

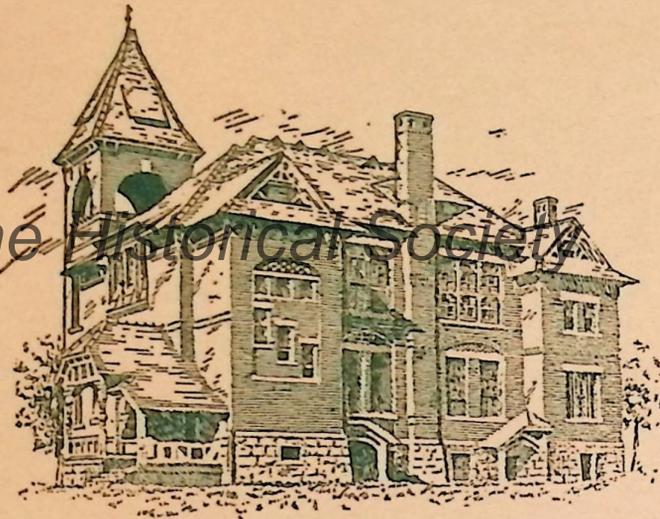
The Arms Student

Shelburne Historical Society

185

ARMS ACADEMY

Founded 1880



Shelburne Historical Society

THIS School offers thorough preparation for College and Technical School in its Preparatory and General Courses, and a complete Business Course for those who desire it in connection with general academic training.

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English
Latin
Algebra
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English
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Business English
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Arms Academy is accredited by the State Board of Education and holds the Certificate Privilege granted by the New England College Entrance Certificate Board. In athletics, Arms has always been represented by strong baseball and football teams, and in track meets.

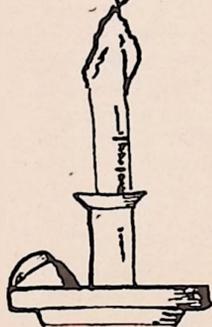
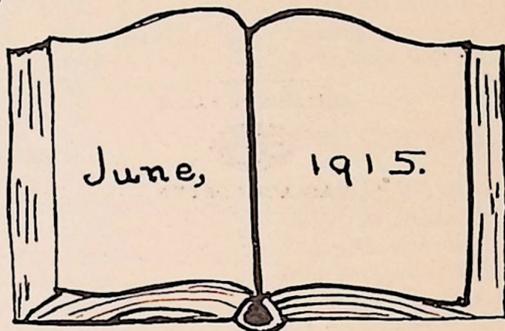
Situated in an attractive and refined New England village, Arms Academy offers splendid inducements through its efficient management and its experienced corps of teachers, to boys and girls who are in earnest and who appreciate the opportunities here offered.

The aim of the school is Increase in Personal Value.

For further information apply to Principal.

Shelburne Historical Society

The
Shelburne Historical Society
ARMS STUDENT



Published By The Students Of
Arms Academy

Shelburne Historical Society

SHELBURNE FALLS



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THE ARMS STUDENT

ELBURN FALLS, MASS.

JUNE, 1915

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new field in this attempt and we knew at the outset that a great deal of earnest and thorough work was necessary to make it a success. The wonderful spirit shown by all those who took part throughout the whole time spent in rehearsals is to be heartily commended. All entered into the work with a firm desire to do the best possible. After all expenses were paid, we found that we had made about \$125.00. However, it is not the gain in dollars and cents which made "The Captain of Plymouth" a success, but it is the closer union brought between the faculty and students, who were working zealously for a common cause. A deeper, truer feeling of school spirit was instilled into us all, which has outlived the night of April 9, and which we believe will be lasting.

Editorials

Again the spring season circles 'round with it comes another issue of the Student. On examination, the readers will note several important changes throughout this entire volume. The editors and students who have written for the various departments have kept one ideal new: to edit a magazine which will give every class of readers, a clear representation of school life and spirit at Arms Academy.

The style of several departments has changed considerably and one new page has been added. In former years the largest portion has been filled with original compositions—something prepared to read—rather than a true and interesting story of school life.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

"The Captain of Plymouth"

It is only fitting and proper that some mention be made of "The Captain of Plymouth," a musical comedy presented by the faculty and students of Arms Academy, April 9, 1915. We were venturing into a

Our Course in Domestic Science

Although this is the first year that a course in Domestic Science has been given, and although that course has necessarily been restricted to sewing, there is a marked evidence of interest in that line of work, and of appreciation for what has already been accomplished.

At the beginning of the year, the principles of sewing were studied, and then these principles were applied to practical work. Simple stitches were practiced, until the growing skill and quickness warranted actual sewing. A work-bag, a complete set of underclothes, and a simple dress have been made by each girl in the class. The sliding-pads for the base ball team and the girls' costumes in "The Captain of Plymouth" lessened expenses for the school and furnished practical experience.

The only room that has been available for the course is small and but poorly equipped, as there are high stools, instead of comfortable chairs, and there is but one sewing-machine — necessitating "taking turns."

The girls have all expressed their de-

sire to have cooking included in the course, and we shall be glad if, sometime, this can be.

We appreciate the help that the Parent-Teacher Association has already shown in this work, and thank them for their material interest in it.

The Student and The War

The European War, which is generally considered the greatest war of the ages, is at present attracting the world's attention. There is no subject so widely discussed. Every newspaper gives up the most conspicuous columns to the war news; every magazine publishes page after page of the vital measures of the war. Here in the United States, where there are so many immigrants from the warring nations, the bulletin boards outside the large newspaper offices are always surrounded by eager men and women who look for the latest reports and then go to their homes or their work, to talk and prophesy the outcome of the conflict. This same occurrence is repeated again and again, on a smaller scale, in the little country stores and post-offices. Because the daily reports are often conflicting and sensational, we must not believe all that we read. We shall have to wait until the war is over, before we can have correct and exact reports of all the campaigns and sieges.

But though we cannot take for reality all that we read of the details, we can form certain opinions and see certain inevitable results. More countries have been brought into one great struggle by this war, than by any other war in history, and for this

reason it is much harder for neutral countries to maintain neutrality. The United States, although separated from the battlefields by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, has felt the conflict more than many countries nearer the center of action. Certain facts now seem to point to the conclusion that America will become more independent of foreign countries, in that we shall build up industries for manufacturing articles which have hitherto been imported from foreign countries. For example, there are the great toy factories of Germany, from which most of our toys have come. It will now be cheaper to make them here, and as "necessity is the mother of invention," a new industry will be started.

From the educational point of view, it is probable that instead of going to foreign universities for a higher education, we Americans shall attend American schools during the war, and that when the war is over, shall continue to do so. In this way the American schools and universities will be greatly benefited. As there will be more students, the rates will be cheaper and the poorer boys can go to college more easily than before. As there will be more students, so there will more instructors and a greater field will be opened up for the intellectual development of America.

To a student who has studied the history of Europe, filled, as it has always been, with wars both great and small, it seems a very strange thing to be considering the possibilities and probabilities of the outcome of an active present war, which is being waged on the traditional battlefield of the world.



Types in a School Room

Probably the largest class of types are the silent, observing, secretly amused young men and women, who keep strictly to themselves, until they meet one of their exclusive and understanding fellow students (or it may be some one outside of school), and then they "let loose", as it were, and tell of the scandalous (or otherwise) proceedings at school.

There is the boy who is just plain "boy" wholesome, energetic, a little (?) vain, loud: just a good all 'round fellow, who can help an old lady across the street, if necessary, or thrash a boy (about twice his size, of course) if said boy tells him rather forcibly that he has told an untruth. Alas, there are not so many in this class as I would have there: instead, there are boys who make up the other types.

There is the girl who does not intermingle at all, who learns her lessons well: in fact she never misses her lesson, and her recitations are always faultless. But at recess, when one should forget the conjugation of German verbs or the rule for finding the specific gravity of a substance, this girl is found "plugging" away, paying no attention to those about her. Girl, you are not doing yourself justice. If we only had a "gym", where you would have to go, where you could play games with the others, where you could learn to dance and sing, to play and laugh! I honestly believe you

do not know how to play—at least I have never seen you.

There is the other extreme: the girl who does not study in the afternoon, but puts off her work until the first spare period in the morning. When that spare period arrives, she suddenly discovers that she didn't fasten her hair very securely that morning; or that she must have a drink; that she really must tell Marie about a certain "he"; or that she is hungry, and there is an apple down-stairs. School is just a merry "hey-day" for her. As this type is prevalent among the Freshmen, there is a possibility that in a year or so she will "calm down."

There is the boy who is so intensely bashful, that it takes about all the courage he can summon, to walk past a group of girls; who has St. Vitus' Dance every time he walks into a room and unexpectedly finds a class there; who gradually becomes stoop-shouldered and cultivates a shambling gait. No, it isn't a walk, it is just a "gait." Look here, my boy, what kind of a man do you suppose you'll be? Brace up, I tell you, and find out that you are deserving of everything good that's coming to you.

There is the girl who has not been in her "teens" very long, who enters school in a rather excited state of mind, and who continues to rush through her first year with her nerves drawn to a very high tension. She is very much interested, but not at all impressed by her surroundings.

She copies other girls, but probably because of inherent "color blindness" or lack of knowledge concerning color schemes, she usually looks like a fright. She is "gushy," but not talkative, because she doesn't know enough about any subject to talk long on it. The school has small chance of doing anything with this type.

The most annoying type is the male egotist. He is so much impressed with his own importance, that he is immune to ridicule; he flaunts his foolishness wherever he goes. He is like the mosquito: always "buzzing around" just out of reach, or "biting" in some unexpected place. "When you put your finger on him, he isn't there."

There is the girl who has been reared in the "narrow-minded atmosphere" of a country farm. She has never been to a "city" of over twelve thousand people in her life. She comes to school with all the prejudiced convictions of about four generations, and she usually (not always, thank goodness) leaves school with the same prejudices, only "more so." She needs to go to a city of more than twelve thousand people and learn or find out that there are other people in the world and that they are really quite human.

There is a type of girl who comes to school because—well, for several reasons, but mostly because there are boys there. She studies in a listless manner, "gets" her lessons fairly well, goes to class, passes a note to a boy on the way there, watches the antics of another boy while in class, receives a note from another boy coming from class, and then spends the next spare period writing an answer to the note just received. There are two remedies: one year in a co-ed school; and if that doesn't help, a nunnery.

As the title implies, these are just types. It is the majority:—the healthy, wholesome, hearty, clean-minded, young men and women—who go to make the school a success.

Which of these types are you? Probably the one you most emphatically think you are not.

A Handful Of Wheat

Faites attention! You see I am learning rapidly. I have already acquired this

well sounding command from these queer, quick, excitable people. For I am now in France, you know.

What a time I have had, though, since those dear days in the fields outside of Genoa! It was there that I learned that I was called flint wheat and that I grew only in that climate.

It took me a whole summer to develop into a good-sized handful of wheat, and when I was finally ready, they bundled me with a lot of brother "flint," and I was trundled away to Genoa.

I will pass quickly over the process of threshing. It is a brutal practice and should be prevented, but up to the present time there seems to be no other satisfactory way by which to change our appearance.

I was then thrown into a large sack of coarse cloth and brought to an evil smelling, dirty hovel and flung into a corner.

Shades of Caesar! but it was horrible. I soon discovered, however, that we were the first of the supply and would be used immediately, for which I was heartily thankful. I was made into dough and rolled out in a large square. A youth, clad in a pair of old velveteen breeches and a sleeveless shirt, cut me in strips and hung the strips on a rack. The racks were placed in the back-yard to dry, where the little children played hide and seek between the strips. For the benefit of any Americans who may by any chance read or hear of this, I will say, that this macaroni is never imported, but is made only for home use.

However, it was destined that I should visit the sunny land of France. I was thoroughly dried and placed in a box and shipped to this strange country. For a long time I rested comfortably, in a store house. I was just in the midst of a nap, when two armed men bustled into the storehouse, threw me into a bag, and bustled out again, taking me with them. I tell you here and now that I am heartily sick of bags.

But wonder of wonders! The next thing I knew I was flying—actually flying. I learned from the bag of coffee that stood next to me that we were food supplies for the French army; that we were being carried to the field in a flying machine; and

that these flights in the air were jolly good fun.

Now I am serenely and calmly bubbling in a little tin boiler over a camp-fire. All around me are soldiers, short and tall, fat and thin, but all eager. For it's mess-time in the trenches and the soldiers are hungry.

— THERESA GILLEN, 1915.

The Misfortunes Of a Tiny Brown Acorn

I am a brown acorn and now I am in a little hole out in a meadow. "How did I get there?" Well, I'm going to tell you about it.

The first thing that I distinctly remember was that I was hanging on a twig away up in a big tree. I could see all about me and near me were many other acorns. We talked a lot to each other and many times I wondered if I would stay there all my life.

Soon the weather grew cooler and the wind blew, until finally, when I had been shaken around as much as I cared to be, I fell down onto the ground. I thought I was killed, until I saw another acorn come down and hit a rock—then I knew that I was only frightened.

I lay very quiet for a while and paid no attention to anything, but soon a little boy picked me up and put me in a bag. To my surprise I found in that bag a number of the same acorns who had lived on my tree; together with some brown nuts, who refused to give me all the room I wanted. I was just going to give them all a good beating, when we were all shaken up and rolled out into a dish. The dish was more than full, so the boy separated us acorns from the others and put us in his pocket.

We stayed there quite a time, but the boy went out to a neighbor's and showed us to another boy.

"Oh! Give me one," the boy cried.

"I guess not! Get some yourself," answered our keeper.

"I'll have one anyway," the other boy burst out and reached for us, but my keeper was too quick and both boys went rolling on the ground. In the confusion which followed, I was dropped and another boy

who had been watching the fight picked me up and ran off.

I thought maybe I'd get a rest, but he took me out, and after cutting a little ridge in my skin, he tied a string about me and tossed me in all directions. He hit me on a chair, on the side of the door, on a table, and finally threw me off into a field which was nearby.

As I lay there, I wiggled and twisted, and wiggled and twisted, until I was tired out, but the harder I tried, the tighter the string seemed to grow. So I gave up and went to sleep instead.

I don't know how long I was asleep, but the wind must have blown and I must have rolled down into a hole, for when I awoke I had fallen into the nest of an Oven-Bird. I didn't stay there long, for by pulling on one end of the string that was tied about me, the bird got me out of her nest. I was angry, too, because the nest was so warm and comfortable that I wanted to stay in it.

Next, a big red squirrel carried me up to his nest and put me in a hole. I don't like being lugged around in a squirrel's mouth, but I had one consolation from that experience: the squirrel chewed off the string.

I stayed in the squirrel's nest for many days, but one day I heard someone talking. I didn't think anything about it at first, but next thing I knew, the tree fell down and I went flying. They had chopped down the tree. I rolled and rolled and thought I was surely going into a brook, but I hit a stone and that held me.

I was pretty well bruised up, and even then I had not received the worst bump. Some men came by me and then there was an awful explosion. They were blowing up a rock and of course, I went, too. I don't know how far I was blown, but my next resting place was on a soft piece of cloth. I had fallen onto a doll's dress and the owner of the doll had found me.

She took me into this meadow and buried me in the hole. It is very comfortable and I hope I shall stay here forever.

— MABELLE WARD, 1917

Along The Deerfield

The road from Greenfield was full of twists and turns, bumps and hollows.

There was one long hill which cost me much good breath before I had reached the summit. The view here was not at all prepossessing. A farm house stood on one side of the road, a field of pasture stretched out as far as I could see on the other side.

From this point the road continued to swerve and twist, suddenly to become a hill and then drop. The hills about me were of fair height and I seemed to be dipping up and down in them. Here and there a farm house lent a patch of white to the landscape. For the most part all around me was green, save for the buff coloring of the road, and the color of the sky, which was the bluest I have ever seen it.

Dropping down from a hill, I came upon a little hamlet—the village of Shelburne. I passed rather hurriedly through this little congregation of houses, not too quickly, however, to notice a quaint little stone building squatting on one side of the road. Even in these smaller towns there is the craze for literature, the love of learning, that stamps all New England.

As I have said, the village lies in a hollow and I had another long climb the other side of it. From then on until I reached the summit of another hill, nothing of any interest attracted me. However, this hill that I was about to descend was in truth the queerest trick that Dame Nature had played with the road so far. It began to circle as I descended and just when the circle would be almost be complete, it would turn and start to circle the other way. It did this so often, that I should say, if one were going down this twisty hill at a very high rate of speed, it would certainly make one giddy.

It was getting late, that is, along toward late afternoon and into the twilight, when coming around a curve, I came abruptly on Shelburne Falls. The curve was sharp and the land dropped in a sheer descent before me. I could not help but notice the coloring. The hills stood blackly and boldly against the rich yellow of the sky. The buildings of the town were huddled together in a red mass. In the foreground a light red brick power house stood out conspicuously, its base of green lending variety to the color scheme.

I decided that here I would rest that

night. Suiting the action to the thought I climbed the hill to my right, to obtain a better view, and also to escape persons passing along the road. After arranging my evening meal, I sat down on a large stone and watched the light gradually fade in the west. The little twinkling lights began to dance here and there in the village and, looking up, I saw a lone star that heralded the coming of the night.

The Land Where Lost Things Go

When I was a youngster and lost a jack-knife, or some marbles, or my fishing tackle, I used to wonder and wonder what became of those treasures, which I seldom found again, no matter how long and diligently I searched.

At night in the few short minutes before I fell asleep, I would ponder on these mysterious disappearances until at last I came to the conclusion that somewhere there was a country where the inhabitants supplied all their wants by gathering up lost things.

After reaching this conclusion, I suddenly thought what renown and wealth I would gain if I could discover this land and conquer it.

Once the idea had entered my head, I could think of nothing else and in time I had a very clear picture in my mind of how this Lost Land and its occupants looked. I spent a greater part of the time now wandering about in the woods and meadows of my father's large farm, looking for the entrance to this country which I had conquered so many times in my dreams.

I was very sure that this Land of Lost Things was underground and that there was a hidden entrance to it. And since I was a persevering lad, I was not discouraged when I had not found it, after hunting for a week.

One day when I was on my search for this entrance to the land of my dreams, I sat down to rest a bit on an old log.

Now it happened that one of my most cherished possessions was a shining nickel box with a glass cover. This box was as dear to my boyish soul as ever a doll with long dresses was to a small girl. On this particular day I took the precious box out of my pocket and admired a beautiful

grub which I had found in my shoes that morning and put into the box for safe transportation. I discovered the grub by poking the grub with my finger, I made it jump from side to side. This was amusing until the grub jumped out of the box and rolled off the end of the log. I tumbled after it and as I brushed the log aside, I heard a sound inside the log which I had not known was hollow.

There was a scraping sound followed by a peepy whimper and in a moment who should appear to my startled eyes but my mischievous puppy! As soon as I saw my face, he wriggled and squirmed in front of me with every manifestation of mingled with guilt.

I got down on my hands and knees and looked inside the log and—my quest was over! I had found the Land of Lost Things! Inside the log was every imaginable thing, from one of father's rubber bands to the feather which had disappeared strangely from mother's best hat—at least there were the remains of what might have been a feather.

I sat down very suddenly and stared and stared at the collection. My disappointment was overwhelming and from that day on, I think I have been more careful of the illusions I cherish.

Lucy Wood, 1915.

The Land Where Lost Things Go

One night from the tiny chain that held me around a woman's throat and dropped to the pavement. She passed on and I was there with my diamond face to the ground. A light snow was falling and it covered me completely—so completely that when the snow was shoveled from the street the following day, I was covered with it and dumped unceremoniously into the river.

For a long time I descended. If you have ever imagined yourself falling through space, you will understand a little, I actually experienced. Suddenly it came very light and I stopped. I did not fall with a thump or jar. I just stopped rather suddenly to be sure, but none the less gently.

Some day, if you are at the beach at sunset and have plenty of time and care to,

just take a boat and row out to the point where that great golden ball, called the sun, is descending into the sea; drop the oars and let yourself drift, and you will find yourself in the strange country where I am now comfortably settled.

I am now a voting, and therefore a desirable citizen of "The Land Where Lost Things Go." It is a queer country with its tiny boroughs, hills and valleys, main village, it's one Home for Miscellaneous Lost Articles.

They have an army of lost umbrellas, which surpasses anything of the kind that I have ever seen. The finances of the town are supported by "The League of Lost Purses," in a manner quite befitting those worthy benefactors.

It would be a very long story if I should try to tell you all about the different offices held by the different lost citizens in our land. However, I will give you a little idea of the work we are carrying on. All lost hair pins immediately upon their arrival here enter into the hair-dressing business, or else join "The Band of Lost Musical Side-combs." The Lost Pins, of which there are countless thousands, have a borough of their own. As I live on the street of Valuable Lost Articles, I never have occasion to visit this little colony. But being heart-shaped, even though I am a diamond, I can sympathize with these workers.

The village of Mateless Gloves is now holding its annual fete. It consists of a long search for the glove that by right of manufacture belongs to them. Often they come back happily mated.

The most forlorn Lost Thing among us is the Valley of Lost Hopes, a little apart from the main village. No one ever goes near them and they never come near us. They just exist hopelessly, day after day.

Quite unlike them is the society of Lost Handkerchiefs. These white cheery articles are perhaps our busiest citizens. They keep the town clean and bright. They are the leaders in all the sports, a fact which is quite odd when you think of it. Usually the lost baseballs monopolize the sports, but the handkerchiefs are such capable articles in so many other ways and

have proved their worth so many times, that we allowed them to lead the sports.

We never have lost children or lost minds in our community. Lost children are always found and lost minds go to the City of Naught.

HERESA GILLEN, 1915.

Everyday Wonders of Nature

A first glance at this subject would not reveal much, but a second glance and a little thought will discover the greatness. I shall try to tell only a little. Many people fail to see these wonderful things that are going on among us every day.

These wonders are, as I understand them, things that seem to us to be impossible. Yet they happen a great many times, without our knowing anything about them, and are just a part of the natural world about us.

Notice the spider's web. The making of this would seem impossible to any human being. Examine the web closely and see how much like silk the threads are and how neatly they are put together. Yet, it is only a six-legged creature, the little spider, so much disliked by many people, that makes this wonderful little web.

Catch a snowflake on your hand and put it under a microscope. Notice each little part, how like a crystal it is. There are countless numbers of these little crystal-like flakes that fall from the sky each winter. But people do not stop to think how wonderful these little white flakes are, because they are "so natural."

If you have never watched the development of a chicken from the egg, you do not know how wonderful it is—yet it is part of nature's work. Suppose you set an incubator full of eggs. Just for curiosity take an egg out each day to see how the chicken develops. The first three or four days you will find hardly any change: there will be just the white part and the yellow yolk. At the sight of no change in these for those few days, you would think there would not be any chickens. As the days go on, you notice a little change and some shape becomes noticeable. This seems to be forming just between the white and the yolk. Nothing can be made

of this shape at first, but after a while, two eyes in a large head with a small body can be seen. This looks like some outrageous animal, but it is the small chicken, in its first stage of growth. From this stage, the small thing grows to look more like a chicken. About the twelfth day, one can notice blood vessels running through the liquid part of the egg, which has by this time become a very different color. This growth in the shell goes on until the twenty-first day. At that time the chicken begins to peep and to pick the shell. It may be the twenty-second day before the chicken gains its liberty, because it does not have strength enough the day before to get out of the shell. If it is not wonderful how an egg develops into a chicken and hence into a hen, I do not know what is.

This same thing is true with the hatching of birds' eggs, except that the bird, instead of the incubator, usually keeps them at a certain temperature. Another wonder of nature, among birds, is the way in which the birds choose the nesting place. Certain birds choose their homes in certain kinds of trees, but how they know what kind of a tree they are building in, is a wonder of nature. The birds usually go out in the winter, but it is still another wonder how they know when spring has come again in the north. Yet these things are all "natural."

Look at the toad-stool. Perhaps you have walked in the woods; the next day you walked over the same ground. The first day you saw no toad-stools, but the next day you saw great numbers of them. These toad-stools are known to spring up in a single night. The blowing of the wind, the figures of the frost on glass, the sprouting of seeds when they are put in the ground, and the way in which nature chooses the places of certain kinds of trees and plants to grow in, are all very wonderful.

There are also wonders of nature connected with the human body; especially the beating of the heart, the work of the brain, and the unconsciousness of sleep. How impossible all these things seem to us! Yet all are happening daily.

We ourselves, with our bits of human

wisdom, cannot but admit that the little daily things of nature are the most wonderful things that can be.

RAYMOND GOULD, 1917.

A Sketch From Life

The August sun shone down upon the long, level stretch of road on Wilson's flat. The air danced and shimmered in the terrific heat, until it seemed as if the dusty road writhed and twisted like a gigantic yellow snake. No air stirred the drooping dusty milkweeds and crow berries, which grew in great abundance along the roadside. The suffocating heat and oppressive silence were broken only now and then by the piercing shrill of a harvest fly.

Suddenly one became aware of some motion in the scenery, and gradually one became conscious of a mere dot slowly moving along the road where it appeared around the hill. In a few minutes a similar dot appeared at the other end of the road and began to approach the first at a pace that could hardly be called motion.

After a time it could be seen that the two dots were two teams as near alike as two peas. Each wagon had wheels which might be called bow-legged, and squeaks which rivalled the harvest fly. To each was hitched an old horse which had once been black, but now was sadly streaked and faded. Both held their heads within a foot of the ground, as if they were too heavy to carry and they scuffed along in the dust with an air of dejected submission.

On the seat of each wagon sat a man with eyes nearly closed and lips shut close upon a long stemmed, corn-cob pipe which was bottom side up.

At last the rigs drew even with each other and the two black horses stopped in their tracks with no effort whatever. One man opened his eyes, removed his pipe, and drawled, "'Ello, Bill." The other opened his eyes, removed his pipe, and drawled in like manner, "'Ello, Sam, what you do'in t'day?"

"Go'in t' draw some brush fer ol' wider Wells. What be y' go'in t' do?"

"Nothin' much, too hot," yawned Bill.

"Say, Bill, did y' hear 'bout ol' Pete Sullivan losin' some meat yesterday?"

"Nope," grunted Bill, uninterested, but Sam continued, "Wall, y' know ol' Pete has been a livin' with the Frenches since last May. Wall, he's quite a pal a' ol' Jake Murphey's over at Lyonses, so t'other day he went over t' see Jake an' I reckon they had quite a high time, 'cause when ol' Pete got ready to go home, he was a leetle mite tipsy. Y' know Mrs. Lyons is Mrs. Frenches sister, so she put a bit o' bacon in a paper bag an' tole ol' Pete to take it home to Mrs. French. Wall, Pete took the meat and started. It 'pears 'at when he got t' Injun Spring, he felt the need o' a drink o' suthin' sides spirits, an' while he was gettin' it, he set the bag in a wet spot, so when he picked it up, the meat an' the bottom o' the bag stayed on the ground. Pete didn't notice that, but went along, 'a carrin' that air bag.

"When he got t' Frenches, he walked right up t' Mrs. French and sez, sez he, 'Here is a bit o' meat 'at Mrs. Lyons sent you, an' held up the empty bag with the sweetest o' smiles, as innocent as a babe's. Wall, now if Mrs. French didn't tear 'round! Poor ol' Pete thought he had committed murder, I reckon. She gave him a pail an' sent him back that two miles to look for that air meat, without any dinner; nuther! I tell y', Bill, she's got a terrible temper, terrible.'"

"You're cerrect, Sam, my ol' woman is bad enough, but she is worsar, I do believe," said Bill, and a worried look came into his face, as he thought what his "ol' woman" would do if she knew how long he had been talking.

"Wall, I've got to be agoin', so good-bye, Sam. Get-up!"

"Good-bye, Bill Go-long!"

The two horses awoke from pleasant dreams, leaned against the collars, and the two wagons drew gradually apart. Smaller and smaller they grew with almost imperceptible motion, until at last they disappeared around the hills in the distance.

LEON C. ROBERTS, 1916.

The Progress Of Science

When we look backward and see how much different the world is now from what it was even a few years ago and how many

of these changes have been due to science, the progress of science seems almost impossible.

Less than two centuries ago, the first steam engine was built. To-day the use of steam has been so perfected that we now have huge locomotives which can easily draw twenty-five cars, each of which has a capacity of twenty tons. There are large steam sawmills which saw logs into lumber. The lumber is then planed and fitted for use in another mill which is usually run by steam. Tractor engines and other agricultural tools run by steam. The larger part of the world's manufacturing is done by steam-power, and the ships which carry the manufactured goods are run by steam turbines which develop thousands of horse-power.

Another source of power is electricity. Less than a quarter of a century ago, electricity was used very little as a source of power. Now automobiles, street cars, and large factories use electric power. Boats also are driven by electricity. All submarines use electric power, as do many small boats. The first large ship driven by electricity was the United States collier Neptune. The experiment was successful and only a few months ago the contract was taken for building the first electrically driven battleship. This battleship is to be named the "California," and is said to be the largest battleship yet built or being built in the world.

Electricity is not only a source of power, but has many other uses. The chief of these are seen in the telegraph, the telephone, and electric lighting. Electricity is rapidly becoming the chief source of light in the country as well as in the city. Great power-houses make the electricity and it travels through copper wires to the place where it is needed. Electricity does not cost much more than kerosene lamps and there is less danger of setting a fire. On many farms electric power is used as well as electric lighting. The current usually comes from a power-house where it is made; but in some cases, especially on the farms, a small gasoline engine runs the dynamo which generates the electricity.

The telephone is also a comparatively new invention and has come into use during the last quarter of a century. The

message is carried in the telephone by the vibrations of a thin iron disk. This disk is made to vibrate by a person speaking in the telephone. The vibrations of this disk cause another similar disk at the other end of the wire to vibrate, thus carrying the sound. The use of telephones is increasing rapidly. The amount of wire used increased from 3,958,891 miles in 1903 to 16,111,011 miles in 1913. The telephone was at first used to send messages only short distances, but gradually it came to be used for longer distances. Not very long ago the mayor of Boston talked with the mayor of San Francisco, a distance of over three thousand miles. This was the first time a telephone was used for such a distance.

The wireless telephone, where the sound is transmitted by vibrations of the ether, is yet in the experimental stage. It will probably be some time before it comes into general use. Wireless telephone messages have been sent a distance of ninety miles and could be plainly heard. Messages have been sent farther than that, but the words were not clear.

Less than a century ago, the telegraph was invented. Now telegraph lines follow the railroads and cables span the oceans from continent to continent. A new form of telegraphy is coming into use—the wireless. This is used more on the sea than on the land, especially in the navies. Nearly all seagoing ships are equipped with wireless apparatus. It is very interesting to study science in connection with the European War and to note the scientific inventions used in the modern methods of surgery, and in the actual warfare.

The submarines and submarine mines have revolutionized naval warfare. The submarine can destroy with a single torpedo the largest battleship ever built. It has proved to be a very valuable weapon in the present war. The huge guns and battleships also have changed their methods of warfare. A battleship of to-day is twice as large as one built ten years ago. War would be a queer thing on land as well as on sea without modern inventions.

The aeroplane, the machine gun, bombs which freeze things around them or spread

a deadly gas when they explode, and the great Zeppelin balloons—all these help to make modern warfare what it is.

The war has shown also the effect of the improved methods of surgery. Less than two per cent. of the wounded die and sixty per cent. of them return to the front in a month or two. The conditions are sanitary, and in this war, unlike previous wars, there have been few outbreaks of dangerous diseases.

Life on earth would seem queer indeed without the scientific inventions of the last century.

KENNETH BARNARD, 1917.

Stray Bits From English Class

THE LONELY POOL

The presence of the little pool remains entirely unsuspected until one catches a glimpse of its dark gleaming surface through the low underbrush that surrounds it. There is no movement in it and no sound of running water breaks the solitude of the forest. The water looks black and solid, like a great disk of polished ebony.

The bushes about it grow close to the edge and bend their heads over the quiet surface, as though admiring their forms so darkly reflected below them.

From out of the brush all about the pool rose majestic pines as somber and silent as the water below them.

LEON C. ROBERTS, 1916.

JUST A KITCHEN

I am just a kitchen, but I would not care to change places with any other room in the house. The bedrooms are almost always alone in the daytime and their company is asleep at night. The parlor, even if it has fine furniture, does not enjoy living, because the people who come there do nothing but talk. The sitting room feels about like the parlor, for her friends are usually reading, and people hardly ever go to the dining room except to eat, so she is lonely. And who would like to be a hall and merely furnish a place for wraps? But I enjoy myself all day long and always have a chance to rest at night. Would you like to know why I enjoy living? The fact that a room is useful and contains use-

ful things should be enough to make any room happy. And as I am used from morning till night, I am happy. It is on my stove that all the food that the family eats is cooked. Although this stove is not always black and shiny in the morning, it is for a noble cause. So I enjoy it all the more when it is blacked in the afternoon. The sink and the table which I contain are also continually used. The shelf which is over the sink is seldom looking neat, for it is usually crowded with everything from tooth brushes to the little boy's ball. But I rejoice in it because it is useful. And even the chairs are useful, for they furnish a place for my tired mistress to rest in when she has to wait for something. I do not care if my floor is not clean, for I know that they were busy feet that tracked the dirt. So you see that though I am just a kitchen, I am the most useful and therefore the happiest room in the house.

HARRIET S. CROMACK, 1917.

THE LIFE OF JACK FROST

I live far back upon the hills, I travel from hill to hill, and valley to valley. At night I come from back of the hills. Then I go to the gardens on the farms and in the cities to kill the things that are left in the gardens. It is just fun to see places where the owners of the gardens cover the tomato plants from me. I cover all the things in the gardens with a white sheet. I cover the roofs of sheds, steps, and the grass all white.

Early in the morning I visit the chestnuts. I make the burrs fall from the trees and then when they are lying on the ground, I crack them open with my cold chill. I visit the peaches and make them fall upon the ground and on my way I find grapes that I make purple.

While I am on my way from the hills to the valleys, I build thin roofs over the brooks that run from the hills to the valleys. I bite the children's fingers and toes. It is just fun for me to hear the little children cry when I bite their toes or fingers. I cover all the bridges white and make them stiff, so that when people walk on them they will shriek.

When the sun begins to pop up from back of the hills, I hurry back to my hiding-place and stay there until the night

time. I do not visit any places in the spring or summer, but I come early in the fall.

GUSTAV FINCK, 1917.

THE MARCH WIND

Early that morning the sun had shone down on the long street in warm friendliness, but soon, after the fickle way of March, dark, heavy clouds appeared and with them the wind. It burst with a sudden roar and rush, sweeping down through the narrow street like a flood. It drove clouds of dust, papers, and dry leaves before it in circling eddies; it wrenched and twisted at the few bare trees like invisible hands of a giant. After its first violent fury, it seemed to try to play with the few travelers on the street in its boisterous way. There was a little boy, carrying an enormous bundle. It grasped the little boy, his bundle and all, and rushed them down the street at a terrible rate, until the little fellow stumbled and rolled into the gutter. Now it turned its attention upon a man, hurrying along with bent head and tight buttoned coat. It lifted the poor fellow's derby with a playful whoop and invited him to a game of tag. The man accepted, not for the love of the game, but for the price of a hat, and what a game it was! Down the street, across the street, around trees, fruit stands, and hydrants, the hat always, but not quite in reach! But at last the wind tired of this and leaving the fellow to pick his damaged head gear out of a garbage can, went in search for other game. By this time the street

was deserted, so it had to be content with racing up and down, shaking awnings and blinds, scattering dust and leaves, and picking up gravel to hurl it against the windows. This soon, however, became tiresome, so with a parting screech, it left as suddenly as it had come and with it went the clouds. The sun shown out again on a clean swept street.

LEON ROBERTS, 1916.

A BAND WAGON

(AS SEEN BY THE SMALL BOY)

"Oooh! Here it comes, ain't it pretty though! See all that gold they've got on the sides, they're rich, I bet. Ma, won't those ladies holdin' the corners together get tired? Those men on top must be pretty hot—see that fat man, he'll bust his face blowing so hard. The horses are all spangles an' the wagons all gold an' the men all blowing like everything. I'm going to follow it, ain't you?"

(AS SEEN BY THE OLD MAID)

"Land o' Goshen! What's that thing coming down the street? Be those men all crazy to set up on that rickety ol' thing this hot day! Mercy on me, look at those terrible things painted on the sides—what ever does this town mean by lettin' these low down creatures come into town for! Oh, lan' sakes alive! See those poor skinny horses, and that brassy wagon with the women at the corners. It's a sin to look at it, I'll pull the curtain so I can't see it."

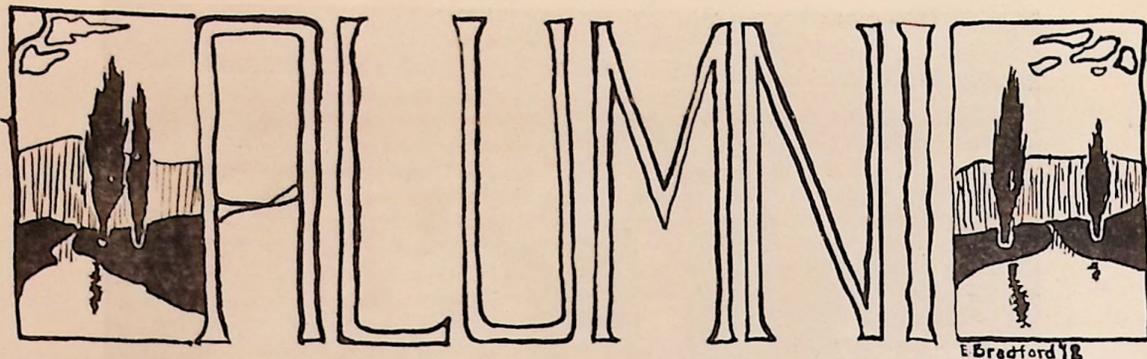
DORIS WOODWARD, 1917.



THE SENIORS

(AS THEY LOOK IN THE CLASS PICTURE—OR AS THEY ARE.)

- VERA ALICE CLAIR—"Fancy's bright and gay creation."
- GLADYS DIEDAMA BRAY—"Come, rouse thee, dearest."
- KATHERINE MARIE BARNARD—"Here's a smile for those who love me, and a smile for those who hate."
- FREDERIKA CLAIRE DUBUKE—"For if she will, she will—you may depend on't."
- VINCIE HENRIETTA TEMPLE—"Lady, you are the cruelest she alive."
- DORA MABEL LAMORIE—"But now the glitter charms our gazing eyes."
- MARGARET REED HARDY—"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low: an excellent thing in woman."
- HAZEL IRENE HAWKES—"She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought."
- MADLINE JEANETTE REED—"Yet still will I be thus to them."
- ROBERT EDWIN COOMBS—"Why should a man, whose blood is warm within, sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster."
- WILLIAM VANBUSKIRK FIELD—"He was the mildest manner'd man, that ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat."
- WILLIAM ARTHUR GALVIN—"Describe him who can, an abridgement of all that is pleasant in man."
- LOUIS ARTHUR VASSEUR—"Can you beat it."
- MADLINE MAE BARNES—"O, dark is the gloom o'er my young spirit stealing."
- THERESA GILLEN—"Quick in revenge, and passionately proud; her brightest hour still shone forth from a cloud; and none conjecture on the next could form—so play'd the sunbeam on the verge of storm."
- LUCY PRATT WOOD—"A little curly-headed good-for-nothing, and mischief-making monkey from her birth."
- JAMES MILLER COLT—"A man may smile and smile, and be a villain."
- CHARLES FRANCIS O'BRIEN—"Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career."
- FREDERICK DEVLIN SULLIVAN—"And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."
- WILLIAM JOSEPH PELCHIE—"Were his eyes open? Yes, and his mouth, too."
- LAWRENCE OLIVER BUSHEY—"Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow nature had written 'gentleman.'"
- EMILY GERTRUDE MERRILL—"I'll to my book."
- MAUDE LESTINA SMITH—"Of manners gentle, a maiden never bold."



Shelburne Class of 1901

Luther P. Perry, class president, married, selling electric power for Providence Electric Light Company, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Antonio Garafalo, formerly Miss Mabel Ware, living in Shelburne Falls.

Miss Bertha Reed, living at her home in Griswoldville.

Mrs. Frank Ryan, formerly Miss Josephine Zraunig, living in Adams.

Philip R. Eldridge and wife, formerly Miss Cora M. Hallam, living in Shelburne Falls.

Leon F. Payne, married, assistant credit manager, Carnegie Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fred Winterhalter, married, time keeper in office of superintendent of N. Y., N. H. and H. railroad, New Haven, Ct.

Fred Macher, married, employed in U.S. Armory, Watershops, Springfield.

Charles Stewart Holbrook, student in Tufts Medical School.

Class of 1902

The fourteen members of the Class of 1902 are quite widely scattered through the eastern part of the United States, in the New England states, and the state of New York.

Frances Tansom, the salutatorian of the class, is married to a Mr. Roberts and resides in New York City.

John E. Nelson is unmarried and is employed by the General Electric Company in Pittsfield, Mass.

Nina Dexter is unmarried and lives in Springfield, Mass.

George Martin is employed by the West-

ern Electric Company and makes his home where his work takes him. He is married.

Clarence Gardner is also married and is a member of a manufacturing concern in Bellows Falls, Vermont.

Robert F. Wood is a member of the staff of the Springfield Republican and is now advertising manager. He is also married.

Miss Gertrude Gates is to be married to Mr. Albert Dexter, of Orange, in June. They will make their home in Orange, Mass. Miss Gates has been employed by Wells Brothers Company of Greenfield for some years.

Class of 1909

The Class of 1909 has had four very enjoyable reunions. In 1912 we met at the Shelburne Falls House where we had a banquet. About twenty-two members were present. After a social hour we adjourned to Odd Fellows Hall where a large number of the alumni had already gathered. Here dancing was in order until a late hour. The other reunions were also held in the Shelburne Falls House and consisted of banquets followed by impromptu speeches, and then many pleasant reminiscences of days at Arms were again recalled.

Although a number of '09 people are still in the home vicinity, there are a few whose duties have called them elsewhere. Our class president, Clifford Cronan, Cornell University, '15, distinguished himself as a student of Mechanical Engineering during his course at that institution.

Stanley Rowland, Brown University, 1914, has an important position in Metropolitan Art Museum, New York City.

Recently Mr. Rowland had the distinction of being sent to Porto Rico where he did some valuable research work.

Following is a list of '09 members and their addresses:

Howard L. Amsden, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
 Reuben D. March, " " "
 Mrs. Amy Bantwell March, " " "
 Agnes M. Boyle, " " "
 Julia C. Heery, " " "
 Mrs. Mildred Bishop O'Brien, " " "
 Leon H. Mann, " " "
 Mrs. Gladys Ward Davis, " " "
 Henry Finck, Shattuckville, Mass.
 Katherine Finck, " " "
 Ruth King, Lyonsville, Mass.
 Mrs. Estelle LaPlant Zraunig, Griswoldville, Mass.
 Roy Elmer, Greenfield, Mass.
 Horace Warfield, Charlemont, Mass.
 Violet S. Ost, Seward, Neb.
 Hal. Dwight, 611 W. 80th St., New York City
 Mrs. Bessie Maxam Graham, Woodleigh Ave., Greenfield, Mass.
 Hoyt Duncan, " "
 Earl T. Spear, Littleton, Mass.
 Mrs. Roseina Adler Andrews, Hough & E. 59th St., Chateau Apt., Cleveland, Ohio
 Clifford Cronan, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
 Stanley Rowland, Metropolitan Art Museum, New York City
 JULIA HEERY, '09.

Class of 1911

Hardly can I realize that four years have slipped by since the memorable June day when the Class of '11 went forth as alumni of Arms Academy. I am sure that all of my class mates will agree with me that our days together were happy ones. We were twenty in number when we graduated, five boys and fifteen girls. Since the day of graduation we have become widely scattered and four years have wrought many changes. Two of our number have married, the first being Bertha Goldthwaite, who is now Mrs. Homer I. Thomas. She is living in West Guilford, Vermont.

Lewellyn W. Smith, the president of our class, is also married and living in Greenfield. He has a little daughter.

Wayne M. Haller is a senior at Middle-

bury College and graduates this June.

Harold Bronson is a student at Amherst Agricultural College.

Roland Hardy is a clerk at the post-office in Shelburne Falls.

Clyde Booker is working at Adams, Mass.

Ellen Storms is a stenographer at Griswoldville, and Dorothy Warner holds a similar position in town.

Helen S. Woodward has graduated from the Sargent School for Physical Education and at present is at home.

Frances Stone graduated from the St. Lawrence University and is now teaching in Baldwinville, Mass.

Carrie McGee, Cara Bronson, and May Canedy are also teaching.

Ethel M. Smith is working at Shelburne.

Edith Hancock is at home and is a frequent visitor in town.

Mary L. Brown is working in Jacksonville, Vermont.

Marion Donelson has graduated from the North Adams Normal School and is now teaching.

Lillian Goodell is attending The Bay Path Institute at Springfield, Mass.

Gladys E. M. Dennison graduated from the Normal School at Fitchburg and is now teaching in Greenfield.

The writer is also a graduate of Fitchburg Normal and is now teaching in Nantucket, Mass.

We have had two reunions since our graduation and I hope we may have another in the near future.

And what of the Alumni Association? I am sure that such an organization would be of benefit both to the school and to its former graduates. It would bring together old friends that might never meet otherwise, and I would be glad to help support such an organization.

EDNA C. MERRILL, 1911.

Class of 1912

The Class of 1912 held its second annual reunion on the evening of December 26, 1914, at the home of Miss Louise Shaw. A small amount of business was transacted and the remainder of the evening was spent in a social time.

Miss Hazel Allen is training to be a nurse at Cohoes, N. Y.

William Apt is at his home in Colrain.

Miss Dorothy Ball was married to John R. Lloyd on Sept. 24, 1914. They reside in Casper, Wyoming.

Luther Chapin attended Mt. Hermon School for two terms this past year.

Wayne Constantine is pursuing his studies at Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. He is a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

Elmer Davenport is at Brown University, where he is quite active in college affairs. He was manager of the wrestling team the past season and has recently been elected to the Board of Directors of the Athletic Association. He is a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

Fred Dole is now at his home in Shelburne, after taking a short course at M. A. C.

Mavis Goodnow is a stenographer in Greenfield.

Francis F. Francis has left Norwich University and is now employed by the Griswoldville Mfg. Co., Griswoldville, Mass.

Dorothy Hadley entered the New England Baptist Hospital, Parker Hill Ave., Boston, last autumn.

Russell Hawkes is working in McCullum's department store, in Northampton.

Mildred C. King became Mrs. Fritz Johnson on Nov. 26, 1914. They live on Mechanic St., Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Wilfred J. Lapierre, after taking a year of post graduate work at Arms, entered Brown University.

Edmond M. Maynard is a sophomore at Dartmouth College. He is associated with the college daily paper and the dramatic society.

John F. Meehan entered Syracuse University last September. He played on both the Freshmen football and baseball teams.

Marion Merrick attended Smith College two years, but has been at home the past season.

Doris E. Ost is teaching school at Canaan, N. H.

Miss Jessie Sage became Mrs. Malcolm R. Wilberley on Dec. 26, 1914. They make their home in Milford, N. H.

Miss Mildred Schempp was married to Denny F. Lauder, and they now make their

home in Shelburne Falls, Mass. They have two children.

Louise M. Shaw gave both vocal and piano lessons at Amherst, Mass., during the winter.

Ethel A. Smith was married to Albin S. Johnson, Arms 1910, on October 2, 1914. They live in Greenfield.

Miss Pearl Stamford was married to William Betcher of the Power Construction Co. They reside at present in Shelburne Falls.

Bessie M. Temple is teaching school in the Apple Valley District, Ashfield. She is a graduate of the State Normal School at North Adams.

Miss Dorothy Van Vaulkenburg is at her farm near Frankton.

Nelson Wells has just completed a two years' course of study at Bryant & Stratton's Commercial School in Boston.

Richard Rossmeisel is at Norwich University.

Class of 1913

Rosemarie Brigham is at home in Colrain.

Bertrand Cromack is at Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Peter Blassberg is working in Brockton.

Mildred Ward is assisting Miss M. A. Merrill in the millinery business in town.

Edward Gookell is at Tufts College in Boston.

Gertrude Goodell is at home.

Joe Griswold is attending school at Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.

Helen March is at home.

Gretchen March is employed as an operator with the Heath Telephone Company.

Frederick Call is at home in Colrain.

Mae Kingsbury is teaching school in West Leyden, Mass.

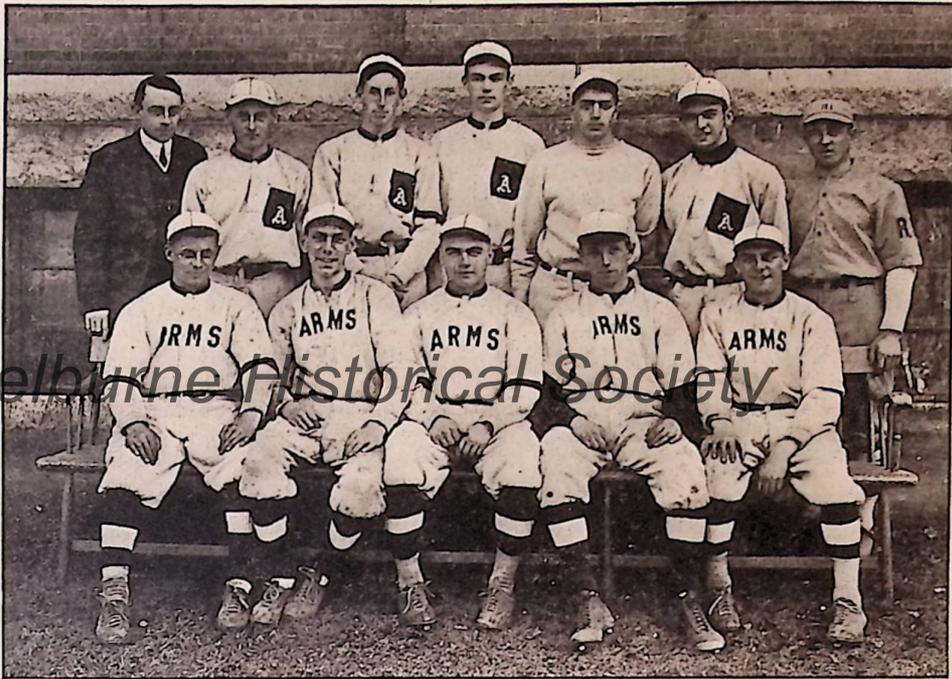
Roylance Field is at the School of Mine Engineering at Holton, Michigan.

Nugent Frost is at the Baltimore Medical College, Baltimore, Md.

Chas. Hawks has a ranch at Berkeley, Calif., where he has spent the winter and where Joseph Griswold will meet him in June and spend the summer.

Mae Mann is training to be a nurse at Wesson Memorial Hospital in Springfield.

John Canedy is employed by the Heath Telephone Co., in Shelburne Falls.



Football

In response to a call for football men, early in the fall, one eleven was all that could be brought together. Seven of the candidates were left from last year's team; namely:—Capt. O'Brien, Goodell, Perkins, Field, Peck, Meekins and Bemis. After two weeks of hard practice the team was ready for its first game with Greenfield H. S. at Greenfield. This game brought out the weak points of our team and when the final whistle blew, Greenfield had won the game by the score of 24 to 7. Arms played a good hard game, but the heavy opponents proved too much for our men, many of them being inexperienced.

The next game, with Brattleboro H. S., found Arms in much better shape, and although the game was lost by a score of 12 to 6, it was only after a hard struggle, for which our men deserve praise.

The following week Dickinson Academy of Deerfield was pitted against us on our home field. Both teams were looking for a victory, and although outweighed, we finished with the score a tie at 6 to 6. In this game our men were just beginning to get together and show team work.

One week later we had Dickinson for our

opponents in Deerfield. Previous to this game we mastered a few trick plays, with the services of a coach. These proved to be the Waterloo for Dickinson, for with the exception of the second period we had everything our own way. We won by the score of 14 to 7.

The next and last game was played with the Tigers, a team composed of old high school and town men. This proved another easy game for Arms, for she carried off the honors with twenty points against none on the side of the Tigers.

The season was considered good, notwithstanding the lack of coaching during the first part of the season, and it showed that Arms could still hold her own in high school circles.

At the end of the season Charles F. Goodell, left half-back, was elected to the captaincy for 1915, to fill the vacancy which is left by Capt. O'Brien.

Baseball

At the call for baseball candidates by Manager Field and Capt. O'Brien, a goodly number of men responded. Some were left from last year's team and added to

these were some new men that were anxious to make good and to help Arms regain its position in the baseball history of the school. Mr. John L. Sullivan, captain of last year's Rhode Island State College team, and a man with wide baseball experience, was engaged as coach, taking hold of the men the first week of April.

After two weeks of hand practice in all departments of the game, the coach selected a line-up that he thought would make the best showing. Some of the older men were shifted from their position of last year to make a better balanced team and new men were put into the line-up to strengthen it.

From last year's team are left Capt. O'Brien, Bemis, Colt, Perkins, Field, Warr, and Meekins. All of these men have had at least one year's experience and with the coaching this year ought to prove good men both in the field and at the bat. The new men are Vasseur, a pitcher from Gardner High School, who made an enviable record last year, and Goodell, Griswold, Goodnow, and Legate, freshmen of very promising ability.

The first game of the season was played on the home field, April 19th, against Colrain. In past years this team has managed to win, and for six innings it looked as if they would do so again. From the sixth on, however, we had things our own way, pulling through with a victory of 6 to 4.

For the next game on April 24th, we had for our opponents Sanderson Academy of Ashfield, and like the preceding game, didn't start things until the seventh inning. Then by a few good hits coming in succession, coupled with a misplay on the part of Sanderson, we snatched a victory from what looked like a sure defeat, the score being 7 to 5.

Our third game on May 1st, the opponents being Athol High School, was the first league game. Athol was the scene of battle and a large crowd of rooters turned out only to be met with another Arms victory, this time the score being 9 to 6. Until the eighth inning it was 9 to 0. Vasseur then loosened up to save himself for a later game and it was then that Athol piled up six runs. Vasseur was equal to the occasion, however, and struck out the next

five men to face him, thus ending the game without any more trouble.

On May 5th we met our first defeat at the Orange High School, the score being 3 to 1. It was either team's game until the end. Considering the fact that O'Brien, our catcher, was laid up with a bad finger, and Griswold, third baseman, was out of the game with a sprained ankle, Arms did very well and would have won if the hits had been bunched.

Millers Falls gave us the second defeat on our home grounds on May 8th. This was to be expected, as Millers was composed of a number of experienced, league ball players and we had two men still on the doctor's list. The score was 12 to 8.

The most exciting game was on May 12th when we defeated the fast Greenfield High School team in ten innings to the tune of 4 to 3. It was a pitcher's battle until the last man was out. Had our men run bases with better judgment, it would have prevented an extra inning and given us a better score.

Deerfield High at Deerfield on May 14th proved an easy game. Although the score was only 3 to 0 in our favor, Arms "took things easy" and Vasseur did not let the other team have a hit.

May 19th saw Turners Falls as our opponents on the Campus grounds. This game had been looked forward to by all the followers of the Arms team, as an important factor in determining our chances for the league championship. The whole Arms team played real baseball and had no trouble in landing an 8 to 3 victory.

The Sanderson Academy team, were our opponents again on May 22nd. This time we handed them a 17 to 2 defeat and strongly showed the improvement that Arms had made. Only one hit was made off the Arms pitchers in this game.

At the time of writing, these nine games were all that had been played, and the fact that Arms won seven of them will show that thus far the season has been a very successful one. Every man is full of enthusiasm and the schedule is enough to satisfy the best lover of school baseball.

Following is the schedule:

		SCORE	
		ARMS	OPP.
April 19	Colrain at Arms,	6	4
" 24	Sanderson at Arms,	7	5

		SCORE	
		ARMS	OPP.
May	1 *Athol at Athol,	9	6
"	5 *Orange at Orange,	1	3
"	8 Millers Falls at Arms,	8	12
"	12 *Greenfield at Arms, 10 in,	4	3
"	14 *Deerfield at Deerfield,	3	0
"	19 *Turners Falls at Arms,	8	3
"	22 Sanderson at Ashfield,	17	2
"	29 Drury at North Adams		
June	2 *Orange at Arms		
"	5 *Greenfield at Greenfield		
"	9 *Athol at Arms		
"	12 *Deerfield at Arms		
"	16 *Turners Falls at Turners Falls		
	*League Games.		

Suggestions For Baseball Players

Before I leave school I would like to make a few suggestions for high school baseball players, especially Freshmen who are just breaking in.

At the very beginning I would say emphatically that any boy who aspires to be a pitcher should leave football alone. The other fellows may call you "yellow," but if you show up well in baseball, they will soon forget that you did not play football.

Any one may become a baseball player, if he has an innate love for the game and takes to the game naturally. A boy does not have to be large to make good. A small boy, however, should not go out for the battery positions or first base. There have been small fellows in these positions who were good, but they are few.

Good habits are a prime factor in the making of a good baseball man. A fellow who aspires to be a good athlete should never smoke or drink. Some fellows smoke and a few drink, but the best players do not do so. "Sporty" young men will tell you, "Oh, take one (meaning a cigarette) and be a man, one won't hurt you." Do not listen to this talk, show enough moral courage and common sense to refuse. When Freshmen first come to school, they are generally not in first class physical condition. The best thing to do is to take a regular course of exercises during the fall and winter, either in a gym, when possible, or at home. These exercises must be regular, in order to obtain good results.

In going in for baseball, the player must

not have the idea that he knows more than the coach. Listen to the coach if you want to learn, and in the end, you will gain by it and have some knowledge of the game. If a coach gives an order, do what he says and if anything goes wrong with the play, you are not to blame. The coach takes the responsibility.

Above all, "do not kick against the umpire." Leave that to the captain. Never run any chance of being put out of a game where you are needed. Never quarrel with your own players. This breaks the harmony of the team and hurts the team work, something that a winning team must have. I have learned this from experience.

The player should always show a good spirit and he should "never quit." When playing the game, play for every possible point, but play clean. Dirty work hurts your playing and your reputation.

Do not be a "sore head." Take a defeat like a man and resolve that next time you will win. Learn to be a good loser, but a hard loser. By this I mean, learn to take a defeat cheerfully and never to give up the idea of winning the championship. A fighting spirit is an absolute essential. By this I do not mean that a fellow should try to pick up fights with his opponents, but that he should always try his hardest to win and when coming up in a pinch, to resolve to deliver the hit that may win a game.

Keep your head at all times. Do not get rattled. Pay no attention to the crowd or to the coaches on the base line, except when you are running bases. Try no grandstand plays. They look good when you get them, but the chances are that the play will get away from you and put men on bases for your opponents.

If at any time you think of a play that might help out the team, tell it to the captain or the coach. You may be ridiculed, but if the coach is a good one, he will listen to what you say. If the play is impractical, do not get discouraged or angry. Leave the matter for the coach's judgment.

Work for the good of the team and for the school. In doing so you will help yourself.

LOUIS A. VASSEUR, 1915.



Hayes: "What is Peck back here for?"
 Ward: "To take a P. G."
 Hayes: "That all?"
 Ward: "Yes! What do you think that means?"
 Hayes: "Plane Geometry."

Some one asked Goodnow (who works at Baker's), if they kept white lamp black. He received the answer:

"I don't know, but they have some black."

(In Sophomore Chemistry)

Miss Winchester: "Wells, what would you do if you were going to make a match?"

Wells: "I don't know, I'm sure." Perhaps Roberts can tell us.

Scene: Chemistry Laboratory. (Sc. I).

Miss Mullin: "Meekins, what is the common word for mercurous chloride?"

Meekins, (starting up from a dream):
 "Caramels." (calomel). (laughter)

(Sc. II)

Miss Mullin: "Well, what is mercurie chloride called?"

Meek, (shyly): "I think, corrosive submarines, ma'am." (uproar)

English IV.

Miss Gitten: "Miss Sylvester, please will you inform me, why all of the 18th century writers were so stout?"

In the Sewing Class.

The sixth period has come at last,
 The sewing class has met;
 Now they must try on those underclothes,
 To see if they will fit.

When six have on their undershirts,
 The door suddenly comes open,
 The girls stoop down behind the seats,
 For in comes, "O goodness!"—A Man.

Miss Davis, '17 (writing German I.):
 "des Kleines Marie." ("des" happens to be
 the genitive case of the masculine and
 neuter gender).

Miss Houghton: "What gender is
 Marie, Miss Davis?"

Miss Davis: "I don't know, it doesn't
 tell in the book."

Bartlett (translating Latin): "The
 Ara river flew into the Rhone."

Perkins (in typewriting, cleaning the
 typewriters): "Miss Tufts, where's the
 gun grease?"

Miss Manning, translating "Sie dummer
 Mensch," (you stupid fellow): "You
 dumb mule."

Ward and Goodell (in hot argument):
 "Yes, sir! Genesis was a Greek, I bet
 you!"

"No, sir! Genesis was a Roman!"

Bemis: "Planes can be seen anywhere
 in the air."

O'Brien: "Yes, aeroplanes."

Miss Mullin: "Perkins, is air a mix-
 ture or a compound?"

Perkins: "A mixture."

Miss Mullin: "Why?"

Perkins: "I don't know."

Miss Mullin: "Can't you corroborate
 your statement?"

Perkins: "I've forgotten the corrobor-
 ation."

REMARKS

The life at Arms is a great big joy,
 For the boys are meek and the girls are coy,
 But "Jokers" are few and far between,
 And studies are numerous, while marks
 are lean.

Poor Roberts will an omelet make,
 We wonder if 'tis for Violet's sake,
 So Wells must make a match!
 Poor boy! Still, he's quite a catch.

There's a little lad who after nine is seen
 to lurk,
 Oftimes around the corner, ask "Perk."
 Ah! The happy times are too soon ended,
 The Seniors go, and habits must be mended.

The Class of Fifteen entered blithe and
 gay,
 And were a little subdued for many a day,
 But now as Seniors, the corridors we pace,
 With staid and solemn mien, as befits our
 place.

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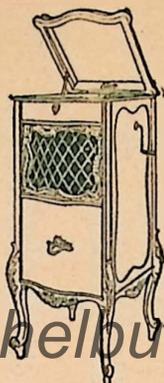
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