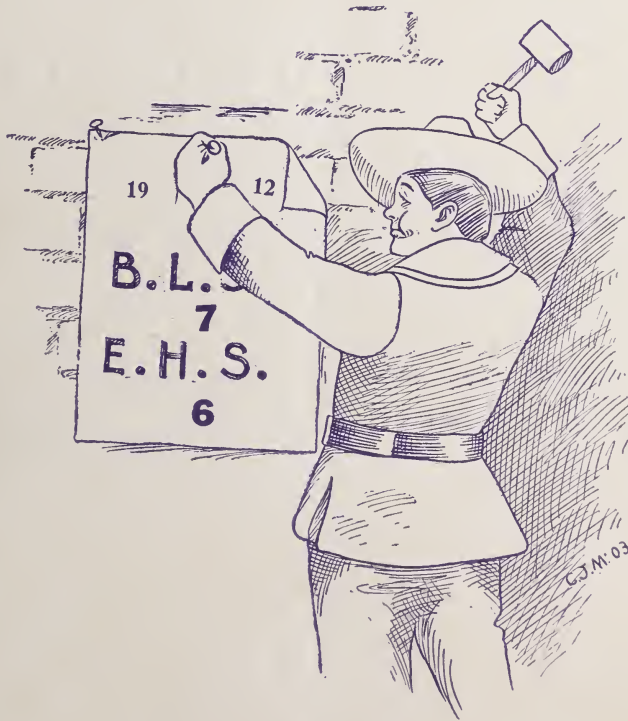


# THE REGISTER



DECEMBER, 1912

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# Latin School Register

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VOLUME XXXII., No. 3

DECEMBER, 1912

ISSUED MONTHLY

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## CAPTAIN JOHN CAREY, C. S. A.

In the annals of history, you will find it recorded that the entire army of General Robert E. Lee, to a man, surrendered at Appomattox Court House in 1865. The fact is, however, that it surrendered with the exception of a single man. That man was Capt. John Carey.

His Virginian blood boiled, when on that eventful April morning, word was brought that General Lee had surrendered. In his anger and stubbornness, he could not see that all hope for the Confederacy was gone and that his revered

fellow-Virginian was wisely averting more bloodshed and probably ultimate starvation.

"What, surrendered?" was the way he received the news. "General Lee has surrendered?" He paused, as if thunder-struck. Finally he spoke again.

"Why, it's madness! I tell you the general's mad or he's been hypnotized! He's gone and surrendered on the eve of victory. We could have licked them easily. There's more than one fight in us yet!"

He stopped, and stood as if in meditation.

"Well, you can just bet your boots, I won't surrender!" he cried. "This war has taken my father and my brother, and I swore for their sake, I'd never give up, and with God's help I won't. I'm going to get out of here as quick as I can."

"What's the matter with you, Jack?" asked Lieut. Randolph, Carey's chum. "Calm yourself, calm yourself! don't talk so. It was inevitable, anyhow. Our boys haven't an ounce of strength left. You know yourself that they've been living on almost nothing for the last few weeks. They can't fight on empty stomachs. We'll go home together, Jack, and begin life over in old Careyville."

"No, Tom, not I. I've got a vow to live up to. As Hannibal vowed eternal hatred against Rome, so I vowed eternal contempt for the United States, its flag, its people, everything about it. And as long as I live, I'm going to live up to that vow! I'm going now, Tom. Good-bye!" and he extended his hand to his comrade. A warm handshake and he was gone! Capt. John Carey, C. S. A., had disappeared from the face of the earth!

Late that day it was noticed that the company colors of Capt. Carey's company were missing. The Stars and Bars had been carefully cut away from the flagpole, which was in its usual place. The disappearance of the flag was a mystery to the men. Lieut. Randolph, however, saw and understood.

Jack Carey's disappearance always remained a mystery in Careyville. His poor old widowed mother never got over it and died of a broken heart. Tom Randolph entered West Point a few years

after the war, had graduated with honor, seen service against the Indians, and was now a colonel. Careyville had long since forgotten the Careys, and the old Carey plantation had been cut up into small farms. The United States was now turning its attention to the troubled Philippines.

\* \* \* \*

On the narrow little island of Burias, was a little town, Urada, which was a few miles out of San Pascual. The only city on the island. Urada was a native town with a few shacks for the natives and three substantially built cabins for the white men. The natives from miles around would come to Urada to secure provisions and incidentally to become intoxicated.

When they were in this condition, they were very dangerous and the four white men were constantly on their guard. Three of them, Jim Denning, Ed Watson, and Frank Brendon, were traders, while the fourth was an old white-haired man known as "Uncle Joe."

Prematurely aged and with bowed shoulders, he always sat on the high stool in the trading-post smoking his pipe. He hardly ever spoke, and never sought the company of the other men. Once they tried to draw from him his name, his nationality, his past, but Uncle Joe's only answer was a cloud of smoke.

One day they discovered among the huge cases of canned goods and provisions, a small American flag. Jim Denning, who found it, tacked it up over the door of the cabin.

That day Uncle Joe was out of sorts, "queer." He laid down his pipe and sat on his stool, staring into nothingness. Often his lips trembled and a hot



tear trickled down his face, bronzed by the merciless tropical sun. The men tried to brace him up with kind words, but he sat there motionless, totally oblivious of them.

The next day the flag was gone! It had been wrenched, staff and all, from over the door. The traders ascribed the deed to the natives. Uncle Joe looked a trifle paler that day and did not touch his pipe. A few days later, Frank Brendon found the flag, slashed into ribbons, in some near-by bushes. The traders wondered — but did not attempt to put it together again. The affair was dropped and soon forgotten. Uncle Joe, however, was growing paler and paler. Some days he would not eat at all.

His eyes had sunken deep into his head. His prominent cheek-bones gave him the appearance of an Indian.

With one shipment came the news that a regiment of United States soldiers was quartered at San Pascual to protect the Americans on the island. This news visibly affected Uncle Joe and for one entire day he did not come out of his cabin.

One day the natives came to Urada with fire in their eyes. Jim Denning instinctively felt that something was up. He confided his belief to his companions and on investigation they found out that the Filipinos had been urged to attack the whites by one of their chiefs and were even now preparing to attack the trader's cabin.

Immediately Frank Brendon spoke up.

"I think I had better go for the regiment at San Pascual, Jim. If it's cavalry, we'll have them here in three hours, that is, before 2 o'clock; infantry'll take an hour longer."

"I think we ought to wait to see if it really is anything serious," said Denning. "What do you say, Uncle Joe?"

The old man's face was haggard and pale. His beard was shaggy and unkempt. In answer to Denning's question he simply let his head drop and sat there speechless.

"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," philosophically argued Ed. Watson. "The soldiers are to protect American citizens, and if we think we are in danger we have a right, as American citizens—even though we don't pay our poll tax — to call upon them for protection. And I agree with Frank that we ought to send for them."

The old man's eyes glittered; his lips trembled.

"American citizens!" he repeated hoarsely, and buried his face in his arms. The other men did not notice him.

"Well," said Jim, "seeing that you both agree, I'll let Frank go to San Pascual."

Brendon examined the Colt automatic he always carried. He took a couple of sandwiches and a bottle of brandy as a stimulant and silently dropped out the back window and sought the road to San Pascual through the bushes.

For two long hours the three men sat in the little room, anxiously waiting. At every unusual noise the two younger men would cautiously go to the door to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, while Uncle Joe sat on his high stool.

Shouts were arising more piercing than before. Again Denning and Watson went to the door. They turned away with grave faces.

"We'll, they've come at last," said Denning, "the Filipinos, I mean, not the soldiers. All we can do is wait." He shut

the door and bolted it. Watson lit the kerosene lamp and again they sat down to wait. Outside, the half-naked natives were rending the air with their shrill cries. Inside, the lamplight gave the little room the appearance of a gloomy cavern.

"Hadn't we better begin to use the guns, Jim," asked Watson impatiently. "We've got four rifles here."

"We'll only enrage them all the more if we shoot, Ed. The soldiers will be here any minute and they'll fix that crowd all right. It's nearly 2 o'clock now."

Fifteen, dreary, lengthy minutes passed and the howling outside grew fiercer and fiercer.

"Jim, let me take one shot at them," begged Watson, as there was a crash against the door. Denning hesitated but a moment.

"Take one of the rifles, Ed. You don't want one, do you, Uncle Joe?" But the old man had already selected a rifle and was testing it with the familiarity of an expert.

"Where did you ever handle a gun before?"

The old man did not answer.

The men began their shooting slowly and cautiously. They made every shot count. Every time Uncle Joe fired, a death-like cry rent the air. The Filipinos, unused to being fought with fire-arms, shrieked and shouted more wildly than ever. Their very moaning inspired the men in the cabin with horror.

Although it was yet afternoon, in the darkness of the cabin, they had almost forgotten the time. Above the native's cries they heard the pattering of many horse's hoofs.

"Here they are!" cried Watson.

The men stopped shooting. A few minutes later, they heard Brendon's voice, accompanied by a knock on the door.

"We're here, Jim, we're here!"

Denning unbolted the door and Brendon entered with an officer. The latter was a fine, straight man, appearing to be about 40 years of age, although his gray-tinged hair and mustache suggested fifty.

"So you're the man in charge of this post," he said to Jim with a hearty handshake. "I'm Colonel Randolph. You're mighty lucky to get off as easily as you did. You're got this young man to thank, sir," pointing to Brendon. "He was almost dead when a sentry found him. The sun was too much for him." He turned to Uncle Joe. "And this, I presume, is—" He stopped suddenly as if thunderstruck. The old man stood motionless, gazing intently upon the officer. The latter broke the tense silence.

"Jack! Aren't you Jack Carey?"

The old man bowed his head and turned away.

"It's I, Tom. It's I."

The officer grasped his hand and put his arm around on the old man's shoulder.

"What's the matter with you, Jack? You ought to be happy to be found after all these years. I'm going to take you back to San Pascual with me and we'll go back to the States together. My leave of absence begins next week."

"No, Tom, not I. This is the only place for me. I haven't anybody to go to in the States. This is the only place for me, Tom, this is the only place for me," and his voice died away.

The old man's words, so simple, yet



so pathetically spoken, touched the listeners' hearts.

"Why, Jack," said Col. Randolph, "you don't mean that. What is there of interest in this God-forsaken place that keeps you here? You've got one friend and there's many a man that hasn't that many. "Jack," he pleaded, "aren't you a human being? Haven't you that spark in your breast that seeks companionship with other human beings? You weren't that way when I knew you. Think of what it means to be back among white people, who speak as you speak, who live as you live, who pray as you pray! I've been here only four months, yet I can't seem to wait for the day when my leave of absence begins. And you—only God knows how long you've been here; I don't want to know.

"Jack," his eyes met those of the other man for the first time, "Jack, you

will come back with me, won't you?"

The old man sighed and gazed on the ground.

"Yes, Tom," he answered, almost inaudibly, "I'll go back."

That night the soldiers pitched camp in Urada to be on hand in case the Filipinos should again attack. The natives, however, remained quiet.

During the evening, as he was walking among the tents, Jim Denning saw a little scene that made him remember—and smile. An old, round-shouldered man and a tall, straight officer were standing in front of the American flag the soldiers had brought, their hands at their foreheads in military salute. As Denning stood there, a faint breeze brought these words to his ears;

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the country for which it stands: one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

—R. L., '13.

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## CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Hark! The Christmas chimes are ringing,

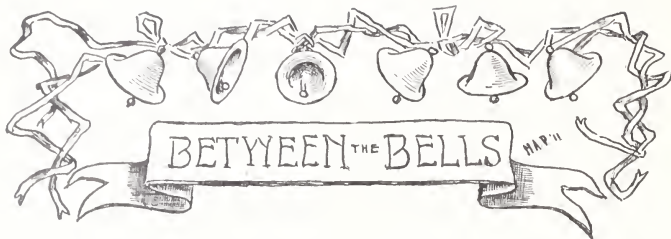
Their wild clangorous voices singing,  
In the welcome of another Christmas day,  
For the peace of all the nations,  
For the laying of foundations  
For a new and better era, let us pray.

As far back as I remember,  
Has the month of cold December  
Been the brightest and the cheeriest of the  
year,  
For my childhood's plays exciting,  
The swift slides and snow-ball fighting,  
All led onward to the time of Christmas  
cheer.

Long ago in Bethlehem's manger,  
Came one day a heavenly stranger,  
Bringing gifts to all the world, of lasting joy.  
And the beauty and the mystery  
Of that day's glad wondrous history,  
Touched with reverence the pleasure of  
each boy

Clear the Christmas chimes are ringing.  
Their melodious voices singing,  
In the welcome of another Christmas day.  
Strains of rapture louder pealing,  
And my soul the magic feeling,  
Listens, till the music softly dies away.

—E. G. S., '14:



There are loud bells, soft bells, sweet and long,

There are some with triple ring,  
But none so gay and frolicsome,  
As the bells that come between.

PUPIL (translating Homer):—"I came from heaven."

TEACHER:—"Hold on; you haven't got there yet."

*Un train de marchandise*, Merchant's Limited.

TEACHER (somewhat startled by sonorous strains of a declamation from further end of the corridor):—"I thought election was over, but apparently I am mistaken."

*Voilà*, Viola.

PUPIL (reading composition in English Class):—"It was about eleven o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was quite dusty."

MASTER:—"Apparently so. Pray be seated."

*Sur ma foi*, on my face.

Although the fellows of Room 3 had not had an opportunity of going to the theatre, they were afforded the distinct pleasure of a balcony seat in Room 25 a short time ago.

HARD GRINDER:—"Hurrah! fellows, no more plugging for 50%; only 40% is needed and that's easy."

SOFT GRINDER:—"Hold on, chappie, they haven't decided yet, and perhaps the judges do business the same way as John D.—*i. e.*, if they give something away, they raise the prices."

TEACHER (to pupil who has forgotten to bring his block of paper to the recitation):—"Brown, never come to Mathematics without your block."

TEACHER:—"James, spell needle."

JAMES:—"N-e-e-i-d-l-e."

TEACHER:—"Why do you put an eye in it?"

JAMES:—"Well, how could you thread a needle if there wasn't an eye in it?"

In the Latin Class.

TEACHER:—"What English word is derived from *hiberna*?"

FIFTH CLASS PRODIGY:—"The Hibernians."

FIRST YEAR GREEK STUDENT:—"Ebe-beebelbu."

TEACHER:—"Smith, put that gum in the basket and take a mark."

*Crête mur*, concrete wall.

*Champs en cultivation*, cultured fields.

A bright pupil from one of the lower classes, was called in an unguarded moment to translate a Latin sentence. Glancing at it hastily, he saw the words *senex* and *filia*. Immediately he began his translation with "old girl" as the subject.

*Confesseur, confectioner.*

Isn't it pathetic that a "would-be" aspirant to oratorical fame, should forget his piece at just such places as, "Wait a

while," in "Grandmother's Story," by Oliver Wendell Holmes or "Lest we forget," from "Recessional," by Rudyard Kipling?

TEACHER TO PUPIL:—"Do you know how to say 'our sisters' in French?"

PUPIL:—"No, sir." (*nos sœurs.*)

TEACHER:—"Correct."

And unwittingly our friend had secured a "five."

---

## ALUMNI

H. L. Stalker, Jr., '10, and C. S. Ayer formerly of this school, took part in the presentation of the "College Hero," given at the St. James Theatre recently.

\* \* \* \*

Paul F. Fraser, ex-'09, has been elected Captain of next year's football team at Colby College, Waterville, Maine. While at the Latin School, Fraser alternated between center and fullback on the eleven, captained by Cleary, '10. Later, he went to the Dorchester High School, and figured prominently in athletics there.

\* \* \* \*

C. E. Maguire, '08, visited school recently.

\* \* \* \*

E. W. Soucy, '12, was among those who received their numerals on the Harvard Freshman eleven. Soucy has been regular center for the team all this season.

\* \* \* \*

In the recent class elections at Harvard, two Latin School men were candidates for class offices—M. J. Lo-

gan, '11, and H. A. Packard, '11, Secretary-Treasurer, and Vice President, respectively, of the Sophomore Class. Although both were unsuccessful, the fact that they were nominated reminds us again that the Old Latin School makes itself felt elsewhere than within the walls which contain it.

\* \* \* \*

M. J. Logan, '11, played quarter-back in the first and third periods of the Harvard-Vanderbilt game, and showed up very well.

\* \* \* \*

Latin School is well represented on the Harvard Lacrosse team this year. Simmons, '10, is captain, and the following men are on the squad: R. G. Wilson, '10; L. F. Fowler, '10; Eaton, '10; Nightingale, '11; J. R. Fleming, '11. The manager is A. H. Onthank, '11.

\* \* \* \*

# SCHOOL NOTES

Work has begun on an addition to the school, which is to cost \$100,000. This addition will be completed by the opening of school next year, and will be three stories high. The basement will be given over to the supply room, the first and second floors to physical laboratories, and the third floor will consist of study rooms. The Dartmouth Street door, which is now closed during the process of construction, will be connected with Dartmouth Street by a tunnel, passing beneath the new building.

\* \* \* \*

The Annual Catalogue, after considerable delay, has been issued. It is interesting to note that the total registration is one less than last year. In the announcement of prizes for the current year, we note a new rule which says no boy who is repeating the year's work is eligible for either the Classical or Modern Study prize.

\* \* \* \*

Rifles have been issued to the Regiment and our "tin soldiers" are now busy with their manual of arms.

\* \* \* \*

The Castle Square Theatre has again offered a series of five of Shakespere's plays on Monday afternoons at 2:30. The first of the series, "Othello" was enjoyed by many Latin School boys on November 25.

\* \* \* \*

On Monday, November 18, Mr. Pennypacker announced that the Christmas Holidays will begin upon December 20th, instead of the 23d as announced in the

catalogue, and will extend to January 2.

\* \* \* \*

On Monday, November 25, Mr. Pennypacker, in speaking about the Thanksgiving Day game, cautioned us against performing any act which would call for criticism. He reminded us that Fenway Park was given to us for the game as a privilege, and in order to secure the park again, our conduct there must be above criticism.

\* \* \* \*

On Friday, October 11, the B. L. S. Club of Harvard held its first regular meeting of the college year in its rooms at 45 Dunster Street. Considering the number and diversity of important interests engaging the students' attention on that evening, the number of those present was unexpectedly large. The principal officers for the ensuing year, as elected last spring are: R. G. Wilson, B. L. S., '10, President; A. H. Onthank, B. L. S., '10, Treasurer; and M. F. Hall, B. L. S., '11, Secretary.

\* \* \* \*

The Boston Evening Record, of November 13, 1912, says:— "Harry Forman, 18, of 18 Poplar St., West End, a newsboy, has been awarded the annual scholarship to Harvard by the Boston Newsboy's Protective Union. He sold papers all the time he was attending Boston Latin and is now planning to work his way through college."

\* \* \* \*

Dr. William S. Stevens, '74, of St. Albans, was reelected vice president of the Harvard Club of Vermont, at the

annual meeting and dinner of the club, Sept. 23.

\* \* \* \*

Frederick C. Shattuck, M. D., '61, has been elected a Corresponding member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinboro.

\* \* \* \*

Albert Ehrenfried, M. D., formerly of this school, was married on July 3, at Bangor, Maine, to Miss Grace Waterman.

\* \* \* \*

Arnold A. Robert, Jr., '08, is in the Expense Department of William Filenes' Sons Company, Boston.

\* \* \* \*

As a memorial to Dean James Barr

Ames, '66, the Ames Foundation has arranged for the publication of the "Year Books of Richard II."

\* \* \* \*

Frederick A. Wilmot, formerly a member of this school, has offered a prize of \$100 for the best comedy or sketch, the performance of which will not take more than a half an hour, written and submitted to him before May 1, 1913, by a Harvard undergraduate.

\* \* \* \*

William Ladd Ropes, '42, died during the summer, at Andover, Mass., at the age of eighty-eight years. He taught in the Latin School from 1846 to 1848, and was associated with the Andover Theological Seminary as librarian for many years.

---

## HOCKEY

A hockey meeting was held on Monday, November 11th, in Room 14. There was quite a number of firm supporters present, but there were many familiar faces absent, probably due to football practice. They will be with us after they have had their Thanksgiving feast.

Mr. O'Brien told the candidates what an excellent game hockey was, both for building up a good physique, and for the sport that was in it, which has not been fully understood by non-participants; he also said that in his estimation hockey was equally as strenuous a game as football, and that a fellow certainly must be an athlete to play the game. The reason that the school

has not accepted it as a school sport is that the fellows have not taken an interest in the game. If they want to make their "L" as in football, they must stick together and make the team a success.

Hockey teams from Classes I., II., III., and IV. are to be formed and games are to be played similar to the class track meets. At the end of the season a silver cup will be presented to the class that wins. On this cup will be engraved the winner's name, and it will be kept in the school for the following years.

Come, fellows, show the "LATIN SCHOOL SPIRIT"! Everybody out for a championship team. —H. R., '15.

# ATHLETICS

## St. Mark's 7

B. L. S. 0

On Wednesday, October 23, Latin School played the strong St. Mark's Eleven at Southboro. The game was played in a downpour of rain, which made punting and dodging very difficult, and prevented our fast backfield from gaining any distance. St. Mark's made the only score of the game in the second quarter, when she tried a drop-kick which rolled along the ground. One of our players misjudged it, and a St. Mark's man fell on it on the one-yard line. In two rushes St. Mark's pushed it just over the line for a touchdown. Hardy played his first game, at end, for Latin School and was easily the star of the game. The summary:

### ST. MARK'S.

B. L. S.

Williamson, Harvey, l. e.; r. e., Hardy, O'Callaghan  
 Cunningham, l. t. . . . . r. t., Webber  
 Kent, l. g. . . . . r. g., Dullea, O. Green  
 Thacher, c. . . . . Fitzgerald, Walsh, Gersumky  
 Burr, r. g. . . . . l. g., Berman  
 Caner, Smith, r. t. . . . . l. t., McCarthy  
 Coolidge, r. e. . . . . l. e., Saladine  
 Landon, q. b. . . . . q. b., J. Green  
 Harriman, l. h. b. . . . . r. h. b., Dolson,  
 Craven  
 Ames, Pinckard, r. h. b. . l. h. b., Martin,  
 Boles  
 Horne, Hinkle, f. b. . . . . f. b., Rogers,  
 Gersumky  
 Score—St. Marks 7. Touchdown—Landon. Goal from touchdown—Kent. Umpire—Howell. Referee—Hallahan. Head Linesman—Flichtner. Periods 10, 10, 8, 7.

### Lowell High 14

B. L. S. 0

On Saturday, October 26, we lost at Lowell. Owing to the fact that Coach O'Brien and Capt. Craven missed the

train, and did not get to Lowell until after the first half was over, we were materially weakened. Lowell made both of her touchdowns by forward passes. The score:

### LOWELL HIGH.

B. L. S.

Carter, l. e.; r. e., Besarick, O'Callaghan,  
 Hardy  
 Cullen, l. t. . . . . r. t., O'Callaghan, Webber  
 Gill, l. g. . . . . r. g., O. Green  
 Bennett, Corbett, c. . . . . c., Walsh  
 Spalding, Gale, r. g. . . . . l. g., Dullea,  
 Berman  
 Mochrie, r. t. . . . . l. t., McCarthy  
 Trull, r. e. . . . . l. e., Saladine  
 Snyder, q. b. . . . . q. b., J. Green  
 Brunelle, r. h. b.; . . . . . r. h. b., Martin,  
 Craven, Dolson  
 Bailey, Bowers, l. h. b.

l. h. b., O'Dowd, McLennan, Rogers  
 Cawley, f. b. . . . . f. b., Gersumky  
 Score, Lowell 14. Touchdowns—Cawley  
 2. Goals from touchdowns—Carter 2.  
 Umpire—Duff, '12. Referee—Neeson.  
 Head Linesman—Fitzgerald. Time of  
 periods, 10, 8, 10, 8.

### Rock Ridge School 12

B. L. S. 9

Latin School, with its new line-up, played Rock Ridge at Wellesley Hills, November 2. We should have been credited with an easy victory, but for the fact that the refereeing was very poor.

In the very first few minutes of play Campbell intercepted a forward pass and ran 60 yds for a touchdown. In the third period Leggett picked up the ball and ran 30 yds for a touchdown. It was an incomplete forward pass, but the referee did not see it that way.

Latin School's back field made big gains through Rock Ridge's line, and Boles was able to make a touchdown and to kick a goal from the field easily.



# Latin School Register 13

The summary.

**ROCK RIDGE** B. L. S.  
 Wheeler, Richards, l. e. . . . r. e., Besarick  
 Brackenbush, l. t. . . . . r. t., Green  
 Scott, l. g. . . . . r. g., Tarrant  
 Leseur, c. . . . . c., Walsh  
 Gramstorff, r. g. . . . . l. g., Berman  
 Barry, r. t. . . . . l. t., Webber  
 Morando, r. e. . . . . l. e., Saladine  
 Richards, Leggett, q. b., . . . q. b., Boles  
 Talcott, l. h. b. . . . . r. h. b., Craven  
 Leggett, Wood, r. h. b.; l. h. b., Gersumky  
 Campbell, f. b. . . . . f. b., McCarthy  
 Touchdowns—Boles, Campbell, Leggett.  
 Goal from field—Boles. Umpire—Duff,  
 '12. Referee—Malloy. Linesmen—Tyler  
 and Crowley. Timekeeper—Kelley.  
 Periods—10 minutes.

**B. L. S. 3 BEVERLY HIGH 0**

Beverly High, which has defeated every Boston team that has gone there this year, found a different proposition when she faced Latin School on Saturday November 9.

Boles's right toe won the game for us in the second period, when he dropped a pretty one over the goal post from the 30 yd. line. Near the end of the game, Besarick made a 40 yd. run around left end, and put the ball on Beverly's five yd. line. The whistle blew just as we started to rush the ball, which prevented us in making a touchdown. Craven and McCarthy made big gains through their heavy line. The summary:

**B. L. S.** BEVERLY HIGH  
 Saladine, Hardy, l. e. . . . r. e., Nelson  
 Webber, l. t. . . . . r. t., Baker  
 Berman, Dullea, l. g. . . . . r. g., Hood  
 Walsh, Cusick, c. . . . . c., Smith  
 Tarrant, r. g. . . . . l. g., Brewer  
 Green, r. t. . . . . l. t., Stone  
 Besarick, r. e. . . . . l. e., Estes  
 Boles, q. b. . . . . q. b., Zelinsky  
 Martin, Dolson, Rogers, l. h. b.

r. h. b., Daley

Craven, r. h. b. . . . l. h. b., Spencer  
 McCarthy, f. b. . . f. b., Fitzgibbons  
 B. L. S. 3. Goal from field—Boles.  
 Umpire—E. P. Fitzgerald. Referee—  
 Raymond. Linesman—Slincy, '12, and  
 Appleton. Periods—10 Min.

**B. L. S. 0** M. A. H. S. 0

In a hard fought game, on the Volkmann Field, Allston, Saturday morning, Nov. 16, we played a 0-0 game with Mechanic Arts. At no time during the game, did the "buff and blue" team threaten our goal line, while we were twice within striking distance of their goal.

In the first two periods, the ball remained in the center of the field most of time, the last two periods, we had Mechanics on the defence. Boles twice tried goals from the field, but missed them by narrow margins. The playing of our backfield is worthy of comment. They made big gains through their line especially McCarthy who ripped big holes in the Back Bay School's line. The work of our line on the defensive was admirable, but on the offensive was a bit off its usual form. The summary.

**B. L. S.** M. A. H. S.  
 Saladine, Hardy, l. e. . . . r. e., Morgan  
 Webber, l. t. . . . . r. t., Hush  
 Berman, l. g. . . . . r. g., Brown  
 Walsh, Cusick, c. . . . . c., Piper  
 Tarrant, r. g. . . . l. g., Shephard, Bolton  
 Green, O'Callaghan, r. t.; . . l. t., West-  
 man, McCawley  
 Besarick, r. e. . . . l. e., Curran, Stearn,  
 Bourne, Lally  
 Boles, q. b. . . . . q. b., Cutler  
 Gersumky, l. h. b. r. h. b., Lally, Menader  
 Craven, Martin, r. h. b. . . l. h. b., Shea  
 McCarthy, f. b. . f. b., Willard, Moulton  
 Referee—Burleigh of Exeter. Umpire—  
 Courtney of Lafayette. Head Lines-  
 man—Murphy of Harvard. Time—10  
 minutes periods.

# THE THANKSGIVING DAY GAME

B. L. S. 7—E. H. S. 6.

Owing to the enterprise and forethought of our able cheer-leaders the enthusiasm and interest in the annual contest with our rival, English High, was much greater than in former years. Beginning one week prior to the game, English High held several mass meetings daily in the hall, and succeeded not only in disturbing our recitations, but in awakening some of our enthusiasm as well. On Friday, Nov. 22, the first B. L. S. mass meeting was held in the drill hall and was well attended. After school closed on Wed., Nov. 27, according to the time-honored custom, a big mass meeting was held in the assembly hall. One of our Alumni, who was present, said it was the best mass meeting ever held in the Latin School. The speakers were Mr. O'Brien, our coach, Craven, Captain of our team, and Potter, '11. Programs, containing the new and old songs and yells, statistics of the team, and complimentary notices, were distributed, and the songs and yells practised till 1:30 p. m., when our loyal rooters were informed that the rent had expired. Wednesday was an ideal day, and the weather forecasts indicated that Thanksgiving would be a fine day for football. Predictions as to the outcome of the game were numerous, but all agreed that it would be a closely-contested game.

Thanksgiving Day dawned cloudy and cold and the sky gave warning of the snow-storm that was to follow. Long before ten o'clock, when the game was to start, the center-field bleachers of Fenway Park commenced to fill with the loyal rooters of both teams. Through the generosity of the school, we were able to have a band for the occasion, and it was a great help to our cheering section. A little before ten o'clock the E. H. S. squad, headed by Captain Maginness, came on the field, and

were greeted by the second yell with "English" on the end. The English High rooters returned the courtesy a few moments later, when the Latin School squad came on the field. The teams went through signal practice and Boles kicked a few field goals. English won the toss and elected to defend the west goal. Promptly at 10.05 Boles kicked off to Ignico, and the game was on! English failed to gain, and punted to Boles who ran the ball back 15 yards. Then Latin School started a triumphant march toward English High's goal line. Boles gained 3 yards through tackle; English was penalized 10 yards for holding; McCarthy made 5 yards through center, was injured but soon resumed play; finally it was third down on English's 20 yards; Boles tried a forward pass but it failed to work; and his drop kick went wide of the posts. It was English's ball on her own 20 yards. On the next play Wright was injured and was forced to retire. Ignico punted to Boles who ran the ball back 20 yards. English was penalized for offside, and then followed one of the prettiest plays of the game which brought us our score, the game, and the City Championship. Twice Latin tried High School's line and failed to gain. Boles stepped back as if to try a drop-kick but instead he threw one of the prettiest forward passes ever seen on a school-boy gridiron, to McCarthy who sprinted 20 yards and scored the first touchdown against English High in 4 years. Boles kicked the goal. Score, B. L. S. 7, E. H. S. 0. Boles again kicked off to English who failed to gain, and punted to Gersumky. English made her score as a result of the next play. Boles' punt was blocked by Algar and recovered by Casey who was downed by Gersumky on Latin's 25 yard line. Then High School's superior weight and strength

told—for, aided by a penalty and terrific line plunging, Shelburne went over the line for a touchdown. English failed miserably at the goal, which was partially blocked by Boles. Score, B. L. S. 7, E. H. S. 6. English kicked off and the period was soon over with the ball in Latin's possession on her own 20 yards.

In the second period the English High eleven showed its real strength. Time and time again English threatened our goal line, but our plucky linesmen, aided by the secondary defence, stopped the English backs. Maloney, the little E. H. S. quarter-back, was the star of this period, making a sensational 25-yard run. No less brilliant was the work of Besarick, the plucky Latin School end, who "nailed" the English High runner for a loss several times.

Between the halves, the two bands kept the rooters busy singing school songs. Snow had begun to fall plentifully, which tended to make the ball slippery and the footing less sure.

At the beginning of the 3d period, English kicked off to Saladine who was downed on the 35-yard line. Again Latin School took up her journey toward the English High goal line, aided by the end runs of Boles, Craven, and Gersumky. On English's 25-yard line, Boles tried another drop-kick, but it went low. English worked the forward pass once in this period, but Craven tackled Pendleton in his tracks.

In the 4th period it was "do or die" for High School. Here again, the Latin School spirit and pluck triumphed, for Latin School certainly outplayed High School in this period. The Latin School ends, Besarick and Saladine were in most every play, and several times Saladine tackled the English High backs behind their own line.

It is now six years since English High has triumphed over Latin School in football. By defeating English this year, we are awarded the title of "City

Champions," and Captain Craven's eleven well deserves the honor. Throughout the season, they have displayed true sportsmanship and played a clean game according to the Latin School style. But we must consider that to Coach O'Brien belongs the real credit, for it was he who instilled the courage and pluck in our team which enabled them to triumph over the heavier and more powerful English High eleven. Boles was the real star of the game, and ended his career on the gridiron for Latin School in a blaze of glory. His punting was a little off form, as he was forced to hurry his kicks, but the way he tore around the English High ends was beautiful to see. McCarthy, with his steady line plunging, Craven, with his defensive playing, and Gersumky, played a good game for Latin School. The Latin School line played well against heavier and more experienced opponents. For English, Ignico, Maginness, and Shelburne played a good game. The summary:

B. L. S. E. H. S.  
 Saladine, Hardy, l. e . . . r. e., Pendleton  
 Webber, l. t . . . . . r. t., Bradley  
 Berman, Dullea, l. g . . . . . r. g., Algar  
 Walsh, c . . . . . c., Wright, Fay  
 Tarrant, Cusick, r. g . . . . l. g., Cranston  
 Green, O'Callaghan, r. t . . . . r. t., Ignico  
 Besarick, r. e . . . . . l. e., Hillman  
 Boles, q. b . . . . . q. b., Moloney  
 Gersumky, l. h. b.

l. h. b., (Capt.) Maginness  
 Craven, (Capt.) r. h. b . . . r. h. b., Meade  
 McCarthy, f. b . . . . . f. b., Shelburne,

Wingersky  
 Score:—B. L. S. 7, E. H. S. 6. Touchdowns—McCarthy, Shelburne. Goal from Touchdown, Boles. Umpire. E. L. Hapgood of Brown. Referee—T. Murphy of Harvard. Head Linesman, Soucy '12. Timer—Meanix of Colby. Time—12 min. periods. Attendance—6500.

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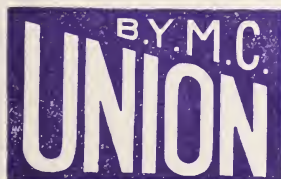


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