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The Aftermath

of

The Class of Nineteen Twenty of The Worcester
Classical High School

SPECTEMUR AGENDO ✓



Dedication

To Mr. John E. Dowd, who for a period of eleven years has contributed to the success of Classical High School, by his efficiency in producing with clock-like regularity a series of victorious athletic teams, by his faithful teaching in the department of Science, and by his daily demonstration of those qualities which characterize the true gentleman,— we dedicate this volume as a partial tribute of our sincere appreciation.





AFTERMATH BOARD

Editor's Foreword

The Editorial Board has endeavored to chronicle in this edition the events of our four years in Classical and especially those of this past year. The work of the Board has been considerably lightened by the new competitive system of membership, whereby the greater portion of the work was accomplished before the Board was actually chosen. Each article has been carefully reviewed, and it is hoped that this volume will stand as a link binding our class of nineteen-twenty to the dear old C. H. S. in future years.

Appreciation

The Editor extends his personal thanks and that of the AFTER-MATH Board to all who have aided in the compiling of this volume.

Special gratitude is forthcoming to Miss Helen D. Marshall, who has directed, with her customary efficiency, the work in the Art Department; to Mr. Perry S. Howe, who has been an invaluable aid to the Editorial Board; to Mr. George B. O'Flynn, who contributed so much to the success of the Business Board; and to Puzant Tomajan, through whose untiring efforts our class holds the honor of having exceeded all past records for the amount of advertising received.



Faculty

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BROWN, SUSAN J. W.	<i>A.B., Boston University</i>
CRAWFORD, LILLIAN M.	<i>A.B., Wellesley</i>
DODGE, MAUD A.	<i>A.B., Wellesley</i>
DOWD, JOHN E.	<i>A.B., Holy Cross; A.M., Clark University</i>
FARNSWORTH, ALBERT	<i>Ph.B., Brown</i>
FISKE, GEORGIANA K.	<i>A.B., Wellesley</i>
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HENDERSON, ANNIE M.	<i>A.B., Wellesley</i>
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HUNT, FRANCES M.	<i>Carleton</i>
MARSHALL, HELEN D.	<i>Cowles Art School</i>
O'FLYNN, GEORGE B.	<i>S.B., Massachusetts Agricultural College; A.M., Clark University</i>
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PIERCE, HARRIET R.	<i>S.B., Wellesley; A.M., Wellesley</i>
POST, MARTIN M.	<i>A.B., Hamilton; A.M., Hamilton; A.B., Harvard</i>
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COOK, MARGARET O., Secretary to the Principal	<i>A.B., Mount Holyoke</i>



MISS CAROLINE P. TOWNSEND

Miss Caroline H. Townsend

In the history of the public schools of Worcester, it may well be doubted if anyone has ever excelled the period of service rendered by our revered teacher, Miss Townsend. Entering the pedagogical profession in 1869 after graduating from Classical and, since that time, serving largely in the Worcester schools, chiefly in Classical High, she has won a merited reputation. Averse to publicity, she has pursued her course, faithfully, efficiently and without ostentation. A gifted student of the Classics, she has of recent years, given personal attention to college preparatory pupils, particularly in Greek. For the past two years, without public compensation due to the teachers' retirement law, she has devoted herself gratuitously to instruction in this school. The class of 1920 honors her and extends to her this token of appreciation.



WESLEY H. HATHAWAY

Wesley H. Hathaway

(IN MEMORIAM)

Hail! and farewell to the chief now departed,
The first to advance in athletic affray—
A leader and sportsman, in courage undaunted,
Yet beckoned by Death in the dawn of his day.

We stand by the grave of our former true comrade,
Bestowing our garlands and wreaths with sad care,
'Neath the cypress and pines, be his body entrusted,
His spirit now dwells in a palace more fair.

We cherish his memory with fond recollection,
His courage and honor which conquered in strife;
His truth and his fellowship breathed sweet affection,
In which we shall hold him forever through life.

Yet, hark to the clarion notes that are calling:
They summon him to a more beautiful land,
Where the day never fades, and where life is eternal,
And brave kindred spirits give welcoming hand.

LEON V. QUIGLEY, C.H.S., '19.

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President's Address

DAVID JEROME SEDER

DEAR PRINCIPAL, TEACHERS, PARENTS AND ASSEMBLED FRIENDS:

In behalf of the Class of 1920, I extend to you a most hearty welcome. For the past four years we have all looked forward to this day with a great deal of eager anticipation, but, now that it is here, a shade of sorrow steals over us, for we must soon part with our schoolmates and the teachers of our high school days.

We are about to enter upon life at a period which has never been surpassed in the history of the world, a condition of society which affords us limitless opportunities and exacts from us inexorable obligations. It is toward this goal of reconstructive achievement that we have worked ungrudgingly for the past four years.

But let it not be forgotten that it would be impossible to prepare ourselves for the immense task which yet lies before us were it not for you, our parents and teachers. You are the ones who have striven and struggled in order that we might attain this goal; your patience has won the victory, and our glory is largely your own.

Though we can never repay you, our teachers, for your invaluable aid, and you, parents, to whom we turned when strength and spirit was needed most to carry on our task, we trust that our future successes will give further mark of our appreciation.

Once more I extend to you a most sincere welcome to these our class day exercises.



MARY JOANNA FOLEY

The Epic of 1920

One glorious September day, four years ago, a large group of boys and girls gathered in this very hall, and then and there took place the first class meeting of '20B, although no one recognized that fact. Everyone was suffering with chattering teeth, yet the day was very warm. It was a clear case of fear at first sight. Soon we were assigned to sitting-rooms, and then began the many and varied happenings of the Class of '20B. Contrary to our expectations, no one told us to use the elevator, or that Mr. Post held his classes in the drawing-room. The first few weeks passed, and we began to feel the Classical spirit. Then came our first class meeting, when almost everyone in the class was nominated for some office—and each nominee was sure of at least one vote,—his own. However, Thomas Counihan was elected president; Agnes Riley, vice-president; Nehamah Freed, secretary; and Richard Whitcomb, treasurer. After this, except for winning a few championships (we won every one that year), we went on in the even tenor of our way. Our debating team, made up of David Seder, Harold Siegel, and Herman Aisenberg, began to show its merit; the Aletheia and Eucleia began to gather up a few of us; and, little by little, we mastered the elements of Algebra, English and the languages. We *always* were a hard-working class. Then came the Aletheia Play, "Nathan Hale," and for the first time in many years freshmen appeared "on the boards." The girls' basketball team also got a good start, and many of our stars, notably Mabel Stead, Alice M. Barrett, and Peg Mahoney, were discovered. At last came Class Day, and though many of the class (especially those with red hair) did not care for the orange and white, nevertheless, we arrived decked out from head to toe. We soon found out that "freshmen were made to mourn"—for their captured colors. At length, after ten months of hard work, of getting acquainted with the school, the faculty, and each other, our freshman year was ended. A year of play and work, fortune and misfortune.

Mr. Goodwin, our beloved principal, resigned, and Mr. Porter, with whom we have been so pleasantly associated, was installed in his place. Of course, we felt grieved when vacation was at hand, but, nevertheless, we bore up under our hard luck, and left school in June determined to be on hand the first day of school in September.

When we came back at length after a joyous summer, we found the building in its former position, and again we moved into new sitting rooms down nearer to the earth, and as a result more of us arrived in school on time. This year's officers were David Seder, president; Agnes Riley, vice-president; Nehamah Freed, secretary; and Richard Whitcomb, treasurer. Now we began to take a greater part

in the school life. Our studies were harder, but we were much brighter than ever before. Our geometry teacher told us that we were terrible, but not any worse than usual. Poor Caesar's commentaries were murdered again, and we felt that "partes tres" was too conservative a figure with which to measure his Gaul. Our English was not much harder, so we rejoiced and were glad, for after this year, there were only two more until graduation. On account of the coal shortage, we first went to school in the Masonic Temple and Boys' Club, and then to Commercial High. Our debating team, the same as in our freshman year, progressed well and came onward, ever onward, as did our athletes, both boys and girls. Our beloved Mr. Reidy passed away at this time, and his loss left a vacant place in the school. Miss Gaillard, one of our sitting room teachers, left us to become Mrs. Haven D. Brackett. This spring a Red Cross Club was formed, and much work was accomplished. Another Class Day came, and again we tried our luck, this year at bothering the freshmen. At last another graduation day came, and with it the news of Miss Jefts' resignation. No wonder we had the blues!

Another year's vacation; and then our Junior year! The beginning of the end! We were graduated down to the first floor, where we were "wished onto" Messrs. Rice and Farnsworth, and both began to pray for the summer. The boys now wore long trousers, and the girls had their hair up. Oh, we were getting along into life! We had our third election, and Wesley Mellquist was elected president; Agnes Riley, vice-president; Nehamah Freed, secretary; and Richard Whitcomb, treasurer. Our debating team, David Seder, Harold Seigel, and Hyman Berlyn, won a debate over the crack senior team, which had held the championship since its freshman year. Nothing was too good for us after that. Our boys were taking part in all athletics, and our girls won many games. In January came the Junior Prom, the first of our class affairs. It was highly successful. The Class Games came, and again the orange and white were predominant. Our Class Picnic was held at Whalom, and a most enjoyable affair it was. Everyone turned out in full force, and the first entirely class affair was a great success. Our committee decorated for the Senior class day and graduation, and so, with a feeling of duty well done, we parted the best of friends for the summer. Seniors to be! Oh, grand and glorious feeling!

Our last year opened auspiciously(?) with a day of pouring rain. This did not dampen our spirits at all, for it's always good weather when good friends get together. The Class Elections brought forth a new president, David Seder; Agnes Riley was still vice-president; Margaret Foley was our new secretary; and Richard Whitcomb was the treasurer. This year our Economic Club began to meet in Mr. Rice's room. Allen Brown captained our football team. The Aletheia gave several parties, which were attended by most of the class. The famous Senior

auto-truck sleighride came next. That night in Holden will long be remembered, especially by those in the first truck coming home. With many misgivings, we awaited the Senior Prom on April 16, but when it took place, it was one of the successes of the year. Now we began to plan for a minstrel show, and then for a play. However, owing to the lateness of the season, the necessity of the leading man's taking part in the Amherst Cup Debate, and the baseball season, all plans had to be given up. Our *aftermath* committees were chosen, and both were very efficient. Under the slogan of "Go get that ad," Thomajan and his satellites procured over \$800 worth of advertising. Many said we were planning a business directory. Meanwhile our debating team, made up of Walter MacAdam, Hyman Berlyn, Aven Levenson, and Jacob Yanofsky, won the Amherst cup, this being the second successive year, for, when we were juniors, George Mason's team took it for us. Our baseball team, another team with Allen Brown for a leader, began its season doubtfully, but ended very well under "Jack" Cantwell's coaching. Our last class games came, and with them the realization of the fact that we were almost through. For the last time we wore the orange, and we saw Classical perform very creditably through the games. Our Banquet came June 14th at the State Mutual, and it was a glad yet sad affair. Only a few days more and class day has come and thus ends suitably the Epic of '20B.

Yet no history could be complete without an appreciation of all that we have received. We owe a great deal to Mr. Porter, to the faculty, and to our parents, and we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude.

Wherever we may go, we'll always remember C. H. S. and the happy days which we have spent within its walls.



WESLEY MELLQUIST

The Man for the Crisis

WESLEY MELLQUIST

The history of mankind presents many momentous crises. Perhaps none among them are more significant than four which, in my opinion, can be paralleled in many respects to the present period;—namely, that of the time of Solon, the Age of Augustus, the career of Charles Martel, and our own great crisis in the days of Abraham Lincoln. Where shall we find the type of man we need today, one who stands for America, American ideals, and American freedom? In our search, let us look into past history—to the crises of that past—and see what the man of each period did to improve conditions.

In the year 624 B. C., in ancient Athens, Draco promulgated a code which was founded on the idea that the smallest offences deserved death, and that as no severer punishment could be applied to greater ones, therefore all transgressors must be punished alike. However pleasing this code may have been to the undertakers of Athens, it certainly did not find favor with the rest of the people, for early in the sixth century B. C., Solon was called to remodel the laws; and so well did he perform his task, that he is said to have laid the foundation of his country's happiness.

He sought to abolish the oppressive aristocracy, and to create a more democratic form of government by admitting the hard-handed men of Athens to a share of authority, yet allowing the preponderance of power to remain with the higher classes. Solon's political sagacity was of an exceptional order; and, to this day, even to the illiterate, his name is a synonym of wisdom. Under his benignant teaching, Athens made wonderful progress in prosperity. He was the man for the crisis. How efficiently he handled the situation! The good that men do lives after them, Mark Antony to the contrary notwithstanding.

Now let us look to the crisis at Rome. When Julius Caesar fell, pierced with twenty-three wounds at the foot of Pompey's statue in the Senate House, the Roman world was left without a master. The conspirators had slain the one man strong enough to evolve order out of the chaos into which the republic had been plunged. They had destroyed Caesar, and with him they had hoped to destroy his policy. But the sole result of their act of assassination was to throw the state for a period of thirteen miserable years into a constant succession of civil wars, out of which emerged triumphant and alone, the commanding figure of Augustus, who shattered forever the Roman republic, and founded upon its ruins the majestic structure of the empire.

At the age of thirty-three he had attained the summit of his ambition and found himself the undisputed master of the Roman world. But what was the main result

of his work? The answer is clear. He welded together the Roman world, east and west, into one great organization, of which the emperor stood as the supreme head. He set his legions upon the distant frontiers and their swords formed a wall of steel within which commerce and peace might flourish. The security was not perpetual, yet it lasted for four centuries, and saved ancient civilization from destruction. But for the empire and the system inaugurated by Augustus, there is every probability that the Roman civilization would have been thoroughly blotted out. We may regret the degeneration of Rome, its loss of freedom, the tyranny of the later emperors, the civil wars which followed, and the decay of the old material spirit in the Roman people. But the seeds of degeneration and decay had been planted in the days of the republic and would have come to maturity far sooner if there had been on Augustus and no empire. In his astounding versatility of character shown in political organization, in the patronage of art and literature, and in the erection of public buildings of renown, Augustus launched the Roman world on a new career. He brought to realization its remarkable unity for the first time. Such was his life-work, and its far-reaching consequences are felt even to our own day.

In France, about 732 A. D., Charles, afterwards surnamed Martel, had become Mayor of the Palace, and it was he who completed the task of reuniting the Frankish nation. It was an especially fortunate event, for the Franks needed their combined strength against the Mohammedans, who had recently conquered Spain and were now threatening all Europe. The adherents of Islam had spread their faith over Arabia, Syria, Persia, and as far into Asia as Alexander the Great had marched. They conquered Egypt, and in the course of the seventh century, the entire African coast to the Strait of Gibraltar. Eventually Spain fell to the victorious army.

When they invaded France, with their usual success, Christianity seemed doomed; but at the call of Charles, thousands of stalwart warriors gathered to repel the danger. The hosts met in battle near Tours. All day the light cavalry of the invaders dashed in vain against the immovable ranks of Frankish infantry. The Mohammedans saw immediately that they had met their superiors, and, deserting the battle, they retreated. This victory saved western Europe from conquest by the Mohammedans. To Charles, the victor, after ages gave the name Martel—the Hammer—in remembrance of the blows with which he crushed his enemies. That was a serious crisis, and we owe all honor to the man who won that victory.

And now let us take up our own great crisis in 1861. We all know the story of Lincoln's rise to fame. His boat lay on the beach and when the tidal wave of fate rolled in, it was elevated, bringing glory and honor to a man who might be sainted for his supreme ability in handling the situation of the Civil War. There was no flourish of trumpets at his entrance; he was no man on horseback, marshaling legions behind him; he was no haughty dictator; but a faithful helmsman and a matchless administrator.

His presidency was the period of a four years' Civil War, during which the nation was on the verge of ruin. He weathered the war, came forth victorious, and wiped out forever the cause of disunion, the institution of slavery, which had existed from the foundation of the country. Thus he became the great liberator and the

saviour. Then at the supreme hour of victory, the assassin did his deadly work, and the great statesman became the great martyr.

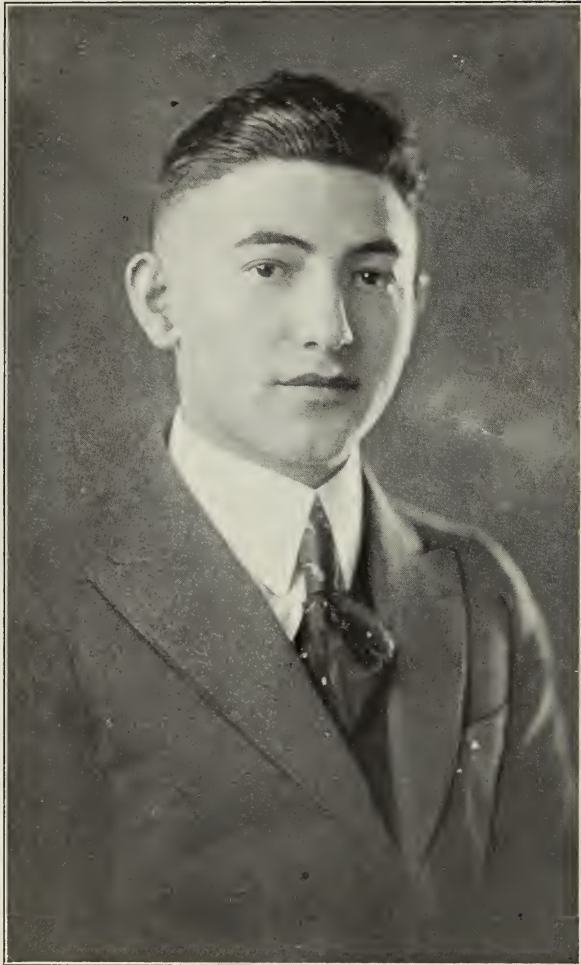
At the present time, there are numerous people who view this and every other situation with fearful alarm, and are of the opinion that what we really need to lead us to political and economic stability is some gallant, inspiring, eloquent, chevalier, who can rouse us to resultful action. But are we sure this is the type of leader who will prove most efficient?

It is true that a real leader could, over night, gather in his train and support a great number of Americans, but no man on horseback, galloping into the national arena, with trumpet blaring and banner flying, is fitted to lead them to the place they must go to secure consideration for their political needs and benefits.

What is demanded by the situation is a man on foot; a man sturdily and steadily walking down the middle of the road with his feet on the ground, his eye clear, his vision unimpaired and forward-looking, his mind unencumbered with theory, a man who knows the needs of America and her vast people, as they exist today, who understands European conditions and can pilot America safely through new channels, and who has the courage and the ability to enforce the necessary remedies. The right man must have the vision to see clearly into the future and the nerve to free himself from slavish devotion to obsolete systems.

Perhaps we have need of a liberalist, a believer in the freedom of the individual rather than in compulsion, either by the mass or by despots; a man who relies mainly but not exclusively upon individual initiative; a man who, like the revered Jefferson, believes that individuals will, without compulsion and under freedom of contract, do whatever is necessary to provide for the needs of the country, state, or community.

There must be a good deal of honest give and take in the character-training of a man who would work in harmony with a legislative body. A great problem awaiting the new president is the deliverance of our nation from its economic situation. During the last four years the only solution that has been tried has been that of various social classes. The laboring men have attempted to solve it from their standpoint alone, and the capitalists from theirs. The next President of the United States must stop class programs and bring unquestioned relief without delay, to the average citizen. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, let him do it. Have we a man for this crisis? Let us strongly believe that now, as at every previous critical time, the necessary leader will be chosen and we shall be guided into channels of safety and constructive progress.



HYMAN BERLYN

Class Prophecy

BY HYMAN IRVING BERLYN

A few evenings ago I decided to celebrate my departure from Classical by a visit to the "Bancroft." After doing justice to an enticing meal, I danced until thoroughly wearied. Then I sat down in a quiet nook to think over my life at Classical. I noticed the moon and stars were out in full glory. The soft strains of the music, "Dardanella," as they came to my ears were a fitting accompaniment to my thoughts. But presently a drowsiness crept over me. I tried to hum the song the orchestra was playing. As I glanced over the heavens, I noticed that the North Star seemed to stand out as being much bigger and brighter than the rest. I fixed my gaze on it; it appeared to grow larger. A hazy muddle filled my brain and still that star grew larger, coming toward me with menacing strides. Soon it was close to me, upon me; then it had completely enveloped me. I felt hysterical enough to laugh; helpless enough to cry, for the concentration had hypnotized me.

The next thing I knew, I was rudely awakened by a prosperous-looking fellow, who was no other than Joseph "Fay" Legassé. Of course, explanations were in order and I found out that I must have been asleep for fifteen years. Joseph had recently purchased the "Bancroft" and just happened around that way when he found me. I wished him all the luck in the world and hurried off, puzzled at the state of affairs in which I found myself. I stepped into the elevator and found that Samuel Garfinkel was the chief elevator boy. He got the job because he was a good friend of the proprietor. Sam was so speedy on his job that when he took a passenger up to the top floor after breakfast, he made the return trip just in time to get the crowds who were going up after dinner.

As I passed out of the hotel, I was astonished to see a crowd of women patrolmen near the entrance. I recognized a few of them. There was Private Rose Grace, who was trying to fuzz her hair, which stuck out from beneath her cap, talking to Lieutenant Agnes Riley, who was industriously powdering her nose while looking into a mirror situated at the end of her "billy." Then there was Margaret Foley putting in a sentence or two whenever Agnes or Rose gave her a chance, and Florence Fogarty, who was trying to adjust her belt into a conspicuous position. Of course, they were talking about the new 1935 policewomen's styles. Soon the patrol wagon rushed up in a reckless fashion and Winifred Bradshaw stepped out to line up the relief squad. I walked off thinking this was indeed a strange world.

Before I had gone much farther, I was hailed by the voice of George Tassé who was standing outside of a barber shop which bore the name of Tassé and Co. George was the company and everything. Can you imagine him with his hair a foot too long, parted in the center, and with a little mustache, posing as a French barber? He told me I needed to be fixed up, so I stepped in. He made a fine job. He cut me up only in about five different places. When I went to pay him, I found that I was nineteen cents short. But for old times' sake, George put me down in his credit book and let me off.

I immediately proceeded to the Park Trust Co. to withdraw some funds. I walked up to the teller, Mary Foley. Mary told me that since my account had

not been renewed in ten years, I could not get a cent. That was the new law; but she took me over to the Bank President, Saul Feingold. I explained the situation, and Saul, stroking his chin and with a twinkle in his eye, told me that I was an economic "illth"; but since I was a Classical 1920, I could get my money with accrued interest.

Pocketing the \$2.37 that Mary handed me, I went off, only to be greeted with a slap on the back and a cheery, "Hello!" by James Quinn. He persuaded me to go over to the offices of the Classical Journal, of which he was the star reporter. I consented, and soon followed him up a flight of stairs where a strong aroma of something burning was in evidence. I followed James into the office and found seated in an easy chair, with his feet on the desk and reading a paper, the cause of all the trouble. It was Milton Frankel, editor-in-chief of the Classical Journal, smoking one of those cigars that are usually given away on election night. Our greeting was cordial, and while I surveyed the pleasant surroundings, in rushed Helen Guthro, who was another of the Classical's good reporters. She carried the city election returns.

Milton pressed a button and straightway appeared Alice M. Barrett, his stenographer, who took down the news. I learned that Aina Oberg and William Travers had run for the mayoralty, which resulted in a tie vote. Of course a compromise was inevitable, and so there was a joint mayoralty, "Bill" bossing the city and Anna supervising the Travers' home.

While watching the crowds in the streets celebrate, news came over the wire from New York, sent by George Ferguson, the New York staff-reporter. The dispatch told of two inventors who were contemplating a trip to Mars. The names of MacAdam and Whitcomb were familiar, so I decided to witness the beginning of the flight. As time was short, I decided to go via aeroplane, that much perfected machine of 1920. The plane left Egan's aero-station, so called in honor of Thomas Egan who had supervised its construction. It was a piece of work to be proud of. Speed was the 1935 password, for I had barely seated myself beside the motorman before I was whisked away and put through a series of turns, loop-the-loops, nose dives, tail spins, and spiral flops. I said "motorman," but before we had reached our altitude, I saw that Helen Mullins was driving the plane. I had quite a pleasant conversation, during which I found out that Helen's job agreed with her. Indeed as I remembered, it never did take much to make Helen go up in the air. She told me, however, that the conductor's job was a better paying one, provided you knew how to ring up the fares on a fifty-fifty basis. I turned around to see the conductor, and Philomena Loughlin smiled at me nonchalantly, just as if she were sitting in her English class.

Arriving at New York, I went over to the field of operations. I was just in time, for a huge gun was being loaded with a large shell on which was strapped a dummy. I saw Walter MacAdam and Richard Whitcomb doing the work. Going up to them, I asked what the idea was of having a dummy shot to Mars.

"Oh!" said Walter, "Dick, here, was supposed to go, but the officials objected to having him spattered all over the state in case we fail and, anyway, there isn't any difference, you know."

The object was landed all right, and "Dick" went up on the next trip. Now Walter was trying to get "Dick" back, so he solicited the aid of Grace Odlum,

renowned for her work as an astronomer. Grace herself was a star along her line, and it did not take long before her celestial orbit was recorded in the book of fame.

I returned to New York City and boarded a bus on which I found Louis Kumin. He was in the real estate business. Louis offered to sell me the town, but I wasn't thinking of settling down yet, so I soon left him and went in search of a bite to eat. The first place I came to was Foley's Café, run by Elizabeth Foley. She evidently had received her experience at the school lunch counter, for "service" was the word of the hour. After I was through, I was sure my first impression was correct, for they charged lunch counter prices. It was Frank Kernosek who brought me the check and took away the best part of my fortune, coupled with a few angry scowls. He was the manager of the Café and contributed greatly to its success.

My experience had tired me somewhat, for I had a headache. As I went around a corner, I bumped into Gerald Crowley, who wore the uniform of New York's chief of police. After exchanging greetings, Gerald directed me to Dr. Nanigian's office. I walked in and found that it was a Doctor's Syndicate, with Miss Nanigian and Van Buren Herrick at the head of affairs. After rapping me over the head with a monkey wrench and putting a barometer in my mouth, Elizabeth said to Van:

"Give him some of your 'Do or Die Tablets,' guaranteed to kill or cure."

Luckily for me I escaped while the M.D.'s went into the rear room.

It was now evening, and the lights of Broadway were out in full glory. Perched high above the rest of the signs was a brilliant display of electric light formed into a design with the words, "It Pays To Advertise." While I wondered at its beauty, a voice behind me said, "Looking for a falling star?" It was Henry McKeon, who had settled down in New York, and with Charles Burns as a partner, was selling an automobile of his own make. Henry had one of his machines with him. It looked like a first class steam roller, but went only about half as fast. I asked Henry what the brilliant sign signified. He said, "Hop in, and I'll take you over to the New York Advertising Co." I took one look at the would-be automobile and decided to walk.

Henry directed me to the office and soon I had gained audience with the President of the concern. Professor Puzant K. Thomapan had realized his boyhood ambition and advertising was his middle name. Scarcely had I shaken hands with Puzant, when he immediately began a bombardment with advertising literature which completely took me off my feet. He rattled off snappy poems and told me how to get rich quick through advertising. If I wanted a watch, a wife, or work, I had just to register with him.

The arrival of Hazel Peterson saved the day. Hazel had received a degree from all the noted colleges and had every letter of the alphabet after her name. She and Professor Thomajan were writing a book which treated with the best method of disposing of "hobos." I left the office after subscribing to a dozen copies of "Advertise and Succeed."

In the elevator I met Samuel Price, who had just closed up his studio. "Pat" was a composer and music master. He had written such popular songs as "I'm Always at Home" in A flat, and "I'm Drowning" in a high C. He was also the leader of New York's Symphony Orchestra, which played at the "Mellquist,"

New York's leading playhouse, run by our old friend Wesley. "Pat" took me around to the stage entrance, where I saw Wesley who, being in good spirits as usual, handed me a pass for the performance. I sat down in an orchestra seat, and when the play opened with a solemn funeral march, "Pat" and his orchestra struck up to the tune of Jingle Bells. The stars of the play were Beatrice Bernier, the heroine, and Harold Brown, the hero, reproducing James Conlon's great success, "The Dustman's Revenge, or The Crime of an Ancient Barrister." It was a play of prohibition and poorhouses, which brought tears to the eye in the third act when the hero was shown living on a desert isle for three days, eating nothing but onions and seaweeds.

Leaving the theatre, I proceeded to the Y. M. C. A., where I intended to put up for the night. I went up to the desk to register, and imagine my surprise when Samuel Perman handed me the pen. "Sam" was a zealous "Y" worker, and had done much to help weary travelers make themselves at home in New York. I was tired, so I soon left "Sam" and went to my room.

The next day, after breakfasting, I went out to see more of the great metropolis. Along Fifth Avenue I met Samuel Baker, "Sam" still had his boyhood hobbies and he took me into the Alpha Lunch. I had just had my breakfast, so had he, but it was a habit with "Sam" when he met one of his friends. We walked down together afterwards to his department store which had put Wanamaker's out of business. He told me that Economics together with his stay at Markon's Fur Shop did it. I left him shortly and went down to the harbor and out upon the Cunard Wharf, where I was just in time to see Nehamah Freed, Joseph Goldberg and Goldie Cohen about to board the good ship "William Jennings Bryan," which was to take them back to Palestine. Their mission was to make that country dry. After practicing on Cherry Valley, they had received their degree and were on their way to free Palestine from the clutches of John Barleycorn.

I haven't said much about the aeroplanes which were more numerous than "Fords" in 1920. Practically every street had a starting and landing station. There was one just above the wharf. Soon a plane landed, and down the steps came David Seder. I spoke to him just as he was getting a can of oil for his machine. He told me that he was going to Paris with his aeroplane, as he was President of the League of Nations. I wondered at his going to Europe in an aeroplane and using so little fuel. But he told me that it only took a few hours, and as for fuel, Margaret Wehinger had fixed that. One day in her chemical laboratory she accidentally mixed some suspected non-alcoholic liquors with the result that she became the famous manufacturer of Wehinger Oil, a thousand miles per gallon.

The supply salesman who was in charge of the station came up to David and handed him his change. I was somewhat surprised to see Nathan Rosenberg holding down this job. But it just suited his unique disposition, for in his off minutes he fished for whales on the edge of the wharf. "Dave" offered to take me to Europe, and since it was only a few hours' trip, I accepted. When we were about a thousand miles out at sea, we were passed by a red plane going at a terrific speed. Seder informed me that that was Arthur Houle, who was practising for the International race around the globe. Arthur was to defend his title against some of the

best pilots. It was his ability as an astronomer and weather prophet that helped him hold his record.

We finally landed at Paris and went over to the League Chamber. David opened the meeting and took up the first important business on the program, an international sleighride for the League members. Those memorable words, "Now, I want each and every one of you to get behind and push," rang out amidst the applause of the members. Soon Joseph Kelley, who was the Irish representative, took the floor and for the ninth successive year made a stirring speech for uniform international bathing suits. In the lobby I met Irene Smolensky. She was the photographic reporter of "Le Paris," Paris' leading journal.

I walked along the boulevard and into the business section with Irene. There was an immense millinery store, Mademoiselle Bass', which boasted of American styles and American prices. Here I left Irene and entered a Parisian dance hall which was conducted by George Naphen. George looked like a typical Frenchman and spoke with a fluent oo-la-la accent. To my mortification he kissed me on both cheeks. When he wanted to introduce me to some of the Parisian ladies, I hastily bade him adieu, fearing a duplication of George's affectionate greetings.

Soon after leaving the hall, I decided to go to London, England, on my return trip to America. I boarded the good ship "Lost Hope" at Calais and asked one of the crew where I could find the captain, for I wanted to inspect the workings of the ship. He directed me to his cabin. As I stepped around one of the upper decks, I saw George Selzo and Paul Shedd playing a game of African golf. They always did say that opposites attract, and George and Paul were steadfast chums, helping each other doing nothing. You see they were fortunate enough to get into the piano-moving business with a sugar refinery as a sideline and had now retired on the moderate income of \$1000 a week. Touring was their present occupation, and I felt glad to have them as companions for the rest of the voyage. I proceeded to the captain's cabin and was almost ready to jump into the channel when I saw Anna Power dressed in the captain's garb, poring over some charts. My request to inspect the ship was granted and I immediately proceeded to the lower regions. My first impression was that I was as safe on that ship as a white man was among a crowd of cannibals. But it wasn't the captain's fault, for in the engine room I found the creator of the gentle raft. It was Earl Tucker tinkering around the machinery trying to figure out a possible way to increase the ship's speed to eight miles per hour.

Stranger things have happened, so I didn't half appreciate the fact that I finally did land safely in London. I was stopped in the custom house by Anna Reed, who seemed disappointed because I didn't have a grip or trunk with me that she could pick to pieces and chalk up with her o. k. marks as she was wont to do. But Anna was a pretty good sort of a custom house official, for she arranged it so as I could get by without the fuss and delay that is usually required. But when I was getting my passport viséed by Benjamin Ginns just before leaving, I was quite beside myself. It seemed that "Ben" was determined to keep me there all day, for he asked me a series of questions that I was and was not supposed to know about, and that he himself could not answer. Of course, he did not do it with the intention of preventing me from landing, but the season was dull and "Ben," being a conscientious sort of a fellow, wanted to keep in practice.

Finally I left the custom-house and boarded a "bus" going to the business section. I sat down near the driver, who proved to be Joseph Dusak. Talk about automobiles killing chickens along country roads, they "had nothing" on "Joe." I said to him:

"What's your hurry, Joe?"

"Oh!" he said, "we haven't any traffic policemen like Olson over here. You get 'pinched' if going less than fifty miles an hour, for obstructing the traffic."

Soon the conductor yelled, "Fair limit." It sounded so familiar that I jumped off the "bus" and it had started on before I realized that I was not on the Worcester Consolidated line. I saw a crowd of people entering a fenced-in park, and judging that there was some sort of a game going on, I followed.

I was more delighted than surprised to see that it was the All-American Baseball Team under the managership of James "Al" Brown, come to decide the World's Championship with England's best. "Al" was on the job, and with sweet profanity, was urging Thomas Donaher, the star pitcher, to do his best and bring home the pennant. Soon the American Team took the field and I saw Thomas Stanton put on the catcher's mask and guards, and Mabel Stead umpiring the game. Mabel yelled, "Play ball!" and at sign from Stanton, Donaher pitched the ball straight into the catcher's mit—a few yards distant from the home plate.

"Strike one!" cried out the umpire amidst the applause of the enthusiastic throng. So the game progressed to the twenty-sixth inning, showing the score tied. No wonder that Manager "Al" Brown grew impatient and, with two men out and the bases full, went in as a pinch hitter. "Al" connected with the first ball pitched in such a way as would make Babe Ruth look like a grammar school player. The bat boasted of a heavy dent, and the ball was never seen again, some people claiming that it is traveling still. Anyway, that was the deciding blow for the American team took home the pennant, victors by the close score of 94 to 91.

The champions had a special cruiser which was to take them to San Francisco via the Panama Canal. I was more than glad to accept "Al's" invitation to accompany them. Two weeks of clear sailing brought us into southern waters. We were met at the entrance to the canal by Solomon Gurian, United States Engineer, sent to Panama to clear out some recent landslides. "Sol" told us to wait while he got a pick and shovel and he would have a road cut for us in a jiffy. Evidently the Captain did not have as much faith in "Sol's" ability as "Sol" did, for he asked to have the gigantic crane lift the ship across the obstruction. The crane was an invention of Mary Butkiewicz. It was an electrical contrivance which Mary had conceived with the original invention of lifting New York City out of its foundation and planting it down in Honolulu so as to give the New Yorkers a real vacation. It did not take long, however, to take us over the obstruction and we continued our course along the canal. On reaching the Pacific end, we were met by Ruth Martin, who was looking after the United States' interests in Panama. Ruth loved excitement and that is why she chose this position. You see she spent her spare afternoons on the mountains watching the Mexican national game. While we were there it was Villa's turn at the bat, and he was swatting cannon balls in every direction. Still there was nothing unusual in that, so we sailed on, making our way to San Francisco.

The pilot who stepped aboard our ship to lead us safely into the harbor was

Benjamin Levenson. He finished the job in a fashion that would have done credit to Hervé Riel himself, for in addition to getting us safely into port, "Ben" destroyed every other ship that got into our way and a few that we got into the way of. Nevertheless, we were in San Francisco and I bade my friends God-speed, deciding to make my way home overland. In San Francisco I ran across Thomas Counihan. "Tom" was the Superintendent of Schools and had set up a system all his own which was once considered a Utopia. No. "P. M.'s," no floggings, no expulsions or hard words were on his program to bother the life of the poor oppressed student. And "Tom" testified that it had a wonderful effect on their good looks even if it did not turn out learned sages.

From San Francisco I went to Los Angeles and visited the Barrett moving picture studio. I was glad to find that Alice Pauline Barrett was the much talked of moving picture producer in that district. She told me to wait a while and I would see them producing a scene. Soon Alice's right hand man, John Barry, came around and shouted orders through a megaphone the size of the Blackstone Tunnel. The scenes were set up and John yelled, "Bring out the heroine." Then entered there with sweet song and face Beulah Goldsmith, the great American success in silent drama. "Enter hero, with a bunch of violets in your hand," was John's next command. In stalked, with emboldened strides, Harold Siegel, a bouquet of spinach in his left hand, his heart in his right and a nickel cigar in his mouth. "Hal" had cultivated Douglas Fairbank's million dollar smile and his million dollar salary. He always did say that his voice was his fortune, and it certainly had proved so.

I left the studio after the first scene and walked along the business streets. Soon I was hailed by the voice of Louis Rosenthal. Louis was bigger and handsomer than ever. He carried his inevitable piano with him and was just bound for the Los Angeles Artists' concerts. I told him I would be glad to hear him, so a short while found me seated in the audience listening to Louis' exhibition. The program said he was playing "Lawful Chimes." It sounded more like "Awful Chimes." Nevertheless, a great future was predicted for him.

I resumed my sight-seeing and soon decided to take the next train home. Accordingly, I set out for the station and had almost arrived there when I noticed Ida Edinberg driving the standard Edinberg car. Ida had gone one better than Henry Ford, and in any clime (climb) the Edinberg car stood the test. She saw me, too, for she motioned and I soon was riding the ride of rides. Ida was on her way to New York and hoped to be there the next day—but not in that machine. When we had reached Deadman'srest Village, three of the wheels of the car fell off, so Ida thought it best to stop and have them put on before proceeding. I wasn't at all sorry, for I had always wanted to see the sights of a western city.

Suddenly a shooting party began around the corner, and as suddenly as it started it stopped. There soon appeared Eric Peterson wearing the sheriff's badge. He had his six-shooter pointed straight at a row of hilarious westerners whom he had prevented shooting each other for excitement. After sending off each man in a different direction, he polished up his silver badge with the end of his sleeve, as sheriffs are wont to do and greeted me in a western manner. Eric was on the job and limited the fights in that town to accommodate the undertakers who had struck for a six-hour day. It was quite late now, so Eric told me I would find a welcome

at Murphy's ranch, a few minutes' walk up the road. I went there and after I had flirted with the watch dog for a few hours, Edward Murphy came out, muzzled the dog and led me into the house. "Ed" had succeeded wonderfully in his life occupation. He informed me that his time was pretty well taken up feeding the chickens every day. I slept over at "Ed's" and participated in the morning meal cooked by him exclusively, for "Ed" preferred to row his boat alone. I don't know where he learned to cook, but only those who have partaken of a bachelor's meal can appreciate it.

I left Deadman's rest soon after on the "Flier," a transcontinental express traveling one hundred miles per hour. But I was not destined to go very far, for one of the rear coaches jumped the track and we stopped a few miles from the city of Chicago. Everybody on the train alighted, and I recognized Eleanor Phillips in the engineer's garb. She wore a pair of overalls and looked the part to perfection. It seemed that the women were doing all the work now for a change. Eleanor went to the nearest farmhouse and 'phoned down to Chicago about the accident. They evidently thought somebody was hurt for the hospital ambulance was rushed down and I saw Margaret Bowler and Francis Zielinski alight from it. As there was nobody hurt, I had a little time to talk to them. Margaret told me that she was head nurse at the hospital and Francis was her chief assistant, at which he was the best ever. She said, "You should see the way he makes the beds, scrubs the floors and peels potatoes."

I went to Chicago in the hospital ambulance, due to the kindness of my friends. As I was walking along the streets, I noticed an old man in front of me with a flowing beard. As I passed, one of the buttons of my coat caught in his beard, and to my surprise yanked it off. I was almost overcome when I found that it was Matthew Slobin, Chicago's leading detective in disguise. I said to "Mattie," "What's the idea of the disguise?"

"Sh-h-h," he whispered, "I'm after Oklahoma Ike, the toughest criminal in eight states. Last week he tried to kidnap the Statute of Liberty, and I'm out to get him."

With that he passed on, leaving me amazed to find "Mattie" pursuing such a mysterious occupation. I got to the station and seated myself beside a lady who was reading a paper. As I sat down she looked up and I saw it was Margaret Mahoney. She was going to New York to give a series of concerts on the piano. She told me she was sorry she didn't have her keys with her or she would play a few selections for me. Margaret suddenly thought she would 'phone to Mary Trabulsi, who was her manager, so she went to the rear car. As I accompanied her, I saw her easily get a connection with Mary by means of the wireless telephone, which was so perfected by Frank McGurl, the Edison of 1935, that one could 'phone while on a moving vehicle just as the Marconi wireless operates. You see, Frank was late for dinner one day and he tried to get his wife on the 'phone to explain. As he was in a hurry he ripped the 'phone from the wall and while riding home in his automobile, by a simple device that Frank alone knew about, he spoke to her wirelessly. Nevertheless, he went in for inventing and made such novelties as manicuring sets for baby elephants, etc.

Arriving in New York again, I saw Fifth Avenue lined with people and a rope stretched across one end of it. I asked somebody what was going on. They

said that the Marathon runners were due to finish their six day race soon. I waited for a few minutes and along came Eddy Nelson at about a forty-mile an hour clip, closely followed by William Carr. As they came to the finish, they were shoulder to shoulder, but Eddy stuck out his chest and won the race by three-eighths of an inch. They had been battling along like that for the last few hundred miles. I went into the Vanderbilt to stay over for the night and in the lobby I saw Sadie Friedman and Anna Jogodnik just about to leave. They informed me that they were off to Italy, as Sadie was appointed ambassador and Anna was her aide. They had been staying at the Vanderbilt to learn the correct way of manipulating a string of spaghetti. I wasn't through with meeting friends at the Vanderbilt yet, for I saw Thomas Callery seated in an easy chair playing tic-tac-too with Ervin Gomez. "Tom" was a multi-millionaire and a steel magnate; Ervin was a manufacturer of holeless noodles; yet tic-tac-too was their favorite diversion.

The next day I returned to Worcester and watched the Classical High Baseball Team beat Commerce for the championship. I wasn't surprised at the result when I learned that William Moran was the coach of athletics at Classical. His fame was even more noted than that of "Pat" Moran of 1920. The girls' athletic teams of the respective schools were playing, too, and they made a good showing, for Nehamah Glick was instructor of girls' athletics in the city schools. It was a pity that the game was called in the third inning, as one of the Commerce girls had lost her powder puff and couldn't possibly proceed with the game.

I then went down Main Street and met Rosa Greeko near the City Hall accompanied by a male friend of hers. I addressed her, "Where are you going, Rosa?"

"To get a license," was her answer.

"Why, going to get married?"

"Oh, no! An automobile license, I mean. I've been married for the last five years," and accordingly she introduced me to her husband.

I went off shortly and was soon approached by Gertrude Griffin. "Gert" wanted me to buy a ticket for the fifteenth annual "prom" of the Class of 1920. She was on the committee. "But," I objected, "I'll have to go alone, unless—" "Oh, well, you can come up early and help me with the decorations," and she handed me the ticket and went off.

I looked at the ticket. The "prom" was at Terpsichorean Hall at eight P. M. So seven o'clock saw me helping Gertrude put up some decorations. It seemed that no matter how far away or busy my former classmates were, they always had time for this reunion. And the sight of all my friends thus reunited pleased me immensely. You can well imagine my experiences had tired me, so instead of dancing, I sat down in the clear open air away from the crowd to think again of my school days. I gradually dozed off to sleep and it seemed that I could hear the orchestra playing that same old song, "Dardanella." Suddenly I awoke with a start and, yes, those soft strains of "Dardanella" came floating toward me.

I looked at my watch. It was eleven-thirty. Then I had only been asleep for a short while. The orchestra had just finished the dance, and there I was still up on the Bancroft roof garden. The same old moon and stars looked down upon me. The North Star was in its old place, and all my surroundings were unchanged. I realized that I had been dreaming, so I immediately sat down and recorded my visions. I have here presented them to you.



ROSE PEARL GRACE

Jewish Contributions to Civilization

ROSE PEARL GRACE

Two months ago we read in the papers that Palestine had been restored to the Jews. We read that this occurrence had been the cause of great rejoicing. How many of us, I wonder, glanced over the headlines with a merely casual interest? No doubt two distinct questions arose in most minds: "Who are the Jews?", and "why should they rejoice?"

Many misleading popular phrases, such as "rich as a Jew" have caused the outside world to consider the whole Jewish nation a representative of finance and usury. If one should try to disprove this fallacy, a natural inquiry would be: "Well, what *have* they done besides accumulate wealth?" What have been *their* contributions toward civilization?

The Jewish nation consisted of 14,000,000 people before the late World War. Its ancestry, as all know, dates back to remote ages which saw numerous contemporaries—long since annihilated. The pages of its history are spattered with blood and persecution, and yet we find Israel thriving in our midst. Having gained their native land after years of wandering, it is quite natural that the Jews rejoice. What has the little nation been doing all this time? How has it affected your life and mine?

Let me begin by stating a fact unadorned by sentiments or conjectures—a fact which can be proclaimed impersonally by Jew or Gentile. The Jews are the most anciently cultured people in the world. During the time which was consumed by surrounding tribes in barbaric warfare, Israel was producing that inimitable embodiment of epical history, law, poetry, and culture—the Bible. Later on approaching the days of their expulsion from their native land, the Rabbins were working on the Talmud, a profound masterpiece of law and religion interspersed with wit and lofty expression. Very much that is sublime in the liturgy of the Church of Rome was derived from the Talmud.

The foremost Jewish contribution to civilization is a religious one. The Jew was the first one to recognize the fact that there is one God. This conclusion, reached so long ago, serves today as the basis of religion in every civilized country of the world.

The dark Middle Ages placed many an obstacle in the path of the progressive Jew. The religious inquisition ensnared him, the provincial-minded dug pitfalls for him. Still, maimed and bereaved as he was, he arose again to become one of the few bright lights that shone through that mediaeval darkness.

Sir Walter Besant, the great English novelist, says: "Poet, lawyer, painter, actor, statesman, physician, musician—there is not a branch of learning, art, or science in which the Jew is not in the front rank." The people of that period, however, would have dispensed with any progress rather than accept knowledge from a Jew. That is the reason why so many renowned Jews of this period abandoned Judaism to be converted.

What part has the Jew played in the scientific world? The name of Maimonides is particularly prominent in the field of science. This great man, often referred to as "the Jewish Aristotle," was said to be the most powerful light of the Middle Ages. Maimonides was most proficient in every branch of science, and his works on philosophy, astronomy, and medicine have been translated into different languages.

Among the many illustrious Jewish philosophers was Moses Mendelssohn, the pioneer of modern German classical literature. He was called "the greatest sage since Socrates." And who has not heard of Karl Marx? This economist, the source of inspiration to every conservative socialist, was a Jew. In the science of mathematics the Jew has always been exceptionally proficient. Professor J. C. Sylvester was perhaps the greatest mathematician of the nineteenth century.

Now we come to medicine. Medical science constituted one of the most elevating of the Jewish contributions to civilizations. Mediaeval superstition and prejudice led the common people to consider the Jews as witches, and their miraculous cures of the various ailments as the work of the devil. The Jewish doctors were tormented with such brutal treatment as was then accorded to alleged possessors of witchcraft. Royalty, however, did not share this opinion. Kings throughout Europe would allow none but Jewish doctors to attend them. Every effort has been made to attribute this medical achievement of the Middle Ages to the Arabs. But countless authorities stoutly deny this, declaring that "Arabic medicine is the daughter of Jewish Medicine."

We should not overlook the elements of law which the Jew has given to the world. After thirty-three hundred years the laws of Moses still form the basis of the civilized world's jurisprudence. Among the famous jurists of the world at present are Sir Rufus Isaacs, known as Lord Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, and Louis Brandeis, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Let us make a brief resume of the Jewish participation in arts. The mentioning of a few Jewish names call immediate thoughts to mind. Heinrich Heine, Anton Rubinstein, Sarah Bernhardt, Israel Zangwill! These names hardly call for further explanation. For who has not heard of Heine, the poet; Rubinstein, the composer; Bernhardt, the actress; or Zangwill, the modern novelist? But perhaps it is not generally known that the Temple of Solomon ranks among the finest specimens of classical architecture.

Lastly we come to the divine virtue of philanthropy. There is surely no one to deny the unparalleled philanthropic record of Sir Moses and Lady Judith Montefiore. What an international figure the philanthropic Rothschilds cut! And in our own country, Jacob Schiff. During the American Revolution a Jew by the name of Haym Solomon gave voluntarily \$300,000 to the National Colonies, and collected \$300,000 more from his fellow Jews—all to aid our country. The Jews have given their lives in the various struggles for freedom. Yes. They gave, gave, and continue to give.

How has the world treated the Jews? How has it received the gifts of the little nation? It is unnecessary to repeat that which is well known to everyone.

We have just experienced the horrors of a World War. But, somehow, in the midst of trouble we always perceive the most ideal aspect of life. Thus we saw how far we had strayed from the teachings of that great World Teacher, of Jewish birth, who was crucified, as some claim, by the Romans, nineteen hundred years ago. He preached the sermon of brotherly love and brotherhood of man. Many have misinterpreted it as the brotherhood of *sects*. May they interpret it rightly in the future.



PAUL CAMPBELL SHEDD

Nature Revealing New Forces

PAUL CAMPBELL SHEDD

Before the dawn of history, man had invented a few simple machines to help him in his labor. The wedge, the pulley, the lever, and the bow and arrow thus came into existence. He then devised more complicated machines, which helped him greatly and became indispensable to his increasing civilization. For the first few thousand years of history very little was done; then came the great age of invention. Man invented the steam engine and its brother, the gas engine. These actually do his work for him. Then electricity was discovered, and man performed his tasks by means of this powerful agent.

Is electricity the "last word" in available energy? Has man's power reached its height? Is it unable to go further? Is there any energy greater and more powerful than electricity as we now know it?

The answer is, "Yes." A form of energy, far surpassing the most powerful forms of electricity, has been discovered, and is at present conspicuous among the subjects of research in the scientific world. This energy is yet unavailable; there has so far been devised no means of utilizing it. Maybe none ever will be devised. But scientists dream; they have as great imaginations as poets, and sometimes their dreams come true.

In 1839, Antoine Becquerel started investigations about phosphorescence,—the power some substances have of giving off light. His work was taken up by his children and grandchildren, and resulted in the following discoveries:

Many forms of phosphorescence are due to the presence of radium, an element which, alone or in combination, emits rays at the enormous speeds of from one thousand to fifteen hundred miles a second. They even penetrate matter to a small extent, resulting in the discovery of the X-rays. These particles are electrons of helium, a rare gas. The residue is lead. The alchemists of antiquity tried in vain to transmute lead into gold. Now here is a metal, far more precious than gold, five hundred times more valuable than the diamond, automatically disintegrating into lead!

A thimbleful of radium would emit more helium rays in a single second than there were dollars in the Victory Loan, and these rays are so small that after two

thousand years half the radium would be left, in addition to nearly half a thimbleful of lead.

This emission of helium is called Radioactivity. It has been found that other elements possess this quality also, but to a much less extent. Thus all matter is changing its substance before our eyes, although so slowly that we do not notice it. This may be illustrated by stating that the life of an atom of uranium, a powerful radioactive substance, is seven billion years. Less active elements last much longer. On the other hand, actinium atoms last only five and one-half seconds.

Atoms were formerly considered to be indivisible. They are so small that a pinch of salt contains billions upon billions of them. But they are not indivisible. An atom is composed of a single positive electric charge, called the nucleus, which may be compared to the sun, for around it rotate negative charges. They are called electrons and correspond to the earth and planets. If they could touch each other, and you set them side by side, extending from a fixed point to another, one inch distant, it would take over one thousand trillion of them to cover the distance. But they cannot touch each other. They are immense distances apart, sometimes as much as ten thousand times their own diameter. Thus, the orbit of the electrons is as large, compared with its diameter, as the orbit of the earth.

The electrons move with terrific velocities, and thus exert a tremendous energy, hitherto unheard of. It has been estimated that a dislodged electron may dash about with such a speed as to change its location forty millions times in a second.

This activity is a source of energy and heat. Now the heat of a star may be detected by a delicate instrument consisting of suspended disks, because the heat propels the disks forward very slightly. These particles of heat come to us at the rate of many billions a second, at a speed of 186,000 miles a second, over a distance of trillions of miles. An atom or molecule vibrating in such a way as to send off such waves, powerful enough to drive relatively large particles of matter before them, must be a center of energy of astounding power.

If this enormous store could be utilized, one gram of any matter could raise ten million tons four times as high as the Woolworth Building. Sir Oliver Lodge declares that one ounce of matter thus "disintegrated" could raise the German ships sunk in Scapa Flow atop the Scottish mountains. A particle of radium used in this way would exert an almost unbelievable power.

If a method should be discovered of utilizing this great wilderness of power, it

would be the greatest event in history. But upon who controlled it would depend the question whether it would be the greatest good or the greatest calamity that ever befell our race. If several men possessed it, they would probably destroy each other, and the rest of the world with them, in a great, ambitious struggle for dominion. If it came into the hands of one man, he might make either benevolent or tyrannical use of it.

I do not believe, and I certainly do not hope, that this power will be discovered until man has reached a sufficiently high plane morally to use it rightly. During the past century man has advanced with astounding rapidity along scientific lines. He has progressed more in a single year, perhaps, than he did during the first thirteen centuries of the Christian era. But he needs also a greater progress morally and spiritually before he can comprehend what he has done, and understand the great forces which, wonderful as they seem, would appear still more magnificent if rightly understood. Science ought not, and probably cannot, advance very far without an equal advance in religion and morality.



MARY JOANNA FOLEY

The Health of the Nation

MARY JOANNA FOLEY

Like other departments of science, medicine began with an age of wonder. The accidents of life, and the features of death stimulated men to interest, and the birth of modern medicine took place when man first began to say to himself, "Why should these wonderful mysteries be?" Following this line of reasoning, the heavens and earth were peopled with Powers, unseen beings, who must be appeased continually by sacrificial offerings and prayers. Every sort of sickness whether of man or beast, was the manifestation of some unsatisfied deity.

From this crude, this bizarre notion of diseases by some of the early peoples, the Greeks and Romans rose to a rather well-defined, practical development of the fundamental principles of modern medicine, a development worthy of those nations. Apollo, the god of medicine, had temples which were at one time, places of art, worship and sanatoria. In Macedonia medicinal studies flourished for centuries. After the conquest of Greece by Rome, the Greek physicians attained a place in society which that profession has never since equalled.

And so, from that time down through the ages, we have advanced, little by little, by observation, by experiment, to the complex study which we now call "modern medicine." Germs were discovered and the theory of infection expounded. Louis Pasteur by his scientific works placed the bacterial origin of disease on a firm foundation. Lister revolutionized surgery, toxins were discovered, and it seemed to the world at large that the medical profession must come to a standstill because of the lack of "new worlds to conquer."

Yet, with all this progress in the study of medicine, the world did not seem to grow any healthier. Why? All this study had the wrong aim. It is true that it attempted to cure those who were sick, but it did not try to keep those who were healthy in that condition; it did not try to remove the causes of disease.

We had now reached a point beyond which we were unable to advance, either in the study of medicine or in economic production. Suddenly, to a few great minds, it occurred that perhaps there might be some connection between the two. The germs of the study of Public Health sprang into being. Civic Hygiene and Indus-

trial Hygiene assumed an equal importance; Civic Hygiene because it helps the men and women of tomorrow; Industrial Hygiene because it materially assists the production of today.

Civic Hygiene has made itself a factor in the life of this nation. Every community has some organization such as a Board of Health, the Red Cross, a Chamber of Commerce, which educates the people up to the standard demanded by the modern world.

The sanitation of our cities is a great problem today, and every city expends much time, labor and money on improving its system. Chicago, one of the great cities of the country, had many epidemics of typhoid. Her drinking water was examined by scientists. It was found that the sewage which was emptied into Lake Michigan, was entering the water pipes which left the Lake. In desperation, Chicago voted to spend \$43,000,000 to obtain pure drinking water. By digging a canal twenty-eight miles long, the sewage was turned away from the lake, and entered, at last, the Mississippi River.

The food of today is more nearly standard than it has ever been before. All honor to our efficient Pure Food legislators. Milk, which is a staple of everyone's diet, must now be inspected, for it was found, that in the case of Springfield, our neighbor, an epidemic of typhoid which caused many deaths came from impure milk. A medical journal gives a list of 330 outbreaks of epidemic diseases that were caused by impure milk. Today everything in cans, jars, or bottles must be labelled by its true name, and any poisonous substance must be plainly indicated on the outside.

In our industrial life today, also, we have had much improvement, safeguarding the health of the worker has come to be a prime essential. There can be no economic progress in a puny nation; the world demands production; and the medium, which is labor, has been constantly aided to better itself.

Legislating in regard to labor has always had public opinion back of it. Perhaps it is for this reason that the labor laws are so efficient. In every shop sanitary bubblers and wash basins have been installed, safety-devised machines have been placed at the most convenient height; hospitals have been installed.

The outside hours of the laborers have been filled up with activity. Every shop has its ball teams, every community its sings and other recreations. The Crompton & Knowles Company have recently purchased Norcross Grove as a playground for

their employees; the Graton & Knight Corporation have secured Boulevard Park for their workers.

And what does it all tend to? To increased production, it is true, but above all to the health, wealth, and prosperity of Our Country, the United States. We are all offered an equal opportunity for health, but we do not all take the chance offered. It is a compliment to a country to have a low death rate, and a high power to resist disease. Only a healthy people can have this; and a healthy people make a healthy country.

The medical profession has helped a great deal in making America the power for good that it is today. It has been prophesied that ten years from now there will be no doctors except those employed by cities, and those under contract by industrial plants. Such a condition would be hard on the doctors, but how exceedingly beneficial for everyone else; for the people who are the healthiest are the people who are the most efficient.

It is for everyone of us to decide whether he will help our nation to grow more powerful. Help he will, if he loves his flag. And how may he best do this? Not by talking patriotism, but by growing sounder in body and in mind until we may say (with apologies to Smith)

Our Country, we're with thee,
Onward to Health and Prosperity.



RICHARD FISHER WHITCOMB

The Role of Chemistry in the Twentieth Century

RICHARD FISHER WHITCOMB

Since the early days of the war people have awakened to the fact that the man behind our brave boys in this terrible conflict was the American chemist. As nations have become more civilized, war has become more and more a contest in science, so that the last war has fittingly been known as the war of chemists. Without chemistry victory would have been a vain pursuit.

The chemist in the past has been regarded as a man who wasted time over trifles. Even at the present day a large number of our populace have no idea how vital to society such a profession is, although the chemist has many times proved that the welfare of the country lies practically in his hands and that chemistry is a profession that calls for men who are able to undertake any problem that may confront the nation. For such an occupation we have comparatively few workers. At the beginning of the war those who followed chemical pursuits of any kind made up approximately one ten-thousandth of our population. The nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine ten-thousandths sat back with a feeling that from somewhere, Aladdin-like, agencies would reveal themselves ready to protect them from powerful and resourceful foes. They showed good judgment, though they had little idea of the seriousness or extent of the problem they confidently expected this handful of volunteer chemists to tackle and solve.

The German had forty years of chemical research and development before the war. He had over two years of swift chemical development in the war before the Americans entered. With a lack of foresight, we had done nothing to meet these chemical warfare activities. We entered the war with a handicap as big as could be imagined, but, through the energy and co-operation of the chemists, we overcame that lead of forty years. More than that, we surpassed it, so that in the end we led Europe not alone in quantity of manufacture but in research, in training, and in actual gas tactics on the field of battle. The present status of the American chemical industry and its prospect for the future must prove gratifying to all citizens; but these

prospects can never be fully realized unless the work of the chemist is supported by sound and loyal public opinion.

The chief present-day problem is that of reconstruction. The solution of this problem will influence for good or evil the next century of the world's history. In the discussion and in the work to follow, the chemist will have a very responsible part. It would be falling far short of a proper understanding of the difficulties and the needs for reconstruction if we considered the task simply that of putting back what has been displaced. The world can never go back to where it was six years ago. It is true that certain pressing matters must be settled, before we can begin to live even ordinary lives, but when these matters are attended to, the whole question is by no means out of the way. The reconstruction period will see a great deal done along lines of conservation, and it is in such ways that the chemist will find his opportunity.

Industry has taken notice of chemistry, but it has not yet completely wedded itself to science by availing itself of its opportunities. There is need of many more general commercial laboratories than can find support. We need more industrial research. We have not yet learned the need of men with trained scientific minds on boards of directors of corporations engaged in chemical manufacture. All industries are chemical industries, but some are more obviously so than others. This ignorance on our part is a serious defect. Its results are frequently shown in the inertia of industry, in failing to profit by improvements that would make for great economies as well as for advancement in well being. Most of us are familiar with large industrial establishments, the processes of which are based on chemical reactions. These corporations are operated from the standpoint of salesmanship, banking, and law. The company's legal advisor sits in council to pass upon contracts, upon procedure in dealings with men; but the chemical advisor, he who understands materials, he who is responsible for the company's products and its good repute, is generally left out in the cold. American industry at large is still derelict in its calls upon the man of science to its councils. Whenever such calls are made, the American chemist responds and sets himself to work with diligence. That so many of his efforts have been crowned with success is pleasant to contemplate, but the way of progress does not lie in contemplation alone.

The chemist does not mean to inflict the technical knowledge of the profession on the public; but he does mean that there should be more than a slight comprehension

of the fact that chemistry lies at the bottom of industrial independence, that for the future welfare of our people we must recognize this fact and give it support in matters pertaining to legislation, economics, and politics. He does mean that the public should see to it that the chemist as an individual citizen plays a more important part in our affairs; that not alone when the health of the nation, the prosperity of the nation, the safety of the nation are seriously endamaged should he be called out of his laboratory, but that on all occasions when councils are convened he should be summoned among the first.

Class Song

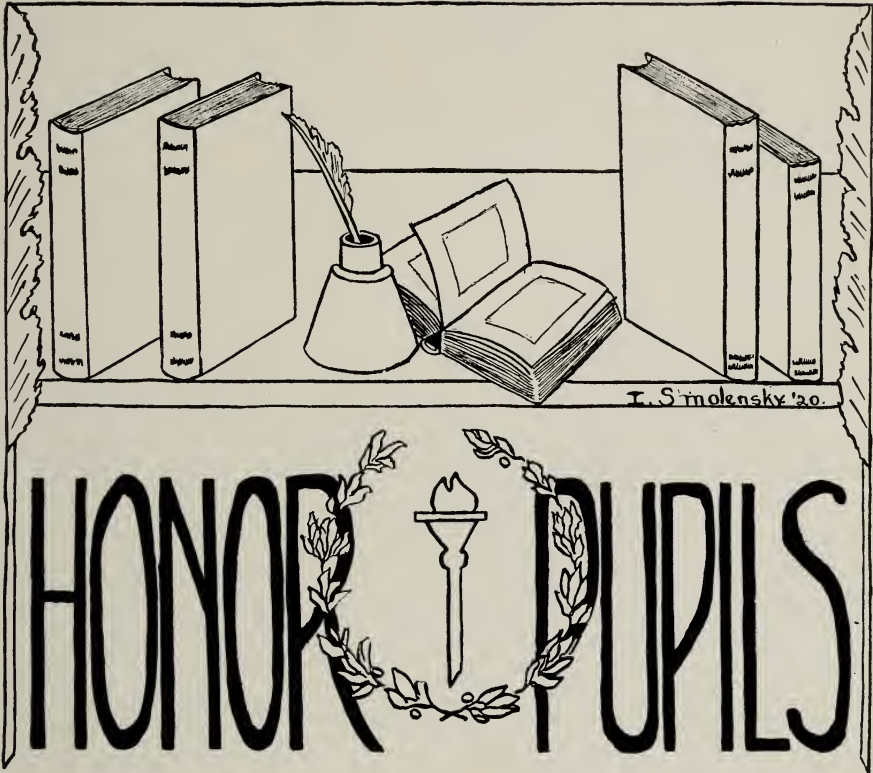
Words and Music by Irene S. Molensky

Class Pianist Sadie Friedman

No more the good old friendships,
The scenes of former strife—
For us new paths must open,
New duties fill our life—
But time can never vary
Devotion tried and true:
Remembrance will make sweeter
The joys that here we knew.

The song our hearts are singing
To greet Commencement Day,
Is a bright song of gladness,
And one of spirits gay.
Yet, there is a thrill of sadness
That will not pass away.
The hours of glad returning
No more will come our way.

So, Classmates,—stand together
As heartily we raise
Our loyal song at parting
In Alma Mater's praise.
When cares of life o'ertake us,
We'll bravely face the fight,
Recalling days of gladness
Beneath the "Blue and White."



HONOR PUPILS

FIRST HONOR

MARY JOANNA FOLEY

PAUL CAMPBELL SHEDD

ROSE PEARL GRACE

SECOND HONOR

SAUL STANLEY FEINGOLD

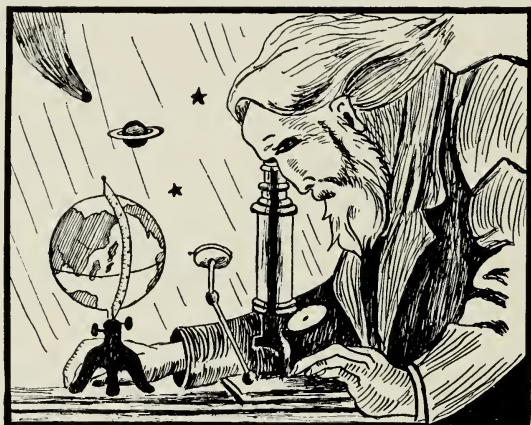
HAZEL HELENA PETERSON

ANNA JAGODNIK

RICHARD FISHER WHITCOMB

SOCIETIES

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S



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PYTHAGOREAN CLUB



C. H. S. DEBATING
ASSEMBLY



ALETHEIA DEBATING
SOCIETY

The Aletheia

The Aletheia, which is now the second oldest society in the school, has just completed the most successful year, perhaps, in its history. Under the able direction of Miss Hunt, whose aid and advice have been much appreciated, the girls of the school have enjoyed many of the same privileges and debating advantages as the boys have in their society. The social side of school activities has not been forgotten, however, for besides having many of the faculty as speakers during the year at its meetings, the Aletheia planned a Hallowe'en dance in North High Gym. Unfortunately, the idea had to be dropped, and a Hallowe'en party in the school corridors was substituted. A Christmas Party and Valentine Party followed, and all three may be classified as "great successes."

The officers for the year were: First term—President, Helen Mullins; Vice-President, Agnes Riley; Secretary, Marguerite Rebboli; Treasurer, Mary Foley. Second Term—President, Elizabeth B. Foley; Vice-President, Hazel Peterson; Secretary, Marguerite Rebboli; Treasurer, Rosa Greeko. Third term—President, Margaret Mahoney; Vice-President, Aina Oberg; Secretary, Marguerite Rebboli; Treasurer, Rosa Greeko. Fourth term—President, Mary Foley; Vice-President, Hazel Peterson; Secretary, Mary Lynch; Treasurer, Charlotte Revzin.

The Senior members are: Margaret Bowler, Alice M. Barrett, Beatrice Bernier, Elizabeth Foley, Margaret Foley, Mary Foley, Rose Grace, Helen Guthro, Philomena Loughlin, Margaret Mahoney, Helen Mullins, Aina Oberg, Grace Odium, Hazel Peterson, Anna Power, Mabel Stead, Rosa Greeko, Eleanor Phillips, Ruth Martin.

Pythagorean Club

The Pythagorean Club has, this year, continued, or rather augmented, its success of last year, although along a slightly different line. It was decided at the first of the term to devote the meetings of the club to the study of astronomy. This has certainly proved an interesting subject, as any member can testify. The club has continued its policy of last year, admitting only those as members who have maintained a meritorious grade in mathematical studies.

Meetings have been held every second Monday in the afternoon, in Room 8. Two special meetings of considerable importance have been called. The first was held at night and the society went, under the guidance of Miss Pierce who has been largely responsible for the success of the club, to view the stars. This meeting was greatly enjoyed and was the source of increased knowledge concerning astronomy. The second special meeting was held in the Physics Lecture Room and consisted of a stereopticon lecture on astronomy.

The officers of the first half year were: President, Paul Shedd; First Vice-President, Arthur Houle; Second Vice-President, Wesley Mellquist; Secretary, Rose P. Grace; Treasurer, Richard Whitcomb. For the second half year: President, Paul Shedd; First Vice-President, Arthur Houle; Second Vice-President, Rose Grace; Secretary, Mary Kennedy; Treasurer, James Quinn.

The Classical High Debating Society

The Classical High Debating Assembly is a relatively new society of the school. This is only the second year of its existence, but its value has been thoroughly proved. It is a noticeable fact that every member of the interclass debating teams, from Freshmen to Seniors, were also members of the Assembly. This is also true of our successful Amhest Cup Team. A regular program, including declamations, debate, floor debate, critic's report, and an extemporaneous address, has been carried out at the bi-weekly meetings.

On the evening of January 12, a contest for a Declaiming Team to represent the school, was held and a team chosen. Challenges were issued to the other High Schools for declamation contests but none were accepted, except from North High which later cancelled its agreement. The five members of the team gave a very successful program before the school, however, giving the speeches prepared by them for the contest. This team consisted of Eli Smith, '21, captain, Richard Whitcomb, '20, David Seder, '20, Stanley Kunitz, '22, and David Sandman, '23.

At another time, a contest was held to choose a team to represent Classical in the inter-high debates. There were sixteen candidates and the following team was chosen: Walter MacAdam, captain, Aven Levenson, Hyman Berlyn, and Jacob Yanofsky, alternate. This team was very successful, winning both debates by unanimous decisions.

The officers chosen by the Assembly at the beginning of the year were: Harold Siegel, President; Richard Whitcomb, Vice-President; Jacob Yanofsky, Secretary; Executive Committee, Eli Smith, chairman, Walter MacAdam, Stanley Kunitz.

Those for the second term were: Hyman Berlyn, President; Paul Shedd, Vice-President; Jacob Yanofsky, Secretary; Executive Committee, Eli Smith, chairman, Walter MacAdam, Richard Whitcomb.

The final meeting of the year was attended by a few of the alumni who gave short talks to the members. A vote of thanks was also tendered to Mr. Howe, of our faculty, who has worked so diligently to help the Assembly to become a permanent success.

We have great hopes that this society will become as well known and loved by the future alumni as it is by those of us who have enjoyed its privileges.



Amherst Cup Debates

Perhaps never before has the interest in Inter-High School debates been so keen as it has this year. The spirit and fervor with which the high schools completed was noteworthy. Each was fired with earnest determination to secure the long-coveted Amherst Cup.

The preliminary debates took place March 19, 1920. Commerce debated South at Classical while Classical debated North at Commerce. Both debates were on the question, "Resolved: That the United States government should adopt a system of Universal Military Training."

The Classical team upholding the affirmative of the question consisted of Walter T. MacAdam, Captain, Aven S. Levenson, and Hyman I. Berlyn. The team easily defeated North by a unanimous vote of the judges. The judges were City Librarian Robert K. Shaw, Atty. Raymond B. Fletcher, and Jesse W. Hubbard of the Normal School. Mr. Thos. F. Power, assistant superintendent of schools, presided.

The final Amherst Cup Debate was held May 21, 1920, in the North High School Hall between Classical and the High School of Commerce, the two victorious teams of the preliminary debates. The question for discussion was, "Resolved: That a Daylight Saving Law, similar to the 1919 Federal Legislation, should be adopted as a permanent national policy." The judges were: Judge William T. Forbes, Postmaster James F. Healy, and Mr. Wilbur B. Sprague. Dr. Michael B. Fox, a member of the school committee, presided. Classical, represented by the same team and upholding the affirmative of the question again won by a unanimous decision.

Our debaters fairly covered themselves with glory. In both debates they were genteel in challenging their opponents. Too much cannot be said of their delivery and argument. In every phase of debating they proved themselves almost masters. In both debates, because of the thorough training and hard work, the Classical team exhibited more knowledge on the arguments of the opposing side, than did their opponents. MacAdam's ease in delivery and logical attack in rebuttal, Levenson's impressiveness, and Berlyn's immense sincerity all went towards the making of one of the best debating teams that Classical has ever entered in that particular field. The splendid co-operation of Jacob I. Yanofsky, the alternate, in studying the opposite side of the question, proved invaluable. And all this wonderful accomplishment was wrought through determined endeavor. The boys in several cases made great self sacrifice. Indeed they have gloriously brought to Classical again, the Amherst Cup.

Much credit is due also to Mr. Howe who as coach, by his encouragement and enthusiasm, aided the team to prosper. His tireless energy kept the team on their toes. To Miss Hunt and Mr. Farnsworth are also due thanks for their generous suggestions. May we again, next year, have an Amherst Cup Debating Team that will follow in the path of victory.

Inter-Class Debates

Our class has the honor of having won the championship in the inter-class debates. The team to win it for us was: Hyman Berlyn, captain, David Seder, and Harold Siegel.

The first debate, between the Freshmen and Juniors, on "Resolved: That Labor Unions do more good than harm," was awarded to the Juniors. The Junior team was Eli Smith, captain, Jacob Yanofsky, and Carl Johnson. The defeated Freshman team was John Comins, captain, Jordan Sandman, and Aven Levenson.

The second debate, of the Seniors against the Sophomores, was on the question, "Resolved: That the Peace Treaty should be adopted without amendments," and was won by our Senior team. The Sophomore team showed remarkable debating ability and if the same team represents their class next year, the present Juniors will be obliged to work hard for the title held by our class. This Sophomore team included Stanley Kunitz, captain, Robert Cotton, and Wilfred Beaudette.

The final debate, on the question "Resolved: That municipalities should own and control their public utilities," was a hard won victory for our team and showed, to advantage, the ability of all six participants.

We should give great credit to our three representatives, for, last year, these same three defeated the strong Senior team, thus giving us the honor of holding the championship two consecutive years.

Declaiming Team

The formation of a team for the purpose of opposing the other high schools in a declaiming contest is not a new event at Classical, since a team was selected for this purpose last year. Challenges were issued at that time to the other schools but none would accept, stating that it was too late in the term to organize a team but that the matter would be considered in the fall. So, last winter sixteen Classical men presented themselves as candidates for the Classical High Declaiming Team. Eli Smith was chosen by the judges for captain and the following men as the other members: Richard Whitcomb, David Seder, Stanley Kunitz and Jordan Sandman. The other high schools were again challenged and the challenge was accepted by one of them. The team members immediately set to work learning their speeches and were progressing wonderfully when the school which had accepted the challenge withdrew its acceptance. It was arranged, therefore, that the team, whose speeches were practically learned, should give their program before the school and it was very successfully presented. We hope that in future years a Declaiming Team will not only be selected but that a chance will be presented for it to show its worth against a team from another school.

Girls' Glee Club

At times they would warble, at times they would be stage-struck, but finally came the time when they actually could sing—and sing well. This is, in brief, the story of the Girls' Glee Club, which was organized first in 1919.

The Club has met with great success this past year, having appeared several times before the school. It rendered a new selection, "The Classical Spirit," which received great applause, at the Alumni Day Reunion.

The success of the girls is due almost wholly to the untiring efforts of Miss Gertrude Souther, its organizer and leader. Miss Souther entertained the members at a social in the school hall at which there was dancing, and a general social hour was enjoyed.

The officers were: Aina Oberg, President; Dorothy Costello, Vice-President; Margaret Mahoney, Secretary; Hazel Peterson, Treasurer; Rose Ryan, Freshman Representative; and Julia Goldman, pianist.

The other members are:

Edith Anderson
Evelyn Asselta
Leona Baciunka
Catherine Bastly
Elsie Becklund
Beatrice Bernier
Margaret Bowler
Margaret Broderick
Edna Bryant
Gertrude Doyle
Gunhild Elfstrom
Elizabeth Foley
Louise Foster
Madeline Foster
Rose Grace
Esther Kendall
Rose Lane

Helen Larson
Helen McDermott
Katherine Morrissey
Josephine Musgrove
Hazel Paquette
Frances Payne
Eleanor Phillips
Katherine Rafter
Evelyn Raymond
Dorothy Morstadt
Ruth Roberts
Dorothy Chaffin
Margaret Rebboli
Charlotte Revzin
Margaret Riordan
Anna Ryan
Marion Spayne



The Orchestra

This completes the third year of the C. H. S. "Symphony Club." A valuable addition to the orchestra was the fine set of drums and bells procured by the school. At the first of the year no less than fifteen violinists and three pianists answered the call for candidates, but it seemed as if no other instruments could be procured. However, after persistent work on the part of Miss Souther, who has coached the orchestra so successfully this year, a number of other instrumental artists were induced to participate. The orchestra has played at all the important exercises in the hall as well as at several events outside the school.

A capable dance orchestra was developed from the larger school orchestra and has played at nearly all the school dances. The members of this "Jazz Four" were Albert Wassell, George Elias, Charles Nutt, and either Julia Goldman or Rosa Greeko.

The following students were members this year:

First Violins

Albert Wassell '21, Hector Rocheford '21, George Elias '21, Anita Meiselman '22, Raymond Rosenthal '23, Alice Bunker '21, Maurice Ravelson '23.

Second Violins

Evelyn Asselta '22, Peter Illberg '23, Jessie Lehmer '22, Victoria Zakrzewska '23, and Monica Connor '23.

Piano

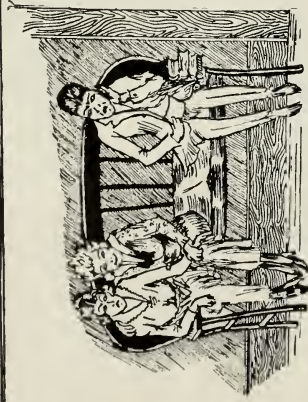
Julia Goldman '23, Rosa Greeko '20, Anna Jasem '21.

Cornet

Alice Donahue, P.G., Louis Abelovitz '23.

'Cello, Walter MacAdam '20

Drums, Charles Nutt, P. G.



LATE AGAIN

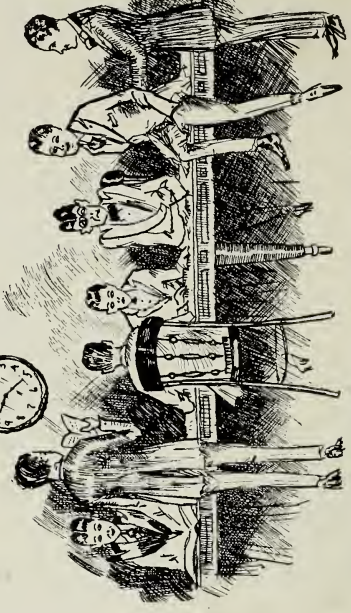


"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"

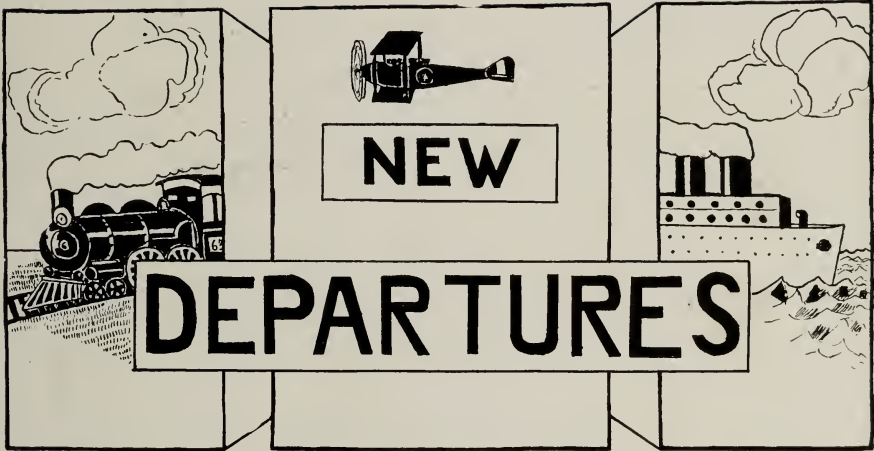


S.O.S.

Shovel, Oh Shovel.



Family Gathering in the Library



E.R.Nelson

1920

Student Council

The Student Council was tried for the first time at Classical last year, and has been more fully organized during this past season. It is made up one member from each room and the officers of the Senior and Junior classes. At the beginning of the year the council elected the following members as officers: Chairman, Walter MacAdam; Vice-Chairman, Eric Peterson; Secretary, Agnes Riley; Treasurer, George Napfen. The council has discussed several very important issues during the year. Action was instituted by the council to obtain a temporary gymnasium for the school and a petition was drawn up by the members and circulated through the school. The petition was sent to the School Committee, who voted to appropriate a sum of money for the purpose, but here the matter seems to have been dropped. Complete information was obtained in regard to a school paper, but the proposition appeared impractical, since a good portion of the term had passed and the issue was postponed for action by next year's council. Another important issue brought up was concerning an Athletic Council. The matter was discussed, plans were laid, and a council formed. This proposition is undoubtedly a good one, and it is hoped that next year the work of the Athletic Council will assist materially in placing Classical on the athletic map.

The members also served as the reception committee on Alumni Day and at the mid year, when new pupils entered the school. The Council has obviously been a benefit to both pupils and teachers, and we sincerely hope it will become a fixture.

C. H. S. Daily Notes

At the first of the year, in the absence of Mr. Porter, the Daily Notes were instituted. Space was set aside by each teacher on the blackboards and all events of importance were inscribed on these spaces each day. The idea was conceived by Charles Nutt and was taken up by the leaders of the various organizations, who divided the work among themselves. Later, the Student Council took over the matter and made each representative responsible for his own room. The news was secured from the "master-board" in Room 6. At first the idea worked well, each man caring for his assigned work conscientiously, but gradually the efficiency has declined. The scheme is a good one, however, and we hope it will continue, at least until such time as Classical shall have a school paper.

Alumni Day

"Isn't this perfectly splendid?" "It sure is great to see the dear old place again!" "Where have you been all this time?" "I am just delighted to see you!" "Why didn't we ever think of this before?"

Such were the ejaculations heard from time to time at our Alumni Day Reunion, December 23, 1919. The hearts of the undergraduates (hosts and hostesses), the teachers, and of our alumni guests were filled, I may safely say, with joy almost to the verge of tears. "Why didn't we ever think of this before?" We do not know; but we *do* know that this innovation so well planned and successfully carried out by Miss Dodge, Miss Walsh, Mr. O'Flynn, and the Student Council will remain an annual school function.

That same old hall, which has been and will be the center of our Alma Mater's activities was attractively and appropriately decorated with college banners and fresh foliage. Up the aisles at 11 A. M. marched the Class of 1916, followed respectively by the Classes of '17, 18, and '19. After a preliminary greeting by Mr. Porter, the air resounded with the cheer: "*A-l-u-m-n-i!*"—and we meant it. Then an old "*H-S*" placed us all, theoretically, on mutual terms.

What a sacred silence then pervaded the hall as the chosen alumni speakers told of their college activities, pledged their loyalty, and extended their greetings! Neil Leonard, '17, began with an eloquent oration on "Friendship." He spoke of Colby College. Stanley Milton, '17, followed with his greetings from Williams. Miss Ruth Jennings, '17, spoke interestingly of Radcliffe. Wellesley was extolled by Miss E. Kimball. Paul Landry, '18, maintained his former oratorical fame as the representative from Clark. Of the Class of 1919, Miss Beatrice Jaques told of Smith, George Mason entertained with his humorous Dartmouth freshman experiences, and Edward Brown of Holy Cross ably completed the list of the Alumni speakers. By cheers and entreaties, our beloved and esteemed Mr. Goodwin, former principal, was induced to speak a few words of welcome. After singing of "The Classical Spirit" by the Glee Club, the Hall exercises were suspended to be resumed in the corridor on the first floor.

There the syncopated music told that dancing might be possible. The dancing was not only possible, but *excellent*. Why? Was it the rough floor? Was it the aged, toneless piano? No! It was the spirit—the perennial, binding Classical Spirit!—and everybody was so happy!



S. O. S. Saturday

The call for volunteers was given the day before. We all caught the S. O. S. spirit and assembled, bright and early the next morning at the corner of Pearl and Main Street, armed with picks and shovels. It was a fine morning, the fresh crisp air only increasing our ardor, while the warm sun seemed to laugh at the oddities of this curious band of S. O. S. volunteers assembled at the corner of the city's leading thoroughfare on Shovel Out Saturday morning. We were armed with shovels, no two of which were alike, and with picks of various sizes and denominations; clad in coats and sweaters of various cuts and colors, and boots of divers styles; in short, as widely different were our arms and apparel as are the modes and habits of men, when allowed to travel their separate roads unmolested by any superior power which steps in and uniforms all to suit his particular fancy. Thus we waited for the arrival of General Porter and for the word to advance. The minor officers of the staff, all members of the faculty, had already arrived and were shouting orders to their respective companies. We were all very eager to start the fray and do our share.

In a short time the General arrived, clad in a large gray sweater, and armed with a shovel still larger, and the word for advance was given. We marched in a northerly direction up Pearl Street, while the jingling of our shovels and the boisterous clamor attracted the notice of passing pedestrians who stopped short in their tracks to gaze on this strange band of shovel-armed men. When we had marched, in this manner, half way up the street, the order was given to separate into two divisions. The first, under General Porter, was to remain where it was and guard the southern end of the street, while the second division, under Colonel Howe marched northerly, and established their post at the Chestnut Street entrance. Orders were sent around to the effect that all empty teams coming down the street were to be filled with snow, and if one division failed to accomplish this, the second was to finish the task. These orders were strictly obeyed, to the sorrow of some dissenting teamsters. The majority, however, possessed of the S. O. S. spirit plus a sense of humor, did not resist the menacing front of our divisions. Between whiles, when no teams were in sight, we amused ourselves by snow-ball fights, or by accidentally dropping a shovel full of snow down the neck of one of our comrades. What followed these accidents is difficult to describe, but we certainly enjoyed it. We also sang the latest songs (drowning ourselves in High "C") or built snow monuments in honor of Classical. Our officers were very democratic, often taking part in these friendly sports. Officers O'Regan and O'Flynn were detailed as scouts and spent their time looking for a natural outlet for the snow, while Count Wilson and Captain Dowd helped to brighten up our spirits. While the fray was waging hot, we were honored by a visit from Commander-in-chief Gruver who complimented us on our enthusiasm. Then the photographer from a local paper came and took our picture, all in a bunch, and the next day you could see our likeness anywhere for four cents. At about ten in the morning we were relieved by two divisions from North High, and we left the street with lusty

cheers for Classical and North. We were content with having done our share, and took our way home, there to live all over again the thrilling experience of S. O. S. morning.

The "Hornet"

The "Hornet" stung the Seniors so effectively that it resulted in the gratifying success enjoyed by the business board in securing advertisements. The "Hornet" was originated when the call for advertisements was keenest. Its aim was to keep two facts before the class: first, to instigate Seniors to get ads; secondly, to show the importance of having a school paper. The news was both general and financial, and was always enjoyed by all, as indicated by the group that always gathered around the bulletin board where it was posted. The "Hornet" was a weekly, and six numbers were published. Colored borders served to make the "Hornet" exceedingly attractive. Undoubtedly, Classical will have a paper in the near future, since it is an invaluable asset to a school.

SOCIALS



Sadie Friedman '20

The Senior Sleigh Ride

To the Class of 1920 comes the distinction, along with many others, of being the only ones ever known to have a sleigh-ride in trucks. Nevertheless, it was a "howling" success, and there is much doubt as to whether as good a time could have been enjoyed had we gone in sleighs.

To begin with, the night was perfect. All those who were to attend this joyous party met in front of the school building at 6.30, and by seven the two trucks were packed to the limit and ready to start. Holden town hall was the destination of the merrymakers, and in a comparatively short time it was reached. A hot lunch was served in banquet form and a toast was given to the boys by Miss Oberg and to the girls by Thomas Donaher. After partaking most liberally of all that was placed before them, the diners went upstairs and enjoyed dancing until about eleven-thirty when all piled into the trucks once more for the return journey. One of the trucks had the misfortune, if it may be called such, inasmuch as its occupants were not in the least bit peeved, of being delayed for a short while on the road. All in all it was a wonderful occasion which will be remembered for some time to come.

The committee which worked so hard for the success of the sleigh-ride was composed of Thomas Donaher, chairman; Walter MacAdam, Samuel Price, Agnes Riley and Margaret Foley.

The chaperones who so willingly gave their time to supervise the sleigh-ride were: Miss Margaret M. Walsh and Allan G. Rice.

Girls Reserves Bazaar

On the evening of April 24, 1920, the Classical Girls Reserves held a bazaar at the Y. W. C. A. Misses Oberg and Rafter, dressed as gypsies, amused their friends by telling fortunes. Miss Williams sold candy, cakes, etc. Miss Greenberg had charge of a fishing game which was enjoyed by many.

Dancing was in order during the evening, the music being played by some of the Classical pupils.

The feature of the evening was the auction at the close of the dancing. Charles Nutt took the part of actioneer and disposed of cakes, candy, May-baskets, etc. All who attended the Bazaar enjoyed it very much.

Senior Banquet

The Senior Banquet, which will be held June 14, at the State Mutual Restaurant, at the time when the AFTERMATH is going to press, is still an awaited event. But that it will be a real success can be predicted now without any fear of its being otherwise. The Senior Banquet, undoubtedly, will be the best affair that our class has conducted, as only Seniors can attend, and thus bring their high school days to a close in a most memorable way. The committee, which is composed of Thomas Donaher, chairman; Margaret Foley, Philomena Loughlin, Hyman Berlyn, and Milton Frankel, has prepared a very appropriate program for this occasion. The program will be as follows:

Toastmaster, DAVID SEDER

SPEECH	Prin. Chester T. Porter
TOAST TO CLASS	Walter MacAdam
TOAST TO GIRLS	"Tom" Donaher
TOAST TO FACULTY	Hyman Berlyn
TOAST TO BOYS	Agnes Riley

The members of the faculty who will attend the banquet are: Mr. Porter, Miss Dodge, Mr. Dowd, Miss Walsh, and Mr. Rice.

Senior Prom

The wonderful time that we all had at the Senior Prom will long be remembered by us all. The prom took place on Friday evening, April 16th, in Terpsichorean Hall. Music was furnished by Shapiro's Jazz Orchestra, and one's feet couldn't help wiggling to the music, which was superb. The prom was well attended by former Classical High boys and girls, and old acquaintances were gladly renewed. During intermission refreshments were served, and then dancing again resumed. Everyone left at twelve o'clock, and all had a great time. The faculty members were guests of the Seniors and the committee which so ably managed the Senior Prom consisted of Walter MacAdam, chairman; Joseph Kelley, Mabel Stead, Agnes Riley and Samuel Price. A midnight luncheon was enjoyed by the merry-makers at the Capitol Lunch. Fond memories of the 1920 Senior Prom!

C. H. S. Football Dance

Upon the apparent failure of the Aletheia dance, a committee, consisting of Charles Nutt, Richard Whitcomb and Walter MacAdam, laid plans before the school for a football dance. The date was set as November 21st, 1919, and tickets were placed on sale ten days ahead. The committee secured various "artists" of the school to draw up "ads" concerning the dance. These depicted all the good things to be attained—from the picture of the beautiful girl to be met there to the Jazz Orchestra. The dance was held at the North High gymnasium, which was very attractively adorned with the national colors. The Aletheia girls most kindly took charge of the decorating, using for this purpose the money solicited by selling tickets for their proposed dance. The social was attended by a large crowd, and everyone had a fine time. About twenty dollars was made and turned over to the School Athletic Fund.

Alumni Basketball Game and Dance

On the evening of December 23rd, 1919, which was set as Alumni Day at Classical, the school basketball team met in a friendly match with a team composed of Alumni. The players for the Alumni were Aldrich, Golembeskie, Perry, Bernot, J. Stanton and Sheffield. The school five was virtually swamped by the graduates. After the game, which was in the North High Gym, the jazz artists of the Classical High Orchestra started their music(?) and an enjoyable evening of dancing was experienced. The dance closed at eleven o'clock. After the good time in the morning at the school, on the First Annual Alumni Day, the game and dance served as a very happy climax. Everyone returned home well contented and with a great liking for this new idea of bringing together the graduates of the school.

The Aletheia Hallowe'en Party

The first social of any nature to be conducted for the school this year was the Aletheia Hallowe'en Party. For some unknown reason the members of the school did not buy enough tickets to make it a success. The party was planned for the evening of October thirtieth, and was to take place in the North High Gym. At the last moment, it was necessary to announce that the party was postponed until November 21st. The Aletheia, however, was not going to let Hallowe'en pass without some celebration, so, on the evening of October 31st, the society gave a free dance to all students in the school. This was given in the corridors of the school building, which was decorated in the Hallowe'en colors of orange and black. The committee responsible for this good time consisted of Josephine Musgrove, chairman; Marion Cooper, Rosa Greeko, Marguerite Rebboli, and Eleanor Phillips.

The Aletheia Christmas Party

The party given by the society at Hallowe'en was such a success that the girls decided to give a second social of the same kind. The party was limited to invited members of the school. It took place on the evening of December 12th. The school was decorated with red and white streamers and Christmas bells and tinsel. Part of the school orchestra was secured and they furnished excellent dance music. There were not as many present as at the usual school socials, but nearly all were good dancers and there were consequently fewer "wall-flowers." Nearly everyone seemed to think that at a small informal affair such as this was the people become better acquainted with each other, and hence they have a better time than at a large public dance. The girls who arranged this affair were Rosa Greeko, Marion Cooper, Marguerite Rebboli, Hazel Peterson and Aina Oberg.

Aletheia Valentine Party

The girls could not let Valentine's Day go by without some celebration, and consequently, on Friday evening, February 13th, the school corridor was decorated with red and white streamers, hearts and cupids. The girls are not at all superstitious and although it was Friday the 13th, they had a large attendance and a very enjoyable time. Music was furnished by Miss Julia Goldman, a member of the school orchestra, and during intermission a Victrola was used.

The committee who arranged this gay affair consisted of Aina Oberg, Hazel Peterson, Beatrice Bernier and Marion Cooper.

The chaperones were Miss Hunt, Miss Fiske, Mr. Farnsworth and Mr. Post.

Junior Prom

The evening of April 30th was the time set for the Juniors to have a little merry-making. The Prom was held at the North High Gymnasium, and there was a large attendance. Although it was feared at the time that it would not be a success, a large attendance of former Classical students saved the day, and all spent an enjoyable evening.

Music was furnished by Kelley's Orchestra, and it certainly was good jazz.

The committee who arranged this affair was: Carl Johnson, chairman; Hyman Smolensky, Margaret Riordan, Virginia Wilde, and Alfred Nardi.

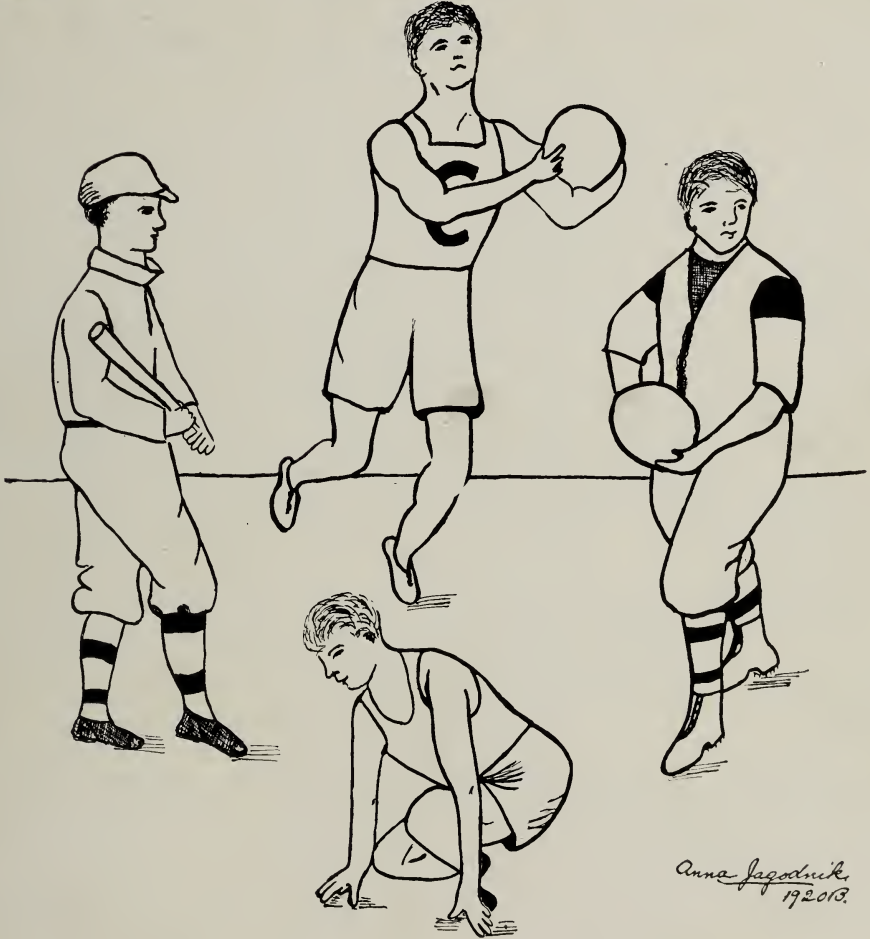
The members of the faculty who so willingly gave their time to chaperone the Junior Prom were: Miss Margaret M. Walsh, Miss Georgianna Fiske and Mr. Allan G. Rice.

The Junior Picnic

The Junior Picnic was a complete success and served as a grand finale to our Junior Year, since it was held on the last day of school. School closed at 12 o'clock and then the members of the party met at the Union Station, where they all boarded the Fitchburg trolley for their destination, Whalom Park. The party arrived at about 2.30 o'clock. Cheers and songs were not neglected on the cars and the suburban towns were given good warning of the passing by of the Classical merry-makers. Upon arrival in Whalom Park everyone took advantage of the various enjoyments and especially the canoeing. It was as though the lake was commanded by a Classical High Fleet. The members of the class of 1920 were never known to neglect their stomachs and so they unpacked their lunches and ate in banquet style. The boys provided the tonic and a toast was given to the girls by Thomas Counihan and the response was by Aina Oberg. Speeches were in progress, and after a jolly meal, the crowd enjoyed canoeing again and then patronized the dance hall. About 10 o'clock in the evening, everybody boarded the Worcester car for home, sweet home. Again cheering and songs prevailed until we came to the City Hall, where farewells were made, and the crowd dispersed after agreeing that this was a wonderfully well spent day. The chaperones who contributed so much to the good time, were Allan G. Rice and Miss Margaret M. Walsh.

ATHLETICS

BOYS



Anna Jagodnik
1920B.



Football

The football team of 1919 was not equal to some of those turned out of Classical in former years. This fact was greatly due to the lateness of the arrival of Mr. John E. Dowd, our coach, from France, and secondly, to the inexperience and lightness of the men on the team. Nevertheless, the old Classical, the old "never-say-die" spirit was exhibited in every game played.

The first game was with Woonsocket High, and Classical was defeated 14 to 0. Although considerably outweighed and far slower than Woonsocket, Classical put up a fine game.

The next game, which was a practice game with St. John's High, Classical won 9 to 6.

The first inter-school game was played against South, and Classical lost by the score of 6 to 0. Our boys fought till the last ditch, and when the game ended, they had succeeded in placing the ball on South's twenty-six yard line.

Classical's second inter-school game was played against Commerce who easily beat our boys by the score of 34 to 0. The hard and fierce tackling of our versatile ends, "Irv" Gomez and "Jack" Corash, featured the game.

Classical's final game, also an inter-school game, was played against North. North barely squeezed a victory through, winning by the score of 6 to 0. Captain "Al" Brown of Classical, who gave a remarkable exhibition of open-field running, was the real star of the game.

Seniors on the team were Capt. "Al" Brown, "Tossie" Stanton, "Husky" Peterson, Walter MacAdam, "Tom" Egan, "Joe" Kelley and "Eddie" Nelson. "Chubby" Leyden was elected captain and "Jack" Corash manager for next year.

SCHEDULE

Sept. 27.	Classical	0	Woonsocket	4
Oct. 7.	Classical	0	South	6
Oct. 21.	Classical	0	Commerce	34
Nov. 4.	Classical	0	North	6

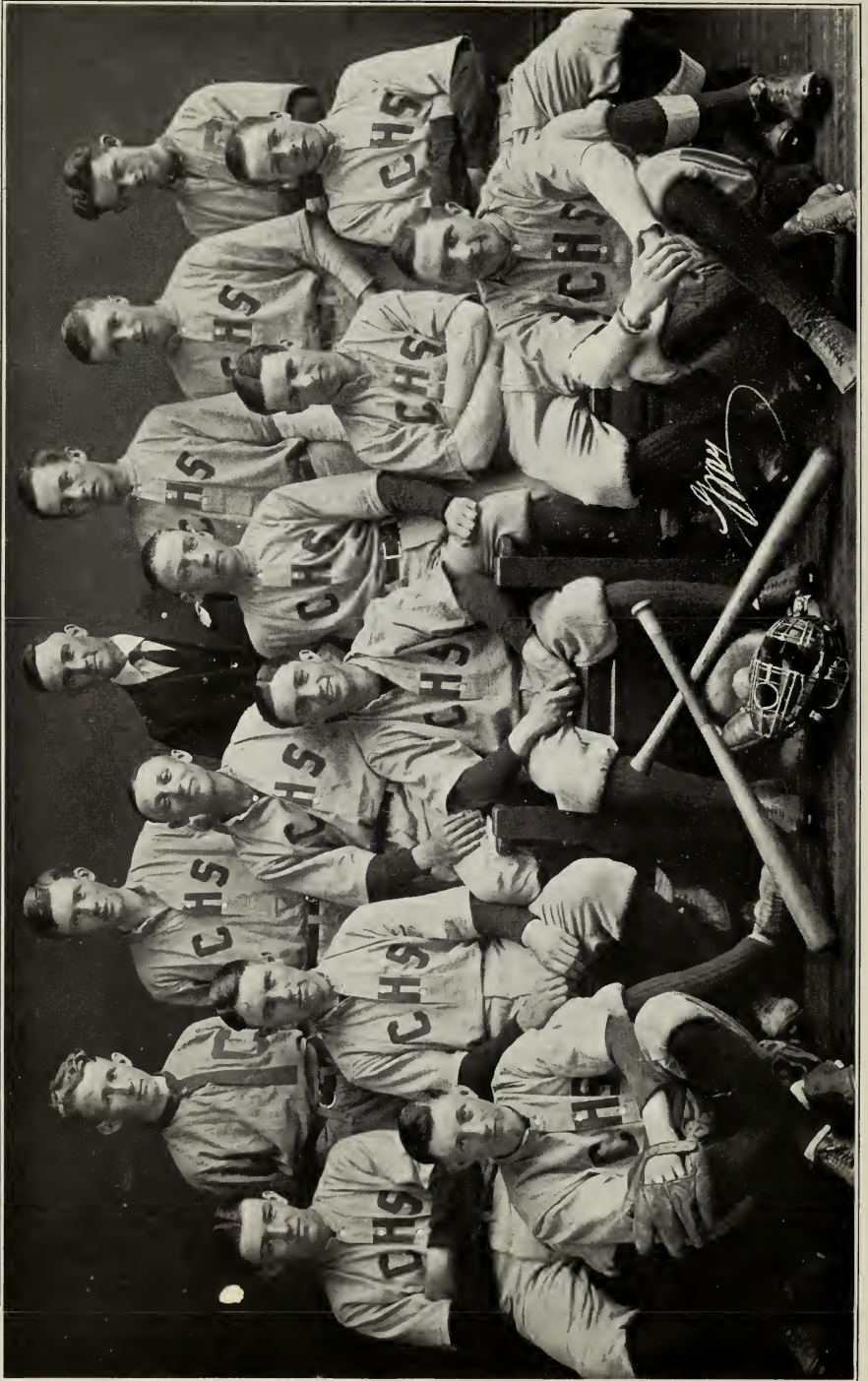


Basketball

In this game the school suffered under the same drawbacks as were evidenced in football. Only one man who played on last year's first team came back to school this fall. For a time it seemed probable that we would have no coach, or at least an inexperienced one, but finally "Polly" Woodward, an ex-South High School star, was secured. His was a superhuman task—to mould a team from material in which there were hardly any experienced players. This team, though only partially successful, has a number of players who do not graduate this year, and there is, therefore, great hope for a good quintet next winter. Much credit is due to Richard Whitcomb who apparently believes in the motto, "Practice makes perfect," and secured a long schedule of games. The Seniors on the team were Captain Counihan, Egan, Peterson, Stanton, McKeon and Siegel. Next year's captain is "Phil" Delphos, and the Class of 1920 wish him all the luck in the world.

SCHEDULE

Dec.	12.	Classical	10	Auburn Five	3
"	16.	Classical	20	South	17
"	18.	Classical	15	Fitchburg Normal	71
"	19.	Classical	2	Rogers High	36
Jan.	2.	Classical	4	North	28
"	6.	Classical	7	Commerce	47
"	13.	Classical	11	Uxbridge	38
"	16.	Classical	26	South	25
"	20.	Classical	8	Woonsocket High	59
"	21.	Classical	18	St. John's	25
"	23.	Classical	6	North	36
"	27.	Classical	12	Millbury	14
"	30.	Classical	6	Commerce	36
Feb.	4.	Classical	3	W. P. I. Seconds	22
"	9.	Classical	11	Bartlett High, Webster	52



Baseball

The baseball team this year showed, to our satisfaction, exactly what may be accomplished by hard work. At the opening of the season things looked pretty dark for Classical. Only two veterans from last year's team remained, around whom a team was to be built, and the majority of the candidates for the various positions were youngsters with little or no experience. Nevertheless, under the leadership of Coach "Jack" Cantwell, who for the second time this year has proved his real worth, this team, at the time when the AFTERMATH is going to press, seems capable of giving a good account for itself. "Tom" Donaher who, as manager, procured a number of outside games from which real experience could be gained, deserves a great deal of credit for the success of this team.

The season opened against Commerce, who beat our boys by the score of 13 to 2. This was due in great part to the inexperience of our boys, most of whom played for the first time in an inter-school game. Nevertheless, this defeat did not discourage them in the least, but caused them to fight all the harder.

Then followed a game with St. Mark's, which our boys lost 10 to 6. But the experience they gained offset in great part this defeat. Next they played North-bridge, which team they beat 12 to 4.

The next game was an interschool game against South, and our boys won by the score of 2 to 0. Tunney pitched a masterful game for Classical, striking out twelve batters, and our boys supported him in a manner which would do credit to a far more experienced team.

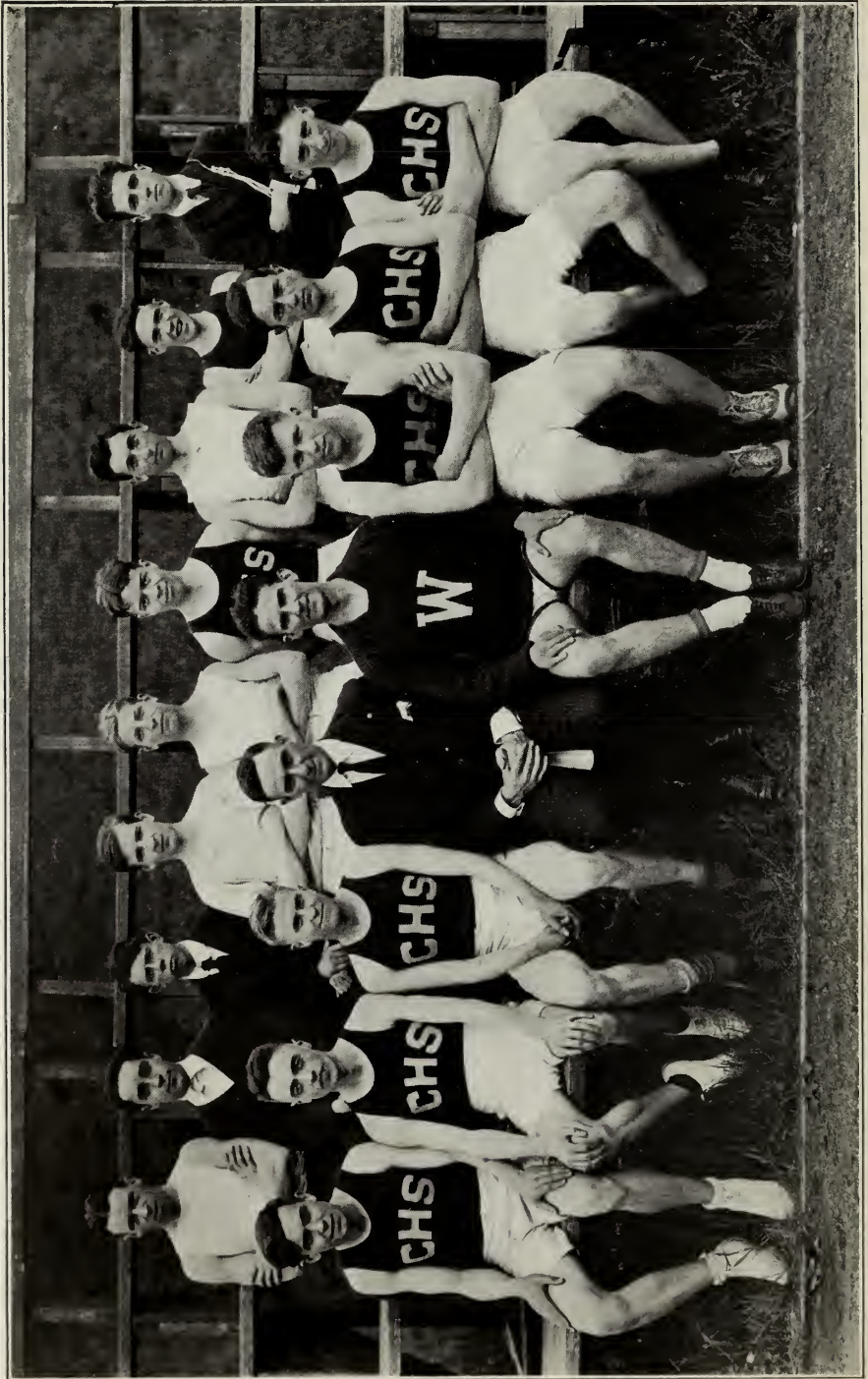
Our next opponent was Commerce, the team which at the beginning had trimmed us so decisively and expected to repeat. But a surprise was in store for them, for our boys, who gave a remarkable exhibition of grit, beat them 9 to 4. The first inning Commerce scored two runs, but this did not unnerve or rattle our boys, for they finally came through victorious. After this memorable game, followed a game with Framingham, which our boys lost 20 to 9.

In our second contest with South, the team displayed a sad reversal of form, being loose in fielding and less effective at bat. Hence we lost 8 to 5.

But the bitterest was in store for us, for the rejuvenated North High team, with the aid of former ineligible, routed us 14 to 2. Finally came the last postponed game with North, in which we were again worsted, this time 11 to 1.

It is but fair to state that Tunney had been ill and out of school for nearly a week before the last two games and was in no condition to do himself justice.

The Seniors on the team were Capt. "Al" Brown, Mgr. "Tom" Donaher and "Spud" Murphy. For next year there will be practically the same team as this year, which fact ought to aid materially in bringing the championship our way at last.



Track

The track team of 1920 was one of the best in the history of the school. To "Jack" Cantwell, who developed from a bunch of raw recruits a splendid team, goes most of the credit for this fact. Much credit also is due to Captain Smolensky and Manager Roy Peterson, who worked unceasingly for the success of this team.

In the indoor track meet held in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, Classical came out third. "Joe" Zemaitis and Gordon Dowd coming out first in the 40-yard dash and high jump, respectively. Next came an indoor meet against Hartford, in which the "cream" of the four high schools represented Worcester. Zemaitis and Hammond made the trip to Hartford as representatives of Classical. Hammond placed third in the 880, and Zemaitis ran on the relay team. Hartford beat Worcester by a small margin.

The first outdoor track meet for our boys was the Amherst Interscholastics and seven men, together with Coach Cantwell, made the trip. Zemaitis, who came out second in the 100, and fourth in the 220, was the only man to place for Classical.

Next came the big event of the year, the Class Games. Classical did some splendid work, and came out third among the high schools, scoring twenty-one and one-half points. Zemaitis came in second in the 100 and 220; Alvarez won the pole vault and secured fourth in the 440; Captain Smolensky came in second in the 880, and Roy Petterson third in the pole vault. The relay team, composed of Nelson, Ferguson, Hammond and Smolensky, finished first. Due to scholastic troubles, only one man, Zemaitis, who failed to place, represented Classical in the Harvard Interscholastics. One more meet, an outdoor meet with Hartford, in Worcester is due to be run off after the AFTERMATH is sent to press. Only three Seniors, Ferguson, Nelson and Zielinski were on the track team, so, with the aid of "Jack" Cantwell, who we hope will remain as coach, and the majority of this year's team, undoubtedly Classical will be found at the top of the pile when next season has gone down into history.

Cross-Country

Classical, although coming in last in the final cross-country results, really had one of the best teams in the history of the school. In the first contest over the Green Hill course, a distance of a mile and a half, Classical took fourth place. Two Seniors, George Ferguson and "Jimmy" Conlon, taking the eighteenth and nineteenth places respectively. In the second run over the longer Green Hill course, a distance of two miles and a quarter, Classical failed to score a point. In the final cross-country run from North High to Coes Square and back, a distance of between four and four and one-half miles, Classical came in third. George Ferguson finished thirteenth; "Al" Nardi, fourteenth; "Jimmy" Conlon, sixteenth; and Bert Alvarez, seventeenth. In the final standing Classical was last, scoring a total of thirty-seven points in the three cross-country runs.

Much thanks is given to Mr. Farnsworth, who gave up some of his most valuable time in order to assist the members of the cross-country team and to aid them in building up a team for next year which should profit by this year's experience.

The C. H. S. Bowling Team

The C. H. S. bowling team, which was composed of Walter MacAdam, captain; Samuel Price, Hyman Smolensky, Richard Whitcomb and "Jack" Auger, had quite a successful season this year.

Bowling as yet is a novelty, but we may be assured that future years will see Classical thoroughly alive to this fine sport.

SCHEDULE

Nov. 20.	C. H. S.	3	Commerce	1
Dec. 4.	C. H. S.	4	North	0
Dec. 11.	C. H. S.	1	Commerce	3
Jan. 8.	C. H. S.	2	Commerce	2
Jan. 19.	C. H. S.	1	North	3
Feb. 2.	C. H. S.	4	North	3

Standing of the teams at the close of the season placed Commerce, first; Classical, second, and North, third.

ATHLETICS GIRLS



Sadie Friedman 1920



Girls' Basket-Ball

The girls' basketball teams that have represented our class have not been very successful during our high school career. For three years they have come out third in the inter-school, inter-class series, only winning a game from the South High girls each year.

Our Freshman year found us with a very fast team, but the best we could do was to obtain third place in the high school series. Our second year, there was difficulty in getting a place to practice, and in our third year very few girls came out for the class team, so that the 1920B team was third each year.

In our Senior year more interest was taken in basketball by the girls than ever before. This fact accounts for our class having a representative team.

The season opened January 5th against South, and for the first time in four years our girls were defeated by South by the score of 35 - 33. January 28th we played North, which team, by the way, had been the champion team in 1919, and defeated them by the score of 34 to 30. February 11th, the Classical girls were defeated by the "crack" Commerce team 49 to 28. Although the score does not sound very well, it meant second place for Classical, as they had piled up a larger score than any other team against the Commerce girls.

Teams that have represented our class:

Freshman Year

Alice M. Barrett, l.g.
Mabel Stead, r.g.
Anna Valukus, c.
Alma Werre (Capt.), r.f.
Winifred Bradshaw, l.f.
Mary Foley, sub.
Helen Mullins, sub.

Sophomore Year

A. M. Barrett (Capt.), l.f.
Mabel Stead, r.f.
Alma Werre, c.
Grace Devlin, l.g.
Margaret Mahoney, r.g.

Junior Year

Margaret Wehinger, r.f.
Aina Oberg, l.f.
Mabel Stead (Capt.), c.
Margaret Mahoney, r.g.
Philomena Loughlin, l.g.
Hazel Peterson, sub.

Senior Year

Margaret Wehinger, r.f.
A. M. Barrett, l.f.
Mabel Stead (Capt.), c.
Margaret Mahoney, r.g.
Philomena Loughlin, l.g.
Anna Power, sub.
Gertrude Griffin, sub.

Girls' Field Hockey

Due to the newness of the game and the inexperience of our girls, Classical's field hockey team did not make such an extra fine showing.

The first game was played October sixteenth against South, and Classical was easily defeated by the score of 7 to 0. The second game was played against North, October twenty-third, and our girls were barely defeated by the score of 1 to 0. Miss Stead and Miss Margaret Wehinger, two Senior girls, did some splendid work for Classical. The last game of the inter-high school series was played against Commerce November sixth, and Classical was beaten 7 to 0. Again Miss Mabel Stead starred for Classical.

The Senior girls on the team were: Miss Mabel Stead (captain), Anna Power, Margaret Bowler, Margaret Mahoney, Margaret Wehinger and Gertrude Griffin.

Girls' Tennis

Classical's girls' tennis team did not have a very successful season for the year of 1919. In the inter-school league, Classical came out last.

September thirtieth Classical was defeated by Commerce 3 to 0. October third South defeated Classical 3 to 0, and on October tenth North defeated Classical by the same score.

The team was composed of Miss Mabel Stead (captain), Miss Margaret Wehinger, Miss Katherine Morrissey and Miss Margaret Laverty. Of these Miss Stead and Miss Wehinger are Seniors.

Wearers of the "C" and "W"

"W" TRACK

Hymen Smolensky (Captain)

Joseph Zemaitis	George Ferguson
Bert Alvarez	Alex Hammond
Eddy Nelson	Gordon Dowd

"C" TRACK

Roy Petterson (Manager)	Clarence Dowd
Francis Zielinski	William Carr
George Hassett	Walter Ryan
Albert Wassell	Joseph Donahue
Hyman Feinberg	

"C" FOOTBALL

Allen Brown (Captain)

Wesley Mellquist (Manager)	George Zendzian
Joseph Zemaitis	Joseph Kelley ✓
Walter MacAdam	Eric Peterson
Eddy Nelson	John M. Shea
Julius Corash	David Carroll
George Leyden	Thomas Egan
Thomas Stanton	William Moran
Ervin Gomez	

"C" BASKETBALL

Thomas Counihan (Captain)

Richard Whitcomb, (Manager)	George Leyden
Thomas Egan	Jacob Auger
Charles Melnikoff	Henry McKeon
Thomas Stanton	Harold Siegel
Eric Peterson	Philip Delphos

"C" BASEBALL

Allen Brown (Captain)

Thomas Donaher (Manager)	James Manning
Edmond Lynch	Edward Fitzgerald
Ralph Henry	Clarence Dowd
Thomas Tunney	Francis Whelan
Charles Melnikoff	George O'Day
Cornelius Crean	Edward Murphy
George Leyden	

"C" GIRLS' HOCKEY

Mabel Stead (Captain)	Margaret Wehinger ✓
Katherine Morrissey	Gertrude Griffin
Margaret Mahoney	Philomena Loughlin
Evelyn Raymond	Margaret Conlon
Margaret Splaine	Margaret Bowler
Ruth Foley	Anna Power



SAMUEL BRESLIN BAKER
"Admiral"

Born, August 16, 1902, Russia.
 Ledge Street School.

"Sam" is one of the boys who by organizing an independent "Glee Club" and by holding daily practices in Room 11, made that wing of the building famous. But, after practice, you will find him across the corridor paying his respects to a certain young lady in Room 9. We wonder why? "Sam" and lessons don't agree, for the simple reason that they have never met. Still we have hopes that some day "Sam" will meet and become friends with this esteemed and honored gentleman known as "Lessons." "Sam" intends to become a fur-dealer. No doubt we shall soon see another "John D." along the line for "Sam" is persevering and we are sure of his success.

"With never a care nor thought of the morrow."



ALICE MARY BARRETT
"Red" "Carrots"

Born, August 6, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
 Chandler Street School

Alice was a sweet, lovable girl, whose beautiful auburn locks should never have provoked any such appellation as "Red." Her pleasant, cosmopolitan ways and picturesque attire always left one with a story-book picture in mind. She was an accomplished athlete and danseuse. Smith College will receive a charming asset in Alice. Here's to her future happiness and success!

"Sweetness and reserve; excellent things in woman."



ALICE PAULINE BARRETT
"Alice P."

Born, September 3, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
 Meade Street School

Little curly-haired Alice P. came to us from grammar school, shy, mild, and sweet tempered, and she has remained that way ever since. No one wonders that she is so admired by every one who knows her. Alice always studied her lessons, and her reports were the kind that everybody likes to take home. She looked shy, but you certainly found out that appearances are sometimes deceiving in her case. Alice was a great basket-ball fan, especially at the girls' games. Next year she goes to Normal School, and the class of '20 wishes her good luck.

"Her ways were ways of quietness."





JOHN PATRICK BARRY
"John"

Born, July 24, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School.

John believes that a man should be judged by his actions and not his words, and John certainly measures up to the standard of a perfect gentleman. His ever polite manners, and his benignant and virtuous nature have endeared him to many of his fellows. He's an undisputed authority on the ancient languages (though there is nothing ancient about John), and when it comes to translating Greek or Latin, John is the most popular member of our class. His destination is Holy Cross, where success will inevitably await him.

"Virtue is its own reward."

ESTHER BASS
"Esther"

Born, January 18, 1904, Russia.
Millbury Street Prep.

Esther is unusually bright in all her studies, and is a hard working, conscientious sort of girl. Recently Esther found herself in a curious predicament. She was the only feminine member of the Physics class. But the solid and menacing front of male wits did not daunt her plucky nature. She went ahead and showed the boys that a woman can still hold her own, even when hopelessly outnumbered, and finished first in the class. Our compliments to you, Esther. May you continue your plucky career at Normal School.

*"Contentment, rosy, dimpled maid,
Thou brightest daughter of the sky."*



HYMAN IRVING BERLYN
"Hymie" "Hy"

Born, June 21, 1902, London, England.
Ledge Street School.

To begin with, Hymie's surname has no connection whatsoever with his sentiments. Mr. Wilson often solved the problem by calling him "Monsieur Paris." Hy was a lady's man, a man's man, and—a teacher's man. He was one of our mathematical prodigies—and how he could argue! As member of the senior debating team, president of the C. H. S. Debating Assembly, and member of our brilliant Amherst Cup team, he well proved his declamatory powers. Nor does this entirely cover his school activities; for he was our class prophet and served on the Aftermath Board. Hymie will bestow his oratory upon Harvard, where he will surely be a credit to his Alma Mater.

*"Right well could he advise, and judge and plead
And draw up wisely every sort of deed."*



BEATRICE ROSEANNA BERNIER
"Bee"

Born, March 3, 1901, Worcester, Mass.
 Sever Street School

"Bee" is one of the sweetest girls in the class. She is a friend to everyone and a special favorite of Mr. Rice's. She is a faithful student and a loyal classmate, for "Bee" is always on hand at a minute's notice. She is occupied in making a selection of movie idols, devoting many afternoons to their patronage. She intends to go either to Boston University or Normal School, but is undecided. No matter what course "Bee" decides to follow, she surely will succeed. The best wishes of 1920 are with her.

"She hath an eye that smiles into all hearts."



MARGARET MARY VIRGINIA BOWLER
"Peg" *"The Little Bowler Girl"* *"Peggy"*

Born, July 31, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
 Grafton Street School

Well if it isn't "The Little Bowler Girl" running along the hall! Peggy is the class funny bone. She is forever in a hurry, but never tells the reason why. She is popular with everyone, and is a great addition to the musical genius of the school, for she can play the piano besides belonging to the Glee Club. She is always happy and can almost always be heard humming pleasantly to herself. We all love her, and wish her luck at the Normal School, where she will learn to teach the youngsters to love their teachers.

"Smile, and the world smiles with you."



WINIFRED RITA BRADSHAW
"Winnie"

Born, March 29, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
 Ledge Street School.

We didn't hear much from "Winnie" during her first two years, but she made up for lost time during her last two. She appeared extremely quiet until one became well acquainted with her, then, oh my! How her tongue did wag. She possessed a great variety of choice tales and spent all her idle moments in school telling them to her many friends. "Winnie" is also a very talented dancer, and the school socials are always honored with her presence. She intends to go to Normal School, where we feel sure that her winning personality will bring her success in whatever she undertakes.

"Imagination was the ruling power of her mind."





HAROLD JAMES BROWN

"Harold" "Lank"

Born, May 15, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Upsala Street School.

"Lank" is a tall, light-haired boy and the originator of the famous "Brown" grin. He was well known both as an economist and as a dancer, and he always took an interest in short girls. They do say that opposites attract, you know. You could easily tell what had just happened by looking at "Lank." He was a room barometer. If he were grinning, "Fair and Warmer." If he were blushing—guess for yourself. Anybody with "Lank's" disposition is sure to succeed, and so perhaps our well wishes are superfluous, but anyway he has them.

*"Good nature is a magic key
Whose art unlocks all portals."*



JAMES ALLEN BROWN

"Al" "Allen" "Kid"

Born, February 17, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School

"Al" is one of the most popular fellows in our class. Under the tutorship of coach "Jack" Dowd he became one of our best athletes. He was captain of the 1919 football team and also of the 1920 baseball team. In the course of his high school career he has received no less than four W's and two C's. Along with his athletic ability he has also been able to show considerable ability in his scholastic standing, for he has finished his course in three and one-half years. "Al" is going to Dartmouth next year and with him he will carry our best wishes.

"It is a conquest for a prince to boast of."



CHARLES JOSEPH BURNS

"Charlie"

Born, October 29, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School

"Charlie" is a fellow for whom "the ladies" seem to have no, or very little, attraction. He is a man's man and well liked by all the fellows. He is shy, quiet, not over-studious and seems to take a thorough interest in all school activities. "Charlie" is coming back to Classical in order to get some finishing touches before his "coming out" at Holy Cross, where he expects to become a man of letters.

"A Man's a Man for A' That."

MARY AMELIA BUTKIEWICZ

Born, April 12, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Lamartine Street School

Behold a young lady with no nickname! Generally these tranquil misses have a score of them, but Mary is sadly deficient in that respect. Mary started her school career with the class of '21A, but the ambition to graduate with our distinguished class seized her and she completed her course in three and a half years. We are mighty glad she did for she is a studious girl and made a welcome addition to our class. Mary is also an athlete as her records in basket ball indicate.

"Actions speak louder than words."

THOMAS JOSEPH CALLERY

"Tom"

Born, April 6, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Prep. Dix Street School

"Tom" is a nice, short, little boy who likes C. H. S. exceedingly; so much so, in fact, that he stayed with us an extra half year. He had a great many friends in Room 6, and spent quite a lot of time there, until one of his friends went back to New York. Now he meets the rest outside the door. He does not attend a great many school parties, but then, you can't tell a great deal about these quiet people. He grew accustomed to dodg(e)ing this last year, and it is whispered that he is an expert. Tom has no idea of where he will go next year but anywhere he goes, good luck will go, too.

"A Calorie is a Heat Unit."

WILLIAM POWER HENRY CARR

"Bill"

Born, May 27, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street Prep.

"Bill" is a member of our class, who, while he has been rather quiet, has a fine collection of excuses for not having his lessons prepared. However, he usually manages to get along, and rumor has it that several of his teachers, especially those in the English department, have agreed that "Bill" can accomplish wonders in writing compositions. His hobby is dancing, and a sure sign whether there has been a dance the night before, is to see if "Bill" is absent. "Bill" intends to go to Holy Cross next fall to gain the necessary education for becoming a lawyer, and if he can give his clients as good alibis as those he thinks up in class, well, we predict a marvellous future for him.

"Har! the music,—let's dance and be merry."





GOLDIE COHEN

"Goldie"

Born, December 5, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street Prep.

"Goldie" is another member of the quieter set, of our class. But we are glad to have her as a member of it, for, although she doesn't say much, she radiates good humor by a happy disposition. "Goldie" is completing her high school course in three years in order to graduate with our class. She has made many friends in the class by her gentle manner, and we all wish her success in her undertakings at Boston University, where she will enter in the fall.

"Of her smylyng she was ful symple and coy."

JAMES EVERETT CONLON

"Jimmie"

Born, April 27, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Upsala Street School

In "Jimmie" we find combined the abilities of an athlete and of a scholar, for he was one of the four who "placed" in cross-country this year, and his classmates well know his scholastic abilities. James is another of our class members who never speaks unless he has something worth while saying, but he is certainly full of wit and always is ready to greet you with his smile. Jimmie expects to further his natural abilities at Boston University next fall. Words show the wit of man, but actions his meaning. Jimmie has both.

*"When well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit unite,
With manly lore."*



THOMAS LAWRENCE COUNIHAN

"Tom"

Born, February 12, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Greendale School

Tom's popularity with our class began upon our very entrance to Classical in the fall of 1916. We have proof of this in that he was our first Class President. Although his duties in this office were few he performed them well, as is his custom with all duties. Tom is also an athlete of no slight ability, for he was captain of this year's basketball team and the only veteran from last year's team. Our class expects great things from our basketball captain at Tech next fall.

"As is the workman, so is the work."



GERALD ALOYSIUS CROWLEY

"Jerry"

Born, April 4, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Upsala Street School.

Jerry didn't say very much; but what he did say was worth saying. His mannerly behavior and brilliance in mathematics were appreciated by the teachers. But Jerry was by no means the everlasting passive student. When with his friends his genial grin bespoke his inherent Irish wit. A family misfortune prevented Jerry from remaining with us as a P. G., but he returns to graduate with our class. Jerry has not definitely decided his future plans; but he intends to enter either the Lowell Textile School or Framingham Normal. Young men of Jerry's stamp always succeed.

"—Blithe and debonair—"



THOMAS HENRY DONAHER

"Tom" "Dunny" "Tee"

Born, July 25, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Upsala Street School.

"Tom," although naturally a rather quiet young fellow, is well-liked by all his classmates. "Tom" is one of those fellows, rarely found, who works unceasingly for his class and his school and asks no praise in return. His work on the sleighride committee was in great part responsible for its success. "Dunny" is senior representative on the student council from Room 5, which fact in itself is enough to show our opinion of him. Furthermore "Dunny" is baseball manager and there is no doubt that Classical has had a real spicy schedule. "Tom" chooses Holy Cross and undoubtedly his record there will be one to be proud of.

"Zeal and duty bring reward."



JOSEPH BERNARD DUSAK

"Joe"

Born, December 22, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street Prep.

Here is a fellow whose abilities were never really discovered until he became a member of Mr. Post's English VII class. He has a remarkable ability—as a messenger boy, but it took Mr. Post to find it out, for "Joe" did not know it himself. In other words, "Joe" has "starred" twice as the messenger in Mr. Shakespeare's famous comedy (?) Macbeth. "Joe" has two hobbies—a Dodge Brothers' Touring car and a wireless. With both he is adept and, when started on either subject, it is almost impossible to shut him off, as evidenced by his neighbors during recitations. "Joe" is going to some technical school next year and we wish him the best of success.

"No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest
'Til half mankind were like himself possessed."



IDA EDINBERG

"I"

Born, November 15, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Ledge Street School.

Ida is one of our few small girls. She does not say much, but when she does—Oh! that blush. Ida is very cordial of manner and has a smile for everyone she meets, thereby making friends everywhere. "I's" only fault is that her recitations can not be heard very well, ten feet away, as she possesses a gentle and weak voice, but it is a little hard for the teachers, especially Mr. Post. Ida intends to enter Post's Business College and we all wish her success.

"Cheerfulness is the bright weather of the heart."



THOMAS WILLIAM EGAN

"Tom" "Happy"

Born, December 13, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Lamartine Street School.

"Tom's" one ambition seems to have been to leave on the pages of Classical's History a record in athletics, wonderfully good. He has succeeded, for he played on the football team two years and he was a star on this year's basketball team. Of course to obtain this record, it was necessary for "Hap" to adopt, as a sort of sideline, the policy of study. It is too bad that "Tom" did not learn the art of dancing before he began his athletic career, for the girls would certainly have commandeered him at our Leap Year dances. But "Tom" found himself far more at home with the fellows in a football "rush" or shooting baskets than mingling with the girls at dances.

"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot."



SAUL STANLEY FEINGOLD

"Solly"

Born, March 8, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Ledge Street School.

"Solly" is one of the clever boys of our class. When reports came out, "Solly" always wore a broad smile, for only A's adorned it. He was popular with the faculty as well as with the students. He sat in Room 5, where he helped to entertain the class with his clever outbursts. Economics was his favorite study and "Solly" always took a live part in those heated discussions. He is an eminent (?) follower of Terp-sichore and is a patron of all social affairs. In appearance, "Solly" looks shy but ask some of his closer friends and they'll tell you otherwise. "Solly" intends to brighten the corridors of Boston University next fall and we all wish him great success.

"There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face."



GEORGE FRANCIS FERGUSON
"Fergie"

Born, February 22, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
 Millbury Street Prep.

George is one of our classmates who talks little and does much. He did not make his advent into the lime-light of school activities until his senior year, when he made his place in the inter-school cross-country runs. George seems to be rather bashful when members of the fair sex are mentioned, although he is quite popular with them. He intends to finish his education at Tech, and we shall not be surprised to see headlines in the newspapers a few years from now announcing his opinions in regard to the great mechanical problems of the future.

"It is the quiet people who accomplish much."



FLORENCE MABEL FOGARTY
"Fluffy"

Born, December 27, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
 Sever Street School.

Now we come to a decidedly charming young Miss. Florence was a quiet, "chummy" sort of girl. Her ready smile was an emblem of good humor and agreeableness—nothing argumentative about Florence. Many a bashful swain was attracted by those amiable smiles and glances and "Fluffy" takes a victor's pride in her vanquished ones. For all her deliberative manners, Florence holds the distinction of having completed her high school course in three years. "Fluffy" intends to enter Business College next autumn and our best wishes attend her.

"Pretty to walk with and witty to talk with."



ELIZABETH BARBARA FOLEY
"Betty" "Eliz."

Born, June 28, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
 Meade Street School.

"Betty" is one of the nicest girls in '20B. She was agreeable always, with the laugh that has made her famous, a good dancer, and a good student. She is a favorite with the class, the lunch counter people, the teachers and the school at large. Her rhymes are well known everywhere in the school, and as for economics—well, ask Mr. Rice about that. She was president of the Aletheia and is present at all its good times. "Betty" goes to Business College and we wish her success.

"Her laugh was music to our ears."





MARGARET MARY FOLEY

"Peg" "Peggy" "The Foley Twin"

Born, December 22, 1902, Worcester, Mass.

Abbott Street School.

"Peg" is just what you'd expect her to be, a lovable nice girl. She is a good scholar, as all the faculty will testify, and a good sport, as all the seniors know. She looks shy, but when you know her, you change your mind. She is a pianist of rare ability, and she can dance—ask Mr. Rice. We all love the popular girl who belongs to the Student Council, is senior class secretary, and is prominent in the Aletheia. Our best wishes attend her to B. U. and when she is private secretary to the President, everybody in '20B will say, Margaret Foley? why I went to school with her.

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."



MARY JOANNA FOLEY

"Mary"

Born, September 18, 1903, Worcester, Mass.

Grafton Street School.

Everybody liked Mary and everyone could tell you why. She had a keen, almost motherly interest in her classmates. Her studies were mastered with an absorbing interest. There was nothing half-hearted about Mary. She was the kind of a friend that everyone delights in having—loyal, not averse to a good time, and clever. As to studies—a "B" was a novelty to her. Although excellent in all subjects (Mary was one of our honor students), she had a particular liking for physiology. Mary intends to develop her talents at some pre-medical school. Best wishes to the future M. J. Foley, M. D.!

"Oh! what a girl was Mary!"



MILTON SAMUEL FRANKEL

"Stretch"

Born, April 5, 1903, Worcester, Mass.

Ledge Street School.

Did you ever notice what a fine pair of legs Milton has? He developed them by sprinting into Room 5 every morning just as the bell rang. In view of this fact, we don't wonder at his having been on the track team. Milton enjoys disagreeing with the best authorities on Shakespeare. His classmates enjoy it too; he consumes so much valuable (?) class time. The girls always turn around, as he passes, to gaze at his manly figure. There will be many a pair of eyes watching his career at Dartmouth next year.

*"Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense
Is slow to overtake thee."*

NEHAMAH FREED

"Nehamah"

Born, March 15, 1903, Kertch, Russia.
Ledge Street School.

Although we cannot claim that Nehamah rivals Theda Bara, yet she gets along fairly well with the males. She evidently enjoyed being our class secretary for three years, for she intends to take up a private secretarial course at Columbia next year. Perhaps some of our ambitious young business men have already tried to engage her services. In school, Nehamah doesn't make a lot of noise but we have reason to suspect that she livens up considerably outside. We feel sure of her success for Nehamah always puts her best-self into her work.

"She is a woman who can command herself."



SADIE IDA FRIEDMAN

"Sally"

Born, January 13, 1903, Spencer, Mass.
Lamartine Street School.

Sadie is one of the smartest girls of our class. She is of the quiet type who think more than they speak. She is a favorite among teachers and students and is always on the dot when it comes to lessons. Her reports often bespoke her real abilities. Outside of school Sadie's chief pastime is ragging the keys up and down the piano, and it was because of her talent in this practice that we chose her our class pianist. She intends to enter Boston University in the fall where she will study secretarial science. Our best wishes, Sadie.

"Steady and true as the stars that shine."



SAMUEL GARFINKEL

"Sam"

Born, September 25, 1902, Moscow, Russia.
Grafton Street School.

A good description of "Sam" would be: that fellow who walks around never seeming to have any worries to trouble him, and who never appears to be in a hurry. "Sam" is a staunch believer in the art of camouflaging by means of dazzling the eyes, and the bright colors which he wears have often accomplished their purpose. As for lessons, "Sam" has never been known to study them too much, and his ingenious answers in class have elicited gasps of astonishment from his hearers. What "Sam" intends to do in the future we do not know, but whatever his line of work will be, "Sam" is going to accomplish enough to make us all proud that he was a member of our class.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man."





BENJAMIN GINNS

"Ben"

Born, June 5, 1901, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School.

"Ben" is one of the "regular" fellows up at school, being affiliated directly or indirectly with nearly every innocent prank. You can always find him in his sitting room at recess where he devours a little extra knowledge to make up for an enforced vacation because of illness in his junior year. Next year he intends to go to Tech where success will undoubtedly attend him, for "Ben" is hard working and ambitious.

*"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight."*

NEHAMAH GLICK

"Nellie"

Born, January 17, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Meade Street School.

"Nellie" did not choose to join our class at first, but it proved so attractive that she could not resist the temptation. She is one of the many pupils who are finishing their course in three and one half years. She is a very quiet girl most of the time, although occasionally she shows herself to be the contrary. She is a clever girl in her studies and always manages to get her daily lessons prepared. Nehamah intends to go to Cambridge Normal next year and the best wishes of the class go with her.

"Quiet, though noble and true to all."



JOSEPH GOLDBERG

"Joe"

Born, March 29, 1903, Bridgeport, Conn.
Millbury Street Prep.

"Joe" is that little fellow with his head crammed full of all sorts of information. He can always be depended on to give the right answer to some of his less fortunate classmates who accidentally happen to be unprepared. He is a great student of history, especially of the ancient variety, and can rattle off names of Greeks and Romans, with amazing rapidity and accuracy. "Joe" is planning to increase his stock of learning at Clark College, and if he keeps on absorbing knowledge there in the same manner as he has done here, we are certain that the ranks of the great scholars will be swelled by one more.

"Knowledge is power."



BEULAH GOLDSMITH

"Beu" "Boola"

Born, April 11, 1904, Tyler, Texas.
Ledge Street School.

Beulah is one of those cheerful lassies who enter their study room with an ever-ready smile. She is one of our most popular girls and belonged to the famous Economics Class, where her arguments bewildered even Mr. Rice. Her special pastime is talking, much to Miss Dodge's disgust. But speak, Beulah is determined to do, for she intends to enter the Emerson School of Oratory where she will develop her talents in that direction. Although "Beu" was always ready for a good time, her studies were never neglected. Good luck to you, Beulah.

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



WILLIS ERVIN GOMEZ

"Irv"

Born, January 2, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Chandler Street School.

"Irv" is that polite young man whose courteous and gentle manners have won for him an everlasting place in the hearts of his classmates. When it comes to offering seats to young ladies or otherwise helping damsels in distress, "Irv" is yards ahead of his nearest competitors for first honors. You never hear "Irv" complaining of anything, for the only time he ever kicks is in football, where, you must admit, he's some kicker. Added to all this, "Irv" is a good mixer, for whatever your oddities may be, you always feel at home when with him. "Irv" is going to Dartmouth next fall where he undoubtedly will succeed.

"Courtesy and kindness, the two attributes of a gentleman."



ROSE PEARL GRACE

"Rose" "Rose Pearl"

Born, November 29, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Ledge Street School.

Rose came to us as a shy freshman who always knew her lessons. Soon we discovered that she was a "phenom," and if her report had a "B" on it, everyone was greatly surprised. Rose was a good dancer, and as for music, why "Long Live the Glee Club," of which she was president in our junior year. She was also an officer of the Pythagorean Club for two years, and always enjoyed star gazing trips to Newton Hill. Rose is going to Barnard College, and our best wishes go with her.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."





ROSA PAULINE GREEKO

"Rosa"

Born, December 11, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street School.

Endless chattering, a radiant smile, a pair of black eyes—Rosa. With these qualifications in mind, it is unnecessary to ask whether she is popular. Rosa admits her fondness for athletics (she herself is a "star" bowler), dancing, and—the boys. She is an accomplished pianist and a mighty "good sport." All in all, Rosa was a ray of sunshine in the class of 1920. She will enter the Conservatory of Music to make a mark for herself in the musical world.

"A sweet Italian rose."



GERTRUDE RITA GRIFFIN

"Gertie"

Born, July 25, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street Prep.

"Gertie" is a bit of merry sunshine and girlish simplicity to all who know her. Her upright, innocent nature harbors a cheerfulness which is a perpetual song without words. But then "Gertie" is not always smiling. Besides being one of the principal adornments of the brilliant senior basketball quintet, she plays hockey and studies hard, with the result that she is a wonderfully bright girl. "Gertie" expects to go to Normal which she will undoubtedly brighten with her kindly smile.

*"O spirits gay and kindly heart,
Precious the blessing ye impart."*



SOLOMON BENJAMIN GURIAN

"Sol"

Born, January 1, 1902, Russia.
Hartford Public High School.

"Sol" has been with us only a year, coming from the Hartford Public High School. But this did not prevent his getting the Classical Spirit, liking us and letting us like him. He is a good chemistry student, will probably write a book in History and knows more about Macbeth than Shakespeare does. Next year, "Sol" is to continue his studies at Tech. As an engineer we know he will be the best ever.

"Variety is the spice of life."

HELEN ELIZABETH GUTHRO

"Helen"

Born, August 1, 1901, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School.

Helen was undoubtedly one of the prettiest girls in the class. She was not one of those rollicking, corridor-wandering, eternal temptresses. She was satisfied with one—(are we right, Helen?) Never in a hurry, rarely boisterous, she won her way just as quickly into the hearts of one and all. The talents of this dainty Miss incline toward the arts of music and designing. Consequently, being equally fond of both these branches of art, her destination next fall will be either the Conservatory of Music or some other art school. Whatever institution is fortunate enough to receive Helen, we are certain of her success.

*"E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."*



VAN BUREN HERRICK, JR.

"Van"

Born, July 18, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Sever Street School.

The historical name of Van Buren Herrick was claimed by an apparently shy young man. I say "apparently," for outside of school "Van's" middle name was "Speed." His conversation was a continuous round of "Overlands," smashed tires, speed records and spark plugs. Although lessons troubled "Van" but slightly, he shone in essay writing. "Van" spent some time during his senior year in Boston chasing the unruly members of the police force. He returns with the intention of becoming a lawyer via the well-known B. U. route. If he follows his ambition with the same vim which he employed in his motor travels, success is assured.

"He loved adventurous life's variety."



ARTHUR VICTOR HOULE

"Art"

Born, August 20, 1900, Millbury, Mass.
Notre Dame School.

"Art" is another of our able mathematicians who has followed "II" through its intricate windings of higher Algebra. He has also penetrated the seldom explored regions of Trig. and Solid. Lest we forget, "Art" is an accomplished Frenchman, and speaks that language as easily as he does English. He has also proved his ability in Physics and Chemistry, is an active member of the Pythagorean Club, and is an artist of no mean ability, having drawn some of the best cartoons for our AFTERMATH. "Art" goes to Tech to develop further his scientific abilities.

"The wisdom of the prudent is to understand their way."





ANNA JAGODNIK
"Anne"

Born, February 28, 1903, New York City, N. Y.
Millbury Street Prep.

"Anne" is one of the quiet members of our Class who does not mingle much with the student body. She has proven herself capable in everything she has undertaken, and her excellency in scholarship has won her a place on the honor roll. "Anne" is a good pal and always wears an earnest smile. She tells us that after departing from these familiar corridors, she intends to follow a secretarial course at Boston University. The best wishes of the class will always abide with you, Anna.

"Of studie took she most care and most hede."

JOSEPH PATRICK KELLEY
"Joe" "Pat"

Born, March 11, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street Prep.



When it comes to changing dull hours of study into scenes of frolicsome mirth, "Joe" has no equal. They say that "Joe" has turned the tragedy of Macbeth into a roaring farce by his witty squibs. Always gay, merry and playful, "Joe" has done much to enliven the spirits of his fellow students during the long years of school life. Besides "Joe" is a hummer in his studies and oh how he can argue, especially when Ireland is the theme. He has matched his wits with most members of the faculty to advantage. "Joe's" destination is Holy Cross and if he continues to argue as vigorously as when among us, we have no doubt but that he will some day become the President of the Irish Republic.

"For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still."

FRANCIS LEO KERNOSEK
"Frank" "Cy" "Connie"

March 25, 1900, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street School.



"Frank" is one of the quieter members of the class and usually can be found in the vicinity of Room 5, where he resides. Nothing seems to bother "Frank" to any great extent. Not even studies, with its long list of victims as a warning, seems to ruffle "Frank." It is rumored that "Frank" is somewhat of a pitcher and in due time expects to be the best in his line. As yet "Frank" has not decided upon his college, but undoubtedly he will be heard from in time to come.

"Success attends good ambitions."

LOUIS HYMAN KUMIN

"Loo"

Born, April 12, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Ledge Street School.

Louis is another source of admiration to the girls. They sure do love a champion, and Louis has defeated every tic-tac-two player of renown in the Economics Class. He and another male are the only boys in Mr. Farnsworth's Botany Class, fifth hour. No wonder he knows all about Rose(s) and Violet(s). Louis is a director of the "would be" Boys' Glee Club, and his melodious voice has done more to drive Miss Walsh to distraction than anything else in this school. We are expecting to see this young "entrepreneur" making good at B. U. next year.

"Begone, dull care, I prithee begone from me."



JOSEPH FAY LEGASSE

"Fay"

Born, November 22, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street Prep.

"Fay" is exceptionally well versed in the art of speech and courtship, and is, consequently, a great favorite of the opposite sex. He has great tendencies for the stage, and has more than once demonstrated his dramatic ability in the school room. Though "Fay" lags somewhat in his studies, he maintains that "the more haste the less speed," and always manages to hit the passing mark, or else, laugh away his troubles. As a comedian he has no equal, and is an extreme believer in the manly art of self defense. "Fay" goes to Holy Cross to continue his studies, and our best wishes go with him.

*"Without a smile from partial beauty won,
O, what were man! A world without a sun."*



BENJAMIN LEVENSON

"Ben" "Bennie"

Born, January 9, 1903, Russia.
Lamartine Street School.

Benjamin was one of those students to whom good recitations come without effort, especially in English. He was an exceedingly quiet young man, which made him a great favorite with Miss Dodge. We have always wondered what he used on his hair with such effective results. Still, as he never bragged about it, we will forgive him for not letting us in on the secret. We all liked "Bennie" and we wish him the best of success at Clark next year.

"Steady and true as the stars that shine."





PHILOMENA ELLEN LOUGHLIN

"Phil"

Born, August 6, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street School.

"Phil" is one of those merry, cheerful girls who always get along with everyone. "Phil" belonged to the class of '21A, but she decided to cast her lot among us, and we are glad that she did. "Phil" is a member of the Aletheia and also of the Senior Basketball and Hockey Teams, to which she does credit. She caused Mr. Abbot many vexatious hours, and fourth hour always found her doing penance? We all like "Phil" and wish her all possible success at the Normal School.

"Healthy and happy and good to look upon."

WALTER THOMAS MACADAM

"Waller" "Mac"

Born, June 15, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Sever Street Prep.



"Waller" has taken part in practically every line of school activity you could think of, and whether it's playing football or selling beans to the girls at the counter, "Mac" is eternally busy. Taking service for his motto, "Mac" has made a record that's hard to beat. He has participated in athletics, debating, public speaking, social activities, bowling, cheer leading, and then, as if this were not enough for a single soul, "Mac" fosters the hope of a Boys' Glee Club. He is also a member of the Orchestra, Editor of the Aftermath and Captain of this year's brilliant Debating Team. "Mac's" energies, his good nature and "always there" smile have made him popular among all. "Mac" goes to Tech from here and we expect the fireworks to start immediately on his arrival at the hill.

*"How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease."*

MARGARET JULIA MAHONEY

"Peg" "Peggy"

Born, January 11, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Ascension Grammar School.



"Peg" was one of the nicest girls we have the privilege of counting and a loyal member of '20B. Always faithful in studying, always ready in athletics, an officer of the Glee Club, President of the Aletheia and Pythagorean member, she made us feel that one's duty lies nearby, and that to be loved by all, one must love all. "Peg" goes to Wellesley next year and we wish her all the good luck that one girl can possibly have.

"They only are truly great who are truly good."

RUTH MARY MARTIN

"Ruth"

Born, September 11, 1903, Providence, R. I.
Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ruth became a member of our class during the Junior year. She knew not one member of the class upon her entrance but when she left us her friends included the majority of 1920. Her scholarship was a delight to her instructors, particularly in the English Department. Ruth was a prominent member of the Aletheia and a good "pal" to her fellow members. We sincerely hope that this Brooklynite will not totally forget her former school-mates now that she has returned to her home and that we are still plodding along in slow old Worcester.

"Wondrous is the strength of Cheerfulness."



Frank

FRANCIS JOSEPH MCGURL

"Frank" "Mac"

Born, April 11, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
New Woodland Street School.

"Frank" is quite a favorite with the girls, but then you might know,—“there’s a reason.” His jovial, sunny disposition has created for him a charming personality, which finds expression in a winning smile,—a smile that is irresistible. In accordance with his jovial nature, “Mac” treats books and troubles lightly,—“tres trivial”—as we might say, and the usual storms which gather around “report” time, have never been known to dampen his lively spirits, for he always manages to pass the danger mark. “Mac” will continue his school career at Holy Cross where we wish him all the success in the world.

*"What is trouble?
But a bubble, on the sea of Life."*



HENRY FRANCIS MCKEON

"Henny" "Mac"

Born, January 23, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street Prep.

"Henny" is one of the most popular boys, not only in the senior class, but in the whole school. Jovial, "peppy," a student, an athlete, he was a representative American boy. "Hen" played on last year's base-ball team, and undoubtedly would have played this year, except for an acute appendix. "Time, tide, and appendixes await no man." However, as long as he is well and able to graduate, we will not grumble. "Mac" goes to Holy Cross next year and Linden Lane will receive a very valuable man in him.

"A happy disposition is a gift of the gods."





WESLEY EDWARD MELLQUIST

"Wes"

Born, December 26, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street School.

"Wes" is a fellow whose winning personality and magnetic smile have earned for him countless numbers of friends, who, by all kinds of honors, have shown their liking for him. He was chosen class president of our junior year, and has played a prominent part in school activities. He revealed his dramatic talent in the role of the negro in last year's play, and he certainly was good. "Wes" did not confine himself to school activities alone, for he often helped us to find our way in the dark on gloomy afternoons. In recognition of this (?) the class elected him as its Orator. "Wes" knows the power of politeness and has used this knowledge to good advantage. We prophesy a successful career for him in the business world.

"A good seaman is known in bad weather."



WILLIAM THOMAS MORAN

"Bill"

Born, December 31, 1901, Worcester, Mass.
Ledge Street School.

Bill's presence was notable every morning as he strode in several minutes late after a leisurely (?) walk from Vernon Hill. "King Jazz," that modern Bacchus, claimed William as one of his most skilled exponents. Bill's sinuous "fox-trots" attracted many damsels, some of whom succumbed to his "fatal charms." He patronizes "movies," swimming, and other sports. Although his hobbies were enough to turn the head of the average young man from his studies, he did enjoy chemistry. Bill intends to enter the Massachusetts Pharmaceutical School and he carries our best wishes with him.

"For he was a jolly good fellow."



ELIZABETH HELEN MULLINS

"Helen" "Red"

Born, October 22, 1901, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School.

Helen is another one of the girls of our class who has that beautiful red hair. During Helen's freshman year she played on the Freshman basket-ball team. She is a prominent member of the Aletheia Society and has served as its president. Helen is a great lover of fun and whatever is going on she is right there to take part in it. She also likes dancing very well. She expects to go to the Conservatory of Music next year and all wishes for success from the class are hers.

"She had a way that pleased them all."

EDWARD FRANCIS MURPHY

"Murph" "Eddie"

Born, January 14, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Cambridge Street Prep.

"Murph" was one of the quiet (?) boys who did Mr. Post the great honor of sitting in his room. That, alone, would insure his entry into our Hall of Fame. Besides, he was an athlete of note, and studied when he had time to, which is saying a good deal. "Murph" lived in Auburn last year and so gave that town renown, but did still more for us, by being a member of the illustrious '20B. "Ed" goes to Lowell Textile next year, and we wish him luck.

"A buoyant soul overrides all obstacles."



ELIZABETH NANIGIAN

"Lizzie"

Born, June 25, 1903, Paxton, Mass.
Paxton Grammar School.

Elizabeth came to us from Paxton, a very quiet girl, although her smiling way has made many friends for her. She is a girl who does not mix much with others and spends her spare time studying, unless someone disturbs her. She is a girl that loves to hear jokes and is ready at any moment to laugh when a good jest is spoken. Elizabeth intends to become a physician and will join her sister at Tufts, next year.

*"In works of labor or of skill,
She would be busy, too."*



GEORGE SIMPSON NAPHEN

"George"

Born, June 27, 1903, Leicester, Mass.
Sever Street School.

George is very well liked by all of us, although he does not make as much noise as some of our other class-mates. However, his friends, who include the whole class, all agree that he is a good fellow, and is one who can always be relied on when called upon to do his share in class activities. George's favorite study is Greek, his teacher in this subject giving words to the effect that even Homer, in all his glory, could not speak Greek in the manner in which George does, (nor could anyone else). George intends to tackle business after a course at Boston University, and the best wishes of the class for success will accompany him throughout his career.

"I'm a quiet boy; but wait, just wait and see."





EDDY ROYAL NELSON

"Ed" "Eddie"

Born, October 18, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Upsala Street School.

Herein lies the tale of a marvelous man. "Eddie" is able to do two things at once, for according to Mr. Dowd, he can play football and think, at the same time. Although he was a good tackle on our team, you never hear him crowing about it. "Eddie" is quiet and unassuming, well-built and always neat, in other words "nearly perfection." We all expect to hear from "Ed" as the star player on B. U. football team during the next four years.

"True courage scorns

*To vent her prowess in a storm of words,
And to the valiant action speaks alone."*

AINA THERESA OBERG

"Aina" "Snookie"

Born, May 19, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Upsala Street School



Aina was a lady in every sense of the word. Though the endearing name of "Snookie" suggests that she was a jolly, happy-go-lucky girl, her tactfulness always told her when this was not in proper decorum. These qualities, together with the fact that Aina was charming in appearance and bright in her studies leave no question as to why she was so popular and had so many friends. During her senior year she was president of the Girls' Glee Club and vice-president of the Aletheia. Aina will enter some business school next year where success will surely be her constant companion.

*"For she was of a free and pleasant mind
And unto mirth and friendliness inclined."*

GRACE KATHERINE ODLUM

"Grace"

Born, August 19, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School



Shades of Broadway and Paris! Such were the visions that broke the gloom when piquant Grace was around. Grace possessed all the requisites of her type—radiant "goldilocks," notable dancing ability,—and an *enviable* wardrobe. How was she in her studies? Oh, those things did not bother Grace in the least! Her hobbies of which there are too many to enumerate, all culminate in "having one endless good time." Grace's aspirations, though indefinite, tend toward the nursing profession. But with so many admirers—who can tell?

*"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form or lovelier face."*

SAMUEL PERMAN

"Sam"

Born, October 28, 1902, Springfield, Mass.
Sever Street School.

"Sam" is a fellow who evidently doesn't believe in advertising himself. Whenever seen, he is usually attending to his own business, and never disturbs others when attending to theirs. However, when his reserve is once broken into, you find a first-rate friend who is always ready to lend a helping hand. "Sam" intends to enter Harvard College next fall, and after completing his course there, will attend the Harvard School of Business Administration. We are all certain that "Sam," by minding his own business as he has always done, will soon have a large business of his own to mind.

"Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice."



ERIC ALBERT PETERSON

"Husky" "Pete"

Born, May 20, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School

We often wonder how a football and basketball player can be so gentle and refined when dancing, for "Husky" seems to enjoy all branches of athletics and as to dancing,—well! "Pete" wears the smile that will not come off and seldom can he be seen walking through the corridors without the sound of his tenor voice rendering his own idea of the latest jazz melody. "Pete" intends to enter Tech in the near future, where we expect him to live up to his good record.

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."



HAZEL HELENA JOHANNA PETERSON

"Blondy"

Born, June 2, 1902, Maynard, Mass.
Maynard High School

Hazel came to us two years ago and lost no time in getting in with the crowd. All the fellows are glad she did for she is as nice a dancing partner as can be found. Hazel has a weak voice (but a strong heart) and requests of "loud-er" can be heard when she recites in Economics. Nevertheless she is always right. Hazel spends her spare time in studying stars for the Pythagorean Society. Football, baseball and basketball stars are her specialty. We all expect to see her "shine" at Normal School next year.

"A Fairy Sprite in Human Garb."





ELINOR RUTH PHILLIPS

"Ella"

Born, November 17, 1900, Worcester, Mass.
Chandler Street School

The Chandler Street School contributed this fair member of the class. Quiet, unassuming, and even timid, Elinor has avoided whenever possible, any of the more boisterous of her school-mates. Elinor is an active member of the Aletheia, and also belongs to the Girls' Glee Club. Her faithfulness to her work, together with her cheerfulness, will gain a great deal for her in this world.

"Wisdom's self oft seeks to sweet retired solitude."

ANNA VIRGINIA POWER

"Anna"

Born, July 31, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Sever Street School

Anna Power—how much those two words mean to every member of '20B. Always faithful to her friends, (and every one was her friend), a good student, an athletic star, a good and earnest worker for C. H. S., Anna is our ideal girl. Together with Alice Barrett, Anna might be seen at all the school affairs, and wherever she was, joy was, so Anna was welcomed everywhere. She intends to come back next year as a P. G. and then go to college. Best wishes!

*"Never in a hurry, never has a care,
Never known to worry, beloved everywhere."*



SAMUEL FRANK PRICE

"Pat"

Born, September 29, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Ledge Street School.

Whenever you hear a melodious strain issuing from Room 11 at recess or between bells, you may be sure that "Pat" is around and leading the amateur "Boys' Glee Club" on to destruction. "Pat" is one of the live wires of the class; a wonder in the Terpsichorean art, a high-scorer on the Classical Bowling Team, and the best High School drummer-boy in existence. He intends to enter B. U. next year and become a first-class salesman. We have no doubt that with his pleasing personality and ambition, he will surely make a success.

"Joys shared with others are more enjoyed."



JAMES QUINN
 "Jimmy" "Quinny"

Born, August 10, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
 Grafton Street School

"Jimmy" is a startling blonde, which is a rare find among the boys of our class. He is one of the apparently quiet sort, but those who know him better, say different. He helped pass the third hour more than once by giving bewildering arguments on "Burke's Conciliation," much to the gratitude of the class, and his incidental remarks show a humorous personality. "Jimmy" will certainly shine at Tuft's Dental School next fall and will relieve many a class-mate in the future, we hope. Good luck and best wishes.

*"Quiet he was, forsooth not vain,
 If friends be credit, he has much gain."*



ANNA RUTH REED
 "Anne"

Born, June 6, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
 Millbury Street School.

"Anne" is one of those quiet, demure and studious lassies who help to make the class of '20B a success. She is a favorite among the teachers and especially is loved by her fellow-classmates for "Anne" is right there for a good time and a good cheer. She is a brilliant student and always looks cheerful on the day that reports come out. She is fond of sports and socials and is an excellent pal. Her favorite pastime is reading and "Anne" intends to study to become a librarian, at Smith next fall. We all wish you success, "Anne."

"There is a certain dignity to be kept in place."



AGNES RILEY
 "Ag"

Born, July 18, 1901, Hopkinton, Mass.
 Grafton Street School

"Ag" certainly has proved to be a popular girl. She hasn't neglected a soul, even the boys. She sometimes confuses school with a sewing circle but, all in all, she's a good comrade. She has served us faithfully in the office of vice-president of the class, and many undertakings proved successful through her efforts. Her favorite hobby is dancing, which is apparent by her patronage of social affairs. She is undecided with her future vocation, which will either be in the business world or in musical circles, for she is talented at the piano. "Ag" carries the wishes of the class for success.

"She has the sunshine in her laughter."





NATHAN ALBERT ROSENBERG

"Natan"

Born, October 28, 1900, Russia.
Ledge Street School.

Nathan is a quiet, modest, and retiring youth who says little but thinks much. In fact, he is so quiet that most of us are inclined to think he is too serious, but his friends know he is just as ready to appreciate the humorous side of life as anyone is. Nathan has decided to pursue a course at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. We all expect to hear of his chosen profession, and the best wishes of the class are with him.

"Admired by the many, though known by the few."

LOUIS ROSENTHAL

"Louie" "Rosie"

Born, October 20, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street School



When it comes to mathematics, "Let Louis do it." The fact is that "Louis" can do 'most anything, but as for "math" he's par excellence. "Louie" has excelled in all branches of study, and after solving the "mysteries" of advanced Algebra, "Louie" has gone on to conquer Trig. and Solid. But all this success has not spoiled "Louie." He is still one of our shy but cheerful boys. "Louie" is preparing for Tech, where he is sure of securing his share of success.

"Wisdom is more to be envied than riches."

DAVID JEROME SEDER

"Poob" "Dave"

Born, March 4, 1903, Manchaug, Mass.
Ledge Street School.



"Poob" is a popular member of the class who has left nothing undone. He is a brilliant scholar, an excellent debater, an efficient class president and a loyal member of the class of 1920. He first shone as class president in our sophomore year and thus in the senior year we elected him again. His untiring efforts and devotion to the class are well-known to us all. He was a member of the debating team during his whole high school career and was a prominent member of the C. H. S. debating society. He is popular with the faculty and we expect him to excel in his studies at Dartmouth next year. The best wishes of the class are with him.

"Industry is the keynote to success."

GEORGE ARTHUR SELZO

"George"

Born, February 22, 1903, Worcester, Mass.

Grafton Street School

Though George may not be said to "have anything" on the Titans for size, he nevertheless has the manly qualities which make a good scholar. George is a pleasant companion (or comparison) to the larger boys of our class, and his honesty and straightforwardness have made him very popular with all. George has succeeded well in his studies, nor did the task of mastering advanced Greek and Latin daunt his plucky spirit. In spite of his size and stature, George wears the dignity of manner and gravity of mind of a person much older.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."



PAUL CAMPBELL SHEDD

"Paul"

Born, September 12, 1901, Dover, N. H.

Sever Street School

Hail to the genius of our class! That "Mr. Shedd" held an undisputed claim to this title, no member of the illustrious class of 1920 will deny. Though he was not jovial, in the usual sense,—he spent his recesses in deep study—his friends understood his odd sociability. Paul excelled in every branch of study. He specialized in "math" and "starred" in astronomy. As president of the Pythagorean Club he showed admirable ability. He was also vice-president of the Debating Assembly and made an enviable extemporaneous address. Some day we expect to hear of the first communication with Jupiter (or something like that) by P. C. Shedd, graduate of Classical High School and Worcester Tech.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."



HAROLD SIEGEL

"Hal"

Born, September 12, 1903, Lawrence, Mass.

Sever Street School

"Hal" is one of the foremost debaters and speakers of our class, having represented us in debating for three years and being on a championship team twice. The members of the Debating Club will tell you what a fine president he was. But "Hal" believes in giving his muscles a chance, too, so we find him shooting baskets for Classical against the most formidable opponents. Perhaps this explains why he is so popular with the girls. "Hal" intends to study Business Administration at Harvard next year. We all wish him the best of progress.

"A scholar, an athlete, and a gentleman."





MATTHEW LOUIS SLOBIN
"Matty"

Born, February 4, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Millbury Street School.

What "Matty" lacks in size he makes up in cheerfulness, for he wears the smile that won't come off,—in spite of bad weather and "tough luck." "Matty's" smile was greatly missed when he visited New York recently, but he quickly returned, proving there's no school like Classical and no friends like Classical friends, not to mention the Classical spirit. Although "Matty" is not inclined towards dizzy heights, in his studies he ranks as high as many more longitudinally disposed. "Matty" intends to go to Columbia next fall. Best luck to you, "Matty."

*"Though not so large as some in size,
He could argue like Solomon Wise."*



IRENE SMOLENSKY
"I"

Born, May 1, 1903, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School

"I" is a cheerful member whose ready smile has won her a place in the hearts of her classmates. She has a winning manner, is a diligent student and a good comrade. She appears shy and serious, but alas! the class is wrong, for oft do we hear Irene's laugh break the silence of the class during a perusal of Burke. She belongs to that group of merry-makers who reside in Room 5, but who never let a good time interfere with their studies. Irene intends to enter Boston University next fall and take a course in secretarial science and the best wishes of the class will abide with her.

*"An eye of most transparent light,
'Twould almost make a dungeon bright."*



THOMAS EDWARD STANTON
"Tossie"

Born, September 11, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School

"Tossie" is the admiration of everyone who knows him. He could study all morning, play football, basketball or baseball all afternoon and dance all night. He was a basketball star, and a jolly good fellow. "Tossie" impresses you as being one of those fellows who aren't so good in a crowd, but you'd be surprised. He loves "Stones" of all descriptions, as anyone who happened to go to the Commerce game knows. We wish him all kinds of good things next year in the Tufts School of Business Administration.

"Silent by nature, but active of mind."

MABLE HANNAH STEAD

"Mable"

Born, July 8, 1901, Providence, R. I.
Meade Street School.

May be Mable doesn't shine as the plucky captain of our Girls' Basketball and Hockey teams. When Mable gets into the fray, it is far from being a "pink tea" affair. In fact, Mable's gameness and strenuous exploits have made many of our boys swell with envy. Added to this, she makes a pleasant companion, has a quick wit and cheerful disposition, and is a great favorite among her class-mates. Mable has made up her mind to take a course at the Boston Physical Culture School and our advice to her adversaries is to beware of the reckless center.

*"Yea, Mable! Yea, Stead!
Yea, Yea, Mable Stead!"*



GEORGE ROMUALE TASSE

"George"

Born, November 28, 1901, Worcester, Mass.
Grafton Street School.

George is one of the quietest boys in school until you know him, and then his character changes rapidly. Quiet, studious, and yet with a sense of humor we find in him a true friend, and chummy companion. George took Economics and, every now and then, he would burst out with some jewel of wisdom, which made one feel insignificant. He was a loyal rooter for all our teams, and we feel sure that in the game of Life, George will always be on the winning side. Best wishes!

"Silent by nature, but active of mind."



PUZANT KEVORK THOMAJAN

"Peekay"

Born, July 29, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
Sever Street School.

"Peekay" is one of our most ambitious class-mates. When the call came for "ads" for the *Aftermath*, the manner in which he extracted them from reluctant business men was indeed a revelation to us. As business manager of the *Aftermath*, he broke all previous records for the amount of "ads" brought in. The financial success of the *Aftermath* was due largely to his work as all of us will agree. However, "Peekay" has another hobby, being a "fierce" stamp collector, and his pursuit of foreign stamps is second only to his pursuit of "ads." "Peekay" intends to shine in the foreign import market, and is planning to polish up at Clark before entering the business world, where we cannot help predicting a bright future for him.

"Get out and get that ad."



MARY MARGARET TRABULSI
"Mary"

Born, December 5, 1903, Syria.
 Millbury Street School.



Mary did not join us until February of our freshman year. She is a very quiet girl and very clever in her lessons. Mary always had a smile and a kind word for both teachers and class-mates. She plays basket-ball, but because of her not coming in with our class she had to play on the 1920 Junior Team. She has had the honor of having a design, which she made in drawing, chosen for the Teachers' Annual Report book cover. Mary intends to go to the West Indies after graduating from Classical and the best wishes of the class attend her.

"Always noble, kind and true."

WILLIAM OWEN TRAVERS
"Bill"

Born, December 21, 1902, Worcester, Mass.
 Millbury Street School.



"Bill" was one of the quietest boys in school, and also one of the best known. A good student, and faithful friend, he was well liked by girls as well as boys. "Bill" attended all the school parties, and no affair was quite complete without his genial presence. His large brown eyes were his best-known possession, and many a girl envied him his orbs. His smile brightened many a dark corner, and we will miss it next year, but Holy Cross will be lucky, for "Bill" intends to enter next September.

*"Not Travers, the soldier, but brother to him,
 May his wide brown eyes never grow dim."*

EDWIN EARLE TUCKER
"Earle" "Tuck"

Born, February 24, 1901, Worcester, Mass.
 Abbott Street School.



Earle is not an especially talkative fellow, but he is a good friend, as his acquaintances in our class will maintain. We have never seen or heard Earle paying much attention to the girls, so it seems rather strange that one of his hobbies is dancing, but nevertheless, it is. Earle is a wireless "bug" and ready to make friends quickly with anyone who can talk intelligently on this subject. "Tuck" tells us he dreads mathematics at Tech, but it is hard to believe, for he has taken the "worst" offered in High School.

*"The daily martyrdom of patience shall not be wanting
 of reward."*

MARGARET ANNA WEHINGER

"Peg"

Born, March 2, 1901, Worcester, Mass.

North Adams High

"Peg" came to us from North Adams, and we are decidedly glad she did. "Peg" was the sweetest tempered girl in our class. She was also one of those select few who received "A" in chemistry. She played a star game of basket-ball, to say nothing of hockey and tennis. When the spring comes, however, "Peg" has another interest—baseball. "Peg" intends to go to Boston Physical Culture School, where we wish her every possible success.

"Sport that wrinkled care derides."



RICHARD FISHER WHITCOMB

"Dick"

Born, May 19, 1903, Worcester, Mass.

Sever Street School.

Dick certainly *could* dance; but that wasn't the only thing he could do. Having combined his Terpsichorean talent with a jovial disposition and a marked efficiency in his studies, he well deserved being a favorite with both students and faculty. His tall, debonair figure, topped by that sunny smile which followed his effervescent jokes, brightened many a blue day for his class-mates. He was a brilliant orator, treasurer of the class, vice-president of the Debating Society, member of the declamation team, member of the bowling team, manager of the basket-ball team, and one of the mainstays of the Pythagorean Club, (being especially fond of the outdoor star-gazing meetings). "Dick" will matriculate at Worcester Tech, where his personality plus his talents will attain inevitable success.

"A ready smile, a cheery word, a sunbeam in this world of strife."



FRANCIS JOSEPH ZIELINSKI

"Jos"

Born, October 1, 1901, Chicago, Ill.

Millbury Street School.

Francis has been a hard worker, ever since he entered the Classical High School, and has been right up to the standard in his studies. He is a quiet chap but he has demonstrated that he took interest in and backed up different school activities. He is particularly talented in English and the part he took in "Macbeth" brought out his splendid dramatic traits. He is going to Worcester Tech where he will follow a scientific course. His talent and great perseverance will surely bring him success.

"Perseverance conquers all obstacles."



JOKES & CROAKS



Irene Smolensky 1920

Mr. Porter:—"How far were you on your work before the fire at the Trade School?"

Miss Oberg:—"On the neck."

Mr. Post:—"Brown, give me a sentence containing the word 'reverie.'"

Allen (thinking of last game):—"The 'reverie' blew the whistle and stopped the game."

Mr. Howe (in 5th hour, English IV Class):—"Fitzgerald, what quality did the Oxford students show in their treatment of Samuel Johnson?"

Fitzgerald:—"They were snobs."

Mr. Howe:—"Can't you be more elegant?"

Fitzgerald:—"They were supercilious."

Whitcomb:—"Shedd seems to be very narrow-minded in an argument."

MacAdam:—"Not at all. Paul admits that there are two sides to a question; his side and the wrong side."

Miss Treed (in Economics Class):—"Berlyn, do you smoke?"

Berlyn:—"What do you think I am, a chimney?"

Donaher:—"I am indebted to you, Mr. Post, for all I know."

Mr. Post:—"Don't mention it; it is a mere trifle."

Frankel (preparing Latin):—"Say, what is the future of 'do'?"

Miss Freed (briefly):—"Bread."

Mr. Abbot:—"Wise men hesitate; fools are certain."

Miss Reed:—"Are you sure?"

Mr. Abbot:—"I am certain."

Harold Siegel:—"I wonder how long a fellow can live without brains."

Ida Edinberg:—"Er-er, Harold, how old are you?"

Teacher (in Geometry I):—"Who originated the first geometrical problem?"

Bright Soph:—"Noah; he constructed the 'arc.'"

Zielinski (last day of term):—"Let's have some jokes."

Mr. Dowd:—"There are enough jokes here, now."

MacAdam:—"Does your head feel hot, Pub?"

Seder:—"Yes."

MacAdam:—"I thought I smelt wood burning."

Miss Walsh:—"When is the subjunctive used in adjective clauses?"

Elizabeth Foley:—"After verbs of prohibition."

Mr. Post:—"What relation was George III to George II, Kelley?"

Joe Kelley (quickly):—"His niece."

Miss Powers (in Soph English Class):—"What creed did the scientist Pythagoras teach?"

Frantic Soph (making use of the geometry he has learned):—"The square of the hypotenuse on a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides."

Mr. Rice (in Economics):—"Miss Freed, did you read anything in last night's Gazette pertaining to Economics?"

Nehamah:—"Really, Mr. Rice, I don't think there was anything to that effect on the Woman's Page."

Miss Dodge, having decisively forbidden any conversation whatsoever, this note was passed around, "Let's get a pulmotor; Miss Dodge is controlling the air," signed Harold Brown. Miss Dodge wondered what the cause of the sudden laughter was.

Mr. Post:—"The teeth are the 'furniture of the mouth'."

Nutt:—"The collar is the 'wringer of the neck'."

Mr. Post:—"What is the principal of . . . ?"

Kelly:—"Mr. Porter."

Mr. Farnsworth:—"What caused the fall of the Roman Empire, Miss Mahoney?"

Peg:—"The Romans ate the roasted insides of animals."

Mr. Farnsworth:—"Where did you find that?"

Peg:—"In the book. It says that the fall of the Roman Empire was brought about by internal broils."

Miss Bernier:—"I have lost my 'Hart'."

Mr. Rice:—"Somebody brought it to me."

Mr. O'Regan:—"Give me an example of a reducing agent."

Feingold:—"Siegel is a reducing agent."

Mr. O'Regan (astonished):—"Kindly explain further in regard to your statement."

Feingold:—"Harold just borrowed a quarter from me."

Teacher (vexed):—"Now, Frankel, you are making a distinction without a difference."

Frankel:—"Er, well, ah, let me see. Oh I see it, ah—er well."

Teacher:—"Did you ever hear the story of the three holes in the ground?"

Frankel:—"Ah—er—well, no."

Teacher:—"Well, well, well."

Miss Crawford (explaining a geometric theorem):—"Is it this angle or this?"

Rhodes:—"This."

Mr. O'Regan:—"Where are the great gold deposits?"

Callery:—"In the bank."

Melnikoff:—"I hate to study English History. I had to learn all the kings."

Chubby Leyden:—"Who was the first king of England?"

Melnikoff:—"George III."

Mr. O'Regan:—"Seder, what is Gay Lussac's Law?"

Pub:—"Where gases react on one another, their volumes may be expressed in simple compound numbers."

Mr. Farnsworth:—"Can Worcester raise an army, Legassé?"

Legassé:—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Farnsworth:—"What kind of an army?"

Legassé:—"A Salvation Army."

Barry (translating French in our soph year):—"You talk like a mosquito."

Miss Jefts:—"That word is musketeer. Sit down."

Mr. Post (discussing L'Allegro):—"Does slumber ever seem sweet to you?"

Bill Travers:—"Yes, in the morning."

First Freshie:—"Gee, I got a zero in English today."

Second Freshie:—"That's nothing."

First Freshie:—"What's nothing?"

Second Freshie:—"Zero."

Mr. Post:—"Please run up the shade."

Peterson:—"I can't, I'm not in training."

Mr. O'Regan:—"Is charcoal a good reducing agent?"

Mary Foley:—"Yes."

Fellow Classmate:—"It ought to be her steady diet."

Mr. Howe:—"No, the Glee Club belongs in a different department from the other school activities. I wonder where we could put it."

Joe Kelly:—"In the Joke Department."

Mr. Post:—"What comes next, Miss Foley?"

Miss Foley:—"The Administration of James III."

Mr. Post:—"How do you know?"

Miss Foley:—"It is written in my book."

Mr. Farnsworth:—"What is a dicotyledonous stem?"

Murphy:—"No answer."

Mr. Farnsworth:—"Well, Murphy, what does 'di' mean?"

Murphy:—"Not to live."

Mr. Dowd (interrupting Ferguson who has been reciting on electro-magnetism):—"Thomajan, did you understand all that Ferguson said about the zinc and carbon?"

Thomajan (half sleeping):—"Er . . . yes sir."

Mr. Dowd:—"We weren't talking about zinc and carbon. Come down here and sit in the front seat."

Miss Griffin:—"The line opposite the right angle in a right triangle is called the hippopotamus."

Miss Walsh (during a recitation in Spanish with temperature about 40°):—"While putting your sentences on the board you will become warm."

Miss Wehinger talks to Whitcomb at board.

Miss Walsh:—"Miss Wehinger, your tongue will never get cold."

Alice M. Barrett (picking up papers amid giggles of class):—"Say, what are you laughing at?"

Mr. Abbot:—"Nothing at all."

Alice:—"You don't mean me, do you?"

Mr. Rice (U. S. History I):—"Now, Miss Fadden, Monday you will have to put up your hand and swear that you will not whisper during the next term."

Grace Fadden (surprised):—"Oh, Mr. Rice, I never swear."

HEARD AROUND THE BUILDING

In Economics

Berlyn:—"There are some people in the Orient who are so lazy that they lie under fig trees, and let the dates drop right into their mouth."

In the corridor

Freshie:—"Is that a teacher or a senior?"

Freshie:—"Oh dear! It's raining, and my curls will all come out."

In English

Miss Edinberg:—"Addison wrote the Spectator Papers with Steele."

At Senior Meeting

Mr. Seder:—"Now, if this sleighride is to be a success, you'll all have to get behind it and push."

In English

Miss Fiske:—"Now class, remember that a preposition is a poor thing to end a sentence with."

In Physics

Mr. Dowd:—"Half of the jokes I am accused in the AFTERMATH of having said are lies. Mine aren't so barbaric; they are more subtle."

At an informal Teachers' Meeting

"This was on one of my last compositions: 'Lincoln wrote the address while riding from Washington to Gettysburg on an envelope.'"

At the lunch counter

Leyden:—"Say, fellows, our lunch counter is so big, that they have roads (Rhodes) on it."

In Chemistry

Mr. O'Regan:—"Now, this slightly bluish tinge in this colorless liquid is due . . ."

At the Lunch Counter

Nutt to Whitcomb:—"Why on earth don't you eat your food, not wear it?"

In Latin

Miss Rafter (translating):—"When the chariots had wound around the cavalry, they dismounted."

In Latin

- "Forte dux in aro"—"Forty ducks in a row."
 "Passum sum jam"—"Pass us some jam."
 "Boni leges Caesaris"—"Bony legs of Caesar."
 "Celeri saucius malus Africo"—"Celery sauce is bad for Africa."

Freshie:—"The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain."

JAZZ REVUE

- "The Vamp"—Nehamah Freed.
 "Tell Me"—"Hy" Berlyn.
 "You'd Be Surprised"—Al Brown.
 "Freckles"—Alice M. Barrett.
 "Out of the East"—P. K. Thomajan.
 "They're All Sweeties"—The girls of '20 B.
 "My Gal"—Beulah Goldsmith.
 "Dear Little Boy of Mine"—David Seder.
 "Daddy Long Legs"—Paul Shedd.
 "It Gets Them All"—The P. M. Room.
 "Friends"—The Class of '20B.
 "Eyes"—Miss Dodge.
 "Smiles"—"D" notice day.
 "Waiting 'Round the Corner"—Walter MacAdam.
 "Take Me to That Land of Jazz"—Holden.
 "The Jazz Baby"—Patsy Price.

BROADWAY ECHOES

- "The Little Whopper"—Aina Oberg.
 "My Lady Friends"—Siegel and Baker.
 "Happy Days"—Our four years at Classical.
 "Clarence"—Dick Whitcomb.
 "The Magic Melody"—The one o'clock bell.
 "Scandal"—The Recess Gossip.
 "Friendly Enemies"—We and the Faculty.
 "She's a Good Fellow"—Miss Walsh.
 "Take It from Me"—Mr. Rice.
 "The Unknown Purple"—The Physics Laboratory.
 "Palmy Days"—When everything at the lunch counter was 5 cents.
 "At 9.45"—Entrance of the grand Providence Street bunch.
 "Maytime"—Spring fever.
 "Tumble In"—The Senior Sleighride.

"Among the memorable dates in history," wrote a pupil of Mr. Farnsworth, "was Antony's date with Cleopatra."

WONDERMENTS

Why Chubby Leyden always laughs at his own expense?
 If Legassé has at last met his match? Ask Kelly.
 Why Amherst Cup Debate winners do not get W's?
 If Mr. Post ever says anything but "No"?
 If Frankel ever got into Room 5 before 8.15?
 Where MacAdam spends his afternoons?
 If Feingold ever forgets to crimp his hair?
 If Selzo will ever grow?
 If Shedd will ever get fat?
 Why Dick Whitcomb likes South High?
 Why Allen Brown likes sleighrides?
 If there's anything that Miss Dodge doesn't see?
 Why Miss Walsh's first hour class is always delayed?
 Where Betty Foley got her laugh?
 If Alice Barrett inherited that Spanish comb?
 Where Mr. Post gets his classy ties?
 Why Mr. Dowd insists upon being called "sis"?
 If Tom Donaher can sing?
 Why Burke's Conciliation was wished on us?

CLASSIFIED BY LETTERS

C—is for Classical, which now we must leave,
 A better school who can perceive?
 L—is for library, to classroom a preference,
 Your stay is short if you don't go for reference.
 A—is for our *Aftermath* so clever,
 Which, when put out will be the best ever.
 S—is for Seniors, thoughtful and true.
 With ability and knack to push everything through.
 S—is for study which is for the best,
 But it is really a wonder how some stood the "test."
 I—is for infants, the Freshman so green,
 By dignified Seniors can hardly be seen.
 C—is for Chester, the Man of the Hour.
 Have a good excuse or you'll be in his power.
 A—for alumni, whom we did greet,
 And who, before Christmas, did give us a treat.
 L—is for Loyalty to Classical ever,
 Though now we must leave we'll forget her never.

In Miss Hunt's Room—

Miss Hunt:—"Miss Foley, what's the matter with you? Can't you stop wig-
gling around?"

Miss Foley:—"There's a nail in my chair."

Miss Hunt:—"Never mind, Miss Foley, perhaps it will sharpen your wits."

Substitute (motioning to a girl):—"Miss, read."

Miss Reed, who has not been paying attention, stands up. Class in an uproar.

MacAdam reads a portion of Hamlet—

Mr. Post:—"That reminds me of Craig when he impersonated the part. He was . . ."

MacAdam (interrupting):—"Behold the second Craig! Hum . . .!"

Mr. Post (continuing):—"the worst Hamlet I ever heard."

At Gray's Studio, an assistant was looking up to see when Frankel's pictures would be ready.

Berlyn:—"While you're under the F's look up my name—Berlyn."

List of new supplies for next year:

- I Another building lot adjoining Miss Pierce's Room so that her gum plantation may flourish.
- II A new Gymnasium.
- III Several cases of alarm clocks to be distributed among the students of different classes.
- IV A mirrored corridor for the girls.
- V An elevator.

Miss Crawford was having considerable trouble. To explain her point she wrote 93.5 on the blackboard and then rubbed out the decimal point. Turning to the class she said:—"Where is the decimal point?"

"On the eraser," answered Chubby Leyden, without the slightest hesitation.

Mr. Rice:—"What great difficulty did Washington have to contend with?"

Ag. Riley:—"He couldn't tell a lie."

MacAdam (looking with anger at the block across from the school):—"Hear that girl! Doesn't her constant singing in that flat annoy you, Dick?"

Dick Whitcomb:—"Not so much as the constant flat in her singing."

Sam Garfinkle's idea seems to be: "Best is the tie that blinds."

Mr. Rice (in Economics):—"How many kinds of farming are there?"

Betty Foley:—"Intensive, pretensive, and expensive."

Mr. Post:—"Why did men in the fifteenth century travel on the sea?"

Travers:—"To fish."

Mr. Dowd: "I should like to use alcohol for this experiment, but I believe you know why it can't be done."

Freshie:—"What's that minus mark after the C on your report?"

Senior:—"Oh, that's only a slip of the teacher's pen."

Mr. O'Regan:—"Give the occurrence of water."

Miss Wehinger:—"Er—it generally occurs in rain."

Agnes Riley in Physiology:—"The liver is an infernal organ."

Seder (addressing the class):—"There was one fellow who faithfully promised to stay behind the play, and yesterday he didn't show up for rehearsal."

Mr. Porter (interrupting):—"Yes, he was so far behind that he couldn't even catch up with it."

A Freshman's definition of a scheme:—"A scheme is a wicked thing, thought of in advance."

Joe Kelly (at lunch counter):—"Is this a chicken sandwich?"

MacAdam:—"Can't you tell?"

Kelly:—"No."

MacAdam:—"Then why worry."

She (at the Junior Prom):—"Why are they putting cornmeal on the floor?"

Senior:—"To make the chickens feel at home."

Mr. Rice:—"What does the governor of a state have that corresponds to the president's cabinet?"

Nutt:—"A bureau."

Mr. Post:—"What was Burns' error, Miss Shedd—I mean Miss Stead—instead."

Mr. Post:—"How many young women worship Ethel Barrymore?"

Berlyn:—"And how many young men!"

Mr. Post:—"Not I, for one. But when it comes to some others, I'm with you."

Mr. Rice:—"Tomorrow you will have a written recitation."

Mr. Rice (in Economics):—"Why do we wear collars?"

Baker:—"So we won't have to wash our necks."

A FEW DEFINITIONS—*Ancient History*

ACHILLES—A courageous Greek, who did a general slaughtering business in Troy in 1180 B. C., but was finally pinked in the heel—his only vulnerable spot, and died. Long life often depends on being well heeled.

- ADONIS—A beautiful youth, beloved by Venus and killed by a boar. Bores have been the death of us ever since.
- LOTUS EATERS—A band of ancient vegetarians, who chewed leaves and went to sleep. Now succeeded by a club of New Yorkers, who chew the rag and keep awake.
- CHARON—The gloomy gondolier of the Styx, who carried the dead to the other world—if they paid him first. Even today, he who patronizes Rapid Transit must pay his fare in advance.
- MERCURY—A celestial messenger boy, who wore wings on his shoes and knew how “to get there,” in a hurry. Now they all wear hobbles and never exceed the speed limit in public thoroughfares.
- TROY—An ancient oriental city, which took in a wooden horse and saw the domestic finish of Helen and Paris.

ODDS AND ENDS

- “Comedy of Errors”—Freshmen.
- “The Tempest”—Sophomores.
- “Much Ado About Nothing”—Juniors.
- “All’s Well That Ends Well”—Seniors.

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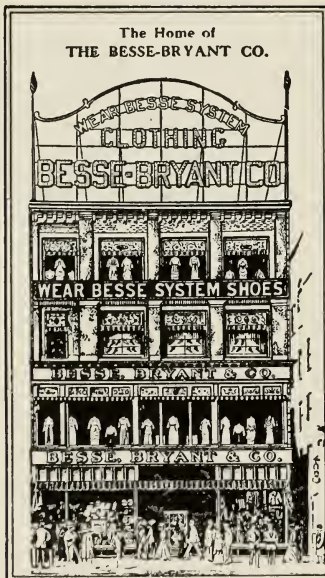
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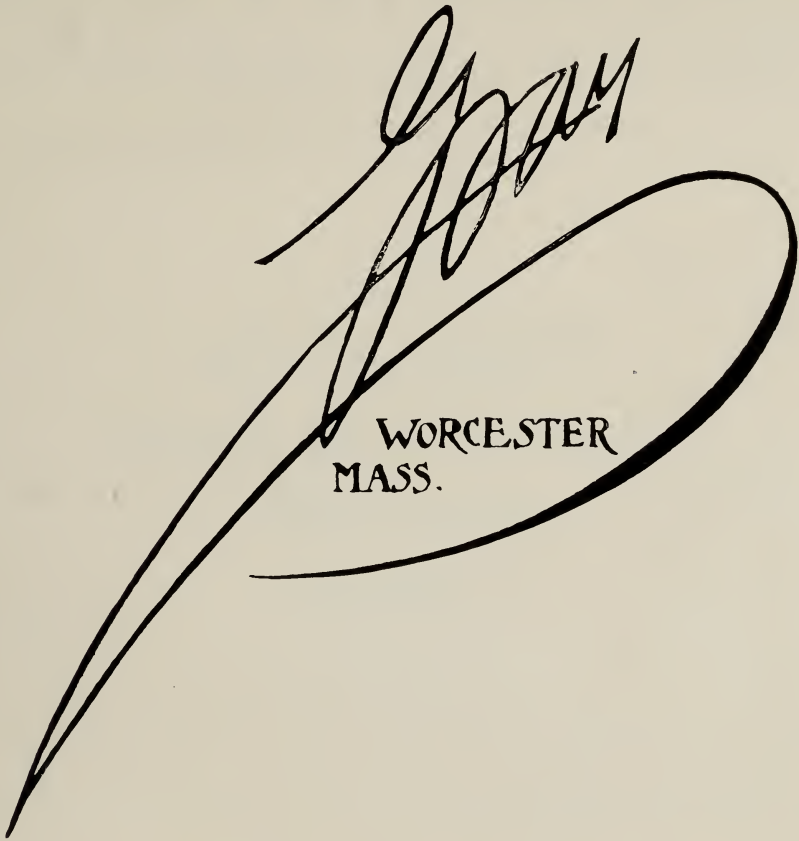
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