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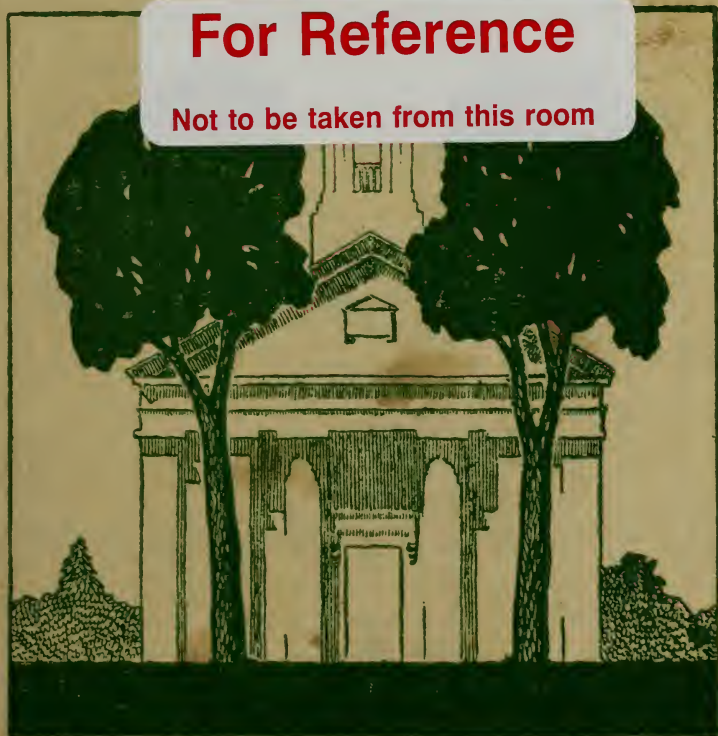
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The PARTRIDGE

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the Duxbury High School

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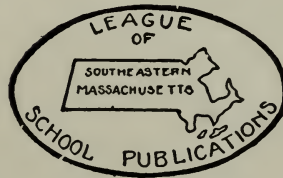
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THE PARTRIDGE

Published by the Students of
Duxbury High School
Duxbury, Mass.



Year Book, 1926-27

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TO THE FACULTY

Whose equal for being young,
good sports, and human, no
school ever boasted, we respect-
fully dedicate this issue of
THE PARTRIDGE.



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VICTOR ARONOFF
"Vic"

Treasurer of Senior Class, 1925-6; President of History Club, 1926; Editor of French Department of THE PARTRIDGE, 1925-6; Exchange Editor, 1926-7; in Campfire play, in 1926; in Senior play, 1927; on baseball and basketball teams, 1926 and 1927; on football team, 1927; always on the Honor Roll.

"Here bud the promises
Of celestial worth".

FRANCES WALTON BATTILANA
"Birdie"

On basketball teams, 1925, 1926, 1927; Vice-President Senior Class, 1927; in Senior Class play, 1927.

"Is she not more than painting can
express
Or youthful poets fancy when they
love?"

ALICE MAY BRIGGS
"Allie"

Star guard of basketball team, 1925, 1926, 1927; Joke Editor of THE PARTRIDGE, 1925-6; Editor Foreign Department, 1927; our most delightful singer; a Latin "shark".

"If music be the food of love, play on."

SUMNER BRADFORD COLLINGWOOD
"Collie"

A neighbor from Norwell who has made an enviable record in his one year here; a star on football, basketball, and baseball teams; on the Honor Roll; bridegroom in "The Dutch Detective"; one of the most popular boys in school.

"A sportsman and a gentleman is he."



DORIS BREWSTER EDWARDS

"Dor"

Doris is the quietest member of the Senior Class. Although she has not tried her success in any athletics, she is a loyal supporter of the games. Doris has not yet told us what her intentions are for the coming year.

"Still waters run deep."



DOROTHY ELIZABETH HOFFMAN

"Dot"

Member of Student Council, 1925-6; Secretary of Junior Class, 1925-6; Literary Editor of THE PARTRIDGE, 1924-5; Assistant Editor, 1925-6; Editor-in-Chief, 1927; President of Campfire, 1925-6; heroine of "It Happened in June," 1926; half of an eloped couple in "The Dutch Detective", 1927; occasionally on the Honor Roll; a born typist.

"She hath the powers that come
From work well done."



ERNEST ALBERT JONES

"Jabo"

On basketball teams, 1924-5, 1925-6; Captain of basketball team, 1926-7; in baseball team, 1925-6, 1926-7; in Campfire play, 1927; in Senior Class play, 1927; on the Honor Roll nearly every time. Good luck in Dartmouth next year, Ernest!

"Knowledge is what makes the man."



FLORENCE HOWLAND MERRY

"Flint"

Dedicated a Freshman poem to M. S. and F. B. and was called the "Poetess" of 1923-4; Assistant Editor of THE PARTRIDGE, 1925-6, 1926-7; the little Dutch girl, with a contagious laugh, in the Senior Class play.

"Shy and demure this maiden fair
With rosy cheeks and curly hair."

THE PARTRIDGE



HORATIO CHANDLER O'NEIL
"Barry"

President of Senior Class, 1926-7; on basketball team, 1925-6, 1926-7; on baseball team, 1925-6, 1926-7; on football team, 1926-7; Business Manager of THE PARTRIDGE, 1925-6, 1926-7; "The Dutch Detective" in the Senior Class play. "Dot's him!"

"To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance his merry twinkling feet."

MERCY ALDEN SOULE
"Mert"

Star athlete of the girls' teams; on basketball team, 1924-5; Captain basketball team, 1925-6, 1926-7; Captain of baseball team, 1925-6; President Campfire Girls, 1924-5; President Junior Class, 1925-6; Secretary Campfire Girls, 1926-7; Athletic Editor of THE PARTRIDGE, 1925-6; Alumni Editor and Treasurer, 1926-7; in "The Cure-all", 1925; in "It Happened in June, 1926"; in "The Dutch Detective", 1927.

"Merry maiden, free from care."

BESSIE FRANCES STUDLEY
"Bess"

Treasurer Camp Fire, 1925-6; Treasurer of Athletic Association, 1926-7; Treasurer of the whole school, 1926-7. Dependability is her middle name, but she made a fine lunatic in the Senior Class play.

"Good nature, a jewel worth all."

ALLAN CHANDLER WHITNEY
"Eli"

Came to us from Brockton High in 1924; our school artist; Art Editor of THE PARTRIDGE 1925-6, 1926-7; Manager of basketball team, 1927; Stage Manager of "The Dutch Detective".

"A philosopher of artistic leanings."



GEORGE WARREN WORCESTER

“Horses”

Art Editor of THE PARTRIDGE, 1924-5, 1925-6, 1926-7; Manager of baseball, 1927; one of our best history students; Major Hannibal Howler in the Senior Class play.

“Be sure and steady.”

CLASS SONG

M. S. and D. H.

True to twenty-seven always
 Makes no difference where we are.
 We'll be there to cheer you always,
 Even though the way is far.
 Skies may darken, roads grow rougher,
 But our faith will ne'er be less.
 Loyal forevermore!
 Green banner to the fore!
 Ever marching on to victory!

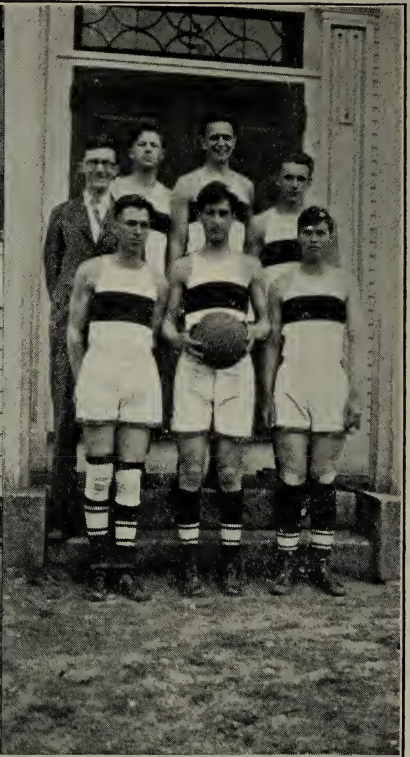
CHORUS:

Raise every voice in song,
 So when time rolls along
 We'll be true yet, mates;
 We'll not forget, mates.
 Three cheers for our class!
 We'll shout it to the sky!
 Raise every voice in song.
 Happy as days are long.
 One-nine-two-seven, mates.
 Shout it to heav'n, mates.
 Banner of green and of silver on high!

THE SENIOR PLAY

On March 18 the Seniors gave their Class Play, “The Dutch Detective,” which proved a great success financially and apparently amused the audience considerably. It was repeated about four weeks later in Ventress Hall, Marshfield.

The cast of characters was as follows: Otto Schmultz, The Dutch Detective, Barry O'Neil; Jabo Grabb, The Police Force of Splinterville, Ernest Jones; Araminty Sourdrops, an old maid, Mercy Soule; Augustus Coo, a young bridegroom, Sumner Collingwood; Gladys Howler Coo, his bride, Dorothy Hoffman; Plunk Jarlick, a lunatic, Victor Aronoff; Hortensy Smatters, the lady lunatic, Bessie Studley; Major Hannibal Howler, the father of Gladys, George Worster; Katrina Krout, the little Dutch girl, Florence Merry; Ambrosia McCarty, the lunchroom queen, Frances Battilana.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL TEAM

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls did excellent work this year, winning every game except two practices. They feel that their success is partly due to the able coaching of Miss Henderson. At the close of the season she presented each player with a gold basketball, bearing the letters D. H. S. to be worn on a chain as a remembrance of the good times they had together.

Last fall three soccer teams were formed. We found the game very interesting and enjoyed playing together. We did not have any outside teams but our plans are to form a varsity team next year.

Following are the scores for basketball games played:

		D.	V.
*December	22. Marshfield at Duxbury	22	44
January	21. Hanover at Duxbury	55	43
January	28. Duxbury at Scituate	23	22
February	4. Duxbury at Norwell	35	26
February	18. Scituate at Duxbury	41	6
February	25. Duxbury at Hanover	29	23
March	3. Norwell at Duxbury	25	20
*March	9. Duxbury at Marshfield	24	51
* Practice games.			

Our team was made up as follows:

Captain Mercy Soule, Manager Frances Battilana.

C., M. Soule

L. G., A. Briggs

L. F., F. Battilana

R. G., B. Morrison

R. F., R. Evans

S. C., D. Hoffman

Substitutes: F. Merry, E. Merry, E. Bradley, and M. Edwards.

BOYS ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

The Duxbury High's football team did very well for a new team this year. The scores for the games are as follows:

Duxbury at Hingham ...	D. H. S. 0—H. H. S. 14
Duxbury at Hanover	D. H. S. 0—H. H. S. 47
Duxbury at Kingston ...	D. H. S. 0—K. H. S. 63
Cohasset at Duxbury ...	D. H. S. 6—C. H. S. 13
Hanover at Duxbury ...	D. H. S. 18—H. H. S. 13
Kingston at Duxbury ...	D. H. S. 0—K. H. S. 44

Line-up

C., Walker

R. E., Mosher, Crocker

R. G., Aronoff, Blakeman

L. E., Foster

L. G., Cushing, Estes

R. H. B., Collingwood, Estes

R. T., Simcoe, Swift

L. H. B., Blakeman, Crocker

L. T., Cushing, Fullerton

F. B., O'Neil

Q. B., Captain Hardy



1. BASEBALL TEAM
2. Cast of "The Dutch Detective"
3. CAMP FIRE GIRLS

BASKETBALL

The basketball season was a great deal better than the football season in so much as we lost only three games.

- *Dec. 22—Alumni at Duxbury . . . D. H. S. 48—Alumni 19
- *Jan. 15—Alumni at Duxbury . . . D. H. S. 52—Alumni 22
- Jan. 21—Hanover at Duxbury . . . D. H. S. 52—Hanover 11
- Jan. 28—Duxbury at Scituate . . . D. H. S. 20—Scituate 21
- Feb. 4—Duxbury at Norwell . . . D. H. S. 37—Norwell 34
- Feb. 18—Scituate at Duxbury . . . D. H. S. 22—Scituate 11
- Feb. 25—Duxbury at Hanover . . . D. H. S. 27—Hanover 35
- March 3—Norwell at Duxbury . . . D. H. S. 19—Norwell 30

* Practice games. Basketball Lineup

C., Jones, Captain R. G., O'Neil, D. Crocker
 R. F., Hardy L. G., Collingwood

L. F., Aronoff

Substitutes, B. Crocker, Hunt, Walker, Evans

BASEBALL

Baseball has not been as successful this year and we have lost a great many league games. It must be noted however that we have a very good pitcher, Collingwood, from Norwell.

Summary of games played up to May 24:

- Duxbury at Kingston . D. H. S. 2—Kingston 3
- *Duxbury at Plymouth . D. H. S. 7—Plymouth 5
- Marshfield at Duxbury D. H. S. 22—Marshfield 4
- *Plymouth at Duxbury . D. H. S. 3—Plymouth 1
- Duxbury at Cohasset . . D. H. S. 3—Cohasset 6
- Hanover at Duxbury . . . D. H. S. 4—Hanover 8
- Norwell at Duxbury . . . D. H. S. 3—Norwell 1
- Duxbury at Marshfield D. H. S. 10—Marshfield 0
- Kingston at Duxbury . . . D. H. S. 2—Kingston 5
- Duxbury at Hanover . . . D. H. S. 4—Hanover 2

The line-up for the games is as follows:

C., Captain Blakeman R. F., Teravainen
 1B., Jones C. F., O'Neil
 2B., D. Crocker P., Collingwood
 3B., Aronoff S. S., Hardy

Substitutes: Walker, Hunt, B. Crocker, Mosher, Swift.

THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS

This year the Partridge Camp Fire numbered thirteen members. Miss Aronoff has been for a third time the guardian.

The leaders this year were as follows: President, Eleanor Bradley; Vice President, Beulah Morrison; Secretary, Mercy Soule; Treasurer, Ruth Evans.

The girls have been horseback riding, hiking, given food-sales, and four dances. The last dance, which was also a whist party, proved to be one of the pleasantest occasions of this year.

Several of the members are looking forward to camp this summer.



JUNIORS

SOPHOMORES

FRESHMEN

SENIOR ESSAYS

IN APPRECIATION

It is my privilege this evening to be the one to try to express our gratitude for this wonderful building. We, the senior class, will probably not see a great deal of it, but we deeply appreciate the efforts you have made that we might have it for our graduation.

As we are seated here, we see before us this auditorium, now filled with familiar faces. We see the shining floor and know that tomorrow night and many nights in the future, we shall be dancing on its glassy surface. On the sides we see the balconies, with their ideal seating arrangement, and can visualize them thronged with eager spectators, viewing a hard-fought basketball game below them.

As we look at the moving-picture booth we can see the auditorium darkened—for we know that it can be made absolutely dark in broad day as it is now flooded with light in the evening—and we can visualize future classes watching the screen with the benefit of both pleasure and instruction.

We see the graceful arched windows and above them the panelled ceiling, practical as well as decorative, for it is sound-absorbing, to eliminate all unpleasantness of confusing echoes.

Below we know there are those coveted showers. How many times have we dreamed of them after an exhausting game of basketball, and now they're realized at last!!

Then we pass through each of the eight big classrooms, all perfectly lighted and ventilated, with their unique coat-room arrangements, and blackboards that will make it a pleasure to write even the imperfect subjunctive of "avoir."

Stepping downstairs we are confronted with a spotless domestic science room, later to be fully equipped, that makes us wonder how we ever got along with our corner of the laboratory and the poor, over-burdened, four-burner, oil stove, and if those days of perilous, and often disastrous, carrying of cups of hot soup from laboratory to the main room were really so recent.

But the interior, perfect as it is in every detail, is not all that is worthy of mention. The architecture could not be more appropriate for our locality. Perhaps most noteworthy is the location. Surely there could be none more ideal. There is scarcely a road in this part of the town that one can travel, without being able to see from one or more points a good view of the building. And as we know, close-by is the library. Soon we shall see a well worn path stretching across the fields, trodden by the feet of our more diligent members.

We already have our baseball diamond and gridiron right at hand, and near-by the dike for skating.

We are told that no matter how much we get, young people are always looking for more, and perhaps that is right, but somehow we can't look over the level grounds in back of the building without being able to see beautifully laid out tennis and volley ball courts.

And so, for all these things, and the opportunities they mean to us, opportunities that we have long dreamed of but could never have, — for all this — we thank you.

DOROTHY HOFFMAN.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTIST

In a contest held among students from over thirty countries, Louis Pasteur was chosen as the world's greatest hero, excluding all founders of religion and men who are now living. He was chosen as the man most fully realizing the following qualities: first, nobility of character; second, fearless and self-sacrificing devotion to a great cause; and third, constructive work for humanity of permanent character. Although Pasteur stood so high, his name is scarcely familiar to many people in the country.

Pasteur's parents were very poor, but as they wanted him to have a good education, they worked very hard to get money to send him to school. His father was a tanner, but even though he was poor, there was no more generous and good-hearted man than he. He wished very much to have his son go to Normal School, and he studied with Louis and helped him as much as he could. Pasteur's mother was also a great help, for when he was down hearted she cheered him and inspired him to begin anew. When Pasteur had become world famous he said, "I owe everything to my dear mother and father who sacrificed so much for me and helped me on when I would have given up."

After completing his studies, Pasteur decided to go to a Preparatory School at Paris to fit himself for Normal School. On a dark, rainy day he set off for Paris with one of his friends. He was stricken with homesickness and lay awake nights thinking of his parents and the tannery. He tried to forget it by spending all of his time studying, but it was of no use, and finally the master of the school became frightened because of his sickness and sent for his father. He came and took Louis home with him. Pasteur knew, however, that if he was to accomplish his desire to do something great for France, he would have to have a better education, therefore, he went to another school nearer home. He worked so hard here that he won the love and respect of all his companions. After completing his course at this school, he went back to Paris to prepare again for Normal School. In a year he passed the examinations.

At Normal, Pasteur showed a great love for chemistry and spent all of his time in the laboratory. He made most important discoveries in the nature and forms of crystals. It

was at this time that his mother died, and as he was filled with grief he gave up his work, for the time, and went home. In the meantime all of the great Scientists of Paris were talking of him. Biot, an old chemist, could hardly believe that a young man just out of college could have made such a discovery when more experienced chemists had failed. He called Pasteur to him, and when he found that his discoveries were true, he said to him, "My dear boy, I have loved science so much during my life that this touches my heart very much." From then on the two became as father and son.

In 1854 Pasteur was made professor and dean of the faculty of Science in Lille. Here he began work on fermentation. Fermentation had been used from the time when people began to make bread and wine, but all anyone knew about it was that sugar in a fermentable substance was changed to alcohol and carbonic acid by some mysterious process. Pasteur began studying under a microscope, the yeast used in making beer. He found that it was made up of little globules that reproduce themselves. Only living things can reproduce; therefore yeast is a tiny plant. The part that yeast plays in fermentation is the part of a living thing. The yeast eats the sugar, just as we eat food, and throws off as waste the alcohol and carbonic acid just as our body throws off waste from the food it can't use.

Pasteur now turned to the studying of wine. There had been much trouble for many years with wine spoiling. After standing awhile it took on a bitter taste and, as nobody would drink it, the manufacturers lost a lot of money. When Pasteur examined these wines he found that not only small yeast plants but also bacteria were in it. These bacteria enter it from the air and start an unhealthy fermentation just as yeast starts a healthy fermentation. He showed the manufacturers that by heating the wine to a high temperature the bacteria would be killed without hurting the flavor of the wine. A barrel of wine was heated and put aboard a vessel with a barrel that was not heated, and the vessel went off for a month. On its return it was found that the heated barrel of wine tasted just as good as when it started, and the other barrel, while still fairly good, would not have been good if left much longer. A whole cargo of wine was shipped off with great success. Thus the name Pasteurization was given to the heating of liquids to a temperature sufficient to kill the harmful germs in it.

While Pasteur was absorbed in his studies on the diseases of wines, an old friend of his asked him to investigate the disease of the silkworm which threatened to make the silkworm extinct. The silkworm industry is one of the most important businesses of France and the income from it amounts to many million of francs a year. The mulberry tree on which the silkworm feeds is sometimes called "The

tree of gold." In the nineteenth century the life of the people in a large part of France depended on the existence of the silkworm. About 1849 a disease spread through the silkworm nurseries from end to end. Everything that was possible to prevent this disease was tried, but nothing seemed to stop or cure it. Silkworms were brought from other countries, but they soon came down with the disease. The people of France finally called Pasteur to look into the case. He spent all of his time and concentrated on this one thing and soon discovered that the disease was hereditary and contagious. Only eggs from healthy worms could be used for hatching, but healthy worms were becoming scarce and Pasteur gave his time freely to find a method to check this disease. After working two years with it Pasteur came before his assistants almost in tears and said, "We have accomplished nothing for there are now two diseases." The second disease was called flacherie and caused by a microbe which attacked the digestive system of the worm. After six more years' work both diseases were conquered and Southern France breathed easily again.

While Pasteur was spending his time on silkworms, many things happened which caused him great sorrow. In about a year two of his daughters and his father died. His only comfort being in hard work, he spent all of the daytime and a large part of the night in his laboratory. At this time Napoleon III agreed to erect a much larger laboratory for him to carry on his work. He was on his way to make a speech one night when he felt a strange tingling in his side. He didn't think much about it but during the evening it returned and he had no more than reached home when his whole left side became paralyzed, and for a moment he couldn't speak. He finally managed to call for help and he was put to bed. It seemed for a while that all hope was gone and he told his friends that he was very sorry to die as he had wanted to do so much for his country. In about six months, however, he recovered and went back to his work. In 1874 he was granted a sum of 12,000 francs a year for the rest of his life, in honor of his services to France.

There was among chickens a disease called chicken-cholera which killed nine out of every ten chickens in a flock. It was caused by a speck in the chicken which multiplied very rapidly. The least bit of the blood of a diseased chicken would kill another. Pasteur, after letting some blood stand for a few days, injected it into a chicken who was taken sick for a short time and then recovered. On injecting a germ of the disease it was found that the chicken was not affected by it. This same principle is used in the vaccination against small-pox.

Pasteur now turned to try to find a vaccine to cure a fever which was running through herds of cattle. Great numbers of cattle and sheep were wiped out in a few days. After

working a long while Pasteur finally found a vaccine which would make cattle immune from this fever. He gave his time freely to this cause, and even though he felt sure that he had at last found a suitable vaccine, many scientists doubted its value, therefore, Pasteur challenged them for a public trial. Fifty sheep were used for the test, twenty-five to be vaccinated, and afterwards inoculated with fresh splivic ferv virus, and the other twenty-five were to be inoculated with the new virus only. Pasteur said that the twenty-five vaccinated sheep would live, and the twenty-five unvaccinated sheep would die. This test caused a great deal of excitement, and almost everybody who attended it thought that all of the sheep would die. The first twenty-five sheep were vaccinated twice about two weeks apart. Two weeks later all of the animals were inoculated, and a great crowd had gathered to see the test. It turned out just as Pasteur had said. Every vaccinated sheep was alive and well, and every unvaccinated sheep was dead. After this a great many sheep were vaccinated, and thus the splivic ferv spell was taken.

Pasteur's discoveries have saved millions of dollars for France, and his name was on the tongue of every person, great and small. His pension of 12,000 francs was now raised to 25,000. His next study was that of hydrophobia. This disease is caused in human beings by the bite of a mad dog. It takes a long time for it to develop after a person has been bitten. This made Pasteur think that it attacked the nervous system. The virus might stay in the body a long time without reaching the nervous system, and it might never reach them, all depending where and how bad the bite was. Pasteur decided, after many experiments with the saliva and blood of mad dogs, to inject virus directly to a dog's brain. He wanted very much to do this but he couldn't bear to see any animal suffer, and he put it off. One day one of his assistants performed the duty for him. In fourteen days the dog became mad. This proved that the virus does attack the nervous system. The next step was to find a virus in order to obtain a vaccine. He finally decided to remove the spinal cord of a rabbit which had had hydrophobia. After drying this cord fourteen days a solution of it was injected into a dog and was proved to have lost its power to produce hydrophobia. One dried thirteen days was then made and injected, and so forth down to one day. It was found that all dogs or animals receiving these series of injectives were immune from hydrophobia. It was a long time before Pasteur dared to try any experiments on a human being, because if anything should happen that it did not succeed or that the person should not have had hydrophobia, he would never be able to forgive himself.

One day the time came when he felt that he must make the trial. A small boy while playing had been attacked by a mad dog and bitten fourteen times in the face. He was

taken to a doctor who said the he could not do anything, but advised the mother to take him to Pasteur. Pasteur did not dare to go ahead with the inoculatives until he had been advised by some doctor. They all told him to go ahead with the inoculations because the boy would surely die without them. The little fellow cried very hard before the first inoculation, but when he found that all he received was a prick, he became cheerful. Every night during the series of inoculations Pasteur could do nothing but walk the floor, in his anxiety. The series of inoculations passed and the boy played merrily with the animals. At last Pasteur was convinced that the treatment was a success.

Another case was brought to him as urgent as the first, only this time it was six days instead of two that had elapsed before the patient was brought to him. The treatment was fully as successful as the first. Many people who had been bitten by mad dogs flocked to Pasteur. Money was raised by the French government to build an institution to care for these. This institute has treated over 30,000 cases of hydrophobia with a death rate of only about one percent.

This last achievement was Pasteur's greatest accomplishment. He looked forward to more things, but this was not to be, for he died in 1895 at the age of 73.

In the year of 1922, just a century after Pasteur was born, bells all over France rang to celebrate the anniversary of this great man's birth. On the same day newspapers in this country reminded everyone of the fact that Pasteur had added about twenty years of life to millions of people. It has since been written that Louis Pasteur was the most nearly perfect man in the realm of science, and that he has saved more lives than Napoleon took in all of his wars.

ERNEST JONES.

RADIO AS AN EDUCATIONAL AGENCY

As we glance back over the history of man's progress we find that there has been a constant development of instruments and institutions which aided in spreading and preserving knowledge or, one might say, have provided for a higher degree of education for the individual. Of course the development of speech and language itself meant a long step forward in the communication of ideas. At times it became necessary to remember certain things, and the answer to this want was picture-writing, pictures being used to represent the sounds. These pictures assumed various shapes as they progressed until they became the letters in our alphabet. As the writings became longer, the parchments were placed together until they naturally resembled a book.

Back in the days when Pompeii was a thriving city and the Cæsars were enjoying such mighty power, the first great

drama that we know of originated. Greek and Roman actors presented plays which were often stories of the gods and goddesses whom they worshipped. The plays were performed on public holidays before what was, in those days, considered a great audience. This development of drama marked another step in the advance of the means of man's education.

The English drama has for its source the desire of the clergy of the church to teach the common people what was in the Bible. On account of the feudal system of the time, the average person had to spend most, if not all of his time in earning food, clothing, and shelter, and, even if this had not been so, the price of books caused them to be beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. The play, though originating in the church, was soon used primarily for the purpose of entertainment. It increased in magnificence until now the highest form of the drama is the opera. A recent offshot of the drama is the movie, which brings amusement and new ideas to a vast number of people from one end of the world to the other. Although many movies do not seem of very great educational value there are others which are of great benefit. I think no one would deny the almost infinite educational possibilities of an instrument which reaches as large a proportion of our people as does the movie.

There is one other instrument which originated about the same time as the English drama and which had a great deal to do with the education of the people. This invention, the printing press, made it possible to print books thousands of times faster and many times cheaper than they had been copied by hand. This gave the common people a chance to buy books and to become better acquainted with the great minds of the past as well as knowing more of what men in their own generation were thinking.

In the last few years has been perfected the latest means of benefit to the education of the human race. This great invention is the radio, which is beginning to make its influence felt in even the remotest parts of our country. In the United States there are many farmers who have no time to go anywhere to get the news of the day. Their only chance of learning what is going on is to tune in on the radio after their work for the day is over. They can listen to the quotation of prices and learn many things that even the best informed people never knew before radio was invented.

There are people in more various conditions and circumstances who benefit by radio than can be counted. There are those who are confined to bed on account of illness and those who have no friends. There is something needed to dispel the spirit of gloom which is sure to be found under such conditions. A person may be too downcast or too sick to read but the sound of the radio is always welcome. A friendly

voice or a bit of cheerful music will, in many cases, do more good than all the medicine ever invented. In fact, in many diseases of the mind, doctors have found it to be true that a radio has brought about cure when medicine has failed.

There has been a great deal of talk about the radio taking the place of the classroom and doing away with textbooks, but this is quite apparently impossible. Radio is, of course, the speediest device we now possess. The day is not far away when Radio will be the biggest single means of reaching the most people. It is already one of the greatest, the movies being the other. People had been talking and seeing thousands of years before they began to write. Something we can see or hear, therefore, is much easier to understand than something we have to read. It can easily be seen that people can get ideas over the radio after they have become too tired to read. In a sense, everything about radio is educational. The amateur who puts together his own set or who works around with the dials is getting some education. Even the person who listens once in a while to a football game, an orchestra, or some kind of a talk, is learning a great deal more than he suspects. Of course, some programs that he hears are worthless, but a large percentage are very valuable. Statistics already show that the number of people who get regular useful information by radio is at least four times as large as the total enrollment of all the colleges and universities, despite the fact that the number of college students has doubled in the last ten years.

Not only is the radio useful in widening the mental horizon of the individual but it also has a part in the education for health. There are many business men who sit at their desks all day and never perform any physical labor. They can get up early in the morning and tune in on the setting-up exercises. Every week there are health talks broadcast, and ideas and principals given in these are followed by many people. Increased interest in sports is sure to result from listening in to baseball, hockey, or football games. Tens of thousands of people listened to the same football game last fall or to a single hockey game last winter. It is only natural that after listening to the shouting of the thousands at one of these games, you resolve that you will pick up the old baseball bat and have a little exercise.

Another advantage of radio is more psychological than anything else. If you were given your choice of which sense you would rather retain than any other, the immediate answer would be the sense of sight. Any of your ancestors back thousands of years would have given the same answer. This would be very logical, for the nerves which connect the eyes are much more sensitive than any others. This is why, after attending a great football game, the things you remember

most are things which were seen. It is rarely that you remember anything else. Moreover, the sense of sight takes in more than any other single sense. When you are speaking to a friend in a noisy street car or in a restaurant, and you can hear perfectly, even above the noise, just turn your back or shut your eyes. Then you will realize that you are seeing that person speak and not hearing him.

The first person who talked over a telephone condemned it, saying that it was impossible to hear distinctly. The same thing happened when the radio came into use. This was because we are used to watching a person when he speaks and seeing his lips move. Radio has changed all this very decidedly. While the movie appeals primarily to your sense of sight you can't do anything but hear by radio. No doubt in a few years we will have television but for the present we must be satisfied with listening. Watching the loudspeaker doesn't help us see the person who is speaking. The only remedy is to listen attentively. Now it has become easier to read or talk and listen to a radio program at the same time. When you go to church you are usually inspired by the beautiful arches and stained glass windows as well as by the music, but the radio gives the imagination a chance to work as it never worked before. Right now you may notice that you can hear a friend speak without watching him, that you can appreciate the song of an unseen bird, and that the ears are used more now for what they were originally intended.

By means of radio a person at the present time knows a great deal more about the news of his country than he ever did before. There are broadcasts by some of the greatest men of our day, including President Coolidge and men of international fame. We recall that Queen Marie spoke when she was in this country and the Prince of Sweden gave a very interesting talk on his native land. By listening to men of various countries we learn the other person's point of view on affairs of world-wide importance. As to the question of different points of view, there were many people interested in the debates which were held this winter, especially that between Senator Borah and President Butler. The news flashes, usually broadcast between programs and very brief, are interesting as well as of great educational importance.

Besides bringing us a great amount of information about current history and problems, radio helps bring about a greater knowledge of the arts. There is hardly anyone who isn't interested in good music when he has had a chance to hear it. However, the price of opera tickets comes high and it isn't everyone who can afford a ticket enabling him to hear John McCormack or Marie Jeritza sing, but vast numbers sat in their own homes and heard these artists last winter and this winter. The number who listen to good music is said to have increased 1000% since the radio was introduced. There

are many lectures on art and music, where very well-informed men tell the meaning and history of different kinds of music.

One of the most important educational developments is the broadcasting of college lectures. Many of the colleges are offering extension courses by radio. The courses are given by college professors and frequently consist of ten or twelve lectures of from fifteen to thirty minutes each. Although, as yet, the courses over the radio do not count toward a college degree, a certificate is given to each person who shows that he has obtained what he should from the work. Nearly every subject has been broadcast but those which seem most interesting are literature, languages, philosophy, science, and such practical things as health, farming, and housekeeping. Talks on recipes and matters of interest to housewives are usually given in the morning.

Besides these courses for adults, many children learn a great deal by radio. In Atlanta, Georgia, each school has a loudspeaker and a weekly plan is worked out. There were found to be many advantages for learning in this way.

(1) The pupils have the advantage of getting their information on each subject from the best teacher in the city.

(2) All the other teachers have a chance to hear the work done by the best in the profession.

(3) The teacher who has charge of the class can correct the errors without being burdened by teaching.

Lessons broadcast in this way are listened to by people who are in no way connected with the school. In New York model classes are carried on by a picked set of students while thousands of others listen in.

Programs such as Big Brother arranges bring much general information to children. One night there may be a lecture on stars by a college astronomer, the next, a spelling match, and later still, a musical program.

That the radio has a remarkable influence as a means of religious education cannot be doubted by the numbers who listen to Dr. Cadman, Dr. Gilkey, Rabbi Wise, and other noted religious leaders.

The people who pay for all the wonderful programs which are broadcast expect to get their money back in advertising value. No matter how wonderful the program is there is always someone ready to tell about some product. Even the advertiser considered the radio as an educational instrument in that it acquaints the public with his particular product.

The progress made in the last five years in adopting radio to an ever larger and more varied audience has been almost phenomenal. It already teaches the farmer, cheers the sick and lonely, and is a means of education to thousands of people in a vast number of ways. No one would dare to prophecy how great an influence, as an educational agency, it will have in the future.

VICTOR ARONOFF.

CLASS HISTORY

Let us imagine that since we have listened to the last speaker that Father Time has moved the hands of the clock ahead ten years; thus, it is June 14, 1937.

Yesterday afternoon, on the 14th of that same month, an old classmate and I sat in the South Station waiting for a train out to Duxbury, where we were going to spend a short vacation and renew old acquaintances. There were still four hours to wait and what could we do? We finally decided to walk into the first attractive movie house that we saw. As we strolled along we wondered what kind of picture we were going to see, whether it would be one of Zane Gray's wild west stories or a fantasy like "Peter Pan."

Entering a theatre we found that the title of the picture was — well, what do you think — "The Four Horsemen"? No, the title was "Keep Your Eye On '27."

We did not feel much more enlightened than before. As we seated ourselves comfortably we realized that familiar strains were coming from the orchestra. Why, it was "Mada-lon"! We had not heard it since our graduation from Duxbury High School.

We were apparently just in time for the lights were turned off and greatly to our surprise, as the film began, we discovered that Miss Aronoff had been director and Allan Whitney stage manager of the play.

The first film pictured a group of boys and girls apparently dressed in their best clothes, some of the boys seeming a little stiff and uncomfortable in their new shoes, eagerly hurrying up a slightly steep hill on which was a white building that could be taken for a country church or a town hall; but all of a sudden we recognized it as the Old Partridge Academy.

The scene changed to the interior of the building where the timid Freshmen were greeted by seemingly stern teachers.

We next recognized the old sheds where two rows of boys, apparently Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, were making the Freshmen go through the Hot Oven. The girls were wandering about expecting to get their punishment but the older girls must have been afraid of them. Finally, we read on the screen "The End of a Perfect Day."

A group of Freshmen girls eating their lunches and at the same time having a meeting of their club, not the "Klu Klux Klan," but the "Funny Five Club," was what next attracted our attention. The members were discussing a proposed trip to Plymouth on the following Saturday with "Dot Walker" as chaperon. We soon saw them on their way riding bicycles. After walking about Plymouth they went to the movies, but one member did not enjoy them for she, Mercy Soule, had eaten too many "goodies." The scene changed to the road from Kingston to Duxbury where the same girls were pedaling their bicycles for all their worth in order to reach home before darkness became too terrifying.

"Freshmen Blamed for Trifles" was the next film title. The grounds of the trouble appeared to be that the inkwell covers had been broken off the new desks in the laboratory. Upon investigation it was found that the upper classmen, and not the Freshies had been the culprits.

The same sheds again came into view. Two Freshmen girls were desperately trying to get down from the roof in order to reach their next class in time. In the next issue of the Partridge they found a poem dedicated to them.

Once more we saw a group of boys and girls wending their way towards the high school. They were not so eager this time but much more confident of themselves, for they were now Sophomores. This time they were greeted by Mrs. Bard-sley, Miss Berry, Miss Aronoff, Miss Jenkins, and Mr. Green.

Immediately a picture transferred to Miss Aronoff's room where eight girls were organizing a Camp Fire Group with Miss Aronoff to act as guardian.

Several scenes followed showing groups playing basketball in the chilly atmosphere of the Town Hall. This was the first time the girls had a team that played outside schools.

A third time the academy was welcoming the members of this class.

We could hardly refrain from clapping when we saw four of the most popular Juniors being congratulated by their fellow-classmen as a result of a recent election. They were Mercy Soule, President; Charles Marshall, Vice President; Dorothy Hoffman, Secretary; Beatrice Redmond, Treasurer.

We caught glimpses of the successful as well as pleasant dances and profitable foodsales, which were held during the winter months by both Junior Class and Camp Fire Girls.

At first we were rather confused by the next picture but soon we discovered that groups of people were rushing to Mattakesett Hall where the Camp Fire Girls, with the aid of Ernest Jones, Victor Aronoff, Alpheus Walker, and Charles Marshall, were going to present "It Happened in June."

The next group of girls we recognized as those who belonged to the Sewing Club. We did not have many lessons in sewing, however, but we did have many a laugh with Miss Berg.

While my friend and I were chuckling over the memories of the "Sewing Club" a brilliant picture flashed on the screen, "Reception" it was headed. A hall, decorated with blue and silver paper, and colored balloons, served as a background for the young people who were enjoying the best dance of the year.

Following was a parting scene, with the Seniors leaving Duxbury High School forever. Lucky few, the Juniors thought them, but later looking back over the last few months of their Senior year they were moved to say "Lucky ones that are left."

Returning for their Senior year our heroes and heroines

were again greeted by new teachers, Miss Roper, Miss Henderson and Mr. Cutting. They were glad to see Mr. Green and Miss Aronoff again.

The organization of the class in October gave them officers who have worked diligently through the year. Horatio O'Neil was President; Frances Battilana, Vice President; Ernest Jones, Treasurer; and Beatrice Redmond, Secretary. Beatrice later left school and was succeeded by Sumner Collingwood.

Several times we caught sight of Seniors rushing about typing material for THE PARTRIDGE.

Since the Camp Fire Girls contained several Seniors, we had glimpses of their council fires, foodsales, and dances.

At this time a stranger, Sumner Collingwood, was introduced to us. He was to become a popular member of the Senior Class as well as a distinguished athlete.

Succeeding pictures showed us parts of the football games in which the boys were playing hard in order to win their first game, for this was the first season the Duxbury High School had had a team for several years.

There were several attractive snow scenes and one which we remember particularly, was a fight between the two lefties of that class, Dorothy and Sumner.

There was a rapid succession of pictures showing basketball games between both our boys and girls against outside teams. The girls had exceptionally good luck for they lost only two games.

We saw Mr. Green in front of the school awarding a gold pin to Dorothy Hoffman who had written sixty-four words a minute for a period of fifteen minutes. Mercy Soule had won a silver pin for writing fifty-five words. Bessie Studley had won the bronze pin for writing forty-five. Horatio O'Neil had won the certificate for thirty words per minute.

Next we found ourselves viewing over again humorous parts of the class play. We saw the perplexity of Otto Smultz when he discovered that he had forgotten his name. We laughed when we saw how surprised Jabo Grabb was when he saw his "lalapoloosa." Then there was a general rush and confusion of the cast as they heard the train coming that was to take them to Niagara.

The films carried us through May and June quite quickly. The Seniors were rushing about preparing not only their class parts but Lincoln Essays.

All too soon, however, the picture ended. A tear or two was silently wiped away when we saw the crowds of people strolling out of the new High School.

We came out of the theatre reluctantly. It had been a wonderful treat to live over again the good times we had in Duxbury High School. There is no doubt but what our class was successful but we will let the prophet tell you more about the last reel of the famous picture "Keep Your Eye On '27."

BESSIE STUDLEY.

CLASS PROPHECY

One evening last week I received an invitation to attend a smoker to be given by a well known athletic club in New York. Arriving at the meeting and not being in the habit of smoking, at first I hesitated to take a cigar. An instant's reflection convincing me that I would look out of place if I did not indulge, I took one and busied myself with lighting it. After quite a bit of struggle, I managed to get it drawing well and was rather enjoying myself when my surroundings began to grow hazy.

Try as I would, I could not shake off the feeling of drowsiness. Suddenly I began to rise into space. After some time my course became more horizontal and finally to descend. Soon I could discern a beautiful country below me. There was the ocean, a bay dotted with boats, a long iron bridge, and a monument. Suddenly I realized where I was. It could be no other than the dear old town of Duxbury. It seemed as though I had not seen it for twenty years.

I was carried back to the dear old days when we, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, had graduated from a new school building down on Alden Street. "I wonder what the members of that honorable class are doing and where they are located," thought I. "Perhaps there are a few still left in Duxbury. I will go and see."

At this moment I was slowly floating over a large mansion surrounded by very green lawns and shrubbery. A wonderful palace indeed! I wonder who lives there. A tall broad shouldered man came out of the house and seated himself in a lawn swing. There was something familiar about those shoulders and I wondered where I had seen them before. Suddenly I recognized this man as no other than Barry O'Neil. I came to earth with a rush and, creeping up behind, tipped him out of the swing. He came to his feet, a fierce look on his face, but suddenly the expression turned from anger to astonishment. He reached me in one leap and, after giving me a somewhat vigorous reception, we went into the house and met Mrs. O'Neil and Horatio Jr. We talked over old times and I found that Duxbury had become a city and Barry was its mayor. After lunch, Barry inquired if I played golf and, upon my answering in the affirmative, he proposed that we go down to the links.

Upon our arrival there, I perceived a short, stout man dressed in white flannels, a blue coat, and a panama hat strolling around the club house. Where had I seen him before? I racked my brains but, try as I would, I could not place him. On coming closer, however, I knew him to be my old-time friend, George Worster. It seems George had bought the links and had made a great deal of money until he had become quite well-to-do.

We sat around and talked until it was time to leave; then bidding George good-bye we left for home. On the way we

came to a large poultry farm at which Barry stopped to order chickens. At his knock a lady with jet black hair and brown eyes appeared. Barry gave his order and bade her come out to the car. She was half way to me when I knew her to be Frances Battilana. Her old saying, "I have got to go home and feed the chickens" had been prophetic of her life work. After greetings had been exchanged, nothing must do but that we adjourn to the house for dinner. After spending the evening, we left for Barry's home, where I retired.

The next morning I accompanied Barry to his office and to my amazement whom should I find as his bookkeeper but Bessie Studley. Bessie was still adding up long columns and finding mistakes, and a hard time she was having of it, too.

After giving Bessie the day off, we proceeded down Main Street and came to an Art Studio. As we entered, I saw a tall man with glasses running wildly in circles around an oil painting of old Partridge Academy, tearing his hair because he had mislaid his choice camel hair blending brushes. I discovered, to my huge enjoyment, that it was my old friend Allan Whitney. Allan, having just toured Europe and being named the United States' greatest artist, was trying to live up to his name. We stayed awhile, talking over old school days, and then continued our journey.

We had gone only a few blocks when Barry turned into a doorway. I followed and found myself in a large room of Oriental atmosphere. From the ceiling hung Japanese lanterns and around the room were small screened booths. Out of one of these appeared a lady who looked very familiar to me, and suddenly I recognized her as my old time classmate, Doris Edwards. It seems that she had opened up a beauty parlor which proved a great success. We stopped but a short time, then moved on.

Outside we took a taxi and motored out to the suburbs. There we rode up to a large mansion and handing the servant our cards, we were ushered into the waiting room and told that the president would see us immediately. The President! "The president of what?" thought I. My questions were soon answered, as a human skyscraper appeared in the door and, to my amazement, I found him to be Ernest Jones, clock boy of our class. Ernest had become President of the United States and was on his vacation in Duxbury. We lunched with him and returned to the city.

Next we came to a large office building and, taking the elevator to the third floor, we stepped into a spacious office. At a desk sat a short, stout, dark-haired, business-like lady. She shook hands with Barry and when she spoke I knew her to be my old classmate, Dorothy Hoffman. Dorothy had become the owner of the world's largest History Book Sales House.

Next we went to a theatre. Having obtained our tickets we entered just as the main picture was being flashed on the screen. The picture was "Why Young People Are Restless."

It was the story of a young girl who was discontented with the life she was living and went to New York and got in with bad company. She was rescued by a flashing young man whom she married. The leading actress was no other than Mercy Soule, another of my old classmates.

On leaving the theatre I inquired after Florence Merry. Barry turned to me and said, "Why haven't you heard? She is a di —" "Not dead! Oh, isn't that —" "Now, now, calm yourself and give a fellow a chance to tell you something. Florence is the largest diamond jeweler in the world."

We then started for Barry's home and were rolling along at a good pace when we were arrested for speeding. We were taken to the court house and who should be the judge but Victor Aronoff. He fined Barry one hundred dollars and after court was over gave it back. Don't tell anyone about this because Victor might lose his job. Now we started once more for Barry's home at a moderate rate of speed, and after dinner, we went to the opera where the main feature was to be the solo singing of Alice Briggs the multi-millionaire heiress. Alice performed her part in a fine manner and deserved all of the applause that she received. Just as we were leaving the opera house someone shouted "Fire!" Immediately the fire-hose was turned on me and, when I had got the water out of my eyes, I found that I had fallen asleep and had set myself afire with my cigar.

SUMNER COLLINGWOOD.

CLASS WILL

FRIENDS, MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL AND CLASSMATES:

As we are about to step "out of school-life into life's school," we find it necessary that we leave some things behind us. We, therefore draw up this document in all seriousness and solemnity. We hope that all of the fortunate people who are benefitted by this will of ours may make good use of the various gifts.

THE WILL

Article 1. We, the class of 1927, being of sound minds and not lunatical, do hereby, on this fourteenth day of June, and in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, and of our existence, the fourth, draw up and publish our last will and testament.

Article 2. We bequeath to the Junior Class the dignified position of being Seniors, which aforesaid position has just been left vacant by the present graduating class. We have hopes that such a position will do them as much good as it has done us, and that they will be worthy of it.

Article 3. Upon the Sophomores we bestow the responsible position as Juniors that they may be able to do something than can be written about in "THE PARTRIDGE."

Article 4. We leave the Freshman some of our brains and dignity, and also a large box of salt.

Article 5. We bequeath to our long suffering faculty a new supply of energy, and patience which, after working with our class, they will be able to use, no doubt. We wish at this time, also, to express our thanks to the various members of the faculty for helping us in the production of our comedy, "The Dutch Detective," and especially to Miss Aronoff, who gave so much of her time to rehearse with us. We feel that a great part of our success was due to her. We know that our athletic teams have improved because of the coaching of our principal, Mr. Green, Miss Henderson, and Mr. Cutting. "THE PARTRIDGE" has had a successful year with the aid of Miss Roper who has spent many weary hours helping us.

Article 6. On the rest of the school, we bestow forty weeks of study, and hope that they will be able to concentrate and to persevere as well as WE have! !

Article 7. To Bunk, our janitor, we leave our thanks for picking up various things such as paper, erasers and chalk, which have been the source of heart-ache, joy, and sorrow, and request that he dispose of them forever and ever.

Article 8. And to dear Old Partridge Academy we leave all of the memories, both sad and joyous, of our experiences there. We know that they will be kept sacred.

Article 9. We bestow on the school magazine, "THE PARTRIDGE," a new name to fit its position in the new High School.

Article 10. We leave to Houdini, our pet black cat, all of the mice and rats that are left, and any stray food that might be lying around.

Article 11. To the school mice we leave any old clothes or books that happen to be left behind.

Article 12. To the girls who always stop for a last look into the mirror, we bequeath a new mirror, and all of the little bits of combs, powder, paint, and rouge that happen to be in the old sink. Possibly this will aid them to get to classes more quickly.

Article 13. To the boys who complain because they have no mirror to look into we leave the old speckled one in the girls' dressing room, which has seen so many pretty faces.

Article 14. Victor Aronoff bestows his brains upon Richard Holway in order that the latter may reach graduation successfully next year.

Victor leaves his ability to eat ice cream and fudge, which was supposed to be sold, to Ralph Blakeman, hoping that the latter won't have to hang out of the window between the acts of the play as Victor did.

Article 15. Frances Battilana bequeaths her "face" to Arthur Cushing. She seems to think that it would assist him

in getting a job as a comedian in some stock company.

The aforesaid legatee leaves her gift of a very vivid imagination to Russell Atwood in order that the benefits may talk more and impress his listeners as Bird has.

Article 16. Alice Briggs bequeathes her poetic ability to Charlotte Simmons. We hope that Charlotte will become a shining light in the Poetry Department as Alice has.

Alice, wishing to be remembered as a basketball player, wills her ability to dodge and fly around while playing, to Frances Goodrich, in order that Frances may grow to be as slender as Alice is and keep up the record that the girls basketball team set this year.

Article 17. Sumner Collingwood wills his genius for striking out opposing heavy hitters to Alpheus Walker. With this help our team will undoubtedly win the cup. As this ability is no small item, we hope Alphonie will take advantage of it.

Sumner leaves his passion for waltzing to Bob Crocker. Perhaps it will enable Bob to get started before the last dance.

Article 18. Doris Edwards leaves to Everett Estes her boisterous conduct in the main room, as the benefactor thinks that Everett keeps within his own shell to a disturbing extent.

Doris bestows her aptness in writing a lengthy book report to Lola Pierce and Ruth Evans. Possibly it will assist them to make more reports.

Article 19. Dorothy Hoffman hereby bestows, upon Norman Hardy, her speed in typewriting, seventy-two words a minute, so that the latter will be able to represent the school at Brockton next May.

Dot leaves to Eleanor Bradley her height. They are always complaining about their lot, so perhaps, this will even matters up a bit.

Article 20. Ernest Jones leaves to Ruth Osgood his proficiency in learning and retaining history. If Ruth is like most of us she is going to need this gift in spite of her superior scholarship.

Ernest leaves to Bill Wordsworth his interest in the opposite sex, sincerely hoping that Bill will find more time to joke with the girls.

Article 21. Florence Merry wills to Esther Nickerson her ability to solve mathematical problems, because no longer will Esther be able to come to the donor during third period for help.

Florence bestows upon Hazel Nickerson her ability to play hymns, in order that Hazel will be able to play selections other than the "Prisoner's Song."

Article 22. Barry O'Neil bequeathes his gracefulness in dancing to Arthur Cushing. Of course, we all know that Arthur already possesses this skill to a great extent but the aforesaid senior sees in him a good understudy.

Barry, the school ambulance driver, leaves his car to Dick Crocker, so that Dick may have the means of transporting the girls to ball games and similar events.

Article 23. Mercy Soule resigns to Carroll Foster her ableness "to sit still at all times" of which the aforesaid person appears to be the champion.

Mercy leaves her enjoyment of a lively game of basketball to May Swanson — possibly it will serve to get her interested in it.

Article 24. Bessie Studley resigns to Richard Crocker the desirable position of school treasurer, which was wished upon the benefactor.

Ruth Evans is to have Bessie's long curly hair, in order that Ruth may have some hair to curl when she feels in that mood.

Article 25. Allan Whitney bestows on Edward Soule his talent to draw and paint.

"Eli" leaves to Robert McAuliffe his fine ability to play first base.

Article 26. George Worster wills his managershipness to Harold Mosher. Harold has already shown the ability for taking it up where George leaves off, as he has had experience in the Town Team.

George leaves his preciseness to Edward Soule in hopes that he will do better next year.

We do hereby constitute and appoint Richard Holway, President of the Class, 1927, to act as our executor and to carry out all of the terms herein itemized.

In testimony, whereof, we hereunto set our hand and seal in the presence of our principal, Mr. Green, this fourteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven.

CLASS OF 1927

Victor Aronoff	Florence Merry
Frances Battilana	Barry O'Neil
Alice Briggs	Bessie Studley
Sumner Collingwood	Mercy Soule
Doris Edwards	Allan Whitney
Dorothy Hoffman	George Worster
Ernest Jones	

BY MERCY SOULE, Class Scribe.

OUT OF SCHOOL LIFE INTO LIFE'S SCHOOL

About fifty-seven years ago a Dutch family landed in New York. The younger son, seven years old, was very eager to go to school where he might learn. On account of financial circumstances, his father could keep him in school only until he was thirteen. The boy had to go to work, but in doing so he did not give up his dream of an education; instead he determined to teach himself. From his first job, washing windows in a bake shop, he received only fifty cents a week, however, he finally saved enough from this meager wage to buy an encyclopedia. He kept gradually climbing the ladder, learning a great deal as he went along. He wrote to and visited many of the prominent men of that time. Even presidents became much interested in him because of his remarkable determination and ability. It was not long before editors began to ask him to write for their papers. Largely due to his unusual desire for learning, Edward Bok has reached national or even international renown as an editor, speaker, and writer.

Perhaps none of us has the ability that Edward Bok had, but we probably could go a great deal farther if we had the ambition to learn that he did.

Both Carnegie and Wanamaker started out in the world with hardly any education, working long hours for very small financial returns. Both were also very eager for a good education. Carnegie was a great reader. He received most of his education by this means and through traveling. Wanamaker, on the other hand, obtained most of his from studying human nature as he saw it in the people who came into the store where he worked. These two men, as well as Mr. Bok, were not satisfied with what education they secured in the class room but kept studying and learning long after they had left behind all formal schooling.

Almost every one of us here has been learning something new every day in school; we are going to college or continue our formal school if possible; otherwise we shall go out to begin at once into the world to make the most of the education we have and to continually add to it. There is always something to do and to learn. One can pick up many different languages by working around the people who speak foreign tongues. One can read many history, geography, and English books and learn much about different countries. The newspaper and the radio help to keep us informed about events of our own time.

As we believe that "Experience is the best teacher" we plan to get out into the world and learn much about many subjects but perhaps most important of all, more about human nature.

The motto that we have chosen as a class we hope will be a constant reminder to us to keep an open-minded and interested attitude in the world about us and to be continually growing and learning as we pass "Out of School Life into Life's School."

FLORENCE MERRY.

GIFTS

It was at a class meeting early in March that upon my shoulders the responsibility for selecting the gifts for the individuals of my class was thrust. This duty, simple though it seemed at first, grew steadily to enormous proportions, as a study of the situation revealed the importance of selecting an appropriate "token" as a souvenir of these gloriously happy days that we had spent in Duxbury High School.

Fatigued in mind and body from the heavy tasks which my Senior year placed upon me, I was at the point of despair when, without warning, those fates which so diligently spin out the thread of our existence, stepped in and took a hand, and almost in the flickering of an eye, my problem was solved.

You have probably read about famous philosophers or authors who received inspirations for their greatest works while living poverty stricken in a dingy garret or lowly hovel. Feeling that the physical surroundings would influence my trend of thought, I took a candle, mounted the attic stairs, opened the door, and found myself in a cold room, bare and noiseless, except for one old rat who scampered across the floor. I placed the candle at the side of a dusty table, pulled up a rickety chair, and sat down. I meditated for hours with my face buried in my hands. From a crack in the roof, a vagrant gust of wind extinguished my flickering candle. This left me alone in the darkness with only my thoughts and the rats. Using my arms as a pillow I tipped forward onto the dusty table top and in a twinkling I was lost in the land of slumber. I dreamt that I was wandering in a fairyland. Butterflies flitted between dancing sunbeams and the nodding flowers swayed to and fro in rhythmic cadence with the twinkling music of rustling foliage. I meandered through this sylvan splendor bewildered; and marvelled at the beautiful things. I was about to enter a darker part of the woods when all at once I heard the cry of an owl. Over and over again the shrill call echoed through the forest as if it were trying to summon me. The old bird persisted with its intermittent calling. "Hoot hoot" came down thru the forest, until its relentless monotony acted like a magnet on my soul and drew me irresistably to the spot from whence it came. I broke thru the dense underbrush out into a clearing. Way off on the highest limb of an oak tree I could distinguish my tormentor. As I drew nearer he hopped down to a lower branch and awaited my arrival. I was scarcely a few feet away when, very slowly and sedately he lifted a rough, horny claw and with one crooked talon, outstretched like a finger, pointed into the distance. All at once a ray of light, which seemed to come from nothing, focused its beam where the decaying stump of an old pine tree stood out by itself like a monument to the ages that have passed. The traditional wisdom of the owl flashed through my mind and with no apparent cause or reason, I interpreted his actions as a guide to the solution of

my greatest problem. Surely there was something about the old stump which would guide me through the selection of appropriate gifts to my classmates, at this parting of the ways. I walked over and placed my hands upon the crumbling log, when all at once a blinding flash and ear-splitting rumble shot me out of fairyland into the cold dreary darkness of the attic. But, in my fright, at the sudden crash of thunder I had thrown my arms about the old log and literally ripped it from the earth. I found myself standing, trembling there in the garret with it still in my arms. So classmates, I bring to you, not only gifts but the unique experience of receiving them directly from dreamland. I know not what it held in store for us but we shall soon learn and may each "token" bring to you the beauties and happiness that I saw on entering the fairy forest.

I believe that your class has a talented young man with great imaginative powers which often take him on trips to Mars, therefore Allan this little airplane will help you in taking a real excursion. Room for two please note.

I think that the class will agree with me when I say that you are just about to turn out a Grand Opera Singer, so Alice I will give you this little pitch pipe to help you get the tune at a most vital moment.

Well, Sumner, as you seem to have such a terrible time managing the glances that your numerous admirers give you, I will present you with these dark glasses, hoping that your eyes will be made more dull, and not have such an effect on the girls.

As George seemed so concerned about his lovely little Minty Soudrops in the play, I feel that I should give him a miniature of her so that when he is old and weary he can look back on the days when they were childhood sweethearts.

As Ernest made such an excellent thief catcher in your play he ought to have some kind of a badge to distinguish his T. C. for "Thief Catcher" instead of "Thin Codfish" as someone had the audacity to tell him. Therefore Ernest this badge might explain things.

One day part of your French class asked Miss Aronoff to give Victor a very long and thrilling love scene to translate. Needless to say he was thrilled with the idea and did it very well, so Victor I will present you this French book, hoping that it will give you the minute and complicated details on how to make love.

School teachers are numerous, but I don't believe many will be as successful as Florence. This red pencil will help you correct your papers and if your classes are anything like most, you will need one every day.

Dorothy may wear small close-fitting hats, but in spite of this, I am well aware of her disdainful manner toward some people. So now I present this high silk hat which will in the

future betray your ever present though sometimes hidden quality.

As Mercy is always running after you either to play baseball or football, I am giving her these weights, hoping that they will keep her quiet for at least two minutes.

As Bessie was appointed to be treasurer of almost all the funds in school, I feel she must have a safe of her own, in order that she may not have to run after Mr. Green to unlock the combination every time the Ice Cream Man comes.

Barry, as president of your class, has always kept excellent order in your class meetings. Some day the world will recognize your ability at this. Perhaps this little gavel will help when you, as Vice President preside over the Senate. I bought a good heavy one because I thot that with Ernest and George both present, as senators, you would need it.

My dear Miss Battilana.

I have had a terrible time thinking of an appropriate gift for Doris. Nothing seems to suit her. I may stand for wisdom but I don't know every thing. I finally decided to give her this goat, 'cause she certainly got mine.

Sincerely,

THE OWL.

P. S. May I bestow my best wishes upon the class of 1927.

FRANCES BATTILANA.

LINCOLN ESSAY

Annually the Illinois Watch Company offers to each high school a Lincoln Medal to be presented to the student in that school who is judged to have written the best essay upon Abraham Lincoln. The author of the following essay and the student who won the medal this year is George Worster.

A Martyr For The Slaves In Bondage

On February 12, 1809, in a quaint little log cabin, situated on the banks of Nolin's Creek, in Kentucky, was born a baby boy, who in later life was destined to become a famous man.

Fifty-one years later, this same boy, namely Abraham Lincoln, stood before the largest gathering ever assembled to witness the inauguration of a President at Washington. People had come from far and near to see the man, who represented Freedom, and the party supporting him, pledged to prevent the further extension of slavery.

In taking the oath to support the Constitution, he spoke those memorable words, "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-country men, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of Civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can

have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors.”

With Lincoln as President, the South, knowing his dislike for slavery and his desires to eradicate it, began to prepare itself against him. All pulpits and presses gave vent to fiery utterances, and soon after followed the secession of eleven states of the Union. Lincoln was forced to call on the Government to suppress what he had to regard as unlawful rebellion.

The colored people throughout the country knew that Abraham Lincoln was trying to help them in the conflict between Freedom and Slavery, and it will be remembered how these down-trodden people gathered before the chief magistrate in Washington to pay him homage, lining the streets and kneeling at his feet, in their respect for the justice he was endeavoring to bring to them.

Lincoln understood how strong a weapon against the South this arming and emancipating of the slaves might be, but the time was not right to strike the blow. He feared that the states between the North and the South would secede also.

Finally, Lincoln made a vow that if God would give the Union army a victory in driving the Confederates from Maryland, he would know that the time had arrived for freeing the slaves. The victory came, and the following morning the headlines of the papers announced the Proclamation of Emancipation. The anti-slavery people thanked God, and the pro-slavery uttered curses against it, but Lincoln knew that his vow, uttered a third of a century ago at a slave market in New Orleans, had been fulfilled.

The following months were ones of great trial to Lincoln. The Union armies accomplished little and then came the death of his son “Willie,” which caused him no end of grief, until he was shown that he must forget and again take up the burdens of the nation.

The turning point finally came at the Battle of Gettysburg. It lasted three days and on the last, Lee was forced to withdraw his troops from Virginia. In order to be better prepared for other engagements, Lincoln resorted to the drafting of men into the army. In New York the draft brought about a riot in which many colored men, women and children were killed. People were horrified by these acts, which turned pro-slavery men, by the thousands into red-hot abolitionists.

On the 19th of November, 1864, Lincoln attended the dedicating of a plot of ground for the purpose of burying fallen soldiers at Gettysburg. At this time he spoke a few words, which have since found a resting place in the hearts and memories of men — the famous Gettysburg Address.

The setting aside of Thanksgiving Day, by Lincoln, showed how he revered the Divine Master and to Him he prayed that war might cease, and that every one might unite in peace once more. He extended all protection available to

undefended women and children, and did all that he could to maintain, and protect those whom he had set free.

Once more time was turning towards the electing of a President, and again the people responded by re-electing Lincoln to the office, which doubtlessly no other man could have filled.

Meanwhile the war was continuing, but the North was steadily overcoming the South, and with the surrender of Lee's army the rebellion was broken, and the South and North once more turned back to their own homes or to rebuild that which was destroyed.

People all over the land rejoiced and they met in churches by the thousands to thank God that peace had once more returned.

However, no rest came to the President, who was working with might and main to bring about a just settlement of all important questions, until on the night of April 14, 1865, this good and faithful servant, while seeking a few hours of recreation, was shot by John Wilkes Booth, an actor, who thought he was avenging the South, but who instead was taking from the people, a man, who was a friend of all, who lived to see his life's ambitions carried out — the freeing of the slaves.

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