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Commencement  
June, 1920



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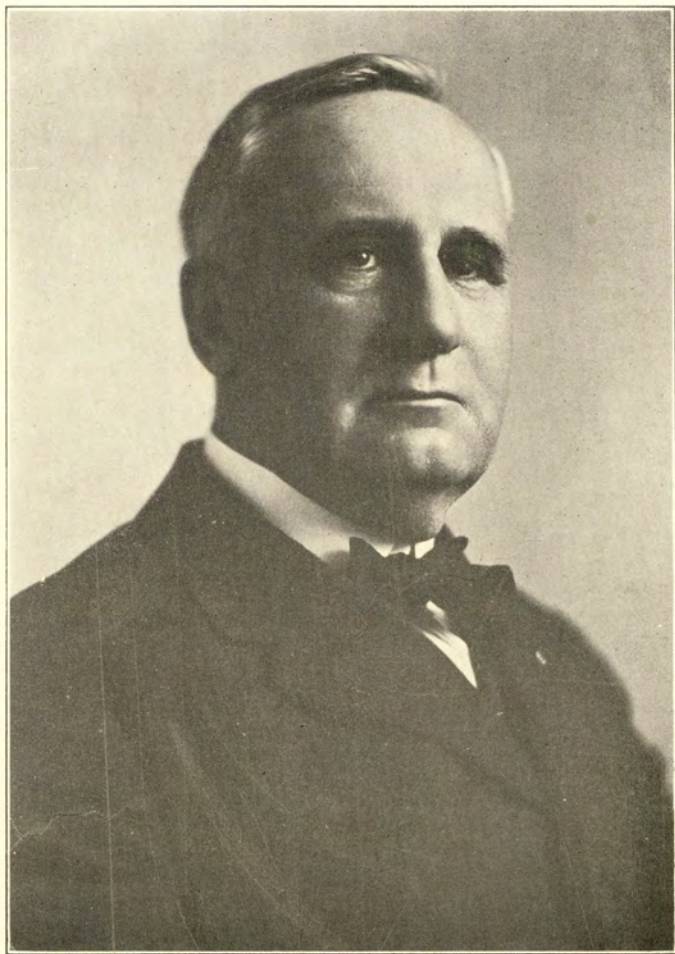
TO

**Fred A. Herplanck, A. B.**

Superintendent of Our Schools

We respectfully dedicate this issue of

**“Somanhis Events”**



*F. A. Verpeanch,*



# Somanhis Events

VOL 5

South Manchester, Conn., June, 1920

NO. 4

Issued quarterly by the students of the South Manchester High School.

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SOMANHIS STAFF, 1919-1920.



## EDITORIALS

## OUR MOTTO, "LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

"Labor conquers everything." When we were Freshmen these words meant little to us, but in the past four years we have gradually learned the truth. We would have been much better off if we had followed this motto. As it is, we have let many opportunities slip by, and we have made many failures. Why? Because we have been lazy and have lacked confidence. We have all sought the easiest way out of every tight situation.

We have received many zeros because we have not persevered in our attempts to do many seemingly impossible lessons. We see the folly of it now.

When we go out into the world we shall never succeed if we don't work hard. If we fail once, or fail many times, we must work harder until we do succeed. Positions won't come to us. We must go after them and fight for them. Promotion will not come by loafing, but by doing extra work.

And, above all, do only honest work. It may seem at first that the crooked men and women succeed, but eventually they will pay the penalty. Don't let somebody else do your school work for you even if it means a poor mark to do it yourself. You gain nothing by copying, but lose everything, for your own mind is not broadened; you lose ambition and will always try to get along on somebody else's ability. You may win honor and glory by dishonest means, but the man who eventually succeeds honestly is the better and happier man. "Honesty is the best policy."

Therefore, although it seems at first better to follow the easier, the broad and crooked path to success, in the long run the man who takes the straight and narrow path beset with obstacles, will win.

ROBERT DWYER, '20.

\* \* \*

## YOUR JOB.

We are now on our last lap of school life. Some of us will soon go forth into the vast business world. Has a high school education helped us enough to get a good position, or are we going to go to some business college to put on a bright finish to the work which we have already done?

Have we powder and shot enough to get a good position? Are we going to accomplish something by just referring back to the High School? No! Your shot is what you have learned. You must have powder to put it across. Have you the powder to do this? You may have been one of the honor pupils, but that is not saying that you will get the best position. You must have the powder and shot. You must be frank and earnest. You must have powder enough to get the position, and then put in more powder and climb the ladder to success.

You may have been especially bright in High School but that is not saying what you will do when you get outside where there is always a chance to get ahead. Out there it is the best man who is wanted, the one who can help his employer by getting himself above the first rung in the ladder of success.

As a man thinketh so should he act. And when he acts it should be in the right direction, upward. Perhaps you were a grouch in school but you will not and never can be a grouch outside. The place for distemper is out in a lot where there is no one catch it, not among people. A grouch will hold the best man down, and a smile will put wings on his feet.

RAYMOND CARLSON, '20.



## WHAT NEXT?

Four years ago we entered this high school, a more-or-less irresponsible group of boys and girls. Within a short time we shall leave the scene of our labors for the past four years—more mature, more intelligent, more thoughtful.

Naturally the thought comes to us, "What next? Shall I enter a college or business school, or shall I go to work immediately?" The answer is, "Go on!"

Probably wages are now as high as they ever will be, and if we should secure positions, we would receive very good pay, but the question is, not "How much can I get?" but "If I take this position, where shall I be ten years from now?" It's the future that counts, not the present.

If you can go to college or business school, by all means do so. If you can't, work until you can, and then go ahead. "It's never too late to learn." Recently a woman seventy years old was graduated from one of our universities.

You have just given four years of your life for a high school education. Those four years were well spent; you will be repaid ten times for your trouble. But, "when you succeed at one thing it only proves that you are competent to go higher." Every boy and girl who graduates from this school on the twenty-third of June can go higher, if he only will. Every boy and girl in the class of '20 has or lacks the stamina to do things, and it's up to each one of us to show what he can do.

Let's have the class of '20 make a mark in the world! Let's all go as far as we can before we dream of stopping.

HENRY W. TILDEN, '20.

\* \* \*

## STAFF 1920-1921.

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Exchanges .....	GERTRUDE SCHMIDT '21
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HAROLD TURKINGTON

"Turk" "Hashie"

"Of their own merits, modest  
men are dumb."



FLORENCE FOX

"Foxy"

"I let my words be few  
And my deeds great."

\* \* \*

CLASS MOTTO: "Labor Omnia Vincit."  
*"Labor Conquers Everything"*

\* \* \*

### CLASS POEM, 1920

Together, one united band,  
We of nineteen-twenty stand,  
To pledge ourselves through every year  
To hold our class traditions dear.

It is our will that we shall be  
In step with truth and loyalty;  
For, though we wander many ways,  
All paths lead out from high school days.

So let us keep our standard clean  
And ever spotless, white and green,  
Each thread we wove with joy or tears,  
The symbol of four faithful years.

The years will swiftly come and go,  
Our temples may be crowned with snow,  
But silent worth or public fame  
Shall be for nineteen-twenty's name.

ELIZABETH C. BAYNE, '20.





MARTIN ALVORD

*"Mutt"*

"The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts."

ANN ANDERSON

*"Topsy"*

"All's one to her; above her fan  
She'll make sweet eyes at Caliban."



ELIZABETH BAYNE

*"Tris"*

"And then she danced—O  
Heaven, how she danced!"



EISIE BENSON

*"Benny"*

"What I promise to do I'll do."



GRACE BERGERON

"There's little of the melancholy in her."



GERTRUDE BERGGREN

*"Bones" "Gert"*

"Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm."



MELVIN BIDWELL

*"Biddy"*

"He lives in deeds, not words."



RUTH BJORKMAN

*"Rufus"*

"Her very frowns are fairer far,  
Than smiles of other maidens are."



HELEN BURKE

*"Burky"*

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."  
If you don't believe it, ask the girls' basket ball team.



GINEVRA BURR

"One today is worth two to-morrows."



LEHMAN BUSHNELL

*"Bush"*

"He was a good man, and a just."



RAYMOND CARLSON

*"Peanuts"*

"God give us men.  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor; men who will not lie."



MAY CORNET

*"Maisie"*

Her cares upon her rest but lightly,  
For she is lively, young, and sprightly."



RUSSEL CRAWFORD

A man of letters, and of manners too."



MARY DILWORTH

*"Dilly"*

"Minds cannot follow it, nor words express  
Her infinite sweetness."



ETHEL CAMPBELL

"A true friend, and always known to keep her word."



WALDEN COLLINS

*"Babe"*

"When girls are round he's very shy,  
But he'll get over that by and by."



RUTH COSEO

*"Cosey"*

"Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast."



SAMUEL CROCKETT

*"Sam"*

"Were there no women, he might live like a god."



ERNEST DOELLNER

*"Peachy"*

"He smelleth the battle afar off."





ROBERT DWYER

*"Spike"*

"Though I'm no judge of such matters,  
I'm sure he's a talented man."

EDITH FINLEY

"Every day should be passed  
As if it were to be our last."



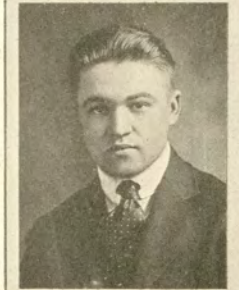
ELEANOR FOLEY

*"Fat"*

"Sober, steadfast and demure."

MARY FOLEY

"Uncertain, coy and hard to please."



EARL GOSLEE

*"Ege"*

"Rather a quiet bashful chap,  
Fond of candy, girls, and all that."

ETHEL HADDEN

"Little—but O, my!  
When she's around she makes things fly."



MONICA HAYES

"Demure and modest, heart so true,  
Whate'er is right she's sure to do."

JUDITH HELM

*"Judy"*

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."



MARIE HERR

"Such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit."

ETHEL INGRAHAM

*"Pee-wee"*

"She looketh well to the ways  
of her household, and eateth not  
the bread of idleness."





HANNAH JENSEN

"A daughter of the gods,  
Divinely tall, and most divine-  
ly fair."



HAZEL JOHNSON

"We would both sing thy praise  
And praise thy singing."



VIVIAN LARSON

"I"  
"A soul as full of worth as void  
of pride."



ELEANOR LYDALL

"Those most deserving of  
praise care least for it."



DONALD MACKINNON

"Mack"  
"Tis pleasant at times to play  
the madman."



ESTHER JOHNSON

"Good scholarship—why, that's  
her middle name;  
Her earnest work and spirit  
won her fame."



HELEN LAHEY

"Though the girls will flout and  
scout me,  
The boys will hang about me."



GLADYS LOOMIS

"Loomie"  
Full of fun and mischief too,  
Doing things she shouldn't do."



JOSEPH MAHONEY

"Red"  
"He was a burning and a shin-  
ing light."



DOROTHY NOREN

"Dot"  
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy  
merit."





CHARLES O'DOWD

*"Dowdy"*

"Woman lost Mark Anthony  
the world."



GEORGE PROCTOR

*"Proc"*

"Energetic as can be,  
Athlete and musician he."



MABEL ROBB

"The blushing beauties of a  
modest maid."



MILDRED SARGENT

"I have often regretted my  
speech, but never my silence."



FRANCIS STRICKLAND

*"Strick"*

"One man in his time plays  
many parts."



GLADYS PACKARD

"A hand to pity, and a heart to  
bless."



KENNETH RINGROSE

*"Ringie"*

"An unextinguished laughter  
shakes the skies."



SHERWOOD ROBB

*"Sher" "Lefty"*

"Much mirth and no madness,  
All good and no badness."



MARGARET SHERIDAN

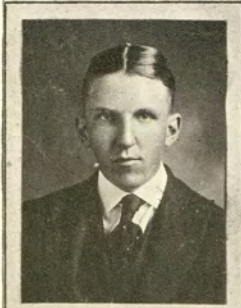
*"Peggy"*

"I'm diffident, modest and shy."



BEULAH STUDLEY

"She's an angel in a frock,  
With a fascinating cock  
To her nose."



HERBERT SWANSON

*"Hub"*

"His pencil is striking, restless,  
and grand;

His manners are gentle, com-  
plying and bland."

EDWARD TAYLOR

*"Tate"*

"If all the year were playing  
holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as  
to work."



HENRY TILDEN

*"Heinie"*

"I am a bold and restless char-  
acter."

LOUIS VANDERBROOK

*"Louisa"*

"I don't like your angels, I  
love women."



MARGARET VANDERBROOK

*"Peggy"*

"Look out upon the stars my  
love,

And shame them with thine  
eyes."



GILBERT WRIGHT

*"Gil"*

"A champion cased in adamant."



MILDRED WRIGHT

*"Shorty"*

"To be short is no disgrace  
Only inconvenient."



STEPHEN WILLIAMS

*"Farmer"*

"He reads much, he is a great  
observer,

And he looks quite thru the  
deeds of men."

\* \* \*

Tom: "What time is it?"

Dick: "Somewhere between 2:30 and five o'clock."

Tom: "Thanks, I'm five minutes fast."—Ex.



## CLASS GIFT

Editor's Note:—The Class of Nineteen Twenty has presented S. M. H. S. with a picture entitled "The Golden Stairs" by Sir Edward Burne-Jones in memory of Ruth Harris Nineteen Twenty. It has been hung just outside the senior rooms on the South Stairway. The following article is an interpretation of the picture by Henry Turner Bailey.

## THE GOLDEN STAIRS.

By Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

I fell in love with the Golden Stairs at first sight, and in photograph, where nothing appeared golden but the silence of those graceful maidens. For months the print hung in my study where I could see it every time I looked up. I was told that the picture was designed in 1872, actually begun in 1876, and finished in 1880. Eight years of brooding! Thrice was it named,—The King's Wedding, Music on the Stairs, The Golden Stairs. After all what matters life—history or name? The thing is beautiful. Isn't that sufficient excuse for being? But I could not resist its invitation. The picture challenged me perpetually to discover a meaning in those orderly arrangements of line and austerities of composition. Burne-Jones, bred in the atmosphere of learning and religion, dedicated to the church, a poet in thought and a symbolist by nature, could not have spent eight years on a meaningless design! It must carry a message of some sort from his heart to mine.

I searched every square inch of its surface. I found a procession without beginning and without end, coming from above, descending, careless of perspective, a narrow unguarded stairway of marble, and disappearing within a darkened room. In the upper part of the picture doves are making love to one another in the sunshine, two swallows have found a home for themselves beneath the eaves, and roses bloom on the wall. In the lower part a laurel stands by an open door. At first the maidens look forward, at last they all look backward. Some are pensive, some are anxious, some dream, some are sad; only one is joyous, and her joy swims upon the top of fear. Some are crowned with flowers, some wear mourning, sprays of cypress have fallen on the stairs. Many have musical instruments—perhaps all—but only two or three are playing and these with the spirit far away. One maiden listens to sounds from the darkened room, two maidens talk together pleasantly, three whisper to one another, fearfully. All look alike, and yet are different; each seems free, but is held fast in the severe lines of the design. The curve of the stairs is completed by the edges of the robes. This curve is echoed by another, which binds the upper maidens to those below, and then, to make assurance doubly sure, a third great curve binds these two together. Not a feature is out of place; every spot and line, every fold and surface helps define the harmony of pattern. The King's Wedding? then a most solemn one! Music on the Stairs? then most inadequate music! The Golden Stairs? One cannot think of stairs while the mysterious procession is descending! No; the picture has a deeper meaning. It is a symbol of something vast and rich. What is its message?

One red-letter day on an express train in Montana I heard Dr. William T. Harris interpret Emerson's Days:

"Daughters of time, the hypocritic Days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file.



Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
 To each they offer gifts after his will;  
 Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
 I, in my pleaded garden, watched the pomp,  
 Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
 Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
 Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
 Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

Since that time the Golden Stairs has been to me another poem on the Days, divinely beautiful. In Emerson's vision the Days offer gifts to man and pass judgments on his choices; in the vision of Burne-Jones the Days are a procession of Memories.

How true to my own experiences the poem-picture is! As I review my life I see its Days, daughters of father Time, marching single in an endless file, coming, I know not whence, except from God above, and going, I know not whither, except through the dark portal of the tomb. In youth I looked forward. Those were the days when the blue sky brought heaven near, and the gay bowers bloomed, and I made love like the doves, and furnished my nest like the swallow. Then came a day when I was conscious that shades of the prison house were closing about my spirit, and I heard a voice,

Just heard,  
 From some far shore,  
 The final chorus sounding.

I remember the day of my first bereavement, when my arm seemed bound with crepe. I remember the day when at last I dropped the cypress spray of a great sorrow and my spirit sang again. I have had my days of joy, of doubt, of fear, of dream; I remember days that stand apart from all others. I remember one group of days so crowded with happy experiences that I cannot now assign to each day its due. I know that now I am beginning to look backward; my thoughts are too ready to fall into the formulas with which age begins to preach: "When I was young,—ah, in those days,—we used to do so differently!" The days of my youth seem as near and as real to me as yesterday; in fact the early days loom larger than today, as Burne-Jones suggests. I know, too, that there will come a day when my head shall wear the laurel wreath of the victor, or go crownless through the narrow portal of the grave. I see now that while each day I felt free to play or to keep silent as seemed good to me at the moment, I was not wholly free. Each day formed a part of a whole I did not plan and could not know. I realize that any day I might have met with accident through carelessness or wilfulness, but that I have been kept from falling by some gracious Providence that will continue to guide my steps to the end. I admit that I have been an unprofitable servant. Many a day, with the fair gift of God in my hand, I have made no music; many a day I have communed with my own sad heart when I should have cheered my neighbor in his grief. But on the whole, life has been good,—the stair has been golden.

After twenty years with this picture in photograph only, I saw the original painting. The stairs are golden indeed!

The whole canvas burns with the soft, subdued radiance of an Indian summer afternoon, when all the earth seems waiting for a revelation. As I sat long before it, something of the peace that passes understanding stole upon my spirit, a peace that glowed with joy when I discovered that the lowly portal did not give entrance to a darkened room, as I had thought, but to a hall whose golden roof was upheld by polished shafts of precious marble. Perhaps, at last, what seemed to me the iron grating of a tomb may prove to be the pillars in the temple of my God.



## THE VALUE OF THE SPOKEN DRAMA

Critics all over the world are telling us that the drama has deteriorated and degenerated, and that it has fallen below its former high standard, that it has given up its place as the highest of all the arts, and has lost its popularity and public support because moving pictures and modern novels offer a cheap substitute; and they are right to a great extent. The actors are, for the most part, inferior to those of the past few decades, and the plays put upon our modern stages are often not fit to be seen.

Under such conditions is it any wonder that most of us have forgotten or are unmindful of the value of the spoken drama? But the fault lies within ourselves. Drama, unlike the other arts, must have public support in order to live. Consequently, the drama must give the public what it wants, and it is our own fault if we do not demand art instead of trash.

The average person today thinks of the drama, not as an art, but as a form of entertainment; and so long as the public does think of it as such, that is all that it will be. Some few people will point out the drama as being of value because of its educational power. Take, for instance, the morality play "Experience," or a play like Booth Tarkington's "Poldekin," which opened in New York in the early part of April, and which emphasizes another phase of the educational value of the drama. The latter is a play, based on the absurdities of certain Bolshevik ideas, that can not help but react on all who see it as anti-Bolshevik propaganda; and herein lies the secret of the educational value of the drama. Under the guise of entertainment it entices thousands to listen to lectures on morality and great public questions which they would otherwise pass by unheeding.

This, however, is not what makes the drama of such vital importance to us. The true value of the spoken drama is not as an amusement or as an educational institution, but as the greatest of all the arts. First, above all else, drama is an art; not as many believe, simply a meeting place of the other arts, but an art in itself. True, the drama does employ the services of artists, sculptors, dancers, and musicians as well as actors and playwrights; but when they have thus come together their individuality is lost. No longer do they appear as separate arts, but as one great art—the greatest of them all; an art based upon five all-important elements: action, words, line, color, and rhythm. There is no art which can exist and not rely on one or more of these basic principles, and there is no other art except the drama which contains them all. The drama today, as it has been through all the centuries of the past, must be acknowledged, the greatest of all arts. When you have measured the value of beautiful pictures, wonderful statues, inspiring music, exquisite poetry and literary masterpieces, and when you have added all these together and thrown in the art of the actor, then, and then only, can you estimate the true value of the spoken drama.

But now let us look at the drama from an amateur's point of view. Those who are interested or have looked into the matter claim that Community Drama is of the greatest importance in social work. Louise Burleigh defines it in this way: "The Community Theater is a house of play which offers to every member of body politic active participation in a common interest." Drama is the only art which has ever been or can ever be put on a democratic basis. It is the only art which needs great numbers, and it is the only art in which uneducated masses can take part. All are needed, and when they are gathered together for amusement and recreation, a spirit of friendliness and neighborliness will grow, and continue to grow until the whole community is united in one great common in-



terest. The world is already organized for co-operation in business. People already know how to work together. The Community Theater is now teaching them to live and play together, and to obey the one social command of Christ, "Love thy neighbor, as thyself."

Percy Mackaye goes one step farther. He shows how war is a method of "creating the national mind. Its method is organization—for competition; the unifying of nations—against nations." Then he goes on to show that what the world needs is not this, but a method for creating international mind: "a method of organization for co-operation: the harmonizing of nations with nations—of communities with communities." He believes that the method of social service in the Community Drama will fill this need, for Community Drama is organization for co-operation.

Thus we see the drama as a great social redeemer and an organized institution standing for friendship and neighborliness, and opposed to that spirit which makes war possible. But no matter to what ends it is used we must always remember that the greatest value of the spoken drama rests upon the fact that it is an art, sprung from the soul of the common people and nourished by the principles of democracy through many long ages until at last it must be hailed, "The greatest of all art."

FRANCIS STRICKLAND, '20.

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## IVY ORATION

Undergraduates: In a few days the class of 1920 will go forth into the world to assume greater responsibility than it has ever had before. Looking back over our four years in S. M. H. S. we can see many places where, if we as a class, or as individuals had decided differently, it would have been better not only for us but for our school. We therefore deem it a privilege at this time to leave with you a word of advice.

"Labor omnia vincit" Labor conquers everything. This motto of the class of 1920 is indeed a good one. It was, however, far easier to select it for a motto than it has been to live up to it. Several of the members of the senior class during the past few weeks have expressed the thought that, if it were possible to begin their high school course over again, they would study harder. See to it, underclassmen, that when you stand where we are standing today, there shall be no such regret in your hearts.

Within a few days 1920 will no longer be members of the student body but will be counted among that larger body, the alumni. The reputation and standing of the school therefore now rests with you.

During this year much has been accomplished in our school along the line of new organizations. We have at present a dramatic club which is a credit to the school. Not only the members of this club but the student body in general have received great benefit from the activities of this organization.

A boys' debating club has been formed which has proven its worth to the school. For years S. M. H. S. has competed with other high schools in athletics and has made a good showing for itself. This year we have twice been matched against other high schools in dual interscholastic debates, and have won in both. Underclassmen—It is your duty to see that these organizations continue and improve during the coming years.

Our school need not be ashamed of the record it has made in athletics this year. Being left with nothing but new and green material we have developed a basketball, baseball, and track team, all of which have made



a name for themselves. Next year you will be in far better condition than we were this and should turn out a team second to none, from a high school of this size.

Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors. S. M. H. S. has a school paper which is sent to all the leading high schools all over the United States. "Somanhis Events" needs your support,—subscribe for it, contribute to it. You must do this if we are to continue to have a paper.

Freshmen: We are proud of the spirit your class has shown this year. Spirit is what our school needs. Keep it up.

Sophomores: Next fall you will be upperclassmen. Prove to the school that you are prepared to take your places in the junior class.

Juniors: One year from now you will be passing over senior responsibility to the class below. Be sure that you can do it with a feeling that you have maintained the standard and honor of our school.

Classmates: It is with sad hearts that the class of 1920 disbands. All our lives we will look back and think of the good times we have had within the walls of this dear old school. The ivy which we have planted to-day is symbolic of the class of 1920. It is a new root just set out in the earth;—we too are now just entering life's work. This ivy will grow and gain upon vigor—let us see to it that the members of the class of 1920 do likewise in the coming years.

MARTIN ALVORD. '20.

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## PRISONS OLD AND NEW

Prisons of one kind or another have been in use as far back as history is recorded. As time has rolled on, and society has become more and more complex, the prison and the whole prison system has come to play a vastly more important role in our social life.

Each generation has effected some great change, has done something to better the system of punishment. But in this day that we are pleased to call the enlightened Twentieth Century, our prisons are still run by brutal, stupid systems, worked out by theorists who have gathered elaborate statistics to back their statements. Does it not seem a calamity that we, who are pleased to call ourselves enlightened, can devise no better way of preventing crime or of punishing it, if punishment is necessary, than by locking up a man or a woman away from the world, solitary, ostracized, and branded for life as one undesirable by society at large?

In the Middle Ages prisons were used for the detention of those awaiting trial by the courts, rather than for the reformation of criminals, as those convicted were put to death, or deported, or set free after being branded or mutilated.

The condition of these prisons is of interest and of importance in showing the progress which has been made since then.

The buildings were entirely unfit for their purpose and were habitually overcrowded. The prisons are described as "pestiferous dens, overcrowded, dark, foully dirty; not only ill-ventilated, but deprived altogether of fresh air."

The prisoners were herded together; the "innocent and guilty, corrupt and hardened, male and female, sick and well," all were thrown together, no discrimination whatever being made.

The results were terrifying, but despite the efforts of conscientious reformers, it took many years to awaken public attention and to enforce the various reforms.



The gaol fever, or typhus, as we now call it, was one of the most fearful and inevitable consequences of the overcrowding, misery, and neglect of all sanitary requirements in the prisons. At the Black Assizes at Oxford, in 1577, the Lord Chief Baron, the sheriff, and **300 more** died within **forty hours**, from the disease communicated to the court by the prisoners brought up for trial. This is only one of many similar examples on record of the havoc wrought by the disease. If such fearful calamities resulted from the trial of a few prisoners infected with the typhus, what then must have been the death toll in the prisons themselves?

Not only in England but in America did these conditions exist. Newgate prison in Connecticut, the ruins of which still remain, is an example. The prison was built underground in the old Simsbury Copper Mines; the site was chosen for its security.

The only entrance was by a shaft 30 feet deep. Wooden platforms on which straw was placed were built into the sides of the cavern to be used as beds for the prisoners. The gloom and stillness of the place can scarcely be realized. The only sound was the steady drip! drip! drip! of water along the galleries. From thirty to one hundred men were placed together through the night—solitary lodging as practiced at Wethersfield afterwards, was then regarded as a punishment.

At first the prisoners worked in the mines during the day, but so many dug their way out by means of the mining tools, that the practice was soon discontinued. Workshops were built above ground, where the prisoners made nails, boots, shoes, and wagons. They were all heavily ironed and secured by fetters, and were therefore unable to walk, but could move only by jumps and hops. Those who worked at the side of the forge were chained to their places by heavy iron collars which hung upon iron chains from the roof; the others were chained in pairs to wheelbarrows or benches. They were served with pickled pork for meals, a piece for each being thrown on the floor, to be washed and boiled in the water used for cooling the iron wrought at the forges.

Three times the prisoners set fire to the wooden guardhouse over the entrance, and burned it to the ground.

It was not until 1827 that the prisoners were all removed to Wethersfield.

John Howard, an English reformer, visited the prisons in Europe, and by his books which were published in the latter part of the 18th century, he forced the people to see the shocking conditions in prisons, and awakened the public conscience on both sides of the Atlantic.

Captain punishment for all crimes except premeditated murder was abolished in 1794 by the state of Pennsylvania. This altered the whole theory of punishment—the whole purpose of the system. Here was a new group of men to be cared for—criminals who sooner or later were not to be hanged but returned to society. The Quakers of Philadelphia, after trying various experiments, decided that the best solution was solitary confinement, without work. This system, known as the Philadelphia or Separate System, has been used until very recently, in fact, it is still in use in some prisons. Now, however, there is a workroom next to the prisoner's cell where he works alone. This and the Silent System are the two most generally used.

The Silent System is widely different from the Philadelphian. It consists of hard labor by day, and in solitary confinement by night. Throughout all this the most rigid silence is enforced. The only person with whom the men are allowed to converse is the clergyman, and with him on Sundays only.



Even though none of the horrors or tortures of mediaeval times now exist, some of the punishments for prison offenses quite equal the brutality of those times. Every so often the public is shocked at some prison scandal which leaks out, some new revelation of "Man's inhumanity to man," and laws are passed to restrain these brutalities. But the forbidden tortures are always replaced by new ones.

This is because the old prison system is founded on the theory that the way to prevent and punish crime is to inflict punishment so dreadful as to inculcate fear. The prison officials thought, and still think, that the only way to reform a criminal is to "break his spirit." Such a thing has been done many times in our prison torture-chambers, as certain pathetic wrecks of humanity can testify. The old system left wholly out of consideration the fact that the beings who were to be punished were **human**—ordinary men and women, like you or me; and as such would respond more readily to kindness and fair treatment, than to being treated always with suspicion, and bullied and forced into obeying rules of conduct laid down by the authorities.

A few weeks ago, I had an opportunity to visit Wethersfield Prison. From the information the warden gave me, I understood that an adaptation of the Auburn, or Silent System is being used there. The men work together, and silence is enforced. At meals, however, they are allowed to converse with the ones next to them, if they do it quietly.

A group of men were playing ball in the yard. We watched them for a few minutes from the window. They were young fellows, most of them, and it was hard to believe that they were dangerous criminals. Yet the law regards them as such, and day after day, they must go through the same deadening routine, they must waste the best years of their lives in prison. When their term is over, they have received nothing that will enable them to change their ways, nothing that will convince them that it is for their own good to change. Year after year the prisons turn out men crippled in body and soul, the victims of a senseless system.

"Do you know how a man feels when he leaves an institution of this kind?" one of the Auburn prisoners, a third termer once asked; "I'll tell you how I felt at the end of my first term. I just hated everybody and everything; and I made up my mind I'd get even."

Our prisons are full of men serving their third, fourth, fifth, and even eleventh or twelfth term. If, when they had first started on their career of crime, they had been shown a little kindness, if they had been given a "square deal" instead of being clapped into prison with thousands of other "hardened criminals," the majority of them would perhaps now be good American citizens.

Thomas Mott Osborne is foremost among present-day reformers. He has spent a week in voluntary imprisonment in Auburn Prison in an effort to understand the effect of the prison system and routine on the men themselves.

It has convinced him that the systems now used will never reform a criminal. Of course, there are many criminals who have reformed after serving one or more terms in prison, but by no stretch of the imagination can the credit be given to the prison system.

In order to fit prisoners for taking up an honest life after their term has been served, they should be given some responsibility, a chance to exercise their initiative. Mr. Osborne, with the help of Jack Murphy, a "lifer" at Auburn Prison, started the Mutual Welfare League, a society which is based on this theory, and in which all the inmates of the prison are members. The society is really a form of self-government. The men appoint



their own officers from among the convicts. These officers have complete authority over their fellows. They are even allowed to go out in the yards with no guards other than these. The men are enthusiastic about it, and from time to time they have suggestions for improvement which are almost always adopted.

The plan has been so successful that other prisons are imitating it. There is a very real danger of spoiling it, however, because the privileges are granted without giving the responsibility to the prisoners.

A clever English-woman once said to Mr. Osborne, "As near as I can make it out, the present system aims to produce "good prisoners" while you aim to produce "good citizens."

If a man commits a crime he should, of course, be punished. But the imprisonment, the loss of liberty is in itself the greatest punishment that can be meted out to man. During the time of imprisonment, we should endeavor to teach him that his ideas of life have been warped, twisted; we should educate him until he sees the value of "going straight." And let us not forget these famous words of Shakespeare:

"The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice."

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## A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

The day of the *débutante* is over. The modern girl leaves school or college, not with the intention of becoming a social parasite, but with an inspiration to commence her career, to serve the community to which she owes her education. She wants something hard to do, something worth doing, that can only be done by skillful manipulation of the keen-edged tools known as education. The pain of effort cannot surprise people who have already done one kind of work.

There are hundreds of positions now open to girls for public or personal service, but few that so happily combine the two as the recently developed profession of nursing.

Florence Nightingale, during the Crimean War, awakened the civilized world to a realization of its great need, and, since then, the heroic army of nurses has built up the profession on her principles.

The theory that the nursing instinct is so inherent in women that they do as well without training, is false. The fact that doctors invariably prefer the registered trained nurse to the hired attendant shows the value of those three years or more of severe training. In that time the earnest workers come through, and the sentimentalists are weeded out before the course



is ended. A nurse's true characteristics come to light after the novelty and excitement of hospital life have worn away.

There is no other profession that trains a girl so well for her probable future as a homekeeper and mother. She learns household management, dietetics, sanitation and care of children; but above all, her social horizon is broadened, and she learns responsibility. From the beginning she is engaged in living problems, vital human affairs, and she cannot but profit by her experience. The girl who enrolls in the army of Florence Nightingale first finds herself, but in so doing, creates a place of real service in the world, and becomes a source of uplift in the community in which she lives.

ELIZABETH CHENEY BAYNE, '20.

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## THE EARLY HISTORY OF MANCHESTER

Manchester is one of the four towns whose territory at one time belonged to the town of Hartford. The section extending eastward from the Connecticut River to the neighborhood of the present Hillstown Road in Manchester was known as the Three-mile Lots. From this point east to the Bolton Hills stretched a broad belt of woodland known as the Commons, and forming part of the hunting grounds of Joshua, Chief of the Western Niantic Indians. In 1673, Joshua sold to Major Talcott of Hartford a strip of this Common land extending from the Three-mile Lots five miles east to what is now the Bolton town line. This land became the property of the town of Hartford and was used at first as hunting grounds, but was intended for division later into individual holdings for the encouragement of settlement to the eastward.

Later the large township of Hartford was divided into the townships of Hartford and East Hartford. The more populated section of the eastern township near the river, was usually referred to as East Hartford, while the eastern and less settled territory, which now forms the town of Manchester, was called East Hartford Five Miles. By this time settlement had begun within the limits of the five mile lots, the first settlers apparently having established their farms at the western edge of the town, in what is now the Sixth School District. Later the settlers in this section adopted the name of Orford Parish.

In 1745 the first school in town was established, which was located in the present sixth district. By 1772 Orford Parish had grown sufficiently in size to warrant the establishment of a separate church. A petition was forwarded to the legislature, and in spite of opposition from East Hartford permission was granted for the incorporation of the Ecclesiastical Society of Orford Parish.

The second paper mill in Connecticut was built in Manchester on the Hockanum River, and the "Connecticut Courant" printed the news of the battle of Lexington on paper supplied by that mill.

Manchester Green was the business center of the town in its early days. The opening of the Middle Turnpike in 1794 between Boston and New York added to its importance. Two stages passed through here each day, one going to Boston and one to New York.

At that time the only stores in the town were at Manchester Green, and here the people from the country round came to do their shopping. Near the Green was located the Pitkin Glass Factory, built in 1783 by Richard Pitkin. The chief products of the factory were large demijohns and



bottles of a thick greenish glass. The ruins of this factory, which was closed in 1830 form a most picturesque reminder of olden days.

Manchester Green was famous for its wagon factories. Benjamin Lyman, living in the house now occupied by Mr. Arthur Cook, manufactured wagons in the shop east of the house. Farther down the turnpike road stood the Bliss Wagon shops, and on East Center street were the Cone Wagon Shops.

The first post office in the town was built in 1808 at Manchester Green.

In 1812 Orford Parish wished to be separated from East Hartford and become a separate township, but it was not until 1823 that the town was incorporated under the name of Manchester.

In 1836 the first Cheney silk mill was built and in 1854 the present company was incorporated.

The center of business and population had now moved from Manchester Green, and other parts of the town were developing rapidly. The post office at Manchester was established in 1850 and that at South Manchester in 1851. In the same year the railroad passing through Manchester was opened, and the stage coach lines were discontinued. The growth of the town since that date has been very rapid and its history in later years is familiar to all.

HANNAH JENSEN, '20.

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## WOMEN IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

Much of the work of this country, as well as of other countries in the world, is in the hands of women and girls. The vocations in which they are engaged are many and diverse. Probably the greatest number are clerks and saleswomen; stenographers, typists, and bookkeepers make up a large percentage of the total.

It is only in very recent times that much thought has been given to the vocational training of girls. Many an energetic young woman has failed to achieve success in her work because her choice of a vocation was an unwise one. A girl should know a good deal about human nature, as well as many facts in regard to the work upon which she wishes to enter.

The occupation of a stenographer is in many respects one of the most attractive open to girls, and for that reason many seek to become such who are not adapted to the work. Let the would-be stenographer ask herself in all seriousness whether or not she has the necessary qualifications for the position in question. If the answer is in the negative, she should seek some other field of usefulness.

There is a commercial course in our high school, as well as in most of the high schools of today, and shorthand can be taken up at the same time that the student is obtaining a general education. Beware of the school which promises a practical knowledge of the subject in a short time—six weeks or three months. The number of profitable occupations which can be learned in six weeks is certainly very limited, and the kind of stenography which can be put to practical use in a business office can not be learned in that time. One of the advantages of the study of shorthand is the number of possibilities open to the proficient stenographer. We hear a great deal nowadays about the position of private secretary. Such a position is generally filled by the advancement of some stenographer in the office who has shown unusual ability in her work, and above all—who can

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be trusted not to talk about her employer's affairs, for the position of private secretary is essentially a confidential one.

The fundamental requirements, truthfulness, honesty, industry, kindness, self-reliance, courage, and trustworthiness, must be met by the girl who is to enter the ranks of the world's workers and march forward to success. Sincerity of purpose, habits of industry, punctuality in performing work, alertness in seizing opportunities, zeal in performing the task assigned, and a willingness to do more than the required task—these are the qualifications of the successful worker in every vocation. Personal appearance also goes a great way, and while every girl cannot be beautiful, any girl can be neat and clean.

Most people know something of the work done by women during the war. The first ambulance on duty in the first Zeppelin raid on London was driven by a woman. They were not ashamed to don overalls and to clean locomotives and carriages in England. At one time while the war was raging there were between 800,000 and 1,000,000 women in the munition works.

Who of us a few years ago ever thought there would be police-women? Since the inauguration of factory-police work for women in England, in July 1916, a marked success has attended the organization which has resulted in almost daily application for policewomen in every part of the United Kingdom. Not one single woman has failed at her post or shirked her duty in the hour of danger.

The leading professions are today inviting women as never before. From primitive times women have been interested in the administering of medicine. Now we find the number of women physicians in regular practice rapidly increasing in both Europe and America. Those European countries which, a decade ago, frowned upon the practice of medicine by women are now sincerely regretting that there are not more of them qualified to serve as physicians. Even as recently as thirty years ago, the President of the British Medical Association said, "I am not oversqueamish, but I almost shudder when I hear of the things that ladies now do or attempt to do. One can but blush and feel that modesty once inherent in the fairest of God's creations is fast fading away."

Dentistry also is open to women, although it does not seem to attract as many as do the medical profession and nursing.

On the lecture platform there are many women who have a large place in the appreciation of the public. There has been quite an advance in the last three quarters of a century. We are told that when Miss Lucy Stone was announced to speak on anti-slavery at Malden, Massachusetts in 1847, the announcement read as follows: "I am requested by Mr. Mowey to say that a hen will undertake to crow like a cock at the Town Hall this afternoon at five o'clock. Anybody that wants to hear that kind of music will, of course, attend." When Miss Stone died in 1893, just forty-six years later, the Boston Herald said: "She goes to her grave honored, beloved, and mourned by the whole American people."

Today women lecturers, provided they are good speakers, are welcomed just as cordially in a public gathering as are men.

I have mentioned only a few of the professions in which women are engaged. There are numerous others. Miss Mary Haynes holds a very responsible position as law-expert in one of the widely known New York real estate firms. When a senior in high school her father died. The heavy burdens, both of home-making and financial worry fell on her mother. It was necessary for Miss Haynes to leave school. With one year of book-



keeping she readily secured a position with an electric light company. Her uncle, after hearing that she was bent upon becoming a business woman, sent her to one of the best business colleges in New York. After being graduated she accepted a position as bookkeeper with the firm by which she is now employed. By becoming familiar with all office details, whether they happened to have any particular bearing on her specified labors or not, she showed an interest in the firm and each day meant a forward step toward personal improvement.

Mrs. Helen Kenny Holmes or the ticker girl of Wall Street is earning over \$10,000 a year. She began her career as telephone operator at \$12 per week, but because of her determination to learn the business and her loyalty to the firm's interest, she has now become one of the firm.

Nowadays, there are not only women doctors, lawyers, lecturers, dentists, and policewomen, but there are bankers, farmers, milk brokers, managers of railroad administrations, mine presidents, and voters.

It is a splendid thing to live in the twentieth century. We who enter life these days are going out into a world busier than it has ever been, and no genuine twentieth century girl can feel that she is "every inch a woman" unless she is prepared to "amount to something" in some line of business.

MABEL ROBB, '20.

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## SOUTH AMERICA, THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

The war as we all know, has had a great effect upon the world in general. Not only the social and political, but the financial and commercial situation is far different from what it was before. The United States has found that the time has passed when only problems at home are to be dealt with; world-wide conditions must now be considered.

This country, although a great commercial nation, had never entered into the foreign trade of the world to any great extent up until the time of the war. It then became necessary for us to do so, because the great commercial nations, that is England and Germany, were both at war and had no time to devote to their foreign trade.

Both of these countries had a great hold on the trade of the Latin American Republics. At the beginning of the war, this country was called upon to promote the trade of these republics. Then we began to open our eyes and see what a great opportunity we had overlooked. People never realized that our sister continent held any place in the world whatever.

This country during the war increased production in all lines in order to meet the needs of the warring nations. At present most of the factories are rushed as they were in war time, but the time will come, and it is not far distant, when the United States will have an over production of goods. Then we will look for some foreign market. South America is the field, and now is the time to establish such a market.

Brazil, the largest of all South American countries, is often called the "Storehouse of the World." Here we have a country larger than the United States with about one fifth the population. Everything can be raised there that grows in both the tropical and temperate zones. Brazil abounds in natural resources. In the northern part we find the great lumber and rubber forests for which she has been noted through all ages. In the central and southern part agriculture is the principle industry. Coffee, the most important of all, is raised on a large scale, but now it is not suf-



ficient to supply the demand. Land lies plentiful and all that is needed is the modern method of tillage.

The foreign trade is immense, being about fifteen dollars per capita. This amounts to something when we consider that there are about twenty-three million people in the country. The greatest setback is the lack of transportation facilities. A few more railroads in the country would bring it out among the great financial nations of the world.

Argentina, the second in size, lies almost entirely in the temperate zone. The cattle and leather industry is the most important. Already "Argentina Beef" is known the world over.

The foreign trade is about fifty dollars per capita, the country has a population of eight million.

What the people of this country and in fact the whole continent demand in the line of automobiles is a rugged inexpensive light built car which will stand the wear of the country roads. The United States is well equipped to supply such a demand.

The countries on the western coast of the continent must not be overlooked. Here we have Peru with its extensive grazing and agriculture plateaux, and Chile with her great nitrate fields.

There are numerous other smaller republics in which the same conditions, which have been illustrated, exist, only on a smaller scale. South America will always be in the market for foreign goods because the fuel for manufacturing purposes is not to be found. All that is needed is foreign capital and investment, and the whole land will shine forth in prosperity. It will be some years before Europe can supply this capital, because of the great war indemnities. America should step forward, conquer the foreign trade, and develop the natural resources of South America before it is too late.

MARTIN E. ALVORD, '20.

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## WAR'S EFFECT ON LITERATURE

Can war really affect literature? Is not that the first question which springs up in our minds when we hear literature and the war discussed? Up to the present time warfare has inspired many writers, but if we look back to history we see that it proves that the supremely great literature of any war has never come until the final "battle's lost and won."

One great war which served the poetic art most handsomely was the "Trojan War." This furnished the subject for Homer's "Iliad," and unless a person were wholly illiterate he could not regret this war. In France after the seige of Sedan, the Commune and the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, there sprang up a host of young writers, many of whom must have drawn their first inspiration from the smoke of battle. And did not the French Revolution give us that "transcendant group of writers," whom it is not necessary to name? Then, in connection with our own Civil War, the Uncle Remus Stories and Marsa Chan are masterpieces, whose loss would have left a permanent gap in the literature of the South; indeed the last named has been held by more than one critic to be the best of all stories dealing with war between states. These are but three instances, out of many, in which warfare has been an inspiration to writers.



If these periods of struggling, just mentioned, have produced such a host of writers, what are we to expect from this "Great World War" which has just ended, in which there was "such terrible unexampled violence and such unparalleled life waste."

Has the "World War" affected the literature of Germany? Yes, it has decidedly. "The German novel is dead." As Germany has always been a nation of militaristic ideals, naturally we would expect, that the whole country would neglect everything else while struggling in a war like the "Great World War." That is just what happened, and then, of course, the chief idea of everyone in the country of Germany was war. Because of this the "imagination" of the German people has been stifled.

If the people of Russia are just as militaristic as the people of Germany, why is it that they have produced so many novels during the past century? It is because the Russian people themselves seem to keep their simplicity, no matter what the intention of the ruling class may be. And therefore the "imagination" of these simple people has not been stifled during this war, and their intellectual and spiritual gifts still find expression in their novels and plays.

The American, French and English writers seem to have been wonderfully inspired by this "Great War." Many war stories were written, but not during the first few months of this great struggle, because then, there seemed to be a complete break in the literary productions of these three countries. This was because the attention of the people was naturally concentrated on military tactics and political necessities.

But when the earliest strain was relaxed there seemed to be a very distinct tendency to revise the literary values of the past generation.

Not until after the battle of the Marne was there any sustained literary work done in France; America had also been in the struggle many months before any war books were put forth by American authors. This shows that all the men, during the first few months of the struggle, were too conscious of the contingencies of the struggle to settle down to brain work. But when the first shock of the terrible struggle was over, many war stories, typical of such horrible warfare as our men went through, were written and published. It is thought that most romantic writers will probably use the war either as the theme or background of their novels for many years to come.

The books written and published cannot be compared to the numerous poems of the "Great World War." It seemed as if this war stirred the world into poetry. One can hardly believe that so much poetry could have been written during the struggle, because up to this time most of our war poetry had been produced from the inner consciousness in the calm of the library or studio.

The young men of America, France and England who answered the call of their country have themselves been through the horrors of modern warfare, and because of this they will not be able to handle anything "with gloves." They will know human nature down to the ground.

Most of the war poems which were written show this. They give us the true description of warfare and suffering. The poets wish to have us hear and feel all: the nerve racking roar of the great guns, the crack of the rifle, the sleepless nights, the hunger and thirst, the dreary food, the hideous wind, and the unburied dead, also the filth, the heat and cold.

One who has read any of the war poems knows that the poets have succeeded in giving us vivid pictures of the struggle. Some of these poems are not pleasant reading for many of us, but we are bound to listen, for these



men have been through the horror of modern warfare and they alone know what it has meant. It is Rudyard Kipling who says:

“To the Judge of Right and Wrong  
 With Whom fulfillment lies  
 Our purpose and our power belong,  
 Our faith and sacrifice.

Not at a little cost,  
 Hardly by prayer or tears,  
 Shall we recover the road we lost  
 In the drugged and doubting years.

But after the fires and the wrath,  
 But after searching and pain,  
 His Mercy opens us a path  
 To live with ourselves again.

Then praise the Lord Most High  
 Whose Strength hath saved us whole,  
 Who bade us choose that the Flesh should die  
 And not the living Soul!”

The “Great World War” seems to have produced more literary work than any other war. It may be that we were fortunate to have many of our writers during the struggle and that in other wars the authors did not exist until many years after. But whether the authors write in war or peace there is very little change in any literature. ‘There is not a literature of the past and another of the future. There is one literature for all times.’”

ESTHER JOHNSON, '20.

\* \* \*

## VALEDICTORY.

Tonight as we, the members of the class of 1920, realize that we are about to enter a new and bigger life which lies open before us, we wish to pause for a few moments to express our thanks to all those who have aided and encouraged us during our four years of happy preparation, and enabled us to reach the goal which makes it possible for us to enter this new life.

To you, Superintendent and Members of the School Board, we are more than indebted. Your efforts have made our education possible, and the equipment which you furnished so wisely has made our school life useful and pleasant. Not until now, when we are about to leave our school, have we begun to appreciate all you have done to prepare us for our life's work, but tonight we wish to thank you.

We extend our many thanks to you, Principal and Faculty, for the patience you have shown. As we go farther and farther on in life, we shall realize what you have done for us, and then we shall feel more and more grateful for your teaching and training. But tonight, we wish you to forget the number of times we have disappointed you, and remember that we are determined to go out into the world and show you that we are grateful for your efforts.

To you, parents and friends, our debt is so great that we cannot express our gratitude in words; only our work in the future can show you how we appreciate the many sacrifices that you have made for us. Many times when we were discouraged you were ready to help and cheer us, and to make our school life as cheerful and happy as possible. Not one of us can realize what work you have done, and yet in return for all this you want no thanks. But the members of 1920 are bound to succeed and prove to you that your many sacrifices were not made in vain.

Underclassmates when we think of the many good times we have had together, we regret to leave this school. Whatever we have undertaken, you have always aided us and tried to make our school life cheerful and pleasant. Always stand by our school, and we know you will make good in finishing the work which we have left undone.

Members of the class of 1920, tonight we meet in the South Manchester High School, as a class, for the last time. Our years of training will enable us to enter the new and bigger life which is calling us. But as we take up our different branches of work, we shall be taking the paths which seem to take us far from each other and from the South Manchester High School. Even though we have different aims in view, our final goal is bound to be the same if we live up to our class motto—"Labor conquers everything." During our four years of training we have tried to live up to our motto; let us do the same when we go out into the world determined to make a success of our lives.

Classmates, our training in the South Manchester High School has been of the best, and if we wish to reach our goal and repay our parents and teachers for their sacrifices, we should go forth into the world fully determined to succeed in the work we undertake. But in doing this let us not forget the happy days spent in the South Manchester High School. Wherever we go, and whatever we do, may everyone of us be a credit to the class of 1920 and to our school. With this always in mind let us not bid each other farewell—but Godspeed.

ESTHER JOHNSON, '20.

\* \* \*

### LYRICS (?)

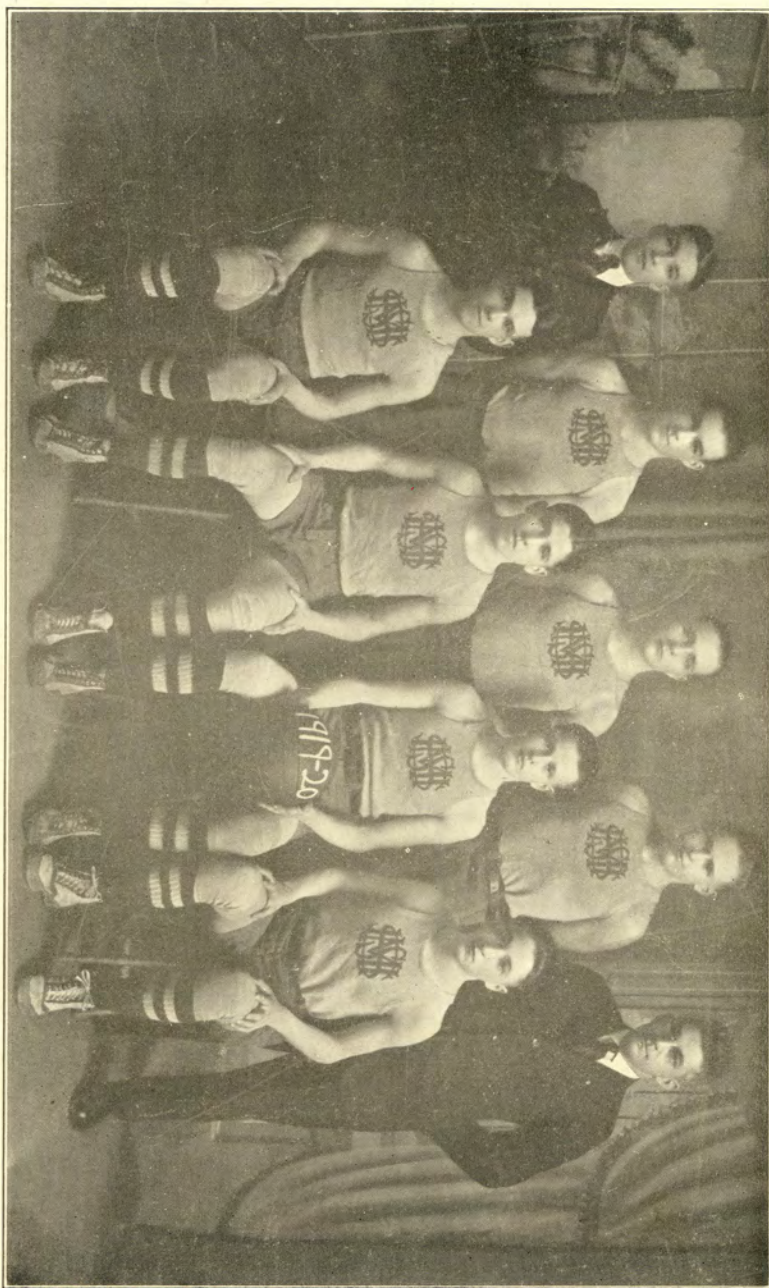
#### I

When I die, just bury me deep—  
Lay my chemistry at my feet;  
Place my Math. upon my chest  
And tell the world I've gone to rest.

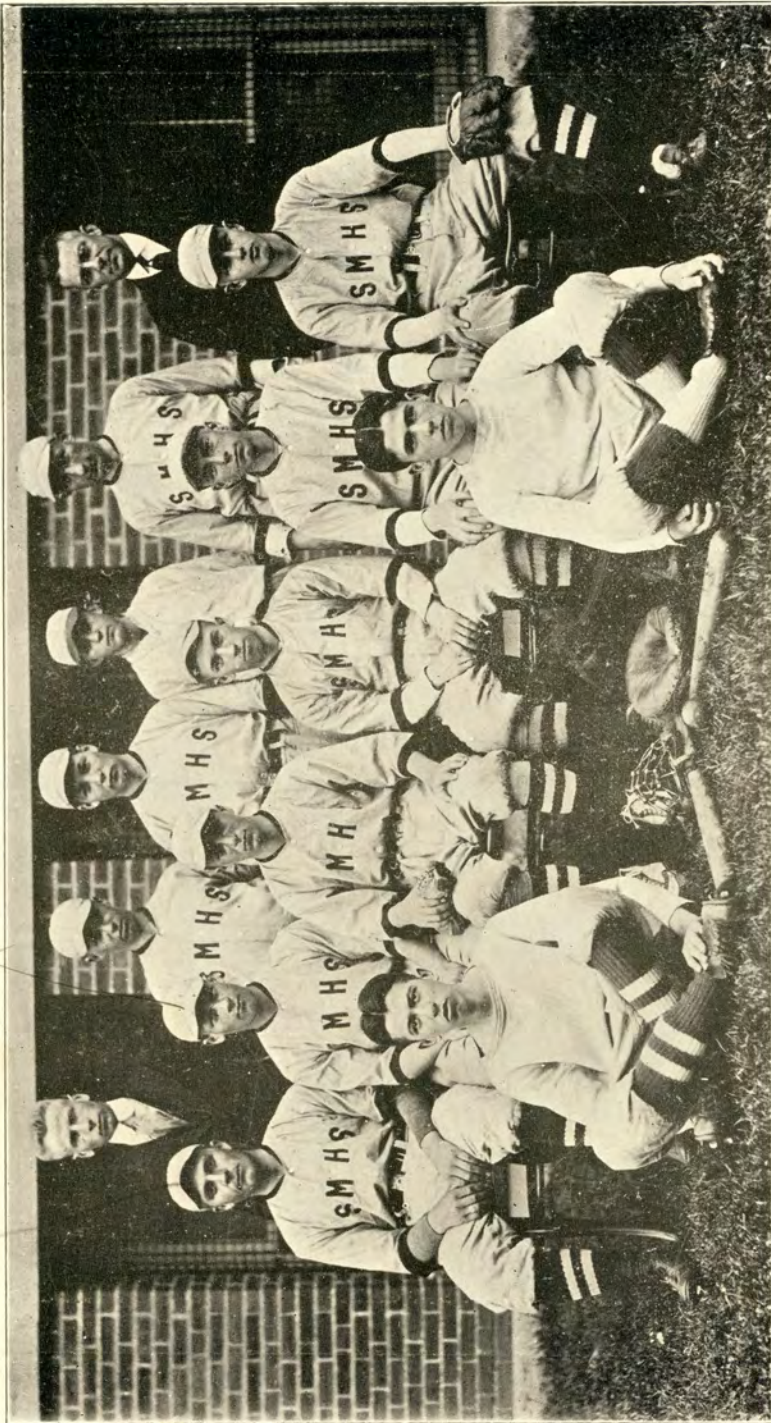
#### II

Mary took her lamb to school,  
And yet it seems to me  
That she really wasn't in it  
For a horse I took with me. Ex.





BASKETBALL TEAM, 1919-1920.



BASEBALL TEAM, 1919-1920.

*Carlson  
Stewart*

*Boyer  
Powers*



## ATHLETICS.

## The Rockville Game, 14-0.

After practicing for about a month our baseball team got into action on April 29, and trimmed Rockville High School, 14-0. From the start of the game our High School boys had every thing their own way. We had new players to try out and they sure did live up to the expectations of Coach Whiting both in batting and in fielding. Hunt, Doellner and Borst did the bulk of the slugging for our team, the first two connecting for three hits apiece, and the latter with a double and a home run to his credit. Many substitutes were given a chance, and they showed their caliber in fine style. It will be a hard job picking the nine best men. Our pitching staff came through with the goods and both pitchers did first-class twirling. Summary: Two base hits, Borst, Robb (2); three basehits, Turkington, Doellner (2); stolen bases, Borst, Turkington 2, Robb, Wright, Doellner, Hunt 2, Taylor; bases on balls, Wright 2, Dilenschneider 6; struck out by Wright, 16; Dilenschneider, 5; umpire, Glenney; time, 2:18.

## The Middletown Game 2-4.

In the second game of the season we went down to defeat at the hands of Middletown High. The score was 4-2. Our boys could not seem to hit the ball as in the previous game with Rockville. Turkington and Taylor were absent, which was one reason for our poor showing. Middletown's runs, however, were made on errors. Dumur, Middletown's third baseman got a lucky home run when one of our fielders misjudged his hit. Daly pitched a strong game for Middletown, but his pitching did not earn him the victory. Following is the summary of the Middletown game:

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
S. M. H. S. ....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—2	5	4
M. H. S. ....	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4	7	1

Sacrifice hits, O'Dowd; stolen bases, Hunt, Taylor, Wright, Dumur; bases on balls, Seelert 4, Dayly 3; struck out by Seelert 5, Dayly 6; umpire, Harris; time, 1:53.

## The Bristol Game, 5-0.

Our next game was with Bristol on their field and resulted in a victory for S. M. H. S. 5-0. This was the best game played this season. There was only one error made in the game, and that was made by a Bristol man on Turkington's line drive in the sixth inning. Wright pitched a good game for S. M. H. S. striking out 11 Bristol boys. The support of his teammates was especially good. Taylor played an excellent game in right field. The S. M. H. S. boys made hits when they were needed, while the results show that the Bristol boys lacked punch. Woodford played the best for Bristol.

## Summary:

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
S. M. H. S. ....	0	1	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	—5	9	0
B. H. S. ....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0	6	1

Stolen bases, Turkington 2, Wright, Robb, Greene, Beach; bases on balls; Wright 3, Woodford 4; struck out by Wright 11, Woodford 6; umpire, Carpenter; time, 1:59.



TRACK TEAM, 1919-1920.



### The New Britain Game

We easily defeated our old rival, New Britain, on the West Side Grounds on May 29, by the score of 13-5.

Throughout the sixth inning the visitors held the lead, but in the seventh our boys came through and scored 6 runs and from then on the game was ours.

Smith pitched good ball for New Britain until the seventh and then he was pelted and Slyz relieved him. Smith's successor, however, could hardly find the plate and he let the first two men to face him walk.

At the start of the game our High School team did not seem to play together, but as the game progressed we displayed the brand of ball that we are capable of. Wright pitched a good game for the local High School and was loyally supported by his teammates. Dougherty caught a good game behind the bat and Hunt starred on the short field and at bat.

This victory was a sweet revenge after the way New Britain trimmed us in basketball last winter.

Score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.	
S. M. H. S. ....	0	0	2	1	0	6	3	1	x--	13	12	2	
N. E. H. S. ....	2	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—	5	6	4

Summary: Three base hits, Bunny; two base hits, Wright, Turkington, Taylor; sacrifice hits, Robb, Smith; stolen bases, Taylor, Robb, O'Dowd, Wright 2, Bunny; struck out by Smith 4, by Slyz 1, by Wright 18; umpire, Glenney; scorer, Ringrose.

The track team lived up to prediction and defeated Bristol in the dual track meet here and won the cup for this year in the triangular track meet with Bristol and Enfield.

In the dual meet with Bristol we came out of the storm with 79 points and Bristol emerged with but 25. "Curly" was the outstanding point gainer for us.

In the triangular meet we obtained 48 points, Bristol 31, and Enfield 30, and thereby hold the silver cup for the coming year.

\* \* \*

Sr. Hist. I Miss C—(To "Strick" whose mind had wandered from the lesson) "So you see, Strickland, there was no need of holding Richmond any longer."

\* \* \*

Mr. Whiting: "And remember, boys, cigarettes will always tell on you."

Voice from the back of the room: "Sneaky things!"

\* \* \*

"Red Mackinnon (translating Virgil)" "My head blazed with wrath."  
 "Louisa" Vanderbrook: "I thought I smelled wood burning."



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM, 1919-1920.



## ALUMNI.

## WHAT WE SHALL DO NEXT YEAR.

Anna Anderson	Art School
Melvin Bidwell	Cheney Bros.
Elizabeth Bayne	Presbyterian Hospital Training School for Nurses
Samuel Crockett	Cheney Bros.
Charles O'Dowd	Holy Cross
Marie Herr	Simmons College
Hannah Jensen	Connecticut State College
Eleanor Lydall	Skidmore College
George Proctor	Work a year before going to college
Gladys Packard	Pratt Institute
Mable Robb	Watkins Bros.
Francis Strickland	Wesleyan University
Henry Tilden	Brown University
Joseph Mahoney	Cheney Bros.
Earl Goslee	Carpentry
Ruth Bjorkman	Stenographic work
Esther Johnson	Stenographer in Herald Office
Judith Helm	Clerical work
Mildred Sargent	Stenographer
Hazel Johnson	Stenographer
Edith Finley	Clerical work
Raymond Carlson	Bookkeeper, Manchester Lumber Co.
Ethel Ingraham	Stenographic work
Eleanor Foley	Kindergarten Training
Mary Foley	St. Francis Hospital
Stephen Williams	Bay Path Institute
Helen Burke	Dr. Arnold's Gymnastic School
Dorothy Noren	Stenographer

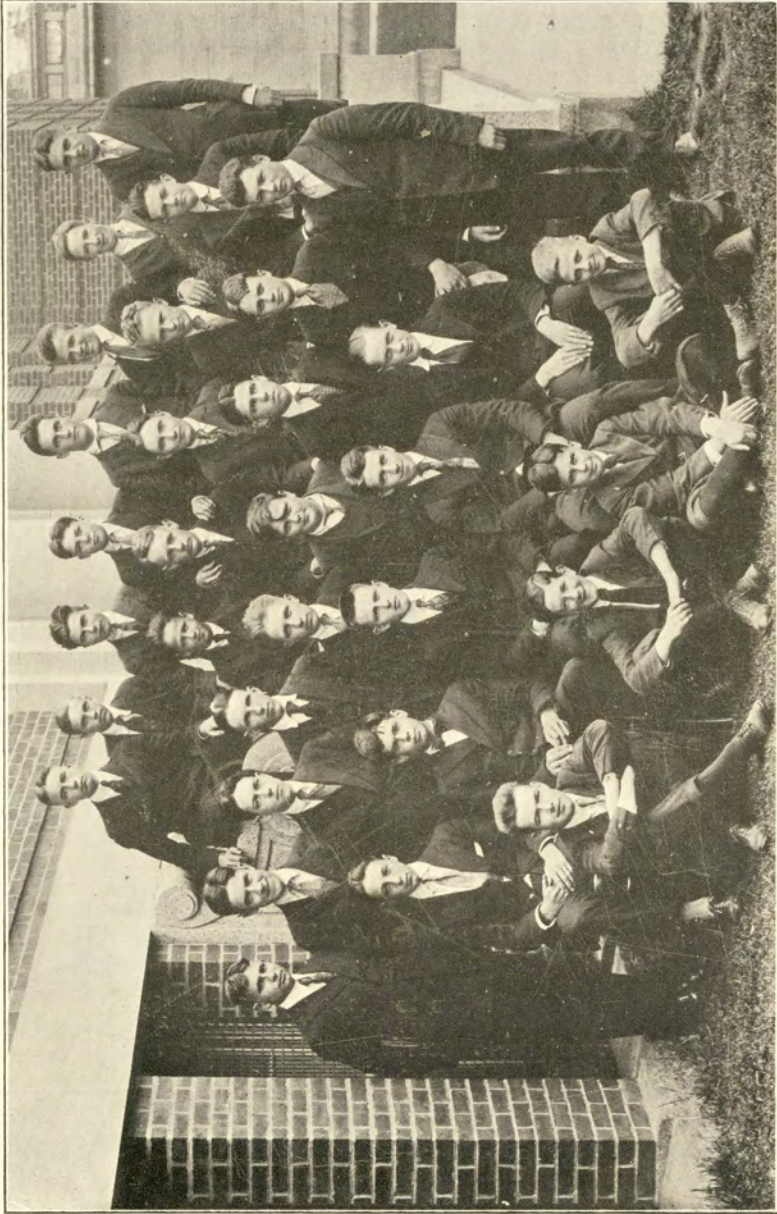
\* \* \*

## TO A MOUSE.

(Apologies to Robert Burns.)

O scurryin' bit o' terror-stricken mousey,  
 I hope ye'll make no inrode on my housey;  
 For whiles ye scramble panicky frae me,  
 My pulse gaes pitter-pat for fear o' thee;  
 And whiles ye think **ye** be the frightened one,  
 Your fright ends off where mine has just begun.  
 I hate thy hurrying, flighty, darting weys,  
 Thy furry coat, long tail, and beady eyes;  
 I only hope thy movements a' to note;  
 But O, I fear thou'lt climb my petticoat.

SENIOR ENGLISH I.



THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB.



## BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

## First Tenors

Dick Brownell 23  
 Hans Jensen 23  
 Elwood Peters 23  
 Helmer Werdelen 23  
 William Wiley 23

## Second Tenors

Harry Anderson 22  
 Arthur Schmidt 22  
 Hilding Bjorkman 23  
 Clifford Benson 23  
 Sherwood Furgerson 23  
 Sherwood House 23  
 Earl Rogers 23

## First Bass

Francis Strickland 20  
 Ernest Benson 21  
 Evald Carlin 21  
 Herbert Flavell 21

Clifford Gustafson 21  
 Royal Marshall 21  
 Leroy Norris 21  
 Cornelius Foley 22  
 Walter Quinn 22  
 Fred Rogers 22  
 Edward Stoughton 22  
 Samuel Thornton 23

## Second Bass

Lehman Bushnell 20  
 Robert Dwyer 20  
 Charles O'Dowd 20  
 Donald McKinnon 20  
 Sherwood Robb 20  
 Herbert Swanson 20  
 Edward Taylor 20  
 Harold Turkinton 20  
 Gilbert Wright 20  
 Winfred McKinney 22  
 Robert Dexter 23  
 Garfield Keeney 23

The Boys' Glee Club has just finished a very successful year, and under the supervision of Miss Washburn has done some good work. Most of their singing was done in conjunction with the Girls' Glee Club but on the Thanksgiving and Christmas Programs they rendered a number of separate songs. The Boys' Club was joined with the Girls' Club in presenting the operetta "Princess Chrysanthemum" at Cheney Hall. Here the good singing of the soloists and chorus was especially noticeable, and, we believe, a shade better than that of the girls.

\* \* \*

## THOSE CHILDISH SENIORS.

Sr. Hist. Miss C—"For what purpose did the United States purchase the land west of the Mississippi?"

Ringrose: (sotto voice) "To play cowboy."

\* \* \*

Friend: "Why do you wear a blue tie?"

Boy: "To match my eyes."

Friend: "Then why don't you wear a soft hat to match your head?"



THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.



## GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Miss Marion Washburn, director.

## First Soprano

Ruth Bjorkman 20  
 Eleanor Lydall 20  
 Buelah Studley  
 Mildred Wright 20  
 Marion Carter 21  
 Lila Curran 21  
 Anna Johnson 21  
 Nellie Packard 21  
 Lillian Tournard 21  
 Marjorie Burr 22  
 Hazel Chambers 22  
 Caroline Cheney 22  
 Florence O'Connell 22  
 Helen Murphy 22  
 Gertrude Muske 22  
 Staffanie Schiller 22  
 Eva Schrieber 22  
 Beatrice Underhill 22  
 Astrid Johnson 23  
 Eleanor Stoughton 23  
 Elizabeth Stoughton 23  
 Estella Thrall 23

## Second Soprano

Gertrude Berggren 20  
 Hazel Johnson 20  
 Esther Anderson 21  
 Ada Crosby 21  
 Eva Freeberg 21

## Second Soprano

Margaret Aitken 21  
 Mildred Lundine 21  
 Geneva Pentland 21  
 Allegra Proctor 21  
 Mary Chapin 22  
 Bertha Deetz 22  
 Helen Hillsburg 22  
 Lillian Sweeney 22  
 Rose Woodhouse 22  
 Lillian Neal 23

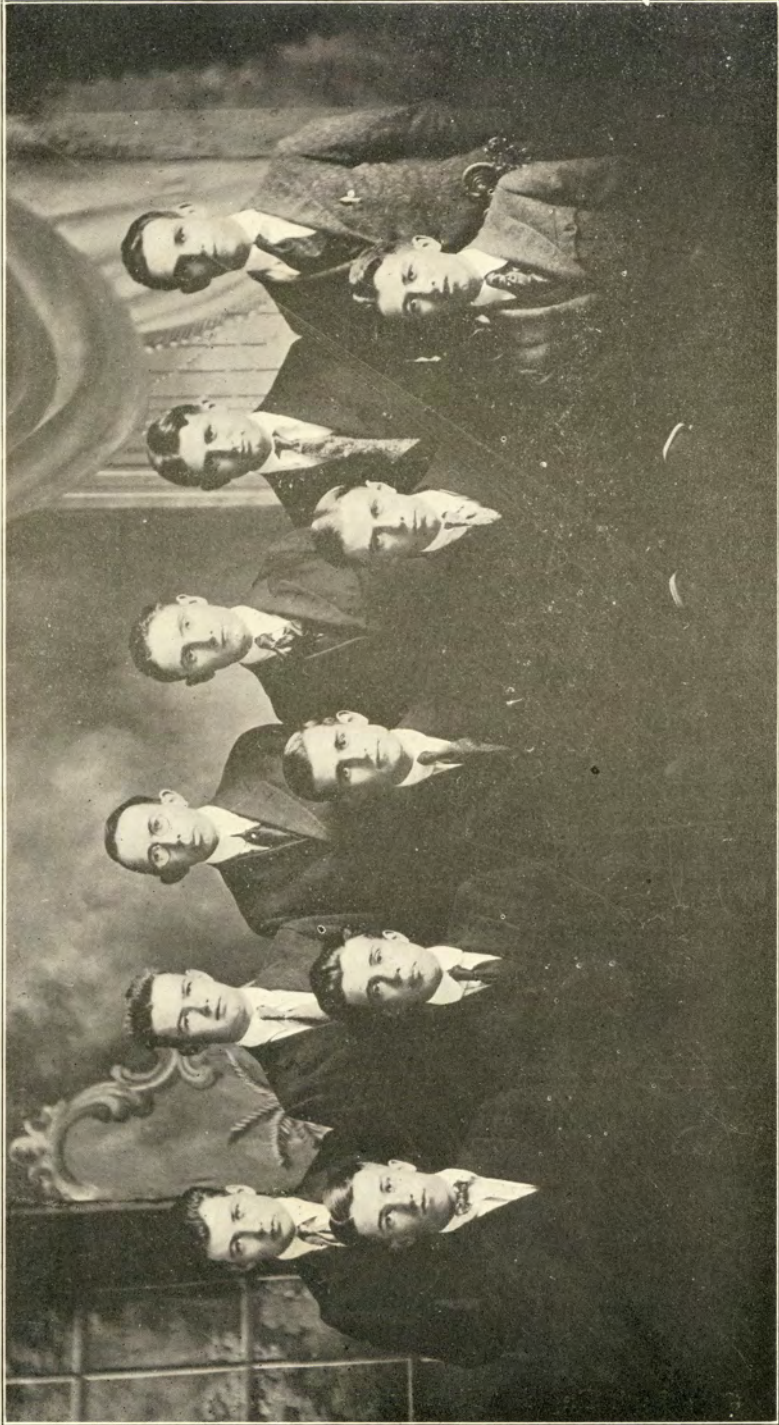
## Altos

Elsie Benson 20  
 Ethel Hadden 20  
 Esther Johnson 20  
 Mary Carter 21  
 Sylvia Casperson 21  
 Helen Bergren 21  
 Madelin Spiess 21  
 Helen Agnew 22  
 Dorothy Carlisle 22  
 Marie Campbell 22  
 Helen Keith 22  
 Ruth McLegan 22  
 Julia McVeigh 22  
 Viola Rice 22  
 Doris Robshaw 22  
 Estella Keith 22  
 Mary Weldon 23

The Girls' Glee Club was extra large this year, having about fifty-four members. They rendered a number of songs at the Thanksgiving and Christmas assemblies and their singing was of the best order. They did their part to make the operetta "Princess Chrysanthemum" a success. Under the supervision of Miss Washburn, the music teacher, the chorus and soloists did some fine work which the audience highly appreciated. As a whole the year has been a very successful one.

\* \* \*

Miss C in Soph Eng.: "Tomorrow we shall take the life of Caesar. Come prepared."



THE BOYS' DEBATING CLUB.



## S. M. H. S. BOYS' DEBATING CLUB

President—Martin Alvord '20  
Secretary—Henry Tilden '20

Vice President—George Daugherty '21  
Treasurer—David McComb '21

**Executive Committee.**

Robert Dwyer, '20 Chairman Edward Taylor, '20, Eugene Moriarty, '21;  
Faculty Adviser, Mr. E. P. Watlon.

**Members.**

## Seniors

Martin Alvord  
Samuel Crockett  
Robert Dwyer  
Sherwood Robb  
Francis Strickland  
Herbert Swanson  
Edward Taylor  
Henry Tilden  
Louis Vanderbrook  
Harold West  
Gilbert Wright

## Juniors

Ernest Benson  
Harold Burr  
George Daugherty  
Clifford Gustafson  
Joseph Handley  
David McComb  
Eugene Moriarty  
John Trotter  
Frank Waddell

The Debating Club was organized in December, 1919. A Constitution was accepted and the above officers were elected.

Debates have been held before the Club every other Friday afternoon. These debates were very interesting and aroused great enthusiasm.

After all the members had taken part in at least one debate, teams were picked for a dual debate to be held with Middletown on March 19th. The question selected was, Resolved: That the United States should adopt a policy of armed intervention in Mexico.

Edward Taylor, Henry Tilden and Robert Dwyer with David McComb as alternate defended the affirmative in Middletown, and while they lost they made an excellent showing. In Manchester, Eugene Moriarty, Martin Alvord, and Francis Strickland with George Dougherty as alternate defeated Middletown in a lively contest.

Because of the success of their debate another dual debate was arranged with Southington for May 29th. Both S. M. H. S. teams were victorious this time.

The affirmative team was composed of Eugene Moriarty, Henry Tilden, and David McComb with Edward Taylor as alternate.

The negative team composed of Martin Alvord, Gilbert Wright and Robert Dwyer with Samuel Crockett as alternate, debated in Southington.

With three victories out of four debates S. M. H. S. can well be satisfied with its first year of debating. The Debating Club because of the enthusiasm which it has aroused will surely become one of the most important organizations in the school.

Officers of the Debating Club for next year were elected June 4 as follows:

President—George Dougherty, '21. Vice President—Walter Quinn, '22.  
Secretary—David McComb, '21. Treasurer—Clifford Symington, '22.

**Executive Committee.**

Ernest Benson, '21, Chairman; Eugene Moriarty, '21, Fred Rogers, '22;  
Faculty Adviser, Mr. E. P. Walton.



DRAMATIC CLUB.



**THE S. M. H. S. DRAMATIC CLUB.**

The S. M. H. S. Dramatic Club started its first year in the Fall of 1919. A constitution was drawn up and officers were elected. The president was Elizabeth Bayne, the vice-president, Francis Strickland, and the secretary, Margaret Aitken. Miss Barlow held the dual office of faculty-adviser and treasurer, until she left school in the middle of the year and Miss Goding very ably filled the position.

The first production the club gave was just before Christmas, when a dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" proved a great success, with Henry Tilden in the leading role of Scrooge.

At a meeting later in the year, an executive committee of three was elected, for organization and management of entertainments. The chairman was Elizabeth Bayne, and the members were Gertrude Berggren and Clifford Gustafson. Their duties consisted chiefly in choice of plays, general stage management, and assistant coaching.

The first activity of the club, under Miss Goding's regime came on a Friday afternoon, for the entertainment of club members only: a succession of tableaux, while selections from the poem "Hiawatha" were read.

After the spring vacation, a contest between the girls and boys of the club for the best dramatic production awakened interest and enthusiasm throughout the school. Miss Washburn, Miss Bartlett, and Mr. Walton, were chosen as judges. The girls chose to give a two-act dramatization of "The Necklace" by Guy de Maupassant. Caroline Cheney did credit to the principle role, while Gertrude Berggren made an attractive hero. All the parts were well taken, notably the owner of the necklace, Esther Johnson, and the neighbor, Lillian Tournaud. The stage for the first act was artistically decorated with blue and gold coloring, tapestries, books, pillows on the divan, and tall candle sticks; this made the contest sharper in the bare attic scene in the last act. Between the acts, Hazel Johnson gave a series of French songs in peasant costume, and Elizabeth Bayne danced an old French Pavanne.

The boys gave a one-act play by Mrs. Mary Aldis: "Mrs. Pat and the Law." Louis Smith made an amusing Mrs. Pat, though not, perhaps, as pretty a young lady as the visiting nurse, Robert Dwyer. Clifford Gustafson gave a good imitation of Irish brogue as Pat himself; and Hans Jensen was little Jimmie-boy. The play was greeted with applause and laughter from beginning to end, and no one grudged the decision of the judges in its favour. The play was given again in Bolton Hall for the benefit of the King's Daughters and the Bolton Town Hall fund, and met with equal success. It was a memorable evening, first for the play, second for the dancing that followed, and third for the cars that spent the night stuck deep in the mud.

\* \* \*



CAST OF "THE WONDER HAT."



## “THE WONDER HAT”

The final play of the year was given Friday evening, June 4th, and admission was charged for the benefit of the club. It was a Harlequinade, “The Wonder Hat,” by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, with a Prologue by Thomas Wood Stevens. The cast was as follows:

### In the Prologue.

Fleurette .....	Helen Berggren
Colinette .....	Estelle Keith
Blanche .....	Eva Freeburg
A Dancer .....	Helen Hillsburg

### In the Play.

Harlequin .....	Francis Strickland
Pierrot .....	Louis Smith
Punchinello .....	Herbert Flavell
Columbine .....	Elizabeth Bayne
Margot .....	Margaret Aitken

The stage was beautifully set as a garden; a back drop of painted flowers and garden paths was lent by the J. W. Hale Company, and a tall urn by the Bon Ton Flower Shop. Formal trees stood on either side of the urn, and a profusion of green branches and flowers grew about it. The little ballet girls and the unique costumes of the boys gave a bright and original effect to the whole. The play was acted in fantastic style and every individual part was well sustained. After the performance a social hour was held for the audience and actors.

The club has been left, we hope, on a substantial footing, and every wish is extended for its success next year.



THE FACULTY, 1919-1920.



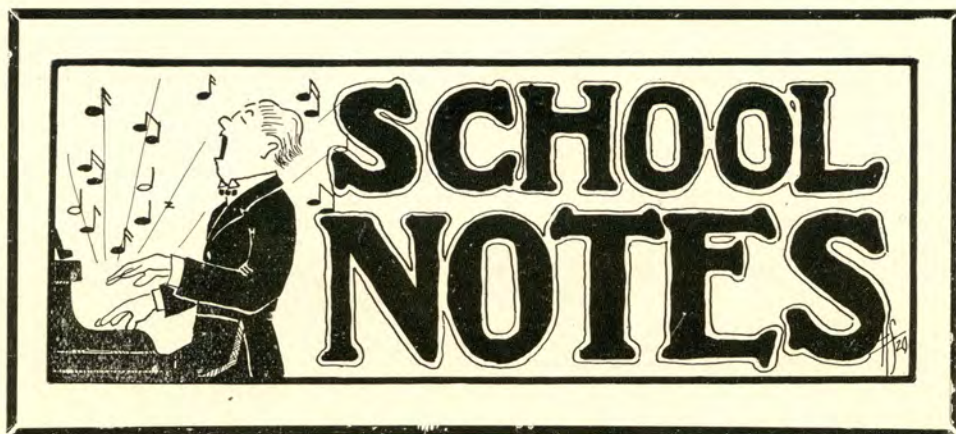
## AS WE SEE OTHERS

- O, HIGH: Oberlin, Ohio. Your May issue shows your school to be well advanced along musical lines but not literary. Where are your stories?
- THE ORACLE: Abington, Pa. Plenty of good editorials, stories and poems! Your notes are also well written. Why do you use two kinds of print? We think it detracts from the general neatness.
- THE CENTRAL RECORDER: Springfield, Mass. Your Literary department is good, but where are the others?. You lack an Alumni School Notes, Athletic and Exchange department to make a well balanced paper.
- THE STUDENT: Oklahoma City, Okla. Why not write up your class notes more fully and not waste so much space on pages 19, 20, and 21 of your April issue? We think you should have a notice telling where you are from. We have to look in the advertisements to find out.
- THE RACQUET: Portland, Maine. Why scatter your jokes through your advertisements? You are otherwise a very neat appearing paper.
- THE NEW ERA: East Hartford, Conn. Your cover is too stiff. It gets bent too easily which spoils the appearance. You also lack cuts.
- THE WILLISTONIAN: Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass. A well written paper, but why not put in a few stories?

In addition we wish to acknowledge the following:

- ORANGE AND BLACK: Middletown High, Middletown, Conn.
- THE ORACLE: Manchester High, Manchester, N. H.
- THE ADVANCE: Salem High, Salem, Mass.
- THE VOICE: Owensboro High, Owensboro, Ky.
- THE GLEAM: Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn.
- THE PIQUONIAN: Piqua High School, Piqua, Ohio.
- THE GREEN WITCH: Greenwich High School, Greenwich, Conn.
- THE BANNER: Rockville High School, Rockville, Conn.
- THE PENNANT: Meriden High School, Meriden, Conn.
- THE GYPSY: Portland High School, Portland, Conn.
- THE CHRONICLE: Hartford Public High School, Hartford, Conn.
- THE QUARTERLY: Stamford High School, Hartford, Conn.
- THE CRESCENT: New Haven High School, New Haven, Conn.
- THE ACADEMY JOURNAL: Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.
- THE BLUE AND THE GOLD: Malden High, Malden, Mass.
- THE RECORDER: Syracuse Central High, Syracuse, N. Y.
- IMPRESSIONS: Scranton Central High School, Scranton, Pa.
- THE ORIENT: East Side High School, Newark, N. J.
- THE UNIONETTE: Union High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.
- TECH NEWS: Worcester, Mass.
- THE CHRONICLE: Wallingford High, Wallingford, Conn.
- THE ARGUS: Waterbury High, Waterbury, Conn.
- THE ITEM: Dorchester High, Dorchester, Mass.
- THE PIONEER: Reading High, Reading, Mass.
- THE CLARION: Portsmouth High, Portsmouth, N. H.
- THE WIGWAM: North Yakima High, North Yakima, Wash.
- THE COMMERCE CARVAL: High School of Commerce, New York, N. Y.
- THE X-RAY: Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Cal.
- PUNCH: Toppenish High School, Toppenish, Wash.
- BROOKINGS SCHOOL NEWS: Brookings, South Dakota.





Our second interscholastic debate was held on Friday evening, May 28, in Assembly Hall. Mr. C. R. Hathaway presided, while Mr. Paramelle, of Middletown High School; Mr. Clarence Gould of Hartford High School; Principal E. L. Robsinson of East Hartford High School acted as Judges. The subject was, Resolved: That the United States should have the strongest navy in the world. S. M. H. S. defended the affirmative side while Southington defended the negative.

Henry Tilden opened the debate by outlining the plan which his side was following and by presenting introductory arguments. Southington's first speaker opened the debate for the negative side with a well prepared talk which was delivered in a pleasing manner. David McComb was the second speaker for S. M. H. S. He brought forth some very good arguments which met with great approval. Southington's second speaker was handicapped by his manner of delivery. The third speaker on the affirmative side was Eugene Moriarty. Moriarty certainly gave some convincing arguments, and his manner of delivering these thoughts did a great deal towards winning the debate. Southington's third speaker then closed the argument for the negative side.

Both sides made a very good showing but the decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of S. M. H. S.

The High School Orchestra furnished music during intermission.

On the same evening the negative team of our school journeyed to Southington and debated with the affirmative team of that school on the same question. Our school was supported by Martin Alvord, Robert Dwyer, Gilbert Wright and Samuel Crockett as alternate.

The decision of the judges at Southington was also in our favor. S. M. H. S. may well feel proud of the showing made at both schools.

The Debating Club held a social in the Assembly Hall, June 5.

The Girls' of S. M. H. S. gave an exhibition in the Gymnasium of the Recreation building, Wednesday evening, June 2, under the direction of the Misses Crane and Pegler.

On Saturday evening, May 22, the Boys' Dramatic Club presented "Mrs. Pat and the Law," at Bolton. The play was a great success, and was well attended by many High School students who made the trip by automobiles. After the play dancing was enjoyed, music being furnished by the Aetna Banjo Orchestra.

A number of Seniors visited Storr's Agricultural College, Saturday, May 20. They made the trip in touring cars; Miss Gertrude Carrier chaperoned the party. A very interesting baseball game took place in the afternoon and in the evening they attended a dance. The party returned the next morning and the trip was enjoyed by all.

Memorial Day Exercises were held Friday, May 28, in the Assembly Hall. The Civil War Veterans honored the school by their presence. A very interesting program was given by different members of the school.

The Dramatic Club of S. M. H. S. presented the play, "The Wonder Hat," by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman with a Prologue by Thomas Wood Stevens, Friday evening, June. It was the most pretentious play the club had ever given. A large and appreciative audience was present. The parts were taken by the following persons:

#### In the Prologue

Fleurette .....Helen Berggren  
Colinette .....Estelle Keith  
Blanche .....Eva Freeburg  
A Dancer .....Helen Hillsburg

#### In the Play

Harlequin .....Francis Strickland..  
Punchinel .....Herbert Flavell  
Columbine .....Elizabeth Bayne  
Margot .....Margaret Aitkin

After careful consideration on the part of the judges, the Reverend Mr. Peters and the Miss Bartletts, the graduation essays were awarded to the following people: Francis Strickland, Hannah Jensen, Martin Alvord, and Elizabeth Bayne.

On Friday evening, April 23, the Assembly hall was the scene of much gaiety, when the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs held their social. Music was furnished by the Aetna Banjo Orchestra, and dancing was enjoyed. Refreshments were also served.

The class of 1920 held class day on Monday, June 21. It proved a most successful event and credit should be given to the committees in charge.

### CLASS DAY PROGRAM.

Class of 1920

SOUTH MANCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL

Monday Afternoon, June 21, 1920

Class Motto:

"Labor omnia vincit."

"Labor conquers everything."

Part I.

#### Assembly Hall.

1. Address of Welcome, Harold Turkington.
2. Jokes—Edyard Taylor, Chairman; Samuel Crockett, Martin Alvord, Elsie Benson, Esther Johnson, Henry Tilden.
3. Music—Dona'd McKinnon, Chairman; Charles O'Dowd, Harold Turkington, Ruth Bjorkman, Vivian Larson, Gilbert Wright, Herbert Swanson, Kenneth Ringrose, Edward Taylor.
4. Prophecy—Sherwood Robb, Chairman; Robert Dwyer, Florence Fox, Gertrude Berggren, Margaret Sheridan, Ernest Doellner.
5. Class Poem—Elizabeth Bayne.
6. Gifts—Kenneth Ringrose, Chairman; Gladys Loomis, Gilbert Wright, Mildred Sargent, George Proctor, Hazel Johnson.
7. Will—Eleanor Lydall, Chairman; Francis Strickland, Mabel Robb, May Cornet, Buelah Studley, Raymond Carlson.
8. Class Song—Words and Music by Harold Turkington.

Part II.

#### Tennis Courts.

9. Planting of Class Ivy.
10. Ivy Oration—Martin Alvord.
11. Junior Response—Eugene Moriarty '21.

#### Class Day Committee.

Harold Turkington, Chairman; Herbert Swanson, Edward Taylor, Donald McKinnon, Sherwood Robb, Kenneth Ringrose, Eleanor Lydall, Henry Tilden.

\* \* \*



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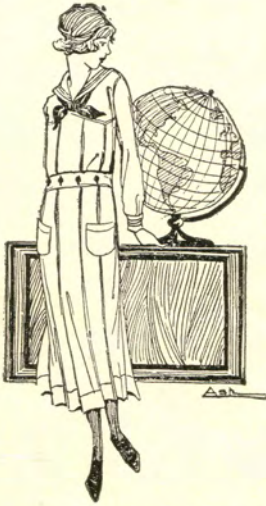
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"We may live without art,  
We may live without books,  
But where is the man  
Who can live without cooks?"

☘ ☘  
*GIRLS, THESE ARE FACTS NOT  
DREAMS, even if it did appear in the June number of  
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