

Somanhis

Events

Commencement

June, 1919

AGENTS FOR
PAGE & SHAW, SAMOSET, APOLLO CHOCOLATES

PACKARD'S PHARMACY
THE STORE OF QUALITY

Bring Your Prescriptions to Us. Only Registered
Pharmacists Fill Your Prescriptions : : :

I. O. O. F. BUILDING

AT THE CENTER

Extra Copies of the Graduation Issue of Somanhis
Can be Obtained from Raymond Bowers, 5 North
Elm St., Manchester, or Kenneth Ringrose, 38
Locust St., South Manchester. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

EDWARD J. HOLL

Sells Real Estate of All Kinds; Writes All Kinds of Insurance
in the Strongest Companies. Will Buy for Cash
Land Suitable for Building Lots

Telephone 560

POST OFFICE BLOCK

JOHN CAIRNS

Dealer In

FINE JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, SILVERWARE

CUT GLASS AND WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN PENS

891 Main Street,

SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

RUBINOW'S SPECIALTY SHOP
SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

This store has supplied correct style clothes for young girls
since 1907.

The Sign of
GOOD ICE CREAM

MADE AT
SO. MANCHESTER CONN.



It's "Made in Manchester" at

O'Leary's Bakery and Ice Cream Shop

Telephone 525 887 Main Street South Manchester

PEANUT BUTTER

We grind our Peanut Butter to order, from fresh, crisp,
No. 1 Virginia Peanuts.

BAKERY GOODS

We are headquarters for Pies, Bread, Rolls, Cake and all
kinds of Pastry.

O'LEARY'S BAKERY, 887 Main Street

Telephone 525

HARTFORD

Established 1874

BRISTOL

SOUTH MANCHESTER

Watkins Brothers Inc.

"Assistant Home Makers"

Exclusive Representatives for the Following High Grade Lines:

Steinway Pianos

Steinway Pianolas

Victor Victrolas

Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets

Berkey & Gay Furniture

Whittall Rugs

Glenwood and Crawford Ranges

New Method Gas Ranges

The J. W. Hale Company
SOUTH MANCHESTER · CONN ·

RETAILERS OF

Dry Goods and Apparel for
Women Who Appreciate
Style and Understand Value

Somanhis Events

VOL. 4

South Manchester, Conn., June, 1919

NO. 4

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

Subscription Price, 60 Cents

Entered as second class matter April 2, 1917, at the Post Office at South Manchester, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor, HANNAH MORIARTY, '19

Assistant Editor, MARGARET CHENEY, '19

HELEN KELLEHER, '19, School Notes

FRANCIS STRICKLAND, '20, Alumni

DOROTHY CARR, '19, Jokes

PAUL BALLSIEPER, '19, Athletics

ELIZABETH BAYNE, '20, Exchanges

HERBERT SWANSON, '20, Art

BUSINESS STAFF

RAYMOND BOWERS, '19, Business Manager

SHERWOOD BEECHLER, '19, Circulation Manager

Assistants

CHARLES DOWD, '20

JACK TROTTER, '21

SHERWOOD ROBB, '20

WALTER QUINN, '22

CLIFFORD GUSTAFSON, '21

ROYAL MARSHALL, '22

MAE PFUNDER, '18, Alumni Subscription Manager



SOMANHIS STAFF 1918-1919

EDITORIALS

"NON SIBI SED OMNIBUS."

The motto of the class of '19 might well be written in large letters all over the S. M. H. S. A person who is not self-contained or selfish is very well liked and respected. And what does one gain by selfish motives anyhow? To do so much and only so much, because that amount and only that amount belongs to you or brings you, personally a reward—is not the kind of spirit one should have. Willingness to help others to the best of our ability, whenever we can, should be a dominant trait in our natures. This applies to the school.

Our dear "Alma Mater" will not be a grand success in all its undertakings if Jim Blake sits back and doesn't "deliver the goods." And "the goods" won't be "delivered" if he waits for the other fellow to do it, because there is such an everlasting "supply of Jim Blakes" and of "other fellows," that anything set on those wheels rolls a long way before it reaches the goal or—before the "other fellow" does it. Don't merely do your work from day to day with the selfish point in view. Take part in your school's doings! Go out for the athletic teams, go to the games, write for "Somanhis," and when you are called upon to do anything in the school, don't fall back just because it's going to cost you a little extra energy!

Class of '20, you will take your place at the head of the school next year. Yours is, indeed, a class full of great prospects. Keep things lively and the underclass men will be nothing loath to follow your example.

Next year "Somanhis" will have a chance to go back to its normal routine again. On account of conditions at the commencement of this school year, we found it necessary to cut down our "Exchange Department." But by next September, things will have gotten so completely back to normal that the paper can go on without these restrictions.

Everyone of us who enters High School has a chance to make our school bigger and better, if we work "Not for self, but for all." And if that chance is missed, disregarded, and let slip by, we shall have a gnawing feeling of bitter regret in our hearts when we come to leave the "Crimson and White" behind us and walk away, out to the broad path of life.

* * *

PUPIL AND SCHOOL.

The end of the year has come, and we ask, "Well, have we gotten anything out of it?" Not much doubt about that! It may have been mental development, it may have been growth of character—or perhaps it was only a very good time. But the least of these is a real something, the possession or memory of which enriches each one of us. Unless our capacity for appreciation is remarkably stunted, we must realize that it has been a great experience.

But there is something else which must be taken into consideration, one more question to be answered. "Has the school gotten anything out of it?" There are a good many things we might have given: the continuation of high academic and athletic activities; the establishment of even higher standards; a good school

paper; cooperation in school "government," and possibly even some helpful friendly suggestions for the betterment of that government.

It is sometimes hard to think of the school as something independent, in a way, of faculty, student body, or actual building. Perhaps, if we conceive of it as a set of principles, precepts and traditions which must be handed down from class to class, we shall realize the importance of handing them down not only intact, but improved.

For the Seniors, there can be no "next year resolutions." But they bequeath to the other classes their best hopes, aspirations and half-finished endeavors with the injunction that all these be carried to a successful finish, a finish advantageous to both individual and school.

In Memoriam

IT is hard for us, her classmates, who worked and played with her so long, and who at last were so proud to know in her our valedictorian, to realize, that Mildred Anderson no longer answers present when the 1918 roll is read. At her death, not only does the class lose its highest honor pupil, and a dear, loyal classmate for whom it held the greatest respect, but the Alumni has lost one of its most brilliant and promising members. Mildred's sweet, modest nature, and her un-failing loyalty made her the best of friends. Hers was a strong, resolute character and when speaking with her, one was impressed with a quiet dignity, and that self-reliance which Emerson calls "genius." And to the end she retained the same beautiful courage and optimism which were woven through all the web of her happy life like a thread of pure gold in a tapestry.

"It seemed at first a wild incredible word
They said of you—
A whisper heard.
In some fantastic dream of doubt and pain:
And only now I know it to be true
That we shall never see you here again.

Wherefore this rhyme that you will never read,
To say good-bye, bid you Godspeed;
And tell the world how much we held you dear.
How strange it seems that you we loved should die,
And go from us, and leave us lonely here!"



WESLEY GLENNEY
PRESIDENT

"Now for good luck, cast an old shoe after me."



MARY JOSEPHINE KEITH
VICE-PRESIDENT

"Good nonsense purifies the mind, fortifies philosophy, and keeps the spirit going."

* * *

CLASS MOTTO: "Non sibi sed omnibus."
"Not for self, but for all."

* * *

CLASS POEM

Oh, progress! little do we understand your slow, laborious way,
And as we lay each stone, forget we're building mansions, day by day.
Each petty task a thing to fight with, finish, and forget, has seemed,
But that these toilsome works a strong foundation formed, we scarcely dreamed.

And now our work is all complete, and we, its makers, honored stand.
New things we long to conquer now; all life seems waiting to command.
"Go! Vanquish worlds!" Ambition cries. But oh, forget not in our pride
Through four long years of thought and toil, there have been patient hands to
guide.

We feel exultant, strong, unchained; we long to test our liberty.
Yet had we not been long restrained, we would not now be wholly free.
The debt of gratitude we owe to those who helped, and this, our school,
Shall be our spur in future days to play the game of life by rule.

M. Cheney, 1919.



PAUL RAYMOND BALLSIEPER
 "A lion among ladies is a most terrible thing."



RAYMOND RIDGWAY BOWERS
 "I am Sir Oracle. When I ope my lips let no dog bark."



RUBY GENEVA BEEBE
 "A merry heart goeth all day."



LUTHER BROWNING
 "Let the world go; a fig for care, a fig for woe—If I can't pay, why I can owe."



SHERWOOD BEECHLER
 "Gruesome things, his chief delight."



LESLIE VENEDA BROWNING
 "Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."



RUTH INGEBORG BENSON
 "Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax."



MARIE BRUGMAN
 "And when you do dance I wish that you might ever do Nothing but that."



IRENE BENSON
 "A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving, or more loyal, never beat within a human breast."



MARY LORETTA BURKE
 "I will not retreat a single inch."



JAMES LEO BURKE

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one head could carry all he knew."

ROBERT ORR CROCKETT

"He's our class athlete,
If you don't believe it, ask anyone."



DOROTHY MARGARET CARR

"Life is a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

WINNIFRED CROCKETT

"I want what I want when I want it."



MARGARET IRELAND CHENEY

"In arguing, too, Peggy showed her skill,
For e'en tho vanquished she could argue still."

WALTER JAMES DUNN

"Yes, I love glory,
Glory's a great thing."



RALPH ELMER COLLINS

"My heart is as true as steel."

SADIE CONSTANCE ELMAN

"Of all the girls that are so sweet,
There's none like little Sadie."



KATHERYN DORIS COX

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

FRED LAWSON FINNEGAN

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."





WINFRED EARL FOX

"Let the world slide."

MARY THERESA HANNON

"A woman will or won't, depend
on it,
If she will do it, she will and
there's an end on it."



HELEN FRINGELIN

"Her sunny locks hang on her
temples like golden fleece."

LEO PATRICK HANNON

"Why should a man whose blood
is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in
alabaster?"



LUCIE JULIA GERARD

"To know her was to love her."

HAZEL MAY HUGHES

"We grant altho she had much wit,
She was very shy of using it."



GEORGE HERBERT GOULD

"I pray thee cease they counsel
which falls into mine ears as profit-
less as water in a sieve."

MILDRED MARION JACOBSON

"Her hair was not more sunny than
her heart."

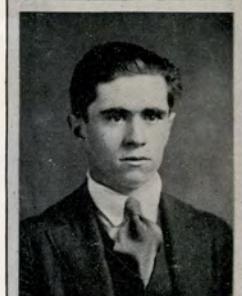


DOROTHY JOSEPHINE GRANT

"Laughing and cheerfulness throws
sunlight on all the paths of life."

EDITH ARLINE JEFFERS

"She had a head to contrive, a ton-
gue to persuade, and a hand to exe-
cute any mischief."





IRMA FRANCES JOHNSON

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye."



LEONARD HILDING JOHNSON

"And when he undertakes it, he'll make the thing and the machine that makes it."



WM. LEO. KEARNS

"With a smile that is childlike and bland."



HELEN FLORENCE KELLEHER

"Music hath charms for her."



SELMA ISABEL KJELLSON

"What will not woman, gentle woman, dare?"

EDWARD CHARLES LYNCH

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth."



GLADYS ELIZABETH KNOWLES

"What stuff will please you next, Only the Lord can tell."



ORVILLE PRENTICE LAMB

"His name suggests his chief characteristic."



OLIVE LOIS LITTLE

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!"



ELMORE BERNARD LUNDINE

"Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food."





ELVA BEATRICE McCORMICK
 "There lies a great deal of mischief beneath her mild exterior."

SYLVESTOR MANUEL
 O'GORMAN

"He trudged along unknowing
 what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for
 want of thought."



CHRISTINE EDITH McMENEMY
 "The mildest manners and the
 gentlest heart."



HARRIET ETTA PACKARD
 "As merry as the day is long."



OLIVE LOUISE McMENEMY
 "Who is it that can read a woman,"



MARION GERTRUDE PACKARD
 "Blest with that charm; the certainty to please."



JAMES THOMAS McNAMARA
 "He was wont to speak plain
 and to the purpose."



EVALINE DAISY PENTLAND
 "Whom not even critics criticise."



HANNAH JOSEPHA MORIARTY
 "A student and a smile are a good
 combination."



RICHARD GORDON PETERS
 "O heaven! were man but
 constant, he were perfect."





HARRY JOSEPH SANDEN

"And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give
place."

WILLIAM RANDALL TOOP

"Oh Paradise, oh Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?"



PHILIP SHAW

"Oh Bed! Bed! Bed! Delicious
Bed!
That Heaven upon earth to the
weary head."

MARION AUGUSTA TYLER

"In work she finds her recreation."



HENRY EDWARD SMITH

"On with the dance; let joy be
unconfined."

EUGENIA CECELIA
VAN SPEYBROECK

"A name which you all know by
sight very well,
But which no one can speak and
no one can spell."



SARAH FRANCES SPILLANE

"The opportunity for mischief
comes a hundred times a day."

MAURICE CARNEY WADDELL

"Men of few words, are the best
men."



JOHN THOMAS SPILLANE

"Still waters run deep."

ALICE MATILDA WEHR

"Oh she will sing the savage-
ness out of a bear."





ISAEAL MADELINE WEIR

"And if to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."



EDITH ARLINE WELDON

"Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She set a spring to snare them all."



ETHEL LORAINE WELDON

"She laughed and danced and
talked and sung."



ALFRIDA AMELIA WENNER-
STROM

"Thou art too mild, too mild,—
I pray thee swear."



S. M. H. S. FACULTY 1918-1919

THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

WHAT will the members of the graduating class do next year? It is an all-absorbing question which we must consider seriously, and which tonight seems unusually important. Perhaps some of us are not considering going to college; perhaps some are fully determined to go; perhaps some are wavering. At all events, it may be helpful in reaching a decision to know what are the real, undeniable values of a college education.

To begin with, a college education is a sound business investment. We have been accustomed to think of scholars as dreamers—vague and unbusiness-like. But there is a practical value in “book learning” too. No matter what business you eventually take up, a knowledge of foreign languages will be very useful, and an acquaintance with literature and history “the best mirrors of humanity” will help you in dealing with the world. Perhaps a more tangible consideration is that of the mental discipline gained in college. The habit of sustained labor, the development of thought power, the ability to successfully grapple with new problems, are all invaluable attributes in business. There is an increasing demand for intelligent, well-educated men and women in special branches and in big business enterprises. It often happens that the companionship of worth-while people strengthens our sense of honor; certainly college training fosters the habit of promptness—and both these qualities are business assets. Often, too, we make firm friends who not only give us pleasure, but are willing to “lend a hand” to us in all emergencies. For a shrewd young American there is no better bargain than college. He may obtain returns infinitely greater than the price paid and his earning capacity is vastly increased by a higher education. Moreover, educated men and women rise with astonishing rapidity to prominent positions, ultimately much higher than those who have been learning their trades while their comrades were in college. In the rise to power nowadays we frequently encounter well educated men and women, and unless we possess the weapons of which they are masters, we are apt to feel pretty helpless, and to be thrown out of the competition.

But there are better, deeper reasons for going to college than those which appeal to our practical instincts. When Aristotle was asked in what way the educated differ from the uneducated he answered, “As the living differ from the dead.” Does any human want to be mentally dead? To be thus robs you of an infinite amount of pleasure. Perhaps today you can amuse yourself with “movies” and parties, but in old age, hard times, or illness will not your untrained, inactive mind be more of a burden than an aid to you in solving your problems? Must the price of eggs, Jim’s new job, and Mrs. Jones’s spring hat be your only topics of conversation, your only food for thought? If you have other friends, whom you met in college, cultured people, with whom you feel at ease, because of the knowledge and *savoir faire* gained in college, you will have other interests: your life cannot be one monotonous round.

College education will give you more than pleasure; it will help you to find a very real happiness. The environment, the experience, the studies, should all help you to perceive what the truly vital things of life are and to discard false valuations. You will get better ideas on many subjects and, very often, higher ideals. Then, too, you will understand things. Even if circumstances

make it impossible for you to carry out scientific experiments yourself, you can intelligently follow the researches of others. You may not be able to become a great author, but you can enjoy and comprehend good literature. Perhaps things which to a high school student seem merely "high-brow stuff" will contain new significance after four years of college training.

To meet with true success in life it is essential that you should seek for the strength and development of your mind, character, moral being, and physical welfare. In the first case—the mental—you may gain, if you will, ability to comprehend profound themes, growth of independent, analytical thought, and above all the broadening of your views. Perhaps all your life you have been of one religious denomination and have agreed with one political party, you may even be inclined to scorn all others. But if your best friend has utterly different views and can defend them, your intolerance and prejudices may be destroyed. This is surely an upward step of greatest importance. Also, if you hear all sides of a question freely discussed, you are more likely to escape radical theories and fadisms.

The development of your character may be beneficially influenced by the professors. Some men consider the acquaintance of such professors the most valuable thing a college offers. You will also be trained to discipline your own will, for—despite the comparative freedom of the life—you cannot always do just what you want to.

Morally, college is sometimes considered dangerous. Yet the average morality of the American college is fully as high as, if not higher than that of many social and business circles. Rowdiness is going out of fashion. Men of the last generation say that there is less gambling and hard drinking in colleges nowadays—and doubtless the latter evil will be eliminated altogether in the near future.

Physical welfare is cared for by college athletics and the resultant training, by gymnastics and, in some men's colleges, by military training. The pale, emaciated book-worm is no longer the prevalent type of American college graduate.

"This is all very well," you say, "but I want to settle on my future career and get started." But if you get the "vision of a life work instead of a job"; if you have obtained a clear understanding of the values of things, a correct estimation of your own powers, and a good foundation for whatever you may later undertake; if your ambitions and enthusiasms have been directed—will you not make a wiser choice, and isn't such a choice worth the work and the delay? One might as well ask, "Is happiness worth struggling for?"

The desire among college students to serve the world is noticeable. And it is no wonder that higher education encourages that ambition. Among other things, it offers one, courses which are the necessary preliminaries for public activities—that is, public activities beneficial to our country. There is an increasing need for this among women who will soon take an important part in politics, for they must not meet their new responsibilities unintelligently, and, through ignorance, misuse them.

And so we see that college can give us discipline, inspiration, help in many branches of development, healthful good times and preparation for a life of usefulness. But all these things depend on one great "If"—If you'll do your

part. For a person with only frivolous interests, for a man or woman with no ambition and not even average ability, for a determinedly vicious character, college, in all probability, can do nothing. For a college is neither a "winter resort, an insane asylum, nor a reformatory." But to others the opportunity to grasp these benefits is open. A student at Oberlin college once asked the president if there was any way in which he might shorten his course. The president answered, "Certainly. It depends on what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make a mighty tree, he takes many years, but he only takes a few months to produce a squash." Now we Seniors have been working for some time in the South Manchester High School, and members of the other classes have still more work before them. Graduation must not mean the end. We owe it to our school and to those who have helped us through to avoid the short cut, to make Somebodies instead of Nobodies of ourselves—indeed, to "Carry On."

Margaret I. Cheney, '19.

* * *

WAR-MODIFIED EDUCATION

THE war, in addition to shortening by a century the progressive path to clearer and sounder educational thinking, has shown us our unpreparedness in health and literacy. Such conditions can only be remedied through our school system. In the same schools that from 1898 proclaimed the panygerics of Kultur, true ideas of democracy are to be taught. Many dangers beset our educators, for there is a tendency to become too liberal and radical. Columbia's radical plan to use psychological tests for entrance is an absurd application of a good idea. From Yale's announcement that Latin would no longer be required for entrance, we easily construe our colleges' new motto, "Drop everything that's hard."

In the residuum of War-Modified subjects Latin will remain because English, which is destined to become a universal language is actually 60-70% Latin. Experiments in the commercial and domestic science courses in the Dorchester Massachusetts High School, where Latin was introduced to help students acquire a thorough mastery of English vocabulary, have proved very successful. In glancing down the page of any science book, we see that nearly all scientific words are of classical derivation. Unless we wish to become barbaric, we cannot afford to lose Greek, the key to all literatures, and to English especially. Macauley, the great master of the English language, owed his success to Greek. Finally let us remember, "The question is not what we will do with Latin and Greek, but what Latin and Greek will do with us."

A dangerous tendency today is the madness to federalize education. The Smith Bill designed to encourage education is a thoroughly Prussian bill. Fringed and ornamental talk, hair-raising stories of illiteracy in Tuscaloone, Ala., the beautiful but grammarless shop girl cannot make it other than simon-pure educational autocracy. God forbid its adoption which would bring to an end our progress, political career and shatter our future prospects.

James L. Burke, '19.

ART IN WARFARE

HERE is in the civilized world one language which can be understood by all people regardless of race and mother tongue. I refer to art as a universal language in which has been written the most authentic history of wars since the world began.

Art is always influenced by warfare to a greater or lesser degree, because warfare is continually changing and bringing about new ideas and customs.

Languages slowly but continually go through changes, but art remains constant. It is for this reason that the vase paintings and mural decorations that illustrate battles as far back as the Trojan War in 1194 B. C. still mean the same to us as they did to those people who lived so many hundred years ago. And so up through the history of the world, art has played a prominent part in giving us the real truth of the great conflicts that occurred before the ability of man to write.

Art has probably played a greater part in this great world war than in any war preceding it. Our nation, from the very beginning of its physical participation on the battle fields of the war, had artists at the front who actually lived the life of a common soldier, who shared their hardships and dangers, and saw the horrors and outrages of the war. From the inspirations thus gained they have painted pictures which make our blood run cold. The artists did a great deal in convincing the civilized world that it was being imperiled by a barbarism strangely scientific, and by a brute force devoid of soul.

The various artists reacted to the war, of course, in their various ways. Farre saw it in the thrilling and perilous combats of the air; he not only presented the wonderful deeds of heroism and bravery which constantly occurred in that branch of the service, but he opened an entirely new world of pictures of scenes above the clouds, wonderfully beautifully, and marvelously dramatic. Steinlen saw it in the depression and woe of the old, the ill, the homeless; he saw it in the agony of tormented hearts, brothers and sisters; mothers and fathers, parents and children torn from one another and driven from their homes, innocent as they were, to trudge along the streets and die from hunger, exposure, and the intense horror of it all. Dougherty, the marine painter, saw it in the sinking of hospital ships and the resulting hideous murder of thousands of helpless people, sunk without a trace, by blood-thirsty wolves of the sea. Jonas saw it in the heroic glory in the souls of men, proud to suffer and sacrifice their lives for an ideal. It is thus that the artists have conveyed to us the horrors of war. There is one more striking picture, namely, "The Murder of Edith Cavell." It was painted by George Bellows, one of our American artists. He seems to have been stirred to his innermost depths by his subject, and he has created the greatest composition of his career. Miss Cavell, the dignified English nurse, is portrayed at the moment when she was taken from her cell to be executed under the cover of night. This picture conveys immediately the methods of that monstrous thing called "Kultur."

It is well for us that we should see these sights so that we, who have been secure and comfortable at home, may reverently remember those who suffered and died for our sake. Yet too much emphasis may be placed upon the horrors of war. The sweethearts and wives, the mothers and daughters, yes, and all

those whose dear ones go to meet an unknown fate, need to be comforted and cheered by the thought, that, in war there are fine companionships; there are hours to think of home, there is time for music and laughter, and there is time for recreation and reaction.

We hear all too much, perhaps, of the horrors of war. Let us gladly turn our mind to wit and humor. The humor is to be found where one would least expect to find it. Man is a peculiar animal; he laughs so that he will not weep with exasperation. Look over the pictures of Bairnsfather and see how the Tommies make the best of all sorts of inconveniences and afford unconscious amusement to thousands of unknown comrades.

Then there are the cartoons that show the attitude our enemy took at various times throughout those momentous days of the great struggle. Thousands of cartoonists did their best in this work. The foremost of these was Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, whose works are probably familiar to most Americans. Although half German himself, he makes Kaiserdom and Prussianism the chief enemies of his pen. But in his illustrations he brings out more vividly than any other artist the horror and cruelty, the thirst and hunger of war itself.

At this point I wish to discuss the art of camouflaging. The men engaged in this fascinating pursuit are the camoufleurs or artists who fight the enemy with their brushes. Deceptive coloration is the principle at the basis of this war art. Camouflage has been applied to conceal guns, roads, trains, outposts, spies, etc. Among many instances showing the extent to which deceptive coloration may be used, the hiding of a village street was very striking. It was desired to pass soldiers from one part of the front to another, past the end of a village street which was within sight of the German glasses and also within easy range of their guns. To do this the artists painted a picture of that street on a very large piece of muslin and hung it up at the end of the street under cover of darkness. The next morning the Germans saw an empty street but behind that sheet, thousands of soldiers marched to safety.

Probably as important as any other branch of art in the world war was the part that posters played. The American artists have produced a new type of pictures. All over our great nation our artists have spoken the thing for which there are no words to men, women, and children, who see with the eye better than they hear with the ear. When we look back at the posters that have been made how simple they are! How true in what they say! No intelligent man will question the vital power of inspiring pictures. Call them cartoons, posters, or what you will; they have stirred the souls of men, and mobilized the forces of justice and patriotism against the world's greatest enemy, "Kultur."

The orator no matter how gifted, knows that the real thrill of his words is limited to the range of his voice. But the picture that catches your eye and points out a truth, or sounds a call to patriotic service knows no limitations. The posters which you and I have seen during the last two years have conveyed a meaning to us and to everyone in our nation. They did more than that; those pictures that called to us for steadfast loyalty and heroic sacrifice also carried courage to our boys at the front. Those pictures put fresh life and courage into every man who fought for that flag, whether he was fighting with good

American steel in the form of bullets and bayonet, or shaping that same steel into ships for the great navy that made it possible for us to win our victory.

Art has in these various ways helped to make the world a safe place to live in. It has helped to destroy the most contemptible and stupendous dream that ever stalked forth from the nethermost caverns of human imagination. We have wrestled with that dream and overcome it. We have our own vision of human rights with justice as a master, and everywhere room for the free flowering of all that makes life worth living. For this high ideal many have sacrificed their lives, and art, I think, has done her best.

Leonard H. Johnson, '19.

* * *

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

SINCE the invasion of France by the Hun in that memorable August of 1914, the unconquerable spirit of France has won the admiration of the world. Although France has made bitter sacrifices during the recent war, nevertheless her spirit has been indomitable. And what is the French spirit? It is an inborn love of liberty, an unyielding courage to bear suffering without complaint and, under all vicissitudes, a manifestation of cheerfulness.

They have proven themselves a people with a soul above suffering, and it is with this quality and their veneration for their own glory in arms that France was resolved upon the defeat of Germany. Though unprepared, she thoroughly understood the task set before her and did not rest until it was accomplished. Frivolity gave place to seriousness of thought and action. She became a bigger France, a more powerful France, a France ready to make sacrifice but resolved upon Victory.

At the outset of the war the armies of invasion overran France spreading ruin and desolation over that fertile and peaceful country. Although gallantly defended by every ounce of strength that she then possessed, the loss of life, and the destruction of homes were appalling. Was the spirit of France broken then? No, girding together the remnants of their battered forces, the French made one supreme effort at the battle of the Marne, and hurled back the invaders now broken and dispirited. Thus Paris, the heart of the nation, was saved, and new life and hope was given to the French army, and, above all, the world-wide cause of Democracy was saved.

The spirit of France was again displayed at Verdun when for six months the flower of the German army with forty years of preparation, backed up with all the genius of German science and deviltry was successfully withstood. It was the spirit of France which turned the tide and gave birth to that immortal epigram, "Thou shalt not pass."

This spirit was not confined to the noble defenders of France alone, but extended through all grades of social life. Every French patriot was inspired with the desire to do or die.

The sacrifices of the French women are symbolic of this quality. They have proven themselves a thousand Joan of Arcs. They offered themselves as laborers in the factories and on the farms. It was largely due to the efforts of

the women that the crops which fed the soldiers at the front were harvested. In short, they have engaged in every kind of work possible for them to undertake and have succeeded admirably. In many cases the overwork and the overstrain proved too great, and they gave their lives for the cause of France. Anxiety, the heaviest of all their burdens, they bore courageously. They delighted in the sweet work of doing good and their hearts were just as staunch as those of their loved ones with whom they had parted. This fact may be well illustrated by a story told of a French officer who was obliged to announce to a poor old lady the death of her son. Trying to calm the grief-stricken mother the officer told her that she must remember that her son died saving France. "Ah!" she replied, "only tell me Monsieur L' officier that we shall save France and I shall weep no more." This touching story goes to show that even the supreme sacrifice was willingly made if it were only done in supporting the noble cause.

Nevertheless, under this heavy veil of optimism a certain seriousness existed and exists even today. The French realize what the disaster of war has cost them. In approximately every home there is sorrow. They know only too well what the deaths of those valiant soldiers mean to the nation in the future. They mourn and weep for them, but console themselves with the knowledge that they died for France.

Now that France has emerged victoriously from this great war it is the sincere hope of all civilized countries that she will attain her former prosperity and be the beacon light for the cause of justice and democracy throughout the world.

Helen F. Kelleher, '19.

* * *

OUR NATIONAL SPORT

BATTER-R-R-UP!" The ring of the umpire's voice echoes around the field. The crowd gathers closer, anxiously awaiting what come next. The masked man behind the bat bends low, his eyes on the pitcher, while the pitcher with great precision fingers the ball and sizes up the man at the bat. This latter stands impatiently awaiting the throw. Some of the men on the field are hurling encouraging remarks at the pitcher, while others, support the batter in their enthusiasm. Everyone, spectator and player, is much excited and watches with amazing interest the movements of the players. "Play Ball"—yells the umpire. Swift as a streak of lightning the ball whizzes from the pitcher, the batter tries to hit it and fails, for the greedy hands of the masked catcher hold it fast. "One strike!" bawls the umpire.

There is no need to describe the game any further, for there is no one who does not know baseball and who has not seen, if not participated in, a game. But when baseball started about sixty years or so ago, the game looked very different. A newspaper in 1859 reports a game that was played at Hoboken, N. J. So much was thought of it at the time that a two page picture of the game was printed also. In those days, something unusual, like a Fourth of July celebration, had to take place, as a cause for a game. The reason for this game was to entertain some Englishmen of high rank who were visiting here.

The editor of the paper thoroughly explained the game and in the course of his account we read: "If the fielder cannot catch the batted ball and thus put the man 'out,' he may hurl the ball at the runner. If the runner is struck in this manner he is 'out'." The editor was not wrong when he made this statement for that was an actual fact. After the game became more popular, however, this rule was abolished.

The illustrations which accompanied this report showed to a greater degree the difference between modern baseball and baseball in the fifties. All the spectators are standing with the exception of those who occupy a few carriages. The umpire, however, is sitting calmly in the middle of the field, his chair tipped back, his legs crossed, appearing utterly oblivious of whatever remarks the onlookers may make. The basemen instead of "playing off," are standing with one foot on the base, and a base runner is "glued to third," even though the pitcher is preparing to deliver the ball. Indeed, the entire scene would greatly astonish the baseball captain of today.

Since then, the game has spread rapidly, not only over America but to Europe, Asia and Australia. Our national pastime is the greatest sport in the world!

The war through which we have just come, has done much towards the spreading of baseball. The French adopted it as a means of improving their hand grenade throwing. When the Americans arrived in France the "poilus" noticed that our "dough boys" were able to throw grenades with much more accuracy and skill than they. So they decided to go to the root of the matter and find out where the reason for our superiority lay. They found the answer in "Baseball." The Americans had been throwing baseball since they were big enough to hold the ball, and when it came to throwing grenades they found it an easy matter to prove superior to the French men, for the French are not natural throwers. The French, however, decided that their men must learn our way of throwing.

Johnny Evers, who taught baseball "over there," says they learn very quickly, and he holds our bright prospects for the future. On the other hand, Christy Matthewson thinks that Mr. Evers is too optimistic. He does not see such a brilliant future for baseball in France. The French, he says, don't like the idea of playing "catcher." There seems to be something formidable and repulsive to the man who wears the mask and chest protector. "If you want the French to play a game" says Matty, "you've got to furnish the catcher." They have shown ability at base-running, but you've got to put them on the bases to give them a chance to run. "They can't bat!" Despite all the difficulties, however baseball has worked its way into France, and it has made an impression on the French people that is bound to last.

As a result of the war, England also, has been invaded by our national game. The English play stiffly and have a very dignified aspect. This is due to the English game "cricket" which is played in very stately fashion. Last Fourth of July, the United States Army and Navy teams played a game in England. There was much cheering and yelling during the game, which the Navy won, with the score of 2 to 1. When the final stroke was given, the "rooters" for both sides filed on to the field amidst the yells and cheers of the crowd. Suddenly by some mysterious force, the lines of soldiers and sailors stood still

and the uproar on the field gave way to a painful silence. Then across that sudden calm swept the first notes of the "Star Spangled Banner." Sailors and soldiers stood at attention, and the crowd was hushed while our National anthem was being played. It seemed, indeed, a fitting close for the American game played by American soldiers and sailors. The newspapers reported that the English thoroughly enjoyed their Fourth of July baseball game.

The Japanese are getting to be great baseball fans. The game was introduced into that country about twenty years ago, but it never gained a real foothold there until about eight years ago. Japanese teams have visited the United States to play our teams, and Chicago teams have played return games in Japan. In 1913 we heard that a Chinese club was coming over to play our college clubs. When the games were played, it could be plainly seen that the Chinamen had not much to learn from the Americans about baseball.

The game has been used as a civilizing force in the Philippines. It has been said that "Baseball is the melting pot of all sports." It is played in France, and England, Italy, Canada, Australia, the Philippines, Japan and China. Here in our own America, men of all nationalities are playing it. The time is nearly at hand when we shall have bigger championship contests than the world has ever known; for baseball is the coming international sport.

But, why is baseball so popular? Why is everyone interested in it? Why do crowds of men, women and children stand in the heat of the broiling sun on a warm summer's day and yell themselves hoarse while they watch a group of men send a little ball back and forth across the field? What is there in baseball that fascinates everyone? Did you ever stop to think?

In the first place, a great portion of those who attend the games, have at one time or another played baseball. Then, baseball is made up of the right proportion of action and inaction, and excitement is furnished for the players as well as for the spectators. Besides this, the "Sporting Blood" of America demands something that cannot be decided in a hurry, but yet contains thrills of expectation all the way through.

In 1859 we chose baseball for our national sport. The Americans since then have responded heartily to the choice. Young and old are enlisted in its favor while the little tots show their approval by acting as a menace to autos and other vehicles because they find the street not at all a bad place for a game of ball.

America, you may not have a national literature, you may not have a national art, but you have a national game and you're proud of it!

Hannah J. Moriarty, '19.



ATHELETICS

The baseball season of South Manchester High School has not been very successful. This is due chiefly to the fact that some of the players were not up to standard in academic work; many, also, did not come out to practice.

The scores are as follows:

S. M. H. S.	1	Loomis Institute	8
"	31	Bristol	3
"	7	Torrington	4
"	7	Hartford	8
"	4	Rosary	7
"	8	Torrington	5
"	3	St. Thomas' Seminary	6
"	6	Rosary	4
"	12	Bristol	5

The game with Hartford High was the most exciting. In every inning up to the eighth we tied them up. In the eighth, Hartford made a change in pitchers: Wolfe took Dodge's place. It was in this inning that they scored the run which won the game for them, and the new pitcher held S. M. H. S. down in the last inning.



1918-1919 SOMANHIS BASKETBALL TEAM.



1918-1919 MANCHESTER HIGH BASKETBALL TEAM.

The game with St. Thomas would have been an exciting and also a close one, if the umpire had worn glasses. As it was, he was somewhat near-sighted on "close plays"—always, however, against Manchester.

In the Athletic Association meeting on June 2, it was voted to support a tennis team. Leonard Johnson, '19, was elected manager. Matches are now being played to select the best material. It has also been decided to buy sweaters for the fellows, who are graduating, who played on the basket ball team.

The batting averages up to date are as follows:

Wright432
Crockett412
Ballsieper335
Lynch332
Beechler310
Glenney309
Sanden279
Turkington243
Fox200
Robb200
Finnegan182

IVY ORATION

UNDERGRADUATES: A few days hence we, the class of 1919, shall leave this institution to tackle the more difficult and higher tasks of life.

During our course in this high school we have encountered many problems; some of them we have solved correctly, others incorrectly. We do not pretend to be perfect, but having spent four years in the South Manchester High School, we feel that it is not only customary but also our privilege, to leave with you a few words of advice, advice, not given by those who consider themselves better than you, but given by those who are interested in your success, and who wish to guard you against the mistakes which they have made.

Undergraduates: "Work conquers everything." Remember also these words: "In union there is strength." Our class has not always lived up to these propositions, and, looking back, we see the reason why we have not accomplished as much as we should have.

There is another term which, if applied, will bring success not only to you, but to the school. That term is "School spirit." School spirit which takes the form of loyalty to our school teams, to our school paper, and to school management, will make the standard of the S. M. H. S. so high, that we shall be proud to say, "I am a graduate of the South Manchester High School.

Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors: The school needs you, and you need the school. It is true, you may be only one out of three hundred and seventy-five pupils, but remember that while the reputation of the school is made by the individual, the reputation of the individual is made largely by the school. Some time within a few years you will all be graduates of the S. M. H. S. The success of the school depends upon you, while your success depends on the school. We, the class of '19 have tried to carry out the duties, of Seniors to the best of our ability, but we sincerely hope that the classes which are following in our footsteps will obtain even more success than '19.

Classmates: We have assembled here to plant this ivy to show our respect and sincerity for our dear school. This ivy is symbolic of the class of '19. It is a slip from the parent vine—very inexperienced and not used to depending upon itself as yet—but it has life, vigor, and the ability within itself to grow, develop, and branch out that the world may be a better place because it has lived.

There will be only one more meeting of the class of nineteen and that will be even more important to us, than this one. After that the class of '19 will disband; we shall bid farewell to each other, to our teachers, and last but not least to our dear old school. Some of us will continue our education by attending the higher institutions of learning, while others will grasp the various business opportunities afforded them. But, whatever each one does, wherever each one goes, he will always remember the South Manchester High School and the class of 1919.

Wesley Glenney.



ALUMNI

WHAT THEY INTEND TO DO NEXT YEAR.

- Ruby Beebe, insurance office.
Irene Benson, stenographic work.
Ruth Benson, clerical.
Dorothy M. Carr, Brown University.
Margaret Cheney, Vassar College.
Ralph E. Collins, Connecticut Agricultural College.
Winnifred Crockett, Hartford Hospital, John Hopkins.
Fred Fox, Pratt Institute.
Lucie Gerard, Hartford Hospital.
Wesley Glenney, Pratt Institute.
Edith Jeffers, Gym. School.
Irma Johnson, Mrs. Wheelock's School.
Johnson Leonard, Pratt Institute.
W. Kearns, clerical work.
J. Keith, Simmons College.
Helen Kelleher, Willimantic Normal.
Gladys Knowles, Mrs. Wheelock's School.
Olive Little, Bay Path Institute.
Elva McCormick, Smith College.
C. McMenemy, commercial work.
O. McMenemy, work a year, then to Oberlin College.
Sylvester O'Gorman, Holy Cross.
Harriet Packard, Bay Path Institute.
Marion G. Packard, Bay Path Institute.
Evaline Pentland, Hartford Hospital.
Gordon Peters, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Thomas Spillane, going to work.
Marion A. Tyler, stenographer.
A. Wennerstrom, New Britain Normal School.





1918-1919 BASEBALL TEAM.

JOKES

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO L.

P. K.:

"See here young woman, my cocoa is
Said a bald-headed man to a waitress
bold,

cold."

She scornfully answered, "I can't help
that;

If your coco gets chilly, why, put on
your hat!"

When Mr. K. was a little boy running
around with ringlets, the neighbors called
him Archie. Now we call him Archibald.

First Soph.—Mr. K. went to the Fresh-
man masquerade social, and how do you
think he dressed himself up?

Second Soph.—I give up.

First Soph.—He sugared his head and
went as a pill.

SCHOOL NOTES

The winners in the graduation contest and their subjects are as follows: The Spirit of France—Helen Kelleher; The National Sport—Hannah Moriarty. The Value of a College Education—Margaret Cheney. Art in Warfare—Leonard Johnson. War-Modified Education—James Burke.

Margaret Porter, a member of the class of '20 and also Exchange Editor of Somanhis, has left the S. M. H. S. and has sailed for Prague Czechoslovakia, where she intends to remain until she enters college.

Miss Washburn gave a party for the members of the Girls' Glee Club on Monday evening, June 3, 1919. Games were played and refreshments served and a jolly time ensued.

The Boethia "Elizabeth's Young Man" was given in the Assembly Hall, May 28th, and was greatly enjoyed by the school. The play was coached by Miss Barlow.

Eugenia Van Speybroek, a member of the class of '19, has left school to accept a position with the Manchester Trust Co. She is making up her work outside of school and will return to graduate with her class.

A number of the seniors took the College Entrance Examinations in Hartford, June 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

Memorial Exercises were held Thursday May 29th, in the Assembly Hall. The school was honored by the presence of the Civil War Veterans. The program was entirely patriotic, bringing to mind not only incidents of the past, but also of the present.

Mr. King, who was recently discharged from service, has accepted the position as teacher of Biology in the S. M. H. S.

Miss Goding is now in charge of the Junior English work at the S. M. H. S.

Miss Fannie Rexford, a former instructor at S. M. H. S. and Sidney Wheaton, a member of the class of '16, were married at the home of the bride's parents, recently. Mrs. Wheaton introduced the Somanhis Events into S. M. H. S. and acted as faculty advisor until she resigned her position as instructor a few months ago.

The class of 1919 held class day on Friday, June 20th. It proved a most successful event and certainly the efforts of the committee were well rewarded.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

Class of 1919

South Manchester High School
Friday Afternoon, June 20, 1919.

Class Motto:

"Non sibi sed omnibus."
"Not for self, but for all."

Part I.

Assembly Hall.

1. Address of Welcome, Wesley Glenney.
2. Jokes—Edith Jeffers, Chairman; Winnifred Crockett, Frances Spillane, Fred Fox, Maurice Waddell.
3. Music—Paul Ballsieper, Chairman; Elmore Lundine, Fred Finnegan, Helen Kelleher, Gladys Knowles, Robert Crockett
4. Prophecy—Eugenia Van Speybroeck, Chairman; Josephine Keith, Luther Browning, Edward Lynch.
5. Class Poem—Margaret Cheney.
6. Gifts—Raymond Bowers, Chairman; Sherwood Beechler, Margaret Cheney, Hannah Moriarty, Leo Hannon.
7. Will—James Burke, Chairman; Gordon Peters, Lucie Gerard, Kathryn Cox, Ralph Collins.
8. Class Song—Words by Irene Benson.

Part II.

Tennis Courts.

9. Planting of Class Ivy.
10. Ivy Oration—Wesley Glenney.
11. Junior Response—Harold Turkington.

Class Day Committee.

Wesley Glenney, Chairman; Irene Benson, Edith Jeffers, Paul Ballsieper, Eugenia Van Speybroeck, Raymond Bowers, James Burke, Leonard Johnson.

Miss Doris Gould, a member of the class of '17, and Harlowe Willis, a member of the class of '16, were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Herbert Gould, Saturday evening, June 7th. They were attended by Miss Alice McEaitt and Philip Verplank. Mr. and Mrs. Willis will make their home in South Manchester where they are both well and popularly known.

CLASS SONG

Tune. "Till We Meet Again."

By Irene Benson.

There's a time in our lives we'll remember,
 When we bid our schoolmates good-bye;
 We'll ne'er roam thro the halls
 Or look on these walls—
 Oh, we're trying to stifle a sigh—

Chorus

Gold and blue to you we'll e'er be true,
 Tho the future scatters us afar;
 Memories fond we have for you
 Down in S. M. H. S.
 Lessons, socials, all have had their place,
 And of sorrow there is not a trace,
 We'll bid each other now adieu
 Till we meet again.

We are facing a world full of mystery
 We must fight our battles and win,
 All our victories you'll trace,
 For we'll be in the race
 And bring back the laurel, you'll see—Chorus.

* * *

DEVELOPEMENT OF PHONOGRAPHY

WRITING began with the Egyptian picture signs, and was developed into an alphabet by the Greeks. Men desired a quicker way of writing and consequently, before the Christian era, experiments were made with shorthand. Shortly after the time of Cicero, every great poet, orator, and emperor, had his own shorthand writers. Julius Caesar himself, attempted to learn the art.

The shorthand vocabulary increased so rapidly that men despaired of learning it, and in a very short time, phonography was a lost art. In the 14th century, the art was revived with the finding of a codex of the Psalms in shorthand.

Modern shorthand dates back to 1588, but little advancement was made until 1837, when Isaac Pitman introduced his system. The Gregg method is now fast gaining favor. It was invented in 1888 by John Robert Gregg, and introduced to this country in 1893.

A writer of Gregg holds the world's shorthand championship with a record of 300 words a minute, 5 words a second! It marks man's supreme writing achievement of 5,000 years. A man of the stone age could write one word a day; a man of today has written 5 words a second.

What is not possible to the finger skill of man when backed by an active brain and a strong will power? Shorthand is not yet perfected; it has unlimited possibilities. What will its future be?

Irene Benson, '19.

EXCHANGES

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

Time: Late in May.

Place: The Interior of an Exchange Editor's Brain.

Persons: Optimism,
Pessimism.

Scene.

A musty, arched cave, hollowed from rock. Stalactites hang glittering from the roof: there is no other decoration; only one tiny beam of light. The ground is littered waist-deep with papers and envelopes, empty ink-wells, broken pencils, and dust. The atmosphere is heavy with silence. Suddenly, there is a rustle among the papers and a smile bobs up.

Oua: Hey there! Hey!

A growl below the papers: What's the matter?

Opt: Hey, wake up! Wake up and get to work.

Pes: (his shaggy head appearing reluctantly) Work! always work!
Can't a feller sleep?

Opt: We are going to have the fun of telling all these school papers how splendid they are.

Pes: (sarcastically) How original! Why do that?

Opt: To encourage them of course. Come get to work. (He picks up a heavy volume). Not many papers have such well-written stories and interesting notes! And funny—listen to this joke!—

Pes: That's no use, telling them their good points. The staff must know that by watching the faces of the subscribers when they are reading. What every Exchange department in the country needs is the audacity to give lots of adverse criticism.

Opt: All right, let's try.

Pes: Yes, and get it fired back at us!

Opt: But that is exactly what we want.

Pes: We'll be swimming in it by next month. Don't worry!

Opt: Good! Now let's begin. I was criticising one of the best first: The Rayen Record.

Pes: Put down: "Space or lines needed between jokes to distinguish for the witless where one ends and the next begins."

Opt: (writing busily) "Doggerels excellent."

Pes: We've got to cut the praise for the present: Put down: "Secretarial reports a bit too long and formal. An interesting write-up of the club meetings would make better reading."

Opt: Why pick on the Rayen Record so much? Here's another good paper: "The Pennant."

Pes: Too bad such good material is not bound in magazine style. It looks better and lasts for future generations to set their literary standard by.

Opt: See if you can find anything the matter with the "Orange and Black."

Pes: The last number I read didn't have a single poem in it, and there was not a story with a plot either.

Opt: I bet you can't crab over "The Piquonian."

Pes: Yes, I can. They have no poems—at least in the issue I read. I think every issue ought to have a few poems, if they are only jingles.

Opt: "Green Witch" next.

Pes: She is so fearfully thin!

Opt: She will fill out as she grows older.

(The cave is gradually becoming darker and darker).

Opt: We should give one more criticism before we go to sleep, my friend.

Pes: (eagerly) What paper is that?

Opt: (trembling) Somanhis.

(For the first time Pessimism loses his "savoir faire." It floats from his bonnet in the shape of a green beetle. Optimism precipitantly deserts the cave. The foot-lights go out, and where Pessimism stood so arrogantly on the pile of papers, appears only a glow, like a hot coal. It grows deeper, deeper, until the whole cave is a weird red. It is all that remains of Pessimism—a blush.)

(Curtain).



THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

THE American Spirit! What does that suggest to us? It is something that is big, broad and noble, but hardly to be expressed in words. It is not a new invention of the modern day, but something which has been going on for ages. Our Forefathers, the Pilgrims, laid the foundation of that Spirit which has risen to such a height. We have three visions before us; in the first we see the Spirit of '76. This is where the Americans showed their loyalty to country, and a true democratic Spirit. The American people are a peace-loving nation and have a high sense of truth and justice. To maintain their rights they entered into war, which was inevitable, with a whole-hearted spirit, determined to attain their ideals.

We have as an ideal, George Washington, the father of our country who suffered the hardships of war to preserve the ideals of his people. Many a time the road was long, weary, and rough: for, to lead a people is not all joy. He might have let another undertake this responsibility, but the Americanism, the bigmindedness of the man called him to the colors. As a reward for his services he claimed nothing but to partake "in the midst of his fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of his heart." The people gave their all, the dearest they had, that the Spirit might live; and though the American Revolution is the work of men, it seems to be but the work of one man.

In the second vision we see the Spirit of '61, here again is shown that same loyal, sacrificing Spirit. Though the American people cherished peace, their sense of freedom and liberty would not permit them to see their fellow men enslaved. We have two sides of the American Spirit shown, but it is ever noble, each seeking to uphold its ideals. The ideals of the South were just as noble as those of the North, yet it was right that all should suffer to uphold the true ideals of the whole nation. The Civil War suggests Abraham Lincoln, the Emancipator of his fellow-men, who took up his presidential duties prepared for the great crisis that was at hand. Though he had Quaker blood in him and preferred peace to war, he thought that justice and liberty should triumph at any cost. The people realized the leader they had, under whose guidance no evil would come, so they willingly gave themselves up to his command, entering into the duty with a whole-hearted Spirit, so characteristic of the American people. He called for troops, throughout the North there was but one cry, "To arms! To arms!" The call was immediately responded to, as were also the many others that followed. Because the people realized what a leader they had, they trusted in him absolutely, sacrificing everything to aid him and the cause for which they were fighting. As a result since "In union there is strength," the cause was won. But had it not been for the cool guidance and sympathy of Lincoln, many a day would have been more disastrous, and the outcome might have been different.

Lastly we see the Spirit of TO-DAY and the important part it played in the struggle which has just closed. For a typical American representing the true American Spirit we have Woodrow Wilson, the upholder of Democracy. The people have recognized him as a capable leader; he in turn has understood the standards of the people he was leading and no words of his own can express

his sentiments more clearly than do these. "It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars; civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts --for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives, and our fortunes, everything that we have with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness to the peace she has treasured." To this appeal the American people responded unanimously. When asked for men, money, and services, they gave them willingly. When America gave her men she felt that she was sending them into a mighty conflict and that she must do all in her power to help them through. She went into this war with such a Spirit that the word "Fail" was not known, and she has come out victorious.

We have our ideals of the American Spirit of three distinct periods: George Washington won for us Independence; Abraham Lincoln secured everlasting freedom for the slaves that they too might have the same privileges as their fellow-men; Woodrow Wilson, who forms the third link, stands out not only as gaining liberty and democracy for one nation, but as helping to secure it for the whole world.

The American people will never forget these three men. No monuments are needed to commemorate them, for we have them deeply enshrined in our hearts. With these as models the American people will go down through the ages inspired by the same Spirit which will always stand for Liberty--Equality--Democracy.

Evaline Pentland, '19.

* * *

VALEDICTORY

TONIGHT, classmates, as we stand here on the threshold of a new and bigger life that is opening before us, it is fitting that we stop a few moments to express our gratitude and thanks to those who have helped us to obtain all that we have received during the past four years; to acquire that foothold, which we have tonight, which is going to enable us to go out into the world to become more broadminded; and to be truly able to aid the cause of the great American Spirit.

To you Superintendent and Members of the School Board, we are greatly indebted for the equipment you have furnished to make our school life as useful and enjoyable as possible. It is through this generous and complete curriculum that our school life has been both beneficial and pleasant. But only now as we are going out from school do we realize how painstaking you have been for our education, and we hope to show you, how we appreciate it, not merely by words, but by our work in the future.

Principal and teachers, our many thanks we extend to you for your great

care and kindly interest in our progress. Only now we realize and appreciate your patience with our misdemeanors and especially your aid and encouragement which has brought us safely to the goal. We hope that tonight, you will forget all our shortcomings, putting them in the list of "forgiven and forgotten" and accept the sincere gratitude which I in behalf of the class of 1919, extend to you.

To you parents and friends, our debt cannot be shown by mere words; our deeds alone can reflect our gratitude. To you we are most indebted for our education and the privileges that open before us. We cannot realize the untold sacrifices that you have made to give us opportunities, of which, perhaps you were deprived. Had it not been for your advice and cheer our school life would have been less successful and happy; and, in return for all your sacrifices and the opportunities given us you ask no reward, only the assurance that you have helped us to achieve success and to make our lives worth while. And we the class of 1919, mean to show you that your efforts have not been fruitless.

Schoolmates, it is with regret that we leave this school and the many pleasant and happy times we have spent within these walls. We are going to miss the good times we have had with you, for by your aid our school life has been most agreeable and pleasant. Stand by the school and make it a place to be loved, honored, and respected; so that in after years we may look back with pride upon the days spent in South Manchester High School. The work that we have left undone, we leave with you to finish and we extend to you our heartiest wishes for success.

Classmates, members of the class of 1919, tonight we meet here together as a class, for the last time before we separate, each to take up his own course. In all our doings we have tried to live up to our motto "Non sibi sed omnibus," "Not for self but for all" let us also keep it as a motto for the future. This very motto has been the inspiration of the American people, especially during the past two or three years, in the struggle for Democracy. Let us go into the world with this same purpose in mind; to make ourselves worthy to become a part of this nation and its privileges; to reach the goal, however far away; for at no other time has there been a greater opportunity offered to carry on the work we have begun.

Classmates, we have had the best of training here and are going forth to make use of it in some form or other. But as we go out, let us not forget the South Manchester High School and the days spent here. Let us convey our school spirit with us to blend with the Great American Spirit, proving ourselves worthy to become a part of it. With this purpose in mind, let us bid each other not farewell, but Au Revoir—Till We Meet Again.



STAFF 1919-20

The staff appointments for 1919-1920 are as follows:

Editor-in-chief	Elizabeth Bayne, '20
Assistant Editor	Francis Strickland, '20
Jokes	Donald Mackinnon, '20
Exchanges	Evelyn Johnston, '21
School Notes	Hazel Johnson, '20
Alumni	Russell Potterton, '21
Athletics	Gilbert Wright, '20
Art	Herbert Swanson, '20
Business Manager	Kenneth Ringrose, '20
Circulation Manager	Sherwood Robb, '20
Alumni Subscription Manager	Hannah Moriarty, '19

* * *

LINES TO A PENCIL

I know not where thou art,
I only know
That thou were on my desk,
Peaceful and contented,
A moment back,
And as I turned my head
Some heartless wretch.
Went South with thee.
I know not who he was
Nor shall I investigate
Perchance
It may have been
The guy I stole thee from.

JOKES

Teacher: What were Webster's last words?"

Senior: "I don't remember what they were, but I know they all began with Z."—
Ex.

Senior to Freshman—"Can you keep a secret?"

Freshman—"Yes, I can keep a secret, but it's just my luck to tell it to someone who can't."

HE THINKS SO!

Miss C.—"What figure of speech is, 'Eating cares?'"

P. S.—"Hyperbole."

IMPROVISED PRAYER OF A FRESHMAN

Now I lay me down to rest
Before I take my Latin test
And if I die before I wake
Thank Heaven, I've no test to take!
—Ex.

BEQUEATHED ELSEWHERE

Junior—"My people were all people with brains."

Freshie—"Too bad you were disinherited."

HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT OUT?

In the Algebra Class the following problem was given to the class to work out:

"A train lost one sixth of its passengers at the first stop, twenty-five at the second, 20 per cent. of the remainder at the third stop, three-quarters of the remainder at the fourth stop, twenty-five remain. What was the original number?" After some quiet moments of figuring a student raised her hand signifying that she had the answer.

Miss O.—"What is your answer, Miss K?"

Miss K.—"37+people."

"The alumni say if we could see ourselves as others see us we wouldn't believe it."

THOSE SOPHOMORES!

Miss H.—"Is there anything in that desk to amuse you, T—?"

T.—"That's what I'm looking for, to see if there is."

Sophomore—"So you think your memory is improving under this treatment. You remember things now?"

Junior—"Well, not exactly, but I have progressed so far that I can frequently remember that I have forgotten something, if I could only remember what it was."

"Were you very sick with the flu, Rastus?"

Sick! Sick! Man, Ah was so sick most every night Ah look in dat er casualty list for mah name."

THOSE SMALL BROTHERS!

Small Brother—"Mr. Sammy, are you a baseball player?"

Sister's Beau—"No, Tommy."

Small Brother—"Then why did Sis tell me you weren't so much of a catch?"

A school teacher recently gave her pupils the task of writing a sentence to illustrate the use of the word "heroes".

This is what a boy handed in: "A man sat down on a chair. There was a tack in the chair. He rose."

ISN'T IT JUST LIKE A SOPHOMORE?

Freshie—"Did I see you buying a parrot, yesterday?"

Soph—"Yes, I want to see if they live a hundred years as some people say they do."

SOME WATER!

Sr. History—Miss C. explaining the slum conditions. "Why in the Boston Public Baths on a summer's day, the water is just black—with children!"

Magnell Drug Company

The Prescription Druggists

DRUGS, STATIONERY AND MAGAZINES

CIRCULATING LIBRARY

Compliment of
ELMAN BROS.

REARDON'S
UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY and
CORSET SHOP
893 MAIN STREET

W. A. SMITH
Jeweler and Optician
SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

For the Young Man—
Clothing, Shoes, Furnishings and
Hats of the Better Kind.
GEORGE W. SMITH

P. H. DOUGHERTY
BILLIARDS AND SMOKERS' HEAD-
QUARTERS
TONSORIAL PARLORS
867 MAIN STREET

BICYCLES, SUPPLIES AND
REPAIRS
W. E. LUETTGEN

*The Photography for This Issue
Was Done By*

THE ELITE STUDIO

THE F. T. BLISH HARDWARE CO.

SPORTING GOODS, BASE BALL SUPPLIES, TENNIS
RACKETS, TENNIS BALLS AND FISHING TACKLE



**THE
BEST
FOR
EVERY-
THING**

“IT'S MADE IN MANCHESTER”

THE JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.
of Rockville, Conn.

ARE
PRINTERS

Of Everything That Is Needed In The Printing Line.

69 Brooklyn Street

Tel. 205

Rockville, Conn

KNOFLA BROS.

Headquarters for Ice Cold Drinks

Cool Drinks That Make You Glad You Are Thirsty

Try Our Famous Coffee and Chocolate Shakes

I. O. O. F. Building. At the Center

GRANT'S MOSQUITO CHASER

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

GRANT'S DRUG STORE

North Main Street

THE SAN-TOX DRUG STORE

Offers you efficient, careful, up-to-date drug service.

Agency for Apollo, Huyler's Farmhouse and Page & Shaw Chocolates. Kodaks, Stationery, Tobaccos, Etc.

BALCH & BROWN

EDWARD J. MURPHY, Registered Pharmacist, Mgr.

PAGANI BROS.

Depot Square

ICE CREAM, FRUITS AND CONFECTIONERY

Agents for
LOVELL & COVEL AND WIRTH
CHOCOLATES Phone 587

BATES STREET SHIRTS

NOBBY PATTERNS
SOFT AND STIFF CUFFS
PRICE \$1.50, \$2.00

A. L. BROWN & CO.

Depot Square

W. E. HIBBARD

HARDWARE

AND

RANGES

282 No. Main St.

California Tailoring Co.

FIRST CLASS CLEANING
DYEING AND REPAIRING

241 NORTH MAIN STREET

CAMPBELL'S

MEATS AND GROCERIES
FRUITS

Depot Square

William P. Quish

UNDERTAKER AND
FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Office 829 Main St.
Phone 121

So. Manchester
Night Phone 387

H. W. PETERS COMPANY

CLASS PINS

RINGS

MEDALS

Manufacturers of the 1920 Emblems and the Permanent S. M. H. S. Emblems

5178 WASHINGTON ST.,

BOSTON, MASS.

C. H. TRYON

SANITARY MARKET. HOME OF PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

A Full Line of Meats and Groceries. Cash Coupons given with all Cash Purchases. Sole Agent in Manchester for the Famous Richelieu Brand of Goods.

SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

Telephone 441

South Manchester,
 Conn. S. Property Cared For.
 L of Insurance. Rents Collected and
 L Fire, Automobile and All Kinds
 E
 S REAL ESTATE ANYWHERE

ROBT. J. SMITH
 Bank Building

S. MARLOW & CO.

681 MAIN STREET, SOUTH MANCHESTER

Go to **MURPHY BROS.**

Two Stores

Ice Cream and Confectionery

For the latest in

COLLEGE ICES

Go to the

J. H. Quinn Co. Drug Store

The Rexall Store

AUTOMOBILE TIRES, SUP-
 PLIES, OILS AND GREASES

W. E. LUETTGEN

REYMANDER BROS.

MEATS AND GROCERIES. ITAL-
 IAN OLIVE OIL A SPECIALTY.
 DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED
 CHEESE : : : : :

Phone 149-4.

C. E. HOUSE & SON, Inc.

Clothing, Furnishings, Hats and Shoes for Men and Boys

Footwear for Whole family. Tog up for July 4th.

Thos. W. Oxley

Successor to
 The Morton & Dwyer Co.
General Merchandise
 Gasoline, Motor Oil, Grease
 Auto Accessories, Etc.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

PARK HILL FLOWER SHOP

Everything in Flowers for
 Funerals, Weddings, Ban-
 quets, Etc.

ELITE STUDIO

High Class Photography
 Portrait at Home

FRAMES AND PICTURE FRAMING
 Developing and Printing for Amateurs
 Telephone 118-2

Young Men's Headquarters

SHOES, FURNISHINGS, HATS, CAPS, TROUSERS
AND MADE-TO-MEASURE CLOTHING. GYMNA-
SIUM SUITS AND BASKET-BALL SHOES : :

GLENNEY & HULTMAN

MANCHESTER PLUMBING & SUPPLY COMPANY

HARDWARE

BUILDERS' TRIMMINGS, PIPE AND FITTINGS

877 Main Street,

SOUTH MANCHESTER

The Cash and Carry Store

Do your trading under this plan and save money on your
Meats and Groceries.

SPECIAL SALES EVERY WEEK.

O. F. TOOP

841 MAIN STREET

TELEPHONE 17-3

SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.

STRICKLAND & HUTCHINSON

CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS AND HATS

The Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes
Tinker Building, Main Street, South Manchester, Conn.

'Phone 275

G. E. KEITH FURNITURE COMPANY

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

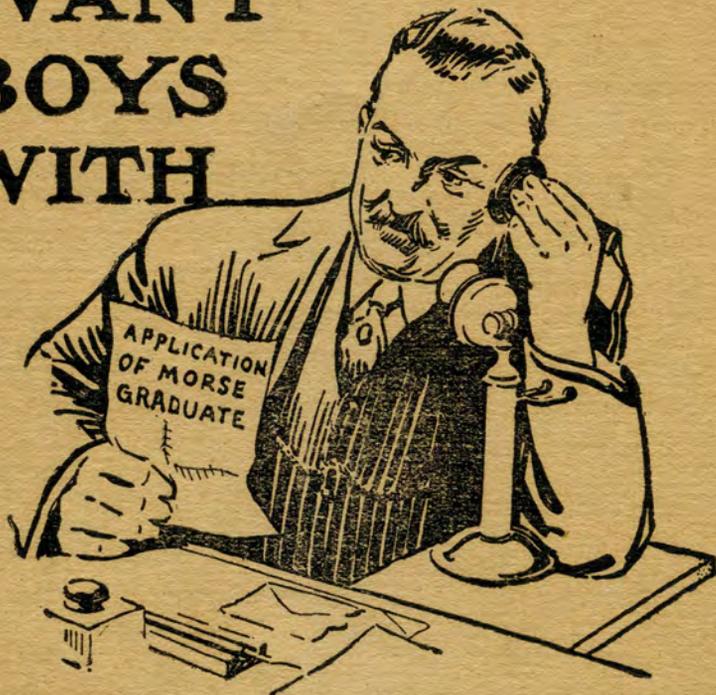
We Solicit Your Installment Account

For Extra Copies of SOMANHIS EVENTS

APPLY TO

Raymond R. Bowers, 5 North Elm St., Manchester, or
Kenneth Ringrose, 38 Locust St, South Manchester

**BUSINESS MEN
WANT
BOYS
WITH**



MORSE BUSINESS TRAINING

Your general education is your foundation. Now you need to specialize. The Morse business course gets right down to the essential requirements of a business life. Employers seek Morse graduates because they are specially trained. With this training your rapid advancement in business is sure. Send for catalog. Summer Sessions begin July 1. Fall term opens September 2.

THE Morse College

NEW MORSE BUILDING

43 Ann St., near Asylum St.,

Hartford.