nearby fire-alarm marker, John Cotter, is awakened by the noise and has wandered into Robert Bell's "Asiatic Drug Store," where Gordon Jones is dishing ice cream to many Oriental ladies. At one of the tables there are seated Lewis Hill, now selling snowshoes with the usual salesman's stories; Helen Curtis, with a line of telescopes and basket-balls; Charles Kiley, at present teaching prize fighting in a well-known gymnasium; Francis Galassi, demonstration toy pianos; and Ralph Russell, American buyer of Turkish cigarettes. The smoke from Russell's cigarette has covered the view. It is gone.

The old crone straightened in her chair and said, "Now I'm done."

"Oh yes, to be sure," I murmured, "Bessie Dunn."

I handed her the fee and walked down to the street floor. The rain was over. I went home.

DOROTHY M. ROBERTS,  
LILLIAN I. CHATTERTON,  
L. CRAWFORD CHURCHILL.

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### THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

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The Handwriting on the Wall! This is a title, beneath which one could conceal almost any subject. It is a title from which an audience could expect anything, and at the same time it displays an ominous prophecy—a harsh and bold presage of catastrophes to people, and, yes, to nations. This subject could be summed up in the words, "The High Cost of Living."

"The High Cost of Living!" How trite a phrase that simple combination of words has become—yet how significant. Now, for at least five weary years, we have been hearing about the High Cost of Living. It has entered as the most important factor in our conversations and discussions. Our friends

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joke about it; our parents endeavor to guard against it; our assemblies create laws against it; but it is still here. Yes, it is still here, and if some drastic step is not soon taken it will be here forever. Apparently the golden rule has been forgotten among the people of this nation, for, at present, the universal cry is similar to, "Boost the price high; make all you can; then place the blame on the man below you!"

America has been referred to as a "Robbers' Roost," and that characterization is not far from the truth. The man who made that statement could have called the United States a den of thieves and still have retained his truthful integrity. We are a den of thieves. We are ready to steal the clothes from a person's back. We are already stealing them according to the present clothing prices of this nation. The person, able to buy a suit of clothes today for less than \$40.00 and get some kind of quality, may consider himself very fortunate. Clothing prices have advanced 53% in the past year, or a total of 177% since 1914, according to figures prepared by the National Industrial Conference Board.

Here are a few facts from the New York Times about excess profiteering during the pre-war years, 1916 through 1918: "The combined corporations of the country earned \$4,800,000,000.00 more per year than in any former three-year period; 2,030 corporations earned in net profits more than one hundred per cent per year on their capital stock during the three war years; and, in the iron, steel, and coal industries, there was a net profit of \$2,000,000,000.00 in excess of any three-year average. These are not the sole examples. There are many others."

Now, let us regard the sugar situation. During the war the government created a Sugar Equalization Board which performed the miracle of establishing and retaining a price on sugar of eleven cents per pound. A sugar shortage occurred. You can remember that shortage. You can recall the joyful reception of one pound of sugar after a very long wait, the sugar ration cards, and the long conferences on brown sugar as a substitute. I hope you can remember those petty profiteers, the so-called "patriotic Americans," who endangered a critical situation by their needless hoarding. Brown sugar jumped in price; white sugar almost disappeared; then—the war ended. The Sugar Equalization Board was dissolved; the government price on sugar was lifted, and sugar immediately rose to seventeen cents a pound.

Then there was plenty of sugar. The profiteers unlocked their stored supply and let out just enough to keep the price around seventeen cents. But still there was a cry for more plunder in sugar. Sugar became scarce again. We faced another crisis. We heard the explanatory cry, Shortage! As if in contradiction to this cry the National City Bank of New York has published figures which prove that the sugar importation for the year ending June 30th will be the largest in our history. Sugar has gone to twenty-two cents and is gaily heading for thirty.

Profiteering! The cry of the hour! The angry and reproachful accusation of an overburdened people! Take the bread from their mouths, the money from their purses; and then wonder at the increasing economic disturbances. We cannot live in such a troublous period and refuse to acknowledge the increase of such radicalism as Bolshevism. The "red terror" is gradually obtaining a foothold in this country and present conditions will foster that foothold until its presence will be too ominous to be denied.

Our high wages and high prices cannot last forever. We can only pay up to a limit and then,—something will happen. Foreign nations are soon going to stop buying; they will be anxious to sell. If we cannot obtain high selling prices, then we will see a hasty regulation and reduction of prices at a much lower figure. But we cannot wait for the foreign situation to develop. Affairs here are at a crisis. We can talk of governmental action; it has worked; it could work—and with the necessary co-operation—successfully. However, we do need a universal attempt at reducing the "High Cost of Living;" a price slashing, in which everyone could honestly partake. Don't wait for your neighbor to start the ball rolling. You'll never get results that way. Get out yourself; do your bit, and advertise it. Don't necessarily stop buying. If you look around there will probably be plenty of bargains yet. But, first of all, and above all, let's cut down that "High Cost of Living."

—L. CRAWFORD CHURCHILL, '20.

### THE MOBILIZATION OF THE SCIENTISTS.

Forth from the field and farm they come.  
Office and shop and factory's hum,  
Millions they pass—and a million more  
Into the melting pot of war.

When the historian of the future touches his pen to the page of the Great War, will he be able to bring back the full glory and

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thrill which we have known? Can written word picture truly the splendor of that mobilization and the eager answer of young America to the world's need? It will be a glorious story to stir the pulse of generations to come, a wonderful document of valor and sacrifice and triumph. And we have lived in it—watched it—surrendered to it—and heard the great triumphant blasts which marked the fall of the walls of autocracy and the victory of democracy.

Where, then, shall we place the laurels of memory—where erect the monuments of deathless thought and love? The world cannot lightly remember nor readily forget the march of American youth into the horror of war, nor the courage of those who braved the menace of the seas; and to them will be given praise without stint, the plaudits of an admiring world, and a tear for the supreme sacrifices entailed. No less shall be forgotten the work of America's men of science in the World War.

When peace filled the land, scattered over our broad dominion were thousands of laboratories and scientific students, each striving endlessly and separately to achieve the goal of men's mental and physical perfection; when the trumpets of war sounded and the need arose, the individual became a unit, the unit a banded force and ultimately an army of scientific skill which swept on, shoulder to shoulder, with the warrior. In cantonments, where men faced the first strangeness of war, were also the doctors, the dentists, the psychologists, the personnel officers, caring for the needs of the fighting men and looking to their comfort and well being; where trenches stretched away into menacing dusk, there also were the surgeons and the specialists of food, equipment, clothing and munitions, meeting each new problem, combating each new danger, striving without end and without glory to make the soldier a perfection of offensive and defensive warfare. In every department of the game of war the scientists labored—trench and billet, convoy and mine sweeper, aerodrome, hospital and rest camp—wherever a new soldiery labored and fought, suffered, laughed and experienced death.

The American doughboy did not fight alone. In the loneliness of cantonments, in the menace of the fight overseas, in the grim reality of trench warfare, under the friendliness of community huts or beneath the glare of gunfire, by his side was the scientist, battling with the invisible foes

and banishing the lurking dangers. Until there came the glad day when the guns of the world were silent and peace returned—and tired buddy and spent scientist were one in calm security.

The mobilization of American science, the result of emergency conscription, brought to the attention of the government the need of a bureau of scientific endeavor, and led to the establishment of what we now know as The National Research Council. It is this body which holds the effort of each individual scientist to bring about mental and physical betterment; whose sworn purpose is to raise the body of man above the menace of disease, and the mentality superior to the menace of future warfare.

It is this body and these men of science who, having achieved nobly and worthily in the days of war, still labor on in unified effort in America, and, stretching a friendly hand to nations overseas, link themselves with similar organizations in the other countries for the betterment of men, the wise development of national resources and the fulfillment of our natural purpose—to live wisely and at peace with all men.

—DOROTHY M. ROBERTS, '20.

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### HOUSING THE PEOPLE.

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One of the most important questions of the present day is how to house the people properly, with the increasing cost of labor and materials. These have already doubled in the last five years, since the beginning of the World War in 1914. The first real cause of the housing problem, as we all know, was the uncertain length of the war. The second cause is the destruction by fire, which is high in the United States. A third cause is the annual loss in wearing out, for houses wear out as do other things when they are badly and cheaply built. The final cause, and, perhaps, the largest single factor in the situation, is the decline of building. Everyone expected that prices, which had started upward as soon as the war began, would suddenly drop, leaving the owner or builder with a high-cost house on his hands.

As our boys entered the war there was only a reasonable demand for new houses; so the building of houses was curtailed. Many of the cheap laborers were called home by their respective governments, to enter the war. The unusual demand for war materials from the different European countries offered them better opportunities for

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steady work in the factories. Finally the Government stopped all building which was not considered as a help in winning the war. This condition covered a period of five years, and for two years of this time almost no house-building was done.

As soon as the men began to come back the demand for houses became real; vacant houses were quickly occupied; and rents advanced tremendously in some towns and cities. People bought houses as never before, many being obliged to do so in order to afford shelter for their families. The demand became so great that many people sold their houses at a profit which they could not resist. Later they found that they had made a mistake, for when they looked for another house they were obliged to pay all the profit they had received. This process is going on and will continue to go on until the people can be properly housed.

It is estimated by the United States Housing Commission that we are one million houses short in this country today. But how are we to solve this perplexing question, with the cost of building houses increasing, as I have stated, and the banks of the country without funds to take care of the demand for mortgages necessary to build these needed houses?

It would seem as if some families will have to double up; that is, two will have to live in a house formerly occupied by one, each family to pay part of the rent. This arrangement will make living less expensive, but not as satisfactory or comfortable.

A falling market is a bad one, and if prices get on a downward trend, like the tide, they may go as low as they have now gone high. This will throw many people out of employment in all lines of business; finally they will drift back to cutting lumber from the stump, hauling it to the mills, working in the saw-mills instead of in the factories, and at last back to building houses again with the cost lower all along the line.

The only remedy for the high cost of building must come from hard times or a business depression, as labor is always unwilling to take less pay for its services than it has been receiving.

These conditions will probably be treated in much the same way as those which existed after the Civil War.

Labor has always been cheaper in the European countries, a fact which is the cause of so many foreigners coming to our country. They have already started to come

again, but not in such large numbers as before the war.

This year we elect a new President, and probably there will be a change in politics, a change which may be very beneficial to the northern part of the United States, as our present administration has been very partial to the south. As there is already a downward tendency in the prices of certain merchandise, with a good business administration, this lowering of prices might extend to building materials and the cost of labor.

The housing problem is certainly a national affair. We have scientific agencies working in behalf of the farmer, the manufacturer, the coal-miner; in fact, almost everyone can turn to the government for information. The house-dweller is the one exception, and this condition is a great mistake, for good housing and good health go hand in hand.

—C. LOUISE WHITTEMORE, '20.

To those members of the faculty who are to remain with us for succeeding years: We of Nineteen-Twenty are glad of this opportunity to extend to you our sincere gratitude for the work which you have done for us during the past year. We sincerely hope that you will continue to be as happy here in the future as you have been in the past; and we wish you to remain with us for the benefit of succeeding classes.

1920.

We're leaving school today, boys,  
We're leaving Winthrop High.  
We'll ne'er come back again, boys,  
As the years go quickly by.  
Remember us as Freshmen?  
We came so gleefully in.  
The school was dead without us,  
And we couldn't help but grin.  
As Sophomores we were learned—  
Or at least we tried to be;  
And I know of several classmates  
Who received no less than E.  
As Juniors we played football;  
All sports we played right hard,  
We fought for places on the team,  
From half-back down to guard.  
Now as Seniors nonchalantly,  
Dancing skilfully with grace,  
We start to think of next year  
When we'll have the world to face.  
Some may go to college  
And strive their mark to make;  
Others seek the world's great marts

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And work there for work's sake;  
Some may fare to western plains,  
Some may cross the seas;  
Some may lead dull lives of toil,  
Others, lives of ease.  
May all of twenty's boys and girls  
Bring fame as years go by  
To 1920, grand old class!  
And to dear old Winthrop High!

—*John L. Clayton, '20.*

### INTERIOR DECORATION APPLIED TO THE MODERN HOME.

What is "Interior Decoration"? It is not a science, but the application of "enlightened common sense." As the word is used nowadays we immediately think of period furnishings, tapestries, brocades and, in fact, everything except our own kind of furnishings. The beautiful homes of the wealthy and some of our clubhouses are really elegant, but they are only the results of the simple rules which we may apply in our own homes, thereby making even an attic room interesting and artistic.

The lines of the room must be good and simple. By that I mean there must be no ill-placed windows, not too many doors, and, in the case of the living room, a well placed and well built fireplace; for with all the draping and arranging these defects can be only lessened.

Thus, with a well spaced room to start with, we must decide upon a color scheme. There is no exact formula to follow, but nature furnishes us many combinations, such as in her butterflies and flowers. But notice that the color is well balanced as regards quantity of light and dark value. There is, however, a color chart, which may prove helpful in deciding. By arranging the six colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet, in a circle, we may obtain a harmony by using opposites, such as blue and orange, which produce a very striking effect; while neighbors, such as green and blue, or green and yellow, give a more restful combination.

The color scheme decided upon, we next think of the woodwork or "trim" in a room. White is the safest to use, but so hard to keep clean that a cream or, better, a grey may be used. Stained woods, oak and mahogany may be used, according to the type of the room.

Then comes the wall covering, which is the key to the room. Naturally we think first of wall paper and its endless number

of designs, some of which must be carefully avoided. In selecting the paper, question yourself:

1. Is it beautiful in itself?
2. Would it "lay back" on the wall?
3. Is it suitable for the room?
4. Would it harmonize with the furnishings?
5. What is the exposure of the room?

Needless to say, plain, soft colors are the best, for they allow a greater variety in the room. The warmer colors, such as yellow and brown, should be used for a northern exposure, while the colder colors, such as blue and violet, fit the southern exposure. Some people prefer to have their walls painted and panelled, a very sanitary idea. But with all this there must be harmony between the rooms which open into each other.

Next come the draperies. Although cretonne is handsome and fashionable, don't buy a whole bolt and proceed to cover all the chairs and pillows, as well as using it at the windows; for when the room is finished it will look as though it had broken out with the measles. Cretonne is very unsuccessful with figured papers. A better policy for the latter is to use plain colored material.

Narrow windows may be made to look broader by letting the overdraperies cover part of the wall on each side of the window. A valance at the top tends to shorten the window somewhat.

Just a word about pictures. They need not be expensive, for prints and even post cards will do; yet let them be interesting. The frame need not be large, but it should be as dark as the darkest spot in the picture. Always have them opposite the eye and not tilted.

Then we must select a rug, keeping in mind that the floor must be the darkest part of the room, as it is the foundation upon which all the furniture must rest. With a light wood on the floor the rug or rugs must have enough dark color to balance. Plain rugs find the most favor as they do not detract from the furniture. Small repeat patterns are good for small apartments where a large patterned rug is not so adaptable, as it requires too much space for the special arrangement of the furniture to show the pattern.

If your rooms are small, mirrors, which come in any size, brighten up the room and make it more interesting by reflecting some gay flowers or the soft folds of some drapery.

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When we search about for lights we find all sorts, good and bad. There are, however, beautiful table lamps now, for either electricity or oil, also fine wall brackets and inverted bowls. Wax candles, with or without shades, cast a bewitching glow over the well worn carpet or faded sofa, making their defects unnoticeable and bringing out the soft shadows.

Turning to our furniture. A chair is infinitely more than a mere wooden affair to sit on. It bears a certain relation to you and your character; and when you arrange it, ask yourself if it is suitable for the grouping you wish. If it is convenient, placed with a little reading table near a window. For a thing ceases to be beautiful in a room where it is not suitable. There are two ways of securing a balanced effect; one is to place two objects, apparently of the same size and weight, at equal distances from a center point; the other is the law of leverage; that is, to place the heavier object nearer the center point. It is not so good to place desks and such objects diagonally across the corner of the room, as the triangular space behind is objectionable; while a tea table placed thus, with a chair placed behind, seems to fill the space.

If there is a good fireplace in the room, a table placed to one side and a sofa on the other make a hospitable arrangement. Or two small, comfortable chairs, each with its own little reading lamp, may be used. The idea is to create a liveable and beautiful arrangement around the hearth.

Nevertheless all these separate groups should bear a relation to each other as well as to the larger group, the room; which in turn should form a part of the perfect unit, the whole house or your home.

Remember that good results come from the application of "enlightened common sense."

—HAROLD FREDERICK LINDERGREEN, '20.

### VALEDICTORY.

Friends and Classmates: This is the last time that we of 1920 shall assemble as a

class. To-night we are to receive our diplomas, the prize for which we have striven during four years of High School. Yet the attainment of this reward is due not entirely to our own efforts, but rather to the many helpful suggestions and timely aids of our teachers, to whom we extend our hearty public thanks. From now on each of us will specialize in that branch of work for which he is best adapted; but, wherever our paths may lead us, may we never show ourselves unworthy of the teachings which we have received, and may we, through them, contribute our small part toward the betterment of the world.

—HAROLD F. LINDERGREEN.

### FAREWELL.

1.

We've met again dear classmates all,  
To sing a parting song;  
Yet mem'ry takes us back again  
To school days, sweet but long.

2.

We look about on life's broad ways  
Where we will quickly go;  
But e'er we part we'll sing a song  
Of memories long ago.

3.

We go to take our place in life  
Like soldiers gone before.  
Some will succeed—while others fail,  
In spite of books and lore.

4.

But we must give a helping hand  
To those we meet thru life;  
While some may have an easy load,  
Some may be bent with strife.

5.

So classmates let us not neglect  
To do each glorious day  
Some little acts of Charity  
To smooth the roughest way.

—C. Louise Whittemore, '20.

1920

# Northeastern College

## Co-operative School of Engineering



Locating Edge Stones  
Whitman and Howard, Civil Engineers

### COURSES OFFERED

The Co-operative School of Engineering of Northeastern College offers four-year college courses of study in four branches of Engineering leading to the following degrees:

1. Bachelor of Civil Engineering
2. Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering
3. Bachelor of Electrical Engineering
4. Bachelor of Chemical Engineering

### REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of the Winthrop High School who have included Algebra to Quadratics and Plane Geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

### EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

### APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalogue. Copies will also be mailed upon request. These should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

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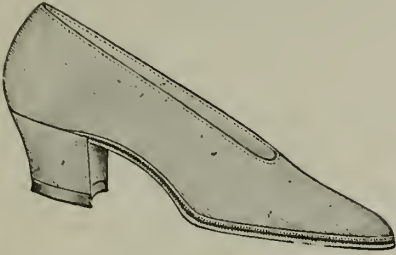
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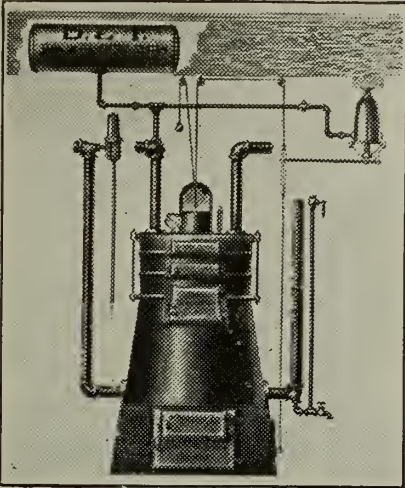
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Condition at Close of Business May 19, 1920

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Time Loans .....	\$ 386,180.72	Capital .....	\$ 100,000.00
Demand Loans .....	84,594.00	Surplus and Undivided	
United States Bonds .....	85,582.66	Profits .....	39,184.59
Investments .....	350,439.50	Acceptances .....	8,650.00
Bank Building and Vault.....	17,821.94	Reserved for Taxes .....	2,028.25
Acceptances .....	13,650.00	Bills Payable secured by	
Cash and due from Banks	135,556.57	United States Bonds .....	51,500.00
		Deposits .....	872,462.55
	\$1,073,825.39		\$1,073,825.39

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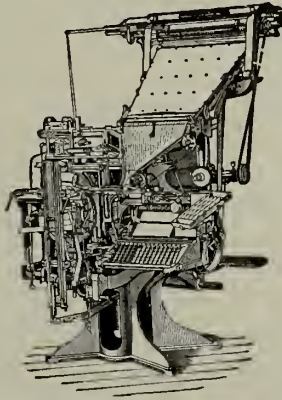


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