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Graduation Number

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sic somehow always did attract the men folk, especially "Eddie" Larkin.

We soon entered the office of Doctor Manzer, but when Dunn saw the carpenter's tools which Cliff intended to employ on him, even the pretty face of Isabel Fulton, Cliff's assistant, could not keep him from departing to regions unknown.

As I had no reason to fear for my life, I remained and asked Manzer if he knew what had become of Edith Olson.

"Why, yes," was the answer, "she's working in a factory in Boston making eyes in needles."

"Well, well," I said, "she ought to be able to do that as she made enough eyes at the fellows in school to furnish a million needles."

After leaving Cliff, I made a bee line for the nearest lunch room where I was waited on by Hannah Richardson, formerly Hannah Webster. She was assisted by Edith Bamforth, Helen Burroughs, and Vivian Clarke. When I asked Hannah how she like to wait on other people, she told me it was not half as bad as waiting on Hester.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "I had to wait on him five years before he made up his mind to propose."

Richardson soon began to converse with me and so I asked him if he knew what had become of Ernest Grip.

"Sure," was the answer, "he owns a thumb-tack factory down in Bemis and Ernest certainly knows the fine points about thumb-tacks."

"Well, why shouldn't he?" I grunted; "He sat on enough in school."

A newsboy now came in, so I purchased a paper, the editor of which was Walter Anderson. On the editorial page, I discovered several cartoons drawn by Doris Dennen. Other writers for the paper were Thyra Dahl, Mary Davis and Jessie Downing.

Campbell Kennedy, who was a salesman for a soup company, at this moment arose from his table and asked me if I knew that Clarence Evans and Vivian Hill were married.

"Why, no," I said.

"Well, they are," continued the other, "but they've quarreled already."

"Hump!" I exclaimed, "that reminds me of the old saying, 'Where there's honey there's bees,' and so any couple thinking of going on a honeymoon trip should be careful or they are liable to get stung."

Upon remembering that the "Ladies' Afternoon Tea Club" were to give an entertainment that evening, I immediately set off for the theatre in which it was to be held. On my way I came across Samuel Dubinsky, a prominent merchant, who was going to the same place. From him I learned that Rebecca Wolk, Marion Fernald, and Ellen Ryan were school teachers, and also that Martha Ludden, Lena Sheer, and Mary Ryan worked in the Watch Factory.

At the entrance to the theatre, we purchased our tickets from Edith Bullock. As we came inside, Ingeborg Fredrickson, the pianist, was playing the "Awakening of Spring," but before she had finished awakening the spring, we were fast asleep. We did not wake up until Marjorie Bacon sang "Sleep Baby Sleep."

The Hodgkins sisters now performed an egg dance, but if the eggs were as bad as the dance they must have been ten years old. In the next act, which was called "The Three Flowers," I perceived Violette Huguenin, Rose Mendelsohn, and Daisy Dahl. I'm sorry to say it, but the truth is that these three flowers were artificially colored. The last on the program was Beatrice Willey, a reader.

John Kimball, who sat in front of me turned around as soon as the curtain went down and shook hands with me. As my hand touched his the theatre began to fade from view. For an instant everything was dark, and then, when I came to, I found myself in a hospital, with Doctor John Albion Cottle Kimball holding on to my wrist. Around my bed stood three nurses, who were Alice Sawin, Julia Sherman and Edith Zimmer.

"Well, my man," said John, "that banana truck came near finishing you. During the last nine hours you must have dreamt about some terrible monsters, for I never saw a man kick and make faces the way you did."

He now gave me something to drink and in a few moments I was once more in dream-land.—Amen.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919

HANNAH ELIZABETH WEBSTER

Four years ago saw the beginning of two momentous events—the great war was one; the class of 1919 was the other. Now both are almost at an end. The peace terms will soon be signed and in a few weeks our class will be graduated and demobilized.

On a hot, cloudy morning in early September, almost four years ago, two hundred timid and somewhat nervous young children gathered on the steps of the old high school that had seen so many entering classes embark on their high school careers. The class of 1919 began its career more abruptly than former classes, since there was no real graduation for us at Asbury Temple, such as other classes before us had always had, to help them to realize that they were at last through with grammar school and childish things. When the bell rang imperatively through the corridors we little children followed our elders to the assembly hall where the fortunate ones sank gratefully into seats and oblivion, while those who could not find seats stood, painfully conspicuous, along the sides of the hall. In due course of time the children were assigned to divisions and home-rooms, and at once proceeded to get acquainted with fellow freshmen and with the teachers. Some, indeed, became acquainted with their teachers even more rapidly than with their classmates, since they had to spend extra time with the teachers after school. The football games, with the freshmen cheering in true freshmen style and vigor, and the secret admiration of the popular football captain and his equally popular team, are the clearest recollections of the freshman year. Who has forgotten the post-season game with Everett at Fenway Park, when we were so proud of our team that there was no sting in our 6-0 defeat? There were no freshman socials to brighten our gloomy days of study, but on the other hand, there were no class officials to harangue us for our possible lack of class spirit. In the spring the school turned out to Mr. Boyd's vaudeville given in behalf of "The Mirror." All the boys particularly admired the remarkable female Caruso imported for the occasion, but after her last solo, Mamselle Caruso took off her wig,

and lo, she was a boy! Not long after this June came, and without visible regret the freshmen left their freshmanhood forever—if the teachers were sufficiently kind.

Our sophomore year began during an epidemic of infantile paralysis, and Room 16 was turned into a sort of quarantine where many a pupil spent a pleasant morning doing nothing but wait for the doctor to come and assure him that no germs lurked unawares.

This year football was not as successful as usual. Many of our "stars" had gone out of our horizon entirely, and Mr. Dame had forsaken us the preceding spring, and departed to Lynn. In spite of the best efforts of Mr. Fradd, who proved to be the most popular member of the school while he was with us, we lost nearly as many games as we won. There was no mention of a post-season game, and we were almost convinced that our football career had reached the lamentable point where unfeeling people would speak of us as "has-beens."

This year our class was formally organized, with the capable assistance of Mr. Burke. To establish a reputation for originality, and because a little of freshman childishness still remained, the class broke all precedent and elected a boy for vice-president instead of the customary girl. Herbert Starr was made our president and proved a wise choice. We were permitted one social this year, and the night our committee chose for the event was quite the stormiest one of the winter. Poor Miss Hall courageously started for the school, only to be disappointed, for her car was stalled in the snow, and after waiting half-an-hour for it to start again, she gave up and went home. Many others were equally disappointed, but once at the school, the weather was forgotten. According to custom, the boys sat bashfully and firmly on one side of the hall while the girls sat hopefully and encouragingly on the other. But after the grand march and a stirring game of black and white the two sides became quite thoroughly mixed. At ten o'clock we were shooed out into the cold, cruel storm toward home.

With the coming of spring came the en-

trance of our country into the war. No one had doubted that this time must come eventually and most of us were glad that at last we could put aside poor excuses and be proud again of our nationality. Several of the boys in our class immediately went into the naval reserve, and others signed up for farm work. The Memorial Day exercises this year were the most impressive and solemn in our memory, for with the Grand Army veterans were our own boys in the uniforms of the army and navy. Moreover, the first Waltham High boy to lose his life in the war, Earle Whittemore, one of our classmates, had died the day before at Commonwealth Pier. Grim war became more of a reality to us than ever before, and we realized, perhaps for the first time, that it meant more than just waving flags and wearing becoming uniforms.

About this time Miss Hall made cheery beginnings for the day by bringing flowers to school. One day she brought yellow roses which she distributed with great partiality to those who claimed an incorruptible faith in woman suffrage. Another day we girls were given daisies, with orders to decorate each boy's buttonhole as he came through the door. Strange how popular some of those boys proved to be. Some were almost fought over, and some haughtily declined the flowers on the ground that they contained numerous black bugs. Sometime before, each of the inmates of Room 17 had brought ten cents, and now we joyfully watched the pretty pansies grow, and weeded them industriously—whether they needed it or not.

Soon it was June again, and to our surprise we found that we had survived the strain of upholding sophomore traditions and at last were Juniors.

Early in the fall our class held its first meeting of the year and re-elected its president of the preceding year, but decided to conform to custom and elect a girl, Helen Smith, as vice-president. Football went from bad to worse this year. Mr. Fradd was coaching at Brookline, but after a season of crushing defeats, the team pulled itself together for the annual game with Newton and played so hard and so like a Waltham team of old that Newton was stunned, and recovered only enough to win by one touchdown and a goal, in the last few minutes of play, instead of piling up the one-sided score that they had planned.

The year of 1917 was a busy one for the

school. Besides the regular work, a Junior Red Cross was organized, and knitting-needles, which turned out splendid socks and sweaters were plied as industriously as the pens which turned out themes for Mr. Ward. The boys responded with true Americanism to the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross drives. One day many high school girls appeared in Red Cross caps and sold tags on windy street corners until they had filled their cardboard boxes and contracted severe colds. Other girls made countless surgical dressings. The Senior Class suggested a school service flag, and the committee found the other three classes of the school as pleased with the idea as if they had thought of it themselves, and as glad to help. The result is a service flag of which we can be justly proud. A few of the older pupils turned four-minute speakers and did credit to their training in Junior declamation.

Mr. Boyd's annual entertainment took the form of a "Smileage Carnival," at Nutting's. Every one lived up to the name, and the proceeds bought Smileage books for Waltham boys who were at Camp Devens.

The next important event that broke the monotony of knitting and studying was the Junior Prom. The Senior girls, after a protracted and very warm discussion, had decided to wear middy blouses at graduation. The Junior girls, not to be outdone, urged "plain simple dresses" for the prom. For some reason, instead of our vice-president, our worthy president himself conducted the meeting in which this decision was reached, and was quite bewildered with the intricacies of feminine dress. The prom was very successful, and the Juniors were duly thankful.

Early in June the War Chest was erected on the Common and one day, on the stroke of twelve, all the school children in the city marched past the chest and dropped in a coin. It was an unusual sight to see so many, many pupils, from wee kindergartners to tall and lanky seniors, assembled. To an onlooker it must have recalled the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. This was in the days before drill in the High School, and several boys who acted as marshals showed unsuspected military abilities.

The Prom, was the last social event of the year and soon the last week of school had arrived. All the High School remembers the farewell fling of certain nameless members of last year's graduating class. Three of the larg-



SENIOR CLASS PLAY

Dana Whiting, Henry Atwood, Francis Dunn, Edward Larkin, Vivian Hill, Herbert Starr, Isabel Fulton, Clifford Estes, Ethel Spencer, Jessie Reed, Ernest Grip.



HERBERT WEST STARR
PRESIDENT



SARAH HELEN SMITH
VICE-PRESIDENT



FRANCIS WILLIAM DUNN
SECRETARY-TREASURER

CLASS OF 1919

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Anna Gilchrist Beaman†	Marguerite Marion Watts*
Dorothy Jeanette Bills†	Hannah Elizabeth Webster†
Elizabeth Emery†	Louise G. Wolfe*
Ethel Janet Furbush	Rebecca Wolk*
Isabel Carolyn Fulton†	Earl Carter Baker†
Florence Vivian Hill	Percy Duke Harrell†
Aleva Laura Libby†	William Hearne Morgan†
Martha Raymond Ludden†	James Ira Orr†
Marjorie Elizabeth Warren†	

TECHNICAL COURSE

Myron Sheppard Allen†	John Campbell Kennedy†
Henry Jones Atwood†	Clifford M. Manzer
John Joseph Burke	Chauncey V. Perry*
Edward Chester Burnham†	Lester Thornley Richardson
John Edward Curry	Alfred Cecil Smart†
Ralph S. Dougherty†	Herbert West Starr†
Samuel Dubinsky†	Alexander Cameron Stewart†
Francis William Dunn†	Herbert Almon Swallow†
Richard Yale Emery†	Bertram Eugene Warren*
Clarence Edwin Evans†	Dana Whiting†
Frank Joseph Gavolio*	Philip Ernest Winterhalter†
Ernest James Grip†	

GENERAL COURSE

Emily Anstruther Alcock	Ruth Elizabeth Mott†
Marjorie Goodrich Bacon*	Edith Florence Olson†
Edith Louise Bamforth	Lavinia Camobell Rayner†
Alice May Berry†	Jessie Alice Reed†
Genevieve Elizabeth Bucher*	Teresa Linda Ridlon*
Edith Alberta Bullock†	Ellen Maria Ryan
Helen Ida Burroughs*	Mary Alma Ryan*
Bertha Selina Carney†	Lena Sheer†
Beatrice Brigham Chapin†	Julia Bertha Sherman†
Grace Vivian Clarke	Sarah Helen Smith†
Elsie Maude Copeland†	Ethel Louise Spencer*
Daisy Margaret Dahl	Norma Marion Steele
Thyra Dahl	Anna Stewart
Mary Pamela Davis	Marjorie Stone†
Doris Harriet Dennen†	Esther Louise Thompson*
Jessie Mac Downing	Mary Holland Wellman†
Marion Elizabeth Fernald	Beatrice Young Willey†
Thelma Hazel Fornes*	Edith Melissa Zimmer
Ingeborg Ellen V. Fredrickson*	Walter Adolf E. Anderson
Viola Maud Garfield*	Donald Alfred Drury†
Dorothy Marie Greeley†	Clarence Kimball Dwinell
Annabel Mayfred Griggs†	Clifford William Estes
Jeanette Isaline Haldy*	Frank Lewis Hitchcock
Merle Harriet Heinstrom	Walter Theodore Isaacson†
Lillian Archibald Hodgkins	John Albion Cottle Kimball
Reta Lucille Hodgkins	Harry Harold Kniznik
Violette Anna Huguenin†	Harold Kniznik
Rosamond Hope Jacobs	Eric Axel Lindberg†
Marion Olive Mackenzie†	George Watson Powers†
Emma Frances Marshall*	Ralph Sweetser Talbot†
Rose Libby Mendelssohn†	
Vivian Morse	

*Honorable Record.
†Creditable Record.