

*The*  
Shelburne Historical Society  
*Arms*  
*Student*

*Shelburne Historical Society*



# THE ARMS STUDENT

Published by the

Students *of* Arms Academy

*Shelburne Historical Society*

## OUR CREED

I believe in Arms Academy.

I believe in my class.

I believe in the value of an education.

I believe I can-therefore, I will.

I believe in the spirit of "everlastingly-at-it"; "never say die"; and, "if not to-day, then to-morrow, sure".

I believe in my own power to do whatsoever has been done.

I believe in my own will power, and that it is sufficient to prevent me from doing or saying an evil thing.

I believe that this day and generation, is the best the world has ever known. But to-morrow will be better.

I believe in a clean, pure, true life; steadfast in its purpose; courageous in its action; sympathetic in its expression; joyful in its devotion to the things that are highest and best.

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# The Arms Student

Shelburne Falls, Mass. June, 1913.

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## EDITORIALS.

"In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they  
intend;

And, if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due."  
— Pope.

## Shelburne Historical Society GREETING.

Our purpose in publishing this issue of the STUDENT is not merely to revive a former custom of long standing, but rather to present to the public as far as is possible within the compass of these pages the spirit of our school,—not only in what we have done, but in what we aim to accomplish in the future.

It is our conviction that the publication of a school paper is not and should not be a detrimental digression from the regular routine of study. It has been a source of pleasure and profit to all those who have so heartily coöperated in making the paper a success, and we hope it will materially add to the social life of the school. If these pages increase in any way the interest which the townspeople take in their High School, we shall feel well repaid for our efforts.

Though conscious of the many imperfections in the result of our work, we leave the public to judge in how far we have accomplished our purpose. Remembering the hearty support of the community to the school and its interests during the year, it is with great confidence and pleasure that we are able to present to them the results of our efforts along these lines.

## SCHOOL SPIRIT.

There are two essentials to school spirit; coöperation and good-fellowship. Individuality holds no sway. There is strength only in the mass.

The school should broaden the student's views, spiritually, morally and in the things that count, and in the little things in life, that will enable the boy to

some day call himself a man, or the girl to call herself a true gentlewoman. This can only be accomplished by coöperation on the part of the students.

We resemble cogs in a large machine where, if the proper movement is not made at the proper time, the machine will soon break down and be cast aside as useless. On the other hand, when in good condition, and under perfect control, the same machine might accomplish much.

Good-fellowship is the promoter of coöperation. Surely, these two qualities are prominent on the ball field when the name of the school is at stake. Why not try with true school spirit to gain all we can, when our future plays the prominent part?

## WHAT ARMS ACADEMY MEANS TO THE TOWN.

Arms Academy means the same to this town as a good high school does to any town. It means a place to educate its boys and girls so they can become good citizens, and a place where they can prepare to go farther in school, and study for some profession which they intend to take up and use in later life.

Therefore, all townspeople should take an interest in the school, keep it in high standing, and appropriate money to keep it in repair.

Whenever a place is advertised for sale the distance from a good school is always mentioned, and, therefore, as Shelburne has a good school, people who have children to educate are more likely to come and settle here, in this way increasing the population. A town of high standing can always be told by its schools.

A high school or academy in a town brings life with it. What is there that makes the older people feel young again more than to see a group of gay and laughing students go by? It brings back the thoughts of their school days. It helps to bring recreation days to all who

Following this came the German entertainment, consisting of a German play, songs, and readings. The Bazaar of Nations came soon after, when the German play was repeated.

The hall was also a place of attraction when the Exhibition and Championship Debate were given.

It is needless to say that we appreciate the generosity of the townspeople in uniting with the school in making our school functions successful.

### ONE SESSION.

The subject of one session has been discussed and voted upon by the students several times in the last few years; but nothing has ever come of it.

Who can work well or study well after eating a hearty dinner? We know from actual experience that the brain will not work to its full capacity directly after a hearty meal. If we were allowed one session, from eight to one, we would be in a better condition to handle our studies, and, consequently, learn faster, because the brain would be clearer.

With two sessions the day is broken up in such a way that we have not time in either the forenoon or the afternoon for recreation or outside work, as the case may be. We all know that the first part of the afternoon is the best time to have a change of work because if we work after a hearty meal we feel sleepy and drowsy. Now, if we could have the afternoon to ourselves and spend our five hours of schooling in the morning we could refresh our minds in the afternoon from the study of the forenoon and be better able to study the next morning and also be able to keep ourselves in better health.

### THE VALUE OF MANUAL TRAINING TO ARMS ACADEMY.

When high schools were first established in this country their primary object was to prepare the student to become a doctor, minister, or lawyer. The studies which they took up were much like the

preparatory course in the modern high school. Only the sons of rich men entered these schools, the poor boys getting very little education.

As the business of the country grew, men saw there was a need of schools to teach the young men to carry on their business, so a business course was established in the high schools together with the preparatory course. These two courses are the only ones in Arms Academy at the present time.

The chief fault of these courses is that they are not completed in High school, and, therefore, if the student is not able to go through college or Normal school, the knowledge that he has gained will do him very little good. As only about ten per cent. of the students in the high schools enter a higher institution of learning, there must be a great number who have wasted much valuable time during their high school course.

Many students do not finish the course in the high school. After going a short time they leave school, and when asked why they did so, reply that there is nothing in the school that they want, because they cannot go to college.

Now the questions arise: *What do these young men want; what will keep them in Arms Academy?* The only answer is "Manual Training." This course is completed in high school. There are several trades which a young man may choose and when he has finished his course he will be able to command good wages.

Shelburne Falls is a good-sized town and its High School should have at least two hundred members, but instead of that number there are only about one hundred. The other hundred are working at small wages because there is nothing in the High School course that is of advantage to them. It would surely be beneficial to the town to appropriate a small sum of money for installing manual training in Arms, thereby doubling the attendance, and at the same time training the students to command good wages. Is it not an unwise policy to be economical in this respect, and thereby injure the future prosperity and welfare of the citizens of Shelburne Falls?

## PRACTICAL ARTS IN ARMS ACADEMY.

Every girl has her moments when she likes to be alone in the kitchen, enveloped in a large apron and surrounded by every spoon and dish in the house. The day is generally rainy, her tutor is often a worn little book entitled "Dainty Dishes," but she usually gains something from her lesson, though it be only how to make "white sauce" properly.

On the same rainy day the boy across the street will probably make a wild dash to the barn, and there while away the otherwise dreary afternoon with his tool chest and a few boards. Time flies when one is busy and e'er the afternoon has quite gone, he has finished a hanging bookshelf for his room.

Both the boy and the girl learned something useful, yet, they enjoyed themselves. Why not carry that pleasure to school? There is nothing more beneficial to the young high school girl than domestic science. The course is usually broad, including many things besides cooking; the care of the sick and little children, and the prevention of disease is being taught. That "cleanliness is next to Godliness" is the motto of every properly conducted domestic science class.

Carpentry in the school for boys creates a new hunger for knowledge. Industry, diligence and concentration are all developed. Statistics show that a graduate of the practical arts course is far more competent as a man, in the "business of life," than those who have not taken the course. We want the Academy students to be model graduates.

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## DEBATING.

For a number of years not much has been done in debating in Arms Academy, but in the past year this has been one of the most interesting subjects that Arms has had. Debating in Arms Academy has been encouraged by our ambitious Eng-

lish teacher. She has done all in her power to make the students as well as the public enjoy debating, and she has succeeded.

In class debates the English teacher appointed certain members of the same class as speakers and they were conducted the same as class recitations. Everyone had to speak on one side or the other.

Miss Poler suggested that we have interclass debates, and all the students eagerly took up with this suggestion. It was decided that the two rival classes, which are the Freshmen and Sophomores and the Seniors and Juniors, should hold debates.

The Freshmen and Sophomores had for their subject, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should be Abolished." The Freshmen had the affirmative side and the Sophomores the negative. The speakers on the affirmative side were Miss Halligan, Roberts and Pelchie. The speakers on the negative side were Miss Gillen, Brooks and Sullivan. These speakers were elected by vote of the class for which they spoke. In that debate the negative side won.

Next the Seniors and Juniors had a debate, their subject being, "Resolved, That Reciprocity Would be Beneficial to the United States." The Seniors were on the affirmative side and the Juniors on the negative. The Senior speakers were Miss Brigham, Field and Blassberg, and the Juniors were Miss M. Reed, Davenport and Harris. Here again the negative won.

It was decided to make the debate between the winners, the Juniors and Sophomores, a public affair; the subject being, "Resolved, That the State Should Own and Control Public Utilities." The Juniors had the negative side while the Sophomores had the affirmative. The negative side won, making the Juniors the champion debaters of Arms.

There is no doubt that debating is of great value to the school as a whole; teaching the pupils how to express themselves in public, and giving the pupils as well as the teacher valuable points from the outside world.

### THE BENEFITS OF MUSIC AND DRAWING IN SCHOOL.

For many years now we have had music and drawing in the courses at Arms Academy, and the question is,—are these subjects beneficial?

I think there is no doubt but what they are a benefit to the pupils. First, dealing with music. This not only benefits the child, but also the community in which he lives, as it raises the standard of musical talent in the place.

Music has always been considered one of the greatest gifts to mankind, and all over the world people of refinement and culture love music and surround themselves with it. This shows that music must be worth a great deal and is one of the pleasures of life.

Then drawing or painting is also beneficial. If not, why do we have art galleries? People like to surround themselves with beauty and harmony, so they buy pictures.

These courses can only be carried on well when the pupils make the most of their opportunities, and the people who attended the concert given at the Academy, May 6th, will tell you that there is good work being done in the school this year.

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### THE MESSAGE OF SPRING IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

The spring vacation is past and all are back for earnest work. Perhaps the first

few days are rather irksome, but they are soon over, for all see that the out-door life can better be enjoyed when the studies are laid aside completed.

Every one is eager for the windows to be thrown open, and often the well-known expression is heard, "Oh, it is hot!"

In no other season of the year do the sweet songs of the birds sound more pleasing than they do soon after they have arrived from the southern lands. It is now that the music floats softly in through the open windows, and to those whose ears are open to Mother Nature it gives great pleasure.

It is in the spring of the year that a new interest is aroused in studying Botany and buds. That which had seemed rather dull in past weeks, without specimens to study, now becomes alive with interest. All are eager for the bird and flower walks, which bring them out into the woods and fields.

The most talked of subject among the boys, in the spring, is the exciting topic of the coming baseball season. All are anxious to be out and preparing for the victorious battles of the Arms team.

Spring is the joy time of all the year. It brings to all some message—

"To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she  
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

# Literary

"At this day, as much company as I have kept, I love reading better."—Pope.

## THE FOUNDING OF ARMS ACADEMY.

The village of Shelburne Falls was very fortunate in having a wealthy and liberal friend at a critical point in its past history. This friend was the late Ira Arms, who has done more for the public good of this town than any other man in its history.

He was a native of Greenfield, but later he moved to Shelburne, and still later to Buckland. At his death, in 1859, it was found that he was worth, according to his will, about \$54,000. He bequeathed \$20,000 of this amount for an academy, and also gave liberal sums for the Congregational Church, for a cemetery and a library. In all, his gifts to the public amounted to \$40,000.

Unfortunately at the settlement of his will, it was discovered that a few of his investments had turned out poorly. However, this still allowed \$18,000 for the Academy. This amount was kept invested until it reached the sum of \$50,000. The work of building was undertaken in the "nick-of-time," when labor and material were at their lowest cost. The design was the work of Mr. E. C. Gardner, of Springfield, who has made his mark as an architect in the shape of the building which he designed.

The sum of \$20,000 was spent in the purchase of the ground and for the erection of the building, which is situated on large grounds, of which it could be boasted that they could not be duplicated by any school in western Massachusetts.

The building was finished and dedicated in the spring of 1880. At the dedication exercises, President Chadbourne, of Williams College, gave an address, and music was furnished by B. F. Dyer, of Boston. Many of the prominent

townsmen made brief speeches.

Within a year and a half four academies were dedicated in Franklin county. They were Dickinson Academy at Deerfield, Sanderson Academy at Ashfield, the Moody Institution of Northfield, and Arms Academy at Shelburne Falls. Also a little previous to this time were founded Powers Institute of Bernardston, and New Salem Academy at New Salem.

To-day all these schools are in a flourishing condition and are doing the principal part towards the education of the young people of Franklin county.

William Field, '15.

## CATAMOUNT HILL CELEBRATION.

On a bright morning last spring, exercises were held at Hill Side Park, Shattuckville, in commemoration of the raising on Catamount Hill, Colrain, May, 1812, of the first American flag, which was floated over a school-house in the United States.

The important part of the celebration was a pageant in six scenes, for which trees had been set up making a forest, in which some Indians were seen scouting. Then from over the hill came a troop of warriors and their squaws bringing their papooses and children. The squaws also brought their tents and set them up among the trees. The boys were shooting with their bows and arrows. One squaw with a papoose on her back sat in her door and wove mats. The warriors were lying around smoking. There was a fire built and a war dance around it. Then the scouts beheld in the distance some settlers coming and they heard some guns, so they came back and all the Indians disappeared

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Class of 1913



Class of 1914

over the hill in time for the people to turn their interest to the settlers that were coming up another hill.

There were two loads of settlers and one man and his wife on horseback, all in old-fashioned garb. They built their homes and a log school house. Next they had a church service in which they all took part and when it was over the men shook hands with the minister, and the women and children courtesied. Then at the school house they dug a hole, and the oxen driven by a man representing Amasa Shippee, brought on the pole and the flag was raised just as it was done one hundred years ago amid great cheering and waving of hats.

The first flag was made by Amasa Shippee and his wife Rhoda, and they were assisted by Mrs. Stephen Shippee. It is said that Rhoda gave the white cloth, and Lois the blue, and it is not known who gave the red.

Therefore, some of the Shippee descendants got a boulder from Catamount Hill and a bronze tablet was set in it. This boulder was set up back of Amasa and Rhoda Shippee's graves in West Branch Cemetery, Colrain, Mass. The bronze tablet bore this inscription:

This Boulder  
From the Shippee Homestead  
Is placed in Honor of  
Amasa and Rhoda Shippee  
In Recognition of the Part they  
Took in Making and Raising The First  
Flag over The Log School House On  
Catamount Hill, on May, 1812.  
They were assisted by  
Mrs. Lois Shippee,  
Mrs. Stephen Hale, Mrs. Sophia Willis.  
Amasa got the pole from the woods  
for the staff on which  
the Flag Floated.

That afternoon a lovely large flag was raised over this boulder, which was taken from Catamount Hill on the Shippee homestead, and there was singing by some of the Shippees and also a male quartet. Different people delivered speeches in regard to the celebration. A large framed picture of Rhoda Shippee was beside the boulder during the exercises.

Colrain feels it a great honor to have had this event in her history, and every-boulder.

There is a monument on Catamount Hill where the log school house stood, body seems to take great interest in the which bears this inscription:

The First U. S. Flag  
Raised Over a Public School was  
Floated in May, 1812,  
From a Log School House which  
Stood on This Spot.

It was made by  
Mrs. Rhoda Shippee, Mrs. Lois Shippee  
Mrs. Sophia Willis and Mrs. Stephen Hale,

And was raised by  
Amasa Shippee, Paul Davenport  
and the Loyal Families of  
Catamount Hill.

Ruth Burrington, '15.

### THE COMING SPRING.

Through the silent woods I wander  
Dreaming of the coming spring,  
When the wild flowers bud and blossom  
When the birds will sweetly sing;  
Dreaming of the gentle breezes  
Blowing soft o'er vale and hill,  
Of the sweet warm April showers  
And the swelling mountain-rill;  
Of the little golden fishes  
Darting in the silvery stream;  
Of the meadows sweet with clover,  
And the bright moon's silvery beam.  
But at length the sun is setting  
And the chill winds fill the air,  
So I wander down the mountain  
Only wishing spring were here.

Doris Stockwell, '14.

### THE ECCENTRIC PHILOSOPHER.

I was once visiting a small town in eastern New England, when my attention was directed to a short, shabbily dressed man in a long black coat, who was slowly shuffling along the other side of the street. Although he did not appear to be very old, his hair was already gray, his face wore a lean, haggard look, and he stooped slightly as he walked along, all the time with his eyes on the ground, apparently lost in reverie. I was informed that he was a sort of hermit, living in a little shack some distance from the village, apart from all human society. Very little was known of his past history or the reason for his present mode of living.

In such characters as this I was al-

ways interested, and I at once resolved to make a visit to this ascetic, although doubtless my curiosity would be unfavorably received.

Accordingly the next day I set out unaccompanied for the hermit's dwelling. It was situated in the edge of the woods, old and rickety, the very scene of solitude and desolation. My knock was answered by a hoarse, startled voice from within, and I opened the door on its creaking hinges and entered.

The sight that met my eyes I shall remember to my dying day. On a low chair by the little fireplace sat the hermit. His face was aghast with surprise and almost terror, and he acted as though greatly displeased at my intrusion. But it was not the little man's features that struck me. He was literally walled in by a breastwork of books. He was holding a massive volume in his hand, and every corner, every shelf, was piled high with books of every size and description. I immediately decided that the man before me was either a profound scholar or a philosopher.

"Good morning," said I, "You seem to be well occupied, and I should judge by appearances that you are a scholar."

"Call me what you will," he answered. "At any rate, men call me a hermit, and that I am content to remain to the end of my days."

"But why do you not seek some more substantial dwelling in which to pursue your studies?"

"Ah!" he replied. "But what are material dwellings and the affairs of men to me? I dwell in a temple more vast than earthly structures. I dwell among the numerous halls and passages of my intellect. In that dwelling there is no one to dispute my supremacy, no one to injure me, no one to fail me in my hour of need. Through its inner recesses I wander captivated day after day and year after year, contemplating the mighty works of God, and the fickle pride of men. Surely I can desire no more noble dwelling than that which is the gift of God Himself."

"But do you not long for companions and friends?" said I, breathless with in-

terest in this queer character, and already feeling respect for him.

"The greatest men the world has produced are my companions," he said, with a wave of his hand towards his books. "I rejoice alike in the forgotten treasures of ancient tongues and in the great deeds and words of men whose names live only in the past. The immortal Homer again relates to me the adventures of great Achilles and dauntless Ulysses, embellished by his peerless powers of imagination, and I am charmed by the melodies of Virgil as he describes the visit of Æneas to the dark realms of Pluto. I mourn with Milton the loss of earthly paradise, and the tragedies of 'thousand-souled' Shakespeare move in endless procession before my fancy's eye. I rejoice alike in the matchless ability of a Cæsar, and the wonderful conceptions of a Newton. With Copernicus and Galileo I investigate the vast drama of the universe, with Pythagoras I respect the birds and beasts, and even the insects under my feet. I am seized with the fire of Demosthenes in his mighty invectives. I contemplate with Plato the immortality of the human soul. I accompany Cicero as he climbs the ladder of fame and at last reaches the lofty eminence where he stands as the greatest orator of all time, and I ponder upon the far-reaching theories of Socrates or Sophocles.

"And sometimes upon the wings of fantasy I am borne upward to those far-off realms where 'each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death.' I see there all the kings and queens and all the great and good men the world has produced, each having received his just reward, and many are the lessons which are taught me as I gaze upon that vast assembly. There is wise Solomon, but his glory has departed, and he stands side by side with others as great as he, and greater. Farther on down the long line I see the great Queen Elizabeth, and she is far more gentle and compassionate than the Elizabeth whom the world remembers. There beside her stands the mighty Napoleon, who now sees wherein his dream of a universal empire conflicted with the plans of his Creator.

and farther on is our own Washington, looking over the heads of his countrymen into future times and future conditions, and, last but not least, is that melancholy-faced man, who was born in the backwoods of Kentucky, but who was destined later to stir the world by his great statesmanship.

"Surely I can long for no better companions than those, as I stand quietly apart from the turmoil of life's unresting sea, and survey with a calm and discerning eye the progress of ages and the fate of nations."

"But do you expect to live and die here, apart from all society save your books?" I asked, astounded by the scholarly speech of the hermit-philosopher.

"Yes," he replied, "I shall live here and die here, for I like not the ways of the world outside, but even as I am not alone in life, so I am confident that when my last hour comes I shall be alone but for a moment, and then shall be transported to another world, where together with the ancient Greeks and Romans I shall be welcomed by the immortal gods upon their thrones—Aurora, in her golden chariot, riding on the wings of morn, and Minerva, who alone possesses complete wisdom; Venus, the most beautiful of the gods, and Mars, in his powerful chariot of war. Mercury, Juno, Diana, and Vulcan at his forge, shall unanimously welcome me, and at last I shall stand before the throne of the mighty Jupiter himself, to receive a word of praise and welcome, and shall receive also the ambrosia and nectar of immortal life."

Alvin Harris, '14.

#### A FAVORITE PASTIME.

With spring comes our great national game, baseball. Who is there who does not enjoy this great feature of the year? As soon as the snow melts away and the ground begins to get dry, the first thought is, "It won't be long before we can have a ball game!" When the time comes, great crowds come flocking to the ball grounds, all with the same eagerness and enthusiasm.

Even the smallest boy is always ready to play ball. Before school in the morning—if he has any home duties, he performs them as quickly as possible and hurries off "cross-lots" to some back lot or even in the road, if it is in the country and no better place can be found. Here he meets the others and they play hard and fast until the bell rings. Then they tramp into school panting and perspiring, but grinning and happy. During the period until recess they are very restless and look out of the windows with longing eyes. Then they take their balls out of their pockets just to look at them a minute. Of course they roll on the floor, along under the seats, and "Teacher" makes them pick them up and put them on her desk. At last half-past ten comes, but alas, for the boy who dropped the ball. He must stay in five minutes for fooling away his time. He stays in his seat, sullenly watching the others troop noisily out of doors. In another second he hears a sharp noise as the bat hits the ball and the loud cheering and yelling as the batter runs for first base. He eagerly stands up in his seat to see better, but is brought back soon by a command from "Her" to sit down and study his geography. He looks at his book, but instead of the picture of an orange grove in Florida he sees the more interesting picture of a school yard in Massachusetts. Sammy is stepping up to the bat. He ought to be there now. It is always his second bat. He just knows Sam will strike out. He believes his five minutes are up anyway. He has been in there ages, but the face of the clock is towards the teacher, not him, and she never looks at it. He wonders if she ever played ball when she was little. He thinks not. Suddenly she looks up and sees him looking mournfully towards the window. With a smile she tells him he may go and immediately the aspect of the world changes. He jumps up and is out of the door and at the bat in a flash not caring whose turn it is next. The remaining ten minutes go by a hundred times faster than those five inside, but never mind, noon is coming some time. Thus, for a time, the happiness of the small boy centers around baseball.

At high school the game is played with just as much enthusiasm. When a team comes from a neighboring school the campus is filled with boys and girls carrying banners and shouting their school yells. The older people of the town also come and grow just as excited as the younger people. At the end of the game, the defeated team, whichever it may be, forms a ring and gives a cheer for the winners.

There is also much opposition between the teams of the different towns and every Saturday afternoon during the summer, large gatherings collect at the ball grounds.

But the greatest event of the year is the veterans' game. No one who has the least spirit of youth remaining in him can stay away from this. Men whose business affairs have called them from the home town come back once more to play ball with their old comrades. Tall, slim men with streaks of grey in their hair and short, stout men with scarcely any hair at all, take part. All joke with each other laughing and prancing around like school boys out for a holiday. The first man comes up to the bat, stiff and awkward from being so long without practice. He fans the air wildly with the bat and misses the ball. The next time he strikes at it with all his strength, whirling around and around unable to stop himself and endangering the life of the catcher behind him. The third time he hits the ball but it goes directly towards first base. Without dropping the bat he gallops off even though his case seems hopeless. The first baseman comes leisurely towards him, certain of his victim. They are almost together and he reaches out to touch him when his opponent suddenly utters a terrific yell. The other stops in astonishment and is lost. The batsman, his stout form now rolling over and over in the dust in an attempt to slide, reaches the base in safety. Then there is much shouting, cheering and convulsive laughter at the various desperate means taken by the men to reach the bases. After the game there is handshaking, congratulations and more laughter.

Taken as a whole, there is nothing more refreshing to a tired mind, and nothing which makes more firm the basis of good fellowship than baseball.

Olive Storms, '14.

#### WHAT I SAW IN THE FIRE.

To gaze at a fire merely implies looking at an illuminated mass of space, but many are the forms and fancies which creep into the mind when you resolve to observe the different images and pictures. The flames seem to shoot out of some hidden source, and as if overjoyed at their freedom, endeavor to climb higher, and higher.

They remind one of the simple game of "Tag," following each other incessantly until a puff of wind breaks them in their course and turns them in another direction. Their energy is not all wasted in endless leaping and dizzy confusion, for they even assume regular shapes and figures. The highest center flame coming to a point with the smaller ones on each side, all ending in a solid body, truly represent some Gothic structure with its tall tapering spires all reaching one above the other.

You can even hear them talking to you, but each in his anxiety to convey the message of joy, drowns out the other. Still, not knowing how to free them, you must let them continue their sparkling and crackling and be content with only the vision.

Peter Blassberg, '13.

#### TOMORROW.

How great will seem today's small things,  
When borne aloft on tomorrow's wings;  
By careless chance, or fleeting thought,  
The wonders of the world are wrought.

The seed of a lofty tree will grow,  
The stream a mighty river flow.  
Tomorrow comes with changing tide,  
And leaves the sea a desert wide.

In beginning, humble, in end, sublime  
The conqueror of thieving Time,  
How many a life, by Fortune blest,  
Triumphant, laid it down to rest.

All life is but a wavering line,  
Faintly traced in the sands of time;  
In one brief day the course is run,  
And leaves tomorrow lost or won.

As on life's pathway swift we tread,  
 Let us treasure today, ere tomorrow's sped;  
 And when tomorrow shall be no more,  
 To stand expectant at Heaven's door.  
 Alvin Harris, '14.

### WHAT I HEARD THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

"Mandy! Mandy! There's our ring and you answer it. It's Mrs. Hogarty. I can always tell her ring. She rings as if she were tired."

"Hello," from Mandy.

"Hello! Well I thought that you never were a-going to answer. Is that you, Mandy?" from Mrs. Hogarty.

"Yes, this is Mandy."

"Well, how are you today? I haven't seen you for a long time."

"I am feeling pretty well, only my rheumatism is kinder bothering me. I know that we be a going to have a storm. I can always tell, for my rheumatism is a good prophesier."

"Well, mine is bothering some today, see'n' you spoke about youn. If your sister's there I want to talk with her."

"Hello, Jemimy. How be you today?"

"Well, my rheumatism is a-bothering me some, but I thought I'd call ye and see if you knew how Mrs. Felix's baby is getting along. I hearn tell yesterday, that she was pretty bad off, and what is it she has got, and when was she taken sick, and who's taking care of her?"

"I ain't heard to-day. She was a little mite better yesterday afternoon. They say that the baby has got the pneumonia, and Mrs. Finnegan has gone over and is tending it. Mrs. Felix is 'bout sick herself, with the grip and Mr. Finnegan cut hisself, the other day, while cutting up a little wood for the parlor stove."

"Well, I want to know. They be having quite a hard time on it. Well, I hope they'll get along all right, 'cause it don't pay to be sick. Why, last winter, you know how sick I was and my doctor's bill was \$10.95. Doctors be pretty steep now. Why, when I was a girl the doctors only charged a little to come and see you."

"Yes, they charge a pile now. Thank goodness, I ain't been sick this winter, and most every winter I have the grip."

I had a tough time on it, two winters ago, when I come pretty nigh having the pneumonia."

"Well, have you heard about Rosy and Josiah. I hearn tell they be a-going to get married soon. I told ye right along they was a-going to, but I didn't 'spect t'was going to happen so soon. Josiah is a mighty nice feller."

"Yes, he is and he'll make a good husband for Rosy."

"Well, I was telling Amariah, last night, it would be nice if they would take up old Deacon White's place. It would make them a nice home. Pasturing's good and he could keep about ten head of cows. It would be nice, too, they would be right near us, and Rosy is second cousin to my first husband's first wife, but I never figured it out how near a relation she was to me. Amariah said that she would be sixth cousin to me, but I think it is nearer. I didn't tell him so, for I don't like to dispute him, as we generally get a pretty heated argument before we finish. Why, we got so mad at each other, one time, that I never spoke to him for three days."

"What a time he must have had. I never could get my husband mad if I tried, for he always made me give in."

"Well, I never give in to my husband. Talking about fighting, have ye heard about that divorce case of Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty?"

"Yes, the jury wouldn't grant it. I couldn't see why. Mrs. Flaherty never tells a wrong, and when I was there one day, they did not speak to each other and Mr. Flaherty had a black eye."

"Why, the very idea. But I heard that in court she said that he fell down and hit his eye, when he was coming home from a meeting, as he called it."

"They can say what they want to about him having a meeting, but he had a black eye. I heard also in court he said she hit him with a flatiron."

"Well, I want to know. I knew she had an awful temper, but I didn't suppose she would do that. I can't see why the jury couldn't agree."

"Neither can I. Hiram said that there was not enough evidence. Say, have you got that recipe for making raised dough-

nuts? I kinder am a getting sick of the other kind."

"Yes, I got it. And I'll be right over tomorrow morning with it. Have you got anything for the lyceum debate Friday evening? I think that women should have the right to vote, don't you?"

"No, I don't. If women tended to their own affairs about the house they would have enough on their hands, but for them to think of voting, it isn't right for them to butt into men's affairs."

"Now, I don't call it butting into men's affairs when they are voting. They are just as able to vote as any man, and I know some that are better."

"Yes, and I know some women that don't know anything about voting, but to hear them talk, you would think that they knew a lot."

"Well, I want you should know, that I know all about my husband's affairs, and you can say all you want, Mrs. Felixican, but I think that I know more than you ever thought of knowing, about voting."

"I want to know, Mrs. Hogarty."

"I never see another woman like you, you are always wanting something that you know I got. Why just a few minutes ago you asked me for a recipe for dough-nuts, and you are always wanting something. I never shall —"

BANG! goes Mrs. Hogarty's receiver.

A laugh from Mrs. Felixican and then she hangs up her receiver.

John Canedy, '13.

#### A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

(A composition written in Sir Roger De Coverley style and with an effort to imitate the way in which he advanced some truth, by a story.)

There is, methinks, no greater enjoyment than to spend a day in the rural districts, away from the dirty and noisy city, out in God's own country where there is a sense of care-freeness and vigor.

By reason of this, I took a turn one day in the country, in the autumn last past. After leaving the farm house, the bowling green and open fields, I tramped myself over, climbing stone walls and the like, whilst the warm sun shone heartily

down upon me. I took to my walk hugely and noticed every detail, such as I will consider my special duty to impart to you, except of it that will be tiresome.

In the sky above there was not a cloud and it seemed like a beautiful turquoise! Oh! how grand it is to be out in the country where earth and sky seem to meet, the many colors of the trees seem to blend and harmonize with the blue of the sky. If any who peruse this think themselves too considerable to notice nature they have my deepest pity.

After I had passed by this ground, I came to the edge of a woods and as it looked very inviting in its autumn glory, I must needs make my way hither. The trees were shot up so very high that they seemed almost to touch the sky and I could not a sad feeling conquer as I noticed the leaves as they sank silently in the death-like quietness of the forest, to the ground. In autumn the woods are a never-ending source of interest, for the squirrels then meet together with their best faces, chattering gaily, yet all the while busy with their winter store of nuts.

You may easily imagine to yourself the way I felt as I wandered farther into the forest; my very footsteps seemed stealth-like as they fell softly on the carpet of fallen leaves. Once in a while I heard the chirp of a bird, the last of its clan to leave the north; and, once in a while, I heard the incessant tapping of the woodpecker. Yet, for all this lonesomeness I was pretty pleased with my walk, for the blood pounded through my veins with new life and my heart sang as I realized that out in this country was I next to nature.

As thus I was wandering along, at a sharp curve in the path, I saw a man of tolerable good aspect make up to me and although neither of us seemed surprised and kept our countenances, it was pretending behavior in both cases. He seemed to be a man of good parts, a person well turned and of good height, and while I was bewildering myself in good starts as to who he was, he kindly told me that he was the owner of the farm, and had lived in the country all his life. Upon this he said, "Methinks you enjoy



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the country for you seem to be out for a pleasure walk." I affirmed his opinion and found that he saw no beauty in the country-life and was of a sad, discontented frame of mind.

At this man I gazed with a look of reproach, nay pity, for such a man is but a machine with no feeling. And I must needs say again that a man who cannot find beauty in autumn, in the balmy air, in the trees, in the coloring of autumn foliage which seems as an oriental rug spread over the mountains, is strangely lacking in his several parts.

As I left the man to go his way and as the sun went down I fell into a very brisk walk and when I reached the farm house again, I felt that I had walked myself out and was bewildering myself in good starts as to what I had gained by my long walk, when it suddenly occurred to me that I had learned the lesson that persons such as the man I encountered on my walk, who know nothing else except of country beauty, do not know the value of it. So it is beholden to us to find beauty in whatever environment we live, for it is surely there.

Mildred Reed, '14.

#### ARBUTUS.

Down by a shady brook,  
In an unfrequented place  
Which every one forsook,  
An arbutus raised its face.

Arbutus, dainty little flower  
Kissed by sunlight's rays;  
Moistened by the April shower  
Throughout the springtime days,  
Florence E. Brown, '14.

#### CONVERSATION BETWEEN A SNAIL AND AN ACORN.

One day in the early spring, after the ground had thawed, a snail came slowly creeping from under a log, near an oak tree.

Under the oak tree lay an acorn which had just waked from its sleep in the snow, and it was in the direction of the acorn that the snail was creeping.

When the acorn saw the snail it said to him, "Good morning, Mr. Snail, where

the acorn, "don't you see those two little leaves? Why, some day I am going to be a large oak tree like the one I used to live on."

"Oh! when you grow larger I am coming to live under that stone near you, in the shade of your branches, if you wish to have me, and we can talk together all we wish then," said the snail, thinking that he would live for many more years.

"It would be very nice to have you live so near me, I will grow as quickly as possible so you will come sooner."

"Thank you, Acorn," said the snail, "I will, but it is now time for me to go back to my home under the old log." "Good-by, Acorn." "Good-by, Snail, come again."

The acorn still lay under the tree wondering how the snail could carry his slipping off, and in trying to save myself from falling, I got very tired, so when I reached the ground I went directly to sleep and have been here ever since. "Please tell me where you live."

"I always live in my shell, but also I have a home under that old spruce log, not far from here. Some ants live inside the log, but they never bother me nor do I bother them. But isn't it queer if you have lived under this tree and I under the log, since fall, that we have never seen each other before?"

"Yes, it is, but you would not see me here if something had not frightened a large blue jay who came to pick me off the ground and carry me away."

"I am so glad that he did not carry you off" said the snail, "for I am very glad to have some one to talk to besides those black ants."

"Come up and look closer at me," said are you going so early, carrying your house with you?" "Good morning Acorn," said the snail, "I am out for the first time this spring, and as I cannot leave my house I have to carry it with me."

"Did you always live there on the ground, under that tree?" asked the snail.

"No," said the acorn, "I have lived here many months, but I used to live on the highest branch of the tree, and then I grew, until one day when the wind was blowing hard, I began to feel myself

house around on his back, and at the same time the snail was working his way toward the log wondering how the acorn could be contented, lying quietly there on the ground.

Gertrude S. Wheeler, '16.

### A TRAMP'S STORY OF A DAY'S MARCH.

"Yes," said Uncle Jim, as everyone called him, "some tramps know more about these United States of ours than all the aristocrats together! Why, you know I was a tramp once! Yes, sir! and I learned more while I was one than I ever have since. I remember one day in particular when I saw so many strange and new sights, that when evening came, my brain was so muddled, that I couldn't get my wits together enough to beg my supper. Would you like to hear about it?"

"Well, you know I'm a true Yankee! Oh, yes, my mother and father were both New Englanders and I myself was born in Vermont. After my father died, my mother told me I'd have to earn my own living, so one morning in June I started out with an empty pocket, I always was kinder lazy anyhow, so I didn't care much whether I found work or not, but along towards night I found an easy job, where all I had to do was to milk one cow for an old maid. But I soon grew tired of doing this twice every day, so one morning I got up good and early and made my 'debut.'

"I was hurrying along the road just opposite a little old 'depot station' in Illinois, when up came an express train, with all its sleeping cars varnished up to kill. Well, I just thought to myself what a nice ride I'd have if I only took my opportunity. So I just in on the 'truss rods' (I learned since that's what they call them) and we rumbled out of the station.

"Well, would you believe it? The next thing I knew, I was rolling over and over on the ground and the train was going on without me. You see I must have been asleep on those rods and the train took a quick turn. Course I didn't know anything about the country I was in but

I thought I might as well make the best of it, so I looked around. It was that level prairie country without any trees. Why, I could easily see for twenty miles (the people there told me so). Just a little ways down the road, I saw a small house and right near the road were some cattle grazing. Course I hadn't had any breakfast and I was laughing up my sleeve to think of the drink of milk I'd have. So I climbed the fence and tried to get up to the cows. Why, I couldn't come within a dozen rods of them! Finally I made up my mind, that I couldn't get anything there.

"So I started towards the house. Well I walked and walked and still I wasn't any nearer the house than when I started. But I walked on and on and pretty soon I saw a team coming way down near the house. I asked the man in it, how far it was to the house. 'Five miles,' he said, and was just going to drive on when he turned around and asked me if I wanted a job. 'My man's just gone and left me, and I haven't anyone to dig my potatoes.' I wasn't very anxious to work that day, so I said, 'Well, Mr., you'd better get the man who planted your potatoes to dig them. He'll know just where he put them, I don't.'

"Pretty soon I got to that house, if you could call it a house. It had only two rooms and the people there in South Dakota call them 'shacks,' and the land they own a 'claim.' Here in New England it would be called a farm and in California it's a 'ranch,' even if there's only two or three acres.

"Well, by this time the sun was high in the heavens, and I went up to the 'shack' and rapped on the door. I asked the woman who answered if she'd give me some dinner. She said she would if I'd go out in the field and help the men thresh wheat. So I hurried into the near-by field and was soon 'feeding' the great threshing machine. I wish you could have seen it! We threshed fifty bushels in fifteen minutes.

"But I didn't like this country very well; I was kinder homesick for some New England mountains, so next morning I told my master that I'd work until I could save enough to go home.

"Well, when I was on that train coming home, I made up my mind I'd support my old mother and be a respectable man. Now, I'll leave to anyone here whether or not I've kept my resolution."

Ruth Chapman, '14.

#### A SPRINGTIME SECRET.

I know a place where the mayflowers grow,  
And the birds their happiness sing,  
'Tis in a deep pine forest,  
Sweet with the fragrance of spring.

With pine needles as a coverlet,  
Secure from cold and snow,  
They have slept through winter's dominion,  
And now begin to grow.

Ruth Chapman, '14.

#### THE FLOWERS' BALL.

The grand Fourth of July Ball in Flowerland was to be a great affair indeed. All of the flowers from far and near were preparing to go.

The Daisy Family decided to dress alike and to go in a bunch. The Roses would wear different colors and go singly or in dozens.

When the night arrived the Flower Dell was lighted by moonlight and tiny lightning bugs who volunteered to furnish light if they might watch the ball.

The Lilies, tall and stately, kept mostly to themselves as they considered themselves rather better than the others. The great Scarlet Poppies flaunted their loud, brilliant gowns before the modest Daisies; the Tiger Lilies tossed their proud heads above the crowd, but for the most part there was good fellowship among them all.

One flower, a most beautiful lily, when standing next to Mignonette, fainted at the fragrance of her neighbor. She was carried out by some of her friends on a sort of a hammock made of sweet grass.

Sir Goldenrod and sweet little Buttercup danced the minuet so gracefully that all of the flowers applauded and cheered; their cheering sounded like the tinkling of tiny bells so soft and musical it was.

The Crickets all brought their fiddles and the lightning bugs shone their brightest, and this made a very pleasant evening for the flowers.

When refreshments were brought in they consisted of bee bread and honey which were supplied by the bees, nectar by the flowers and dew by the clouds.

After supper there was a little more dancing and then the flowers had to go to bed and get their refreshing beauty sleep, so as to be bright and pretty for the next day.

Ruth Wheeler, '16.

#### SUNSET.

I stood on the top of the mountain and watched the sun go down,  
And the fleecy clouds take funny shapes, and shadow the sleepy town.

I watched the pink and gold of the sky, and the ever changing light,  
And I watched the swaying of the budding trees, and the shadows of coming night;  
The sky took the color of fiery gold and changed with each breath of the wind,

And the clouds broke up and formed again, and on looking again, I find  
A lady fair with flowing robes and hair of purest gold

That around her slender shoulders caressingly enfold.

My lady is fading and growing dim, and the clouds are breaking apart  
They change to a delicate color of pink, and around me 'tis growing dark.

So down the mountain I find my way, glancing once more to the sky

And alas! my lady has faded and gone, and the clouds have all passed by.

'Tis now its natural color of blue, with one tiny streak of red,

And the sunset is o'er, and the night coming fast—and my beautiful lady is dead!

Doris Stockwell, '14.

#### TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

Sunset.—F. Dahn.

That is the gentlest, the holiest hour,  
When the sun in solemnity parts,  
Then trembles no leaf in the twilight bower:  
And the zephyr of day departs.

Once more he greets us with golden ray,  
Once more he kisses the forest, the sea;  
Is it to-day for the last time, I pray?

There lies on the meadow such woe for me.

Now he is gone: there rises a whisp'ring  
Through all the treetops a tremor thrills,  
I think I could understand their lisp'ing!  
Each little flower its vesper trills.

M. Maynard, '12.

**Valedictory Address of Joan of Arc.—Schiller.**

Farewell, all ye mountains! Loved meadows,  
farewell!

Each fair-lying valley, each cool, mossy dell!  
No more here will Joan in happiness roam;  
She must now bid adieu to her dear mountain  
home.

Ye fields I have watered! Ye trees I have  
loved,

Shall flourish each springtime when long I  
have roved.

Farewell, all ye grottos and cool-running  
streams!

Thou who, sweet voice of my childhood's fond  
dreams,

No more shalt thou answer my songs o'er and  
o'er—

Your Joan departs, to return nevermore!

Ye scenes, where so often of old I did roam,  
Of gladness the source, of pleasure the home!

My lambs will be scattered, far out on the  
heath,

As sheep without shepherd, a prey to grim  
death;

For sheep must I tend which are not of this  
fold,

In war's bloody horror, 'mid dangers untold.  
I am called from above by the Father's com-  
mand;

'Tis no idle dream—'tis a mission most grand.

A token from heav'n of my mission divine,  
God sent me this helmet—his most gracious  
sign.

In its warlike appearance my courage I find;  
With strength from above it inspires my mind

As if by the fury of storm wildly borne,  
To the tumult of war for my country I'm  
torn;

The warcry resounding rings through the still  
air;

I hear the steed's prancing, the trumpets' loud  
blare.

Leila M. Childs, '12.

**JOKES.****WELL BRED.**

Aunt: Willie, do you want another  
piece of cake?

Willie: No, thank you, aunt.

Aunt: You seem to be suffering from  
a loss of appetite.

Willie: No, I suffer from an attack of  
politeness.

Fredericka Dubuke.

Doctor: Have you already been to a  
physician for advice about your disease?

Patient: Yes, doctor, to the apothecary.

Doctor: And what foolish advice did  
he give you?

Patient: He sent me to you, doctor!  
Harold Russell.

Two tramps were standing before an  
inn. One took a watch out of his pocket  
to see how late it was.

"What?" cried the other, "You have  
a watch!"

"Yes."

"How much did you pay for it?"

"Six months."

Irene Hawkes and Margaret Hardy.

## Waxing Witty

"But learn to wear a sober phiz,  
Be stupid if you can;  
It's such a very serious thing  
To be a funny man."

—Saxe.

**SIGNS OF THE TIMES.**

When you see an empty schoolroom  
about 10:30 a. m. it's a sign spring has  
come.

When you see the air turn blue around  
Captain Goodell's head, it's a sign some-  
one has made an error.

When you see a long absentee list, it's  
a sign that the afternoon is pleasant, and  
fishing is in vogue.

When you see a young woman frantic-  
ally poring over her German, it's a sign  
somebody's slunked.

**WHAT HAPPENED.**

An old German was relating his various experiences, and said, "One day the other night, when I was wide awake in my sleep, I heard a noise mit the barn out. I jumped the bed out, ran the stairs in my night-shirt down, and wot you tink? Wenn I got there I found dat me old gray mare, he was tied loose."

out of this). "When he had come (Is that right?) "to the" (I couldn't find that word) "He saw" (or rather, something like that—it means the same, anyway) "—a—a—a" (Oh, I forget what the notes said about that, well anyway, it wasn't given in the vocabulary) "—well, he saw whatever it was in a—a—a— (I didn't get as far as this. I had done it all just as far as this, tho.)"

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Heard in Biology. Miss Davis: "What is the color of young whales?"

A Pupil: "Brown."

Barnard: "I always thought that whales were pink."

Miss Allen (German I): "Sullivan, was tragen sie auf dem Kopfe?" (What do they wear on their heads?)

Sullivan '15: "Ein belegtes Butterbrot." (A sandwich.)

Miss Mullin (explaining double-dyeing process to class in chemistry): "You see, you must dye (die) twice in order to get the proper result."

O'Brien, '15 (explaining): "This governs the accusative when motion is applied."

One morn I went out riding,  
To show my horse's pace;  
I met a man in an auto,  
And we bet on an even race.  
The road was rough and rocky.  
I drove to save my purse;  
The following week I met him,  
Out riding in a—hearse.  
"Hon." W. H. Davenport, '14.

**WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.**

Whether a man weighing one hundred and thirty pounds can grow more than six feet.

If "skipping school" is a disease.

If your brains go to the same place during recitation, that the wind goes to when it stops blowing.

Why the sun persists in shining on our brand-new bleachers.

Miss March (in Civics): "They choose members of the city council annually for three years."

Translations for "die Hölle" in German III (cavern) (the underworld) (the holy one) (holly) (oblivion).

Miss Ward, '13 (German II): "In America they have a tailor-made president."

Frost, '13 (German II): "On the other side stood the priestess, with a long, white beard."

Goodell, '13 (German II): "Twice he got upon the ice wagon (Eisenbahnwagen) to say good-bye."

Russell, '15 (Latin II): "Suddenly all the supplies rushed out."

Harris, '14 (Latin III): "Themistocles was a Greece (grease) man." (In the oil business?)

Harris, '14 (German II): "Er stand an der Tür." (He stood on the door.)

Specimen translation on days after a baseball game. (F—t, Miss G—n, Miss W—d, D—p—t) (and others).

**ANSWERED AT LAST.**

("Please, I couldn't make much sense

A Swede, who could not speak very good English, was being examined in a case where the defendant was accused of

breaking a window with a large stone. When asked how large the stone was, he could not explain intelligently. After the lawyers had tried in vain to gain the desired information the judge asked "Was it as large as my fist?"

The Swede answered, "It been bigger"  
 "Was it as large as both of my fists?"  
 "It been bigger."  
 "Was it as large as my head?"  
 "It been about as long, but not quite so thick."

The case was dismissed amid the laughter of the court.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Miss Mullin: "What does corrosive mean?"

Call: "Why anything that eats." (A goat eats, therefore a goat must be corrosive).

HEARD IN STENOGRAPHY.

Miss Tufts: "If the class continues to be so noisy, I think I'll have to tie bandages over your mouths."

Canedy: "You couldn't find anything large enough for mine."

Miss Tufts: "Well, Canedy, I didn't think you were so swell headed."

Miss Mullin: "What was the statute of Winchester?"

J. Coombs: "Oh! that was a statue erected in honor of some man called Winchester!"

Miss Mullin: "Where is Liverpool, Miss Reed?"

Scholar: "Why-er it's in London, I believe."

Miss Tufts: "Miss Stockwell, what are you looking out of the window for?" (Student gazing out at visiting ball team). "Why I was just looking for the paste."

Ask Miss Kingsbury and Miss Lucy Davis where the Junior Senior Reception was held! We hear that they went to two halls, started to the men's club room,

and even gazed longingly toward the Baptist Church.

Goodell (translating German): "He makes eyes just the way my father used to."

Miss Storms: (Looking intently at the shelves containing chemicals).

Miss Mullin: "What are you looking for?"

Miss Storms: "Why I can't find the carbon dioxide" (which is a gas).

Perkins: "Miss Tufts, what time shall I see you to-night?"

Miss Poler: "What are some of the disadvantages of being a farmer?"

Goodell: "You have to get up early in the morning."

Miss Poler: "What ship did Oliver Wendell Holmes write the poem "Old Ironsides" about?"

Goodell: "The Mayflower."

Blassberg (German III, translating): "Ramsay appeared without being seen."

SCHOOL LIFE.

As Told by a Senior.

When asked if your school-life is pleasant to you,  
 Don't hesitate a moment to be frank and true,  
 But answer your school-mates, saying, "Yours might be a dream  
 If you only belonged to the class of '13."

It is a class of the most noble, most wealthy,  
 most blest,  
 Not one of its equal can be found East or West:  
 And if you don't believe what I tell you is true,  
 Just ask our English teacher, whom I recommend to you.

Daily at a certain hour she sees our smiling faces,  
 Coming up to write for her the best themes and paraphrases.  
 And as she sees us seated always quiet as can be,  
 Her heart, I am sure, is quite filled with glee.

That you may be as certain we are best of all  
 the crew,  
 I will give you a short character sketch of  
 just us few:  
 So, dear classmates, be not angry at that which  
 I say  
 For it's only the smallest of speeches in the  
 very smallest way:

To begin with, is May Kingsbury,  
 Who sits in the first row,  
 She is the most perfect one  
 But her voice is much too low.

Miss Ward is the next girl,  
 She is rather short,  
 But taking everything together  
 She is a right good sort.

Miss Goodell is our musician,  
 She is our vocalist,  
 The other classes have none like her  
 For theirs are all pessimists.

Gretchen March is another member,  
 Seldom is she cranky,  
 But no one ever says  
 That she is somewhat lanky.

Helen is our chief umpire,  
 As a rule we call her "Honey."  
 She has lots of wit and is ready to laugh  
 At anything that may strike her funny.

Rose Marie Brigham, Field and Blassberg,  
 We chose them as our debaters;  
 But everyone will agree with me

Their real name should have been Fakers.

Joe Griswold is one of our boys,  
 He is a right good "feller,"  
 But will someone be kind enough  
 To present him with the latest speller?

B. Crenack is our leader,  
 Many brains has he,  
 But when he tried to play football  
 His head grew very dizzy.

E. Goodell is captain of the baseball team,  
 Always was a good athlete even in early  
 teens,  
 As for giving speeches, isn't worth a cent,  
 Just watch his face turn crimson when he  
 gives his current event.

Xuge Frost is our little man,  
 Often he is naughty;  
 But what he'd do to me I dare not say,  
 If I should call him "Shorty."

J. Canedy is the last boy,  
 Should be named "Johnny on the Spot,"  
 Did you ever see that fellow  
 When he didn't have everything down by  
 heart?

Thus you see, brave readers,  
 That our school-life is a wonder,  
 And as you finish reading, do not disagree  
 with me  
 And make me say "Ach Donner!"



Top row, left to right; Blassberg Mgr; Pine; Vice, Coach; Bemis; Childs, Prin.  
 Second row; Colt; O'Brien; Herzig; Goodell, Captain; Frost; Field; Koonz.  
 Third row; Call; Gerry.

# Athletics

## PLAY BALL.

"Play ball," again the cry goes up,  
 From where the umpire stands,  
 And forward strides a husky chap,  
 A willow in his hands.

A sphere of horsehide cleaves the air,  
 Like the missile from a gun.  
 The batsman swings and looks amazed,  
 The umpire says, "Strike One."

Again the batsman takes his pose,  
 The pitcher throws a fit,  
 And with the bat the ball collides,  
 And thousands cheer the hit.

Another husky chap appears,  
 And at the pitcher grins,  
 Again the ball is fiercely banded,  
 And to the short-stop spins.

Two men are sprinting down the line,  
 While watching thousands shout.  
 A rapid double play is made,  
 The umpire calls, "Both out."

Then from all sides come hoots and jeers,  
 And howls of rage and grief,  
 The rooters at the umpire scowl,  
 And join in shouts of "Thief."

There is woe among the bleachers,  
 In the grandstand there's a kick,  
 The urchins on the fence-top yell,  
 "Say! swipe that Empire quick."

The rooters yell till they are hoarse,  
 The cranks their score-cards dot,  
 The peepers at the knotholes smile,  
 While those who bet wax hot.

The storm is hushed, the game proceeds,  
 Though oft the umpire's jeered.  
 The ball is thrown and banded and tossed,  
 The players oft are cheered.

The rooters' spirits rise and fall,  
 The cranks note every play.  
 But if the game ends well all join  
 In one great, glad "Hooray!"

**BASEBALL AT ARMS.**

As the winter turned to spring the main topic for discussion was "baseball," not only in schools and colleges but in professional sport. Arms was no exception to this rule and is very enthusiastic over the showing of the team.

Manager Blassberg worked faithfully and arranged a hard schedule for the team. He deserves much credit for his efforts. He also helped build the bleachers which few managers would have done.

Captain Goodell and Coach Vice worked hard in the development of the team and met with great success as will be seen in the box scores. The team was as good as any Arms has had for a long time, having been composed mostly of veterans who worked very well together. The lineup was as follows: Catcher, Goodell; pitchers, E. Herzig, Pine and Colt; first base, Frost; second base, Call; third base, O'Brien; short stop, Koonz; outfielders, Gerry, Field and Colt. F. Herzig and Bemis acted as substitutes. Colt was an experiment as a pitcher but he showed up very well, and some one has said that he never saw a better working battery than Herzig and Goodell outside of the major leagues.

The diamond was filled in and is in good condition. The bleachers, which were built by the boys who volunteered, are a credit to their workmanship and a great improvement to the campus. Another improvement is the players' benches. Formerly the spectators and players had to stand around or sit on the ground.

The students of Arms showed their loyalty to the team and school by giving money for the support of the team, selling tickets for the games, the different classes gave suppers for the benefit of the A. A. A. A., and Mr. Brigham gave a concert.

Everything has proved this to be a banner season.

Harold E. Russell, '15.

**SCHEDULE OF GAMES.**

- April 19. Ashfield at Arms.
- 23. Bernardston at Bernardston.
- 26. Williston at Williston.
- 30. Monson at Monson.
- May 3. Deerfield at Arms.

- 7. Turners at Arms.
- 10. Greenfield at Arms.
- 14. Orange at Orange.
- 17. Open.
- 21. Open.
- 24. Holyoke at Arms.
- 28. Open.
- 30. M. A. C. '15 at Hillside Park.
- 31. Orange at Arms.
- June 4. Rosery H. S. at Arms.
- 7. Deerfield at Deerfield.
- 11. Turners at Turners.
- 14. Open.
- 18. Open.
- 21. Greenfield at Greenfield.

**SCORES TO MAY 15.**

**ARMS 21, SANDERSON 3.**

Arms Academy opened its season of baseball on the Academy campus in Shelburne Falls, Saturday, April 19, in a most auspicious manner, defeating the nine from Sanderson Academy.

The score:

ARMS.	ab.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Koonz, ss.....	5	0	1	1	0
Colt, rf.....	4	2	1	0	0
Goodell, c.....	4	1	15	1	0
Herzig, p.....	3	1	0	0	0
Gerry, lf.....	5	3	2	1	0
Frost, 1b.....	4	1	3	0	0
Call, 2b.....	5	3	2	1	0
Field, cf.....	3	1	0	0	0
O'Brien, 3b.....	3	0	3	1	0
Pine, p.....	1	0	0	0	0
Russell, cf.....	2	1	0	0	1
Total.....	39	12	27	4	1

S. ACAD.	ab.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Sears, c.....	5	2	6	0	0
R. Scott, ss.....	4	0	1	2	0
Chamberlain, cf.....	5	1	2	0	0
Hillman, p.....	4	1	1	2	0
Smith, 2b.....	4	0	1	5	2
Guilford, 1b.....	4	1	8	0	4
Packard, 3b.....	3	1	2	1	1
C. Scott, lf.....	3	1	2	0	0
Hathaway, rf.....	4	1	1	0	0
Total.....	36	8	24	10	7

**Score by Innings.**

Sanderson Academy...	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	—	3
Arms Academy.....	0	2	3	3	2	0	11	0	x	—	21

**Summary.**

Runs, Koonz 2, Goodell 3, Colt 2, Herzig, Gerry 3, Frost 2, Call 2, Field, O'Brien 2, Pine 2, Russell, Scott, Hathaway, Packard. Sacrifice hits, Frost, Goodell, Koonz. Stolen bases, Koonz 2, Colt 2, Goodell 4, Herzig 2, Gerry 2, Frost, Call 2, Field, O'Brien 3, Pine, Packard. Two base hits, Frost, Herzig. Three base hit, Gerry. Hits off, Herzig 2, in five innings, off Pine 6 in four innings, off Hillman 12. Struck out by Herzig 11 in five innings, by Pine 3 in four innings, by Hillman 5. Batters hit, R. Scott, C. Scott, Packard. Wild pitches,

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ARMS.	ab.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Koonz, ss.....	5	3	2	1	2
Colt, rf.....	5	4	1	1	0
Goodell, c.....	4	2	8	1	0
Herzig, 3b.....	4	3	2	4	2
Gerry, lf.....	5	4	0	0	0
Frost, 1b.....	4	1	0	1	0
Call, 2b.....	5	1	2	0	2
Field, cf.....	3	1	0	0	1
Pine, p.....	4	2	0	2	0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>39</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>7</b>

D. ACADEMY.	ab.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Tomlin, lf, p.....	4	0	1	2	0
Allen, c.....	4	0	4	3	0
Jones, 2b.....	4	0	1	0	2
Vickers, 3b.....	3	0	1	1	1
Campbell, rf.....	3	0	0	0	0
Boyd, 1b.....	4	1	6	0	0
Mackay, ss.....	4	0	1	1	3
Hoxie, cf.....	0	0	2	0	2
Bednaski, p.....	1	0	1	1	0
R. Ma'y, lf.....	1	1	1	1	1
Pease, cf.....	1	0	0	0	1
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>29</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>

Score by Innings.

Dickinson Academy.....	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	—	6
Arms Academy.....	5	4	4	5	0	1	x	—	19

Summary.

Runs, Koonz 4, Colt 4, Goodell 4, Herzig 5, Pine, Tomlin, Jones, Vickers, Hoxie 2, Bednaski. Sacrifice hits, Frost, Goodell. Stolen bases, Koonz 2, Goodell 4, Herzig 3, Frost 2, Gerry, Pine, Campbell. Two base hits, Koonz 2, Colt. Three base hits, Herzig, Goodell. Hits, off Bednaski, 14 in 4 innings, off Tomlin, 7 in 2 innings. First base on balls, off Pine 1, off Bednaski 2. Struck out, by Pine 8, by Bednaski 2, by Tomlin 1. Batters hit, Hoxie, Campbell. Wild pitches, Bednaski, Tomlin, Pine. Time, 2 hours. Umpire, Gebo.

ARMS 5, TURNERS FALLS 4.

Arms won a close and interesting game from the Turners Falls High on the Academy campus in Shelburne Falls, Wednesday, May 7. With the score 4 to 3 in the visitors' favor in the eighth inning, Goodell came to bat with three men on the bases. He was just the man for the emergency, for he laced out a pretty two-bagger, sending in two runs and winning the game for Arms.

The score:

ARMS.	ab.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Koonz, ss.....	4	2	0	2	0
Colt, cf.....	4	0	1	0	1
Goodell, c.....	4	1	16	1	0
Herzig, p.....	3	1	0	1	0
Gerry, lf.....	4	0	2	0	0
Frost, 1b.....	3	1	6	0	0
Call, 2b.....	2	0	1	2	1

Field, rf.....	3	1	1	0	0
O'Brien, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>30</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>2</b>

TURNERS FALLS.

	ab.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Maynard, ss.....	5	2	2	0	1
J. Collins, 3b.....	3	0	3	0	1
Stoughton, cf.....	3	1	0	0	0
Sullivan, 2b.....	5	2	2	2	0
Conway, 1b.....	5	1	5	0	1
Rist, lf.....	3	0	3	1	0
L. Stoughton, rf.....	3	2	0	0	0
Black, s.....	3	0	9	3	1
Jacobus, p.....	3	0	0	2	1
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>33</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>5</b>

Score by Innings.

Turners Falls.....	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	—	4	
Arms Academy.....	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	2	x	—	5

Summary.

Runs, Koonz 2, O'Brien, Herzig, Field, Maynard, Sullivan, Conway, Jacobus. Sacrifice hits, Frost, Call. Stolen bases, Black, Conway, Stoughton, Koonz 2, Herzig, Frost, Goodell. Hits, off Herzig 8, off Jacobus 7. First base on balls, off Jacobus 2, off Herzig 4. Struck out, by Jacobus 9, by Herzig, 15. Time, 2 hours and 5 minutes. Umpire, Fox of Springfield Y. M. C. A. Attendance 225.

GREENFIELD 12, ARMS 8.

By using second string pitchers in the first two innings, Arms Academy lost to Greenfield High, Saturday, May 10. Herzig went in in the third and held the visitors to four runs.

The score:

GREENFIELD.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Whitcomb, lf.....	2	1	0	0
Partenheimer, 1b.....	1	9	1	2
Gortner, 3b.....	1	2	2	1
Bowman, cf.....	0	0	0	0
B. Shumway, p.....	1	1	2	0
P. Shumway, c.....	1	7	3	0
Munyan, 2b.....	0	5	3	2
G. Macdonald, rf.....	2	0	0	0
J. Macdonald, ss.....	3	2	1	1
Scott, rf.....	0	0	0	2
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>11</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>8</b>

ARMS.

	h.	po.	a.	e.
Koonz, ss.....	1	2	3	2
Colt, p, 1b.....	1	0	0	0
Herzig, 3b, p.....	3	0	2	0
Frost, c, 1b.....	1	7	2	0
Call, 2b.....	0	2	0	0
O'Brien, rf, 3b.....	0	0	1	0
Gerry, lf.....	2	0	1	0
Field, cf.....	1	0	0	0
Pine, 1b, p.....	0	0	0	0
Goodell, c.....	2	16	3	0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>11</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>2</b>

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Score by Innings.

Greenfield .....	8 2 0 0 2 0 0 0	0—12
Arms .....	0 0 1 1 0 1 2 1	2— 8

PAGE.

Summary.

Runs made, by Whitcomb 2, P. Shumway 2, B. Shumway 2, Gortner 2, Munyan, G. Macdonald, Bowman 2, Koonz 2, Colt, Goodell, Gerry, Herzig 2, O'Brien. Stolen bases, Koonz 2, Goodell, Field, Frost, P. Shumway, Partenheimer, Whitcomb, J. Macdonald 2. Two base hits, Herzig, Whitcomb. Three base hits, Gerry 2. Home Run, Herzig. Base on balls, by Colt 5, by Pine 2, by Herzig —, by B. Shumway 3. Struck out, by Pine —, by Herzig 14, by B. Shumway —. Wild pitch, Colt. Time 2 hours and 16 minutes. Umpire, Richard.

ARMS 6, ORANGE 0.

Orange High was defeated in an important league game in Orange, Wednesday, May 14. The visitors played a grand game, and Orange never had a look in. This game put Orange and Arms on equal terms for the leadership in the league standing.

The score:

ARMS.	ab.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Koonz, ss.....	4	3	1	1	1
Colt, rf.....	5	0	0	0	0
Goodell, c.....	5	2	11	3	0
Herzig, p.....	4	1	0	4	0
Gerry, lf.....	4	1	1	0	0
Frost, 1b.....	4	1	10	0	0
Call, 2b.....	4	1	2	1	1
O'Brien, 3b.....	4	1	1	1	1
Field, cf.....	4	0	1	0	0
Total .....	38	10	27	10	3

ORANGE.

ORANGE.	ab.	h.	po.	a.	e.
M. Lathrop, 3b.....	3	0	3	2	1
Wyman, ss.....	2	1	2	1	1
Wilber, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0
Monroe, 1b.....	4	0	14	1	0
Karlson, p.....	3	0	1	9	1
Kidder, cf.....	3	0	1	0	1
Whitmore, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0
Stone, 2b.....	3	0	2	1	1
Ballou, c.....	3	0	3	3	1
*Gray.....	1	0	0	0	0
**V. Lathrop.....	1	0	0	0	0
Total .....	28	1	27	17	6

\*Batted for Kidder in ninth.

\*\*Batted for Stone in ninth.

Score by Innings.

Arms .....	0 2 1 0 1 1 0 2	0—6
Orange .....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0—0

Summary.

Runs, Koonz, Herzig, Gerry, Frost 3. Sacrifice hits, Wilber, Colt 2. Stolen bases,

Koonz 2, Herzig, Frost, O'Brien, M. Lathrop, Wilber. Two base hit, Wyman. First base on balls, off Herzig 6. Struck out, by Herzig 10, by Karlson 5. Batter hit, Karlson. Double play, Koonz, Call and Frost. Passed ball, Ballou. Wild pitch, Karlson. Time, 1 hour and 30 minutes. Umpire, Fox of Springfield Y. M. C. A. College.

SUMMARY OF 1912 FOOTBALL.

With the help of a Springfield Training School coach, Arms put out a strong team and made a very credible showing in the number of games won.

The first and only game lost during the season was with Springfield High at Springfield, September 2, 1912, it merely being a practice game for both teams and ending with a score of 28 to 0.

The next game was at Adams, September 28, the score being 0 to 0. October 5, we defeated Deerfield, 7 to 0, on our grounds. October 12, Arms won on their own grounds, 12 to 0, against M. A. C. Freshmen.

October 16, the team went to Monson, and by a hard goal kicked by Frost, beat the home team, 7 to 6. November 7, accompanied by the whole school, Arms went to Deerfield and there won by the score of 13 to 7.

November 24, Arms played the Alumni at home and won, 23 to 0. Out of seven games played we won six and lost one.

Summary.

Arms.....	0	Springfield .....	28
Arms.....	0	Adams .....	0
Arms.....	7	Deerfield .....	0
Arms.....	12	M. A. C., '15.....	0
Arms.....	7	Monson .....	6
Arms.....	13	Deerfield .....	7
Arms.....	23	Alumni .....	0

62

41

The following were awarded A's for the season of 1912: E. Goodell, captain; C. O'Brien, J. Pine, A. Davenport, N. Frost, R. Frost, J. Griswold, P. Blassberg, manager; E. Baker.

For 1913 the Athletic Association elected Wm. Bliss, 1914, manager, and Alvin Harris, 1914, assistant manager.

The team unanimously elected Roger Frost, 1915, captain.

Peter Blassberg,

President A. A. A. A.

Shelburne Historical Society

# Alumni

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

Even the greatest and busiest of us have time for reflections—for thoughts and memories of the past. How common it is to see the average man or woman gaze with unseeing eyes at some distant object: they are thinking of the past—they are looking backward.

Even a young child may think of his yesterday, his tiny troubles, his happy moments; he too, is looking backward.

And the aged—we must not forget them—for they have more than all the rest, although the memories are now perhaps faded and half forgotten, there are still a few that are as vivid in their minds, as though they had happened but yesterday. They who are idle—or they who are blind—they live on these memories; live them over and over again.

So the world goes on; each day a new experience, each day a new thought, and yet a time each day when all of us, both young and old, look backward into the past.

—An Undergraduate.

## A "CALL TO ARMS."

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view."

With these words from the old song, we would appeal to those who call Arms Academy their Alma Mater to join us in an effort to reorganize an Alumni Association. Such an association would not only prove itself of value socially by giving its members opportunities for recalling happy memories, but in many practical ways it could help the school today.

Some of the possibilities for good of a loyal body of graduates and former students lie in the direction of influencing "public opinion" to support the school in all its endeavors, and to recognize its needs. These, at present, are a remodeled building to accommodate courses in manual training and domestic science, for lack of which the number of students is becoming less each year; better equipment for the courses already taught; and a gymnasium where girls as well as boys may enjoy and benefit by taking part in supervised sports.

It is suggested that the old custom of having an alumni dinner be revived. In many places this event takes the form of a banquet served by a caterer, and so is in no way a burden to the community, but rather a nucleus around which all the activities of the Association gather.

Leaders are needed for the work, as well as ideas for bringing the scattered family of graduates together, and showing them the pleasure of living in closer touch with the scenes of their school-days.

Surely, such leaders and such ideas will be forthcoming!

## ALUMNI NOTES.

Your principal is quite right in desiring to organize an alumni association. It has seemed to me that the Academy ought to have a live alumni association for many years. Such an association ought to be a source of benefit not only to the school, but to the village. Even the public high schools make a strong effort to keep alive the alumni interest and loyalty, and it is especially important for such a school as Arms Academy.

Robert Fellows Wood, '02.

An Arms Academy Alumni Association should render valuable service to the Academy and to its Alumni. Hundreds of men and women scattered throughout the country cherish among the choicest of their possessions the memory of friendships formed, of ideals and inspirations fostered, under the benign influence of the little Academy among the hills. Whatever the difference of age or occupation, loyalty to Arms is the one chord to which all would respond. An organization that could convert that loyalty into tangible results would be potent for good.

Your undertaking the publication of the STUDENT is decidedly commendable and I wish you success in it.

Joseph Earl Perry, Esq., '02.

As an Arms man temporarily residing at Princeton, I wish in a brief word to remind students and alumni of the unique and remarkable project just approaching completion here at Princeton, namely, the new Graduate School.

Situated on beautiful grounds of its own, commanding a wide sweep over the characteristic neat meadows and low ridges of New Jersey, this building is architecturally a magnificent specimen of the English university style so rich in scholastic associations. Here, surrounded by this stimulating artistic environment, amid every elevating intellectual influence, it is designed to develop in the course of years a new, independent, highly individualized association of advanced students in the various fields. Here, it is hoped, will be created a strongly intellectual social unity, sufficiently intimate and at the same time sufficiently diverse in character to compel the men who are pursuing their various lines of research to understand something of the problems, and to sympathize fully with the ideals, alien to their own several narrow fields of endeavor. "Whole-minded men," loving excellence in all its manifestations, is thus the ideal.

To this end some degree of freedom from the over-democratized undergraduate life is essential. This fact adds to the magnitude of the undertaking, the present success of which is largely due to the vision, the indomitable will, and the organizing talent of Dean Andrew F. West, a true statesman in education.

C. R. Ward, '07.

Because I am such a very new alumna, the pile of events which has come between the day of my graduation and the date of writing for this number of the ARMS STUDENT, is rather low. Instead of going away immediately from the "Exit" gate of Arms, it has been my very happy lot to have one year at home. Thus an

account of my goings and comings would not be of any great universal interest, I fear. Perhaps as the years go on, if the succeeding classes still make use of the custom begun by the class of 1913 and edit a graduation STUDENT, the members of 1912 who will be getting "on in years" and in experience, will be able to contribute more successfully.

During my four years' course in climbing the hill to school every day, I hardly noticed the bell as it rang, that is, more than to think that I had plenty of time, or that I must hasten my steps. Now, as I hear it day after day, inevitably other thoughts take flight and leave me trying to place the pupils in various parts of the building hurrying to get to their seats for devotional exercises, and later each to his or her own recitation room. I must confess that irrespective of the pleasure I had anticipated at having one free year, I was rather sorrowful to hear the bell call on the opening of school in September and yet to realize that the call was not for me.

In thinking of this one day, it occurred to me suddenly what a great number of students the bell on our academy has rung in—and, after four years—rung out. To us present-day students the bell seems quite ancient, having performed the same duty in the belfry of the old academy which still stands on upper Main street, and from which it was transferred to Arms.

I am wondering if we shall think as much of this bell and our school when we have reached the three-score-year-and-ten mark, as did a dear old lady who visited at my home a few years ago. Her home was near Boston and in her teens she came here, like many another when good academies were few, to attend our Franklin Academy. This dear old lady who knows our own land well and has traveled extensively in many other countries, spent several days here to look into two or three old faces, and for the pleasure of seeing the old school and hearing the bell ring in the belfry of the new.

Surely we have worked hard within the walls of Arms, but I doubt if there's one who cannot look back to it with the

whole-hearted exclamation, "Oh! what a good time we had there!" Granted — the fun was not always in the right place or at the right time, in the opinion of the faculty or of individual teachers; but we must say this in their favor — they rarely forgot that even they had been young once!

Did we ever become so full of animal spirits that we were piloted to a seat "down front?" Did we ever have to stay after school to pick up chalk ruthlessly thrown about? Such questions are entirely too personal for a one-year-old alumna to answer.

But to be serious in closing. Arms has graduated some splendid men and women who have made every little bit count, and I'm sure Arms is proud of them. Can we let them surpass us who are just graduated? and can you, graduates of 1913, let any come above you in the world's acclaim? We must all try our very best, it seems to me, to make our school proud of us. And here, I wish the graduates of 1913 particularly, but just as sincerely all undergraduates, the best of success in the work you may undertake in the future and pledge you the interest of a sister alumna.

Dorothy F. Hadley, '12.

#### \*AN AUGUST REVERIE.

\* With due apologies to Dr. Holmes for subverting some ideas expressed in his class poem of 1856 entitled "Our Indian Summer."

You'll believe me, dear friends, 'tis a pleasure to hear

You're asking for old *Eighty-five* to appear;  
We're glad of an encore, and tho' a bit lame,  
We step gaily forward to answer our name.

We're proud to respond to your toast,  
"*Eighty-five!*"

That peerless old class is still much alive!  
We're *seven* bearded men, and *seven* doughty dames,

Unchanged as the sunlight, in all save our names;

For six of the maids to the altar 've been led,  
Six benedicts also rejoice that they're wed;  
One "blessing unclaimed" still holds virgin rank

And a bachelor boasts that he dare yet be Frank.

Six lads and a lassie from New Hampshire came,

A lad and six lassies the old Bay State claim;  
"We're seven," said the maids, "whatever state charms:"

"We're seven," breathed the youths, united in Arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

We've reached August's noon time; Day's burden and heat

Obscure April's morning—its violets sweet;  
Yet tho' the sun turns and the shadows grow long

We'll hear in remembrance the blue bird's sweet song;

And the afternoon sunshine shall light with its glow

Those hills to the eastward — the days we love so!

And touch with its glory the much honored head

Of him † to whose friendship we ever are wed.

† Prof. Cowell.

Yes, Nineteen thirteen on the calendar stands —

(It seems some loose leaves have slip't from our hands),

Subtract one from the nine, change one to an eight

Write a five for the three — the past re-create.

Then — hail to our future! — our past is unborn!

"The morning's at seven! And day's at the morn!"

"We scorn the base lies that the almanacs hold,

While we've youth in our hearts we can never grow old!"

— Anna Covell Copeland, '85.

#### AN ATTEMPTED APPRECIATION OF PROFESSOR COWELL BY AN '85.

Dear old Prof! I see him yet as in days gone by, walking the streets of Shelburne Falls, an ever-familiar figure. Could I describe him to you as he is known and loved by us, it would be the proudest moment of my life.

We are all assembled near the Academy building just before the opening time; the merry laugh and chatter of boy and girl are mingling with the shouts of other boys at play upon the green. The moments left before the entrance bell is rung are filled with bat and ball. A stalwart youth from Hampshire's hills, with manly swing has sent the flying sphere far down the diamond, towards

Severance street; the squad of fielders dash away in wild pursuit, the ball far o'er their heads, sails on, as though 'twould never come to earth. Crossing the street and just stepping on the campus comes our dear old professor; with cheery voice and laughing face he greets the crowd of tumbling boys that rush in almost mad array, chasing the rolling ball. A look, a word, a laugh, a shout, a hand held out, a sudden leap to right or left, the center of a joyous throng, he moves along as one of them. No loss of dignity, no lowering to the level of the boys, he leads them up to where he stands serene behind the teacher's desk. The assistants flock around; a question, an answer, a nod and gesture,—just the same as on the green but a moment ago,—familiar, easy, unconscious superiority, led by the divine force that watches over all.

With bowed head, like an ear of corn, full fruited in the fall, he reads the sacred word; some chapter, familiar, full of hope, courage, inspiration and promise for the young; the book is closed; a reverent hush has settled over all. The man stands face to face with God. We listen while he prays for each and all; and for himself he only guidance asks that he may do His will aright.

The years go by and in our backward look we see him yet and realize now as ne'er before whence comes his strength. No purpose of his own but to unfold the will of the Divine; to do each day the task the Master sets. How large he is, how grand! We look out upon and are in the midst of stirring events, the changing waves and billows of that sea of life on which our frail bark is cast, above we

see, as in the sky, a face, a form we can never forget; it comes like a mirage to the weary sailor; but let us remember that down behind the horizon of our present vision stands the reality. What a place he fills in each community where his lot has been cast since his graduation from college in 1875. At Clinton Grove (N. H.) Academy for one year only, and life for many a country boy and girl was changed, as if by Aladdin's lamp, then moved on to Francestown (N. H.) Academy, where he taught for only seven years; and yet every five years since 1886 about two hundred farmer boys and girls come trooping back to Francestown, a loyal little army. And how we do love him and all his family!

Four years at Arms Academy in Shelburne Falls. I will venture to say that not many men who have lived a whole life-time in one place have produced such a lasting impression.

It is twenty-eight years ago this coming June that the class of '85 graduated from Arms Academy, and two years later Mr. Cowell left for his larger work in Cushing Academy, Ashburnham. He would probably have left with the class of '85, only he well knew that Arms Academy could not withstand two such shocks in one year. Of his larger work in Cushing I will not speak, except to say it has been even more successful than in his other locations. The new students, as they come along year after year find the same considerate friendship, the same firm, but kindly discipline, the same noble spirit. May his years be long upon the earth and his work crowned with usefulness, as his life is with honors.

Elmer H. Copeland, '85

# Officers and Students

## SCHOOL OFFICERS.

### TRUSTEES OF ARMS ACADEMY.

Lorenzo Griswold, President..... Griswoldville  
 Herbert Newell, Vice-President..... Shelburne Falls  
 Edwin Baker, Secretary and Treasurer,  
 Shelburne Falls  
 Francis Rugg .....Greenfield  
 Clifton L. Field.....Greenfield  
 Charles E. Ward.....Buckland  
 Rev. J. A. Hawley.....Shelburne Falls

### SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

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 Joseph C. Perry, Secretary.  
 Charles P. Hall.  
 George Taylor.  
 John Brown.  
 Geo. W. Halligan.

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Arthur W. Smith.

### FACULTY.

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 Ruth A. Davis, A. B.  
 Etta L. Tufts.  
 Helen M. Mullin, A. B.  
 Mira Poler, A. B.  
 Edith D. Allyn, A. B.

### STUDENTS.

#### CLASS OF 1913.

##### Officers.

President.....Nugent G. Frost  
 Vice-President.....Charles B. Hawks  
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Peter Blassberg  
 Class Colors: Green and Gold.

##### Members.

Peter Blassberg.....Shelburne Falls  
 Rose Marie Brigham.....Colrain  
 Frederick Call .....Colrain  
 John Canedy.....Shelburne Falls  
 Bertrand Cromack .....Colrain

Roylance Field.....Rudyard, Mich.  
 Nugent Frost.....Shelburne Falls  
 Edward Goodell.....Shelburne Falls  
 Gertrude Goodell .....Shelburne Falls  
 Joseph Griswold.....Shelburne Falls  
 Charles B. Hawks.....Shelburne Falls  
 May Kingsbury .....Shelburne  
 Gretchen March .....Shelburne Falls  
 Helen March .....Shelburne Falls  
 Mildred Ward .....Shelburne Falls

##### Graduate Students.

Leila Childs .....Heath  
 Wilfred La Pierre.....Griswoldville  
 Merle Maynard .....Buckland

#### CLASS OF 1914.

##### Officers.

President ..... William Bliss  
 Vice-President ..... Ruth Chapman  
 Secretary ..... Myrtle Perkins  
 Treasurer ..... Florence Wells  
 Class Colors: Purple and Gold.

##### Members.

Harry Alvord .....Shelburne  
 William Bliss .....Griswoldville  
 Florence Brown .....Shelburne  
 Milton Brown .....Colrain  
 Ruth Chapman .....Shelburne Falls  
 Sarah Clark .....Griswoldville  
 John Coombs .....Colrain  
 William Davenport .....Colrain  
 Dorothy Davis .....Shelburne  
 Lucy Davis .....Shelburne  
 Lila Gleason .....Shelburne Falls  
 Alvin Harris .....Shelburne Falls  
 Marion Joyce .....Shelburne Falls  
 Lauriston Koonze .....Shelburne Falls  
 Emily Merrill .....Shelburne Falls  
 Roger Peck .....Shelburne  
 Myrtle Perkins .....Shelburne Falls  
 Mildred Reed .....Shelburne Falls  
 Doris Stockwell .....Shelburne Falls  
 Olive Storms .....Colrain  
 Florence Wells .....Shelburne Falls  
 Luella Williams .....Shelburne

CLASS OF 1915.

Officers.

President ..... Frederick Pine  
 Vice-President ..... Lucy Wood  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... William Field  
 Class Colors: Light Blue and Gold.

Members.

Madeline Barnes ..... Colrain  
 Gladys Bray ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Fred Brooks ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Ruth Burrington ..... Griswoldville  
 Lawrence Bushey ..... Griswoldville  
 James Colt ..... Colrain  
 Robert Coombs ..... Colrain  
 Fredericka DuBuke ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Arthur Dunnell ..... Shelburne Falls  
 William Field ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Roger Frost ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Arthur Galvin ..... Colrain  
 Theresa Gillen ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Margaret Hardy ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Irene Hawkes ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Dora Lamorie ..... Colrain  
 Charles O'Brien ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Frederick Pine ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Madeline Reed ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Harold Russell ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Frederick Sullivan ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Vincie Temple ..... Shattuckville  
 Donald Wood ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Lucy Wood ..... Shelburne Falls

CLASS OF 1916.

Officers.

President ..... William Pelchie  
 Vice-President ..... Ellen Halligan  
 Secretary ..... Leon Roberts  
 Treasurer ..... Grace Schontag  
 Class Colors: Green and Gold.

Members.

Effie Apt ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Gladys Baker ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Francis Barnard ..... Colrain  
 Harold Bemis ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Fleanor Delaney ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Harper Gerry ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Ellen Halligan ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Ezra Herzig ..... Colrain  
 Fred Herzig ..... Colrain  
 Richard Johnson ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Carl Meekins ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Rose Monahan ..... Shelburne Falls  
 William Pelchie ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Glenn Perkins ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Edna Post ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Lucie Purrington ..... Colrain  
 Leon Roberts ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Grace Schontag ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Edward Stowe ..... Colrain  
 Mary Streeter ..... Shelburne Falls  
 Alberta Walden ..... Colrain  
 Malcolm Ward ..... Shelburne Falls  
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# HARDWARE

You Think of

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Why you don't know, except it has become a habit. Let us tell you, in the beginning, we framed a platform:

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## BE A BOOSTER

If you like the old town best,  
 Tell 'em so!  
 If you'd have her head the rest,  
 Help her grow!  
 When there's anything to do  
 Let the fellows count on you;  
 You'll feel bully when its through  
 Don't you know.

If you want to make a hit,  
 Get a name!  
 If the other follows it,  
 Who's to blame?  
 Spend your money in the town,  
 Where you pull the sheckles down;  
 Give the mail concern a frown—  
 That's the game?

If your used to giving knocks,  
 Change your style!  
 Throw bouquets instead of rocks  
 For awhile.  
 Let the other fellow roast;  
 Shun him as you would a ghost!  
 Meet his hammer with a boast  
 And a smile.

When a stranger from afar  
 Comes along,  
 Tell him who and what we are—  
 Make it strong.  
 Needn't flatter, never bluff;  
 Tell the truth, for that's enough.  
 Join the boosters—they're the stuff,  
 We belong.

—SELECTED.

---

### BOOST — DON'T KNOCK

“You can't help your town by knocking. If it is in a backward groove,  
 some optimistic talking does a lot to help things move.”

— WALT MASON.

---

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