

2013

THE GOLDEN ROD



G.V.C.



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The Golden-Rod

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December, 1914

No. 1.

The Golden-Rod

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EDITORIALS.

This year the *Golden-Rod* as a monthly magazine intends to place special emphasis on the school-news column. This column will contain reports from the High School clubs and all articles of interest connected with school activities. We need the help of every pupil to make the new department a complete success. All contributions in this line will be gladly received by the staff.

On account of the larger number of editions of the *Golden-Rod*, it has been decided to make the size and price of the paper smaller. This year, the price of the magazine will be ten cents a single copy or sixty cents for a year's subscription. Coöperation is the key to success. Subscribe now!

In obtaining Professor Crosby's services for an entertainment, the Debating Society has

started a good movement. Mr. Crosby, whose official title is Professor of English and Public Speaking, is director-coach of the "Sock and Buskin," the dramatic society at Brown University. He is considered one of the best dramatic readers in this section of the country, making his specialty the modern drama rather than Shakespearian plays. The big event of the year at Churchill House, Providence, has been, for the last few winters, Professor Crosby's readings given under the auspices of the Providence Women's Clubs. His last appearance in this city was two years ago when he gave a reading of "The Rivals" before the Quincy Teachers' Association. It will be a treat to hear a reader so highly recommended and, at the same time, benefit the High School Athletic Association.

The mass meetings in the hall have given school spirit in Quincy High a decided boost. As was expected, these meetings brought out a large number to the home games. The unexpected, however, happened at Milton. Quincy's supporters were almost double the number of Milton's, even though the game was played on the latter's home grounds. The singing and cheering at that interesting game will make it one of the famous battles in the history of our school.

In visiting the different stores of our city the *Golden-Rod* staff was particularly struck by the lack of confidence in the ability of our advertising department as a promoter of business. Many merchants seemed to consider such advertising as a very unprofitable piece of work. This gives us another way to show our school spirit. Patronize our advertisers in preference to non-advertisers and mention the *Golden-Rod* when doing so.

It seems strange that such a beneficial and entertaining club as our Debating Society should still have a few vacancies in its ranks. Although its numbers are limited to thirty

members, the juniors and seniors do not seem to have fully grasped the fact that there is still a chance for a few more to be admitted.

When one visits the different football fields on which our team has played, the fact is soon realized that Quincy has a better field than ordinary schools for a better team than *more* than ordinary schools can boast.

The *Golden-Rod* staff has started a campaign for a large circulation and is trying to induce all graduates of the High School to take subscriptions. Besides the present school activities our Alumni Notes should be of interest to such subscribers. All help in obtaining subscriptions will be gratefully welcomed by us.

THE TERMINATION OF A GRAVE PLUNDERER.

(AFTER EDGAR ALLAN POE)

It was a cold day in October with the black clouds hovering oppressively low over the landscape and casting a grim, ghastly appearance over everything, that, mounted on a small black mare, I rode out to meditate upon the many misfortunes that had entered my life. It suddenly occurred to me that in the immediate vicinity in which I was riding a person once my friend spent his lonely career in retirement.

He, Aaron Moore, had once been a medical student but now spent his entire time as he thought best, which was in his laboratory, earnestly endeavoring to create a new form of life that would clear up the aged mystery of the missing link. As far as I knew his attempts had met with repeated failure.

In the early days of his life he had had a set-back which probably had shattered all his ambitions in the medical profession. He had been caught in the act of grave robbing, purely for medical purposes of course, and in punishment of his crime had spent many days in a cold prison cell. It is no wonder that he shrank from the society of mankind.

I decided, as I mused on his pitiful condition, to make a short visit to him that afternoon and do what was in my power to cheer this doleful Aaron Moore.

Presently I came within sight of the dwelling, a mansion of cold damp-looking stone with

ivy growing here and there. The windows were low and narrow, creating the impression of eyes peering out through the haze which enveloped it. Directly behind the manse was a dank pool surrounded by white birches that cast grotesque shadows on its dusky surface. The combined spectacle was depressing, to say the least. I turned my horse to blot from my vision a scene so weird. But no, I had gone so far I could not do otherwise than I had planned.

Soon I was beneath a portal of Moore's dwelling and after dismounting I hastened within where I was told my friend lay on a couch in one of the front rooms. I stepped to his door and knocked. A weak voice answered, bidding me enter. Such a sight as I beheld! His face bore a deadly pallor; his cheeks were sunken and colorless; his eyes were faint and expressionless; his thin hands quavered as he extended them to me.

Moore's conversation drifted into the matter of dreams with which he said he had been bothered considerably of late, dreams which pertained to his grave robbing of early days. I begged him to forget it all and to take a stroll with me into the fresh air; and he consented. We strolled up and down the narrow paths of a garden enclosed by a high stone wall, in the numerous niches of which were carved figures of mythical gods. We

had not been walking long before Moore became quite fatigued and was glad to rest on one of the garden benches. As he sat down he drew from his pocket a small pamphlet and was soon busily pondering over it, while I sat beside him gazing about until my eyes fell upon what seemed to be a small vault in the stone wall. The hinges I noticed were nearly rusted away although the door itself was heavily chained and padlocked. What was such a thing there for? I refrained from asking Moore the question, for I thought without a doubt it concealed something of importance. So many things, strange and unaccountable, were connected with his life that it was well for me not to disturb him with this matter. We entered the house by a rear door that led into a spacious hall surrounded by a gallery where the walls were adorned with the rarest of paintings, the subjects of which would seem strange to the average person. They were such as, *The Vanquished Ghoul*, *Terror of the Night*, *The Mystic Way*, all symbolic of his character. The statuary that lined the main floor was of marvelous workmanship but of subjects similar to the paintings, ghastly and phantastical.

I remained with Moore for the night and in the morning we went to his laboratory which occupied the entire floor of one wing of the house. Here he spent his days pondering over musty books that were piled high upon the benches that extended from one end of the laboratory to the other. Retorts, large and small, smoked and fumed on the tables; bottles of acids and chemicals stood ready to be compounded into that wonderful mixture which was to form a being unknown to man; cases of bones and skeletons lined the walls. The atmosphere was all but pleasant. It was here he worked day in and day out with perfect confidence that he would some day perfect a figure that would suddenly move, whose heart would throb, and whose brain would control its motions.

The second night of my stay I noticed a sudden change for the worse in my friend's condition. He would speak of nothing at

the dinner table that evening and his face I thought looked more wretched than I had ever seen it.

It was evident that he was now on the verge of a breakdown.

I had just turned down the light and drawn the curtains about my bed prepared for a well deserved sleep when some one rapped heavily on my chamber door. I found it to be Moore's valet. He was so overcome that he could hardly speak, but finally managed to say that Moore was acting queerly and continually asking for me.

I hastened to his room where I found his apparently lifeless form on the bed. A red light burned on the wall beside him, lighting up his countenance in a manner most gruesome. I stood beside him for a moment until his voice came slowly and feebly. I tried to catch the words which seemed to be "The vault! Someone to the vault!" At first I did not quite comprehend the meaning but then it occurred to me that it was that vault in the garden of which I had taken so much notice. I hastened out as I was. It was so dark that I could discern nothing. I groped about until finally my hand struck the cold surface of the door; but it was securely locked. In my haste I had forgotten the keys. Remembering, however, that the hinges were rusted, I grasped the door firmly in my hands and wrenched until it gave a little; one hinge snapped and then the other, and the door fell with a crash to the pavement below. I searched about in the bottom of the vault with my hands until I struck something that seemed to be a bundle of notes. I drew it out and hastened into the house.

Cautiously I opened Moore's door expecting to find him dead. I was mistaken. He was nearing death to be sure, but a spark of life still smoldered within him. As I entered, he regained sufficient consciousness to mutter a few unintelligible words, which I interpreted to mean that I was to read the notes. I undid the cord and placed the papers upon the table. The first began: "Icabod Tyler,

Lot no. 40, White Pine Cemetery, Case no III, Skeleton no. 5." What did it all mean? I sat there thinking when his voice came again slowly and feebly, almost in gasps. "Replace them all. I die in peace." At the close of this he sank back on the pillows. His life had departed from his body. Thus died Aaron Moore.

I saw it now. It was his dying wish to have all the stolen bodies re-interred in their first resting places. They were all in the laboratory, numbered, and these papers were

as a key to their names and burial places.

I left the papers in the hands of the police who with their untiring efforts have been able to replace all of the bodies with the exception of one or two.

As to Aaron Moore, he was buried in the dead of night, by the light of torches, amid the weird chants of a band of men who had helped him in securing the skeletons and to whose secret society he had belonged.

FRED'K FRANC JOHNSON.

THE PRICE OF TURKEY.

"It's perfectly outrageous!" cried Belle Simmons, scanning the poultry price-list the week before Thanksgiving. "Twenty-eight cents a pound for dressed turkey! Why that would be four-twenty for a fifteen-pound bird!

"How much," asked Mary, "is an undressed one?"

"It certainly ought to be less expensive. I think I'll get one. We *must* have turkey!"

"Now don't do anything rash," warned Cousin Helen, who was chaperoning the temporarily orphaned household. "You know, Belle, you get along very well as long as you cling to ordinary rules. It is when you give your fancy full rein that you come to grief. Yes, I know that an old maid schoolma'am doesn't know much about house-keeping, but—."

Four months before this Mr. Simmons and his wife had gone to Baltimore. It really seemed to Mrs. Simmons that two girls, aged respectively fifteen and eighteen, although they did not know the least thing about cooking, should be able to keep house, with Cousin Helen as chaperon. It was true that Cousin Helen knew absolutely nothing about cooking, that Belle's experiments usually resulted very badly or very well, and that Mary was a haphazard young lady, who cooked very well if she happened to remember that she had a meal to prepare—but she seldom remembered. However, Mr. and

Mrs. Simmons had promised to return the night before Thanksgiving.

"I'm *not* going to pay twenty-eight cents a pound for turkey," said Mary. "It is too much. Besides, I promised not to be extravagant. Let's take a car this afternoon," said she, cook-book open before her, "and seek our bird in his natural haunts."

So the girls and Cousin Helen set forth. Farmer White was sorry, but he had sold the only bird he had succeeded in raising. Farmer Johnson was likewise grieved. So were several other poultry-raisers. Benjamin Pratt said he didn't know; that he *had* had a few turkeys; that perhaps there was one or two left.

"Well, can't you find out?" demanded Cousin Helen, tired of the quest.

"Well, mebbe I could, mebbe I couldn't. Now there's Daniel Boone. If I could manage to catch him or Marthy Washington, I'd sell either of 'em for two dollars."

"Perhaps you can let us know by Tuesday," returned Belle overjoyed at the new turn of affairs.

"I will," promised Benjamin Pratt. "But if I don't you'd better not wait; catching Marthy is work for a day."

* * * * *

"This trip has cost us ninety cents," said Belle. "but we shall have saved money if we get 'Martha'."

Tuesday arrived. The turkey, however did not.

Undismayed Belle announced, "I'm going to Oakville. I've seen several crates of live turkeys in the stores there." After a great deal of hunting on Belle's part, she succeeded in purchasing a turkey for two dollars and a half.

"Send it," said the young girl, delighted with her bargain, "to James Simmons, Ashton."

"Pardon me," said the store man, "but we never deliver—."

"If you'll deliver it aboard the car," said Belle with determination, "I'll carry it home."

The conductor demurred at the sight of such a large box, but consented when Belle promised to pay a fare for it.

As the car stopped quite a distance from the Simmons door, she had to hire a boy to carry the precious burden to her home.

"Come out and see what I have," cried Belle, bursting in upon her cousin and sister.

Helen and Mary gazed at the bird.

"What's the matter?" demanded Belle, "I haven't bought a guinea-hen by mistake, have I?"

"Come with us," giggled Mary.

On the back porch, neatly crated, was a second turkey.

"It's Daniel Boone," exclaimed Mary. Then she explained to Belle how Mr. Pratt had sent it shortly after she had started on her hunt.

"We must return one," groaned Belle, "but we'll save fifty cents by keeping Daniel—that's one consolation."

The store man was not very particular about taking back his bird; but he agreed that one bird, rising at daybreak to disturb the pleasant dreams of the neighbors, was quite enough for one back porch.

The troubles had not ceased. Mr. Boone did not like his prison. He had a very long neck and made vicious darts at the girls with his beak. Worst of all, he would have to be killed. Several kind-hearted neighbors proved too kind-hearted in regard to the killing of turkey.

Finally one man decided to undertake the task, but he soon thundered at the back door, and Belle went, shuddering, to inspect the results.

"Say," stammered the man, "that bird of yours has flown off."

"Without his head?" gasped Belle.

"No, drat him, *with* it?"

"Where is he?"

"Up on the steeple of the church."

"How can we ever get him?" mourned Belle.

"Mebbe you could coax him down with some corn."

Undaunted, the girls coaxed and coaxed, but all to no avail. Finally Belle snatched her hat and started off to the market to get a dressed turkey. To everybody's relief the dressed turkey, which still required an amazing amount of dressing, arrived safely.

"But," confessed Belle, "turkeys have gone up."

"Never mind," said Cousin Helen, consolingly, "they're not as high as Daniel Boone."

ALICE HOGAN, '15

Perpetual motion is solved at last. All wishing proof of this fact apply to Bogan.

MR. PAULSON:—"The pressure on the bottom of the box on the scales is 1000 grams but the weight recorded is only 208 grams. What is the reason?"

GEORGE McDONALD:—"The scales are awful liars."

HEARD AT THE NEWTON GAME:—"Say, look at the autos over on that side of the field."

"Yes. eleven autos and a Ford."

PRES. BARSTOW (at Debating Club):—"Don't you think that the Income Tax Question would trouble us, Mr. Fuller?"

MR. FULLER:—"It hasn't troubled me very much."

HOW MR. LEONARD'S MIND WAS CHANGED.

"It's outrageous," cried Mr. Leonard, bringing his fist down with a bang on the table. "So this is the reason the young rascal is not going to be home to-morrow. Listen to this." And Mr. Leonard began to read from the paper:—

"An important change has been made in the Blackwood eleven. Leonard has been put in as full-back because of his good playing and will play tomorrow in the Thanksgiving game."

"I'll go up there tomorrow," went on Mr. Leonard, "and bring Don home with me. We'll see who'll play full-back, whatever that is. Football is a brutal game and I shall not allow him to play it."

Early the next day Mr. Leonard took a train packed with college boys, men, girls and women, and heard everywhere so much talk about Leonard's being such a "find" for Blackwood that he became quite elated over it.

As soon as he got inside the grounds he made his way to the Blackwood training quarters where he was immediately confronted by the trainer.

"Of course Don Leonard is here," remarked the trainer, responding to Mr. Leonard's query.

"Tell him his father would like to see him."

"I'm very sorry but you can't, before the game. I'll give you a pass, though," and he scribbled on a piece of paper and handed it to Mr. Leonard. "You can see him after the game if there is anything left of him," and with this cheery reply the door slammed, and Mr. Leonard went to his seat sputtering and growling.

Soon the players came out and passed the ball to Don, who kicked it almost down the field. A great cheer went up for him, rousing the enthusiasm in Mr. Leonard's breast and making him think that it might not be such a bad game after all. Soon the opposing team came on and then the din was terrific,

The game begins. Don kicks off and tackles the opposing player who had dodged two of the Blackwood men. After getting the ball on downs, Don rushes it and gets the wind knocked out of him. Mr. Leonard, somewhat upset over it, cries out, "Here! Who's hurting my boy?" but when he sees him get up again, he cools down. Later in the game a kick made by Don is blocked and a touchdown is made by the opponents, who fail to kick a goal; and the score stands 6 to 0. Now Don is used often, and as they line up near the stands Mr. Leonard sees blood on the boy's face, but it does not seem to disturb him.

There is but a minute to play now and if Blackwood does not score, they lose the game. The ball is snapped back to Don who punts, and the ends run down. The ball is fumbled by the opponents on their five-yard line, and a Blackwood end falls on it. A few seconds later Don is sent over the line for a touchdown and the excitement is intense. The great stands tremble with the shouts of the crowd and Mr. Leonard finds himself cheering in spite of himself. The ball is taken out for the kick, which is to be made from a difficult angle, and Don is to kick. On that kick rests the game. The crowd calms down, but Mr. Leonard can hardly sit still from excitement. Don advances forward but stops to adjust the ball. He starts again but stops for the same purpose. Finally he makes the kick and sends the ball directly between the posts, winning the game for Blackwood.

The crowd surges on the field and with great cheers carries the muddy, grimy, pale but delighted Don around the field and then to the locker room.

Mr. Leonard, in his delight, seizes his boy in his arms and Don knows from the look on his father's face that he has already changed his mind about the game of Football.

EDWARD TAYLOR, '18.

SCHOOL LIFE.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Quincy High School Debating Society, started in March, 1914, has continued during the past fall to be a benefit to all its members. Although it began the season with a very small membership, owing to vacancies caused by the graduating class, the society has been increased by the election of members from the junior and senior classes. However, there are still eight vacancies in its ranks.

The first regular meeting was held Sept. 16 in Room 13 of the High School. Very little business was attempted on account of the low attendance.

A special meeting of the society was held on September 21. Several new members were elected. The question for the next debate was decided upon and the appointments for the debate were announced later.

On September 30, the second regular meeting was held with a better response to the roll call. The question was: Resolved, that the present immigration laws should be so amended as to provide for a further material restriction of immigration. The speakers for the affirmative were: Bowen, Von Colln, and Kidder; for the negative: Marr, MacDonald, and MacMahon. The judges reported in favor of the negative.

At the next regular meeting, October 28, still more new members joined the society. The meeting was marred by the absence of the affirmative side of the question: Resolved, that the United States should subsidize its Merchant Marine. The negative side, however, gave a very clear explanation of the subject and a general discussion followed. President Barstow appointed Messrs Rasmussen, Roache, and Marr as a committee to consider the scheme of engaging Professor Crosby to give an evening's reading of some play for the benefit of the Athletic Association of the High School.

A special meeting of the society was held on October 28. At this meeting the com-

mittee on the entertainment gave its report, advising the members to choose December 4 as the date for the reading. President Barstow gave the committee extended powers, so that it may arrange for the affair.

Another regular meeting was held on Wednesday, November 11. The question discussed was: Resolved, that college fraternities are desirable in American colleges. The order of debate was: (affirmative) Roache, Merrill, and Clough, (negative) Blake and Barstow. One debater unfortunately did not make his appearance at the meeting. After this interesting debate the judges awarded the decision to the affirmative.

The question for the next meeting, November 25, is: Resolved, that the United States should assume a protectorate over the western hemisphere. Up to the time of sending this to press the appointments for the debate had not been announced.

THALIA CLUB.

The Thalia Club has been organized under temporary officers until the admittance of Junior members.

The first business meeting of the Club was held October 21, 1914, at which the Junior members were chosen for the year. Arrangements were formed for a reception to be tendered to the new members at a future date.

A reception, given by the Seniors to the Junior members of the Thalia Club, was held November 13, 1914, from three to five o'clock, in the gymnasium, with the object of introducing the Junior to the Senior members. Each Senior had drawn a name from the Junior membership list, thus securing her partner for the afternoon. The Seniors provided tags for the members, bearing their names and tied with the class colors.

A novel way of becoming acquainted was provided by placing thirty chairs in two rows, a Senior facing a Junior. The Seniors moved along, a chair at a time, speaking a few seconds to each Junior until the circuit was

completed. Following this, each Junior was required to execute some "stunt," which were thoroughly enjoyed.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in playing games and serving refreshments.

The Entertainment Committee was: Hazel Livingstone, Beatrice Rogers and Margaret Atwood.

The Refreshment Committee was: Mildred Burke, Charlotte Barstow and Florence Crowell.

The Club is planning an interesting program for the year.

GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club has been organized under the direction of Miss Amsden, and the outlook for a successful year is very promising. Several excellent programs are being arranged in which the school will be given an opportunity to judge the work of the club.

The following members have been chosen.

Soprano: Pauline Brogan, Jennie Gibb, Lillian Jones, Viola Jones, Esther Johnson, Eleanor Phillips, Pauline Randall, Dorothy Stevens, Mabel Thompson, Amy Torrey, Ethel Vaughn and Priscilla White.

Second Soprano: Margaret Bruton, Rose Bussing, Maud Du Temple, Rosalie Du Temple, Marjorie Fownes, Elizabeth Gillis, Lucy Palmer, Mabel Roache and Hazel Wardwell.

Tenor: Carl Axberg, Arthur Carlson, Reginald Gay, Roland Hall, William Martin, John Mullarkey, George Rice, Arthur Smith and Donald Wight.

Bass: Glen Arthur, Joseph Barber, Frederick Baron, Donald Blake, Leo Catler, Robert Davis, Sturgis Hunt and Allen Stearns.

ORCHESTRA.

The Orchestra has also been organized under Miss Amsden's supervision. The members hope to show their skill at the future school entertainments.

The following members have been chosen:

Violin:—Anna Burns, Marion Hardy, Viola Jones, Milton Moore, David Weinhouse, Royal Weymouth and Cecilia Arenburg.

Piano:—Rosalie Du Temple.

Cornet:—Sumner Swingle.

Clarinet:—Waino Hermanson.

Drum:—Earl Simmoms.

PERSONAL.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mr. Charles B. Travis of Brighton on November 9, 1914. Mr. Travis was a former Quincy High School principal, holding this position from 1867 to 1870..

SCHOOL.

The school assemblies, which were so thoroughly enjoyed last year, are to be continued as a regular part of each week's program. Mr. Collins soon hopes to have different subjects of school interest discussed by outside speakers, or by students. Arrangements are being made to have given by different organizations of the school several short entertainments like those which were so heartily enjoyed last year.

After much faithful and untiring work, school spirit has been aroused. It is gratifying to the promoters of this movement to see the manner in which the student body has responded to their call. The attendance at the last four foot-ball games surely speaks for itself.

Special meetings have been held every week in the hall, where songs and cheers have been rehearsed under the supervision of Mr. French, "Reggy" Gay, and Willard Crocker. Fine work has been accomplished, Keep it up. Boom Q. H. S.

Along with the school spirit movement let us try for an attendance record. Coming down to cold facts,—four out of five absences are quite unnecessary. Do your share.

By the way, put a little more life into the fire drills. You will never regret it.

We wonder how much fruit Mr. Collins' little "sermon" upon the "commercial course epidemic" will have. This is a matter really worthy of much consideration by the lower classmen.

Do not forget that class dues are acceptable, Seniors.

ARTHUR BOWEN,
News Editor

QUINCY'S ALL RIGHT.

Of course you know that ev'ry fall
Our High School always plays football,
But seldom was a soul e'er found
To root upon our football ground;
No matter when or where the game
No crowd turned out to raise the claim,
Quincy's all right!

Till one day in the High School hall
We had a meeting one and all,
Then French and Mansur made a speech
That did our High School spirits reach.
They told us we should love our High.
And yell, when victory was nigh,
Quincy's all right!

The next game was away from home,
But, mind you, such a crowd did come
That Quincy shadowed all her foe,
And made them feel ashamed to blow.
We cheered, we sang, and Quincy won,
And then was heard with ev'ry run
Quincy's all right!

When e'er a game is scheduled, now,
Within a hundred minds a vow
Is made that she or he'll be near
The Quincy football squad to cheer;
So on to vict'ry ev'ry time
They hear that well known cheer sublime,
Quincy's all right!

Now, when the football season's past
And snow flakes falling thick and fast,
Be true. Come out, and watch the fight
Your school puts up to win the right
Of being in league basket ball.
Cheer long and loud, cheer one and all—
Quincy's all right!

When base ball season comes around
Come out upon the base ball ground.
A shout, a yell, each noise you make
Helps out when victory's at stake.
Just so with tennis in the spring
You'll then know how to yell and ring—
Quincy's all right!

BEATRICE ROGERS, '15.

CROSSCUP (translating French):—"Que de raisons pour moi, si vous pouvez m'entendre. (Translation):—How many raisins for me?"

MISS DAWES:—"Michael Johnson believed in James II, but swore an oath to the reigning sovereign. What would you call such a man?"
"BUCK" REARDON:—"A politician."

MISS ZELLER:—"In German there are two forms for Friend, but in English the noun is in common gender and when I say 'my friend', you cannot tell whether the person is masculine or feminine."

LARKIN:—"Oh! yes, I can."

In Memoriam

Alice Z. O'Connell '17

ALUMNI NOTES.

We are pleased to see that so many of our alumni are "making good" in the world of colleges and business houses. The great majority reflect credit on the school. An evidence is found in the fact that a committee from the class of '06 is strenuously pushing an attempt to form a Quincy High School Alumni Association.

A very great interest in this was shown by the graduates at a meeting held in Room 13, on Saturday evening, October twenty-fourth. About forty graduates were present, among them being representatives from nearly every class since 1900.

Committees were formed as follows:—

Organization.	Program.
E. L. Collins	Gertrude Allen, '05
Joseph H. McPherson	Harry Hooper, '06
Dorothy Fay, '06	Carl Prescott, '06
Lucien Thayer, '06	Sidney Crane, '11
Paul Blackmur, '11	Fred Atwood, '14
Nominating	Advertising.
Frank Prescott, '77	Marguerite McCarthy, '08
Bessie Brooks, '09	Ethel Humpry, '07
Iva Briggs, '09	Harold Marsh, '09
Dorothy Packard, '09	Charlie Kendall, '09
Theodore Corey, '10	Russell Bates, '10
Richard Larkin, '13	William Edwards.
Eleanore Whittmore, '13	Louise Wilson, '14

We certainly wish them the very best of luck, and look forward to the time when we, as "grads," will have earned the right to join the association.

We are sorry not to see more of the familiar faces of last year's class back as Post Graduates. However, we are exceedingly glad to be able to extend a hearty welcome to the few of them who have returned.

1909.

Ruth Parker is instructor of Physical Training at the Young Women's Christian Association of Brooklyn, New York. Miss Parker was graduated from Sargent's in 1912, and last year was located in Dayton, Ohio.

1911.

Paul Blackmur was elected secretary of the Harvard Glee Club.

1913.

Millicent Chapman has entered Bryant and Stratton's Business School.

Priscilla Robinson has entered Radcliffe.

Albert Parker is attending Huntington School.

Dorothy Lowe is studying at Chandler Normal Shorthand School.

1914

Sadie Abrams—Burdett Business College.

Fred Atwood—Harvard University,

Dorothy Brokaw—New England Conservatory of Music.

Jessie Burke—Chandler Normal Shorthand School.

Harry Burr—Hawley, Folsom and Co., Boston Mass.

Doris Carter—Burdett Business College.

Raymond Cassidy—Thayer Academy.

Stanley Cummings—Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Jordine Davison—Burdett Business College.

Andrew Deane—Thayer Academy.

Richard De Normandie—Williston Academy.

John Dingwell—Lowell Institute.

Mary Foley—Bridgewater Normal School.

Kathleen Gadvin—Rice and Hutchinson.

Earle Gilliatt—Chauncey Hall.

Erlene Hurd—Brookes' Drug Store, Wollaston.

Viola Jackson—Radcliffe College.

James Jenkins—Business with his father.

Kathleen Jones—John Hancock Insurance Co.

Ruth Jones—American Academy for Dramatic Art, New York City.

Rheita Keith—Sargent School for Physical Culture.

Norbert McArnarney—Fordham University, New York.

Charles Mullen—Huntington School.

Horton Page—Harvard University.

Katherine Reed—Miss Wheelock's School, Boston.

Mary Riley—Burdett Business College.

Martha Robinson—Radcliffe College.

Fred Rollins—Tuft's Dental.

Loyal Safford—Lowell Institute.
 Fred Schenkelberger—Thayer Academy.
 Marjorie Snow—Radcliffe College.
 Leon White—Dartmouth College.

If any error has been made in the preceding statements, the Editor will be only too glad to rectify it. —LOUISE CHURCHILL,
 ALUMNI EDITOR.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

YET another school year has arrived. Now comes the time for us to renew the friendship of our Exchanges. We extend our very best wishes to them all for a happy and successful school year.

Owing to the change in the number of editions of the *Golden-Rod* and the earlier publication of the first edition, our Exchange list is not as extensive as we hope it will be in our next issue. We sincerely hope that all of our Exchanges of last year will include us in their list of this season.

The *Golden-Rod* acknowledges the receipt of the following papers:—

The Register—Boston Latin School.

School Life—Melrose, Mass.

The Distaff—Girls' High School, Boston.

The Imp—Brighton, Mass.

Lasell Leaves—Auburndale, Mass.

The High School Herald—Westfield, Mass.

Just a few comments:—

School Life—Congratulations on the success of your football team. We earnestly hope that it will continue. It seems as if it would be better to place your editorials first in your paper, as a sort of introduction, and have the poems and stories follow.

The Distaff—Your idea of having a question and answer box is a good one. Let us hope many of the schools will profit by it.

The Register—Your story "A Circle within a Square" is a fine one. Where is your Exchange column?

We regret very much that "*The High*

School Herald" and "*Lasell Leaves*" arrived too late for comment in this issue.

If you have a bit of news,
 Send it in.

Or a joke that will amuse,
 Send it in.

A story that is true,
 An incident that's new,
 We want to hear from you!
 Send it in. Ex

PROFESSOR:—Where do bugs go in the winter?

FRESHMAN(absent-mindedly)—Search me. Ex.

For good-looking boys only
 Well, of all the conceits! Ex.

JUST BY LUCK.

FIRST FRESHMAN:—How was it that the soldier who was shot in the breast wasn't shot through the heart and killed?

SECOND FRESHMAN:—His heart was in his mouth at the time. Ex.

MR. K., Latin teacher (to pupil blundering over a passage in Cicero):—Now translate after me, Miss D.—"inclusum."

Miss D:— Shut up.

MR. K:—Just as you say, if you are willing to go on. Ex.

LOUISE CHURCHILL,
 EXCHANGE EDITOR.

ATHLETICS.

THE outlook for a successful football season was very good and a large squad reported to Capt. Larkin and coaches French and Mansur. The veterans from last year's team are the following: Crosscup, Hamlin, Browne, Smith, Reardon, Foy, Crocker, Sandborne, Jepson and Capt. Larkin. A fine schedule was arranged by manager Tom. Barstow and was played as follows:—

Sept. 19 Wellesley at Wellesley
 “ 25 Hingham at Hingham
 “ 29 Newton at Newton
 Oct. 2 Rindge at Quincy
 “ 12 Arlington at Arlington
 “ 16 Winthrop at Quincy
 “ 23 Milton at Milton
 “ 30 Revere at Quincy
 Nov. 6 Brockton at Quincy
 “ 14 Elm Hill Prep. at Quincy
 “ 21 Waltham at Waltham

Quincy 0, Wellesley 19.

Sept. 19 Quincy opened its season at Wellesley with a defeat at the hands of the eleven from that town. The veteran back-field of the Wellesley eleven proved too powerful for our boys. Many lay the defeat to the loss of our quarter-back, Willard Crocker, who was put out with a wrenched knee.

Quincy 31, Hingham 0.

Sept. 25 Quincy won its first victory on the oval by defeating the Hingham aggregation to the tune of 31 to 0. The game was a very long drawn-out one because of the inequality of the teams.

Quincy 0, Newton 7.

Sept. 29. Our boys journeyed to Newton and suffered defeat. The Newton team started with a spurt which Quincy couldn't stop. The result was that in less than two minutes' playing Newton had crossed our line for a touchdown. This was enough; our boys tightened and from that time on it

was hard for Newton to get a first down, not to mention getting a goal. De Senso, Larkin and Reardon played well for Quincy.

Quincy 0, Rindge 13.

Oct. 2. In the second home game Quincy went down to defeat before the strong Rindge Technical School eleven. Quincy was outweighed on the average of ten pounds to a man. The game was a very hard fought one. Rindge had to fight for every inch they gained. Larkin, Hamlin and Reardon excelled for Quincy.

Quincy 9, Arlington 0.

Oct. 12. We annexed another victory in a very slow game from Arlington. The Quincy team seemed to lack the punch and fight to send the ball over the line. They had four chances to score but were successful in only one. The game was attended by a holiday crowd, numbers of whom were from Quincy.

Quincy 0, Winthrop 0.

Oct. 16. In the drizzling rain Quincy and Winthrop played a scoreless tie. The game was marred by many fumbles caused by the wet ball. Both teams were within striking distance of the goal several times but neither could score. Larkin made several long runs; Hamlin also featured for Quincy.

Quincy 10, Milton 7.

Oct. 23. With over two hundred students to cheer them on, the team travelled to Milton and defeated the strong eleven representing that town. Quincy started with a jump and rushed their opponents off their feet for the first few rushes, but when they neared the goal, they lacked the punch to put the ball over. Larkin, however, finally carried the ball over after a thirty yard run. In the second period Hamlin kicked a pretty drop-kick from the thirty-five yard line. Hamlin, Larkin and Arthur played well for Quincy.

Quincy 28, Revere 7.

Oct. 30. Revere proved no match for the fast improving Quincy boys. The only one formation which Revere was able to use to any advantage was the Tufts shift. Quincy was able to penetrate Revere's line freely. Bogan, Larkin and Hamlin came to the fore for Quincy.

Quincy 34, Brockton 10.

Nov. 6. Quincy played the most spectacular game of the season when it defeated the heavy eleven from Brockton. The game was on but a few minutes when Bogian, Brockton's quarter, crossed the line for a touchdown. Shortly after, Kelly of the visitors added three more points by drop-kicking a goal from the twenty yard line. Then Quincy woke up, uncorking a burst of speed in which all the players participated. Hamlin shot across the line after receiving a pretty forward pass from Bogian. One-half a minute before the end of the first half Arthur blocked a punt, recovered it, and ran twenty-five yards for a touchdown. With renewed hope our boys started the second period. Bogian opened up with such a varied attack that the Brocktonites were completely baffled. Our open playing and triple passing were something new to them. Everyone seemed to want to score for Quincy; Hamlin, Arthur and De Senso each made one touchdown, while Larkin contributed two.

* * * * *

Evidently holiday games do not agree with our team.

The Brockton game shows that in up-to-date football speed must be combined with weight.

Much credit is due to coaches Mansur and French for their untiring efforts to make the football team a success.

Not enough can be said in praise of the splendid school spirit which has sprung up among the student body.

Reggie Gay and Mr. French are still looking for school songs and cheers.

Not much can be said of the basketball team as yet as there are but two actual veterans left from last year's team; they are Crocker and Hamlin. Manager Fred Roache has arranged a good schedule which will be played as follows:—

Jan.	5	Wellesley at Quincy
"	8	Reading at Reading
"	12	Winthrop at Quincy
"	15	Revere at Revere
"	20	Mansfield at Quincy
"	26	Weymouth at Weymouth
"	29	Wellesley at Wellesley
Feb.	3	Open
"	9	Revere at Quincy
"	12	Brockton at Brockton
"	16	Reading at Quincy
"	19	Weymouth at Quincy
"	22	Brockton at Quincy
"	26	Winthrop at Winthrop.

ROBERT FOY,
ATHLETICS EDITOR.

Compliments of

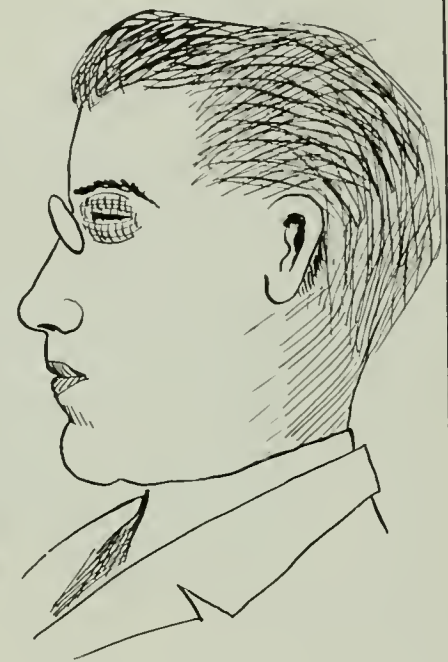
Brown Crowell

Quincy Adams



AT THE QUINCY-BROCKTON GAME

HOW'S THE EYE, MR. MANSUR?



UH! WHERE AM I?

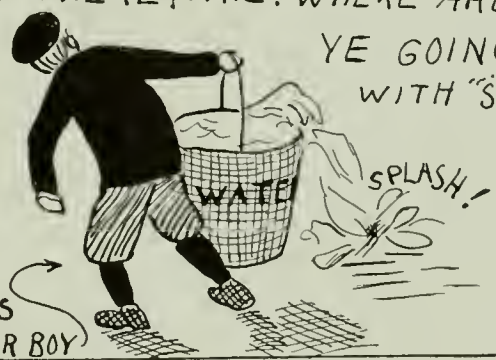


BALD PATE



A SAMPLE OF THIS YEAR'S FRESHMEN.

HEY THERE! PAIL! WHERE ARE YE GOING WITH "SID"?

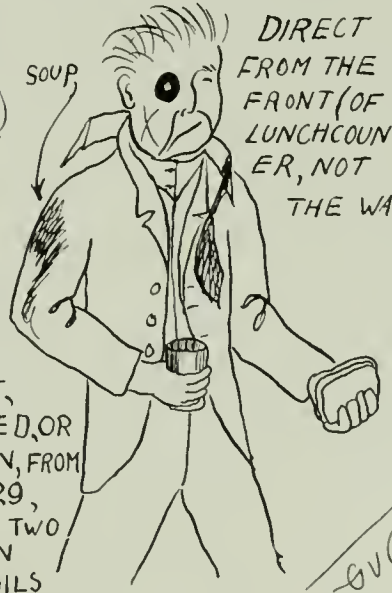


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SVC

JOKES.

THE following is an extract from the secretarial report of Mr. Henry Bogan, our well known authority on and exponent of the modern dances:

"Miss Dawes, with her usual keenness, surprised Mr. Larkin teaching his "Life of Johnson" the fox-trot. As Miss Dawes recognized the attainments Mr. Larkin and his wonderful book possessed, she endeavored to have Mr. Larkin give a public performance. As is well known, Mr. Larkin is rather diffident about appearing in the lime-light, and it was only after a little coaxing and a few words of encouragement from Miss Dawes that he overcome his natural modesty, and, with the aid of his marvelously trained book, gave an exhibition of its terpsichorean qualities.

"He began with the most ancient classic Greek dances, the Bacchanalia being especially good. Then he led the book through the pagan dances of the Dark Ages, which the book performed with great skill. He then touched lightly upon the minuet, the quadrille, the Virginia reel, and others, finally taking up modern dances and introducing a few creations of his own that were a revelation to the beholders. He concluded with an exhibition of light, fairy-like ballet dancing, in which the book eclipsed the performances of all the great exponents of aesthetic dancing.

"Miss Dawes seemed to have been trying to memorize some of the steps, but the movements were too intricate for any but a master-dancer to comprehend, so she called the class to order."

A freshman candidate for the orchestra failed to bring his instrument to the first rehearsal. He said it was impossible.

MISS AMSDEN:—What do you play?

PUPIL:—Piano!

23:—Goodwin have you studied Latin?

GOODWIN:—I've—er—taken it!

23:—What sort of sailors were these men?
LE COUNT, '15:—Er—they were sailors that sail a boat!

MR. PAULSON thinks that *Whitehead's* name should be changed.

MISS THOMSON (TO CROSSCUP):—What's the Latin verb meaning "to shut in"?

CROSSCUP:—I don't know.

MISS T.:—Well, what's the verb meaning "to shut out"?

C.:—I don't know.

WICKED VOICE FROM THE REAR:—What's the verb meaning "to shut up"?

The *Golden-Rod* urges and advises some of the freshmen not to meander upon the lawn, as the similarity in appearance renders them inconspicuous.

Mr. French says that a chair is a piece of furniture which a person sits down in with four legs and a back.

MISS GRANT:—How much will the auto cost in this problem?

PUPIL:—\$400.

VOICE FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM: That's a Ford!

WET BROWNE (in music):—Gee, I've got a voice like a fish!

No, Wet, you're wrong. It's more like a fish-horn.

23:—And the king could be lazy and have an easy time—, Simmons, you'd like to be king, wouldn't you?

HASKINS (as Mr. Paulson begins an experiment):—Will that explode?

MR. PAULSON:—No.

HASKINS (greatly relieved):—Gee, that's good!

R. H. GAY

Joke Editor



A KICKOFF.



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