

The Aegis



JANUARY, 1929

Volume XXVIII

Number Four

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Beverly High School

January, 1929

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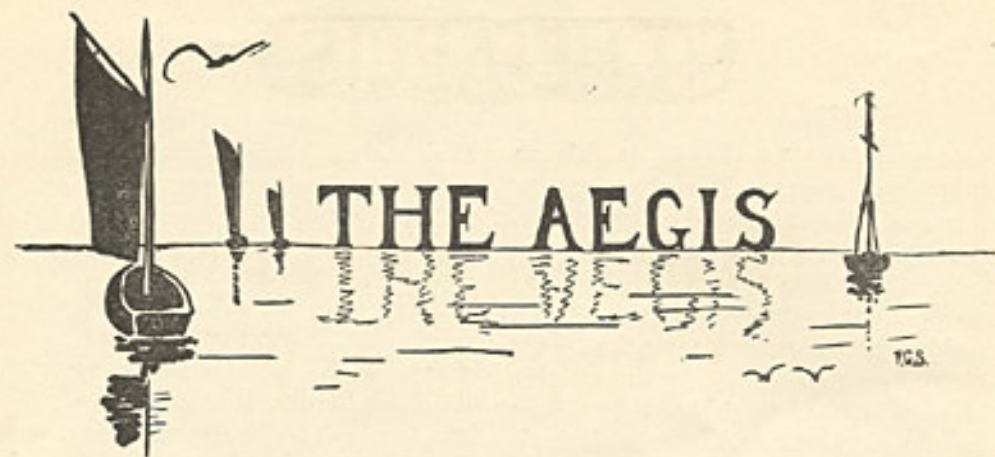


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MITON J. SCHAGENHAUF, *Director of Admissions*

Boston, Massachusetts



Entered Feb. 1, 1922, as Second-class Mail Matter, Postoffice at Beverly, Mass.,
under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

Volume XXVIII

BEVERLY, MASS., JANUARY, 1929

Number 4

FOOTBALL—MOST UNUSUAL

It was not a beautiful sunny day, nor was the field a beautiful, verdent green,—no, decidedly not. Rather, the sky was a grey, overhanging mass of threatening rain, and the field a multitude of rippling puddles, interspersed with small, island-like patches of grass. These were the prevailing conditions during this most unusual game, the description of which is sure to try the most credulous of readers. Naturally, the football was a tricky object, and even the white lines were deceptive, appearing only in spots.

Even the radio announcer, with whom I viewed the game, was a bit under the weather, for the leaky roof allowed some of the pre-game rain to seep in upon him. Immediately after the opening kick-off he began: "Bet this will be a terrible game, one of those see-saw affairs—Ball going up and down the field, never getting anywhere."

Later when Penn had the ball: "Regular formation. Ball goes back to Clagle,—no, it's over his head. He's back after it fast; Temple's left end is in; no, Clagle scooped it up. That end

certainly took a fine dive after it. This is terrible. Oh my, Oh my, He's running toward his own goal. Turn around—turn" (This last command at a discreet distance from the microphone.) "Ah, what a dumb move! Blame it on the excitement. No, he's turned. Contrary, Mary, doesn't know what he wants to do. He's picking up speed, also mud and water. Black missed the tackle. Thirty-seven didn't come a mile from him Wow! this is great. He's still going,—four more men missed him. They're as much surprised as he is. Thirty-one, Temple's quarter has got him on his own twenty. No, he's up again. He's over! Yes sir, he is over. That is the longest run I have ever witnessed. One hundred and thirty yards for a touchdown. More spectacular than the Army one last week. Probably the longest run on record."

Towards the end of the quarter: "Temple's ball on Penn's four,—no, I should say nearer the three-yard line. There's the whistle,—a sub,—Oh, what a little fellow, only about one hundred and ten pounds. Something up, trick

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play probably, new formation, it's on straps, he's over. . . Have to give you that play slower. Score seven to six. Penn. Little fellow, What's his name, oh Sprague, thanks, Ralph,—he received the ball from center, two fellows grabbed him by the straps, and threw him,—no, hurled him over the line for six valuable little points. He's going out of the game now. Certainly has done his day's work,—looks it, too, by the mud. Boy, that was clever,—fooled the defense, over there heads. Those men are wet and muddy."

After the play had begun in the second quarter. "Penn's ball, second down, five to go, ball's in a nice, yes, very nice, big muddy puddle. Time out for Penn. Listen to the bands. Look, the ball's floating down the field, wind's blowing it down. Almost a yard gain for Penn. Evidently neither the referee nor the linesman noticed it. That was probably the easiest gain ever gained. Temple is protesting to no avail. This is certainly one odd game and it's not all the player's fault. Hall is over. Good game—to watch. Score—seven to six, Penn."

At the beginning of the second half: "Here comes Penn onto the field. New uniforms. They certainly needed them. They're odd looking,—they're rubber pants—strategy. Boy! Won't they be slippery! Here comes the red and violet, rather once red and violet. They've seen the uniforms. The players are gathered around the work in consternation. There goes the trainer, back to the dressing room. Wonder what's up. He is coming back. Got a bag. Players are dipping their hands in it. It's rosin, reminds me of the world series,—Broadcast that, too. That's strategy plus.

Their rosin hands will not slip off the wet rubber uniform now, some game; unusual, what?"

Later in the second half: "Penn's ball knocking on Temple's goal line. There goes Berry through center, he's away over. Oh! Oh! the ball has squirted out of his hands! It's bounced over the low fence. This is funny, there goes both Kelley and twenty-three of Temple over after it. Ref's going too, still a loose ball. Wonder what's going on over the fence. Can't see from here—Mystery play, referee is in on it, too. Whistle. Here they come in through the gate. His two hands are in the air,—touchdown for Penn! Evidently Kelley recovered the ball. Most unusual thing I ever saw, one for the books. Well, but that's just typical of this game."

Late in the last quarter: "Game's almost over. Temple has the ball. She's desperate, but not despairing. Berry forward incomplete. Crane to Splaine. They rhyme, but a field looking like this is not a conducive to poetry. Kick formation, a long forward. Nobody is there. Look! a spectator is catching it. Anything is likely to happen in this game. It did. It's a player with a slicker on. Something odd here. He's still running. He's over,—no opponent in the immediate vicinity. The other players are gesticulating out on the field. Referee says the touchdown goes. Oh! I understand now. That player certainly was covered up—slicker and all. After the mix up during the last attempt, the end ent near the side lines. Somebody threw out a slicker, he donned it, took his position inside inconspicuously about thirty-five yards from his tackle. The rest was simple; a long pass, an unchallenged run down the field, and

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Penn thirteen, Temple, twelve. They've kicked the goal; thirteen all. Even I missed that slicker play, but Ralph, he of the eagle eye, saw and explained it to me. Not even a moral victory here. Both teams were considered evenly matched. I retract all I previously said about probability of this being a see-saw game. This was the dirtiest, but the cleanest, and by far the most spectacular game I have ever seen. With this paradox I leave you. Good afternoon."

C. M. E. '29

THE DEADLIER ONES

Women are peculiar. A rather trite expression, but oh, how true! A woman is not afraid of ghosts. She thinks it is all the "bunk;" but when she crosses a cemetery on a long, dark, lonely road, she invariably walks on the *other* side of the street. She's not afraid of mice, either,—the dear, harmless, little things,—yet her first move is for a high, high chair the minute one comes in view. She does not fear murderers at all, even though the papers ARE full of the latest mysterious and bizarre crime. However, if she sees a man with his overcoat collar up around his neck and his cap pulled down to shield his face, she immediately starts walking in the other direction. She cries when she is happy; she cries when she is sad. She shrieks when she is frightened; she shrieks when she's surprised.

And women do not think it is *nice* to gossip either. Of course it is all right to just—well, sort of talk over their neighbor's character, dress, habits, friends, and even her husband.

It is certain that women do not care for men, except to repair their cars, take

them to theatres, escort them to dances and balls, tinker with their radios, design their frocks and coats, mend their shoes, freshen their clothes, give them lessons in dancing or in foreign languages, guard their health, dress their hair, build their houses, curry their horses, lay out their golf courses, buy their candy, run their limousines, manufacture their cosmetics, give them their ideas, repair their furniture, supply their money, write their books, dedicate poems to them, invent beautifying apparatuses, make love to them, and do a few other little things like that. Yea, women may be perfectly happy without the aid or support of any masculine being.

Myrtle Dockham '30

TWINS

I have a jolly friend that goes out to walk with me,
And what I'd do without her, is more than I can see.
She looks a great deal like me, from her toes up to her head.
"It's queer they're not related," folks have always said.
It's really quite embarrassing, and I don't know what to do.
For a high school teacher sometimes asks, "Now, just which one are you?"
Of course I think it's funny, to be asked
If I am me,
But it surely is a comfort to have loyal
a friend as she.

Pauline Leighton '32

"We have come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

Teacher: "Who said that?"

Voice in the rear: "Some undertaker."

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To the Freshmen

METAMORPHOSIS

Gone are the Freshmen of wide startled
eyes,
Who gazed about them in frank surprise,

Who scampered madly hither and yon,
Wondering where they should have gone;

Keeping the traffic officers busy,
Making the teachers almost dizzy

With a million unanswerable queries
"How do I" "Can I" "Where is" "Tell
me's"

All this is gone, and in its place
Staid Freshmen move with dignified
grace—

Wisdom, sophistication, poise,
Superiority, no noise—

For the Freshmen have become, I'm told,
Serious students, and oh, so old!

Life is serious, time has wings,
So chant a dirge for the green young
things.

B. Corcoran P. G.

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MOTHER KNOWS BEST

"Now Bill, remember what I said to you about being careful on the pond," said Mrs. Blake.

"You know I'll be careful," were his last words as he ran out of the house with his skates slung over his shoulder. On his way to the pond he met his friend, Jim Crawford, also going skating.

"Hello, Bill, how's the old top?" he inquired.

"Same as ever," he answered.

As they approached the pond, they could see many of their friends skating down the other end of the pond. Bill put on his skates, and skated around the edge of the pond. The boys yelled for him to come out, but he, remembering his mother's warning, answered curtly,

"The skating is just as good, here. "but I guess I'll go home because there's no fun staying all by myself."

"For goodness sake," Jim exclaimed, "Don't be such a sap. The other boys are having a good time; and if you wanted to, you could, too."

"No, I'm going home."

No matter how hard Jim tried he could not persuade Bill to stay. The latter taking off his skates, went home.

That night he didn't eat any supper, did not utter a sound, and was piqued at every one.

"Bill, what makes you act so?" asked Mrs. Blake.

"Oh, nothing! and let me alone," he grumbled, and walked out of the room. He went to his bedroom and slumped on his bed.

"Why must I be different?" he asked himself.

He made up his mind that he would go out with the other fellows no matter what his mother said to him. After making

this resolution, he went to bed.

The next afternoon his friends called for him to go skating.

"I'll be right down," he replied. A few minutes later, they were all walking toward the pond. The boys asked him why he acted so strangely the day before but, Bill offered no explanation.

Once at the pond the boys started together for the middle of the pond. Bill was having the time of his life. He was making up for the fun he had missed the day before.

He went out further and farther. He left the other boys behind, and was soon out of sight.

Before they had time to miss Bill, they heard a distant cry of help. Jim looked around and not seeing Bill anywhere, understood that Bill must have gone out too far.

"Come on boys," he yelled, "I guess Bill has skated out on the thin ice."

While one of the boys immediately skated out to save Bill, others went for help in case they should need the help of others.

Jim and three others came upon the hole in the thin ice where they thought Bill must have broken through, but no sign of Bill. The boys searched, shouted Bills' name, but to no avail. They were becoming frantic! Soon some men, whom the other boys had called to and the boys, came and, realizing that Bill must have been drowned, began to search the cold water with grappling irons.

Late that night Bill's cold, drenched body was brought home to the lonely mother, in spite of whose warning Bill had ventured too far in his attempt to be like other boys.

Bertha Popkin '32

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THE RIME OF THE LORDLY SENIOR

It is the lordly senior,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy joking air and mischievous eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The cafeteria doors are open wide,
And I am next in line."
"I want you to get some milk for me,
Here is a silver dime."

"Bring back the change and a couple of
straws,
Or I'll sock you in the eye."
"I am sure I will do my best, my lord,
You know one can only try."

He grabbed the straws, he snatched the
milk,
To the cashier gave the dime;
Received his change, pushed into the
crowd
All in record time.

And now a group came near, and they
Were tyrannous and strong:
They jostled him right, they pushed him
left,
And shoved him the aisle along.

And now, another senior came,
Running through the door
He tripped the boy—Frosh, milk and all
Crashed upon the floor!

He jumped right up, up to his feet
And looked upon the floor
Then, quickly made his scared retreat
Through the nearest open door.

The lordly senior thirsty grew,
His comrade said, "Go find him."
The senior said, "I certainly shall,"
And trembled at his vim.

My thirsty tongue, through utter drought,
Is withered at the root:
If I can find that Frosh, I'll make
His eye as black as soot.

The milk is here, the milk is there,
The milk is all around;
But my milk, and my freshman slave
Are nowhere to be found.

Away he went and soon he found
A white blot on the floor,
And was told, by a friend near by
The Frosh had gone out the door.

The senior walked out through the door,
And gazed all around,
And cursed within, for the youthful frosh
Was nowhere to be found.

He then rejoined his comrade
Who greeted him with a sneer,
And said, "Why did you let that boy
Get away from you, my dear?"

Now let this teach you a lesson
A lesson good and true,
You should not make the busy Frosh
Do such a thing for you.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great or small,
And this includes a freshman
The lowliest of all.

Robert Bullock '82

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EXCHANGES

1929! The New year has arrived at last, and it is time once more to think about some new resolutions. We can all benefit by friendly criticisms; so take these and make them *your* New Year resolutions:

The *Beacon*, Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

It is very hard to find any criticism of so fine a magazine. Accept this one: Why not enlarge some of your departments?

The *Lawrence High School Bulletin*, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

What! Such a complete magazine without an Exchange Department? The Alumni Column seems to be missing also.

The *Exponent*, Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Keep up the good work! A few more jokes would be an improvement..

The *Chronicle*, South Paris, Maine,

Yours is an interesting magazine, not only because of the form, but because of the material it contains. Your literary department had many fine stories. However do you think it would be an improvement to make the titles more prominent. As the department stands, the different stories seem to remember to run into each other.

The *Orange and Black*, Jersey Shore High School, Jersey Shore, Pa.,

Here's to the success of your new Supervised Study System. There is really nothing to criticise in your small book. I was delighted to see the many editorials and the two book reviews. Also, I agree with you in putting *Humor* last, since most pupils turn to that section immediately, no matter where it is.

We would appreciate any comments or suggestions from other magazines.

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The secret of success lies in saving regularly and making it a part of your daily life. Men who advanced themselves so that they now rank the most successful men in our country have in the majority of cases started in a small way. They saved a part of their earnings REGULARLY and invested wisely.

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Continued from Page 81

Outside, I found my self-possession leave me. Was I insane? Had the shock weakened my normal faculties? No, for relief and oblivion come with insanity. I could still feel, reason, and most of all, question. Why did I walk straight and firmly when I wanted to scream, destroy, and tear at my hair. I wanted to crush! crush! crush! something, anything!

The swirling crowd closed in about me; the brilliant lights and bizarre displays stifled me. Instantly my thoughts swerved to another subject.

It was the night before Christmas. The time explained the atmosphere, but why were these people rushing? Even they themselves did not know their ultimate purpose. They were so blind, so trusting; if they but paused to think—would they find, as I had, that the Birth was a myth, as much of a myth as the Odysseus. Like peasants, ignorant, ready to believe any miracle; if these people were asked why they worshipped, they could not tell me concisely. They would go around in circles, beat around the bush, and go back to where they started. Simple souls, they would find the demand too great.

Accordingly, following the urge of my insanity, I questioned a passer-by. "Who is Christ?" I asked.

"Who is Christ? You must be crazy! Atheist."

Who was she to pass judgement? It was not I who was demented; but she, accepting what she could not understand.

I walked on. "Why do you keep Christmas?"

"Because Christ was born on this day. Didn't you think I knew?"

When I would detain him longer by asking how he knew that Christ had

been born, what authority there was for his miracles, like the Wedding-guest, he shook me off. And I, even as the Ancient Mariner, must finish my tale. Because he could not explain, he was irritated. To find a person who could explain, I would get a lamp, like Diogenes, and perhaps I would succeed.

It began to snow as I neared home. I switched on the large electric torch. The beam of light followed the pathway, and formed a circle around a beautiful face. The face was bending over a bundle in her arms, and seemed entirely oblivious of the light. She did not raise her eyes from her burden. In that brief glance, I surmised her story—even as Mary. The light shining on the transparent flakes forming a halo around her head. The apparition startled me, but remembering my mission, I advanced. Not until I was directly in front of her, did she become aware of the light. Before she had time to retreat, I forced my question on her.

"What is Christ?" I trembled.

"Christ is brotherhood, peace, and understanding."

Her gaze was straight-forward, and defiant, but there were traces of tears in her eyes and on her cheeks.

Satisfied at last I went up the stairs and into my house.

F. L. Axetrod '30

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AN EPISODE OF THE WILDERNESS

A long, drawn-out howl, closely followed by a chorus of others, broke the stillness of the cold Alaskan night.

To "Big Jack" MacKenzie, plodding through the deep snow with his load of furs on his back, those howls meant danger. He knew that the pack of wolves led by Fangs, the terror of the region, had found his trail and even at that moment was following him. He also knew that, ravenous and lean with hunger brought by the famine of the big snows, the pack would not hesitate to attack a lone human being.

MacKenzie was a trapper and now was taking his furs to a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company. Because of the long hike, he was traveling with a light pack, and he had neglected to carry a gun. His sole weapon was a small sheath knife, that would do him little good against the fierce pack of wolves.

The best plan, he decided, was to drop his furs and run, as well as he might with snowshoes, to the trading post, which was two miles distant.

When he had covered about a mile, however, he found that the pack was gaining on him at every step, and that he could never reach the post before they caught up with him.

He stopped in the center of a little clearing and waited.

Suddenly he saw the pack break through the underbrush and leap toward him. Instantly he was surrounded by shaggy forms.

The first wolf was quickly dispatched with the knife. The next was a huge brute who sprang with a roar. He was killed, but not before he had made the blood flow from MacKenzie's neck.

This resistance, however, could not last. Weakened by loss of blood, and by his exertions, the man went down under a mass of furry bodies. . . .

One by one the dark forms slunk away into the gloom. The silence was broken by a long weird howl. Then again, all was still.

Robert O. Bullock '32

BRICKS

Consider the bricks of the sidewalk. They toil not, neither do they spin, but Earl E. Liederman in all his glory does not hold up so much weight per day as one of these. Think deeply, my friends, and soon you will agree with me that these small and unobtrusive bits of hardened clay play a large and important part in this flourishing city of ours. By *unobtrusive* I do not mean the type of a brick that maliciously elevates itself about one inch above the rest just in time to catch your toe and send you plunging more or less gracefully through the crowd to land with a dusty thud. Those, however, are the exceptions. Usually we walk, run, caper, jump about, or what you will on these meek and non-resisting bricks. Think of the loving hands that labored for days and weeks to lay these bricks in place, in order that we might walk blithely and smoothly to our destination. Think yet again of how long these bricks have been there, of the many countless feet that have trod on their uncomplaining heads or backs. They may be small; they may be common, but without them—alas! what misery throughout the land.

Albion Smith, '29

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ON GROWING UP

Almost everyone, at some age, looks forward to growing up. It may be merely so that he may be able to stay up later nights or for some other trivial reason. Still, it is an ordinary and normal desire to want to grow up. How often one is told that he may do this, and so, when he arrives at a certain age. It is not natural then, to look forward.

When anyone does grow up everything is changed. The things he looks forward to so eagerly, a short while before, become merely matters of course. Especially if these liberties are permitted daily, they appear as difficult tasks.

So, one still looks forward to another period, when other privileges may be had. For example, when one attains the age of sixteen, he desires the time of reaching the legal age of twenty-one or eighteen, as such may be the case. Finally, when he has finished looking ahead to things, he looks behind to wish that a certain age might repeat itself, and so—we are never satisfied.

Another fact is that, there are those who grow up faster than others and this causes differences of opinions. On account of this, many friendships are broken simply because one friend retains his childish ideas longer than others, also one's opinions are changed year by year and sometimes oftener. Occasionally one's best friends prove false in their actions and ideals as they grow older. For instance, one's friend, influenced by his family and other companions, gradually break up the friendship with his first comrades, added to that, one often has the mistaken idea that adults having no one to dictate to them, as a result, enjoy much freedom. On the other hand, an older person

usually finds that he must abide by the laws of conventionality and public opinion. When one is young he is obliged to keep clean the reputation of his parents by his actions. When one grows older he has the added burden of keeping his own reputation free from guilt.

Perhaps things, that very small minority which does not feel the urge to grow up, finds life empty; that is to wake up in the morning and not be able to say eagerly that next year at that time, new liberties may be granted and new deeds accomplished.

I should think that one would miss not having something to look forward to, after the desire is attained, the result is disappointing. For example, the little boy who ardently longed for the time when he could eat mince pie at night, having reached that period, realizes that he no longer cared for that particular variety of pie. So, in daily life one is continually finding the truth in the expression: "Anticipation is the better than realization."

June Pickering.

CITY FAIRIES

The clatter and clang of the noisy street,
The frowns on the faces of the people
you meet,
The sultry day with the hot stifling
air,
Makes one cross and tired and sick of
his cares,
But one happy moment that changes
the day,
Is the smile of a person or the things he
may say,
The shops all look brighter, the people
too,
You see it does matter what you say or
do.

Marjorie Sennett, '32.



SIR ROGER ON THE GOLF LINKS

While I was eating my breakfast last Monday morning, I was interrupted by a dignified rapping at the door of my establishment. When I opened the door, I was agreeably surprised to see Clothes, the valet of my respected friend Sir Roger De Coverley, confronting me with a dignified and imposing-looking letter. On reading the letter I found that it was an invitation for me to spend the day with my jolly friend. I threw my clothes on my back, picked up my stick, and was soon hastening to the bus terminal. A few moments later I was bumping merrily along the road to the country and to Sir Roger's house.

Sir Roger greeted me warmly while I took his hand in one of my heartiest grips. It was no time at all before we were conversing and smoking comfortably in my old friend's library.

Knowing that my friend is a great man for hobbies, I asked to be enlightened as to the character of his latest fancy. Imagine my surprise when I learned that my pal decided to pursue Saint Andrew and the gutta percha, in other words he had taken up golf. I was so much overjoyed to learn of my friend's conversion to my own deity that I just had to slap him on the back and challenge him to a round upon any course that he should choose. Roger snapped up my challenge in an instant and in a few moments Hacks, my friend's coachman, was driving us out to Hoot Mons the finest golf course in the countryside.

We had lunch in the club dining room and then went down to the pro-shop to get Sir Roger's clubs. After the pro had given Sir Roger some advice, and we all walked down to the first tee together.

We were met on the first tee by two of the most villainous caddies you can imagine. I could have sworn that one of them was a gunman I had seen pilloried a few days before. I braved them, however, and, taking the honor, drove off with a long slice to the right edge of the fairway. I smiled complacently to myself when I saw Sir Roger's portly form making mysterious gyrations over his ball, but my smugness vanished when he poked his *Dunlop* two hundred yards the middle of the alley. I consoled myself with the thoughts that the shot was a fluke, until he put his iron shot hole high. I made a desperate stab with my spoon and succeeded in reaching the green. No use he had sunk his putt for a birdie three, while I took a par four and had to like it. This first hole was but an example of all the rest of the first nine, and I went to the tenth tee with Sir Roger eight points up, on me.

When we reached the tenth tee, we saw a young man lying upon his stomach and crying miserably. Roger who is, as you know, a perfect apostle of kindness asked sympathetically what troubled the youth. We finally got the thread of his story as he sobbed it out. It seemed that he was madly in love with a girl who would have nothing to do with him

Continued on page 88

THE AEGIS

Chips

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL

by Louisa N. Alcott

Polly is a lively girl who likes a bit of good fun. Although old-fashioned; she likes a few of the dainty things that most girls like. On a visit to her rich female relatives in the city, she shocks them by coasting; but her activity wins the admiration of Tom, the most mischievous member of the family, with the result that friendship springs up between the two. A year later, brave little Polly undertakes a great task in order to put her favorite brother through college. At this time Tom's father fails in business, and the family is greatly reduced. Then the friendship between Tom and Polly grows warmer than ever, and in the end something very pleasant happens. *An Old-Fashioned Girl* is a book that any girl will enjoy. Just read it and see!

Grace Bremahan '32

POIROT INVESTIGATES

Poirot Investigates by Agatha Christie is written in the manner of the Sherlock Holmes stories. Poirot, a little Belgian detective, who lives in England, resembles the familiar Sherlock in some respects. Like Holmes, Poirot is a keen fellow, whose discoveries are astonishing and exciting. Unlike Holmes who rushes immediately to the scene of action after a crime, Poirot sits quietly back in his chair and often solves a mystery without leaving his home. Once indeed, he explained the puzzling crime while he lay ill.

His only information at times was that written to him by Dr. Hastings, who corresponds to Holmes's Watson.

Poirot is a pompous little man, constantly referring to himself as "the

smartest man in Europe." At times he is unsufferable because of his vanity, but the joke is that he does not realize his failing. In fact Hastings was once told by the little man to remind him of a past failure, a sore spot with him, if ever he grew vain. Hastings had to smile; for as Poirot had made this remark, he launched into a long "spiel" on his brains use of grey matter.

If the readers have liked Sherlock Holmes, they are almost sure to follow with interest Poirot's adventures.

Mary Ryan '32

THE BOOK OF THE AEROPLANE

A book I would recommend to anyone, student or adult, who is interested in aviation is *The Book of the Aeroplane*, published by a London firm. It was written by Captain I. Laurence Pritchard of the Royal Air Forces.

The early pages of the book deal with the beginnings of aviation. They tell the hardships which the Wright brothers and other pioneers endured in order to gain the money necessary to perfect their crude planes. He goes on to tell, in simple language, the theory of flight, and illustrates the text with instructive diagrams. He describes the controls and tell how each affects the course of the plane. He then gives the different types of air craft; for peace and war, for pleasure and business. He tells how greatly the airplane is used in Europe, of the large amount of passengers and mail carried, and predicts that it soon will be used as much in the United States. The book is liberally illustrated with both pictures and diagrams.

Robert Bullock '32



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Address all business communications and make all checks payable to Lillian Lowd,

Business Manager

EDITORIAL

Each year one issue of the *Aegis* is devoted to the Freshmen. We have all been Freshmen, and we enjoy recognizing them not only jocularly, but seriously. Some of the most original and interesting material submitted is found among the Freshmen papers. This month the *Aegis* staff has been assisted by Pauline Leighton, a freshman, so that the freshmen have been represented by being on the staff as well as by having stories published.

E. T.

—o—

In the December issue space did not allow us to acknowledge the cover cut made by Frances Moran, Senior Art Editor. The cut has been praised by many. Only a few of us know what a huge amount of work and patience was required in making that separate linoleum cut of the wise man and the camel. Frances and we thought, for a time, that the two would never meet.

E. T.

—o—

We should like to correct an error appearing in the Alumni Column of the December *Aegis*. The editor, through

misinformation meted to her, stated that Willard Tucker is a student at New Hampshire State University. He is at Dartmouth.

E. T.

—o—

TRANSITION

During the first few days in September, one might have seen forlorn and forsaken groups of pupils standing in the corridors. Without using any imagination, one could easily have told that these were gatherings of the "freshies".

Now, the first half of the school year being nearly over, a stranger would find it difficult to distinguish the Freshmen from the other members of the school. They have become members of the various clubs and societies and are well represented in the Congress and on the Safety Patrol. Outside they are talking of Beverly High with a note of pride in their voices.

Thus far they feel that they have succeeded in living up to the school standard of clean, fair playing. They hope to keep up this record, so that in later years the Class of '32 will be remembered as one of the best Beverly High ever had.

Pauline Leighton '32

THE AEGIS

Science

A PLANET OF POSSIBILITIES

Mars—A planet of possibilities? H. G. Wells says yes. He has, however, no basis but his imagination. The scientist, the dealer in facts, states that it is possible since Mars possesses the three requisites of life: heat, water, and oxygen.

The temperature was ascertained with the aid of the thermocouple, an instrument so delicate that its wires were connected under a magnifying glass. It looks like a pipe made of glass; it has a bowl with a transparent circle in the center. Beneath this circle is a maze of very minute platinum and bismuth wires, in a geometric arrangement, but looking similar to a spider-web. The wires meet in a point no larger than the dot of an *i*.

When the planet image is focused on the metal disk at the end of this contrivance, the rays emanating from Mars warm the disk slightly, generating a tiny electric current. This current is registered on a very delicate galvanometer. Thus the exact amount of the heat in the rays from far-off Mars is measured.

In this manner it has been found that at noon-day there the temperature is from forty to sixty degrees Fahrenheit. Occasionally the temperature is much higher. This does not indicate however, that life exists on Mars, since the the night-time weather is always many degrees below zero, much colder than any spot on earth. There, at certain times of the year one may go swimming at noon, and go skating on the same water at three o'clock; at six o'clock it will probably be too cold to remain out of doors.

In looking through a telescope one can see that the surface of Mars shows both bright and dark areas. One can see superimposed polar caps, which glisten.

At first it was thought that these alternate bright and dark areas were either canals or high plateaus. Of late a more plausible explanation has interpreted these as vegetation, since both their colors and positions vary with the seasons. During the Martian spring they are green; during fall they are a copperish tint. On Earth, extensive vegetation is always accompanied by a low animal life. Plants require oxygen and water for growth, hence, if there are plants, there must be oxygen and water present on Mars. Additional proofs have been presented, however.

Recent photographs also indicate the presence of both these substances. Some of them indicate an extensive atmosphere containing water vapor, and even clouds.

The polar caps increase in size with the Martian winter and decrease with the approach of summer. It is quite evident that these are ice.

At Mount Wilson observatory oxygen has been discovered to be in the atmosphere of the planet. This discovery has been accomplished with the aid of a spectroscope.

Having proved the existence of the three requisites,—heat, water, and oxygen, and having obtained sure proof that vegetable life exists, the scientist practically admits that there is animal life, though it may be of a order, on the planet Mars.

C. M. E. '29

THE AEGIS

BEAR LUCK

Old Grizzly started down the trail to the plain. There were cattle there, she knew, and the hunger of her cubs was not to be appeased by sleeping in the rocky little den. It had been a long time since she had tasted tender beef, and the smell made her doubly ferocious. It was not long before she was dragging a large haunch up the trail. The cubs fell upon it like little demons. For many days the mother brought food from the plains. The fuzzy little cubs did not care where it came from; the fact that it was good was enough for them. Old Grizzly, however, knew that this good fare could not last forever. The ranchers would soon come with their guns to kill the offenders. The mother bear decided to change their location.

In the cabin down on the plains, ten cowboys gathered, "I saw another half-eaten cow by the bushes to-day," announced Tom Martin, "There was grizzly marks all around it, too."

"She's gettin' too expensive fer us to support," supplied another, "I move we run her out."

Out on the plain with axe and gun, the ten riders debated on direction. "Let's go up the trail and see what we find," said Tom, "It's my land, and I don't want no grizzlies roostin' on it."

"Naw," replied another, "She's sure to go 'round the hills and up into the timber. Let's go there."

The other eight agreed with the second speaker and urged Tom to come, but Tom was stubborn.

"You fellows go in the timber, and I'll go up the trail," he said, starting up the path.

A long hunt showed him a rocky hole

in the side of a bank. Bear tracks led in and out. Found! And if he saw aright, the freshest tracks led into the hole.

Tom had soon gathered a heap of dry pine, and was about to smoke the bear out. As he leaned over to strike a match, his eye lighted on something shiny which the bear had evidently scratched out in digging her hole. Tom lifted it to the light. It was a gold nugget! "There must be more," he muttered, "A big lump like this couldn't get here by accident."

He glanced at the hole and smiled, "Well, old woman, I guess I'd better leave you alone. You've brought me mighty good luck." He started whistling down the trail.

That night a big brown figure lumbered out of sight in the distance. Behind it were three smaller figures. The old bear was changing her grounds.

Mary Ryan '32

THE APPARITION

Calmly I pulled on my gloves, while ordering Adams to leave the door unlocked, because I did not know when I would return.

"Pardon me, Madam, but could I be so impertinent as to say that I think you are studying too hard? I'm much grieved to see how bad you're taking it."

"Thank you, Adams." My voice did not falter, my hands never betrayed my inner tumult. "I think I am all right—never mind the car, I am not too decrepit to walk."

Continued on Page 74

THE AEGIS

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THE FRESHMAN'S IDEA OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

Beverly High School is a structure which houses the lordly Seniors who cast fiery glances at the Freshies, who innocently study the heaps of Home work, that is piled on by the Faculty, who still insist on trying to enlighten the mass of Thickheads, particularly the Seniors, who attend this institution of learning per force.

"And to think that we have to endure those bossy seniors for six more months."

"We're worrying too, we can't think of any more ways of making you freshies miserable."

Miss A-d-e-s reading from Hugh Wynn: "And what more, he took the Lord's nose" (meaning to say "the Lord knows.")

NEAR JOKES

The B. H. S. is my school
 I shall not be ignorant.
 It maketh me to surrender before it:
 Its work leadeth me to distress
 I am tired of the teachers.
 I feel much evil when they are with me.
 The desks and seats discomfort me.
 I maketh mistakes in the presence of my classmates
 I fill my brain with useless thought.
 My head splitteth open.
 Surely if all these tortures
 Follow me all the days of my life.
 I shall dwell in the house of the mad forever.

"I'll bet you're on the foot-ball squad."
 T. H-l-a-d: "Well, I do the aerial work."

"What's that?"

H-l-a-d- (disgusted;) "Oh, I blow up the foot-balls."

Freshie: "Daddy, will you buy me one of those X-Ray machines?"

Father: "What in the world do you want an X-Ray machine for?"

Freshie: "So that I can find 'X' in my algebra problems."

Customer: "Which leather makes the best shoes?"

Salesman: "I don't know; but banana skins make the best slippers."

This weather makes me boil, it's so hot.

Don't drink so much water.

Translating a Latin sentence:
 Hocce Gallia est importantus—"Hike into Gaul, it's important."

Teacher: "Please conjugate this verb."
 "Please, teacher, I'm not in the right mood."

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THE AEGIS

Art

CHINA PAINTING

Among the various branches of painting, china painting may be listed as one of the types which require much skill and patience. The brushes, coloring, and finishing used in China painting make it quite different from oil painting and from water coloring.

Most of the china for hand painting is imported from France, Germany, Japan, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and the Isle of Balik, which exports the, most expensive kind. The prices, texture, and weight of the china vary.

Not only is the china of importance, but also are the materials with which the painter works. China paints come in powder form. They are bought in small glass bottles or in envelopes. The set for china painting includes several brushes the powder paints, a tube of porcelain enamel, a white tile palette, a bottle of mixing oil, a palette knife, a china crayon and a round measure for accurate designing of various sized plates.

The lustres in the bottles are of a peculiar smelling brown liquid. They turn to blue, yellow, and various other colors after the china is baked. For diluting, essence is used instead of turpentine. Blue lustre, when overheated, turns purplish pink. Opal also is of a brown color similar to iodine, only thicker, but it takes oh many beautiful colors after firing. Certain lustres require careful padding to make them smooth, whereas opal is spread on unevenly to obtain satisfactory results.

Gold paint which is much used comes in two forms. One, the dull or Roman Gold is used mostly for edges. After the firing it is burnished with a glass brush or agate. The glass brush is made of fine

silvery hairs of spun glass bound together. The other kind of gold is the liquid or bright gold. This and the bright silver are expensive. The fact that the gold clings to the fingers is a source of annoyance to the artist.

There are two main kinds of brushes for china painting, the square shaders and the liners. Also, separate brushes are used for lustres. No oil must be used on the lustre brushes. All hairs from the brushes burn off, while the dishes are baked.

Before painting, the dish must be wiped thoroughly. Next, the design is sketched lightly with a black china crayon (The black lines disappear, when the dish is baked.) Then small heaps of the

Continued on Page 84

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THE AEGIS

desired paints are put on the palette. On each, dime-sized heap, a drop or two of mixing oil is put. After being mixed with the oil, the colors turn darker. This act of mixing is done with a small flexible knife. The dish is painted and baked twice or more, according to the colors used. Purples and reds require several bakings. The first time the paint is put on lightly. The second time or so, white porcelain enamel is used for outlining on the highlight side.

Another part of the process, which requires much skill, is that of tacking the kiln. The kiln is an oil or gas oven. The inside of the kiln is of some kind of white material. Each piece of china is stacked so that not a single piece is touching. Small clay stills are used to separate the articles. Much time is spent in stacking the kiln, so that as much china is put in as possible, and yet everything is well protected. The kiln is then run for about two hours of intense and almost white heat. After the fire is turned off the china remains in the kiln from four to six hours. In all, the baking requires from six to eight hours.

China painting requires careful and patient work if beautiful results are desired. Because no slipshod, half-hearted work may be tolerated, the people who specialize in this interesting and delicate

work must be exacting and accurate.
A. Hermanson '30

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THE AEGIS



One of the editors continues the review of the Football season.

Beverly—Classical

Lynn Classical's team unscored on and undefeated, easily downed Beverly by the score of 46 to 0. Over two thousand Beverly spectators sat uneasily in the Lynn stands watching the sorcery of Johnson who made four touchdowns and booted four kicks from placement against the hard fighting Beverly team. The gold and black eleven fought their gamiest against a team that is rated the best scholastic outfit in New England. Solar, Normandin, and Sampson also crossed the goal line. Dick Steele, plucky Junior end, broke his nose during the last few minutes of the game.

Lineup:

<i>Lynn Classical</i>	<i>Beverly</i>
L. E. Carlyn, Balkus, Sanker	R. E. LeBel Capt. Buckley
L. T. McInnis, Chesley	R. T. Flannagan
L. G. Archibald, Dorson	R. G. Consolozio, Stevens
C. Huggood	C. Henderson, Bromberg
R. G. Witham, Pratt, Preston	L. G. Cressey, Acone, Cichetti
R. T. Monsein, Nelson	L. T. Chute, Hinckley, Golding
R. E. Curran capt. Kennedy	L. E. Tosi, Steele, Lawler
Q. B. Johnson, Palombo	Q. B. Mayberry, Robinson, DiRubio
L. H. B. Solar, Grimes	L. H. B. Holland
R. H. B. Normandin, Bleau	R. H. B. Aho, Lewis, Payne, DiRubio
F. B. Sampson, Rigby	F. B. Hazell, Bernson, Ward

Beverly—Marblehead

Playing on a field wet with drizzle

against them, Beverly lost to Marblehead on an off day by a 13 to 6. The game was a poor exhibition of football by each group, with all three touchdowns coming as the result of muffed punts. Beverly had the edge in the first half, with Marblehead punting as soon as they received the ball. Wes Lewis scored Beverly's lone touchdown, while Goodwin and Dane were successful for Marblehead, with Giles kicking the extra point from placement. Beverly had seemed to slump after the Classical game.

Lineup:

<i>Marblehead</i>	<i>Beverly</i>
L. E. McDowell, Blaney	R. E. LeBel Capt.
L. T. Bartlett	R. T. Flannagan
L. G. Brady, Strode	R. G. Consolozio, Cichetti
C. Masservey	C. Henderson
R. G. Stone	L. G. Acone
R. T. Winslow	L. T. Chute, Hinckley, Golding
R. E. Hammond	L. E. Tosi
Q. B. Bassett	Q. B. Mayberry, DiRubio, Robinson
L. H. B. Goodwin	R. H. B. Holland, Payne
R. H. B. Giles	L. H. B. Aho, Lewis
F. B. Dane	F. B. Hazell

Lynn English—Beverly

Beverly continued the losing streak on her home gridiron by losing to the aggressive Lynn English by a score of 13 to 0. Both touchdowns were the results of forward passes. Twice Beverly carried the pigskin to Lynn's twenty yard line, but each time was held for downs. English devoted the last half to fruitless forward passes in an attempt to increase her lead in spectacular form. Jarvis, the

THE AEGIS

(Continued from page 86.)

Lineup:

<i>Beverly</i>	<i>Newton</i>	L. G. N. Cressy, Acone	R. G. Farquhar, Bongham
R. E. Lebel Capt.	L. E. Horn, Schneinfan Capt.	L. T. Chute	R. T. McEnary, Harrington
R. T. Flannagan	L. T. Haggood, Gardiner	L. E. Tosi	R. E. Shellman, Payne
R. G. Consolozio	L. G. Acchione, Webblee	Q. B. Mayberry, Robinson, DiRubio	Q. B. Gilligan, Perry
C. Henderson	C. Schipper, Chamberlain	R. W. B. Pisciara, Lewis	L. W. B. Bell, Pescosolido
		L. H. B. Holland, Veruson	R. H. B. Rielly, Duane
		F. B. Hazell, Payne	F. B. Brown, Furdin Gilligan

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THE AEGIS

Continued from page 77

because of the extreme eccentricity of his nose.

We left with expressions of sympathy but from that point on, Sir Roger blew up. He sliced, hooked, stubbed, and shanked his shots continually, with the result that we were even, going to the eighteenth tee. I could see that the episode in the tenth had upset Roger and put himself off his game. It troubled me so much that I was moved to make a suggestion. I reminded Sir Roger that since the great war there had been a great advance in plastic surgery. I cited the instance of several actresses and one prominent pugilist who had been materially benefited by the skillful manipulation of their features. This tidbit of philosophy so much cheered Sir Roger that he beat me the last hole and won the match one up.

Immediately after we had finished, Sir Roger looked up the young man and told him of my suggestion. The old knight sent the youth home with his mind happy and his pocket comfortably lined. I was well pleased with Sir Roger myself, and the world in general, when I settled down on the cushions and watched the capable Hacks driving back to the Hall. I felt that the day had been well spent in the company of one of the finest old gentlemen in the world.

G. Humes, P. G.

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