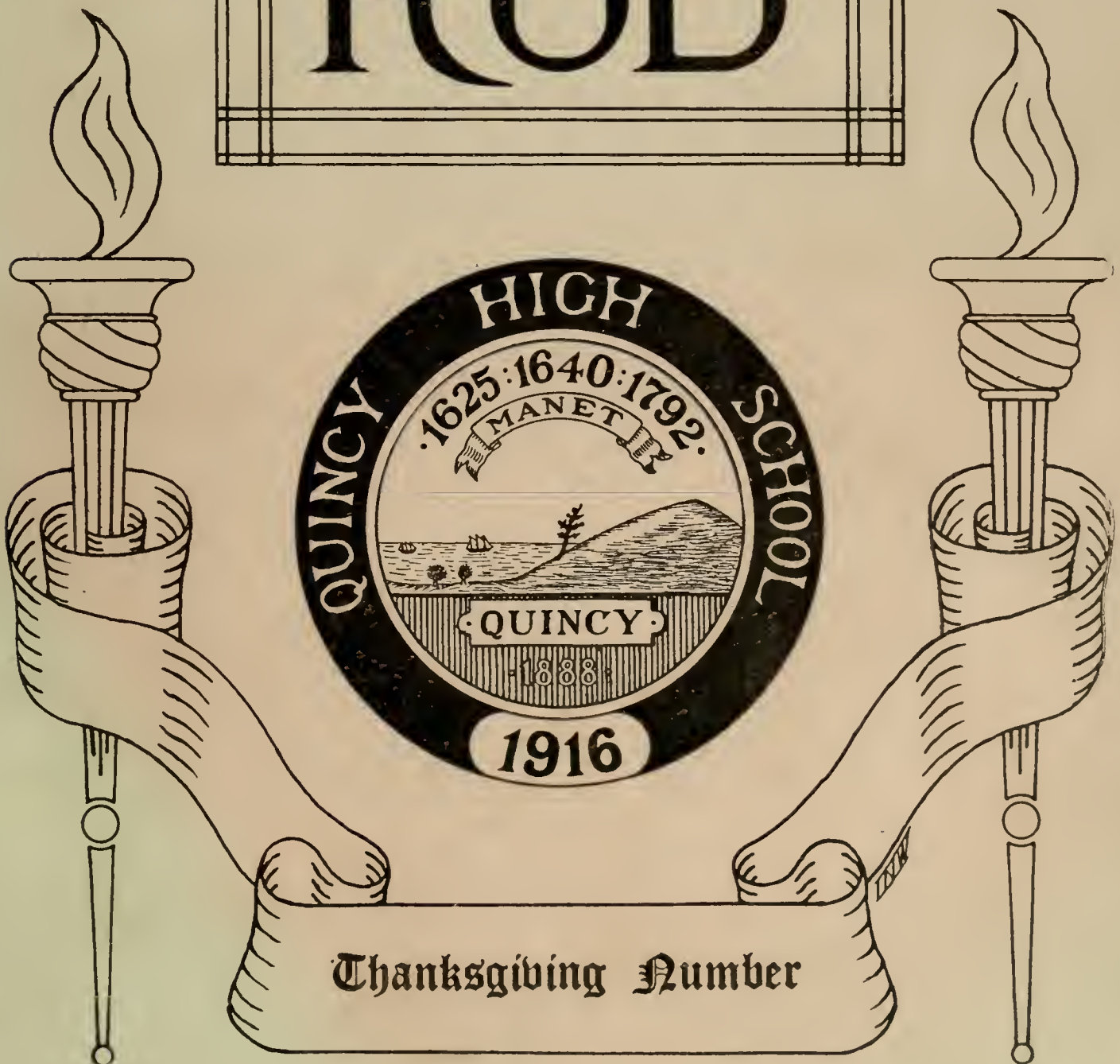


15

# THE GOLDEN ROD



Thanksgiving Number





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# The Golden-Rod

Volume XXV.

November, 1915

No. 1

## The Golden-Rod

Published eight times during the school year  
by the

PUPILS OF Q. H. S.

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## EDITORIALS

The editor and the staff fully appreciate the trust placed in them, and are very thankful for the honor bestowed on them by the senior class.

Members of the Quincy High School! Do you realize that "The Golden Rod" is what you make it? Do you realize that the success of your paper is limited only to the co-operation of each and every pupil both financially and literary? Do you realize that the publication of "The Golden Rod" is one of the biggest activities of the school? Without a moment's reflection, you, one and all, know that these things are true. But what are *you* going to do about these things?

This is what we, the editorial staff, are going to do. We are going to make "The

Golden Rod" the best literary, the largest circulating, the greatest advertising, and the best paying school paper Quincy High has ever published, and why not the best school paper published in this state? And we can *do* it, if each one shows a little school spirit and falls into line. Let each become a regular subscriber. Let each secure a subscription from some person without the school. Let each become a contributor. Let each become an advertising agent.

The first step is not a difficult one, for who among us does not spend ten cents every month for some trifle which could be better invested in a "Golden Rod," not only for the pleasures and benefits derived, but for the honor of the school. The second is not so difficult as it seems. Consider for a minute the large number of graduates Quincy High has sent forth and the number of persons who have attended Quincy High, but for one reason or another have left before completing the course. Surely, most of these would subscribe if they were approached by an enthusiastic pupil. The third may be more difficult, but each can at least try. Already two of the contributors of last year have begun this year aright by contributing to the first issue. The fourth is the easiest of all, for, each one of us has only to "talk Golden Rod," and show how great our paper is to his companions, folks, and other people, especially those carrying on a business, to become an advertising agent.

Speaking of the football collection. Did you notice the large amount? Either the class of 1916 are good collectors or the school spirit has at last been aroused. However, whatever may be the cause, it stands as a good piece of work, and let us hope it is only the beginning of great things during the session of 1915-1916.

Fellow classmates, it is more for your honor than that of anyone else that "The Golden Rod" become the greatest paper published, and if *you* wish the *Class of 1916* to be remembered forever in this school, *you* should be the *leaders* in the boom-The-Golden-Rod movement.

We cordially welcome the largest freshman class of Quincy High. We know that they are going to be better supporters of "The Golden Rod" than any freshman class, so far, as they showed their loyalty to Quincy High by their large contributions to the foot-ball fund.

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## NOVEMBER

How dark and cold lie hill and dale,  
And the swallow's song is still ;  
The summer glories of every vale  
Are frozen by the chill, — in November.

Each little flower in its cold bed  
Has gone to a tranquil rest ;  
The descending sun, with its sky so red,  
Sinks down in the far-off west, — in November.

ELSIE DANIELSON.

All ye goode people reape a fair harvest  
from this new countrie since ye are amongst  
the wealth of Nature. Yea, lay in a goodly store

of corn and venison, for it is writ in Ye Good  
Book ye must not borrow.

CHARLOTTE BARSTOW.

---

## FATTY CELEBRATES

SIX assorted boys sat whistling in the autumn moonlight on the high board fence which enclosed Eli Whitcomb's garden. Assorted they were — from lanky, rawboned "Sharky" Jones down to chunky, pink-faced "Fatty" Stubbs — and deviating were the great blasts of music they emitted, varying in style and time from Sharky's ragtime tune to Fatty's monotonous toot. (It was an established fact that Fatty couldn't whistle). All six were beating time with their heels against the boards. Suddenly the serenade stopped, Fatty winding up with a series of explosive toots. Silence reigned.

"Thanksgiving's comin'," drawled Sharky.

This convincing statement was affirmed by silence from the group.

"We'd orther start somethin'," Sharky continued, casting his eye down the line to see if his casual hint had taken any apparent effect. "I'm for having a feed way off some place where no one'll be buttin' in. I know a

peach of a place that's just what we want and that place is Silas Brink's old barn. All of us will bring a pie or cake or somethin' good to eat. We kin do anything we have a mind to without a lot of kickin' from the neighbors. We'll bring lanterns to light up the place.

"And this goes without sayin'," he added as he banged his hands together fiercely, "if anybody wants to be in this they gotta bring somethin' or there's nothin' doin'."

A mighty storm of thumping against the fence and hair-raising yells was the approval Sharky's suggestion met.

Then each one was questioned in turn by Sharky. All affirmed their willingness except Fatty, who dolefully explained, "I'm out of this 'cause my mother's sick and can't make any pies or cake fer me. An' I can't bake myself."

"Wal, rules is rules," maintained Sharky, who had no sympathy for sick mothers. The others stuck to Sharky.

So Fatty was abandoned and the rest made preparations.

But Fatty, who had a very gluttonous appetite and who thought a Thanksgiving party was necessary for his constitution, ransacked his brain for a way to get his share of the eatables. Fatty never thought much because, as he said, it made his head ache violently.

Thanksgiving night came with the earth bathed by the silvery glow of a November full moon. Snugly bundled up in thick sweaters with packages under their arms and lanterns in their hands, the five boys set out for the abandoned barn. There was a general confusion of voices as each tried to tell what he had brought.

Some distance behind, a lone figure followed always keeping well within the shadows along the road.

At last the dark outline of the barn was seen among the trees that partly obscured the view. Three rousing cheers were given as the group started on a run for the barn. The creaky doors were thrown wide open and they scrambled inside. The building was a large, roughly-built structure which had been put up temporarily and offered no adequate protection against wind or rain. Its owner had committed suicide and the construction was left incomplete. The dusty rafters, covered with cobwebs, gave it a gloomy aspect.

Bones Briggs found a large piece of tin which he dragged into the middle of the floor and upon which he proceeded to build a fire. The others gathered leaves and wood. The dampened leaves filled the barn with a thick smoke, making the boys cough and gasp for air. However, they soon had a fairly merry fire. Around this they joined in a pow-wow which would have made their red brethren envious had they seen it. It put a sharp edge "on yer appetite" as Bones said. Finally exhausted, they seated themselves around the crackling blaze. Sharky began to sing.

On a distant knoll a fox, barking his nightly serenade, stopped in amazement as the terrible strains of The Old Oaken Bucket drifted to him.

Then "Twiny" Stiggins began the topic of ghosts. The discussion became general.

"Ghosts are white 'cause they want to make themselves look pure and clean, which they really ain't," Sharky maintained.

"Where do they get their white?" asked Twiny.

"Aw, they must pinch it some place," rejoined Bones.

"Punk" Jackson then reminded them that Silas Brink had committed suicide in this very place.

"I wonder if Silas has got a ghost," said Twiny.

"Naw," disclaimed Sharky, "he was so old an' cranky nobody 'ud want to be his ghost."

"But still you never kin tell," he made haste to add.

A dead silence reigned. The melancholy hoot of an owl was heard. The boys shuddered. Bones was about to suggest the food when a terrible, whining whistle pierced the darkness. It rose and fell cutting the frightened group through and through like a knife. In through the window below the rafters drifted a skeleton that seemed to float in space, slowly descending towards them. At short intervals it stopped and flapped its legs and arms. The boys were glued to the spot, clutching frantically at each other. Sharky was the first to dive headlong through the door, the rest following at his heels leaving pies, cakes, lanterns, and all behind. Nor did they cease running until they saw the dim lights of the town. Then Sharky, who was leading, stopped. For some moments they stood gasping helplessly for breath. After a hasty and excited conference, they decided to ask Sharky's big brother to go back with them so that they might at least recover their sweaters.

Laughingly, Sharky's big brother consented to lead the path. They followed, reluctantly, armed with sticks, stones, and all available weapons. At the barn the boys hung back, still fearing a second encounter with the ghost. They saw Sharky's brother enter cautiously and throw back his head, laughing

uproariously. The group rushed forward inquisitively and entered the building. A very dismaying sight greeted them. All over the floor lay cake crumbs and pie crusts. Close

by the dying fire lay a frame-work skeleton and various other pieces of apparatus. In the midst of all this, snugly embedded in their sweaters, lay Fatty Stubbs peacefully sleeping.

RUSSELL C. JOHNSON, '17.

## JOHN STEVENS

JOHN Stevens was battling with himself. Five months ago he had been told by his physician that he had but six months to live. Having been born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, he had spent his life idly, and lived merely to enjoy himself. When he had heard the diagnosis of his case, he had determined to enjoy the short time remaining to him to the fullest. John Stevens was original. It was his boast. He had no relative to whom he could leave his fortune, so he decided to distribute it among his acquaintances. To the last five men he had met he sent, anonymously, equal portions of his wealth.

Now, when he had but about one month more to live, his doctor had come to him with the news of a discovery in medicine for the cure of his disease. At first Stevens had absolutely refused an operation, but at length thru the entreaties of his physician he had promised to consider it.

That night was filled with torture for him. He was not a young man nor did he know how to work. He could neither claim his money back by law nor would his pride have permitted him to do so if it had been allowable. What had he to live for? His money was gone and with it his friends.

In this disturbed state of mind he sank into unconsciousness, from which he was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a light. He arose, and upon approaching it discovered it to be a yellow atmosphere. Gradually his bewilderment ceased, and he could distinguish shadowy figures here and there. There were groups carrying mirrors before them. In these, instead of the image, greed and vanity

were reflected. He could see other forms which appeared familiar to him. These were the idle rich toiling laboriously at donkey engines raising cane. As the procession went forward, he was aroused by a peculiar clinking noise. Upon looking up he saw a long line of men, each with a golf stick grown to his hand, incessantly hitting ball after ball, for as soon as one was gone another filled its place. Great volumes of books rolled by. He was not sure, but he thought he could distinguish the title of an unusually large one as "The Smart Set" by Darwin. In the distance he could hear the familiar call of the bugle, and as the line marched on, he saw diminutive horsemen, the members of his own hunting club, each pursued by a giant fox.

This was followed by a peculiar shouting. Was it a riot? No, it was the accustomed sound of the stock exchange. There were men crying out their wares, and each was followed by an endless line of men and women bent almost to the ground under immense burdens, some of copper, some of silver, a few of gold, and some of wheat. The procession stopped before him. One figure bent lower than any of the others stepped forward. The creature bore a heavy burden of steel and endeavoured unceasingly to lift it from its shoulders. As the form approached he discovered it to be himself. His whole body twinged with pain, and he cried out in agony, "Let me live!"

\* \* \*

Somewhere in this world John Stevens is battling with life. Perhaps it is at the foot of the ladder, perhaps at the middle or, let us be original — gentle reader, guess.

PRISCILLA WHITE, '17.



## LEFT BEHIND

DING! Ding! Ding! Three bells — a fire drill! That was the thought which passed through the minds of all the pupils in a large high school.

Miriam West was working on an important examination. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "there goes the fire bell. I must finish this this period. Nobody will notice if I stay in."

She worked on her test for five minutes and then she began to wonder why the pupils did not come back. Suddenly she noted a faint odor of smoke. "Oh!" she screamed, "The building is on fire! What shall I do?" She ran to the stairs but now the smoke was suffocating, blinding. She shut her eyes and ran down three or four steps but the smoke choked her and she could go no farther. At the top of the stairs she saw a door that she had not noticed before. It opened on to a narrow stairway so she started down but here the smoke was thicker than on the other stairway.

"Oh," she half sobbed, "I'll *have* to stand it. I must get out. Where does this lead to?"

Down, down, she went. It seemed to her as if she would never reach the end, but at last she did. Even then, she could not imagine where she was, for the smoke was so thick that she could not see. She walked forward a few steps to make sure that she was on firm ground. Then she began peering through the smoke to find some way out. Suddenly she heard a faint crackling sound. It grew louder and louder. At that instant everything around her seemed to burst into flames.

"Help! Help!" Miriam shouted. "Won't somebody come and take me out of here?" She ran over to a place where the flames had not yet started. There were two very large bins full of coal.

"I am in the cellar!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps I can get out through the coal chute."

Laboriously she climbed through the coal to the opening. There, at last, she got a breath of fresh air. The chute was very steep but she slowly climbed up. Then her hand slipped, and she came sliding down.

By this time the flames had reached the coal bins and the coal nearest the floor was slowly burning.

Miriam's situation was indeed perilous, and she fully realized it. Her strength was nearly exhausted but what little she had left she put forth in her last attempt. She pulled herself up to the opening and began climbing again. About halfway up was a kind of shelf. Miriam could go no further. She grasped hold of the shelf and climbed up. She was completely exhausted and no sooner had she reached the top of the shelf than she sank down in a heap, nearly unconscious, but still clutching the sides as if she were holding her very life in her hands, as really she was; for if she fell, it would mean sure death.

Meanwhile the fire was raging in the whole front part of the building, and the firemen were doing their best to put it out.

"The basement is all ablaze!" cried a boy running to the crowd.

"Unless that is put out," cried a fireman, "there will be no chance of saving the building. Come on, boys, Put all your efforts to the cellar!"

"Send a stream down the coal chute to prevent the coal from catching fire."

The boys were looking intently down the chute while the men were bringing the hose around. "Wait!" cried one of the boys, "I see something on the side there, don't you?"

Just then Miriam's hand loosed its grasp; she slipped off the shelf and down the chute.

"A rope! A rope, quick!" cried the boys, "There's a girl down there!!"

One of the firemen slid down the chute with one end of the rope in his hand. He took Miriam in his arms and those outside pulled him up.

Miriam was brought back to consciousness, but she was weak and ill for a long time. She decided that it was always best to obey orders.

E. A. JACKSON, '18.

## SCHOOL LIFE

### DEBATING CLUB.

The members of the society gathered for the first meeting of the new school year in Room 34 at 1.15 on Wednesday, September 29. The question chosen by the meeting for the first regular debate to be held on the evening of October 27 was : "Resolved, that military training should be taught in American schools." President Smith appointed the debaters as follows : (affirmative) : Biganess, Leander, and Jaycox ; (negative) : Brokaw, Burgess, and Kidder. The names of Nixon and Kendall were submitted by the membership committee and both were admitted. The President then named Marr, Brokaw, and Biganess, as a committee to act in co-operation with a committee from the Thalia Club in putting on a play for the benefit of High School Athletics.

At a special meeting held in Room 34 on the afternoon of October 13, the question : "Resolved : that the marriage state is happier than the single," was chosen as the topic of the debate on the evening of November 10, but only after a heated argument by the members. The participants will be : (affirmative) : Schools, Erickson, and Kendall ; (negative) : McCormick, Roache and Dennehy ; reader, Pope.

The first regular meeting of the Club was held in Room 13 on Wednesday evening, October 27. As a quorum was not present no business was transacted. Biganess, Jaycox and Leander argued for the affirmative against Kidder for the negative of the question, "Resolved : that military training should be adopted in American schools." The judges, Messrs. Fuller, Nixon and Pope, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

The Club expects to develop a team this year and arrange debates on prominent topics with teams from the nearby schools. The debate held last year makes an excellent foundation to start from.

At the first meeting after Thanksgiving

the competitive debates for the individual and team championship of the school will commence. Hilton Marr holds the individual championship at present as a result of his work in the final debate held last year in the Hall. An appreciative audience heard the subject of "Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts" discussed by : Merrill, Pope and Smith for the affirmative and Von Colln, MacDonald, and Marr for the negative. The judges, Messrs. Mackay, Mansur and Rice, gave a decision in favor of the affirmative but decided that Marr on the negative had distinguished himself to the extent of being the best individual debater. As a result, Marr received the gift of a book from the MacMillan Co.

There are still a few vacancies in the club which may be filled by members of the Junior and Senior Classes.

The officers of the club as elected at a special meeting last June, are as follows :

*President*, Smith  
*Vice-President*, Brokaw  
*Secretary*, Marr.  
*Assistant Secretary*, Jaycox  
*Treasurer*, Erickson

#### *Nominating Committee :*

Leander  
 Brown  
 Brokaw  
 Schools

#### *Historical Committee :*

Pope  
 Burgess  
 Erickson

#### *Entertainment Committee :*

Schools  
 Biganess  
 Dennehy

#### *Question Committee :*

Biganess  
 Leander  
 Pope

## THE THALIA CLUB

The Thalia Club held a meeting in September to vote upon the fifteen girls of the Junior Class who were to be admitted into the club this year. The following girls were admitted:

Mildred Diack	Hildegarde Ducey
Frances Horton	Grace Gooding
Evelyn Luke	Esther Bagg
Olive Bateman	Jeanette Linscott
Augusta MacMahon	Gretchen Horst
Priscilla White	Dorothy Russell
Alice Brogan	Isabel Wragg
Jeanette Whalen	

The second meeting was held early in October for the election of officers and to determine upon a play to be given for the benefit of athletics. The officers elected are as follows :

*President*, Elizabeth Reed  
*Vice-President*, Priscilla White  
*Secretary and Treasurer*, Helen Day

*Dramatic Committee :*  
 Dorothy Stevens, *Chairman*  
 Augusta MacMahon  
 Olive Bateman

*Outdoor Committee :*  
 Anna Campbell, *Chairman*  
 Mildred Diack  
 Marion Hardy

*Literary Committee :*  
 Mildred Harrison, *Chairman*  
 Marion Walther  
 Frances Horton

At a meeting held late in October it was voted that the Thalia Club furnish funds for the play to be given for the benefit of athletics.

## ORCHESTRA.

The personnel of the orchestra which has been organized this year under the direction of Miss Howes, is as follows :

*First Violin :* Misses Murphy, Harper Parlee, Tobin, Arenberg, Le Lacheur, Howe and Burns ; Leary, Weinhouse and Weymouth.  
*Cornet :* Miss Rosenberg and Heap ;  
*'Cello :* Aronberg ;  
*Drums :* Emerson ;  
*Piano :* Miss Smith.

## SCHOOL

Although we were all sorry to note the absence of many of our former teachers, some of whom had been with the school for a number of years, we now realize that their positions have been well filled. To the new teachers : the Misses Bickford, Brand, Bushnell, Cochran, Fallis, Howes, Rounds, Taber, and Wavle, and Messrs. Churchill and Kinder, we all extend our heartiest greetings.

Crowded conditions in the school have been somewhat relieved by the use of Room 32 as a home room and by holding a number of study periods in the Hall.

The play "For Old Eli" which is to be given for the benefit of athletics was read in the Hall before the members of the Thalia and Debating Clubs on Wednesday, October 13. The next day a large number turned out to try for parts.

The play was given in the Hall on Friday evening, November 12, the cast presenting it as follows :

<i>Charley Walker</i> .....	George Schools
<i>Dick Carson</i> .....	Howard Bowen
<i>Arti Armstrong</i> .....	Hilton Marr
<i>"Beef" Campbell</i> .....	Roland Ruggles
<i>"Bill" Bailey</i> .....	Henry Erickson
<i>Assistant Professor Allbright</i> ...	Cecil Jaycox
<i>Jack Ludlow</i> .....	Paul Brown
<i>Alice Fairfield</i> .....	Jeanette Whalen
<i>Edith Van Norton</i> .....	Evelyn Luke
<i>Mary Calderwood</i> .....	Mildred Diack
<i>Gwen Hardy</i> .....	Anna Campbell
<i>Mrs. Fairfield</i> .....	Ethel Vaughn
<i>Helen Beckwith</i> .....	Augusta MacMahon
<i>"Bub" Turner</i> .....	David Gesmer
<i>"Spud" Foster</i> .....	Carl Axberg
<i>"Skinny" Allison</i> .....	Harold Burgess
<i>"Andy" Anderson</i> .....	Russell Sears
<i>Jim Dwight</i> .....	William Kendall
<i>Tom McCoy</i> .....	Roy Brown
<i>Ted Jones</i> .....	Daniel Dennehy
<i>"Ollie" Olcott</i> .....	David Weinhouse
<i>Mike McCarty</i> .....	Rex Ruggles
<i>"Sport" Hendricks</i> .....	James Brisbe

The members of the school responded handsomely to the call for funds by the Athletic Association, \$110.89 being collected. This is the largest amount ever contributed by the school at one time. Room 28 was the most liberal as it delivered a total of \$8.05 to Marr, but the junior rooms 24 and 23 were not far behind as the former gave \$7.46 and the latter \$7.30. The Athletic Association has also received \$30 from the Alumni Association.

It seems as if it would be necessary to resort to strenuous methods if those lingering seniors are to be kept out of Room 28 after the close of school.

The reading table which has been placed in Room 21 by Miss Bickford should prove not only a great help, but also an interesting diversion to pupils of the French classes. It is to be hoped that it is used in the right way.

The first assembly of the year was held in the Hall Monday, October 25. Mr. Collins said he intended to hold assemblies in the future only when he could obtain someone with something of interest to tell. We realize the difficulty of finding men willing to do this, but we sincerely hope that he may be successful.

Enthusiasm meetings held in the Hall previous to several home games, at the instigation of Mr. French, brought good results, as the attendance and cheering at the games indicated.

Members of the school! Buy your Christmas presents to benefit your school. It has been decided to have the members of the senior class produce material for the production of a calendar which will be ready shortly before Christmas. The proceeds will be divided between athletics and the senior class. Make the effort successful! Kill two birds with one stone.

1916

At a meeting in the Hall on October 15, the senior class elected Roy Brown a member of the motto committee and Sherman Brokaw a member of the athletic committee. Miss Kendall was unanimously elected secretary. President Marr named Paul Brown, Henry Erickson and Robert Pope, members of the Photo Committee.

1917

At a meeting of the junior class on it was agreed to try to raise the \$150 needed to complete to the payment for a projecting lantern which has been purchased with the proceeds of past Golden Rods.

Robert W. Pope, *News Editor*.

## ALUMNI NOTES

We are more than pleased to find that Our Alumni, especially the graduates of last year, are situated in various schools and places of business.

Amy Torrey, Lucy Falconer, Mary McCabe, Annie Schlenker, William McMahan, Fred Roache, and Harold Kidder are post graduates this year.

1911

Paul Blackmur, at the beginning of the year, helped in the coaching of our foot-ball team.

1914

Florence Crowell — *Simmons College*.  
Andrew Dean — *Massachusetts Institute of Technology*.

Margaret Magee — *Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School.*

John Martin — *Wesleyan University.*

Norbert McArnarney has entered *Dartmouth College.*

Frederic Schenkelberger — *Massachusetts Agricultural College.*

Alice Parmenter — *Chandler Shorthand School.*  
Frederic Rasmussen — *Massachusetts Institute of Technology.*

Ruth Reynolds — *Bridgewater Normal School.*

Beatrice Rogers — *Wellesley College.*

Marion Simpson — *Boston University.*

Mary Shyne — *Bridgewater Normal School.*

James Smith — *Simons, Hatch & Whitton Co.*

Allen Stearns — *Arnold, Robinson Co.*

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1915

Margaret Atwood — *Wellesley College.*

Charlotte Barstow — *Wellesley College.*

Thomas Barstow — *Harvard University.*

Arthur Bowen — *Massachusetts Agricultural College.*

Mary Bradley — *Bridgewater Normal School.*

Pauline Brogan — *Burdett Business College.*

Dorothy Brown — *Fenway School of Illustration.*

Herbert Carlson — *United Drug Company.*

Mary Casey — *Burdett Business College.*

Louise Churchill — *Mt. Holyoke College.*

Donald Crocker — *Clark Shorthand School.*

Willard Crocker — *Tufts College.*

Lincoln Grosseup — *Harvard University.*

Mildred De Boer — *Chandler Normal Shorthand School.*

Rosalie Du Temple — *Johnson's Music Store.*

Robert Foy — *The Adam's Market.*

Reginald Fay — *National Shawmut Bank.*

Jennie Gibb — *Bridgewater Normal School.*

Edna Gray — *Consolidated Trust Company.*

Hazel Henry — *Married to "Pete" Flahive.*

Sturgis Hunt — *Boy Secretary of the Nashua Y.M.C.A.*

Victor Hultin — *H. P. Hood & Co.*

Lydia Keyes — *Mt. Holyoke College.*

Paul Larkin — *Worcester Academy.*

Hazel Livingston — *Wellesley College.*

Leslie McCormick — *Chandler Shorthand School.*

David Morrison — *Standard Oil Company.*

William O'Donnell — *Thayer Academy.*

Lillian Ojala — *Law Firm.*

Margaret Park — *Wellesley College.*

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In the entrance examinations for Harvard last June, Thomas Barstow received the highest honors in two subjects.

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Paul Larkin, a star foot-ball player on our team in years past, is playing on the regular Worcester Academy team.

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In the entrance examinations for Harvard last June, Lincoln Crosseup received *honorable mention* in two subjects. He has made the Freshman Foot-Ball squad, being one of two high school men on the team, the rest being "prep" school men.

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The scholarship which was started last year by the Wollaston Woman's Club, was awarded to Marion Simpson.

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The Alumni Association has very kindly given thirty dollars to the school for the benefit of athletics. A complete set of O. Henry, given last June, has been much and still is much appreciated.

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Any corrections or additions to this column will be gladly received.

DOROTHY M. STEVENS,  
*Alumni Editor.*



With the beginning of a new school year, we are pleased to renew our old exchanges and to receive the new ones. Here is hoping that a bond of friendship will be created between the different schools by the exchanges and never be broken.

We regret that, owing to the great demand in Quincy, last June, for the Senior Souvenir Number of *The Golden Rod*, we were unable to send any copies to our exchanges.

The following are cordially welcomed. May many more come.

*The Radiator* — Somerville, Mass.

*The Everett High Clarion* — Everett, Mass.

*The Tryout* — Haverhill, Mass.

*The High School Herald* — Westfield, Mass.

*The Latin School Register* — Boston, Mass.

*The Clarion* — West Hartford, Conn.

*The Aegis* — Beverly, Mass.

*The Review* — Lowell, Mass.

*The Pasco School News* — Dade City, Fla.

Remarks :—

*The Somerville Radiator* :— Your graduation number is a first class issue. The many pictures are a great attraction. We would suggest putting the editorial column first.

*The High School Herald, Westfield* :— The tributes to Mrs. Shedd are very good. They portray excellently her beautiful character. The suggestion we offer the *Radiator* we also offer you.

Here are two witty extracts from the *Latin School Register*.

#### A FAVORITE TOAST.

Here's to the faculty, long may they live,  
Even as long as the lessons they give.

"Failed in Latin, flunked in Math,"  
They heard him softly hiss,  
"I'd like to catch the one who said  
That "ignorance is bliss."

We understand that the *Tryout* is published by the National Amateur Press Association. Is it in any way connected with the high school ?

*The Pasco School News, Florida* :— Your paper lacks originality. Fill it with more school news.

*The Review, Lowell Mass.* :— Congratulations on your large collection of advertisements.

MARION C. HARDY,  
*Exchange Editor.*

# ATHLETICS

Because of the lack of veterans, the outlook for a successful football team was not so good this year as last. Nevertheless, about fifty men responded to the call of Captain Sanborn and Coaches Mansur and French. With this abundance of material a good team was formed.

The following schedule was arranged by Manager Barber.

- Oct. 1 — Hingham at Quincy.
- Oct. 5 — Newton at Newton.
- \*Oct. 8 — Wellesley at Quincy.
- Oct. 12 — Weymouth at Quincy.
- Oct. 19 — Rockland at Rockland.
- Oct. 23 — Revere at Revere.
- Oct. 29 — Brighton at Quincy.
- Nov. 5 — Milton at Quincy.
- Nov. 12 — Brockton at Brockton.
- Nov. 19 — Arlington at Quincy.

\* Postponed to the 15th.

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## QUINCY 19, HINGHAM 0.

Oct. 1, 1915. Quincy opened its foot-ball season by defeating Hingham at Merrymount Oval. The team played well, considering its lack of experience. Atkins, Beaton and McNamara did good work in the line. Sensational end runs were made by Gilliatt and Asklund, both men scoring. Mullen kicked a goal. Many of the second team players who were put in showed up well. Knowles excelled for Hingham.

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## QUINCY 0, NEWTON 67.

Oct. 5, 1915. Quincy was badly beaten by the Newton eleven at Newton. The game was played in a pouring rain, and as a consequence both teams were unable to keep their

feet. Our boys were outweighed man to man and had a hard time to hold the heavy Newton line. Noble and Siscum played a strong game for Newton. The former made several runs, two of which averaged about 35 yards. Jenkins, Sanborn, and McNamara played a plucky game for Quincy.

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## QUINCY 26, WEYMOUTH 9.

Oct. 12, 1915. Quincy easily defeated the Weymouth team at Merrymount Oval. Quincy's back field showed a wonderful improvement over their previous playing. Weymouth played an open game, frequently using the forward pass. The feature of the game was a goal from the field by Curtin of Weymouth. Quincy's best playing was done by Captain Sanborn, Gilliatt, and Hoffses.

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## QUINCY 0, WELLESLEY 28.

Oct. 15, 1915. Quincy High School lost the fourth game of the season to Wellesley at Merrymount Oval. Quincy was out-played from start to finish, and within a few minutes of the opening of the game, the Wellesley boys scored their first touchdown. A clever play was used by the Wellesley team at the beginning of the second half. Kinlin who received the ball started to rush, the back field using a criss-cross formation, but instead he threw a forward to Keefe who carried the ball over for a touchdown. The visitors used many of the second team in the last period and for a while it looked as if the home team would score, but the time expired before this could happen. Sanborn played well for Quincy, as did Likander.

**QUINCY 19, ROCKLAND 24.**

Oct. 19, 1915. Quincy journeyed to Rockland and suffered defeat at the hands of the Rockland eleven. Quincy was handicapped in the first part of the game by the delay of the arrival of many of her best players, who were detained when the auto in which they came broke down. During their absence twelve points were scored by Rockland. Quincy played hard to recover from this setback but was unable to do so. Quincy's touchdowns were made by Sanborn, Hoffses, and Walker; Rockland's by Allison, Soule, and R. Osgood 2.

**QUINCY 7, REVERE 38.**

Oct. 23, 1915. Quincy played Revere at Revere and was again the loser. The home team played in ill luck because several of her best players were out on account of injuries, Quincy's touchdown was made when McNamara recovered a fumble and scored. De Senso kicked a goal. Nixon played a good game for Quincy while Fermoyle, Stowell and Rampell excelled for Revere.

**ATHLETIC NOTES**

The captains and managers for 1915-16 are :

**Football :** Captain Sanborn

Manager J. Barber

**Basket Ball :** Captain Beaton

Manager Hingston

**Base Ball :** Captain Brien

Manager Mitchell.

Much credit is due Mr. Mansur and Mr. French as well as Paul Blackmur for their efforts in coaching the football team.

On the afternoon of the 21st Quincy's second team traveled to Cohasset and played a practice game. They were defeated 6-0.

**TRACK**

The call for track team candidates resulted in about twenty or twenty-five reporting to

Mr. Thompson. About twice this number is wanted and anyone who can do anything in track work should become a candidate for the team. There is a very noticeable lack of lower classmen out. Two of the new midgets are doing splendid work. These men, William Shyne and Wellington Glover have reported each day to Mr. Thompson and in this way have shown an excellent example of what school spirit is. Plans have been made to have special events in the future track meets for the smaller boys, so in this way they will not be handicapped by having to compete with boys much older and larger than themselves.

The track team has every appearance of being successful this year. Some arrangements have been made to hold a meet for which the candidates for places on the regular team only will be eligible. Prizes may also be given for different features in the events of the meet.

Track Work was introduced into the school last year through the efforts of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Paulsen. The first team to represent the school did very commendable work and support given it by the others of the school was of great value and made track work very popular for a time. To revive this popularity a great many candidates for the track team are necessary and it is now up to those who have any ability to come out and help do it. DANIEL DENNEHY.

Our football candidates may not know all there is to know about football, but they sure are stickers.

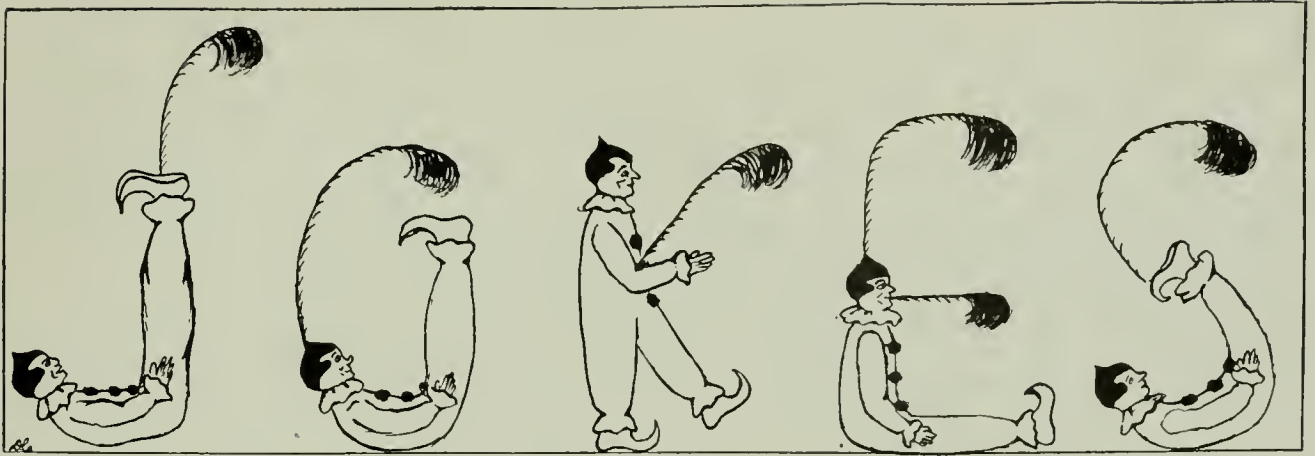
Sanborn is certainly a snappy little quarter-back.

While the football games this year have been fairly well attended, the crowd lacks vim. Get together and do some cheering.

SHERMAN S. BROKAW.

*Athletic Editor.*





NOT YET.

Miss Zeller :— Give me a noun ending in (EL).

Junior :— Berlin.

Miss Zeller :— No, Berlin does not end in (L) yet.

LATIN TRANSLATION.

Reddentque thymo fragrantia mella.

Pupil :— The fragrant honey smelt like time.

Miss Dawes :— With what modern institution would the alehouse of the 15th century correspond ?

Miss Smith, 16 :— Er- Cabaret.

SEE AMERICA FIRST.

A sparrow flew into the assembly hall and calmly walked around on the electric light.

Miss Zeller :— Oh ! See the sparrow on the bulb.

Clough, 16 :— Yah, he's taking a trip around the globe.

HEARD IN 23.

Franklin entered Philadelphia with his only suit of clothes stuffed with bread.

Soph. translating Caesar :— Some crossed the river in boats and others on Fords.

Sears in 28 ,translating German.

Miss Zeller :— Translate amo.

Sears hesitates.

Miss Zeller :— Go on, I asked you to translate, not to demonstrate.

Barber, 16, looking at Senior Reading List :— The Iron Woman is a dandy book.

Spider Brown — Yes, but she is as hard as nails.

Mr. Lundin to Soph :— And still you have forgotten to call after school.

Soph :— Yes, and I put it on my block.

Mr. Lundin :— That's all right, but you should have put it in your block.

ROOM 23. DISCUSSING HAMLET.

Marr, 16 :— He did not press his suit with Ophelia any more.

Voice from the rear : No, he used an iron.

Bowen :— Gee, it hurts my throat when I talk this morning.

Brown, 16 : It's no wonder with that face.

IN THE LATIN CLASS.

Miss O'Neill, talking about the hero :—And now Miss Ward what does he say ?

Frances :— I can't do it.

Miss Dawes :— Who was the cup bearer of the Gods ?

Baker :— Cupid.

Miss Dawes :— What kind of a cup did he bear ?

Baker :— A loving cup.

Miss Dawes :— How many can answer the question ?

(Looking at the hands raised) Mostly a feminine element. Marr, you answer it for us.

Miss Dawes :— Mahoney, give an example of blank verse.

Mahoney (ex tempore) :—

A certain man went through a wood,  
Thinking it would do him good ;  
He skipped and was about to run,  
But Lo ! he found a jug of rum.

Mr. Paulson :— There are big dictionaries for reference in every room, arn't there?

Class (pointing to a small one in the corner) :  
There's one.

Roy Brown :— That's a young one.

Miss Dawes :— Daly what is a pedagogue?

Daly :— You are.

Miss Dawes :— What is it then?

Daly :— Supposed to be a teacher.

Miss Smith, translating French :— Certains fruits sont sauvage ; certains autres sont cultivated.

Morris 1919 :— Say, Mr. French do you live in Hough's Neck or in the United States?

Miss O'Neill :— Cicero's idea of continuance in after life was being remembered by others. What is our idea of continuance ?

Miss Rogers :— Heaven.

Miss O'Neill :— Well, a future life. Yes, possibly heaven.

Miss Dawes :— Clough, isn't that book the you used last year?

Clough :— That's the book you gave me, but I didn't use it.

M. HATCH, *Joke Editor*.

#### AS LONDON SEES IT.

"Which is the quickest way to the hospital, please ?"

"Go along here till you come to the market place, then call for three cheers for the Kaiser."

— Tatler.

Teacher : "What was Silas's occupation?"

Pupil : "He—er—had a loom and made cloth."

Teacher : "What would you call him then?"

Pupil : "A—er—spinster."—*Ex.*

"If you like the old school best,

Tell 'em so.

If you'd have her lead the rest,

Help her grow.

When there's anything to do

Let the fellows count on you ;

You'll feel bully when you're through

Don't you know."—*Ex.*

Teacher : "When did the revival of learning begin ?"

Pupil : "Just before the exams."

I used to think I knew, I knew,

But now I must confess

The more I know, I know, I know,

I know I know the less. —*Ex.*

Teacher : "Have you done your outside reading?"

Student : "No, Pa says it's too cold to read outside." —*Ex.*

#### AN EULOGY

I stood upon the hillside

And looked across the plain ;

I saw a lot of green stuff

Which looked like waving grain.

I quickly looked again

It much resembled grass,

But found to my surprise—

It was that Freshman class.—*Ex.*

#### FOR CHRISTMAS

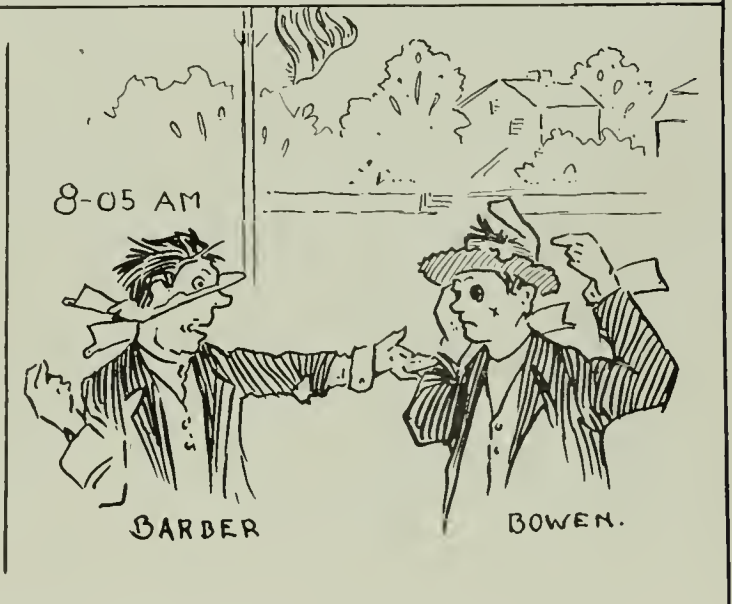
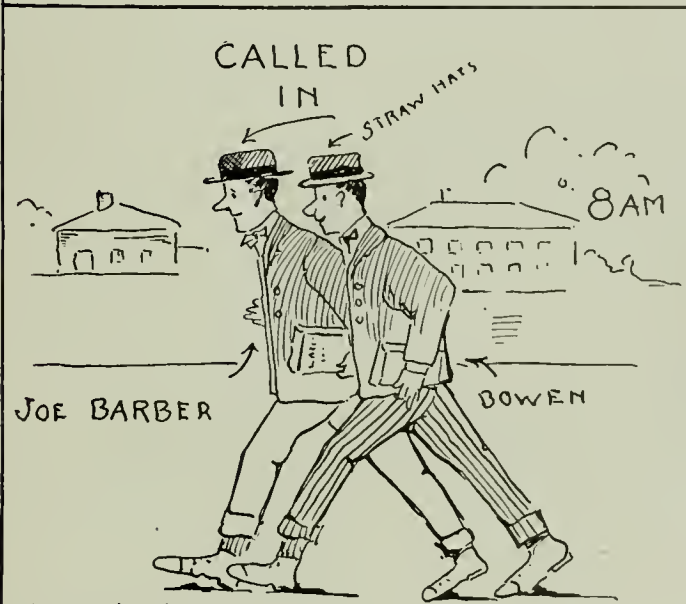
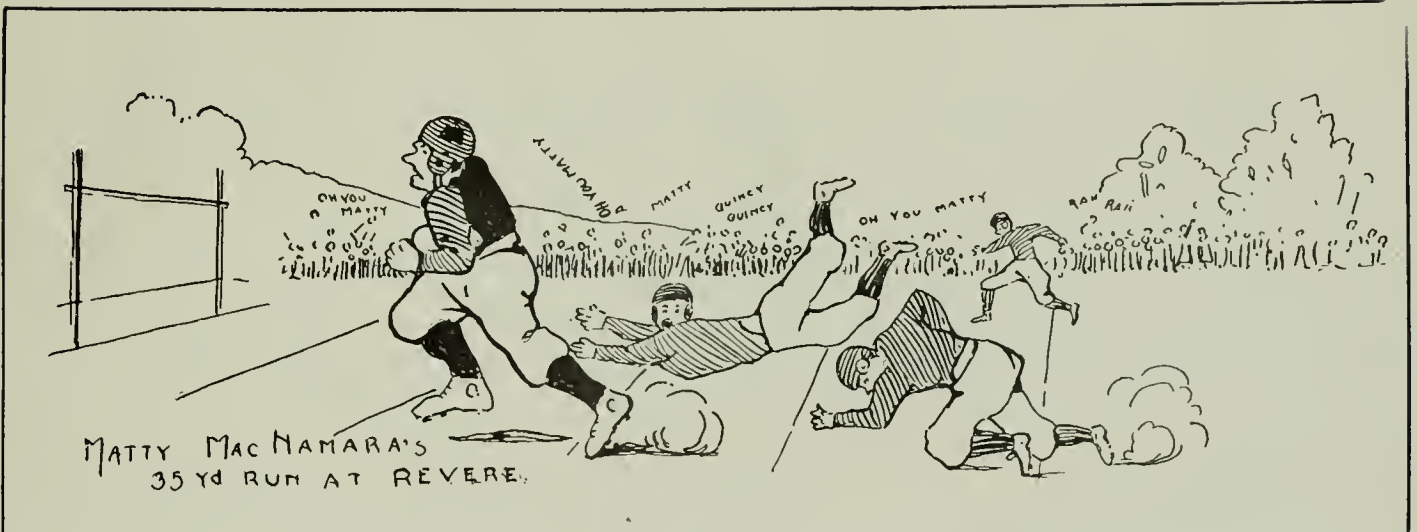
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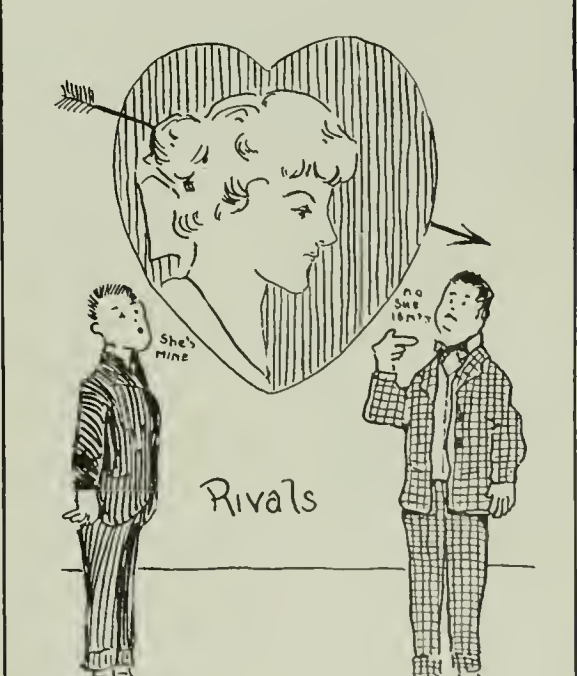
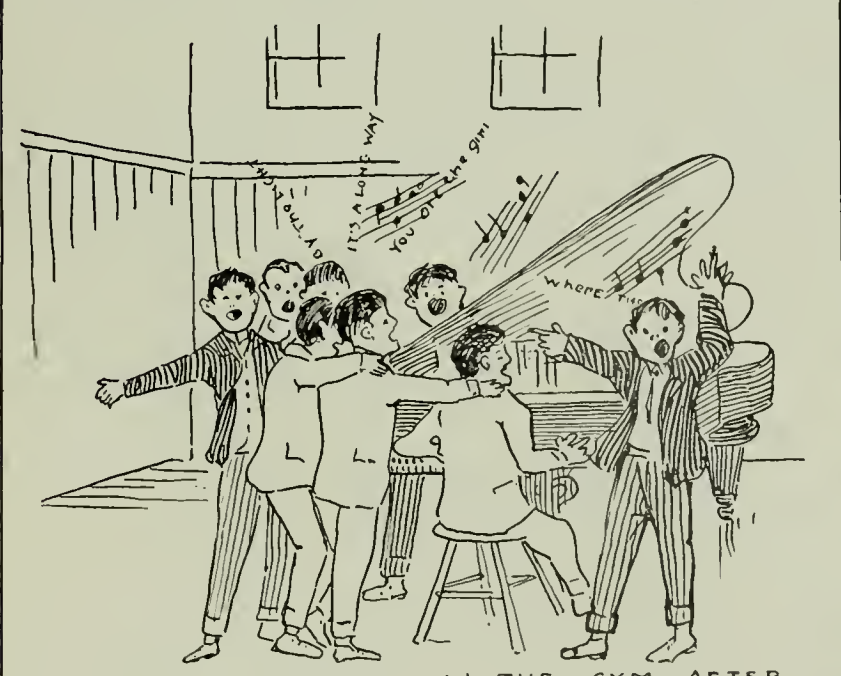
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