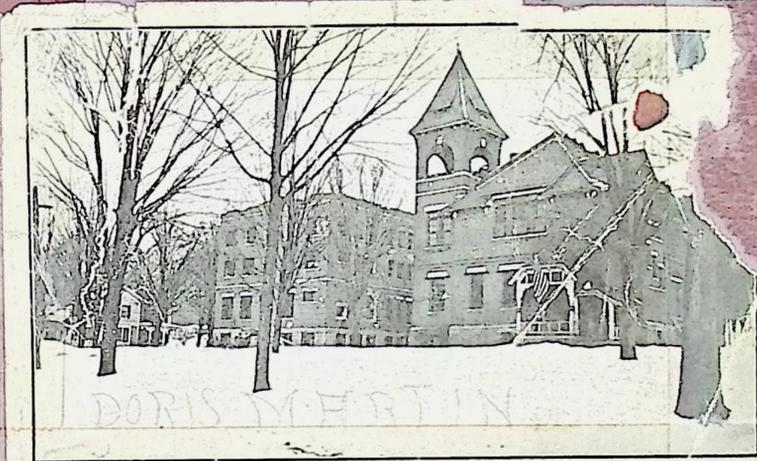


The
Shelburne Historical Society

ARMS
STUDENT



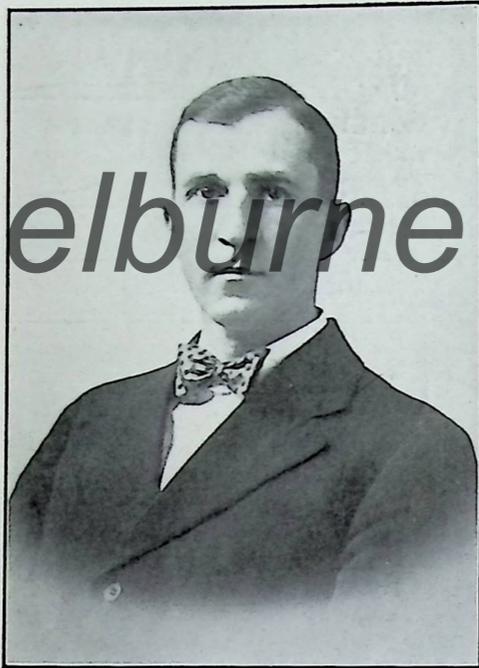
1918

DORIS MARTIN

Shelburne Historical Society

THE ARMS
STUDENT
— 1918 —

Shelburne Historical Society



JAMES W. VOSE



STANLEY W. CUMMINGS

Dedication

To

James W. Vose, whose fine loyalty and devoted service during his two years of work with and for us have won for him the admiration of all students of Arms; and to

Stanley W. Cummings, our present principal, in appreciation of whose earnest work and enthusiastic assistance, so willingly given to all, we gladly dedicate this number of the Student.

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The Staff

The Student's a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The Printer gets all the money,
And the **STAFF** gets all the blame!

STUDENT BOARD

Editor in Chief	Walter O. Loomis, '19
Mabel L. Field, '18	Sarah A. Wells, '19
Associate Editor	Art Editors
Julia Velmar Wells, '18	Ralph W. Booker, '19
Business Managers	Arthur Eldridge, '19
Hazel Jangro, '18	Alumni Editors
Duncan Upton, '19	Helen E. Francis, '18
Louis Cottlow, '20	Ruth B. Walker, '19
Arlington Johnson, '21	Joke Editors
Literary Editors	Howard E. Eldridge, '18
Eleanor Bradford, '18	Warren Gould, '19
Renold E. Wissman, '19	C. Edward Perkins, '20
Carl Nilman, '20	Harold E. Cary, '21
Esther Temple, '21	Faculty Advisors
Athletic Editors	Miss Estey
Earl A. Griswold, '18	Miss Gilmore

The Seniors



Eleanor R. Bradford—Preparatory

"And still the wonder grew and grew,
That one small head could carry all
she knew."

Our Valedictorian; Latin shark; history authority;—but for all this she's going to a co-ed college!



W. Le Roy Brown—Preparatory

"Some folks would rather blow their own horns than listen to Sousa's band."

Tho his heart's in Bridgeport, his tongue is still with us; musical; good speaker. Motto—"A girl in every port."



Esther Carlson—Commercial

"Her cheeks are like the dawn of day."

Quiet; Her favorite occupation, doing—Nothing!



Gwendolyn Doman—Commercial

There never was a quotation that applied to Gwendolyn.

Studious—at times; our class flutter-budget.



Howard Eldridge—General

"His years but young, but has experience old,
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe."

Dependable; can manage base-ball and flivvers. Baker's delight."



Mabel L. Field—Preparatory

"Better late than never!"

Great executive ability; works so hard to keep the seniors straight—but remains cheerful thru it all: Editor-in-Chief.



Helen E. Francis—General

"She has so kind, so apt, so amiable a disposition."

Sweet and cheerful; likes a good time and knows how to have it; Chauffeuress.



Elsie M. Haller—General

"Her only fault is that she has no fault."

Optimistic; very industrious; will take up commercial work.



Richard Field—Preparatory

"In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all."

"Dick's studious habits speak well
for his three years' training in
Sanderson; quiet, but always
there; plans to attend M. A. C.



Grace Harris

"Retired amidst the crowd."

Calm midst distraction.

Plain spoken—when she speaks; very
practical; wants to teach.



Hazel Jangro—Commercial

"Her statue tall,
I hate a dumpy woman."

Class beauty; gentle voice; dignified,
—but she can have a good time.



Etta S. Laden—General

"Short and sweet."

Betty's jolly spirit and happy dispo-
sition have endeared her to all;
Seldom notices the boys.



Ernest Goodnow—Commercial

"It is better to have loved and lost,
than never to have loved at all."

Quiet; curly haired; an excellent
salesman—of everything but his
heart.



Viola LaPierre—Household Arts

"I have a heart with room for every
joy."

Fond of dancing. S'pose her course
decided her prospects?



Elinor C. Long—Household Arts

"Is she not passing fair?"

Cunning ways; ever-present smile;
some job to keep track of her
latest crush!"



Marjorie D. Mitchell—Commercial

"A fair exterior is a silent recom-
mendation."

Good natured; class treasurer; a reg-
ular movie fiend.



Earle A. Griswold—Preparatory

"So wise, so young, they say do never live long."

Stars in dramatics; in music; in athletics,—in everything but studies.



Christine Monahan—Preparatory

"To be merry best becomes you."

Cheer leader; fond of math. (?) and athletics;

"Rah for Ireland!"



Evelyn M. Oates—Commercial

"A face with gladness overspread."

Senior Vice-President; basket-ball captain; everyone loves her.



Ruth Townsend

"She knows it, but she doesn't quite know that she knows that she knows it."

Generous; good-humored; energetic worker on Lunch Committee.



Henry E. Legate—General

"He was so generally civil that no one thanked him for it."

Senior President; athletic; "good fellow;" his friendly disposition and williness to work have made him most valuable member of the class."



Julia V. Wells—Preparatory

"One Sweetly solemn—Julia."

Base-ball fan; associate editor; loves flivvers—and flivver-drivers; a most original senior.

We know it's Julia when we hear, "Oh! my grief misery."

Motto

"Over the Top"

Class Colors

Blue and Gold

Flower

Iriis

Yell !!

19—Rah! 18—Rah!
 1918!. Rah! Rah! Rah!
 We are the class, we are the gang,
 That leads the school with such a bang!
 19—Rah! 18—Rah!
 1918!. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Ma Curly-Headed Babby	"Sal"	Funeral March or Drifting Dreaming	Grace Harris
Very Good Eddy	"Peak"	I Want to Go Back to Michigan	The M. Fields
I Didn't Raise My Ford to Be a Jitney	Eldridge	Lucia-Mad Scene	Brown
Dixie	Field	I Ain't Got Nobody	"Jinny" Spencer
Smile, Smile, Smile	Cromack	Glory Hallelujah	The End
In the Sweet Bye and Bye, 1918's Reunion	Mr. Cummings		
Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet			

Shelburne Historical Society

Times We Remember

- The time Belanger was on time for school.
- The time Willie Gould had his hair cut.
- The time we were crowded into the old building.
- The time the GIRLS sawed wood.
- The time the prohibition bill was passed—no gum-chewing.
- The time a name was posted on the bulletin board—(preceding number explains).
- The time the Seniors began Courting—at Greenfield.
- The time we won the Ashfield basket-ball game; also
- The time we lost!
- The many times when Sarah made "hits" with the floor.
- The time the whistle blew the "no school" signal.
- The times we RE-took the class pictures.
- The time we began "Pinafore."
- The time the Senior girls came out in pig-tails.
- The time we packed up our troubles while "Sal" played "Charlie Chaplin."
- The time our Glee Clubs SANG.
- The time Mr. Cummings wore a new hat.
- The times the Seniors' proofs and pictures arrived.
- The time one session was announced.
- The time the mouse got out.
- Flivver-time and spring-time.
- The time Orange showed its colors.
- The time Miss Arnold's handkerchiefs failed to match.
- Tie-time,—for Belanger and Cromack.
- The time the "Student" went to press.
- Vacation-time.

1919 Class PEP Annual 1919

Our Motto—Excelsior

Our Colors—Purple and Gold

Ourselves, In Picture and Poem



In the year of Nineteen Fifteen
Quite early in September
We entered Arms—the largest class,
That she could e'er remember.

At first they called us "Freshies"
But then we didn't mind,
And soon they found, we had more "pep"
Than all the rest combined.

We didn't know so much,
'Bout parliamentary law,
But that "Banjo" 'd be president,
We very quickly saw.

And all through out our Freshman year,
He helped us to uphold
The things for which our colors stood,
The purple and the gold.

As Sophomores, "Dunc" was president,
We found him ever true,

And ready to assist us,
In all we tried to do.

As Juniors, Eldridge leads us,
His work is ever strong,
Toward leading us in ways of right,
Away from ways of wrong.

At football and in baseball
We've many a first team star
"Son," "Walt," "Dunc," "Red," "Shirl,"
and "Ring,"
"Banjo," "Eldridge," Booker, Saar."

For basket ball our boys went out,
As candidates again,
And three from out the high school "five"
Were Nineteen Nineteen men.

We have the dandiest tennis team,
For many miles around,

For match for Walker, Eldridge,
"Dunc" and "Smithy" can't be found.

And so in all these first three years,
We've surely made thing hum,
Had socials, "fries" and corn roasts
And of course we've studied some!

For when it comes to "students"
Our class is greatly blest.
We've Ella Galbraith, Vivian Ward,
And Wissman as our best.

You can search in every High school,
Ever heard about, or seen
But you'll never find a class like ours!
Hurrah for Arms—Nineteen!

1919 Review of Reviews

In the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, the towns of Shelburne, Buckland and Colrain, sent the best that they had to Arms Academy, in one great assembly known as the class of 1919. We entered on our four eventful years with sixty members led by Earle Belanger as president. The size of our class was largely influential in showing the need for Science Hall.

We were invited to the Wells home for a corn roast, greatly enjoyed by all. Here our great spirit really started. At Hallowe'en time we gave a school social, something unusual for a freshman class, especially so early in the year. During the Winter a jolly sleighing party made a pleasant trip to Greenfield and back.

As the weeks passed by, it became evident that we were a valuable acquisition to the school, in athletics, scholarship and socially. We reached our climax as Freshman in our "May Day Festival," the fame of which will long ring in the halls of Arms.

The next fall we entered even more into the life of the school, led by that energetic young man, Duncan Upton, as president. We re-elected our class insignia and colors, purple and gold, and also our motto.

As there is no place in which to give our socials excepting Memorial Hall, few were given, but our turn came at Valentine time, when we made the most of our

opportunity. Again that winter Greenfield was honored by a visit from our class, which received a rather cool reception from the weather. In the spring our class proved a valuable aid to the baseball team, and our president, Duncan Upton, was elected this year's captain. As before, the end of the year found us foremost in scholarship and all school activities.

The fall of 1917 arrived, and we were Juniors, captained by Arthur Eldridge. As Science Hall was open, many socials were forthcoming, in which we played a prominent part, as any one will testify. The football captain, Shirley Chandler, was from our class, and right well did he lead the team, comprised for the greater part of Juniors.

One of our belles, Sibyl Fiske, was kind enough to invite us to a social gathering at her house, as the pleasant end of a sleigh ride. The attempt was made, and the social part greatly enjoyed, but the sleighing was for a great part on foot.

This winter basketball was started, and again one of our class, A. Saar, was honored with the captaincy of the team in which the Juniors shared greatly.

War work has been carried on in fine spirit and with great results by our class, as follows:

SCHOOL ACTIVITY CORNER

WAR WORK

War Saving Certificates	\$85.00
War Savings	11.25
Y. M. C. A.	80.00
Liberty Loan Bonds	\$300.00

Scholarship List for Third Quarter

Over 90 in all Subjects:	
V. Ward.	
R. Wissman.	
Over 90 in all except one, and that over 80	
R. Walker.	
E. Galbraith.	
Over 80 in all: Number of 90:	
M. Carlson (2).	
S. Fiske (1).	
L. Haller (1).	
I. Stemple (1).	
Number over 90, all passing:	
C. Gould (1).	
H. Smith (2).	
W. Thompson (2).	

Poets' Corner

Jolliest Juniors
Under the sun,
Nothing to worry us,
Isn't it fun?
Only a year of it, then you see,
Resolute, dignified,
Seniors we'll be.

Musicians' Corner

Tune of "Pepper Song of 303d Artillery"

We sing for old '19,
The greatest class that you have ever
 seen.
We have the ginger,
We're good old New Englanders,
We are the very best,
We have the best athletics,
And when it comes to our knowledge,
The rest we always pass.
So everybody, all along,
Just listen to our rousing song
For the 1919 class.

This Myth is Told By the Class Seer

On a "Sommer's" night a "Mann" by the name of "Wissman" and a "Belle" by the name of "Haller" were riding from "Upto(w)n" in their new "Chandler," when a "Spear," which was lying by the

road, punctured one of the new "Fiske" tires.

"Wouldn't that give you the "Willies," said "Loomis," their chauffeur.

While waiting for him to repair the tire, "Wissman" and Miss Haller decided to adjourn to a neighboring porch, which belonged to the "Eldridges" and there sat down on a "Davenport" to rest, not noticing that it was already occupied by "Gelanger" and "Miss Stemple."

Of course, in girl fashion, "Miss Stemple" "Bill'ed" "Dole'fully" and this awakened the "King," a nearby neighbor. He started out, but after stumbling over the baby "Walker," "S. A. W." that it was better to send his two "Wards", "Carl's son" and "Tom's son" together with "Mart in" the "Davis," with "Jangro" as chauffeur, in search of the trouble.

As they journeyed along, they searched the Blue "Book ere" a mile had passed, in search of "A. Smith" to help them, but of no avail.

Soon they discovered "Saar's" "Cro(w) mack'ing his way slightly ahead toward the trouble, as they thought, for "Saar" was always in trouble. They followed it, passing the "Red" with "C. Gould" on their way to "Galbraith," and soon reached the disabled Chandler, the cause of their trouble, which they exchanged for the Davis, and the party went happily on its way again, making merry with "Alwine" (all wine) as a new and stimulating guest.

Left Handed Philosophy

A word to the wise is useless.
Time and tide wait for no MAN, but time always stands still for our lady instructors.
It's a poor automobile that won't go both ways.
Don't count on an examination mark till you get your paper back.
If at first you don't succeed, work off the "con" during the summer.
It's a bum umpire that won't give the game to either side.
Stolen chocolate is sweetest.
Freshmen shouldn't even be seen, much less heard.
Early to chapel and early to class, is a good plan if you want to pass.
Chapel and the last bell wait for no man.
A Miss is often farther off than a mile.
Freshmen butt in, where seniors fear to tread.
It's a long vacation that has no ending.

The Sophomores

Colors—Orange and Black

Class Flower—Black Eyed Susan

Class Motto—Knowledge is Power



CLASS ROLL, 1920

President—Oates, Earl.
Vice-President—Paul, Eva.
Secretary—Fairbanks, Dorothy.
Treasurer—Ward, Nelson.
Faculty Advisor—Miss Winchester.

CLASS ROLL

Adams, Clarice
Adler, Frank
Ashton, Beatrice
Baldwin, Nelda
Ball, Richard
Brown, Helen
Buell, Honor
Cottlow, Louis
Coutu, Sarah
Cromack, Gerald
Davenport, Maurice
Donelson, Laura
Dunbar, Doris
Dunton, Eunice
Eastman, Lyons
Fairbanks, Dorothy

Field, Marguerite
Galvin, Leon
Goodnow, Doris
Gould, Cyril
Griffen, Martha
Hill, Corrine
Hutchins, Osbourne
Jangro, Mildred
Johnson, Francis
Jones, Deane
Mitchell, Dorothy
Nilman, Carl
Paul, Eva
Peck, Nellie
Purrington, Ursula
Perkins, Edward
Oates, Earl
Richmond, Irene
Spencer, Virginia
Spinney, Helen
Thompson, Myra
Ward, Nelson
Wheeler, Dorothy
Wheeler, Mildred

ACTIVITIES OF CLASS OF 1920

At a class meeting held in the latter part of September, a class pin and ring were adopted. The pin is both neat and pretty. It has for its central figure, the emblem of all the citizens of the United States, "The Statue of Liberty." The ring has the same design as the pin. Both are fitting after-remembrances of the "days at Arms."

On the evening of October first, a "bacon-bat" was held below the ledges on East Mountain. Most of the class attended, with Mr. Cummings and Miss Shaw of the Faculty as guests. Frankfurts and mustard, with rolls, marshmallows,—and dirt in some cases,—were served in large quantities. After "eats," games were played and each one claimed that he had a fine time.

The only sophomore social we have held thus far in the year was a Halloween social given on November second. Everyone appeared very much frightened at the realistic ghosts who were constantly flitting about in the semi-darkness, until their identities were discovered, when all agitation disappeared and everyone enjoyed a good time.

In January the social committee tried to organize a sleighing party, but because there were so many engagements at that time, the sleigh-ride was postponed indefinitely.

When the call for basket-ball candidates came, there was so much enthusiasm shown that the classes organized teams. Two game were played by our boys with the Junior team, and in both we lost by small scores.

The girls also had teams. The Sophomore class, united against the school, won once, and lost once by a single basket.

When the gymnasium was closed on account of the shortage of coal, all class games were postponed and only first-team game played.

The girls' first team had a majority of Sophomores on it as there were three of the 20's class, one of the '19, and one of the '18.

The Sophomore boys have also been very successful players on the foot-ball and base-ball teams.

The class was well represented in other branches of school work as there were always some of our members at work on the wood-pile between the two buildings,—even the girls helped.

A number of members of the Glee club were from the class of 1920. This is also true of the Debating Society.

During the year flowers have been sent to members either sick, or sorrowing for some dear one lost.

1920 CLASS VOTE

Most popular—Helen Spinney.
Most athletic—Frank Adler.
Most optimistic—Edward Perkins.
Most pessimistic—Annetta Bader.
Most bashful—Ursula Purrington.
Most dignified—Annette Bader.
Most common—sensible—Dorothy Fairbanks.
Best sport—Earl Oates.
Best Dancer—Helen Spinney.
Best student—Dorothy Fairbanks.
Best all-around Sophomore—Francis M. Johnson.
Cutest—Marguerite Field.
Noisiest—Louis Cottlow.
Grouchiest—Richard Ball.
Biggest bluffer—Gerald Cromack.
Biggest giggler—Virginia Spencer.
Biggest fusser—Louis Cottlow.
Biggest grind—Nellie Peck.
Slowest talker—Maurice Davenport.
Fastest talker—Virginia Spencer.
Best natured—Earl Oates.
Laziest—Corrine Hill.
Driest—Cyril Gould.
Worst high-brow—Honor Buell.

SOPHOMORE CLASS ALPHABET

A is for Adler, our basket-ball star,
For Adams and Ashton who come on
"the car."
B is for Buell, and Baldwin and Brown,
And also for Bader, that girl of
renown.
C ? Why that's Cromack, he **looks** like a
Jap,
And has always and ever and grin on
his "map."

D is for Davenport, down from the farm;
His voice (till you know him) would
really alarm.

E is for Eastman, that slow-moving
creature,
I'm sure we all think he would make
a good preacher.

F is for Fairbanks, so shining and bright
That all have to hide when she comes
into sight.

G stands for Goodnow, who's good we all
know,
(Except when she's sick and can't be
"on the go.")

H is for Hutchins,—long-legged and tall.
He'd sure be some player in league
basket-ball!

I is for Irene,—on our bacon-bat.
She "conserved" her marshmallows—
they were kept in her hat.

J stands for Johnson, the cleverest boy
That you ever saw,—sure his wit is
a joy.

K means "klass colors"—the orange and
black.
When they are before us we'll never
turn back.

L is for "Louie," who often gets "sum-
mings"
To go to the office and see Mr.
Cummings.

M stands for Mitchell, so quiet is she
That she usually fades into obscurity.

N is for Nilman, or rather for "Polly;"
He can't be persuaded to play with
a dolly.

O is for Oates—for "Happy's" big grin—
If "laugh and grow fat's" right,—he
won't long be thin.

P stands for Perkins, for Paul and for
Peck.
The first one's so large (?) that he's
really a wreck.

Q is for questions in which we excel,
For that is the one thing that we can
do well.

R is for Rice, whom we very much fear
Has left us for good,—we've shed
many a tear.

S is for Spinney—to say she is "nuts"
Is stating it mildly, why—she calls
us "mutts."

T stands for Thompson, and for "Tubby"
Ball,
The champion debater,—oh, he beats
'em all.

U is for Ursula, who always is smiling,
And everyone thinks that her smile
is beguiling.

V means Virginia, she's lost her best
friend,
For "Bertie" has gone, and her heart
cannot mend.

W is for Wheelers, in our class there's
two;
And also for Ward, who never is
blue.

X, Y & Z,—why who can these be?
They are the rest of the class, you
see.

If You Want to Get a Rise, Ask

Howard Eldridge if he ever had a good time in Northfield.
Alec Legate if he ever tries to bluff.
Fluff Long if she likes tall men.
Cromack if he can be quiet two minutes.
Loomis if he ever forgot a date.
Vanotti if he ever lost a bet.
Ball if he ever smiled at a girl.
Griswold if it was hot on the chimney.
Wissman and Schontag if they ever shoot rabbits.
Helen Francis if she wants to go to Raponda.
Brown if he ever got that megaphone.
Jangro if he ever USED that perfume.
Tina if she ever climbs sign posts.
Belanger if he ever washed potatoes with Fairy Soap.
Willie Gould if he can't jump a brook.
"The Student" if it really believes itself to be better than last year.

The Freshmen

Class Colors—White and Blue

Class Flower—Violet

Class Motto—Strive to Succeed



CLASS OFFICERS

President:—Ezra Coburn.
Vice-President:—Florence Carpenter.
Secretary:—Esther Temple.
Treasurer:—Harold Cary.
Social Committee, Chairman:—Viola
Tyler, Madeline Mills, Carolyn Fink,
Arlington, Johnson and Robert Noonan.

CLASS ROLL

Evelyn Booker
Agnes Call
Florence Carpenter
Louise Dwight
Gertrude Mazanec
Carolyn Fink
Mildred Kingsbury
Nina Legate
Madeline Mills
Marjorie Shattuck
Jessie Shippee
Ruth Smith
Viola Stemple
Barbara Temple

Esther Temple
Lawrence Shearer
Robert Noonan
Robert Shields
Arthur Redfern
Arlington Johnson
Clarence Long
Harold Cary
Elton Kinsman
Ezra Coburn
Rockwell Donaldson
Frederick Burrington
Gerald Thompson
Agnes Smith
Sylvia Gould
Viola Tyler

CLASS YELLS

1-9-2-1, 1-9-2-1
Rah! Rah! '21
Wau ho! Wau ho! rah! rah!
Hickle buckle, Hickle buckle,
Cha, cha, cha,
Freshman, Freshman, ya! ya!

CLASS POEM

If the day looks kinder gloom
And the chances kinder thin,
If the situation's puzzlin'
And the prospects awful grim,
And perplexities keep pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on—keeping on.

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

Upon the opening of the school year, the students of Arms Academy again had the pleasure of singing "Wake Freshman Wake," to the coming class of nineteen twenty-one. We started the year with thirty-seven class members, and we're glad to say we've lost only six, Celia

Pease, Gordon Howes, and Marshall Harger moved from town; the remaining three, Mildred Tyler, Paul Smith, and Herzig have taken up some other kind of work.

Miss Gould, one of the wistiest members, has been seriously ill but is on the road to recovery. We could not send her favorite flower as "bread flour" is scarce, but we sent carnations instead.

The first social was the Freshman Reception, given by the Seniors to welcome us to Arms. Later in the year, we gave a social which was a success although we are not used to giving such affairs.

Our first class meeting was held on September eighth for the purpose of choosing class officers, colors, motto, and flower. Six other meetings were held to transact business.

Sing a song of Caesar;
Louie will recite,
Eight and twenty lines,
Was the lesson for last night,
When the book was opened
We all began to grin
For Louie was a movie fan
We all knew where he'd been.

When You Come to Arms Don't—

Try to enumerate Upton's girls.
Associate with the faculty,—it will ruin
your reputation.
Ever refuse a bid to a Social,—they're
rare.
Think Mr. Cummings sentimental when
he talks about his "i-dears."
Get the impression that Brown owns the
school.
Tip your hat to Seniors,—they aren't
used to it.
Try to keep track of Jangro's tie,—he
has the railroad spirit.
Pay your athletic dues to the first im-
portant looking person you see,—it
might be Cromack!
Come to chapel. It's a mere form and
not expected of anyone.
Ask when the Student will be out. It's
too late to call the ambulance.

Shelburne Historical Society

The Powers That Be



OUR PRINCIPAL



IT IS TRANQUIL PEOPLE
THAT ACCOMPLISH MUCH



OUR SUPERINTENDENT



THE HEAVENLY TWINS



WINNING WINCHESTER



OUR BUTLER



THE LATEST (IN TEACHERS)



HE SPAKE AND IT WAS DID

LITERARY

CAESAR VS. BRUTUS

Harold Smith, '19

Ray-rap, rap-rap-rap!

"Come in, Dan, I was just wondering where you were. Where have you been keeping yourself, anyway?" demanded the apparently lazy occupant of the spacious arm chair, with never so much as a glance at the newcomer.

"Aw! come off! It's only ten o'clock now, Brut, you lazy, good-for-nothing, gr—ugh!" He finished his epitaphial sentence suddenly, as a sofa pillow energetically propelled by the now wide awake Brutus struck him forcibly in the mouth.

"There, take that, you old hypocrite!" exclaimed the pillow thrower to none other than Daniel Garwin, captain of the Hillton Academy hockey team. Thereupon that ruffled worthy made a rush for the speaker, and a genuine schoolboy "rough house" ensued. Finally Dan, much to his chagrin and to the delight of Brutus, was forced upon his back, whereupon he promised to behave, and was released.

Let us become acquainted with our two wrestlers while they are resting. Dan was a well built lad of eighteen, with wavy, chestnut hair, dark brown eyes, and an honest face with the proverbial "cheek of tan" supported by a square and resolute chin. He was very popular among the students, a fine athlete and scholar, well fitted to lead the blue and gray to victory on the ice.

His opponent was Allan Randon, commonly called Brutus, in that he had a not unusual dislike for that "nobilissimus vir," Caesar. Yet, for all his adverse-ness, it was his only boast that Caesar had never conquered him: In fact, he used the famous motto of Caesar as his own, "Veni, vidi, vice." He was a broad-shouldered youth, a year younger than Dan. Of the two, he was by far the better looking, with his coal-black curly hair, snapping dark eyes, red cheeks and

an inextinguishable smile. For two years, he had held the position of "rover" on the hockey team, and was easily the steadiest and most reliable player.

"Keep it up, we want some more."

"Yes, second the motion," cried two voices in approbation of the fooling. Dan wheeled about.

"What! you fellows here? Did your alarm clock make a mistake?" he demanded fiercely.

"Aw, dry up!" What are our chances in the game this afternoon?" questioned one, contradicting himself. The speaker was a short, stocky gray eyed and brown-haired lad, who was burdened with the name Edward Henry Bernard Hampden. This name was never used, Mutt being far shorter and much more appropriate, in respect to size, at least. His companion, an elongated human bean-pole, light haired and blue eyed, claimed the name of Jeff, alias John Minrow. The four occupants of the room were boon companions, and formed what the campus called, "The Winning Quartette."

Dan, who had been thinking a few minutes, replied to Mutt, "Great, honestly, though, it will be a fight to a finish. How do you feel, Brut, you lazy creature? Don't fall asleep this afternoon, will you?"

No answer, save a haughty stare.

"How's 'lit' nowadays, Dan?" inquired John.

"Fair, Caesar is my only loose and dangling scalp."

"Caesar! That reminds me, Brutus, there's a rumor abroad that your opponent this afternoon is called Caesar."

"Here's hoping he is. For then I can get my revenge against him, and revenge is sweet. Isn't that the dinner gong? I'm not exactly starving, but I have a slight suspicion that I can make the grub look sick!" he exclaimed, making a dash for the door, closely followed by the others.

When the meal was over, the hockey team, retired to the gymnasium. After

changing into their suits, the coach addressed them, "Fellows, I want to congratulate you on your splendid reason and loyal spirit. You will have fulfilled my greatest expectation if you win today. You have the strongest team Hillton has had for several years. Valleytown also has a very strong team. It will be a fight, (all the time, every minute) but you can win. Don't play for individual honor, but fight together for the honor of Hillton. Remember the song:

'On, old Hillton; on, old Hillton!

Fight on for her fame.

Fight! fellows, fight!

And we will win this game!

Get the spirit and fire of that song into your play, and go to it. Allan, just a moment, please.

"No doubt you have heard the rumor concerning the man called Caesar. It is true, and it is equally true that he is their best man. You can outplay him if you keep after him the way you keep after the ancient Caesar."

Then, with a warm spirit in his heart from the coach's words and friendly pat, Allan rushed to the rink.

At three o'clock, the game was called. The very first minutes of the game afforded the spectators many thrills, which did not lessen as time passed. Allen and Dan each secured one goal, and the other members of the team one, making a score of three to three at the close of the half, for Valleytown had been playing an excellent game.

During the second half, everybody went wild. Time and time again, Caesar almost succeeded in scoring only to be stopped by Allan, Dan, or the goal keeper. Time and time again Hillton almost scored, only to be stopped by Valleytown's valiant goal keeper.

Suddenly, Dan secured the puck and shot a goal, making the score four to three in Hillton's favor, with only a minute to play. Then, the unexpected happened. The puck shot from the knockup straight to Caesar, who was playing back. Taking it, he sped for the Hillton goal, which was, for some reason, unguarded. A shadow shot from the group and sped in swift pursuit of the flying Caesar.

The great crowd of spectators stood intent, eyes on the race. A deep harsh

voice boomed over the ice, "Come on, Brut, don't let Caesar beat you now, he never has yet. Remember his bridge."

Allan, all his energies bent on his rival, seemed not to notice at first. Then, as the meaning, subconsciously penetrated his brain, he seemed to gain speed and strength in every stroke. A short distance from the goal, for the second time in history, Caesar met Brutus, and the day was saved for Hillton. On the side lines, Hillton's great cheer for victory thundered out, led by Ned whose voice had spurred Allan on:

Hillton! Hillton! rah! rah, rah!

Victory! Victory! sis boom bah!

Hillton! Victory! rah! rah!

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE BATTLE-FIELD

H. S., '19

The mist hung thick, and the black night, devoid of moon and stars, combined to make the damp blanket seem even thicker and more impenetrable. Over "No Man's Land" it was exceptionally thick and completely filled a shell crater on whose bottom, amid the mud and debris, lay four men. They could not perceive each other but, by their voices, each knew the nationality of the others. To Sammy came the guttural voice of a German, the quickly spoken words of a Frenchman and the h-less words of the Englishman.

As they strained their eyes in a vain effort to pierce the enveloping darkness, each thought involuntarily of home, which would only be seen to him hereafter in a mental vision, as all lay on their death beds, e'en though it was but mud and litter. In his last hour in a man created Hades each seemed cheerful, as though to each had come a vision of the swiftly approaching Paradise, and it had transfigured him.

Suddenly a star shell illumined the abode of the soldiers, and as they swiftly sought to behold their neighbors, the Tommy, Poliu and Boche saw Sammy about to take a last drink from the canteen.

"Ach, bitte, Freund, geben Sie mir etwas Wasser!"

"Mon ami, un peu de l'eau, sil vous plait?"

"Well, Sammy, hif there is hany left, just a sip?"

Almost simultaneously these appeals rang faintly out in the hollow, and, stirred by them, Sammy passed the water around. As it reached Tommy, he proposed that each express his gratitude as he drank.

"Gott grussen Sie."

"Que Dieu vous benisse."

"God bless you."

Came in harmonious chorus, the last earthly words spoken by the group. As these expressions of gratitude were voiced, Sammy's face lightened with a smile so bright and happy that it seemed not to be of human but of immortal origin. His comrades, as they gazed at him, also reflected the same contentment and gratitude in dying the death of a man.

The star shell flickered almost out, then flared up. Suddenly, as each looked intently at the other, a shell fell, and the golden gate was opened for each, the soldier and the man.

H. S., '19.

THE DIARY OF A SMALL BOY

Marguerite Field, '20

May 3rd—"I'm goin' too kep a diry this year. Mi teecher sez every on ot to. Mi chum is goin' too, to. I won't rite much to-nite becoz ma told me to go to bed.

May 6th—It's mi birthday too-day. I'm ate yeeers old. Teecher sez im a good riter fur mi ag, excep speling. It's funny,—sum things I can spel reel weel, but most wurd I can't.

May 7th—I skipt skul to-day. The fish was bitin' grate. Ma told me Knot to fish bu I wanted to bee a sport. Al the rest of the fellers teezed me til I did enyhow.

May 20th—Notis dat, I fergot too rite, til teecher ast us how meny wuz kep in' dirys. She shoed us how too rite dats, to. Pa licked me fur skipping skul. I aint going too doo it eny mor.

May 22nd—Bil, mi chum, but he aint now, is now good. He smokes chaf un hay and swars and evry thin. Pa sez

hee's aful bad, and won't go too hevin. I trid it but I most chokt.

June first—I'm startin Jun rite by riting in mi diary. I'm gitten kinda sik of it, tho. Ma's gon awa to doo sum shopping. She's going too git me a bal and bat. Mabee I cen git on the teem at skule if I praktis.

June 2nd—The telers laft at mee too-day. I stopt Bil frum hurtin a por bird. It cudn't fi. Bil's gitten wurse then ever. I'm goin to tak him too mi Sunday skul to-moro.

Jun 4th—I'm gitten sik uf this diry. I'm going too quit. Good-by diry."

REVIEW OF QUENTIN DURWARD

By Sir Walter Scott

Sibyl Fiske, '19

Quentin Durward was a young Scottish lad, the last of his family, who came to France and took service with Louis XI in the Scottish Guard. Practically the only friend he had at court was his uncle, Ludovic Lesly or Le Balafre.

Louis XI was at the point of war with his most powerful vassal and cousin, the Duke of Burgundy. A messenger, Crevecoeur, was sent from the Duke to the court of France to ask the king to refrain from bringing the Flemish cities of the Duke into revolt. It was also alleged that the king had under his protection Countess Isabelle of Croye and her aunt, the Countess Hameline of Croye who had fled from their domains in Burgundy because Isabelle did not wish to marry Count Campobasso of the Duke's choice.

All these things were true, but the king put the messenger off by saying that all differences would be adjusted as soon as possible. This answer did not satisfy the Duke's envoy, however, because the king had said the same thing before without results. Louis was anxious not to engage in open war with Burgundy for England would, in all probability, join Burgundy against France. Therefore he managed to smooth matters over for a time. At the advice of an astrologer, Galeotti, he determined to make a visit in person to Charles, Duke of Burgundy. Before leaving, he decided to send the two ladies of Croye to Liege to the con-

vent of Louis of Bourbon, a cousin of Charles and of himself.

Louis was a crafty, subtle monarch. He dressed plainly, often going about in the disguise of a merchant. He was willing to commit any crime in order to obtain his desires, but at the same time tried to ease his conscience by praying devoutly to the Saints. He always carried a row of leaden images of Saints in his hatband. He was very superstitious in regard to events of the future as told by his astrologer and believed in them explicitly.

Galeotti had read the horoscope of Quentin Durward and told the king that Durward would be of great service to him. For this reason and perhaps for the fact that Quentin had saved his life while out hunting, the King selected him for the perilous position of guiding the two Countesses to Liege. As a guide the king had given Quentin a wild Bohemian man, Hayraddin, whom Quentin deeply mistrusted. The party generally stopped at some convent at night but they had great difficulty in procuring lodgings for Hayraddin, who seemed in exuberant spirits every night though quiet and well behaved during the day. One night he caused so much disturbance that the Friar had him driven out of the convent. Quentin mistrusted him so much that he followed him running very fast in order to keep sight of him at all. After going some distance, Hayraddin stopped under a willow tree apparently waiting for somebody. Quentin climbed the tree and overheard a conversation between the Bohemian and a stranger who had just come up. In this way, Durward discovered a plot designed by William de la Mark or the Wild Boar of Ardennes to waylay the countesses and to take them captive on the morrow. The next day, he changed his route in order to avoid the attack and at the same time to secure the good will of the Bohemian. Arriving safely at Liege, Durward saw his charges comfortably settled under the protection of the good bishop, Louis of Bourbon. His position, however, was not very secure as he daily expected an uprising of the people of Liege besides an attack from William de la Mark. This attack actually occurred a night or two after the arrival of Quentin. He was awakened

from a heavy slumber by the Bohemian who said he would aid him in rescuing the Countess. Quentin was in love with Isabelle but Hayraddin thought it was the aunt so he only brought the latter with an attendant through a passage not filled with fighting men. When Durward saw Isabelle was missing he left the Countess Hameline to the Bohemian and hurried back. He had to force his way past men to escape being killed by declaring his allegiance to France. After desperate efforts, he succeeded in finding Isabelle and at the same time, a burgher of Liege almost dead because of his tight fitting armor. Quentin relieved the latter and the three men went to the main dining foer of the convent where the people of Liege and William de la Mark's men were gathered. They had overcome the castle but seemed to be in danger of coming to blows themselves. The poor burghers looked decidedly out of place and were wishing with all their hearts they were back in the town. In order to keep the identity of Isabelle from de la Mark, she posed as the daughter of the rescued burgher. While they were in the hall, the bishop came in, and, to the horror of the people, the Board of Ardennes had his head cut off. Then Quentin interposed and through his words de la Mark allowed the frightened people to return to Liege. Quentin and Isabelle were lodged at the house of the burgher until morning when they started for Burgundy. On the way they were pursued by followers of the wild Boar but Crevecoeur, the Burgundian nobleman and a relative of Isabelle, chanced along and put them to flight. As he traveled with Isabelle and Durward, they told him of the bishop's death. On the other hand he laughed at Durward and advised him not to aspire to the hand of such a noble lady.

Meanwhile Louis had gone to the court of the Duke of Burgundy, which act was like a crane putting its neck in a fox's mouth. Things moved on with outward, if not inward calm for the first day but the second day the Duke received word of the attack upon the bishop and thought, of course, that Louis was the instigator of the whole trouble. He had great trouble in curbing his temper at all times, but this time his anger knew absolutely no bounds. He was beside him-

self with rage. He had Louis and six of his followers locked up in prison and the fate of Louis certainly appeared dark. By great dexterity on Louis' part, he succeeded in quelling the Duke's rage and entering upon a rather weak friendship. This result was not obtained without the King's sacrificing some of his dearest hopes, however. The Duke was determined that the King's cousin of Orleans should break his engagement with Joan, daughter of Louis, and marry Countess Isabelle thus uniting more strongly Burgundy and France. But when Isabelle heard of the plan, she refused flatly and declared her intention of becoming a nun. The Duke would not listen to this, but said that the one who brought back the head of William de la Mark in the battle between him and the combined forces of Burgundy and France should win the Countess. Two conditions were added: First, that he be of noble birth, and second, that he be pleasing to Isabelle.

Isabelle was standing on a balcony of the castle to watch the warriors of France and Burgundy march out against De La Mark. Nearly all wore some device suitable for the occasion. For instance, one had a skeleton and a laurel wreath upon his shield to signify that, if he did not win, he would die in the attempt. When Quentin Durward passed, he lifted a letter on the point of his lance to Isabelle. It was from her aunt, saying that she had married De La Mark and incidentally mentioning that he would wear the arms of Orleans with a bar sinister—in other words the arms of Dunois of France. There was also a short note from Durward telling her that if she heard not of him through Fame to conclude him dead but not unworthy. In some way Isabelle contrived to send a messenger after him to tell him the Arms De Le Mark would wear. In the terrible fight which followed, Durward singled out the Boar and would certainly have killed him, had he not been called to help someone in distress. While he was gone, his uncle began to fight, and, at last, brought back the wild Boar's head to the Duke. He gave up his right to his nephew, Durward, and this time Isabelle of Croye was quite willing to comply with the Duke's wishes.

THE MODERN HIAWATHA

Mildred Kingsbury, '21

Now we read how Hiawatha,
In the days of the departed,
Builided him a deer skin wigwam,
Made a sailboat from the birchbark;
How he learned to shoot the arrow,
Hit the mark with aim unerring;
How he wandered in the forests,
Making friends of all the wild things:
Called them Hiawatha's brothers.

But those days have long since left us.
Hiawatha's tribe has vanished
To the broad lands of the sunset,
Far beyond the rushing waters.
So the modern Hiawatha
Steps forth from a stately mansion,
Calls his comrades with a challenge
To a game of ball or ninepins.

Hardly grows the game exciting
When he hears the school bell tolling;
So he hastens with his comrades
To the institute of learning.
There he meets the stern reproof
Of the pedagogue before him,
As he tries to count in Latin
Unus, duo, tris or tria.
There he learns the composition
Of the atmosphere and water;
Learns to analyze a sentence;
Reads the classics and the hist'ries
Of the world both new and ancient:
Books galore for his perusal;
Puzzles over knotty problems
Till his brain is in a muddle.

But the modern Hiawatha
Spends not all his time in learning.
He must have his hours of pleasure:
Moving pictures, roller skating,
Tennis, golf, and motor boating.

But these recreations tire him,
Wearies he of these enjoyments.
Then to glide about the heavens
Like the swiftly-flying eagle,
Seems to be his one ambition.
So he thrills the throngs that watch him
By his loop-the-loops and spirals,
Then descends amidst the cheering
Of his schoolmates all about him.

Next he tries his motor cycle,
Races out upon the highways,

Disregards the cops and sign posts,
Cares not for law and safety,
Flying past the waving grain fields,
Leaving clouds of dust behind him,
Through the crowded city passes
Caring only for his pastime.

Now we pause to think and wonder
If the former Hiawatha
Could speak with his modern brother
In his shining automobile;
How these reckless sports and pleasures
Would appeal to that young warrior,
To his daring and his courage.

And we also strangely wonder
If the future Hiawatha
Will surpass his modern brother.
Maybe not in deeds of courage,
But in swifter modes of travel,
Sailing up among the planets
Like a leaf before the north wind
Doing feats as yet unheard of.
But we'll question not the future.
Leave the little Hiawatha,
To his present life and duties,
Hoping that the future brother
Will be just as brave as he is.

TOOTHPICKVILLE SCHOOL

Leona Haller, '19

Juanita came back from the kitchen with the store of things that she had begged from Tilly. She looked them over with brightening eyes.

"I'll have a lovely school," she thot to herself as she took three toothpicks from the box and stuck them into a plump red cranberry.

"There," she said, standing the first scholar on the table, "you are Bobby Cranberry! Don't forget your name!"

The next was Beatrice, Bobby's sister, and then there were Henrietta, Mabel, John, Joe, and Lorraine, all belonging to the same family. She now stuck the toothpicks into raisins. There was Virginia Raisin, with her two brothers, Henry and John, besides little Paul and Pauline, the Raisin twins. Then came three Walnut children, two Prune boys, Imogine Fig and Arabella Gumdrop—whose home had been in Tilly's apron pocket. This completed the list of schol-

ars. Juanita arranged them on the table, looking at them with great satisfaction.

"I guess the doughnuts are done by this time," she decided, and ran down stairs to the kitchen.

"Yes," answered Tilly; he's cooling by the pantry window. Isn't he a handsome fellow?" as Juanita brought out the fat brown cake. "He'll make a fine teacher."

"But, Tilly, it isn't **he!**" cried Juanita. "It's going to be Miss Doughnut—let me see, Miss Victoria Doughnut!"

"Oh that's it, is it?" said Tilly. "All right! It's light as a feather you'll find her."

"Why, Tilly, I'm going to eat her—not now, anyway! She's going to teach the Toothpickville School. You come up and see them when you get your cakes fried—they look awfully cute! Aunt Ruth and I played it when she was here, and it's lots of fun. Thank you for this!" she called back, and then skipped on, to convert Miss Victoria Doughnut into a school-teacher and could properly stand. It took four toothpicks to make her stand, for the young lady was plump as well as feathery.

"Now," began Juanita, "Bobby Cranberry you may spell 'cat.'"

"C—a—t," squeaked a little voice.

"Yes, that's right," Juanita responded. "You may stay at the head of the closs. Arabella Gumdrop," addressing a very red little scholar, "spell **cow.**"

"K—o—w," came in piping tones.

"No, that is very wrong," and Miss Doughnut was made to shake a toothpick whip in the face of the ignorant Arabella. "If you don't spell the next word better, I shall eat you up! Now try **cap.**"

"K—a—p."

"No, that isn't right!" declared the teacher. You don't know anything, and I shall do just what I said I would, and I hope your punishment will make the rest of the scholars study their lessons."

Forthwith Arabella Gumdrop disappeared, legless, in Juanita's mouth, and the spelling proceeded without further loss of pupils. For a time the reciting was good. After that came numbers, and unlucky for Tom Walnut, upon saying that two and three made six, promptly vanished in the wake of Arabella; and Imogine Fig, who found that

the sum of four and four were ten, left the schoolroom as the others, although she departed in a more leisurly fashion.

The Raisin children, the Walnuts and the Prune boys met the same unhappy fate, till the Cranberry girls and boys were all that were left to Miss Doughnut's charge. Finally, Bobby, the most attractive, also disappeared, and his brothers and sisters soon followed. Miss Victoria was traveling the same road, when Tilly's face was thrust in at the half-open door.

"O Tilly, why didn't you come quicker?" cried Juanita, in sudden dismay. "I told those children I'd eat them up if they didn't have their lessons, and of course I had to keep my word! They wouldn't study, or anything!"

"And where's the teacher?" said Tilly, laughing, eyeing Juanita's half-closed hand.

"Why," answered the unabashed Juanita, "she had to follow the children to keep track of them. If you had come a little sooner," she added, generously, "I'd have let you have some of the scholars—it was a delicious school."

Conversation Between a Deaf Lady and a Street-Car Conductor

An old lady boarded the street-car, and, with a great sigh of contentment, leaned back in her seat. She was evidently from the country, and her many packages seemed to cause her a great deal of trouble. This was before the days of "pay as you enter" cars, so the conductor soon came to collect the fares. The old lady with a smile on her face watched him approach.

"I wonder what all those people are giving him," she thought. "He seems real pleasant."

He had reached her seat now and was politely waiting for her fare.

"Now what is he standing there for," she mused. "He must be trying to make my trip pleasant for me." Then she said aloud, "It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the conductor, "but I want my pay."

"Oh! What's that?" she answered. "It's a nice day? Of course it is. Didn't I just say it was?"

"I'm the conductor, I want the money for this ride. Aren't you going to pay

for it?" He was getting out of patience by this time. "You say you wanted some honey? Well, we've got bees, but they haven't been making much honey lately." She said this in a very friendly tone, much as if she had just dropped in at her neighbor's home for a chat.

"No!" I said money, m-o-n-e-y. Do you understand?" The other people in the car had begun to snicker, and the poor conductor was at his wits' end as well as very near exasperated.

"I can't hear very well, you see I'm a little mite deaf. But perhaps you could tell me how much this ride is going to cost me?" The poor lady was perplexed at his angry tone, and began to suspect that something was wrong.

"At last she is awakening," he said to himself. "It will cost you five cents, and if you will give me it I will be much obliged." His voice had been getting louder, until now it was almost a screech.

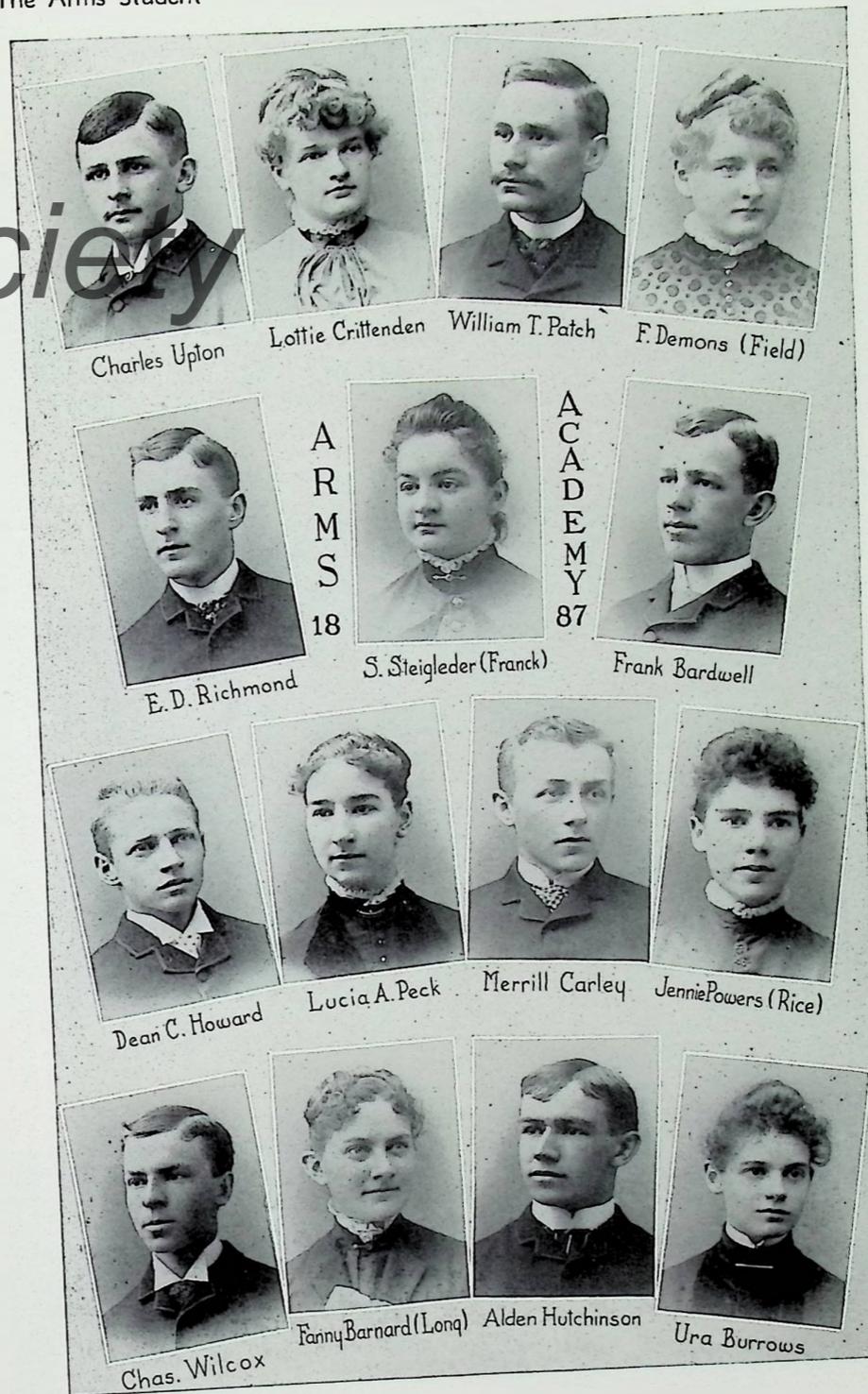
"Here you are. If I'd known that was all you wanted you could have had it long ago." And she got off the car as unconsciously as if nothing had happened. A. M. F., '20.

PATRIOTISM

S. A. Wells.

What is patriotism? We are at war. Many of our men have been called upon to leave homes and families, even to give their lives that we may retain the freedom which we have so long enjoyed. These are, without a question, doing their part. They are doing the disagreeable part, but before the war is successfully won we must feel that everyone of us whether man, woman, or child, has a part of the great burden to bear. The mothers who are giving their sons and husbands to the great cause of democracy, may justly feel that they are doing their part. On every side we hear calls for assistance and we shall respond promptly to every call if we are truly patriotic. We must give not because someone else is giving but because we feel that we have an individual responsibility in this great war. We must sacrifice some comforts in order to supply the necessities which many are without. And we must always remember to do these things cheerfully.

Shelburne Historical Society



Organizations

The Pro Merito Society

The Pro Merito Society is an organization which has recently formed in the High Schools of Western Massachusetts for recognition of scholarship. It was organized in Arms Academy in 1917. In February of that year members, etc., of the Senior Class who had an average of eighty-five per cent. or more for the preceding three and one-half years, were elected members. At the close of the school year, members of the Junior Class, who held the same average, were elected to membership. This plan is to be followed each year without variation.

The Arms Chapter of this society has the following members:

- E. Bradford
- M. Field
- M. Mitchell
- E. Oates
- J. Wells
- R. Field
- K. Barnard, P. G.

Those eligible for membership are:

- M. Carlson
- M. Cromack
- D. Eldridge
- S. Fiske
- E. Galbraith
- B. King
- H. Smith
- M. Spear
- R. Walker
- H. Ward
- V. Ward
- R. Wissman
- S. Wells



THE TEAM THAT WON AGAINST ASHFIELD

Debating Society

The Grecian Literary Society and the Athenian Debating Society organized for the year, after the Christmas vacation; but the Athenians conceived the idea of forming one large society composed of both boys and girls, and presented the G. L. S. with this proposition. The result was the disbanding of both societies and the formation of a new organization, called the "Arms Academy Debating Society." At its first meeting, held early in February, Le Roy Brown, '18, was elected president; Julia Wells, '18, senior vice-president; Francis Johnson, '29, junior vice-president; and Eleanor Bradford, '18, Secretary and treasurer. The

next move was the election of the Constitution Committee—Mabel Field, '18; Eleanor Bradford '18; and Harold Smith, '19—and the Executive Committee—Earle Belner, '19; Ella Galbraith, '19; and Eva Paul, '20. The society was divided into four teams of four members each, and the Executive Committee, assisted by the English Faculty, arranged for the first debate, between teams A and C, led by Miss Bradford and Miss Field, respectively, on the question, "Resolved, that the city manager plan of Commission Forms of Government should be adopted in the larger cities of the United States." Miss Field's team, upholding the negative, was victorious.

At the next regular meeting Miss

Field was elected school team manager. A challenge was sent to Sanderson Academy to debate on the subject of Government ownership of railways. The school team was chosen—Mabel Field, Eva Paul, Harold Smith, and Le Roy Brown. When the challenge had been accepted, a preliminary debate on the subject was held between teams led by Miss Wells and Mr. Brown, in which the latter, supporting the side which the school team was to represent, was victorious.

The debate with Sanderson was held during our Spring vacation. Perhaps this is the reason that the attendance from Shelburne Falls was so poor.

The debate, as such, was a great success. Arms defeated their opponents, thus giving adequate proof of the success of the society.

The society was hampered greatly by the fact that such a new organization must give way to older ones. Other activities, coming as they did, immediately after a winter when we could not use Science hall for student activities, took some of the interest from the Debating Society. I sincerely hope that our success in our first year will cause a greater interest next year. The advantages derived from speaking before an audience are wonderful. It is to be hoped that next year the society will start early in the year—as early as possible—and that it will be heartily supported both by the student body and the townspeople. There is fine material in the school, and it

is sure to succeed if it is attacked with characteristic "Arms Spirit." It is simply another field for the advancement of the Scarlet and the White.

W. L. R. Brown, President.

Moi, Ich, Ego, I

Motto

"I am the man. Watch me."

- William Le Roy Brown President
- W. Le Roy Brown Vice-President
- William L. R. Brown Secretary
- W. L. R. Brown Treasurer
- Member
- William Brown

The Boys' Glee Club

This organization was started early in the school year and certainly started well. Its meetings were well attended and enjoyed by the members. On account of the athletic practice which usually followed the close of the school session, the rehearsals were invariably interrupted, or postponed. Evening rehearsals, for a while, worked finely at various homes, where the fellows enjoyed a good social hour along with their work. During this time, many of the "Pinafore" choruses were put into shape for later use. Although no Glee Club concerts were given, we are assured of fine material in the school for next year. So, next year, let the club start with vim, adhere to a regular time for practice, and thus be prepared to present a concert at the close of the year.

What Constitutes Popularity in High School

"It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song.
But the man that's worth while,
Is the man who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

Are you like this? If you are, you can surely be popular, because that is the foundation of popularity.

Rules For Popularity

1. Be Cheerful! This should be your pass word. Never let Mr. Grouch visit you, but welcome Miss Sunshine heartily.
2. Remember that there is "Good in the worst of us, Bad in the Best of us; so it does not behoove any of us to talk about the Rest of us."
3. Be Interested! Be interested in

your school work. Show your school spirit by doing your best; this may help others. Take an interest in athletics even if you do not play on any of the teams. Understand your school friends thoroughly. Study each one's nature.

4. Be socially Inclined! Be able to talk well but if you can not talk, be a good listener. Have a good time wherever you are. Be willing to help in giving others a good time also. If you do not know how to have a good time be willing to be taught. "Experience is the best teacher," is an old, but true proverb.

5. And last, but not least, always remember this song:

"Pack up your Troubles in your old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile."

Helen Spinney.

Patriotism



Arms Wood-Sawing Department Organized To Keep the School Fires Burning

Through the weary weeks of winter,
Through the coalless day of snow,
When the schools all 'round were closing
Did old Arms close You bet NO!
For they shouldered axe and saw, boys,
And they hit the timbers tall,
And they bucked it up in stovewood,—
So Arms didn't close at all!

They—
Kept the school fires burning,
While other schools were yearning
For coal Garfield couldn't get
To them all.
The girls sure did their part, too,
When they were there the wood flew!
They kept it flying all the times
Till the coal came 'round.

Our Patriotism

In the rooms we love so dearly,
Of the school-house on the hill-side
Sheltered by surrounding mountains
Nestling 'neath the spreading maples,

Many wonders are accomplished,
Many studies carried forward,
Forward, with a speed like magic,
Yes, this has been, thru the ages
Carried on just as it now is,
Carried on to great advantage
To those working in our school-rooms.
But this year, to those who labored
Came the call to added duties,
Duties brought on by the world-war,
Duties new and never-ceasing,
To be added to the old ones.

Did we shirk or grumble loudly
Grumble, and complain about them?
No! With pleasure bent we to them,
Bent to tasks to help our nation
As she fought for right and freedom
For the countries 'cross the ocean,
For the helpless, stricken, nations,
Stricken, by a heartless monarch
Who wished nothing but his own fame.
Forth we fared with heart cour-
ageous,

When the call came from our nation,
When she called for all her people
To invest in bonds of freedom
For the second time and truly
Did we work and did we labor
In the cause which we supported

In our hearts, and in our actions.

And the total, when we counted
What we sold unto the townfolk,
Mounted up into the thousands.
Fifteen thousand and three hundred,
Add to that just fifty dollars
For the total which we brought in
To the country of our childhood,
To this land for which our fathers
Lived, and fought, and gave their life-
blood.

In the campaign for the millions
To be sent unto our soldiers
As they labor, fight, and struggle
In our name, and for our freedom,
We were not at all as slackers,
Were not slothful, slow, and lazy.
But again, with hearts determined
Forth we fared to earn ten dollars,

Forth we fared, and, undefeated
Came we back with hearts rejoicing.
And our sum? Two hundred eighty
Pledged from out the student body
For the cause we all believe in,
For the men who do our fighting,
And whom we could aid, in this wise.

But our school was not neglected
Even in the stress, and trouble
Of the great coal-shortage, felt here
In the midst of coldest weather,
When our nation tried her utmost,
When she tried, but could not help us.
Now again, our school came forward
Joined the fray to best grim winter,
And to aid and help our country
Out of this, a grave dilemma.

THE STEREOPTICON LANTERN

Through the suggestion and help of
Mr. Cummings, the Senior class took the
responsibility of buying a Stereopticon
lantern for use in the school. The pay-
ments of the installments were to be
made by collections taken at the time of
the entertainments. It was hoped in the
course of the year to obtain enough
money in this way to buy the lantern and
at the end of the school to leave it as a
class gift.

At first the plan was to hold these lec-
tures once a month, but owing to the
coal shortage, the Gymnasium, where

Willingly we closed one building,
Crowded into closer quarters,
And with joyous mirth, and laughter,
Chopped and sawed a monstrous wood-
pile,

Sawed some green wood from the forest
To replenish furnace fires
That our school might still work onward,
That our nation's coal go elsewhere.

Happy hearts make light one's
burdens,
Cheery songs make bright dark path-
ways,—

And our next great task was carried
Onward, on the breast of music.
Music round a tin piano
Mr. Cummings for our leader,
Songs of "Pack Away Your Troubles"
Sold for us our books of "Smileage,"
Sent some fun to boys in khaki.

Still our program is not ended;
Thrifty students are now sending
Many quarters to our nation,
Many thrift-stamps are collecting
For their use in "rainy weather"
For their needs in days of darkness.
Yes and knitting, still we're knitting,
Knitting, recess-time and noon-tide,
Knitting to, and knitting from school,
For our country's needy war-men,
For the soldiers of our nation.

But we're happy in our new work
Just as as happy as in school-work,
And we're looking with great pleasure
To the duties new days bring us,
To the future in the distance,
And to work still to be done.

they were held, was closed. With the
Gymnasium again in use, we are having
two lectures a month, to make up for the
ones we lost during the winter. When
the lectures are held, one period of the
session is omitted and the students re-
quired to attend the entertainment. Mr.
Cummings, assisted by members of the
Senior class, has given the talk explain-
ing the pictures.

The lantern is one of the latest models
for Stereopticon work, and is equipped
with a 400-watt Mazda lamp, and throws
a 9x9 picture the distance of the hall. In
the future, the lantern can be used to
good advantage in Science and History
classes.

ATHLETICS



OUR COACHES

Track Meet

On September 26 the following participants held a Franklin County High School Track Meet which resulted in these scores: Greenfield 40½; Athol 31; Deerfield 12; Arms 4½; and the remaining,—namely: Bernardston, Sanderson, Northfield and Turners Falls,—nothing. Ours points were won by Hutchins, in the bicycle race, 1; Brown, in the broad jump, ½, and by Brown, Saar, and Mattson, in the mile relay, 3. There were three places for points in each event. A silver cup was given for the tug of war and was won by Greenfield; a banner to

the winning school,—also won by Greenfield.

Altho we did not score high in points, we won the spirit of loyalty. The pupils of the competing schools assembled at the station to march to the Fair Grounds. Our school numbered 130 out of a total enrollment of 144, and as the various schools marched by one could pick out Arms by its banner,—the only one displayed—and by its excellent marching.

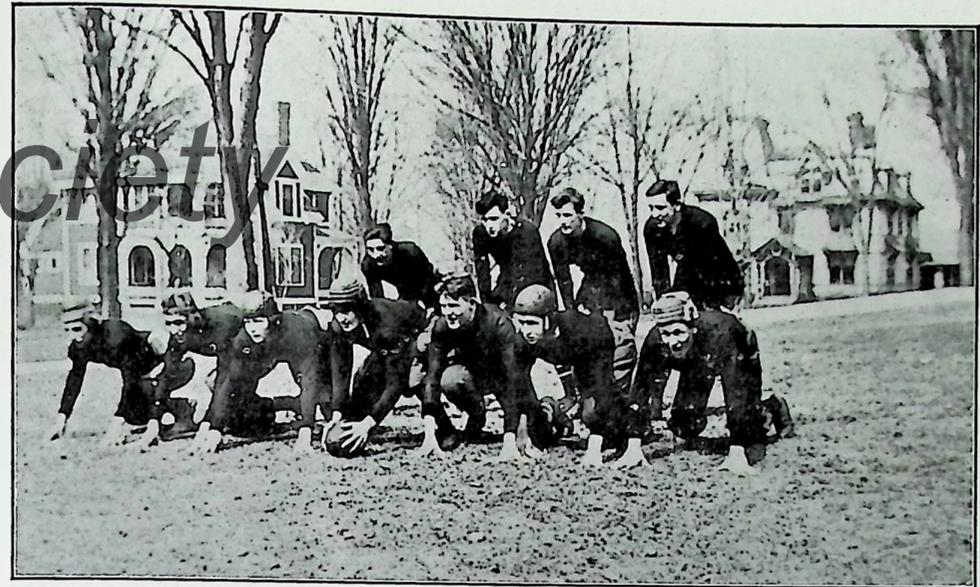
Altogether, it was a success, but not the success that we hope and plan for next fall.

Tennis

Arms continues to be interested in tennis, tho this sport does not interest the number of students that it should. Last spring and court in "Field's Grove" was rented and the wire repaired. During the summer it was used quite extensively by the school, and several of the townspeople, by the payment of a small sum, enjoyed the use of the court.

In the fall a tennis team, comprised of Dean and Arthur Eldridge, Duncan Upton and Harold Smith went to Deerfield, where they performed an excellent job of white-washing, completely shutting out the Deerfield team.

The court is now in playing condition and it is hoped that it will be much used.



Foot Ball

In response to the call for football candidates last fall, only fifteen men responded. Of these, six were new men without much experience. The men left from last year were: Capt. Chandler, Griswold, Upton, Jangro, Vanotti, Belanger, Field, Saar, and Booker. We were very lucky in getting Sumner Dole, a graduate of Arms, to coach the team twice a week.

The Crickett Field, where we formerly held our games, was plowed early last spring, thus necessitating a place to play our home games. This was finally settled by Mr. Gorden Purrington of North Main street, who gave the use of his field free of charge.

The first game of the season was played at Turners Falls, where the team made a very good showing, winning the game by a score of 7 to 6.

The next game was played at Brattleboro. This game proved to the boys the need of a regular coach. The Brattleboro team was well coached and worked several trick plays which prove fatal to the outcome of the score. Nevertheless the boys came back in the second half



full of "pep" and made things lively. The score was 47 to 7.

The following week the team played the Alumni and were defeated 19 to 0. The Alumni had a much heavier team, thus having an advantage over us. Vanotti received a bad cut over the eye and was unable to play the rest of the season. A week later the team went to Deerfield to play the "Big Game" of the season. On the way to Deerfield, Mr. Cummings said to the boys, "If you can hold Deerfield to less than forty points, I'll give you all a banquet." The result was that the boys went into the game with a determination to do the best that was in them. It was a very snappy game and Deerfield won after a hard fight, 14 to 0.

Our next game was with Turners on our home grounds. Turners was defeated 25 to 6.

The last game of the season was played with Deerfield here. This was a very exciting and hotly contested game.

Deerfield won 6 to 0. After the game, both teams returned to Science Hall and enjoyed a supper served by the domestic science class at the expense of Mr. Cummings.

The season, as a whole, was very good considering that we did not have a regular coach. The trips were all made by auto.

The prospects for next year look very encouraging as we only lose two men.

Lineup:
 E. Oates c fb Jangro
 R. Field lg rg R. Ball
 A. Saar rt lt Loomis
 Belanger re le Booker
 Vanotti hb qb. Upton
 Griswold hb lhb Chandler

	Substitutes	
	Adler, Sommer, Howes	
Captain	Chandler	
Coach	S. Dole	
Manager	H. Legate	



Base Ball

At a meeting of the baseball letter men of last year Upton, who has played short-stop for two years, was elected captain, and Loomis through his last year's office

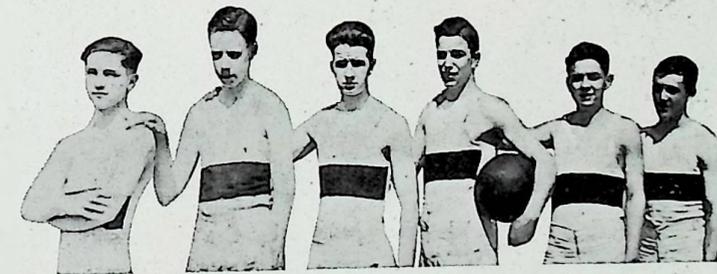
as Assistant Manager, is now managing the team. The diamond was clear unusually early this spring and the fellows were out getting their arms in condition long before the call for candidates by Captain Upton. Mr. Vice, who so successfully coached the team in 1913, was

secured to take charge of the squad. Practically all of the first team of last year are back, the only exception being Principal Vose who caught, but Vanotti

who was out of the game the greater part of last season with a bad knee can be depended upon to fill that position this spring. Candidates for the team are: Shontag, Brown, A. Eldridge, D. Eldridge, Vanotti, Belanger, Legate, Oates, Jangro, Cottlow, Upton, Broker, Johnson, Griswold, Chandler, Adler, Saar, Bernard, Cromack and Thompson. Most of these men have had at least one year's experience and if a wrecking crew can be developed which will put a run across when it is needed, Arms will be near the top this year. The schedule:

- F. April 19—Colrain
- W. April 24—At Brattleboro
- S. April 27—Town Team
- F. May 1—At Hopkins
- S. May 4—At Greenfield*
- W. May 8—At Orange¹
- S. May 11—At Turners Falls*
- W. May 15—Sanderson
- S. May 18—Deerfield*
- W. May 22—Athol*
- F. May 24—Hopkins
- S. May 25—At Sanderson
- W. May 29—Town Team
- S. June 1—At Athol*
- W. June 5—Turners*
- F. June 7—At Deerfield*
- W. June 12—At Greenfield*
- S. June 15—Sanderson
- W. June 19—Orange*
- S. June 22—Open

* Indicates League Games.



Basket Ball

Although Arms' basket ball record is not a list of victories, the team showed splendid improvement throughout the season. Arms has not been represented in this branch of athletics for nearly ten years, and consequently there were many

obstacles to be overcome in getting acquainted with the rules and the playing of the game. None of the players had ever taken part in a basket-ball game before, and three had never witnessed a contest. However, we feel that we have made a good start, and have firmly established a love for this game. To the

coaching and influence of Mr. William Woods we owe a good share of the success and development of the team.



The results were as follows:

- Jan. 12, 1918—Arm at Ashfield; Arms 21, Ashfield 26.
 Jan. 28, 1918—Old Timers at Arms; Arms 24, Old Timers 23.
 Feb. 2, 1918—Ashfield at Arms; Arms 26, Ashfield 27.
 Feb. 9, 1918—Arms at North Adams; Arms 10, North Adams 55.
 Feb. 13, 1918—Old Timers at Arms; Arms 48, Old Timers 8.
 Feb. 15, 1918—Hopkins at Arms; Arms 20, Hopkins 46.
 Feb. 20, 1918—Deerfield at Arms; Arms 19, Deerfield 58.
 March 9, 1918—Arms at Ashfield; Arms 30, Ashfield 17.
 March 16, 1918—North Adams at Arms; Arms 17, North Adams 31.
 March 18, 1918—Clover Leaf at Arms; Arms 20, Clover Leaf 16.
 March 21, 1918—Ashfield at Arms; Arms 55; Ashfield 6.
 March 26, 1918—Alumni at Arms; Arms 23, Alumni 12.

We also had a few very interesting class games. If the team shows the same type of improvement next year as has been seen the past season, we are sure to have a winning quintette. With only one man on the team graduating, and others ready to take his place, we will have practically the same team for next year. W. O. L.



Girls' Basket Ball

At Ashfield, Jan. 12—Arms 11, Ashfield 15.
 At Arms, Feb. 12—Arms 17, Ashfield 21.
 At Drury, Feb. 8—Arms 8, Drury 18.
 At Ashfield, Mar. 9—Arms 7, Ashfield 14.
 At Arms, Mar. 16—Arms 8, Drury 19.
 At Arms, Mar. 21—Arms 7, Ashfield 10.

The girls' basket ball season may not seem to have been very successful when

judged by the above scores, but we feel that it has been decidedly successful in many ways.

First, we have gained a great many valuable points which will help us in working up a team for next winter, for, as this was our first season, we knew almost nothing of any method of playing except our own.

All of our games were played on the same dates as the boys', and, after nearly



all of them, we served refreshments. When time permitted we had informal socials, which enabled us to become better acquainted with the visiting teams. Our two trips to Sanderson and the one to Drury were all enjoyable. At Drury we had the privilege of seeing their wonderful building. We fully appreciate the hospitality shown us on all of our trips.

The team was fortunate when Miss Benoit came from Worcester, as she had played on the school team there. She played guard in all the games after her arrival.

Next year we lose by graduation only one member of our team, our Captain, Miss Oates, but this year, Miss Howes left a hard position to fill, when she went to Providence recently, to live. Mention should be made of the fine work done by Miss Buell, who played during Miss Spinney's absence from school.

Next year, with the beginning which we have made during the past season, we should have a winning team.

We feel that we owe a great deal of our enthusiasm and success to Miss Herrick, who coached us regularly, when it was possible to use the gym and we take this opportunity to thank her. S. A. W.

Our "Gym" Work

Before we did our "bit" as a school and closed the doors of Science Hall on work and play until the coal shortage could be relieved, the "gym" was the scene of great activity. Classes of boys and of girls paid tribute to their instructor, Mr. Cummings, for the splendid way in which they handed both dumb-bells and Indian-clubs, quite as if they were veterans instead of raw recruits resulted in this activity. Our military drills resulted in a better understanding of military terms and customs, and the time devoted to dancing made many feel more at ease at the following socials. We had just begun a competitive chart which would

show the improvement of each individual in our indoor events when we closed the gymnasium,—closed it as far as classes were concerned. So much enthusiasm had been aroused among both the boys and girls, that basket-ball was carried on tho the building was unheated and the showers could not be used. With the coming of spring, our athletic work has shifted and at the present time out-door activities are claiming our attention, but even then the gym is not deserted, for we all know that the dressing rooms and showers are much used and greatly appreciated by our base ball boys.

School Songs

ON ARMS! ON SHELBURNE!

Tune: "On Wisconsin"

Plunge right 'cross that line!
Run the track clear 'round old Green field.
A first point sure this time.
On Arms! On Shelburne!
Fight on for this feat.
Fight! Fellows, Fight!
And we will win this meet.
Hand me down my bonnet!
Oh! hand me down my shawl!
Oh, hand me down my calico dress,
I'm going to the calico ball.
Oh! hand me down my bonnet!
Oh! hand me down my shawl!
Oh, hand me down my calico dress,
I'm going to the calico ball.

(Chorus

Oh, as we go marching,
and the bands begins to P—L—A—Y!
You can hear the people shouting
Shelburn High is out to win today!

PHI MU SONG

We'll give a Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Now pass the ball along.
And then a Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ever so staunch and strong.
Again a Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah!
To thee we belong.
Sunshine or rain, now play the game;
Arms is our name, Rah! Rah!

Arms is our high school;
Victory is our cry.
Red and White our colors;
Lift the emblem high.
All for which we're striving
Stands for truth and right;
And for dear old Arms
We will ever fight.

CLARK COLLEGE SONG

Our high school we will ever praise,
Let ev'ry voice ring out her name of fame,
For she's our Alma Mater and we'll raise
Our songs to her in glad acclaim,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Chorus:

The Scarlet and the White
Oh, may she ever be
Our constant source of light,
And knowledge of the free.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Raise the emblem high
To let each high school know
Arms stands for right.
Let there be light
From the Scarlet and the White.



Tune: Cheer For Old Amherst

Come and sing all ye loyal Arms men,
Come and give a rousing cheer;
Join our line as we march along so fine
With hearts that have no fear.
Left and right, 'neath the red and white
We will march in bold array,
So everybody shout and sing
For this is old Arms' day.
(All along the line boys)
Cheer for old Arms,
Arms must win!
Fight to a finish
Never give in.
All play your best, boys,
We'll do the rest boys,
Fight! for victory.

Tune: "Solomon Levi"

We come from Arms Academy,
In the great "Utility Town."
That's where you get the good old stuff
That does you all up brown.
We have a dandy baseball team;
They fight and ne'er give in;
And none of the boys that play with us
Will ever, ever, win!
Oh, Arms Academy, tra la la la la la
Our Arms Academy, tra la la la la la
la la la la
We have a dandy base ball team;
They fight and ne'er give in,
And none of the boys that play with us
Will ever, ever, win!

Doin's

THE AMHERST TRIP

In order to give some of the boys who wish to have a further education, or have not decided on the subject, a broader knowledge of college life, Mr. Cummings planned to take us to Amherst on February 22, 23 and 24.

After leaving Shelburne Falls on the early morning train, visiting the interesting museum in Deerfield, and making poor connections at Sunderland, where we enjoyed a delay of two hours, we reached the Agricultural College hungry enough to appreciate a late dinner at the Mess Hall.

After dinner we went through the barns, the Flint Dairy Laboratory, and the Etymological building. In the evening we were given complimentary tickets to the basketball game between M. A. C. and Rhode Island State. Three fraternities entertained us over night. The next morning we continued our tour of the "Aggie" ground; visited the wonderful tropical greenhouses, Stockbridge hall, the poultry plant, and the fruit storage plant, where we made good use of the invitation to help ourselves to the apples stored there.

After dinner,—all our meals were eaten in the Mess hall,—we went to "The other end of the town" as the "Aggie"

fellows say, and visited Amherst College. We went through the museum and were then given the use of the pool for an hour. Immediately after this, there was a relay race between Amherst and M. A. C. and we were glad to see those who had so royally entertained us win this time. Hurrying back we returned to the Agricultural College in time to see the last half of a hockey game between M. A. C. and Springfield College, which was won by M. A. C. Coach Swaffield of Amherst had offered us tickets to the Amherst-Wesleyan game, but we thought it impossible to stay, as there would be no train home after that time. The fraternities, however, came to the rescue by offering to entertain us another night, so we enjoyed a fine game, won by the fast Wesleyan team.

We reached home Sunday noon tired but happy, after an instructive trip.

THE SENIOR CANDY PULL

Sugar shortage? Yes, but the seniors forgot that unpleasant fact—together with all thought of studies—as they rode merrily along the snowy road in response to an invitation to attend a candy pull at the home of Julia Wells. During the

ALUMNI SOCIALS

evening there was nothing to remind them of anything but pleasure. Happy groups laughed together as they cut and printed programs for the coming social or listened to the Victrola. Later on, the "pulling" began and excitement rose high as each dignified senior tried to out-do the others by having his sticky handful turn white and edible first. Even the faculty guests rushed out into an atmosphere of two below zero when they found that the cold air aided in pulling. The evening's fun ended after all had gathered around the piano and sung the school songs,—ended, with the exception of the glorious ride home again, and only too soon each joy-seeker had lost himself in dreams of the fun which had just passed.

During the winter the Alumni for the first time in the history of the school showed considerable interest in get-together socials. These socials which were held in Science Hall were open only to Alumni and invited guests. The program generally included readings, musical selections, and dancing. A small entrance fee was charged, the proceeds of which will be used in a fund for the purchasing of a piano for the assembly room of the academy building. It is thought that these socials will be continued next year so that the Alumni may feel that they have a part in the social life of Arms Academy.

THE NEW TEACHERS

Perhaps new teachers are not "doin's" but certainly, when they arrive as fast as they have during the past year "something's doin" and that something has become almost a regular program.

- Act I. Time, Morning of their arrival.
Scene, Twists and stares toward the back of the room.
Lines, "What's her name?" "I think she's not very good looking, do you?"
- Act II. Time, At close of the first recitation.
Scene, Groups of students between classes.
Lines, "She's crosser than she looks, don't you think so?" "My! What a lesson she gave for to-morrow!"
- Act III. Time, Several days later.
Scene, At close of school.
Lines, "She's just like all the others."

SENIOR BAT

The Seniors held a frankfort roast in late October. Because of stormy weather it was impossible to hold an out-door picnic, so they gathered in the Domestic Science Kitchen and the gymnasium. A scarcity of rolls was reported, but there were enough left over to be used later as ammunition to ward off passing Flivvers.

"THE DIETRICS"

Everyone likes to be entertained, consequently our school welcomed the suggestion of Mr. Cummings when he proposed to swell the A. A. Budget and provide amusement for those who wished it, by asking "The Dietrics" to give their entertainment on an. 18th, at Science Hall. The magical and musical performance rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Dietric at that time fulfilled its mission of pleasure, for it still remains as a pleasant memory in the minds of those who attended it; tho financially it was not a wonderful success, for only a little over two dollars remained to be added to the A. A. treasury after the war-tax was paid.

THE TOMBS LECTURES

You haven't forgotten "The Tombs Lectures" have you? When the Athletic Association found that their financial resources were not materially increased by the returns of the Dietric performance, they decided that it was time to get busy. They carried out this decision by taking charge of the sale of tickets for the three lectures given here on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of March by Mr. J. Howard Albert. This time, both from a financial and from an educational standpoint, the lectures were a success; while the movies combined with them gave the touch of humor needed to make three "all round" enjoyable evenings.

ALUMNI

Shelburne Historical Society 1917

Of course, everyone wants to hear about the class of 1917, the class that Mr. Vose said was so brilliant, and he should know. We surely must begin with our valedictorian, Marjorie Haigis, who is attending Mt. Holyoke College and who has just received a seventy-five dollar scholarship. Nellie Stone is in New York training to be a Nurse at Kings County Hospital; from reports received, she likes it very much.

Sarah Alvord and Viola Long are both at their homes in Shelburne. When they aren't there, you know they are out joy riding.

There must be something attractive about Shelburne, as Harriet Cromack and Lettice Davis are also at their homes in that city, both active Red Cross workers.

Raymond Walden is employed by the Goodell Tool Company of this town. He is the same old "Pecky," work hasn't changed him a bit.

Alton Cromack has not joined the Army yet. He's patriotic just the same, tilling the soil on his farm in Colrain, Mass. Robert Gould and Richard Peck think they ought to know a little more along that line, so both are attending Massachusetts Agricultural School, Amherst, Mass.

Six of our class have entered the Commercial world. Doris Woodward is a stenographer for the Potter Grain Company, Athol, Mass. Dora Jangro is in that town, a stenographer at the Union Twist Drill Company. Mabelle Ward is living in Greenfield, doing clerical work at the Greenfield "Tap & Die Corporation." Marion Sullivan is stenographer at the H. H. Mayhew Company; Annie Finck is employed in the office of the Lamson & Goodnow Manufacturing Co., both in this town. James Wells is "up the line," employed by the Griswoldville Manufacturing Company as their chief clerk, private stenographer, etc.

Vivian Booker is an operator for the Heath Telephone Company. You can call her up or call her down any time.

Agnes Harris is imparting her knowledge to a school of youngsters at Church-ill.

Claire Smith is at her home on Mechanic street at the present time. She has been employed as a telephone operator and expects to take that work up again soon.

Kennth Barnard, with all his learning, Kenneth Barnard, with all his learning, court.

William Long is at his home in Shelburne, specializing in Poultry Work, for which he is widely known.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1916

Leon C. Roberts and Ruth Wheeler are married and live in Greenfield, where Mr. Roberts works in the office of the Tap & Dye Company.

Gertrude Wheeler is completing her course at North Adams Normal School.

Deane Griswold is attending the M. I. T., Boston, Mass.

Ellen Halligen is training at the New England Baptist hospital, Boston, Mass.

Richard Johnson is a Sophomore at Worcester Tech.

Harold Bemis is working in a lumber camp in New Hampshire.

Malcom Ward is working in a grain store in Springfield.

Carl Meekins is at present "with the colors." He is assisting with surgical work in a base hospital "somewhere in France."

Alberta Walden is at her home in Colrain.

Grace Schontag is employed in Washington, D. C., having recently received a Civil Service position.

Rebecca Roberts is at her home in Shelburne.

CLASS OF 1915

I can hardly realize that three years have passed since the members of the class of 1915 became alumni of Arms Academy. We were twenty-three in number, thirteen girls and ten boys. Since the day of graduation we have been quite widely separated. Four of our members have married.

Theresa Gillen, who is now Mrs. Walker, is living in Virginia, and has a little girl.

Frederick Sullivan married Lillian Cromack, Arms Academy, Class of 1918. He graduates from Tufts Dental College this year.

Maude Smith married Stanley Renold and is living in Shelburne.

Irene Hawkes became the bride of Howard Leavitt, May 5th, 1918. They will live in Quincy, Mass.

Madeline Barnes studied one year at Oberlin College and is now teaching.

Fredericka DuBuke graduates this year from Fitchburg Normal.

William Field is a Junior at Williams College.

Robert Coombs is doing his bit at home on the farm in Colrain.

Katherine Barnard lives at home.

Emily Merrill is working in town.

Vincie Temple is the bookkeeper for Henry Schack in town.

Madeline Reed is a student at Sargent's School for Physical Training in Boston.

Charles O'Brien is a student at R. I. State College.

Lucy Wood is training at the Springfield Library.

James Colt is in camp in the south, where he is a corporal in the Marines.

Margaret Hardy is bookkeeper for Henry Ware.

Gladys Bray is studying telegraphy in the local W. U. office.

William Pelchie is a student at Tufts' Dental, Boston, Mass.

Vera Claire is working in Springfield.

Arthur Galvin is studying at M. I. T., in Boston.

Lawrence Busby is working in Holyoke.

Louis A. Vasseur is again living in Griswoldville.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1914

Alvin Harris, class president, is a Senior at Amherst College.

Myrtle Perkins, vice-president, is teaching a district school in Ashfield.

Florence Wells is a Senior in Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

Ruth Chapman, is finishing her Senior year in Bates College.

Olive Storms is working for Mr. Joseph Ballard of the Griswoldville Manufacturing Co.

Sarah Clarke has completed her course at North Adams Normal, and is teaching in Cummington.

Dorothy Davis is employed by Wiley & Russell Co., of Greenfield as a stenographer.

Lucy Davis is teaching a district school in Deerfield.

Lila Gleason, deceased.

Mildred Reed recently married Dr. Goodell, a graduate of Tufts Dental College. They are residing in Shelburne Falls.

Doris Stockwell, who resides on Bridge street, recently gave birth to a baby boy. Congratulations from 1914.

William Bliss is night clerk at the National Shawmut Bank in Boston, Mass.

Harry Alvord is at home farming.

John Coombs is at the home of his parents in Colrain, Mass., farming.

Corporal Roger Peck is at present "with the colors" in Romsy, England.

Luella Williams is at her home in Shelburne.

Florence Brown was graduated from North Adams Normal last June, and is now teaching a district school in Valley, Vermont.

1913

Rose Marie Brigham is at home in Elm Grove, Mass.

Frederick Call recently enlisted in the Marine Corps and is stationed at Paris Island, South Carolina.

Nugent Frost is at the University of Maryland in Baltimore and is taking a special course in surgery.

Gertrude Goodell is at home in Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Dr. Edward Goodell, a graduate of Tufts College, is associated with Dr. J. C. Perry in business at Shelburne Falls.

Helen March is working in the Messenger office, at Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Gretchen March recently married George Mirick of Boston and will make her home there.

May Kingsbury is at home in Shelburne, Mass. She was formerly a teacher but gave up her school because of illness.

Charles Hawkes is studying dentistry in Los Angeles, California.

Joseph Griswold is principal of the High School in Simsbury, Conn.

John Canedy is auditing for McCleary, Wallin & Crouse in Amsterdam, N. Y.

Mildred Ward married Harold Eugene Hamlin and works for the Greenfield Tap & Dye Corporation of Greenfield.

Peter Blassberg is in business in Turners Falls.

Roylance Field, who was married recently, has enlisted in the photographic branch of the aviation corps. At present his address is: 6th Provisional Co., A. S. S. C., Madison Barracks, New York.

1912

Frederick Call, (Marine), Merle Maynard; Luther Chapin; Wilfred Lapierre, (Sgt.); Harry Ward, (Navy); Nelson Wells, are serving the colors.

Sorrow was brought to us by the death of our classmate, Hazel Allen, as the result of an operation. For this operation she was in the hospital from which she graduated as a nurse. Members of the Class of 1912 who were at home, attended the funeral.

Doris Ost Clifford is now at home. We extend our sympathy to her in the sorrow at the death of Mr. Clifford.

Russell Hawks is married and living in Turners Falls, Mass.

Albert Davenport is attending Worcester Tech.

Francis Francis is employed in the Cashiers' Dept. of Ludlow Manufacturing Associates.

George Marshall is now married. We congratulate him on the arrival of a fine baby daughter.

Elmer Davenport is teaching in Deerfield Academy.

Bessie Temple, now Mrs. Herzig, is residing at Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Mavis Goodnow, now Mrs. Harold Haywood, is living in Greenfield, Mass.

Dorothy Ball Lloyd, now in Wyoming, was made happy by the arrival of a daughter in November.

Marion Merrick, who is at home, has recently announced her engagement.

Dorothy Hadley is now at home, but she will go to California in July, where she will marry Mr. Charles Hawks, formerly of Shelburne Falls.

1911

Mary Brown, at home, Wilmington, Vt.

Ellen Storm, bookkeeper, Griswoldville, Mass.

Dorothy Warner, married, Amherst, Mass.

Edith Hancock, married, Shelburne, Falls, Mass.

Lillian Goodell, at home, Shelburne, Falls, Mass.

Carrie McGee, married, Greenfield, Mass.

Edna Merrill, clerk in War Risk Ins. D'pt. Washington, D. C.

Angelia Goldwaith, married, Brattleboro, Vt.

Gladys Dennison, teacher, Westfield, Mass.

Lewellyn Smith, married, Greenfield, Mass.

Wayne Haller, teacher, Middlebury Cl'ge., Middlebury, Vt.

Ethel Smith, married, Greenfield, Mass.

Cara Bronson, at home, Buckland, Mass.

Marion Donelson, teaching, Windsor, Conn.

Harold Bronson, awaiting call to service, Bernardston, Mass.

Helen Woodward, Boston Filing School, Boston, Mass.

Clyde Booker, with the U. S. Engineers, in France.

William R. Apt, killed in action, with Canadian Army in France, in the spring of 1917.

Bertrand Cromack, is with the Heavy Artillery in Pensacola, Florida.

Roland Sardy, Shelburne Falls Postoffice, Shelburne, Falls, Mass.

Frances Stone, teaching, Bolton, Conn.

1909

The Class of 1909 extends its good wishes to the four members who are "with the colors."

Stanley Rowland enlisted in June, 1917, and is now with the Roosevelt Hospital Unit in France. He is at a base hospital doing surgical work.

C. Elmer Stacey is also "Over There." His address is Sergt. Charles E. Stacey, 471 Aero Const. Sqdn., Am. Ex. Forces, via New York.

The other two are at camps and expect to leave for France at an early date: Sergt. H. B. Dwight, Headquarters Co., 301st Inf., Camp Upton, N. Y.; Ralph H. Duncan, Radio School, Ellington Field, Houston, Texas.

Clifford Cronan, our class president, is located in Hartford, Conn. He is in charge of the design department of one of the large munition factories.

Earl Spear Littleton, Mass.
Roy Elmer (Chemist) ... Everett, Mass.
Howard Amsden.. Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Reuben D. March, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Amy B. March .. Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Frank Hancock Jacksonville, Vt.
Henry Finck Shattuckville, Mass.
Leon Mann Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Horace Warfield Charlemont, Mass.
Bessie M. Graham Greenfield, Mass.
Violet Ost Plummer Lovell, Maine.
Anes Boyle Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Stella L. Zraunig ... Griswoldville, Mass.
Ruth King Lyonsville, Mass.
Kate Finck Shattuckville, Mass.
Gladys W. Davis.. Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Julia C. Heery .. Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Rosena A. Andrews Cleveland, Ohio.
Inez Davis Davis.. Wilmington, Vermont
Mildred B. O'Brien, Shelburne Falls, Mass

1906

The Whereabouts of the Class of 1906

Mrs. Leon Mann—nee Grace P. Avery,
Shelburne Falls.
Hazel J. Kinsman of the "Kinsmore"
Shelburne Falls.
Mrs. Frank Thatcher—nee Josephine
Griswold—Shelburne Falls.
Ivy Manning—"a dressmaker,"
Shelburne Falls.
Mrs. Roy Turton—nee Mabel Call,
Shelburne Falls.

Mrs. Harry Kendrick—nee Fannie Shaw,
Shelburne Falls.
Mrs. Luther Allen—nee Ruby Marcy,
Shelburne Falls.
Mildred L. Perkins—Instructor in Physical
Culture—Shelburne Falls.
Sadie Carter—married—formerly of
Hawley, now of Boston.
Ethel Carrier—married—formerly of
Charlemont, now of Somerville.
Mrs. Ralph Peterson—nee Edna Davenport—
Colrain, Mass.
Ruth Purrington—school teacher,
Shelburne Falls.
Bessie Forbes—head clerk Telephone
office—Montpelier, Vt.
Deane R. Davis,
Shelburne Falls.
Deane R. Ainsworth—S. F. & Colrain
St. Railway—Shelburne Falls.
Arthur Ford—Wells Bros.,
Greenfield, Mass.
Nathan Ballard—Potter Grain Mill,
Windsor, Vt.
Walter Stanford—carpenter,
Shelburne Falls.
Lorenzo Griswold—Griswold Mfg. Co.,
Griswold, Mass.
Lieut. C. P. Davenport,
36th Provincial Squadron, 3rd
Regiment, Waco, Texas.
Sergt. H. J. March,
153d Depot Brigade Headquarters,
Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.

1905

Leander E. Bird,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
*Roy S. Turton,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
*Harold E. Crosier—Pharmacist,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
*George Turtor—Called to Service,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
*F. Sidney Wood, D. V. M.,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Rose A. Turton—Bookkeeper,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Maud Tower Wood,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Nettie M. Canedy Churchill,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Ralph Peterson,
Griswoldville, Mass., R. F. D.

Stanley C. Call—Instructor at M. A. C.,
45 Amity St., Amherst, Mass.
Foster Russell—Enlisted in the Service,
School of Aviators, Berkeley, Cal.
Robert Amsden,
50 Derby Ave., New Haven, Conn.
*Billie Patch—Called to Service,
45 Chatham St., Boston, Mass.
Ellen Temple Gould,
East Charlemont, Mass.
Mattie H. Hadley—Teacher,
86 Woodside Terrace, Springfield,
Mass.
Grace V. Rowland—Instructor,
Hyannis Normal, Hyannis, Mass.
Ella Carpenter—Teacher,
1156 Springfield Ave., Irvington,
New Jersey.

* Those drafted are marked by a star.

1904

Florence Raguse—Teaching,
948 Union St., Plainfield, N. J.
Alice Halligan—Teaching,
Commercial High School, Spring-
field, Mass.
Grace Kendrick—Teaching,
Rochester, N. H.
Fanny Kendrick—Teaching,
Worthington, Mass.
Ruby Perkins—Married J. Walter Smith,
87 Bridge St., Shelburne Falls,
Mass.
Annie Griswold—Married Burt Banker,
Greenfield, Mass.
Esther Spencer—Mrs. Harold E. Crosier,
Main St., Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Mabelle Pfersick—Married Dr. Cass,
Provincetown, Mass.
Nellie Smead—Married A. T. Phillips,
Clark School, Northampton, Mass.
Nina Stockwell—Now Mrs. Carl Smith,
North Heath, Mass.
Carl Mitchell—Married,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Leslie Swift—Married,
510 California Ave., Avolon, Peru.
Foster Sears—Married,
Greenfield, Mass.
Harold Bailey—Married,
Washington, D. C.

1901

The names and present locations of
those who graduated from Arms in the
Class of 1901 are as follows:

Mrs. A. P. Garafalo, Roslindale, Mass.,
Formerly Miss Mable S. Ware.
Mrs. Frank Ryan, Adams, Mass.
Formerly Miss Josie Zraunig.
Miss Bertha Reed, Griswoldville, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Philip R. Eldridge,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Mrs. Eldridge was formerly Miss
Cora M. Hallam.
Luther P. Perry, Easthampton, Conn.
Fred W. Macher, Springfield, Mass.
Fred W. Winterhalder, New Haven, Ct.
Leon F. Payne, Bellevue, Penn.
C. Stewart Holbrook—With Du Pont
Powder Co., in the South.
P. R. C.

1900

Mrs. A. M. Cheney, (Blanche Johnson),
Orange, Mass.
Miss Elsie Cronan,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Mrs. W. Smith, (Daisy Call),
Lyonsville, Mass.
Mrs. William Bacon, (Annette Stebbins),
Littleton, N. H.
Miss Anna Raguse,
Peace Dale, R. I.
Alfred B. Mayhew,
243 Delaware Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Mrs. William Woods, (Mildred Patch),
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Harold Lamb,
Osterville, N. Y.
G. W. Ware,
72 Charles Field St., Providence,
Rhode Island.
Mrs. Crosby Spinney, (Fannie Oakman),
7 Glenwood Road, Upper Mont-
clair, N. J.
Frank Yetter,
315 34th St., Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. Robert Miller, (Ethel Burrington),
Heath, Mass.
Miss Gertrude Newell,
1339 Chapel St., New Haven, Ct.
Edward Merrill,
Bureau of Chemistry, Washington,
D. C.

1892

There have been few changes in our
class since the report made by Mrs. El-
dridge, last year, except those occasioned
by our entry into the war. Captain

1885

Charles F. Canedy is the lone star in our Service Flag, but I think I can safely say that all of the rest of us are doing our several "bits" in the way of knitting, Red Cross work, etc. Mr. Preston C. Comstock, editor of the Elgin Daily News, is very active in the Y. M. C. A. work in the city of Elgin, Illinois, and we all know what a wonderful work is being done for our soldiers by this efficient organization. Mrs. Minnie M. Sweet holds an important position in the Red Cross chapter of Washington, D. C.

Perhaps this is an opportune time and place to mention, in regard to the Tupper Fund, that \$215 has been donated and the committee has decided, after consultation with Mr. Cummings, Principal of Arms Academy, to invest this in reference books as they are needed for the school. After the war perhaps we will be able to add to the Tupper Fund, but now, when there are constant appeals for this or that worthy war cause, it is out of the question.

L. S. B.

1. Hon Robert J. Peaslee—Judge, Manchester, N. H.
2. Edward S. Whitney—Corporation Lawyer, New York.
3. Merton Z. Woodward—Postmaster, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
4. Frank S. Philbric—Journalist, Colfax, California.
5. Charles S. Dodge—Business Man, Amherst, N. H.
6. Dr. Frank J. Ackerman—Army Surgeon, Asbury Park, N. J.
7. Dr. Elmer H. Copeland, Northampton, Mass.
8. Anna Covell Copeland, Northampton, Mass.
9. Daisy Jenks Watson,
10. Clara Negus Sawyer, Whitingham, Vt.
11. Ida S. M. Fletcher, Greenfield, N. H.
12. Winnie Purrington, Colrain, Mass.
13. Elvira Andrews Barber,
14. Gertrude Griebel Canady, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

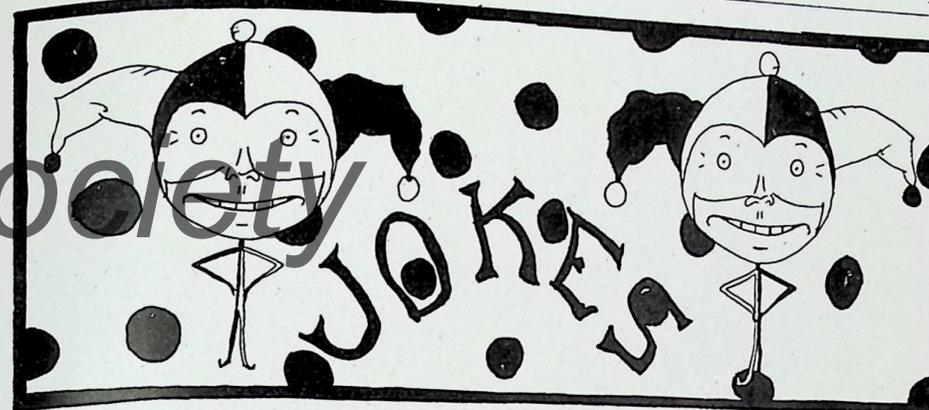
PINAFORE

Rehearsals for the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "H. M. S. Pinafore," were begun early in May, under the direction of Mr. Cummings. Most of the principal parts are taken by alumni or friends of the school.

The Cast

- The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. Mr. Frank H. Chandler
- Capt. Cocroran . . . Mr. W. ReRoy Brown
- Ralph Rackstraw . . . Mr. Howard Roche
- Dick Deadeye . . . Mr. Earle J. Belanger
- Bill Bobstay Mr. John Jangro
- Bob Becket Mr. Frank Adler
- Josephine Mrs. Edward Goodell
- Cousin Hebe . . . Miss Gertrude Goodell
- Little Buttercup. . Mrs. Harold E. Crosier

Chorus rehearsals are going well, and it is now planned to present the operetta on the evenings of June fifth and sixth at the Opera House.



Miss Estey (Eng. III)—"Give the early life of Hamilton, Miss LaBelle?"

Miss LaBelle—At the age of twelve he was born at—

Miss Estey (Eng. III) "Upton, give the early life of Irving."

Upton—"His mother was an Englishman."

Upton (in Eng. III)—(Studying exposition).

"What do you call it when you put two or three things together in cooking,—ingredients?"

Miss Payson—"Yes."

Jangro—"No—Hash!"

When the alarm clock went off in Senior Eng.: Miss G.—"Someone please shut off that contrivance."

Remark from back row: "That must be the effects of spring."

Sophomore: "Well, of all the jokes I've cracked, I haven't gotten one of them in that Student yet!"

In German—Kussen, yes, you all know what that means."

Miss Tenny—"Miss Temple, what is the answer to the third example?"

Miss Temple—"Ten yards of butter."

Smith—"Salt is to bacteria as limburg-er cheese is to man."

Miss Houghton — (Ancient Hist.)—"Where are there other volcanoes besides Vesuvius?"

Belanger—"There's one in Cuba, that they said erupted, and when the ashes fell

the trade winds caught them and in a week they saw 'em coming back again."

Miss Gilmore—"How did the Indian get salt for his food?"

Oates—"Probably went to the salt-licks."

Miss Houghton — (French I) — The French bread is made three feet long.

Johnson—Do they eat it by the yard?

H. Eldridge—We are going to have our pictures taken tomorrow to put into the "Arms Student."

Perkins—Where, in the joke section?

Mr. Cummings—(In Physics)—Now after erasing these imaginary ciphers—

K. Ball—(Physics)—"How long did you say the meter stick was to be?"

Miss Winchester—Perkins, what is the last set of teeth a person expects to have?

Ans.—False Teeth.

In General Science—Tell all you can about man's ribs.

Student's Answer—l.

Miss Payson—Everyone keep quiet and talk as loud as possible.

Miss Winchester—Miss Fink, what is fleece? (fleas).

Miss Fink—"Parasites."

Jangro, discussing Life Insurance in Commercial Law: "Does anyone ever commit suicide to get the insurance money?"

Who's Who and Why

NAME	AS WE KNOW 'EM	HANGOUT	OCCUPATION	FAVORITE SAYING	DIRTY PROSPECTS
V. Lapierre	"Vi"	Colrafn Trolley	Dancing With (7)	"Go wan"	"Everyone Was Meant For Someone"
H. Legate	"Alec"	Cider Mill	Being Tutored in Chem.	"Oh Jezebel"	Good, So Far.
M. Mitchell	"Marge"	At Home	Keepin' all our cash Pulling Hair	"No!"	Dampfeln, Nam. (I wonder)
C. Monahan	"Tina"	Everywhere Around	Pulling Hair	"Got your Deutch?"	German Teacher
E. Oates	"Oatie"	In the Bank	Selling Chocolates	"Want Some, Chocolate?"	Filling Her Hope Chest
R. Townsend	"Ruthy"	In Physics Lab.	Ridin' round	"Gosh!"	Red Cross Nurse
J. Wells	"Jule"	On street corner waitin' for pickup	Flirting	"Stub!"	Hair Dresser
G. Arnold	"Gretch"	The Green Auto	1918 class advisor	"For Next Time"	More Weight
S. Cummings	"Prof"	Anyw'e but home	Principal	"Oh Sugar!"	?
E. Bradford	"Cutie"	Arms Study Hall	Holding up the Valedictory	"Got to Ask Mama, Now at BHS they—"	Intensive Fussing
W. L. Brown	"Duke"	Baker Avenue	Making Spoons	"Go wan"	Paderewski II
E. Carlson	"Bashful"	B. & M. Station	Primping	She AIN'T Got Nois	Punk
G. Damon	"Gwenny"	The Colonial Villa	Walking Streets	"This is My Night Out"	Pharmacist
H. Eldridge	"Blondy"	Baker's	Mixing Drinks	"Why, Surely We Can"	Vocalist
M. Field	"Mabe"	She don't hang-out—she hangs on	Editor	"One Dollar"	Milkman
R. Field	"Dusty"	Home, Studying	Delivering Milk	"See You Later"	Dancing Teacher
H. Francis	"Dimples"	Dance Halls	Driving the Overland	"Giddap!" All Aboard For Ashfield.)	Mending Soles
E. Goodnow	"Ernie"	Jenks & Amstein's	Keeping Shoes from stickin' ton-gues out at customers.	"Tho' She Be Gone	Griswoldville
E. Griswold	"Stubby"	Somewhere in Buckland	Sitting on the Chimney	"Oh, Dear!"	GREAT!
E. Haller	"Dutchy"	Noonan's Wiggles	Tutoring Kids	Same as Gwenny	Teaching
G. Harris	"Gracious"	Christian Hill (?)	Farming	"I'll Slam Y'u One"	Stenographer
H. Jangro	"Jingles"	Same as 'Bashful'	Singing "Hims"	"Cheep"	Marriage
E. Laden	"Betty"	Same as 'Duke'	Breaking Hearts		

A Freshman's Contribution to the Student!

The Class of Nineteen Twenty-One.
 We have some thirty freshmen
 Who are always in the way;
 They keep the teachers going some
 To earn their monthly pay.

They come from all the towns around
 Shelburne, Buckland and Colrain;
 Some come by automobile, now,
 And some come by train.

There's Coburn, our president,
 Who is a pleasant boy,
 He's always full of fun
 And crammed just full of joy.

And there's our secretary,
 She's Esther Temple by name,
 And she and a little toothpick
 Are very much the same.

Then there's Clarence Long
 A large, strong, healthy lad,
 And when we see our "Longie" coming
 We're always mighty glad.

And there's that little Noonan boy
 The boy with red hair
 And wherever you see that Noonan
 The red hair's always there.

There's skinny Barbara Temple
 Who comes from Buckland side
 And it take a good big dinner
 To fill full her little hide.

And we used to have Paul Smith
 The lad who was always late;
 And when he forgot his dinner
 We wondered what he ate.

And we had another lad,
 Who was large and strong and husky,

He played on the football team,
 And he was nicknamed "Tusky."

There's a pretty little girl,
 Who is popular in her class;
 Her name is Madeline Mills,
 And she's a cute little lass.

And there's little Shorty Johnson
 Who is noted for his length;
 I do not know what he does answer
 When's he's asked about his strength.

And there's pretty Mildred Kingsbury
 A gentle little maid,
 And when we play at baseball
 She surely will be aid.

So there's another little girl,
 Who likes to hear bells ring;
 Her name is Jessie Shippee,
 And she certainly can sing.

We have a class clown
 Who's always playing pranks;
 His name is Gerald Thompson,
 And he needs a few hard spansks.

And there's another pretty girl,
 Whose name is Nina Legate;
 And she waves a fond farewell,
 As she passes through 'the gate.'

And we have Frederick Burrington
 Who possesses an inventive mind;
 He fixed his bicycle up, so,
 To ride another boy behind.

Then there's pretty Florence Carpenter,
 Who comes from Colrain;
 She's our vice-president
 And far from being vain.

Then we all go to make this class,
 And we make a fairly good one;
 And we have some studious scholars
 We of Nineteen Twenty-One.



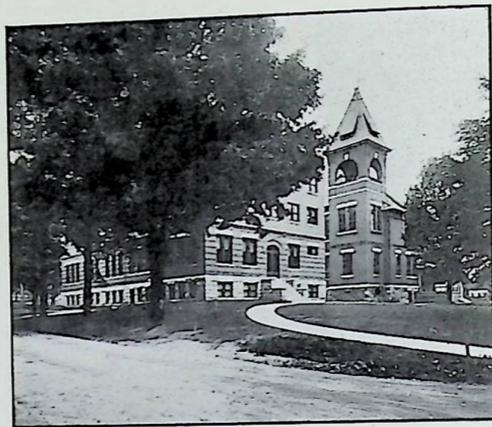
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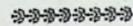


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