



Shelburne Historical Society

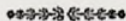
The

Arms
Student

1921

Shelburne Historical Society

Shelburne Historical Society
Dedication



“Life has no other blessing like a prudent friend.”

By those whose fortune it has been to know Mr. Richards, whether in work or in social life, the meaning of these lines will be fully appreciated.

— Ever working in his gentle, kindly way, always encouraging, seldom reprimanding, he has helped to make Arms Academy a school which we are proud to call our Alma Mater. Through his constant endeavors a spirit of co-operation has grown up between the school and the community; the school work has been placed on a systematic basis, and the standards of scholarship have been raised.

It is in appreciation of this service to Arms Academy, and in admiration of his character and the ideals for which he worked that we dedicate this number of the **Arms Student** to Mr. Clinton J. Richards, Superintendent of Schools, 1918-1921.

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The Student Board

Editor-in-chief

1921 M. Kingsbury

Associate Editor

1921 E. Temple

Literary Editors

1921 H. Cary
1922 R. Davenport
1923 A. Wells
1924 L. Leonard

Alumni Editors

1921 F. Carpenter
1921 A. Call

Typists

1921 A. Smith
1921 V. Tyler

Business Managers

1921 A. Johnson
1922 E. Joyce
1923 D. Cary

Junior Associate Editor

1922 D. Warfield

Joke Editors

1921 E. Belanger
1922 H. Long
1923 M. Johnson
1924 E. Barnard

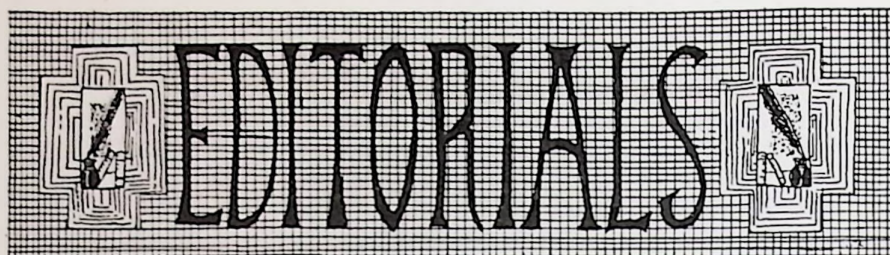
Art Editors

1923 E. Apte
1922 C. Stroheker

Athletic Editors

1921 P. Smith
1922 J. Temple
1922 B. Donelson

Faculty Advisor—Miss Linfield



EDITORIALS

A REPRESENTATIVE SCHOOL PAPER

Why do not more people contribute to the **Arms Student**? This is a school paper and is supposed to be representative of the whole school. As a matter of fact it is not. There are about fifteen students in school who generously contribute material for the paper, while the majority of pupils only hand in articles when constantly hammered at by the teachers and editors. Furthermore, it will be noticed that it is the ones who fail to write anything for the **Student** who criticize the finished publication. If these people would busy themselves and pass in an article now and then, the paper would be improved and the work of the editors lessened.

EFFICIENT BUSINESS MANAGE- MENT

Of the various members of the Student Board the business managers are in the greatest degree responsible for the success of the school paper. It is through their efforts that the interest of the community is aroused, and it is by the support of the townspeople that a good **Arms Student** is possible. The work of the business managers requires a great deal of time, and in order to give satisfaction it must be done with the utmost care.

This year the business department has been in very efficient hands. The work was begun in good season and has been thoroughly and carefully done. Not only does this insure success for the present publication, but it means a great help to the business managers next year. The Student Board fully appreciates the excellent work done by Arlington Johnson and Edward Joyce, who have acted in that capacity this year.

LOSS OF MANUAL TRAINING DE- PARTMENT

One of the chief aims of Arms Academy has been to introduce means by which the various demands of the individual students may be satisfied. For this reason several vocational departments have been established. The success of this work is without question.

Recently, however, due to a reduction in the appropriation, it has been thought necessary to discontinue Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing at the end of this year. These two subjects have proved very beneficial to the school and dropping them will mean decreasing its efficiency. This we must work against. We sincerely hope that the need of these departments will be realized by the people and that this work may be taken up again soon, possibly next fall.

A STUDENT COUNCIL

In order to achieve the best results in high school there must exist between the teachers and the students a common interest, an object for which both are striving. At the present time the faculty are working for higher standards, while the students play only a passive part in this movement. A common interest could be gained by organizing a student council which would act jointly with the teaching force in the government of the school. Such a body would be able to bring before the teachers the students' viewpoint on various subjects, and would tend to bring about a closer relationship between the faculty and the students.

The Seniors

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Gerald Thompson
Vice- President	Agnes Call
Secretary	Esther Temple
Treasurer	Robert Shields

Shelburne Historical Society SENIOR CLASS PARTS

Valedictorian	Harold W. Cary
Salutatorian	Mildred E. Kingsbury
Class Will	Esther Temple
Memorabilia	Arlington Johnson
Class Prophecy	Agnes C. Call
Ivy Address	Earle Belanger
Class Poet	Agnes M. Smith
Class History	Viola R. Tyler
	Florence I. Carpenter
	Jessie L. Shippee
	Gerald T. Thompson

Earle Joseph Belanger North Adams, Mass.
"Banjo" May 24, 1901.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
 Finer than the staple of his argument."

Facts concerning "Banjo's" history are rather obscure, but from what odd clippings can be found we have concluded that he was once a baby and grew up just as an ordinary child would do. If he had had anything to say about his upbringing there is no telling what would have happened, for "Banjo" wouldn't have consented to be like other children even if he had to grow backwards to be different. Two grammar schools suffered from his attendance. The Mill-yard School tolerated him for seven years and then, the faculty being at their wits' end, they shipped him to Buckland Grammar School to put the finishing touches on his young mind. Perhaps this may account for some of the peculiarities!

Now for his high school career. In the first place, he became president of the class of 1919. Having started them victoriously on their way, he remained about three years to see that they walked the studious path of knowledge, and then he suddenly left school. Just why he did this is not fully known, but the next time we heard from him he was in the Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Merritt, N. J. Having successfully ended the war, he decided a little more knowledge was necessary before he could wisely draw up the peace terms. For that reason he entered Mt. Herman in the fall of 1919. Lights out at ten o'clock and special permission to leave the campus didn't agree with "Banjo's" idea of democracy, for the next spring found him enrolled in Arms Academy with the class of 1921. The influence of this noble class has evidently had a soothing effect on him, for the many hours which he used to spend in elaborate plans for wickedness are now spent in peaceful slumber. We hope that this propensity for sleeping will disappear before next year, for we fear that sleeping and teaching school at the same time will not work well.

He plans to astonish Leland Stanford University some time.

Pres. of '19 (1); Football (1) (3); Pinafore; Debating Society.



Agnes Celinda Call
"Agnes"

Lyonsville, Mass.
Jan. 17, 1903.

"For if she will, she will—you may depend on't.
And if she won't she won't—so there's an end on't."

Agnes was born in Foundry Village, Lyonsville, Colrain, Franklin County, Massachusetts, in the United States of America on an early Monday morn. She attended the Foundry Grammar School, being graduated in the class of 1917.

She has now been in Arms Academy four years with the Twenty-ones. Her popularity and class spirit have won for her the office of Vice-President this year. She is also on the senior cake committee. She is well known for her skill in pastry.

Some say that her prospects are for house keeping. True, it is well known that Agnes has a weakness for the male sex. She admires in particular farmers, barbers, blacksmiths, grocery clerks, and photographers. The rumor is that a certain grocery route is well known to Agnes. Agnes, take this little bit of advice, and please remember it: "Wear a hat when delivering groceries, or you may catch cold." Just why she does not already know this, nor heed it, is not known. The Delphian Oracle has informed us that Agnes is doomed to teach in North Heath for forty years, then to be pensioned and to live in ease. Agnes will not admit this, and yet she maintains that she "ain't got no prospects." We know better, Agnes.

Sec. (2); Vice-pres. (4); Student Board (4); cake committee.



Florence Irene Carpenter
"Puss"

Colrain, Mass.
Oct. 7, 1901.

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

Florence Carpenter was born at midnight on Sunday (?) in Colrain City. Poor pussy!! She attended the Colrain kindergarten, and after absorbing all the knowledge to be gained there, entered Center Grammar School. From here "Puss" was graduated in the class of 1917. Because of her foresight she was elected class prophetess. This position she filled satisfactorily, or otherwise. Florence was particularly fortunate in her last year in grammar school in having the "hoops," accompanied by the German measles. Of course she enjoyed her vacation, and the teachers fully appreciated her absence.

Since she entered Arms Academy, Florence's work has been very noteworthy—they say, at least, that she receives a stack of notes. She was Vice-president of her class the first year, and did good work. In fact, her class spirit has been so good and her work so well done that she is now honored with the ivy address. Although "Puss" is not athletic she is a very ardent fan, favoring basket-ball.

Florence hopes to enter Framingham Normal school. Personally we would advise her to enter the Special Service department of the Shelburne Falls and Colrain St. R. R., to insure more reliable service on Sunday nights in the future!

Vice-pres. (1); Student Board (4); Pinafore; cake committee.



Harold William Cary
"Harold"

Lyonsville, Mass.
October 4, 1903.

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

They say that Harold at the age of three months was reading Homer and had translated "Comus" into Latin free verse. However, to be like other normal children, he attended the grades at Foundry Village. After he passed the sixth grade, Harold harassed his teacher by daily pleading to be allowed to attend Arms. He was finally coerced to remain two endless years longer, and then entered Arms at the age of thirteen. From the first he easily outstripped us all and could have been graduated at the end of the sophomore year, but because of his loyalty to the class of 1921 and his love for his class mates, he decided to remain and receive the graduating honors with us slower mortals.

Before closing this brief biography I must say a few words of Harold's chief ambition. His great and only hope is to create an intricate machine by which food for human consumption may be derived from the pulp of apples which has already been squeezed by hydraulic presses thirteen times.

Cary expects to gain further education at the same institution with "Charlie." Goodbye to the professor's positions at Williams, we say.

Class Pres. (3); Valedictorian; Student Board (1) (2) (3) (4); Pres. Pro Merito; Mgr. Baseball (4).



Ezra Albert Coburn
"Cobie" "Ez"

Colrain, Mass.
Sept. 3, 1902.

"He hears, alas! no music of the spheres,
But, an unhallowed, earthly sound of fiddling!"

Hear that fiddle! Well, that's "Cobie." He comes from Colrain and always brings the violin. He was born in Colrain on the third day of September, just in time for school. He attended the Foundry Grammar School for eight years and finished at the Center Grammar. It's strange that some folks can't be satisfied without picking on every school in the neighborhood. Ezra has always been a good student, especially so in math. He picked up his violin during his infancy, and has already drawn public attention. (A big racket always draws a crowd.) Perhaps it's "Ez" that the people like to see more than hearing the fiddle, for curiosities are always interesting. The Class of Twenty-One may well be proud of a member capable of making so much noise. He has been in the school orchestra for two years. He has also held the school speechless at various times with his violin solos.

Coburn is athletically inclined, having won his football "A" on last year's team. He has been on the track team for two years.

"Cobie" plans to enter the American Conservatory of Music at Chicago in the fall. We are confident that he will succeed in winning greater fame, and by so doing reflect more honor upon his class-mates.

Pres. (1); Football (3); Track Team (3) (4); Orchestra (3) (4); French club.



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Rockwell Edwin Donelson
"Rocky"

Colrain, Mass.
June 28, 1902.



"My way of life in fall'n into the
Sear(es) the yellow leaf."

Since "Rocky" has become so taken up with the Agricultural Department, he has slighted his classmates. We rarely see him now, and when we do he's everlastingly shooting by in that fliver of his. I wonder if Fords and typewriters have the same kind of workin's? Whenever a machine is out of whack the teacher calls on "Rocky," and it isn't but a few seconds before it rambles on again. Rockwell is a man of all trades, shorthand, typewriting, farming, flivering, dancing, etc.

They say "Rocky" has felt the flame of love; we noticed he was "Sear-ed" a little.

Donelson is one of those deathly trimmers; I mean on the neighbors' fruit trees, and of course is eligible for that \$1000 fine for damages.

"Rocky" is a fellow with more good points than bad. In thinking it all over we have decided he is sure to make a big man some day (after all lawful debts are cleared).

Track Team (3).

Louise Elizabeth Dwight
"Loiuse"

Colrain, Mass.
Oct. 20, 1902.



"To be slow of words is woman's only virtue."

From 'way up in Colrain this quiet child came to us. For three years very little was heard of her and it was taken for granted that her life at Arms was to be uneventful. Then—horror of horrors! There came a strange rumor, and with it a gasp of surprise from the classmates. Louise had a beau! But who? Where? What next? The author of this biography has never been able to solve these questions, nor has he been able to discover the origin of the rumor, but that's the way he heard it, and that's the way he will pass it on.

When the French club (that noble society) was in existence, Louise was one of the staunchest members. It is said that she shed many salty tears in fond remembrance of that club.

Next year we expect to find her teaching school, but the author renounces all responsibility as a prophet regarding Louise.

French Club (2) (3).

Karolyn Rose Finck
"Kary"

Shattuckville, Mass.
July 6, 1902.



"She owned the virtuous ring—"

Karolyn's school before entering Arms Academy was Colrain Grammar School, which she attended for nine years. "Kary" was quite fond of playing mischievous pranks. We think that she hadn't quite outgrown her childish ways when in French I. If she had kept on with the study of French, doubtless she would have been a French Professor by now, noted particularly for original phrases.

Karolyn? Some people say she's quiet; but just get her started on "Our Sewing Class," or on certain members of the faculty, and her tongue becomes automatic.

In a round about way, we have heard that "Kary" is very particular with whom she walks. She has fallen back upon a certain music teacher. (This simply applies to Friday mornings.)

Through "Kary's" long, lonely, evenings and Sundays, she is writing an essay similar to that of Macaulay, entitled "Life of Johnson." (It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all!) While not at her desk, "Kary" sits at the piano playing over and over again her part of the heart-rending duet which our worthy senior and a jolly junior played so touchingly at Rhetoricals.

"Kary" is one of the heaviest pillars in the Colrain Methodist Church, but she usually supports it from the outside. Never mind, she's all right and everybody likes her.

Frederick John Herzig
"Fred"

Lyonsville, Mass.
Jan. 27, 1898.

"Ambition is the germ
From which all growth of nobleness proceeds."

Lyonsville, Colrain, must be honored as the birthplace of this remarkable youth. He attended the Foundry Grammar School, being graduated in 1912. He then entered Arms Academy and remained for about two years. As the faculty didn't just suit him, he departed from its company for a while. After a few years, inspired with ambition to succeed, he again took up his interrupted school career. He came back in 1919 and entered the famous class of 1921. (Little wonder that Fred decided to come back.) The following year he took a summer course at Syracuse University and in September entered the University with the vain hope of becoming an engineer. Long hours of study and indoor work told on his health and compelled him to discontinue his college course. Once more the class of 1921 greeted him with open arms, and although Fred is a changeable fellow, it is now anticipated that he will remain with us and be graduated with the rest of the class.

In previous years, Fred has won his "A" in baseball and although age restrictions will prevent his playing on the team this season, we warn Babe Ruth that in the near future he will have a dangerous rival.

Next fall he intends to tackle college again, and as the class of 1921 will not be in Arms Academy to distract his attention, there is no reason why he should not finish his course.

Baseball (3).



Arlington Fuller Johnson
"Arl"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Jan. 2, 1903.

"He was the mildest mannered man that
ever scuttled ship or cut a toe nail."

Arlington has some height to his ambition, in which he somewhat resembles Abraham Lincoln.

"Arl" is a hard worker, at times, and is quite popular among the young ladies. He has not only been class president, but has improved his opportunities and become a member of our "all star" school orchestra; it is rumored that our six-footer will sometime make a musician.

Did you ever hear of anyone running for miles every morning before breakfast to whet an appetite? "Arl" seemed to be looking rather peaked and puny from his lost, strayed or stolen appetite; as nothing in the "eat line" appealed to him, he tried his luck with this doctor. Did it have any effect? Yes, indeed, the seniors can tell the story. Didn't you notice after the senior corn roast that Arlington gained rapidly in weight, and his skin freshened? "Arl" ate all the marshmallows and saltines in sight, then began on a string of fifty-eleven frankforts and ate every last one of them. Oh, it's true he was forced to lie on the ground and roll around a spell, but nevertheless every frankfort, and string even, went out of sight.

Johnson was one of our famous basket-ball men, but after a dreadful misfortune befell him, his record for basket-making was lowered. Near the close of the season, he seemed to lose his poise, due principally to the loss of a signet ring. He had the sympathy of the entire school. Now don't think for a minute that "Arl" is to blame for his fondness for girls.

He is one of our brightest seniors, a member of the Pro Merito, and a worthy member, too. Johnson is not a fellow who shirks from his duty, but takes hold with a will; that's why we are all glad he is a senior.

Pres. (2); Orchestra; French Club; Pro Merito; Student Board (1) (2) (3) (4); Track Team; Basket ball (4).



Mildred Edna Kingsbury
"Bill"

Shelburne, Mass.
Oct. 21, 1903.

"A perfect Woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and COMMAND."

The world will little note, nor long remember what I say here; but it can never forget what happened in Shelburne Center Oct. 21, 1903. Mildred Kingsbury was born then. All unaware of the genius suddenly dropped in their midst, the neighbors slept on (they still sleep, but hush!) Here the young thing threw and prospered, went to school, throw chalk and whispered. She departed from the Center School and descended on Arms with the class of '21.

She had now attained a generous size, and with it, that complacent, satisfied air characteristic of fat folks. As a committee chair woman, she started strong and has never been headed. As Dr. Angell, the new president of Yale is said to have made a business of college presidencies, so "Bill" may be said to have made a business of being on committees, usually as chairman.

She has been on the Student Board her second, third and fourth years, the fourth year as editor-in-chief; she was vice-president of the class her third year and thrilled every heart with her soul-stirring twaddle, at the 1920 Class Day exercises. Whenever flowers are to be sent to a sick sufferer, "Bill" is appointed a committee of one to send 'em; when the class wants a sleighride but doesn't want to give up a night to it, "Bill" is appointed to hire the team and arrange for a hotel dinner, and then cancel the orders; when in doubt as to anything whatever "Bill" is appointed as chairman of a committee of investigation—and no one but the chairman has ever been known to do any snooping 'round; as a basket-ball player she's a whirlwind and anyone she sits on remains flattened; in her junior year she was captain of the team and in her senior year, the manager. In short, whenever the class has any work to be done and no one wants to do it, "Bill" is elected as goat.

Thus she has developed, until now, at the point of graduation, she has the proud and well deserved distinction of being the salutatorian of the '21 class.

Next year she plans to teach school—somewhere. Following a year thus devoted to the care of young and budding minds (poor things) she expects to attend Boston University as a student of—something.

Editor-in-chief (4); Student Board (2) (3) (4); Basket-ball (2) (3) (4); Capt. Basket-ball (3); Mgr. Basket-ball (4); Vice-pres. (3); Pro Merito.



Charles Lucas March
"Charlie"

Ashfield, Mass.
April 23, 1904.

"March, march, marching on to vict'ry—"

"Charlie" received his earlier education in the Ashfield schools. Last June he was graduated from Sanderson, carrying all the scholastic honors. Believing that at Arms there was a chance to absorb a little more knowledge, he became one of our members last fall. We welcomed him with open arms; and with open mouths when we heard him reeling off Latin translation, at the rate of three large pages a minute.

"Charlie" doesn't say very much to 'em, but you should see the eyes he makes at the pretty girls (the only ones are in our class); such beautiful, soulful eyes they are, too. And once I found him—oh 'twould be a shame to tell, but some things have brass that don't glitter.

In his studies, "Charlie's" a shark—Pro Merito; n' everything—although he does push sighs and heave bolts, in French.

He plans to invade Williams next fall, and doubtless will finish the four year course by Christmas.

Pro Merito.



Gertrude Mary Mazanec
"Gert"

Turners Falls, Mass.
Jan. 17, 1904.

"You can't stay up with the midnight owl,
And expect to get up with the barnyard fowl.—
And in that case you can't get to school on time."



Turners Falls! Where is that place, anyway? Oh, yes; That's where Gertrude Mazanec was born. When? Why, the seventeenth of January, in the year of our Lord, 1904. Little did her father and mother realize what a specimen they had received when they first beheld that shy Gertrude. Talk about growing quickly,—it seemed but a few days before this little creature had entered the Turners Grammar School, to stay but three years. She was too smart for Turners. Her parents had to go post haste with her for a Grammar School in "big Colrain City"; but again three years was enough for Gertrude at Colrain. (P-st. would be for most anyone, wouldn't it?) Now she was transported to a hill farm in Buckland where there was plenty of room to exercise a mind like hers. She wasn't idle there, for she walked each day over a hilly road to Buckland Grammar School, for a short time, and in the fall of 1917, she entered Arms. She has led a very quiet career here. But a quiet mind is sometimes the wisest. Just listen if you don't agree. French class comes the first period each morning. We have those hateful French verbs. Just about the time Mr. Person finishes with them, Gertrude, late, very carefully opens the door of the French room, only a crack, gives one look with those piercing blue eyes to see that the coast is clear, and then satisfied that verbs are finished, makes a grand dash for her seat. She never has to recite them. How does she get away with it? Oh, you can't find out from her, but there's a reason. It's the result of some of her deep thinking. Very well, Gertrude, an active minds makes good, so here's success to you.

French Club (2) (3).

Robert H. Shields
"Bob"

Greenfield, Mass.
April 19, 1902.

"To flunk or not to flunk,
That is the question."

National census reports, town records, school statistics, and birth reports, all state that "Bob" was born on April 19. We must, therefore, take this date as correct, although it was not until these records had been carefully and thoroughly perused, and their accuracy positively sworn to by noted officials, that the author would believe that "Bob" was not born eighteen days previous to this date.

Not many years after this notable date, Robert made his entrance into Skinner University, in East Shelburne. Here he won the degree of M. D. (Master of Deviltry). This being the highest degree offered by that school, he turned his mischievous steps toward the Center School, from which he was graduated in 1917.

The next fall (after attiring himself in long trousers) he entered Arms Academy. It took the class some time to realize what a sweet dispositioned creature "Bob" was, but when they did, they immediately gave him the job of selling sweet chocolate. He just loves that job!

Ever since he started high school he has been working for a second degree, that of S. B. (Successful Bluffer). Thus far his efforts have been in vain, although he practises constantly. Cheer up, "Bob!" Heaven is not reached at a single bound!

Next year we expect to hear that "Bob" is in the Olympic Games. You never can tell, though, he may decide to set up a candy store and sell milk chocolate!

Football (3); Track Team (3) (4); Capt. Track Team (4); Treas. (4).



Jessie Loretta Shippee
"Jessie"

Griswoldville, Mass.
August 19, 1902.

"I have a woman's reason,
I think him so because I think him so."



As far as we can find out, Jessie attended the grades at Griswoldville. Then she came to Arms and immediately we all agreed that she was a CORKING good girl and could be counted on to be there any time with that dimpled smile with which she is so generous.

She was one of the members of the greatest cooking class that ever stepped or ever will step, through the doors of the domestic science department. She's a master in the culinary art, but that's not all of her accomplishments: she belongs to this year's advanced sewing class, too. They say her tongue can keep up with her needle—and that's going some.

If you ever plan a pageant, ask Jessie how to do a Japanese dance. Maybe she can tell you how it's done without a "hitch."

As to Jessie's future, we are not sure; she may attend "M. A. C." and continue her domestic science work; or to be very "Frank" about it, she may go west and attend college.

Class Poet; Pinafore; Cake Committee.

Agnes Smith
"Sam" "Peg"

Shelburne, Mass.
Feb. 26, 1904.

"I shall not budge an inch."

At 2 P. M. on Friday, the twenty-sixth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four, Agnes' smiling face first greeted this world in the little town of Shelburne, Mass.

She obtained her elementary schooling in the renowned yeast school, situated in one of the rural districts of East Shelburne. While she was in grammar school, Agnes' conduct was entirely irreproachable. She was expelled three times and then only after her conduct became unbearable. Agnes skipped school one day, an act which we think she should not have committed. This school, becoming tired of her company, graduated her in the class of 1917. Arms then took up the difficult task of gaining entrance to her cranium with the barbed shafts of knowledge. (But alas! success is not always possible!)

"Sam" has been a great credit to her class in the past four years. She has taken the Commercial course and can make the typewriter parler Francais. Last year Agnes was our class secretary and treasurer. As she didn't elope with the class bank we regard her as entirely trustworthy. She is a member of the Pro Merito Society. Her name has appeared regularly in the scholarship lists, but that doesn't impress us, because we know that she's office stenographer. It makes us wonder sometimes why she is summoned into the office and stays a whole period. Something must be wrong!

As for her prospects, we take it for granted that they are decided by her course, and that she is headed for a comfortable position as head stenog. in an office. Here's to your success, Agnes!

Sec. and Treas. (3); Pro Merito; Student Board (4).



Paul Russell Smith
"Smithy"

North Attleboro, Mass.
Oct. 8, 1903.

"It ain't no use to grumble 'bout your head,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.
When God sorts out the colors and sends red,
Why red's my choice."

In the little town of North Attleboro, Massachusetts, on the eighth day of October, 1903, there came into this world of sin and sorrow, a little red-haired dumpling of a boy. Proud as Punch of the squawking thing, its parents named it Paul Russell Smith. Mind you, this was no ordinary child. He cried and kicked and everything. In fact this kicking staid with him until now, at the ripe old age of eighteen, he shakes a wicked hoof at every school social he can find. Despairing of ever making North Attleboro appreciate its good fortune, he persuaded his parents to migrate to Shelburne Falls, the well-known utility town. Arriving here August 25, 1918, he entered Arms Academy as a sophomore, with the class of '21. At once he sprang into prominence—his flaming locks were as a bright light in a naughty world—and served faithfully on every social committee thereafter.

But you musn't smile at his scarlet crest—there's a reason. Bones are twenty-five per cent phosphorus and you know how phosphorus glows. Sh—he might hear you! As cheer-leader he was a howling success and swept us on to victory at the Greenfield Track Meet in September. Of all the handsome youths in the '21 class, he was one of two victims chosen to lead the class of 1920 in their last victorious march. And he wasn't "one of the least of these" on the student board; he was joke-editor or something.

His sole aim in life is to travel, travel, travel.

"I want to sail the wide world 'round,"

Is what he said to me,

"And go to lands that ain't been found,

To see what I can see."

Oh, dear, I bet 'twas Henty done it!

He has blood-thirsty designs on the harmless Stoic (ask Smithy what that is) for he wants a coat of "Stoic fur" if he has to go to "Comus" fur it.

But Smith's all right, and if you say anything else you'll have half the girls in school to deal with.

Cheer leader; Student Board (4).



Ruth Wells Smith
"Shorty"

Shelburne, Mass.
July 23, 1902.

"We in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new."

If we have been correctly informed, Ruth was first urged along the flowery path of knowledge at the East School in Shelburne. Thous she lives within a stone's throw of Greenfield, she made a very wise decision by attending Arms instead of going to the institution of learning of our neighbor over the mountain. We admit that she would have had a greater choice of masculinity there, but nevertheless we think there have been sufficient numbers sitting on the left-hand side of the assembly room to satisfy her wants. Ruth's motto is, "A new one every quarter."

Class statisticians have been at work for the last three weeks trying to arrive at a fair estimate of the number of miles Ruth has traveled while attending Arms. At last they have agreed. They state that she has held the reins for nine thousand, six hundred twenty-one and a half miles. We suggest that the Smith girls buy a Harey-Davidson motorcycle so their journey can be made with more ease.

We don't know what Ruth's future plans are, but we imagine she will be somebody's stenog.—for better or for worse.



Barbara Temple
"Bob"

Rutland, Vt.,
April 12, 1901.

"My one aim is life is to be comfortable."



Years ago Rutland, Vt., was startled by the appearance of this fair-headed child. No such prize as this could remain away from Shelburne Falls for long, and soon Barbara made her debut into the society of this place. At seven years of age she began her school career at the Buckland Grammar School. Soon after her entrance into that institution, her sister, Esther, began school. Any one who knows Esther will realize the task put upon Barbara's shoulders when she was given charge over her younger sister. For a time she worked diligently to subdue her sister's restless spirit and then, in utter despair, she gave up the case as hopeless and sank into silent tolerance of her sister's wild deeds. It was in this quiet, impassive mood that she entered Arms Academy four years ago and to date she has not changed one bit.

We have no idea what "Bob" is planning to do in the future, but we'll stake our money on one point, and that is that she will be comfortable.

French Club (2) (3).

Esther Temple
"Tis"

Greenfield, Mass.
May 14, 1903.

"Softly her fingers wander o'er
The yielding planks of the ivory floor."

"My name's Esther Temple and my father's a butcher," is Esther's usual reply when questioned regarding her identity. We're glad he is one, too, for when we have a frankfort roast we know just where to look for the hot dogs.

Although she was born in Greenfield, it didn't take her long to journey to Shelburne Falls. After absorbing all the knowledge Buckland Grammar School could impart, she came to Arms, hoping to enlarge her brain a little and find some excitement. It wasn't long before her fame as a typist began to spread and she has now received several certificates, a card case, and a Remington gold medal for speed and efficiency. (We always knew she was speedy). But "Tis" doesn't spend all her time typewriting, for she has played basket-ball the past season and has proved her value to the team. We can still hear her frantically calling, "Vi-o-O-la!" when undecided where to throw the ball. Why she didn't attend the basket-ball banquet is still a mystery, because eating is one of her strong points.



Esther was once voted the class beauty. (Think what a looking bunch the rest of us must be!) Usually beauty is only skin deep, but in this case it extends to the vocal organs as well. On top of all of these honors "Tis" was blessed with enough grey matter to win her honorable mention at graduation.

From her present employment we conclude that her secret ambition is to dethrone the Superintendent of Schools, and to occupy that position herself.

Asst. Ed. (4); Student Board (1) (2) (3) (4); Sec. (1) (4); Pro Merito; Basket ball (4).

Gerald Thayer Thompson

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

"Thompy"

Sept. 24, 1903.

Shelburne Historical Society

But yet she listened—'tis enough,
Who listens once will listen twice;
Have courage, Thompy, Peggy's nice,
And one refusal's no rebuff.

Alas, alack, it's all too true, it never rains but it pours. On the morning of the twenty-fourth of September, 1903, four Shelburne Falls people died, and in the afternoon Gerald Thompson was born. Verily, misfortunes come not singly. The neighbors, most all of whom were old maids, smiled indulgently (he was such a pretty boy!) until the young cub grew large enough to throw stones. Then, many and varied were the imprecations heaped on his tousled head, but one and all agreed that his permanent residence would ultimately be in the suburbs of Ossining, N. Y.

But in spite of all temptation
To belong to this high station,
He remained in Shelburne Falls.



At the Baker School he made a fine showing, being always on time, and seldom leaving until long after the other boys had been allowed to go. As a scholar he was the pride of his teachers; he passed in nearly all his subjects and finished the grammar school course in time to enter Arms with the class of '21. Here he was neither a comet nor a falling star, being more of the modest violet type, but at the beginning of his senior year the presidential grappling hook caught him and landed him gasping in the Chair, so that "since practickly all the class practickly voted for him for president he was practickly certain that he ought to accept the office." As a basketball player Thompy served his school and class most nobly. His one big weakness, if it may be called weakness, is one of the Coombs twins, and although we said that Thompy was no shooting-star, we have to admit he does go mooning around as much as Willy Baxter. In baseball he is somewhat hindered by his eyes (altho it's strange how far away he can recognize that Coombs girl), but even so, he is there with a wallop.

Thompy plans to conquer the world sometime, and there's no doubt of his ultimate success if he lives long enough.

Pres. (4); Baseball (3) (4); Basket ball (4).

Viola Ruth Tyler

"Vi"

Lexington, Mass.

March 16, 1902.

Her skirts were never full and low,
That excellent thing in woman.

It is a common saying that the greatest men have never been known. That this is also true of women may be proved by asking anyone outside of Shelburne Falls, who Viola Tyler is. Born, March 16, 1902, she refused to grant an interview to the waiting reporters (how do such men recognize the approach of genius?) but bawled heartily for some powder—her nose was all red. The long dresses of babyhood were a constant trial; they were too long. But what could one do against a couple of New England parents, one of whom never exposed her ankle to the public eye and the other of whom never wore skirts at all? At an early age she began her schooling at the Lawrence Kindergarten. Here she learned something, perhaps, and passed on into the grammar school. But the call of the West was strong, and on October 21, 1916, the entire family moved to Shelburne Falls.

In 1917 she entered Arms Academy with the class of '21. Here she has acquitted herself most nobly. Claimed in her freshman year by a mighty junior, she was left in her own junior year without a man. It must be said that "Vi" has remained true to his memory; Penelope had nothing on "Vi."

Although "Vi" is taking the commercial course, her talent as an amateur actress, as shown in the play, "H.M.S. Pinafore," which was given in 1917, might well merit cultivation. As a first-row kicker she would be a wonderful success.

But her energies have not all been confined to the stage or to man. In her junior year she was on the Student Board and this, her senior year, finds her, with one other, a typist for that most illustrious sheet. As vice-president of her class, and chairman of the social committee in different years, she has shown her ability to grace any position.

In athletics she shone forth with a pure white light, playing on the basket-ball team her second, third, and fourth years; incidentally she was captain of the team her fourth year. And we must not forget the splendid service rendered as co-cheer-leader with Paul Smith. Rowdy-dow!

"Vi's" plans are not known to the anxious public, but if truth were told, she probably has designs on some poor-fated wretch. "Vi" is the vamp of the class, with paint, powder, rouge, lipstick, everything to make that "skin you love to touch." But say, without "Vi" all the boys would get so sick of school that the class of '21 would number only the twelve girls and me. (Girls don't bother me none.)

Vice-Pres. (2); Basket-ball (2) (3) (4); Captain of Basket-ball (4); Student Board (3) (4); Pinafore.



Shelburne Historical Society



SENIOR HISTORY

In the fall of 1917, when Arms Academy opened her doors to the incoming freshmen, she little realized what great merits that class of thirty-seven members possessed. However, the upper classmen soon began to sit up and take notice, when under our honorable president, Ezra Coburn, we started to show our mettle. At the first meeting we chose our class flower, the violet; our class colors, blue and white; and our class motto, "Strive to Succeed."

At first we felt quite small and insignificant among so many students who tried to impress us with their learning, but we soon found that they were not so wise as they appeared to be; and as we grew accustomed to our surroundings, we learned to disregard the heartless gibes and teasing of the sophomores. They immediately found that it took more than the mere name "Pea Green Freshie" to abash us. Our first social was the freshman reception given by the seniors. Later in the year we tried our own hand at giving a social, and needless to say, it was a great success.

Mr. Cummings we found to be an admirable principal; sociable, energetic, and jolly, the kind of a man we usually characterize as a "good all around sport." As a class, we of nineteen twenty-one have little doubt that Mr. Cummings

himself, although he may not have mentioned it, appreciated his exalted position as principal over such an unusually gifted class as ours. The arrival of June marked the successful end of our first stage at Arms.

The following September we returned to Arms with the same ambition, spirit, and loyalty which characterized our first year's work. In spite of the small enrollment of twenty-five members, which is twelve less than the preceding year, the class kept its customary wise judgment and elected Arlington Johnson for the responsible position of president. It was during the winter of this second year that our friend, Mr. Cummings, resigned as principal to accept a business position in town. We feel quite sure that Mr. Cummings' sorrow was doubled with the knowledge that he was no longer to advise our talented class. The class of nineteen twenty-one shared with the school in the appreciation of his good work. Our new principal, Mr. Vose, we soon grew to respect and to admire as a man of unusual judgment and ability. The arrival of June found every one ready for vacation, and we adjourned, looking back with pride on our past records.

We began our third year in September, 1919, as jolly juniors, and started at once to maintain our old standards. Though the smallest class in school (we were only

twenty-seven) we kept things moving, for didn't we elect Harold Cary as our leader? If by any chance Harold's studious quietness around school has deceived you, you ought to have seen him in class meetings. He could give points to President Harding himself. We demonstrated our great school spirit and athletic ability at the Greenfield Fair Track Meet, where our class representatives won twenty-seven and one-half out of the fifty-four points credited to the school, in addition to winning the relay cup alone. In football our letter men were Coburn and Shields.

With the coming of November, we decided to liven things up by giving our Junior Prom. We couldn't keep our feet still for a week before or a week after, and if you don't believe it, just ask the teachers. In February, our president, the aforesaid Harold, entertained the whole class at his home in Colrain, an event which nineteen twenty-one will remember to their dying days. The faculty taught us how to play pool; we taught the faculty what we could do when free from school discipline. Perhaps they realized then, that we had been behaving the best we could in class. Lest from the foregoing you may think that all we did was play, we assure you that our scholarship was high, as our records will show. In athletics we suddenly achieved fame. Our men were on every team. Under the leadership of Harold Cary, we finished our junior year with a glowing record.

Last fall, after our summer vacation, we re-entered the doors of Arms Academy the last time. As reverend seniors we held our first meeting for the election of class officers, Gerald Thompson, president, and Agnes Call, vice-president. The roll call then diminished to twenty-two members. However, we again proved to the school that even as dignified seniors, we were still 100 per cent loyal by redoubling our efforts to defeat Greenfield High School at the annual track meet at the September fair. Due mainly to the work of our athletes under Captain Shields, we were victorious, winning two of the three cups and seventy-one points to our rivals' sixty-one. As before, we were well represented in basket-ball and baseball.

In scholarship, which is perhaps after all, the most important, the percentage

of senior names in the "A" and "B" classes on the scholarship list is the highest in school. As for our business abilities: we have Harold Cary as manager of the baseball team; Earle Belanger as clerk in March's Pharmacy, and Arlington Johnson as manager of the **Student** and floor walker in Innis' clothing store. Last November, we had a corn roast through the hospitality of Ruth and Agnes Smith at their farm, where we all enjoyed one of the finest social times ever experienced together as a class.

As we look back upon our four years our convictions deepen that as a class, we of nineteen twenty-one have much cause for pride. In looking forward we can promise our loyalty to the school of which we have been a part.

G. T., '21.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling—

When Mrs. Persons' eyes give out in geometry!

When John Temple "didn't get that far!"

When Barbara gets the wrong book from the library!

When Columbus Day arrives on the twenty-first of February!

When Johnson gets filled up on hot dogs!

When you witness black crepe on Mr. Person's door!

When you take charge of the class temporarily!

When you discover that your name adorns the corner of the announcement board!

When you come to class unprepared and Belanger takes up the whole period with one of his arguments!

When assembly is held in the "Gym" and those excellent marches commence!

When the teacher opens the window on a zero morning!

When you come to English with your poems unmemorized and some visitors occupy the period addressing the class!

When the faculty becomes a matrimonial bureau!

IVY ADDRESS

Of all the customs of graduation, there is none more beautiful than that of planting the ivy. At this time the class, which for four years has felt the influ-

ence of the school, leaves its ivy to become a part of the school itself, a symbol that the class has become a part of the larger school, the Alumni.

This ivy which we plant today is but a slender slip, yet alive and ready to grow. The roots will force themselves downward, sending strength to the growing leaves above them. The vine with clinging tendrils will rise and spread. Its tender buds will turn to glossy leaves and add their beauty to these bare walls. So firm will be the hold of the vine that no rough wind of summer, or storm of winter will loosen it.

Tradition has made the ivy the symbol of loyalty. In its early life it might easily be destroyed. In our first years we have little affection for the school we attend. But as the ivy roots itself in the ground, so our love for the school begins. It rises and clings to the little incidents of everyday. As the ivy beautifies the walls, so the love of her students is the crowning beauty of the school. As the vine resists the efforts of the wind to loosen it, so is it impossible to separate our love from our Alma Mater.

The whole life of the ivy is like the life of a student. As the ivy grows in size and strength, so do we gain in personality and power. The ivy grows slowly and steadily; its progress is not rapid, but its goal is sure. Likewise we must work earnestly and diligently to attain our true place.

The tendrils of the ivy cling to the walls of the school. May we, the class of twenty-one, hold the ideals and high standards that Arms has set for us!

The efforts of the ivy are ceaseless and untiring. The result of its efforts gives pleasure to all who behold it. So we must not be selfish in our attainment, but must see that our efforts give pleasure to others, to help them and make them better.

The ivy prospers under difficulties. The winds that seek to loosen it drive its roots deeper. May we be as courageous; let us meet misfortune with unconquerable determination.

In all these ways our life resembles the life of the ivy. There is, however, one way in which we are different: we leave the school while the ivy remains. Although we leave the school, our love for it continues. As you watch the growth of the ivy, may you remember that our affection for our school, like it, flourishes and constantly increases.

Florence Carpenter, '21.

Twenty Years From Now—

Ruth Smith will be teaching Civics class. Class of 1941 will be graduating.

Donelson will have a lot of chickens.

Coburn will be able to play his fiddle.

Thompson will be pulling teeth by the dozens.

Jessie Shippee will be an opera singer.

Colrain Sunday car will run on time.

Vi will be tired of her powder puff.

Johnson will still have an appetite.

Belanger will have a geometry book published.

Cary will be president of Williams College.

No deportment cards will be issued.

Mr. Person will have grown a beard.

1921 IVY SONG

The years slip away with their study and play;
 Our days at old Arms are o'er;
 The classrooms and halls with their sheltering walls,
 Shall echo our joy no more.
 But deep in our hearts is a place set apart,
 For Arms we will love for aye;
 Of friends we have made not a mem'ry shall fade,
 As blithely we go our way.
 An offering today is our ivy so gay;
 Let its tendrils creep and cling,
 Undaunted to grow through the sunshine or snow,
 A proof of our love to bring.
 The ivy's soft green shall embower our queen,
 The school which we leave today,
 In beauty 'twill soar, rise all obstacles o'er,
 Our tribute of homage pay.

Jessie Shippee, '21.



Shelburne Historical Society

The Juniors

THE JUNIORS

Of course the class of '22 entered Arms as freshmen—but that's not important, all the classes have done that—even the seniors did—but as you'd expect, we were the snappiest freshmen class that Arms has ever seen.

We started with the amazing number of sixty-four, almost too big for the faculty to handle, and elected as our President—but why bore you with details—if you don't know about it, look it up—that's what the teachers tell us—there are lively accounts of all our actions as freshmen and sophomores in the two previous *Students*; I want to tell you about the present year.

This, the third year of our high school life has been, as it should be, the most successful of our school career. Last fall we gave the snappiest corn roast imaginable, roasting frankforts and each other as well as corn. Then in the latter part of December, in order to keep the alumni in close fellowship with old Arms, we gave a dance and reception for them. The Colonial orchestra furnished the music. Everyone proclaimed the social the success of the season.

Last fall on account of the insufficient number of men out for football, we had no team, but of the group that came out over half were from the class of '22.

In basket-ball, we starred. Three of the regular five, one of whom was captain, and one "sub," besides the manager, "Eddy" Joyce, were from our class. As a result we won fifteen, out of nineteen games, and had, as you know, the high scorer of the Independent Valley League, "Howdy" Cardwell, in seventeen games getting 325 points against the 320 of Roberts of the Sacred Heart in twenty-one games. But besides high scorer, we had the best and hardest working manager in Western Massachusetts, "Eddy" Joyce. He's not only manager of the basket-ball team, but is writing for the leading papers as well as clerking in one of the town stores, and is holding his place as one of our star students.

Besides athletes we have three noted farmers in the Agricultural Department. Preston Davenport, Wilfred Smith, and Earl White have taken many of the leading prizes at Greenfield, Springfield and Worcester, on vegetables, baby-beef raising, and in cattle-judging. They will.

without doubt, be the up-to-date farmers of this locality a few years hence.

Probably you have heard the Arms orchestra play and undoubtedly have wondered what, in particular, made such fine music. Now there are two reasons for that: first, the conductor, Mr. Brigham; and second, that out of eleven players in the orchestra, six, or over half, are from the junior class. Lila Johnson shows remarkable skill in handling the piano. John Temple is another skilled musician; he can trill a clarinet like a sparrow. He is so musical that he sings in the church choir every Sunday. Ethel Coburn belongs to us, but you've all heard her wonderful music and can judge that for yourselves.

We are not altogether lacking in studies either, having eight members of the class eligible for the Pro Merito Society for next year. They are Lila Johnson, Clara Strohecker, Emily Thompson, Dorothy Warfield, Marian Wheeler, Pearl Woodward, Edward Joyce and John Temple.

Throughout, we have tried to keep the alumni and friends of Arms in close fellowship with each other and with the students; we have taken the things that we have learned in school into our daily work; we have carried our love for good sportsmanship and clean play into our athletics; we have tried not only to keep, but to promote, the old "Arms Spirit." With this record for our first three years, we have splendid opportunity for the year ahead.

Why We Are Glad To Be Juniors—

Because there's safety in numbers.
 Because we like good company.
 Because the class dues are only a dollar.
 Because of prestige with freshman girls.
 Because we don't have to make a living selling chocolate and bothering the lives out of friends and neighbors.
 Because 1922 class meetings are few and far between.
 Because we're not faculty "pets."
 Because we can lord it over three classes next year.
 Not to have all our sins shown up in **Student** biographies.
 Because we have outgrown the pomposity of sophomores and the ignorance of freshmen.

Because we have the makings of a basket-ball team.

Because it's so hard to be dignified.

Because we still have a year more of grace.

Favorite Occupations—

Cardwell—Carpentering.

Monahan—Barbering.

Geiger—Playing Indian, so as to be on the Warfield.

Belanger—Being late.

Sawyer—Englishing.

Amidons—Repairing the Chevrolet.

Roberts—Flirting with department cards

Stafford—Inventing an automatic alarm clock for Belanger.

E. Cromack—Trisecting an arc.

Avery—A splendid Smithy.

Thompson—Robbing the junior class.

Joyce—Singing "Margie."

Griswold—Nights at the Temple's.

W. Barnard—Getting over the Agriculture table.

A. Cromack—Getting under the Agriculture table.

Johnson—Holding Kinear scoreless.

Junior History Class—Passing through the freshman room.

Amidon—Having his lights go out so he can stay all night.

Mr. McCarthy—Shipp-ing.

Miss Turner—Book(er) keeping,—or teaching juniors shorthand.

Reuben Call—Making horse-radish.

We'll Never Tell—

Who joined the marines.

What Mr. Meekins said when he saw the confetti.

Who came from Boarden Town.

Which of the twins sat on the doorstep with Thompy.

Who went for a stroll in the jungle.

Hank—When there's a special car coming.

Whom Johnson went walking with.

With whom Temple rode in the fliver.

How many department cards we'd have if they were not automatically reduced.

Why Miss Lyman knows all the Howes and wherefores.

When Dick is coming to school.

Where Emily goes to see Neal.

Who talks in assembly.

Which of the Marians is still child enough to play with a Teddy.

THE USUAL THING

One day at Arms I made a call
And chose a pleasant seat;
For in the large assembly hall
I knew the school would meet.

The principal with dignity
Began the roll to call,
When sounds quite clearly came to me
Of footsteps in the hall.

The noise increased incessantly;
I looked about in dread;
Yet no one seemed to hear but me,
And no one turned his head.

But still the footsteps nearer grew;
I heard them on the stair,—
Yet no one seemed as if he knew,
At least he didn't care.

I surely must be going mad, .
I felt a sudden fear;
That I should hear such sounds was bad
When no one else could hear.

But no, it wasn't my mistake,
For in the room they came,—
Thirty or forty it would make
If each I were to name.

I turned and to the teacher said,
"Isn't this most singular?"
She only smiled and shook her head,—
"It's just the Colrain car!"

Ruth Davenport, '22.

THE 1922 CORN ROAST

On the afternoon of October 9, about thirty-five of the class of 1922 met at the Academy to go to a corn roast at Helen Long's.

At the start there was a mad rush for seats in the cars; in some were only eight or ten occupants while others were packed with four or five. Everybody laughed and talked at once.

After a hilarious ride, the cars were left near the pasture, and the edibles were carried to a large rock beside which the fire was to be built. It was not unusual to see two people laboriously carrying a small basket of paper or some other weighty object, while someone else carried a whole sack of corn alone, both equally unconscious of any incongruity.

As soon as the lunch had been unloaded from the cars, everybody turned stoker and commenced to bring wood for fires. Someone suggested that it would be nice to have a circle of fires, but as

soon as wood for two was brought, even the more enthusiastic decided that two fires would be sufficient.

The first fire was built on the lower side of the fore-mentioned rock, where a small arch had previously been constructed. The second and larger fire was built higher up on the knoll. After the fires were well under way and some quantity of coals had been formed, there was a lively competition to see who would get his frankfort down first. In the rush, frankforts were often picked up from the ground rather the worse for the contact, but a minor detail of that nature passed unnoticed.

After lunch came the supposedly funniest part of the whole roast—the jokes. We learned from one what man likes better than his life, and from another, and not without some embarrassment, what sandwiches were made for. Aaron Cromack and the vice-president of the class starred particularly in these.

As the jokes began to wane someone shouted for games. There was a stampede as everybody rushed for a place in the rapidly forming circle. Each entered into drop-the-handkerchief, and three or four other games with the old class spirit, but in spite of that fact, or perhaps because of it, there was not a small number inside the circle paying forfeits.

After this vigorous exercise, everybody was tired out and resumed his seat at the fire. Then in this less strenuous mood we sang some of the old Arms songs and followed these by snappy class yells. Both were given with the spirit which distinguishes Arms students, and must be echoing still among the Shelburne hills.

THE JUNIOR AND THE MOUSE

Unconscious of the numberless eyes fixed on him, a sturdy Junior strolls calmly into the study hall. Taking a sheet of paper from the desk, he travels up the aisle to his seat. On arriving at his destination he sits down, picks up a book from his desk, and is about to study it. Then comes a gasp of horror from the unsuspecting youth. His face pales and his hands tremble frightfully. But what is the cause? Oh, Ted, we'd love to tell, but we wouldn't be mean enough to let people know just how much an innocent little mouse can startle you.



The Sophomores

- President Donald Cary
 Vice-President Maurine Johnson
 Secretary Elizabeth Loomis
 Treasurer Kenneth Benton
 Class Motto "Smile and Win"
 Class Colors Purple and Gold
 Class Flower Purple Iris

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '23

When we, the class of 1923, entered Arms as freshmen, we had an enrolment of sixty-six members.

Wilfred Miller, our class student, held the first place on the "A" scholarship list, also receiving the prize offered for the best student in the freshman class. Eleanor Gilchrest also held an honorable position in the "A" scholarship group.

Our class was well represented on the basket-ball and baseball squads, by Edward Feige, who was even smaller then than he is now; Raymond Smead, another of our small, but active members; Harry Brown, a great athlete of the class; and by Preston Redfern, a professional twirler. A number of girls, who are also athletically inclined went out for the basket-ball squad; "Micky" Goodell,

one of the stars of the team, among them.

In our turn we gave an enjoyable social to the school and faculty. We completed our first year at Arms with fifty-one members.

When we returned to Arms as sophomores, we were fewer in number, but greater in spirit. Miller and Eleanor Gilchrest continued to show the other classes that the class of '23 is a studious one, by receiving their "A's" in the classrooms.

With Feige as our captain and Redfern in the box, we entered the "Fall Inter-Class Baseball League," and won third place in the league. Although we did not win many games, it helped our boys to get in practice for the coming baseball season in the spring.

A number of our members entered for basket-ball squads. Elizabeth Loomis, who gained a position on the first team, and "Mickey" Goodell, who was not able to play a great deal because of poor health, represented the girls of our class; while for boys, there were Edward Feige and Harry Brown.

Feige and Brown were out this spring for the baseball squad, and succeeded in making the first team. Brown was laid up for some time at the beginning of the season by a strained ligament, but was soon back on the squad.

We attended many enjoyable socials during the year, and gave a very successful one on the fifteenth of April. Our social committee, of which Feige is the chairman, arranged a fine program and trimmed the hall with our class colors, "Purple and Gold." Everyone had an enjoyable evening.

Although we have lost many of our members since our enrolment, we still have a number of standbys, and by faithfully following our chosen motto, "Smile and Win," we expect to successfully advance for the two years to come, until we shall be dignified seniors and welcome the freshies at Arms.

THE SOPHOMORE SOCIAL

On Thursday evening, April 15, the class of 1923 held its social.

Shortly after eight o'clock the orchestra started playing, and the ordeal of the receiving line began. As I was an usher, the privilege of shaking hands with our principal and classmates was forfeited.

The grand march was led by our president and vice-president, who seemed to think that we wished to march all night. They did nothing worse than to make us slightly dizzy, however.

The next number on the program was a waltz, and two or three more dances followed this. As there were not enough couples on the floor to make it crowded, the social went along smoothly until intermission.

At this time ice cream and wafers were served, and seven or eight of us were kept busy dishing out these delicacies to the hungry crowd.

I handled so much money that my brain was in a whirl, and I expected to

dream of hoarding up gold and silver when I fell asleep that night.

After a short period the dancing began again, including one cut-out march, and continued until after ten o'clock. The soft strains of "Home, Sweet Home," played by the orchestra, soon told us that "good-nights" were in order.

With the exception of a small number who were gathering the "left-overs" from the refreshments, the people were soon on the way home, although there is no telling what time many arrived at their destination.

On close inspection, those of us who had remained found that the greater part of the ice cream had been sold, and that we had not gone in debt. We, therefore, decided that the social had been very successful.

E. G., '23.

The Joys of Being a Sophomore

"Silly Sophomores" is our name,
We are glad to say;
For we keep this school alive
All the live-long day.

When a joke is heard in class
We are always there,—
Laughing, giggling, all the time,
Not a single care.

When we giggle, 'tis the fault
Of no one but us;
Who can help it when he knows
He must laugh or "bust"?

SOME STORY

Seven silly sailors started searching southern seas, seeking six sisters, seldom seen since summer. Steve sailed southward. Sam, simple simpleton, stood stark still, shivering slightly. Saul steamed silently seaward sketching scenes showing silvery sunsets. Stevie, sensible sailor, seeing several sharks, sailed swiftly shoreward seeking safe shelter. Simple Simon stood staring, singing some silly songs. Suddenly Sumner saw Susan's skiff slipping seaward. Sam, swimming swiftly, saved Susan.

Seaman Sheldon signaled Sam: "Sarah safe, search Savannah. Sophie sells sea shells, spices, silks, somewhere south.

Stella suffered serious sunstroke sometime since summer. Shall sail soon."

Steve, still searching, saw silk-slipped Sylvia sitting sociably selling souvenirs. She said Sybil sewed silk shirts sometimes.

Steve summoned sympathetic sailors, sending Saul several signals: "Stop silly search. Six sisters safe."

F. Cromack, '23.

Shelburne Historical Society

PROBLEMS

How much did the Sophomores learn last year?

To Solve By Geometry:

Given: An ideal husband.

To find: His equal.

Result: Impossible.

Howes Miss Lyman? Who put the "woo" in Worcester?

What should we do if we didn't have a farmer in the class to set Miss Lyman right on agricultural questions?

Is Ed. Feige bashful? We are Apte to think he is not.

Miss Hopkins in Latin class: "What does 'Alma' mean, Shaw?"

Shaw: She spoke so low I didn't hear her say anything."

When we get to be brave Juniors,

We'll stand up for our rights,

We'll never cram for an exam,

When teacher goes out nights.

THE FIFTH CARD

I saw Mr. Vose coming in my direction. In his hand he held a Department Card. It was white and about 3x6 inches. It was very contagious—for example—it made me turn white also. It made me feel **awful** queer. My teeth shook, and my toes chattered, and my ears played tag with my nose. Usually one's hair gets a little ruffled, but mine just stood up straight like a Hallowe'en cat's. I saw no more sunshine, blue daffodils, red grass or the green sky—I saw only darkness. Night was around me as I made for the doorway. Suddenly—— I awoke to find it all a dream.

Ads You Never Saw in the "Transcript"

Wanted—Friends. Any one with a Car.

For Sale—Several athletic letters and sweaters. Reasons for selling—Modesty.

Notice—Will exchange two Nick Carters; four department cards, 1921 model. Charles Roberts.

Wanted—Fountain Pens. James W. Vose.

Lost—Nine baseball players; last seen defeating Greenfield 6 to 5 on campus, May 16. Reward if returned before April 19th, 1922, to A. M. McCarthy.

Wanted—A lively junior to aid the senior class. Pres. Gerald T. Thompson.

For Rent—Coal Bin, formerly used by Manual Training Department. C. Meekins.

Lost—Better Monday's Club. Return to Mr. Vose or Pro Merito Society.

Wanted—After June 2, 1921, a substitute for the class of 1921. No freshie accepted. Alma Mater.

Wanted—At beginning of next school year, "Tom" Sawyer's equal. Any Member of his English Classes.

For Sale—Modern History text book; also thesis on "How to Trisect an Arc;" also large skull cap. Elwin Cromack.

Wanted—A winning basket-ball team for 1921-22 season. Capt. John Temple.

Lost—Passed ball. "Billy" Woods.

Maybe Egg-Plants

Question on Gen. Science Exam: "What good do cold storage plants do?"

Answer: "Cold storage plants grow better than other plants because they can grow when it is cold."

Thoughtful

Mr. Vose to Mr. Stanford: "Will one of the boys in the manual training class oil the hinges on the office door? They squeak so Belanger can't sleep in the study hall."



Shelburne Historical Society

The Freshmen

OUR FRESHMAN CLASS

Last September when we entered school, most of us were rather proud to think that we were high school students. We were rather nervous, at least the boys were, the first day or two. Most of us were ducked, but it wasn't just the ceremony it was last year. Ducking is a good thing in some ways, for it tames a fellow down considerably.

We had a class meeting two weeks later and organized. We were green at it, and it took some time. The president left the school later in the year, and we had to choose a new one. He isn't very satisfactory, but as long as we elected him we'll have to stand it.

In February we tried to have a sleigh ride; all the other classes did for that matter. But although we were ready, the snow wasn't, and when the snow was, we weren't.

When the sleigh ride melted into thin air, we had a class meeting. There it was proposed that we have a sugar eat. It was to be in the middle of March. The middle of March has passed long ago, but we haven't had that sugar eat yet.

We didn't have any social. The other classes took all the good dates, but there are other years coming, and we'll have our chance later.

For the last week or two everybody has been rather anxious as to whether he would pass or not. Examinations are trying at times; especially when trout bite well or when baseball games take place near home.

We have all liked Arms,—perhaps better than grammar school. I think on the whole the sophomores have been pretty good to us, at least much better than most of us expected. Some of us have brothers or sisters, and all of us have friends, in the class. Probably if all threats had been carried out, we would have been nearly exterminated, but we are still here and are ready for another year.

J. F., '24.

MY FIRST DAY AT ARMS

On the morning of my first day at Arms, I awoke early, for I had been looking forward to it for some time. I was very happy, but mixed with my joy

were a few vague fears, and on the way to school they kept growing steadily. I thought of the duckings and all the other things which I had heard were done to poor freshmen. Of course I tried not to show these fears, but I doubt my success.

When I reached the building I entered with several other freshmen, not without secret fears, but nothing happened and no one seemed to notice us. We went up the stairs very quietly, looking about us, for some of us had never been at Arms before. At the head of the stairs we came to a large room, where we knew we belonged, and I slipped into a vacant chair. Presently a bell rang, and we went downstairs to the main room, where the rest of the school were assembled. They greeted us with hand-clapping which somewhat disconcerted us. After the exercises we went back upstairs.

From the blackboard we copied the numbers or letters of the rooms where our classes were held and the period in which they came. I did not know where any of the rooms were, but not being bashful about inquiring, I soon learned my way about.

In the classes the teachers made pleasant speeches, telling us that they hoped we would like the work, and how proud our parents would be if we got high marks, and that they would help us, and make the work as easy for us as they could, and a number of other things. Meanwhile they did not neglect to give out lessons for the next day, mentioning them in an off-hand way, just as if they were not about a mile long and did not take several hours of preparation.

When recess came I was still rather fearful of being ducked. I didn't get ducked that day, but remember, I am writing about the first day only.

When school was out, I went home, to study and study and finally to heave a great sigh of relief, to put up my books and to tumble into bed, devoutly hoping that things would be easier the next day.

Altogether, although I did not enjoy it as much as I might have, it was a great day, and I think, one of the greatest in my life.

Ellesworth Barnard, '24.

THE FRESHMAN'S STORY

It's best to be a Freshman,
With four whole years of cheer,
Since every year that passes,
Will make our school more dear.

The Sophomores are very good,
Of them we have no fear,
For we are hardy Freshmen,
And put them in the rear.

The Juniors are a jolly lot,
But jollier are we,
So when you want a merry time
We'll suit you to a T.

The Seniors are exceptions,
For dignified they are,
But when it comes to studies,
We beat them all by far.

Now when you've read the merits
Of other classes through,
You'll find by lively thinking,
That we're the class for you.

W. O. S., '24.

SOME DAY WE WILL:

Put the Freshman Class on the map.
Haze the incoming Freshmen.
Get even with the Sophomores.
Get more department cards.
All be on the Honor Roll.
Be jollier than the Juniors.
Look as dignified as the Seniors.
Grow up.
Graduate.

CLASS "A" SCHOLARSHIP GROUPS (All Marks Over 90)

1st Quarter	2nd Quarter
H. Cary	M. Barwell
E. Gilchrist	H. Cary
L. Leonard	D. Cardwell
W. Miller	E. Gilchrist
	L. Leonard
	W. Miller
3rd Quarter	
M. Bardwell	
D. Cardwell	
H. Cary	
E. Gilchrist	
C. March	
L. Leonard	
L. Leonard	
W. Miller	

School Life

AN IMPERFECT DAY

March 21, 1921.

Student:

Our English teacher told us that we must write something for *The Student*, so I referred myself to "Webster," and found that student is "one who studies." That's about all I do; hence I think my English teacher was wise when she chose this subject for me, so that I could tell you, whoever you are who study, some of the terrible difficulties I get into every day. May you profit by them from my diary of one day at Arms!

The Diary

School started at 8.20. I reached school just 8.30—in time to hear our history teacher singing a vigorous solo. Everyone was supposed to sing, but the teacher was about the only one who was not looking in a book to get the last glimpse of a lesson, hence the reason she was singing unaccompanied. I heard the principal murmur that something didn't show much respect for exercises. I wondered if he meant her singing. I then hastened into the principal's office to explain my yesterday's absence and this morning's tardiness. I said, "It's this way, Mr. Vose: Yesterday morning when I took my books from the shelf, I found the 'Odyssey' among them, and this inscription was written within it: 'Failure to read book by—means '0'!' Well, I stayed out of school, and read all day and night until I finished that ancient relic." Now, what do you suppose he did? He said that one who stayed out of school to read a book would get '0' in that lesson anyway, besides staying in for detention. Conclusion: Don't ever read the "Odyssey." You get "0" whether you read it or not.

First Period

Reached French class just on time. Had translation. I had to translate first. Everything went all right until I said, "He **pushed** a sigh." Everyone laughed. Belanger (he's a fellow who likes to make suggestions) said that "heaved a

sigh" would be better than "pushed." Of course I agreed. But you look up the verb "pousser," and you'll find it means "pushed." Conclusion: Remember to say you "heave a sigh." You know a sigh is something farmers use to mow grass with.

Second Period.

Ancient History! 'Twas very cold in the room. The teacher sat on the radiator. No, she didn't long, because the radiator was slightly hot. You ought to have seen the expression that came over her face! I did very well in history. Always do; at least the teacher thinks so. It's kind of nice to get on the good side of the teachers. It's sort of the influence of evil over them sometimes, though. You know Milton tells in "Comus" how evil influences some people. Conclusion: If you ever become a teacher, remain at your desk. Don't sit on the radiators.

Third Period.

Had an argument in Math. It became so uproarious that the teacher was asked by another teacher to close her door. Thompson (he's one of the pupils) tried to advise the teacher on giving out lessons. Someway she seemed to think she didn't need any of his assistance. Conclusion: Don't advise your teachers.

Fourth Period.

Am reading "Virgil" in Latin. It's similar to the "Odyssey," only the teachers of the two subjects pronounce the proper names in the respective books differently. Somehow I never can remember which way our Latin teacher pronounces them, hence difficulty. Also today I said "condemnation" instead of "commendation." The teacher laughed, and said, "You don't mean that, do you?" Of course I said "No," and attempted to laugh. The more I laughed, the more she laughed. I didn't see the difference between the words, though. Conclusion: Remember "d" comes before "m" in any word. (That's the nearest explanation I can get. I consider that the teacher was wrong).

Recess!

Lunch was served by the cookery classes! What do you suppose the menu was for the next day? Welsh Rarebit! How I laughed! Miss Marcille didn't know how to spell "rabbit." By the time I had finished laughing over that, I found to my horror that all the food was gone. Hence there was no lunch for me. Conclusion: Order enough so that you'll get something the next day if you don't arrive on time.

Fifth Period.

Study Period! I didn't get much accomplished today. When I reached my desk, I found that my book bag had been stolen. Didn't find it until much later. 'Twas in Mr. Person's chair in his office. Coburn (one of the senior boys, though you wouldn't think he was by his actions) had taken it. Conclusion: Don't leave your book bags where fellows like Coburn can get hold of them. If you do, you may find them in the President's chair some day.

Sixth Period.

Likewise this was a study period, but much calmer than others. Our English teacher had charge. Thompson didn't pass many pictures about, nor did Belanger go to sleep very often. I wrote an English theme this period. Didn't get time to write it on yellow paper, though. (Our teacher has to have two different colors of paper, you know. Always wants us to write on the yellow paper first. Some don't.) Thought I had complete sentences in the theme, for I had studied Latin arrangement for nearly a week, and people say English is derived from Latin. In Latin, verbs always come at the end of the sentence. So today when I came to a verb, I completed the sentence, in this way having all my verbs at the end. But when I had that theme handed back, there was written in red letters, "Incomplete sentence." Conclusion: I don't believe there are complete sentences, if people do say so.

Seventh and Last Period.

English IV and an exam on Milton! I didn't do very well according to my teacher's opinion. The first question was "What form of drama is 'Comus'?" I wrote, "Comus is a mask." This was marked wrong, but that's what the class has been told. The second question was: "What is your opinion of Milton?" I expressed my opinion in very plain

terms. Said, "It's a good thing he's not living at this hour. He claimed to be a Puritan, but he never came to America with the Pilgrims or other Puritans, hence he misrepresented himself; etc." The teacher didn't agree with me. Conclusion: Don't ever study Milton.

Thus ended one school day at 1.30 p. m. Hoping my information will be of value to you, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Charles March.

P. S. I almost forgot to tell you. Be careful of the past participle of the verb "to prove." Our English teacher says it's "proved," and I agree with her; but I've heard two other teachers call it "proven." Don't use it unless you have to. C. M.

A. A. A. A.

The present A. A. A. A. is not really an association at all. Membership to it means nothing. The students know little of its purpose and less of its accomplishments.

What is to be done? We would suggest that this association be made into an organization to which membership would have a significant meaning. Officers (with the exception of the treasurer, which position is rightly held by the principal) should be elected from the student body, and the association run by the pupils themselves. This would give a chance for regular meetings at which the secretary's report could be given, and in this way the members of the association would know just how the funds were being used. This should be the privilege of every member.

Such an association would be a benefit to the athletic managers as well as to the school, for it would give them a body through which they could work directly when such things as selling tickets for benefit games were at hand.

Much sorrow was felt recently at the illness of Mrs. True, which made it necessary for her to leave her position at Arms Academy in the middle of the year. During her year of work with us she has won the respect of every student. Her constant efforts for the success of her pupils is appreciated by all who knew her. Miss Ruth Chapman, a graduate of Bates, is Mrs. True's successor.



Shelburne Historical Society



Catching - not

Carpentering



Ready for Amherst

May 3rd 1921



Galvin at

the Bat



Stepping Stones to Literature



And she's a Teacher!



Before



After

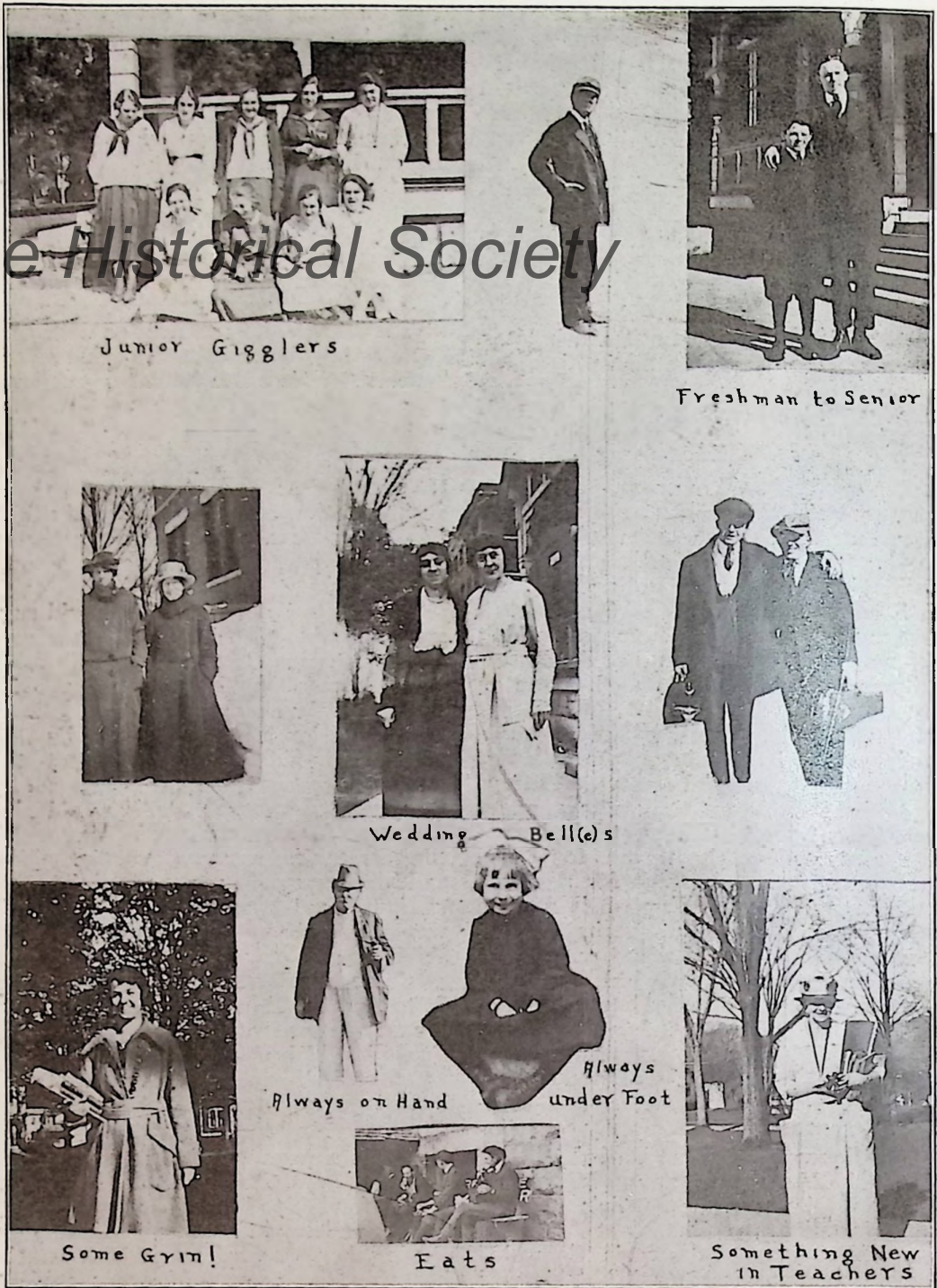


Room for One More?



When Miss Marcille had bows (beaux)

Shelburne Historical Society



Junior Giggles

Freshman to Senior

Wedding Bell(s)

Always on Hand

Always under Foot

Some Grin!

Eats

Something New in Teachers

Shelburne Historical Society



Ready for Amherst



May 3rd 1921



Catching - not

Carpentering



Galvin at the Bat



Stepping Stones to Literature



And she's a Teacher!



Before



After



Room for One More?



When Miss Marcille had bows (beaux)



THE 1921 PRO MERITO SOCIETY

As a general rule the percentage of a class eligible for membership to the Pro Merito Society is about one-fifth. Out of the twenty-two members of the class of 1921, however, six, or more than one-fourth, belong to this society.

At the first meeting held this year Harold Cary, our valedictorian, was chosen president. The other members are: Esther Temple, Agnes Smith, Arlington Johnson, Charles March and Mildred Kingsbury.

The members of the society gain the membership by hard work. They should,

therefore, be given certain privileges and liberties as a reward of their labor. It would be only a just recompense to a student who does good work in a study to be excused from recitation once a week.

On the other hand the Pro Merito society should render some service to the school, and especially to the faculty. By aiding the underclassman with his lesson, and by helping correct papers the work of the teachers would be made lighter and the members of the society would gain some valuable experience.

MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

Among the vocational courses recently introduced into Arms Academy is manual training. This was begun in the school two years ago and since that time has held an important place in the curriculum of many of the boys. Under the able supervision of Mr. Stanford some very good work has been turned out, and the boys have learned many practical things regarding carpentering.

Perhaps the biggest piece of work that the class has undertaken is the building of some new bleachers. These will be

large enough to seat several hundred people and will be joyfully welcomed by the whole school.

The school in general has also derived benefit from this department. Whenever a need of carpentry has been apparent around the buildings the manual training class has been at hand to meet it. This has saved the expense of hiring workmen from outside the school.

It is to be regretted that the manual training department is to be discontinued at the end of this year.

EX-COOKERY CLASS BANQUET

The ex-cookery class gave a banquet,
And all of its members were there,
Eight young housewifely artists, in-
cluding
That teacher whose equal is rare.

On the menu, fruit cocktail stood fore-
most;

Its taste we shall never forget;
Did you say that we had prohibition?
We hadn't a bit of regret.

Then delicious beef boullion and
crackers,

Crisp celery and fine salted nuts;
A most tempting fruit salad was offered,
We never had eaten so much!

In the place of importance—the turkey,
A marvelous bird,—if I may,

Who made the dressing and gravy?
Please don't be too modest to say.
This stanza must be much extended
To honor the vegetables rare,
For to leave out creamed onions would
surely
The fame of our banquet impair.

When it came to dessert, we looked
happy,
Tutti-frutti, whipped cream and jell!
Then last, but not least, came the bon-
bons
How good we never can tell!

Now with these we must end our party,
And finish our poetry, too;
We wouldn't make any one jealous,—
I hope that we haven't, don't you?



ACCOUNT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

The Domestic Science Department, after the Thanksgiving vacation, served hot lunches to the students at recess. This work was started with the idea of benefiting those who, because of the one session system and afternoon gymnasium classes have to eat cold dinners, or who have a considerable distance to drive.

The season which closed March 25, took in a period of 67 school days, and

it is recorded that 2,607 students were served during that time.

The menus were made very attractive and the total cost of the complete bill of fare to the student averaged about 25 cents. Here is a typical menu:

Creamed Salmon	Mashed Potatoes
Baking Powder Biscuits	
Jelly and Cream	Cookies
Coffee	

The recess period of fifteen minutes comes at 11.15, and the system was so perfected that from thirty to seventy students were served in the Science Hall kitchen within ten minutes with absolutely no interference with classes.

The work of preparing and serving the lunches was done by the two domestic science classes consisting of twenty-four students under the direction of Miss Lucy T. Marcille, a graduate of Framingham Normal School. The domestic science classes also prepared some excellent banquets this school year, such as those for the girls' basket-ball squad.

Bliss Business College basket-ball team, the advisory committee of the Agricultural Department, and the reception to Mr. Richards.

The Sewing Class, also under the supervision of Miss Marcille, has done some excellent work in millinery, dress-making, and household equipment. On April 23, an exhibition was held to demonstrate the work of the two classes. The skill and ambition of the members of the department was quite evident by the number of attractive garments and the delicious food displayed.



THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

Last spring an agricultural department under the supervision of Mr. McCarthy, an M. A. C. graduate, was introduced into Arms Academy. As the school year was nearly over the students did little except start gardens and receive instructions in the care of them.

When school started in the fall, however, the work was taken up more extensively. Sixteen boys were enrolled in the class, nine in the senior-junior group and seven in the sophomore-freshman group. The stock-judging team attended the various fairs and brought home many prizes.

This spring some of the boys are taking up poultry raising, others fruit raising, and others gardening as special studies.

Rockwell Donelson, a member of the senior class, in addition to his school work, has under his personal care on his father's farm, 190 Rhode Island Red chickens, and is raising 1000 chicks by incubation this spring in connection with general farm work. Clifford Avery, a Colrain boy and a junior at Arms, has the care and management of 350 young trees, while he has 15 Rhode Island Red fowls under his care in addition to other farm-

ing duties. Leon Galvin, a post graduate, specializes in poultry raising, having 30 Plymouth Rocks, 20 Rhode Island Reds and 15 White Leghorns in his henery at present. Aaron Cromack has 25 bearing apple trees and 80 young apple trees; Norman Coburn, 35 White Leghorns; Lloyd Brown 20 White Leghorns and 36 White Plymouth Rocks; Waldo Barnard has the care and management of 20 young bearing apple trees; Preston Davenport, 9 bearing apple trees and a home garden, all in addition to farm work.

These statistics show the practical work done by the students.

On May seventh the stock-judging team attended the High School Day at M. A. C. The team was awarded the first prize in the stock-judging contest, while Leon Galvin stood second among the individual scorers.

The plan of the agricultural course is two-fold, namely: project study and project work. That is, each student has some project at home on which to apply the principles he has learned in the class room.

In order to prove still further the excellent work done by the department, the public is invited to visit the classes at any time.



ARMS ORCHESTRA

Arms Academy is a school of many talented members, but of all the shining examples of brilliancy there have been few who have made such a howling success as the members of her famous orchestra. Indeed, its howls are of such volume that they quite cover the wails of the spelling classes on Friday afternoons.

The orchestra boasts of three violinists, Helen Baldwin, Ezra Coburn and Robert Noonan. "Bobby" is very adept at playing a Chinese version which is at least novel if not harmonious. Ezra furnishes the thrills and emotions, but Helen Baldwin keeps the melody and ignores all "fancy work."

Belanger plays a viola. He has to play vigorously for he always forgets his music rack and has to substitute in its place a rack(et). When Belanger finds a piece of music that is beneath him he hands it to Emily Thompson, who claims the title of 'cellist. Emily Thompson and her instrument are regular attendants of the orchestra and in a low sort of way they play their favorite parts very nicely.

The "brass" of our orchestra is certainly amazing. Maurine and Arlington Johnson play the cornets. They sound very well when they play, but in our opinion they have a "snap job"—all except the excuses; it is rather humiliating

to be unable to play because one has a cold-sore.

Sylvia Gould has a trombone which is so aristocratic as to have acquired the title of "Kelley." Occasionally she rubs a shine on and tries to create a sensation by exhibiting a gold horn, but don't make any mistake about it—she's got just brass enough to do a think like that.

John Temple plays the clarinet—when he has no English to memorize. He is really a wonderful player and to quote our teacher, "gets such juicy tones."

The height of our ambition is reached in Donald Perkins, our flute player. "Perk" is a little modest yet, but he's all right, and any girl in the orchestra will tell you so.

When it comes to "beating the times" Lila Johnson, our pianist, is always ahead; indeed she usually finishes two or three measures before any of the rest, but she is the librarian and this is just her method of saving time, for before the other members of the orchestra get to the last note, she has the music all collected and the next piece distributed, thereby saving the necessity for stopping.

Mr. Brigham, director of music in the schools, leads the orchestra. Under him it made its debut in the early winter and he has since led it at school functions with great success. He is to have the pleasure of leading it again at Commencement and feels sure it will do him credit.

Three members of the orchestra are in the graduating class and will therefore be forced to leave us, but we hope that many of the underclassmen will join next year and that we may again present an orchestra of which Arms will be proud.

THE FACULTY SOCIAL

September, 1920.

Dear Diary:—The faculty had a social last evening; you know how I told you Thursday that it wouldn't be anything but the same cut and dried, stilted form of entertainment (in my opinion), but for once I was fooled; probably because the teachers had charge of the affair and you know how they can fool you—witness my marks 'n exams! Well! I was up-town last night about 7.30 and I met Art in front of the library. You know how Art detests socials; he'd

rather read some book on history or electricity any day or night than go to a social. After our school pride had been aroused by "Arl," "Red," "Hugh" and "Johnny" in passing by, we flipped a coin to see if we'd go to the social or go over and see Jim's new wireless outfit. Gee! but I'm glad that Liberty faced the sky, for after we were in the gym a few minutes, we forgot all the hard knocks of our vacation life away from the school and its pals, and began to get re-acquainted with our class mates. Yes, and also with the faculty and freshmen, for those two groups were in the lime light. I suppose, in sporting vernacular, the faculty starred for Arms with leadership and genial spirit, while the freshmen were towers of strength in the games, where one was pleasantly forced to bring back to his mind his freshman days—Oh Boy! In my estimation the program was pretty nigh perfect, for it gave plenty of dancing and enough marches and games to suit stately and sedate seniors like Art and I. The music was—er—well, Diary, you've read descriptions of MUSIC, and I'm no critic of music, but I know that it suited me in its quality and, believe me, it surely could titillate one's tympanum. The events went off as smoothly as the examination schedule (pretty smooth, eh, Diary?), the games were clever, and every one entered into the social with a spirit that gives a fellow a feeling that makes him glad he's attending Arms Academy. 'N, Diary, what do you suppose Art said to me when I met him Monday morning on the way to school? "When do you think they'll have another social?" Say, between you and me, the first things I thought of after the faculty social were when would the next one come, and would it be as good as the faculty's! Gee, Diary, I doubt it, but I'm going to take 'em all in and find out.

Edward Joyce, '22.

HALLOWE'EN SOCIAL

The 29th of October was a red-letter day in Arms' social life. Then the class of 1921, always on the alert when a good time is possible, gave a Hallowe'en Party to the students, faculty, and alumni.

Science Hall was transformed by Hallowe'en decorations into an attractive ball-room where stories, stunts, dancing

and marching (what social was ever a success without good jazzy marching?) occupied the guests of the evening.

An astonishing amount of intelligence was shown in the performance of the numerous stunts,—the classes vieing with each other in exhibiting their aptitude for nonsense. The winner of each contest was presented with a prize befitting his exploit.

Before intermission every light went out and a ghost story told in the darkness froze the blood of the shivering listeners. Even the flashing of lights did not dispel the proper mood, and the expectant audience was then led in a March of Horrors by supernatural creatures who glided noiselessly along, always facing to the rear. After circling the hall, the procession went from the cheerful lights into the subterranean glooms and darkened corridors below, where ghastly groans, blood-curdling moans, and high-pitched screams sent terror through already trembling frames.

Ordinary class rooms had become haunts of goblins and ghosts; the skeleton of some miserable unfortunate rattled with ominous meaning in an open doorway as the terrified marchers sidled tremblingly by. Escape came at last when, at the opposite end of the hall, the long line was conducted upstairs again to the welcome light and familiarity of the ball-room.

Refreshments (really refreshing refreshments) were next served and warmed and stimulated the tortured victims.

There followed another dance or two, a march, more laughter and harmless jokes—then the last guest departed, leaving the Hallowe'en witches still floating in the air, and the grotesque Jack o' lanterns grinning cheerfully as if they, too, were reluctant to forget the fun.

A DAY BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE 18TH ASSISTANT MANAGER

I, the eighteenth assistant manager of my high school basket-ball team, awoke one cool Friday morning in December, threw the buzzing Big Ben out of hearing distance, and started to dream on, when I remembered, from pure force of habit, that we, the management, had the usual Friday night game

to handle, so with a smothered yawn, I began the day. After a hurried breakfast, I picked up my school books and started towards school. As I came upon the main thoroughfare, I met several fellow inmates.

"Hello, Mutt!" exclaimed a rangy lad closing up a clothing store, "all ready for the big game."

"Hi, Mutt," joined another, "Where's that poster that's supposed to be in March's window? It's a wonder you wouldn't be on your job once in a while instead of letting the other fellow do all the work."

"Well, boys," shouted a merchant from his store, "going to trim up Deerfield tonight?"

"You betcha," we answered as we piled in our accommodating manual training instructor's "jitney" and sped on towards our abode of learning.

The eight-twenty bell had not yet sounded when we entered Arms. Our coming was the signal for a tremendous "ovation" from a group of student fans and athletes who were standing in front of the basket-ball bulletin board with its clippings of interest.

"Mutt," growled a tall youth, the team's captain, "hustle over to 103, and find out from Mr. Stanford if Ted's up in 'trig.'"

"Wait a second," put in a natty-looking senior, "step in at 114 and find out my fate in 'Chem.'"

"Make it fast, Mutt, old boy," added a sturdy-looking junior, "we want to know now if Ted and Tommy are eligible."

"Say, you, the basket-ball manager's wanted on the 'phone; hustle 'round 'n see if you can locate Bill," shouted a voice from the office.

After an excursion around the two buildings, I located the boss, and it was then time for assembly. Music period, a haven of melody, came next, followed by ninety minutes of recitations,—recitations chiefly on the part of my classmates. As the fourth period, a study period for me, was over, youths came piling down from their class rooms upstairs and hurrying in from "the new building." Then there was a rush for the kitchen with its appetizing luncheons and a rush towards my desk. The latter rush was featured by efforts upon all the financial backers of the team to pay

their athletic pledges at the same time.

While I was busily engaged in giving out season tickets and recording sales, I was also receiving countless orders and suggestions from practically everyone connected with either of the basket-ball squads. Temporary relief, however, came when the eleven-thirty bell sounded and then classes began again. After three more periods, spelling was surmounted and dismissal at hand, or rather another temporary dismissal, for, after dinner, I was back at school again in an effort to get everything prepared for the evening's hostilities. Four-fifteen found me escorting the visiting team from their train, and five-fifteen found "Meek" shooping us out of the buildings. Nevertheless, in less than two hours I was stationed behind an imposing array of nickles, dimes, and other bits of currency.

Then came the supreme rush and the following typical remarks: "Little speed along with that there change." "Three adults and three fifteen centers out of a ten spot, please." "One season ticket." "What's the next home game?" "Mac wants the score-book." "Can my little Archie get in free of charge, mister? He's nine years old." "Who's the ref?" "What's Deerfield's record?" "Two tickets, here's sixty cents in pennies."

By eight-fifteen the crowd was watching a scintillating, nip and tuck battle while the loyal nineteenth assistant and I were battling with "the accounts." At half time we decided to continue our struggle with "the accounts" after the game, and we had the privilege of watching our comrades win a thrilling 20-18 contest. After the final blast of the whistle came the tactful task of sending the visiting players to their various destinations, a task that recalls the mythical Procrustes who, instead of accommodating his transients with the right beds, diminished the height of the tall ones and stretched the short ones to the required length. By eleven-fifteen I was limping slowly down Severance Street ready for a rest when an accommodating pedestrian called my attention to the fact that I had left the balcony lights in the "gym" on; a fitting climax to "A Perfect Day."

Edward Joyce, '22.

THE BASKET-BALL TEAM HAS ITS PICTURE TAKEN

"Hurry up there, fellows, it's most three now, and we've got to be down at the studio by three-thirty," said the captain of the Arms basket-ball team.

"What's the hurry? We've got half an hour yet," replied Ted.

"Well, if you don't hurry faster than usual, it will take you that long to put on your shoes," answered Howdy.

Then for at least fifteen seconds there was absolute silence, except for Brownie calling home some stray articles and Thompy yelling for his shoes.

"Who's got a comb?" came John's plaintive voice from behind the lockers.

"Here's one, but what are you going to do with it?"

"All you fellows ready in there?" called 'Mac.' "All right, let's go. Where is Johnnie?" Finding him in front of the mirror fixing his hair, "Ho, Johnnie, prinking up to have your picture taken?"

And vain John had the grace to blush.

"Whew, John, is that mackinaw all you're going to wear down? You'll sweat," laughingly.

"No, I have my basket-ball suit under it. Hot icicles, it's cold," returned John, out on the street.

"It's lucky you have a good warm pair of knee guards, or you'd be frozen," from someone else.

"All ready, fellows?" asked 'Mac' again, after they had taken off their outer garments at the studio, and had made various other preparations. "All right, Howard, take the center and hold the ball; Johnnie and Ted next,—Arl and Thompy."

"In back, Brownie, Bob, Eddy and Gris."

"All set now?" from the photographer.

"Look sweet, Ted," got in Bob before the picture was snapped.

"Whew, that was fierce. Let's get out into the fresh air."

And the picture taking was over.

Graveyard Wit

Miss Linfield: "What is an epigram?"

Belanger: "Something that's written on gravestones."

Miss Linfield: "No, it's a truism."

Belanger: "Oh, you never see them on gravestones!"



LITERARY

Shelburne Historical Society

THE AMERICAN SELF-EXTERMINATION LEAGUE

This tale must needs be written in the first person, lest the disgusted reader, stopping half-way, kindle the fire with the entire piece, thinking the end to be strewn with crudely killed victims. For few like amateur tragedy, with its fiendish gloatings over blood and its coarse litter of corpses. A man seldom writes the story of his own death, however, so in picking up a book through which "I" is liberally bespattered, one may be reasonably sure that "I," at least, does not meet a brass-knuckled fate.

Last fall, Al Johnson, Bob Reid, and I planned to open the deer season right. School is all right, you understand, but—well, school keeps every day, and deer season comes as seldom as Christmas and is only one week long. Our plans were made to leave town Friday afternoon and hike to our shack to stay for a week.

On our way was the High School, set about three hundred yards from the road, and the last few stragglers were leaving the gym, after their post-practice shower. A nice shower before a long hike is a fine thing, eh? We all thought so, and decided to go inside and hide until "Meek," the gentle janitor, had homeward wended his weary way. The dark room served our purpose, and after Brother Meekins picked up his bed we made a dash for the showers.

There was still plenty of boiling-hot water and the room was soon so filled with steam that Bob went to the door to let some of it out. I say he went to the door; that's all he did do. The knob was off and the snap-lock caught—some fix! Friday night; the last man gone from the building; none of us expected home; unless we could get out ourselves we were in for the week-end. No one would miss us, and no one would come near the building until Monday morning.

We gaped at each other for a horrible moment and then sat down and laughed. We laughed until we had exhausted the humor

in the idea of languishing for three nights and two days in a shower room. Huge newspaper head-lines stared us in the face! "Three Local Boys Have Bitter Taste of Starvation," or "Shower Room Proves Prison for Anti-Dirt Enthusiasts."

Then we began seriously to consider our escape. The window was so heavily grated on the inside that we couldn't break it to call for help. The door had been built with the idea that the shower room was a bank-vault. We were certainly in to stay.

Johnson sounded his usual bugle call:

"Say, what are we gonna eat?"

Bob, scowling fiercely at this evidence of earthy desire:

"Let not thy mind dwell on hamburg steak and onions, my boy, but rather feast in the ethereal regions where angels dwell, and no one thinks of cheese."

"Enuff, enuff, lay off, Macduff. I've an appetite that would do credit to a cave man," begged Johnson.

"Ugh, pale face heap big glutton," said Bob, solicitously putting his soap as far from Johnson as possible.

"Talk about MacSwiney," said I, "all he had on us was about seventy days."

Bob struck a theatrical pose and,

"MacSwiney, MacSwiney,
We sympathize with you.

You won't eat, we can't eat,
So how——"

"Hey, Browning, lay off until you can pull something Whittier than that," broke in Al, groaning with mental anguish and giving his towel a vicious heave at Bob's head.

Just then the moon grinned over the window-sill, driving away the darkness which had set in.

Bob, again, "O Moon, fair regent of—Hey what's the idea?" as both Johnson and I drove our soap at the lunatic.

But to no avail, he was irrepressible:

"Alas, that you two at the head of me
Have flung the soap which puts my peace
to flight.

Ah me, that ever I should come to this

"Twas luck my own dear ivory you miss'd."

"O ma, save me," pleaded Johnson; "there's only one verse in that rubbish that ever appealed to me, and that's the one about a loaf of ginger-bread, a jug of—er—home-brew, and no one beside me in the pantry—say, do you remember that pressed ham in our pack, and. Boy, wouldn't bacon and eggs disappear!"

Loud groans by all.

"Only three plates of beans, mother,

Only three plates of beans,

To keep these little lives we have

Alive 'til Monday morn,"

consol'd Bob, ducking through force of habit.

Just then I happened to think of a meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association to be held in the building that night, and the thought so cheered the three of us that we howled and bellowed until the startled principal mounted the stairs at a gallop (albeit he sniffed a little) to throw out such unseemly revellers.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, but never go in where you can't get out.

EARLE BELANGER, '21.

A DAILY PROGRAM

Success in our careers as students of Arms Academy may be credited to many sources, but I sincerely believe that its secret lies in the carrying out of a fixed schedule of one's activities. All of us, whether we are dull or bright, rich or poor, are the possessors of twenty-four hours each day, to use as we see fit. It is logical to say that success comes through work, but a carefully directed plan of work is that which raises one's work out of obscurity.

The essentials of a program of living are provisions for rest, work, and recreation. Rest revives and strengthens us for our duties, and is an essential of life that is not to be thought of lightly. Work is our occupation, however irksome it may seem at times, and, as it applies to you and me, fellow-students, is in the form of recitations and preparations for recitations. How often failures in recitations and work are due to a failure to conserve our time and our study periods! Then there is recreation, but sometimes we misuse this by indulging in forms which are not strictly beneficial.

This leads me to wonder how many high school students have a definite plan for carrying on their activities. In our school

we have an ideal chance to do worth-while work. Among the Berkshires is the spirit of the out-of-doors. Through our townspeople we have a gymnasium, where we may enjoy athletic and social activities. Thus it is plain that we have fine opportunities for work, rest, and recreation.

As to the form of a schedule: It is necessary to plan one's hours in school and out. Much more can be accomplished in a study period if the work for that time has been planned in advance. The teachers have the privilege of planning the recitation periods, but it is up to the individual scholar to arrange his time after "one-thirty" so that scholarly work can be done in the classroom. This means having a definite and sufficient time to study, and indulging in some beneficial form of recreation; and it might be added, not slighting one for the other. Then rest is necessary. The character of one's school work is often weakened through the failure to get the necessary amount of sleep. The temptation is present to let social activities be over-estimated and the value of sleep underrated.

Graduation from Arms comes after four years of work, but graduation will mean much more to us if, along with the knowledge acquired from text-books, we have the knowledge gained through a wise use of our time. These two forms of knowledge will enable us to be active and useful in the broader field of our activities—the world.

EDWARD JOYCE, '22.

AN UNUSUAL VISIT

My grandfather is an Advent minister. Last summer I went to visit him. After staying there for about four or five days I began to get restless, because there was nothing exciting happening.

The sixth day after my arrival, he announced that we were going to visit a friend of his, who lived on a small farm just outside the town. The house in which this man lived was not very attractive on the outside, but on the inside it was better than a museum.

"My name's Pomeroy," he announced, as he let us in, "but you can call me Pom."

The room we first entered was the kitchen. In front of the stove was rubbish of all kinds, piled in pans, pyramid style. Another thing caught my eye before we were ushered into the sitting room. It was a parrot, which, we judged, didn't like company, by the noise he made.

Pom left us here but a minute; then shoved us into the next room, closing the door behind him very carefully. "That parrot," he said, by way of explanation, "I have to keep them separate, him and the cats."

The cats in the next room were many in number as well as in color. Pushing about a half dozen from the davenport, Pom motioned us to sit down.

A bookcase in the farther corner of the room caught Gramp's eye and he said, as an Advent would be expected to say, "I see you are quite a hand for literature, have you a Bible among those treasures?"

"Yes," responded Pom, laying his hand on a dust-covered book and handing it to Gramp. Gramp smiled and handed the book to me. It was "The Life of Leonard Wood."

"Since you are so religious," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "have you made any preparation for the after life?"

"Oh, yes," Pom replied, "I've got a coffin out in the barn."

"We'll have to see the coffin," Gramp said, turning to me.

"Not on your life," Pom interrupted hurriedly, "I've got a hen setting in it."

SYLVIA GOULD, '22.

THE MARAUDER

The sun had set, and the shadows had begun to creep out from the forest and across the clearing toward the little log cabin. The door of the cabin was open and two boys, one evidently a little older than the other, stood in the doorway, their forms sharply outlined against the yellow firelight within.

After a moment of silence, the younger boy spoke. "What do you suppose it was, Al?"

"I don't know," the other boy answered slowly; "I never heard anything like it before. But listen, perhaps we'll hear it again."

He had hardly spoken when there rang out over the wilderness a wild, wierd cry. Quavering and fierce, it rose and then died away. Cold chills ran up and down the boys' backs. The great tan and white dog beside them growled, and the hair along his back rose until it stood straight up. For many minutes they stood there, waiting for a repetition of that fearful cry, but it did not come. Over the forest the great silver moon climbed slowly higher into the

sky. From among the shadows came the plaintive call of a whippoorwill. Far away an owl hooted dismally. On the hillside to the north a fox barked sharply, but the mysterious cry which had so startled them did not come again. At length they went inside, and barring the door heavily, lay down for the night, keeping their rifles close beside them.

The two boys, Allan and Arthur Thomas, with their dog Jim, were on a hunting trip into the Canadian wilderness. On the third day of their journey they had come upon the old log cabin where some trappers had probably lived, and had decided not to go any farther. On the way, Allan had shot a large deer, and the carcass now hung from a corner of the roof outside the cabin. They had just finished eating supper when they heard the cry and had gone to the door.

Some time after they had gone to sleep, Arthur was awakened by the low growling of Jim. He sat up and listened. Outside the cabin he heard a strange, tearing noise. Instantly his thoughts went back to the cry of the evening, and he hastily awoke Allan.

After listening a moment, Allan whispered softly, "Something is eating that meat. You take this flashlight and I'll take my rifle. I'm going to find out what it is."

As they opened the door there was silence for a second, and then again they heard that wild scream, almost over their heads. Allan was so startled that he pulled the trigger of his rifle without thinking. At the report a black form leaped from the carcass of the deer, and with great bounds made off toward the forest.

After a few moments Allan said, "I don't think it will come back again. It was almost as scared as we were."

As they expected, they were not disturbed again, although they were unable to sleep much.

The next day the boys went fishing. Their luck was good, and they became so absorbed in their sport that they did not notice when the sun began to sink behind the forest, and it grew dark while they were still some distance from camp.

Presently Arthur said in a low tone, "I feel as if something were following us."

"So do I," returned his brother. "Let's hustle along a little faster."

As he finished speaking, Arthur, happening to look up, suddenly shouted, "Look out! Over your head!"

He leaped back, firing his rifle as he did so, but he caught his foot on a log and fell heavily. His head struck on a stone and he lay there dazed.

The beast had recoiled at the report of the rifle, but it now leaped forward again toward the prostrate boy. Arthur shot at it, but the only apparent effect was to turn the creature's wrath from his brother to himself. In his haste to shoot again, he jammed a cartridge, and before he could loosen it, the brute was upon him. As he fell he let out a shout, but, try as he would, he could not shout again, for a great weight seemed to be pressing down upon him.

Suddenly to his numbed senses there came a familiar bark, and after a time he realized that the weight was gone. He sat up and saw Jim battling with the beast. It had evidently lost much blood, for its struggles grew weaker, and it was an easy matter to finish it with a well-directed shot.

By this time Allan had revived, and together they carried the great lynx back to camp.

ELLSWORTH BARNARD, '24.

"STRIVE TO SUCCEED"

Shall we strive to succeed in the world? This question is put before us, as it has been put before many others. What shall we reply? There's no use in striving when we know we shall not succeed. We can get along just as well if we exert no effort. Shall we answer this? No; for the man who strives will succeed, and the man who does not strive will reach no goal. Perhaps it will not appear to the world that we are successful; it may be no great honors will be showered upon us; but because we plod on faithfully to the end, we ourselves find satisfaction in success. Let us consider why, and how, we must strive to succeed.

First of all, we must strive for success because it is our duty. I wonder how many of us ever stop to think of the debt we owe our parents, our town, our country, and our God. Our parents give us the opportunity we need; our town furnishes us a school for a liberal education; our country calls us to its tasks; our God asks us for our service. We are reared and educated by these factors. Shall we now remain idle? Are our services completed when we finish school? No; we must take advantage of these opportunities; we must pay our debts. When we see an unnecessary evil, we must

remedy it by using our gifts with all the power within us. A steadfast devotion to duty is the highest object in human life. If we live up to this object, we must needs strive.

How shall we strive to succeed? We shall strive for success by simply being "square" with our fellowmen each day. Each great man of our country has worked hard for success, and in his toil has been "square" with others. Take Abraham Lincoln, for example. He lived in the rude surroundings of a Kentucky frontier, and had little opportunity to gain success or to acquire an education, as compared with the young American of today; but by firmness, sagacity, duty, and generosity throughout life, he rose to the highest rank among the men of the world. Think of the distance he walked one night after work just to pay a few cents that he had overlooked in the store where he was working that day! Opportunities for success are staring us in the face today. Are we showing ambition, and taking advantage of them after the example of Lincoln? I say to the young people of today, is there not a chance for wonderful success, an opportunity to show our acts of squareness to others? This is an era in which hundreds of doors to success are open to each and every one of us. The hope of America lies in the youth of today. The door of opportunity is not only opened, but opened wider than ever before. But opportunity waits not for any man. Therefore we must be prepared to grasp it. Let us grasp it, then, but let us remember to be "square" afterwards in our dealings, and we shall attain success.

Hence we find after a few moments of consideration that duties, which call for striving on our part, are ever present to be performed; that if we are "square" in performing them, we shall succeed. Our hearts are certainly inspired with a great desire to perform them. We humble ourselves to our tasks, with firm resolution, murmur to ourselves, "We will strive to succeed."

CHARLES MARCH, '21.

JOYS OF POULTRY RAISING

I am going to tell you some of the JOYS that one meets in raising poultry. In the early spring the incubators are started, and for the next three weeks SOMEBODY has

the pleasure of turning the eggs twice a day and filling and caring for the lamps.

At the end of the three weeks if you were to look into the incubator you surely would see a pretty sight. All the downy chickens are lying among the egg shells with their little mouths wide open. After the fertile eggs have all hatched, SOMEBODY has to count the little chickens and put them in boxes and carry them to the brooder houses where their mothers, the brooders, are waiting to receive them under their covers.

Perhaps when I said brooders you thought I meant hens, but I didn't; I meant a stove about two feet high with a large umbrella-shaped cover which slopes down to within a few inches of the floor. A small stove pipe goes from the stove up through the roof of the house. The little chickens sleep under this cover and are kept warm by it. The chickens require a good deal of care. SOMEBODY has to feed them every few hours, water them twice a day, give them milk and see that they don't crowd.

As the chickens grow, the duties for SOMEBODY become GREATER JOYS. The hens have to be fed three times a day, watered twice, and locked up at night. Their eggs are collected and packed week in and week out, month in and month out, and year in and year out. These duties certainly are joys, especially packing anywhere from thirty to one hundred twenty dozen eggs a week throughout the whole year! An even greater pleasure found in raising poultry is delivering the eggs at the express office and carting crates of hens to be shipped away to the city! The greatest pleasure of all is fighting with setting hens and ugly roosters which come at you the minute your back is turned.

I think now you will agree with me that there are JOYS in raising poultry.

H. LONG, '22.

A LESSON IN "WORMOLOGY"

When I was somewhat younger, I used to help my brothers catch tent caterpillars. The boys would climb the tree and knock off the worms, with sticks or boards, into a box which I held. After about ten or a dozen of the woolly little animals had strayed from their intended course and slipped down my neck, my love of this sport ceased. Their little feet are cold, and they tickle. If you don't believe it, let a worm

crawl along your arm sometime and see how long you can keep him there.

One day, while walking through the woods, I came to a big green worm, about two or three inches in length. He was rolling over and over as if in pain, and as I stared at him, I began to wonder what kind of a butterfly he would make. So, after a few minutes' consideration, I picked him up on a large leaf, folded in the corner to prevent his escape, and carried him home.

I put him in a yeast-cake box and covered the box with mosquito netting. That worm wasn't still a minute. He kept running around looking for a means of escape. I put in all kinds of leaves for him to eat, but he was too busy to touch them. Because of his strange actions I began to call him "Restless," and the name stuck.

I found No. 2 on a raspberry bush, the prettiest worm I had ever seen. His little eyes were green; his nose was like a tiny black button; his back was striped red, green and brown, while underneath he was yellow. I gave him a place of honor beside Restless, but in another box. He thrived and grew, at the expense of the raspberry bush. Such a beautiful worm as he was, I was sure would develop into a marvellously colored butterfly, and my expectation finally gave him the title of "Young Hopeful."

Inside of a week Restless died. He wore himself out trying to make a hole through the box, and if he had lived another week I believe he would have succeeded. Restless' place was filled by a worm which looked a great deal like him. After three days of captivity he spun his cocoon.

Greenie, another worm like Restless, took his place beside the cocoon, and No. 5, another of the same kind, took his place beside Greenie. No. 6, a grayish green worm, I found on a nettle, occupied a flat adjoining that of No. 5.

When Young Hopeful had been a captive for about a week he, too, became restless, and I began to think that he had caught the fever. Then one morning I found him hanging from the netting by his tail. Two days later his head dropped off. Poor Young Hopeful! I thought he was dead; but upon examining what was left of his body I discovered that he had changed into a chrysalis.

Several days after this discovery, I awoke to find Greenie's back covered with tiny white cocoons. I opened one or two of these and examined the contents under a microscope. Each was filled with a little

green worm. They proved fatal to Greenie, but after his death I saved some of the cocoons which later hatched out into little flies.

No. 6 also became restless, as did Young Hopeful. He finally edged down into one corner of the box as though he were trying to hide himself. Then as an idea struck me, I filled one corner of the box with dirt. A little later no worm was in sight.

The chrysalis of Young Hopeful hatched out into a little brown butterfly, much to my disappointment, for I had expected something far more beautiful.

No. 3 bit a hole through his cocoon and emerged. He was the queerest looking object I ever saw. He crawled to the top of the box and hung from the netting, wrong side up. Then his wings began to unfold and stretch, and he developed into a beautiful luna moth.

The cocoon of No. 5 hatched in the night and his fluttering attracted the cat, who quickly captured him, leaving only a piece of his brown wing. There wasn't enough left of him to tell what kind of a moth he was, but I have always kept the piece on exhibition.

Some time after No. 6 buried himself alive, he tunneled out, a pretty, little, spotted, brown butterfly. After giving the butterflies and moths that were accommodating enough to hatch out, a sufficient dose of cyanide to put them out of misery, I mounted them.

S. GOULD, '22.

SILVER CLOUD

It was a typical Indian village. The old women sat outside their tepees weaving or designing; the younger women talked quietly, and the braves smoked their pipes. Among the Indians was an old squaw surrounded by little Indian children. They had been told that sometime old Standing Holly would tell them the legend about the Wonder-Bird that had saved their people. They had heard much about this mysterious bird and eagerly waited for the time to come when the legend would be told. The time had now arrived, and the group silently waited for the story. After a long pause old Standing Holly began:

"In our father's time there lived a little Indian princess, Silver Cloud. She was the daughter of a rich and powerful chief. Everything that the heart of a maiden desired was given her, but these gifts did not

make her vain or unkind to her father's people. She was fond of the fields and woods and loved to watch the birds flying through the air. Many times she would wander out alone to pick flowers or to climb the highest trees and to imagine that she was a bird ready for flight.

"On one of these trips, when Silver Cloud was watching the birds, she saw something white flutter down through the air and settle upon one of the trees. Climbing up to the very top of the tree, she saw a pair of beautiful, pure white wings. Hardly moving, for fear they would be a dream, she watched them, feeling sure that in a few moments they would disappear. But no, they lay there quietly and when she lightly touched them, she felt them soft as the down of a swan.

"Then she knew they were real and that they were for her. Fastening them on, and waving them as she had seen the birds do, she felt herself rise buoyantly in the air. She could fly.

"Soon she found out all the secrets of flying. Soaring through the air, she found herself surrounded by fleecy clouds. Then she flew back to the tree, and hiding her wings in a secret hole, slipped down, picked a few flowers and went home. She did not tell her wonderful secret. Many times she would climb up the tree, bring forth the wings and enjoy herself, floating under the blue sky.

"After awhile the Indians began to come to Silver Cloud's father and tell him of seeing a beautiful white bird sailing and darting among the clouds; of seeing it fly down to a forest and disappear. Such were the tales Silver Cloud also heard. Never a smile flickered across her face, but down in her heart she was laughing at her people's stories.

"One day as she was floating lower than usual she noticed some dark specks hurrying about below. She swooped down on a mountain near by and concealed herself behind some bushes. After watching the specks awhile she found out that they were her father's deadliest enemies. They were arrayed for battle and were going in the direction of her own village.

"As soon as she had discovered this, she rose high in the air, then turned toward the forest. She alighted on the tree, hid her wings and started for the village.

"When Silver Cloud arrived, she found the village all excited, for they had seen the wonderful white bird again. This gave

her a plan. She went to her father and said that perhaps the bird was an omen warning them of some danger. Her father listened to this, and sent scouts through the forest. They returned promptly with the report that their worst enemy was on the warpath. Instantly the great chief summoned his men and prepared for battle. He was none too soon, for the other tribe had their men ready for the attack.

"It was a long and furious battle. Both tribes seemed evenly matched, but finally, step by step, the great chief pushed his enemies back until he had a decided advantage. Then the enemy fled. One of the Indians happened to glance up and saw Silver Cloud watching above. He called the other's attention to her and said that it must be a sign of good luck, and they silently agreed.

"Once more, months later, Silver Cloud was gliding through the air when a very bright object attracted her attention. Flying low, she was astonished to discover a prairie fire. It was a huge mass of leaping flames.

"Instantly Silver Cloud realized the great peril to her people. She started to warn them, but as she flew toward the village an arrow darted upward and pierced her left wing. An Indian hunter had seen her, and thought that she would make a beautiful prize. Fitting the arrow to his bow, he had taken careful aim.

"The moment Silver Cloud knew her wing was crippled, she grew very sad, not for herself, but for her people. Then she flew as quickly as she could, but soon realized that it was impossible to reach safety.

"All this while the fire had been growing stronger, and soon the flames touched a white bird that was desperately trying to fly more rapidly. But it was too late, for the beautiful bird gradually sank and was lost in the flames. Thus perished the brave little Indian maiden.

"Meanwhile the people had again noticed the great milk-white bird and thought it a warning. Scouts were sent to find out if there was anything wrong. They came back and told the Indians about the fire, and they hurriedly picked up their few possessions and started for a large river and safety.

"Before long the angry fire roared on the banks of the river where the Indian village had once been, but the Indians were safe, for Silver Cloud had saved her people, even though she had perished."

After the story was over, the children silently got up and walked away, awe among

them. They never forgot the story, and since that time it has been retold to each generation of their children.

HILDA THOMPSON, '24.

Pity him who only thinks in prose;
He can not see the message of the rose,
Nor all the secrets hid in nature's book,
Upon whose open leaves the poets look.
A. J.

A Glimpse of the "Arms Compendium of Useful Knowledge as Compiled From Exams."

A Piece of Literature

If we read one a hundred years from now, it would be of interest to us.—Monahan.

An Essay

An essay is a truthful lot of facts which are closely interwoven so as to express our thoughts completely.—Donelson.

Literature

Literature is a written record of man's human soul.—Shippee.

The Stoic Race

The Stoic race were a people who did not believe in eating.—P. Smith. (It's easy to understand Smith's idea of pleasure.)

Tyrian Cynosure

Tyrian cynosure was a dog viewed by many people.—A. Johnson.

The Origin of Secret Societies

"Sesame" was a pass-word back at the time of the Arabian Knights.—H. Cardwell.

A Cobbler At Heart

Tennyson's purpose in writing the "Idylls" was to draw the contest between mind and SOLE.—S. Gould.

Whispers of the Past

Woman ought to be the help-mate of man, and not the boss.—Sawyer.

Meter

Beowulf had alliteration, and a pause of TWO FEET in the middle of a line.—L. Dwight. (No wonder they wrote on walls.)

ATHLETICS

Shelburne Historical Society

GYMNASIUM WORK

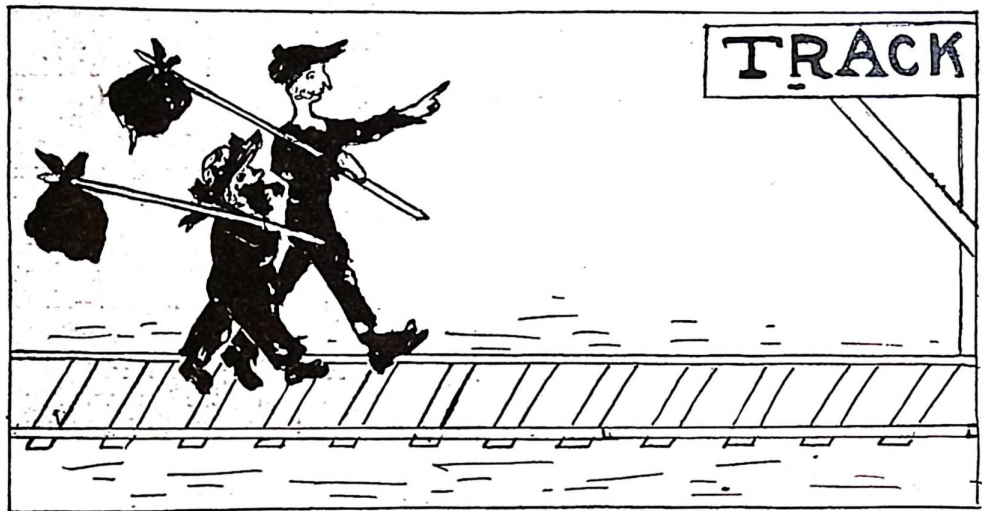
Soon after school opened last fall, work in the gymnasium began. The girls' classes, which met Monday and Wednesday, were under the direction of Mrs. Person, while the boys' classes which met Tuesday and Thursday, were in charge of Mr. Vose.

The work was taken up on a systematic basis and good results have been obtained. At first the exercises were very simple, consisting of the easiest setting-up exercises. As the work progressed the exercises became harder and more intricate, bringing

into strenuous play all the muscles of the body and calling for quick and accurate thinking.

Not until recently has the great need of physical training been recognized. As a new discovery is always reluctantly admitted, so the benefit of this work is not yet realized.

Too much emphasis, however, cannot be placed on the importance of physical training in the public schools. The people are urged to co-operate with the school in the promotion of this work, which cannot but improve the physical condition of the pupils.

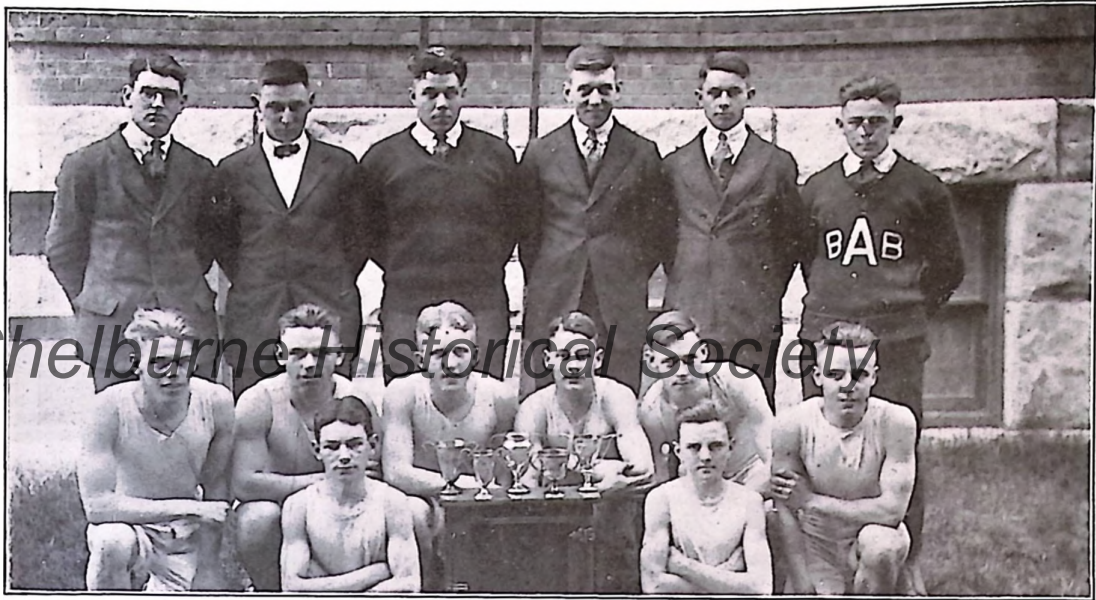


FALL TRACK MEET

Training for the annual Franklin County Track Meet to be held at the Greenfield Agricultural Fair began in earnest at the opening of school in September. Many

candidates were out to help Captain Shields and Coach Sheehan form a winning team.

The Fair Directors offered three cups and a banner. The cups were for the best cheering and singing, winner of the tug-of-war, and winner of the relay race.



The banner was offered for the meet.

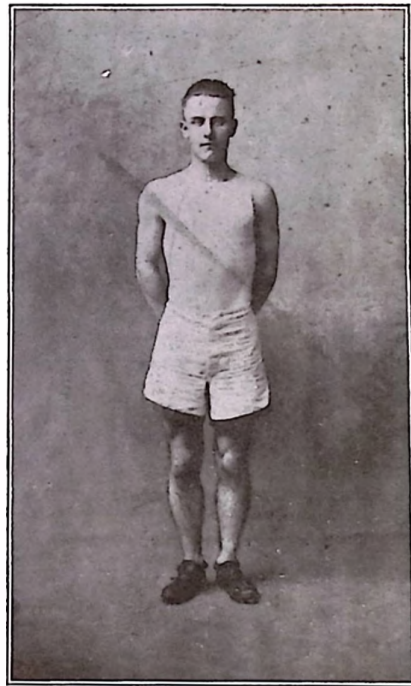
Arms' spirit was the predominating spirit of the day. A large portion of the student body was in the grandstand to cheer on the team. It was soon evident that the Arms spirit was sure to win.

Cheered on by that spirit, the team fought with a dogged determination to excel. The team was composed of practically the same men who gave Greenfield such a tussle for first place last year. The spirit of the student body won the cheering cup, and helped Arms to win the tug-of-war cup, and the meet.

A. Johnson, '21, was easily high scorer, with 17 points to his credit. Shields and Thompson, '21, also scored. Galvin, Monahan, Cardwell, Roberts, Davis, Smead, and Feige completed the scoring list. The tug-of-war team added five points to the total.

The final score was: Arms 71, Greenfield 61, Turners Falls 23, Athol 3. Those who were fortunate enough to witness this meet saw one of Arms' most glorious victories.

H. CARY, '21.



THE 1921 BASKETBALL SEASON

The 1921 basketball season opened with a very discouraging outlook for a winning season, as all of last year's veteran five had been lost by graduation with the exception of Cardwell, a guard, and two substitute forwards, Temple and Thompson.

Monahan, Johnson and Brown appeared for practice to participate in the game of basketball for the first time. From these inexperienced candidates a quintet was gradually developed which upheld the honor of Arms Academy in a manner most pleasing

to her followers. The record of fourteen victories and five defeats is considered the finest for this sport in the history of the institution.

In Captain Cardwell, the team had a very efficient leader, an earnest worker, and high scorer. At the pivotal position, he outjumped most of his opponents, was the basis of the pass formations, and a tower of strength on the defense. His floor work and accurate shooting were of particularly high order, bringing the audience to its feet more than once by his spectacular work. The manner in which he assumed the responsibilities of leadership was a revelation, keeping his mates in a fighting spirit till the final whistle of each contest.

Temple at right forward played a very consistent game throughout the season, and though his duties required little defensive work of him, he appeared in every play, and with Cardwell did the bulk of the floor work in the fore court. John's shiftiness and keen eye for the loop made him a mark for the opponent's defense, though in every tilt he was able to evade his guard sufficiently long to register several twin counters.

At right forward Monahan was playing the game for the first time, and at the beginning of the season had the tendency to use football tactics. He gradually overcame this characteristic, however, and at the close of the season was one of the hardest workers and cleanest players on the team. His playing was not of flashy nature, and was far from brilliant, but through his dogmatic plugging he has gained a regular position on the team. Defensively, Ted was strong while on the offense, his quick dribble followed by a clean shot has won him the distinction of second highest scorer on the team.

Thompson, a substitute forward of last year's five, was shifted to left guard and there developed into one of the fastest, most

aggressive defensive men that has represented Arms for several years. Because of his speed, Gerald was able to intercept many of the opponent's passes and to start his team's offensive formations, a play which was responsible for much of the success of the quintet.

Johnson, also playing his first basketball for the school, held the position at right guard and with Thompson formed a combination through which it was no easy task for the opposing offense to score. Arlington's ability to jump and recover the ball from the opponent's back board has made his work invaluable. The foe might have one shot at the basket, but seldom a second on the same formation. Johnson's development as a player has been more rapid than that of any other member of the squad.

Brown developed into a versatile substitute, as he could be used to replace either a guard or a forward. He participated in nearly every contest of the season, turning in particularly fine exhibitions, from the position in the back court.



Shelburne Historical Society



To Joyce should be given much credit for his efforts during the season and the efficient manner in which he managed the team both at home and on the road.

The faithful work of the members of the second team should not be forgotten, for it would have been impossible to develop the first five to such a degree without the assistance and earnest efforts of the underclassmen.

The splendid success of the team was due entirely to the fact that every member was willing to carry out instructions to the very letter, put aside selfish ambitions, and cooperate to the fullest extent for the welfare of the team. The season was not marked by the stellar performances of an individual but was characterized by excellent team work which was in evidence at all times.

A. McCARTHY.

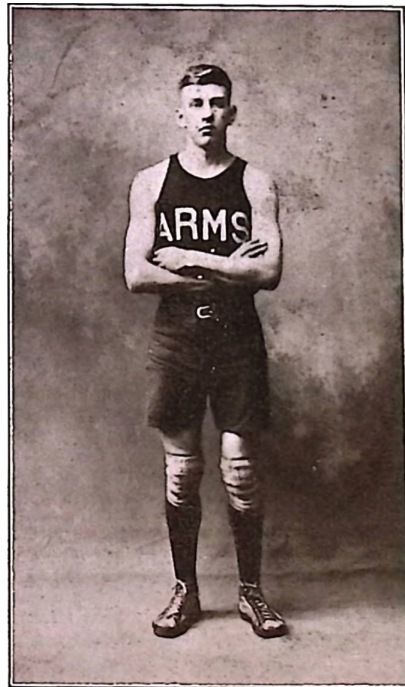
IN APPRECIATION

This year Arms made the best record in basketball of any of the previous years' teams. There were left over from the last year's team one regular and two substitutes. With these and with entirely raw material, Arms came out at fourth place in the Connecticut Valley League and with Cardwell, our captain and pivot man, lead-

ing all individual scorers. This good showing on the part of the team was greatly due to the untiring energy and spirit of our highly esteemed coach, Mr. McCarthy. He filled the team with confidence, taught and insisted upon clean play under whatever circumstances, taught us new ways of shooting, and instilled in us the fighting spirit that every team should have. The boys he coached honored him as a leader and a companion. As a small token of the team's gratitude and friendship, and in appreciation of the time he had spent in coaching them, they presented Mr. McCarthy with a fountain pen.

DEERFIELD BEATEN 20-18

In a very closely contested game the Arms five outplayed the Deerfield Academy quintet and won by a margin of two points on the evening of December 7. At the start the game looked as though it would be won easily by Deerfield. Soon, however, the Arms boys rallied and at half time the score stood 12-7, but still in Deerfield's favor. The second period started off with a rush, and while Thompson and Johnson held Deerfield scoreless, Arms ran up her score until it stood at 13 all. After this Arms steadily made her score larger until at the end of the last half the score stood 20-18



in Arms' favor. Capt. Cardwell featured for Arms while Kinear was Deerfield's star performer. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Deerfield</i>
Temple, l.f.	r.g., McKay
Monahan, r.f.	l.g., Van Petersiege
Cardwell, c.	(Switzer)
Johnson, l.g.	c., Pratt, (Atkinson)
(Thompson)	r.f., Kinear
Brown, r.g.	l.f., Russo

Goals from floor: Cardwell 4, Kinear 4, Temple, Mackay, Switzer, Russo. Free tries, Cardwell 10, Kinear 4. Referee—Ball.

ARMS 47; ARMS ALUMNI 27

On the evening of Dec. 31, a very fast game was played on the Science Hall court between the Arms varsity and alumni. Superior passing, teamwork, and good condition enabled the Arms five to win. The score at half time stood 20-18 in favor of the school team, but in the second half the local boys showed their older brothers something about the game. Capt. Cardwell featured for the school five with 12 baskets from difficult positions on the floor. Thompson and Johnson played a strong defensive game. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Alumni</i>
Temple, l.f.	r.g., Oates
Monahan, r.f.	l.g., Adler
Cardwell, c.	c., Saar
Thompson, l.g.	r.f., Upton
Johnson, r.g.	l.f., Jangro

Baskets from floor: Temple 3, Monahan 3, Cardwell 12, Thompson 4, Jangro 4, Upton 3, Saar, Alder, Oates 2. Goals from fouls: Temple, Cardwell 2, Upton 3. Referee—McCarthy.

ARMS 36; ORANGE 29

In a fast and exciting game at Orange on the afternoon of Jan. 1, Arms emerged victorious over the Orange quintet. Orange jumped into the lead in the first few minutes of play and kept it until the end of the first half notwithstanding the efforts of the Arms team. At the commencement of the second half, Arms promptly took the lead by making three baskets in quick succession and held her place until the final whistle. Cardwell and Monahan starred for the winners with 7 and 6 baskets respectively, while Verney tossed in 6 for Orange. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Orange</i>
Temple, l.f.	l.g., Byrne
Monahan, r.f.	r.g., Smith
Cardwell, c.	c., Kimball
Johnson, l.g.	r.f., Fuller
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Verney

Baskets from floor: Cardwell 7, Verney 6, Monahan 6, Temple 3, Kimball 3, Fuller 3. Free tries, Cardwell 4, Smith 5. Referee—Sauter.

ARMS 20; ST. JOSEPHS 24

The most sensational game ever played on the Arms floor took place on the evening of Feb. 4 with the crack St. Josephs team of No. Adams. Much long shooting occurred throughout the game and many beautiful shots were made. This was due mostly to the strong five-men defense of the home team. At the end of the first half the score stood 13 all, but the visitors spurred to victory in the second half after much zig-zagging in the score. Naughton starred for the visitors with four baskets, several of which were long ones. The Arms guards did commendable work. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>St. Josephs</i>
Temple, l.f.	r.g., Walsh
Monahan, r.f.	l.g., Mulrooney
Cardwell, c.	c., Craven
Thompson, (Brown)	r.f., Hawthorne
l.g.	l.f., Naughton
Johnson, r.g.	

Goals from floor: Naughton 4, Hawthorne 3, Mulrooney, Walsh 3, Johnson 1, Cardwell 2, Monahan 2, Temple 2. Free tries, Cardwell 6. Referee—J. Dailey.

ARMS 30; GREENFIELD 27

Nearly five hundred basketball fans were treated to one of the most thrilling games ever seen on the Science Hall basket-ball court on the evening of Feb. 22. Many students and rooters came from Greenfield to support their team. Although the play was rather rough, the game lost none of its speed. At the closing of the first half, Greenfield had Arms trailing 14 to 12. However, in the second half, Arms caught up with the visitors, and after the score had changed from one side to the other, Arms rallied and won by a margin of three points. Capt. Cardwell and Monahan starred for Arms while Buckley rolled in the most for the Greenfield team. The line-up:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Greenfield</i>
Temple, l.f.	r.g., Andrews
Monahan, r.f.	l.g., Bonneville
Cardwell, c.	(Houghton)
Thompson, l.g.	c., Woodrow
Johnson, r.g.	r.f., Partenheimer
	(Bonneville)
	l.f., Buckley

Goals from floor: Monahan 2, Temple, Cardwell 6, Partenheimer, Bonneville 3, Buckley 4, Woodrow 2. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 12, Woodrow 2. Referee—Ball.

ARMS 23; M. A. C. Freshmen 20.

The best game of the season of basketball was played March 4, with the M. A. C. Freshmen team. This was a benefit game for the Arms boys, and the last game of the season. Cardwell opened the barrage with a long and beautiful basket, but after see-sawing from one side to the other M. A. C. jumped into the lead, and at half time Arms stood 12 to M. A. C.'s 18. In the second the Arms boys came back in great shape, overcame the lead, and with five minutes to play Arms led the Amherst five by three points. At this point the game was filled with many thrills, but M. A. C.'s efforts were in vain, and Arms won her last game, 23 to 20.

The visitors showed some tendency to foul, and 22 personals were called on them. Cardwell excelled for Arms, while Houston and Weatherax starred for their team. The line-up:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>M. A. C. Freshmen</i>
Temple, l.f.	r.f., Kane
Monahan, r.f.	l.f., Barrows
Cardwell, c.	(Whitman)
Thompson, l.g.	c., Salmon
Johnson, r.g.	r.g., Houston
	l.g., Weatherax
	(Bartlett)

Goals from floor: Cardwell 4, Temple 3, Monahan, Kane, Barrows 3, Whitman, Weatherax. Free tries: Cardwell 7, Kane, Barrows 7. Referee—E. Dailey.

The other games of the season were of the same style as those written above, good sportsmanship and excellent ability marking all the games. The Arms fighting spirit existed in all of them and the team played a consistent game, whatever the circumstances. The following are the line-ups of the other games:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Sanderson</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Lesure
Monahan, l.f.	r. g., Hanfield
Cardwell, c.	c., Ranney
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Kinney
Galvin, l.g.	r.f., Philips
Johnson, l.g.	

Score: Arms 35, Sanderson 17. Goals from floor: Cardwell 5, Temple 5, Monahan 3, Thompson 3, Lesure, Ranney, Kinney, Philips. Goals from fouls: Ranney 2, Kinney 7, Cardwell 3. Referees: Broadhurst and McCarthy.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Athol</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Moore
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., O'Connell
Cardwell, c.	c., Leshuslsy
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Walters
Galvin, l.g.	r.f., Walper
Brown, l.g.	

Score: Athol 23, Arms 20. Goals from floor: Walters 2, Walper 2, Leshuslsy, Moore, Temple, Monahan, Cardwell 2, Thompson. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 10, Walper 7, Walters 2. Referee—Ball.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Sanderson</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Willis
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., Hanfield
Cardwell, c.	c., Ranney
Brown, l.g.	r.f., Kinney
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Lesure

Score: Arms 50, Sanderson 8. Goals from floor: Cardwell 9, Monahan 6, Temple 4, Thompson, Kinney 2, Lesure. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 6, Kinney 2. Referee—Cummings.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Turner's Falls</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Lakoski
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., I. Casey
Cardwell, c.	c., R. Casey
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Parks
Johnson, l.g.	r.f., Donovan
Brown, l.f.	r.f., Kells

Score: Arms 33, Turners Falls 16. Goals from floor: Cardwell 4, Monahan 2, Temple 2, Thompson 2, Brown, Lakoski 2, R. Casey, Parks. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 12, Lakoski 3. Referee—Cummings.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Hopkins Academy</i>
Thompson, r.f.	l.g., Jckanouski
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., Coffey
Cardwell, c.	c., Connelly
Johnson, r.g.	l.f., Moore
Brown, l.g.	l.f., Pelesier
	r.f., Fairman

Score: Arms 27, Hopkins 7. Goals from floor: Cardwell 8, Monahan 2, Fairman, Moore. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 7, Connell 3. Referee—Dailey of North Adams.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Greenfield</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Andrews
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., Houghton
Cardwell, c.	c., Woodrow
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Partenheimer
Johnson, l.f.	r.f., Buckley

Score: Greenfield 11, Arms 20. Goals from floor: Cardwell 3, Monahan 4, Temple, Woodrow 4, Partenheimer 7, Buckley 7. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 4, Woodrow 4, Partenheimer. Referee—Schaefer.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Orange</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Smith
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., Timmins
Cardwell, c.	c., Kimble
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Verney
Johnson, l.g.	r.f., Fuller

Score: Arms 40, Orange 26. Goals from floor: Temple 2, Monahan 4, Cardwell 10, Verney 5, Fuller 3, Kimball, Timmins. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 6, Smith 4, Referee—E. Dailey.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Brattleboro</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Nelson
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., Moran
Cardwell, c.	c., Nixon
Johnson, r.g.	l.f., Wells (Hutton)
Thompson, l.g.	r.f., Lynch

Score: Arms 48, Brattleboro 28. Goals from floor: Cardwell 10, Monahan 7, Temple 3, Thompson 2, Nelson 2, Wells 4, Lynch 2, Hutton, Nixon. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 4, Wells 6. Referee—Dunlebey.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Hoosick Falls, N. Y.</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Markham
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., Haynes
Cardwell, c.	c., Reynolds
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Hayden
Johnson, l.g.	r.f., Armstrong
Brown, r.g.	r.g., Marshall

Score: Arms 39, Hoosick Falls 25. Goals from floor: Temple 2, Monahan 3, Cardwell 6, Thompson, Armstrong 4, Hayden 2, Reynolds 2, Haynes, Markham 2. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 15, Armstrong 2, Reynolds. Referee—Dailey.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Deerfield</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Petersilge
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., Mackay (Atkinson)
Cardwell, c.	c., Pratt
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Snodgrass
Johnson, l.g.	r. f., Kinear

Score: Arms 25, Deerfield 51. Goals from floor: Temple 2, Monahan, Cardwell 5, Peteridge 2, Snodgrass 12, Kinear 5, Atkinson 3. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 9, Kinear 7. Referee—Gore.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Brattleboro</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Nelson
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., Wells
Cardwell, c.	c., Nixon
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Dutton
Johnson, l.g.	r.f., Heywood

Score: Arms 56, Brattleboro 5. Goals from floor: Temple 4, Monahan 11, Cardwell 8, Nixon, Nelson. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 8, Nixon. Referee—Dailey.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Hopkins</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Jckanowski
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., Coffey
Cardwell, c.	c., Conelly
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Pelisier
Johnson, l.g.	r.f., Moore (Yanow)

Score: Arms 30, Hopkins 18. Goals from floor: Temple 2, Monahan 3, Cardwell 6, Jckanowski, Connelly 2, Pelisier 3, Moore 2, Yanow. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 8. Referee—French.

<i>Arms</i>	<i>M. A. C. 2 Yr. Team.</i>
Temple, r.f.	l.g., Steele
Monahan, l.f.	r.g., Burnett
Cardwell, c.	c., Parsons
Thompson, r.g.	l.f., Ross
Johnson, l.g.	r.f., Shaw

Score: Arms 19, M. A. C. 41. Goals from floor: Temple, Monahan, Cardwell 3, Steele, Parsons 6, Shaw 10. Goals from fouls: Cardwell 5, Temple 4, Shaw 7, Referee—Ball.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

The 1921 girls' basketball team of Arms Academy has had a very successful season, having won seven out of twelve.

The girls played their best away from home, especially in the games with Drury and Greenfield.

The line-up was as follows:

Barbara Donelson	r. f.
Elizabeth Loomis,	r. g.
Sylvia Gould	l. f.
Mildred Kingsbury	l. g.
Viola Tyler	c.

Subs:

Esther Temple,
Elsie Mattson,
Lida Leonard,
Hilda Thompson.

Viola Tyler, the captain, did splendid work, always fulfilling her duties in that capacity, as well as in her position as center. Her agility and co-operation helped to win many of the games.

Until this year Sylvia Gould played guard, but was soon found to be indispensable as a forward. Perhaps the fact that she received from her family a financial commission for every basket she made was an impetus!

Barbara Donelson, also, was a bright spot on the team. If she could have been in all the games the record would have shown even better results.

Many sincere compliments were bestowed on Mildred Kingsbury, left guard. "She is a marvel!" exclaimed a Sargent graduate, the coach of an opposing team. Certain it is that no forward enjoyed Mildred's constant, careful guarding.

Although Elizabeth Loomis does not, at first glance, appear formidable, she, too, proved a hindrance to many would-be basket makers. Though small in stature, she is wiry and has a large amount of energy and endurance.

The substitutes proved their worth and loyalty on several occasions. They attend-



ed practice faithfully and had opportunities to show what good material they will be for next year.

H. LYMAN.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Basketball started with a bang when we received a daring challenge from Sanderson to play them on their floor, Nov. 19. This meant work, and practice was begun Nov. 8.

There were many recruits out for basketball, and under the leadership and untiring work of our coach, Miss Lyman, it became evident that we would have a winning team.

Perhaps out of our twelve games, the two most interesting ones were with our old rival, Drury High School.

We had always been eager to defeat Drury, and when they came here we had a hard and lively struggle in the first half. At half time we were ahead. Our joy was

short-lived, however, and at the end of the game the score was 15-18 in our opponents' favor.

Eager for revenge, we made a trip to Drury a few weeks later and there we fought for a hard and well earned victory and prided ourselves on a 17-16 score.

We desire to take this place to extend our appreciation to our coach, Miss Lyman, for her untiring efforts in our behalf and to the loyal supporters of the A. A. A. for making our basketball season a prosperous one.

In the loss of "Vi," our captain, and "Bill," our manager, we feel a deep regret. Their loss does not discourage us, however, for, with incoming recruits, we are hoping for a better team and a more prosperous season next year. The scores follow:

Place	We	They
At Sanderson	8	5
Drury, here	15	18
Sanderson, here	31	0
Turners Falls, here	60	2
No. Adams Girls' Club, here	14	22
Greenfield Girls' Club, here	25	0
At Bliss	7	9
At North Adams Girls' Club	11	20
At Drury	17	16



Greenfield High, here	20	28
At Greenfield High	26	18
Bliss College, here	7	5

BASEBALL

The 1921 baseball season found Arms with very little material on hand. There were such men as Cardwell, Temple, Monahan, and Galvin who had had previous experience. There were no pitchers and no infielders. But Coach McCarthy undertook the task of developing a baseball team, with a catcher and three outfielders as a basis.

About the first of April the candidates were called out for blackboard talks, in which the fundamental theories of baseball were discussed in detail. Offensive play, such as bunting, hitting, and base running was considered. In defensive play methods of trapping base runners, methods of preventing opponents' stealing bases, and the manner in which each infield and outfield position should be played were discussed. This is a very vital part in the training of a baseball squad, and is something which has been sadly missed heretofore at Arms.

The showing made by the team in the first game with Colrain was very discouraging to the coach and fans in general. Mon-

ahan was on the slab for Arms and was hit freely. The final score was 16-3 in favor of Colrain.

However, there is no cause to grumble, as a very decided improvement was shown in the Ashfield series. Temple pitched his first ball for Arms and showed great promise. In the six innings of the game at Arms that he pitched, but two runs were gained off his delivery. Thompson finished the game. The score in this game was 15-8 in Arms' favor. Temple repeated his performance at Ashfield, letting Sanderson down with seven hits and giving Arms a 5-4 victory.

Little hope was held for Arms in her first league game in Athol on May 7, but the boys surprised everyone. Especially did they surprise the veteran Athol team, and made them fight until the last half of the ninth inning to win a 3-2 victory. Again Temple's sterling work in the box was the bright spot to Arms supporters. The game was intensely interesting and well played by



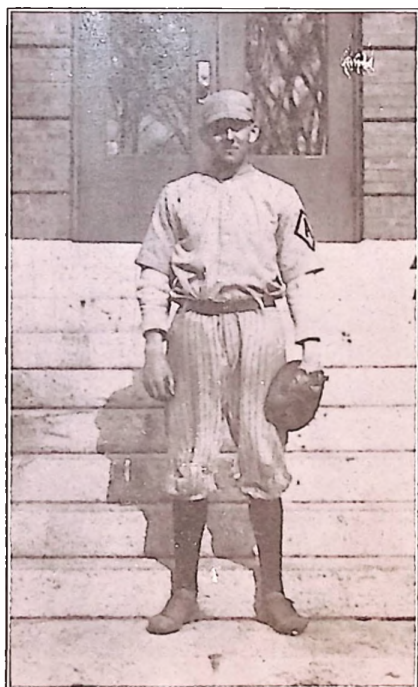
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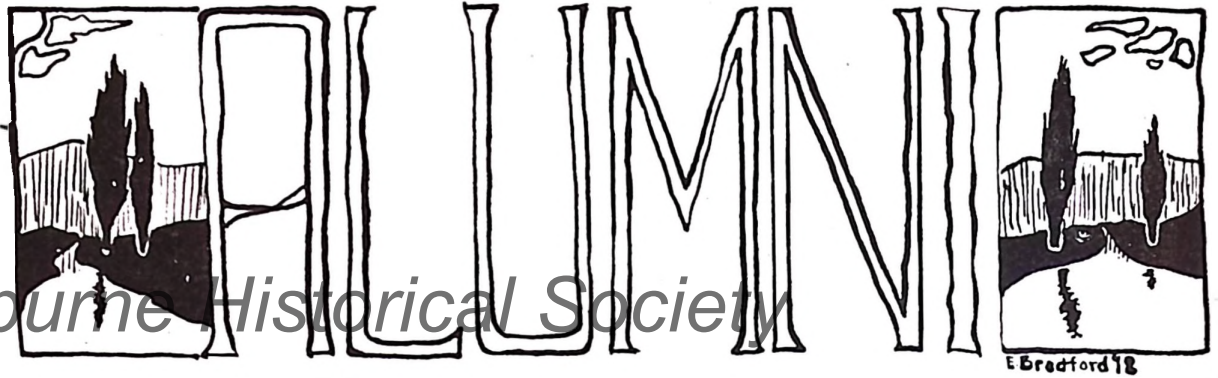
both nines. Congratulations are in order to the team and coach for such an admirable showing. This game gives Arms great encouragement and leads us to believe that she will not be in the league cellar position at the end of the season.

Manager Cary announces the following schedule:

April 19 Colrain
 April 26 Sanderson
 May 3 At Sanderson

May 7 At Athol
 May 11 Orange
 May 14 Deerfield
 May 21 Brattleboro
 May 25 At Turners Falls
 May 28 At Greenfield
 May 30 At Deerfield
 June 1 Turners Falls
 June 4 Athol
 June 8 At Brattleboro
 June 15 At Orange





Shelburne Historical Society

1897

There were an even dozen in the class of '97, and it would take six of us to tell how the other half lives. As for Editorial Us, we can only tell you some of the things we do not know:—

We do not know at all who has the biggest family. We are reasonably sure it isn't Katherine Burke Bardwell, whom we saw not long ago in the Old Home Town, where she still lives, and we noted that she looked as if she hadn't a care in the world. We remember that Celia Thorndike Sawyer had the best start; and by this time her front parlor must be quite a Mecca for the eligible youth of Fitchburg. Joseph Ballard has some family, too. He couldn't find a house big enough in Colrain, so he resides in Greenfield, which is, as you know, a suburb; yet only a graduate of Arms could, at that distance, manage the Griswoldville Mfg. Co. and bring up a family at the same time.

We do not know who of the boys has retained his locks. It might be Bert Newell, who has it soft in the hardware business at S. F., but we don't mean that kind of locks. We mean the kind that made football the game it was in the good old days. Our persistent bachelor, George Innis, should be the one—but look at Frank! George is over in Pittsfield teaching perfectly good Americans how to babble in foreign tongues; while Florence Taylor Geddes, who can smell Ellis Island when she takes the air, is quite as conscientiously teaching Yonkers foreign-born how *not* to. She and Mari Purington Donelson have had the good sense to send their children to Arms to be graduated, knowing it could be done there if anywhere. Mari may not be on the Mohawk Trail, but we hear that many hungry city folk have found her home on the Elm Grove Trail a good place to Bide-a-Wee and Eat-a-Lot.

We do not know why Florence Amstein, who is making musical harmony in the Episcopal Church at "the Falls" and teaching it to numberless youth, has not added marital harmony to her course. And there is Maud Elmer away out in Seattle, teaching the children how to draw. Who will show them how to draw a husband? But we'll say Maud and Florence have been quite decent not to add silver spoons to our High Cost.

We do not know why Grace Haigis Herzog, at Kingston-on-Hudson, has developed an abnormal craze for Antiques, while steadily refusing to mellow into Old Age along with the rest of us—and getting away with it, too.

We do not know just what it means to be Operator for the New England Power Company, but we do know John Manning has the Power.

We do not know what are the duties of Howard Hall as Manager of the Western Electric Company at Richmond, Va., but the name suggests hitherto unattainable drudgery-dispellers, and we hope Howard is rich enough to send all the house keepers of '97 a sample. We'll pay the freight.

We do not know—but we think it's time to stop.

ONE-OF-A-DOZEN.

DEAR STUDENTS OF ARMS AND CLASSMATES OF 1912:

Each year as the "ARMS STUDENT" makes its appearance, memory takes us back to the happy days when we, too, were students at dear old Arms, and we wonder what has become of all our former classmates. Every year it is harder to recall just what this one or that one is doing, and some we cannot locate at all.

Only five of the class of 1912 are living in town: Marion Merrick, Dr. Edward

Goodell, Bessie Temple (Mrs. LeRoy Herzig), Mildred King (Mrs. Fritz Johnson), and the writer.

The others are widely scattered; Dorothy Ball Loyd is living in Casper, Wyoming, and Dorothy Hadley Hawkes in Los Angeles, Cal., while Nelson Wells left recently for Porto Rico, where he has a position on a sugar plantation.

Albert Davenport has just returned from an enlistment in the Marine Corps, where his duties carried him to some of the far corners of the earth.

John (Chick) Meehan has been Head Coach for the Syracuse University football team for several years. He will be remembered as one of Arms' greatest athletes.

George (Micky) Marshall is working for the New England Power Co., and is now living in Millbury.

Elmer (Happy) Davenport is an instructor at Dickinson Academy.

Fred B. Dole is living in Shelburne and quite frequently coaxes the Ford as far as the "Falls."

Francis Francis was, according to last reports, living in Griswoldville.

Mavis Goodnow Haywood is located in Greenfield, as is Gertrude Goodell Randall.

Merle Maynard is teaching in Meriden, N. H., and "Zeb" Rossmeis is also teaching in Whitingham, Vt.

There are many others whose names we recall, but whom we cannot locate. If any of these read these notes and wonder why their names are not here, we would remind them that we still remember them, and send them greeting, wherever they may be.

We recall with sadness the names of four of our former class-mates who have crossed the "Great Divide": Hazel Allen, Ethel Smith, Jessie Sage, and Russell Hawkes. Their memory still lives in the hearts of the class of 1912.

HARRY P. WARD.

REPORT OF 1915

Madeline Barnes is teaching "forty-fourth grade youngsters in South Windsor, Connecticut." If her pupils can write as nicely as she can, they all deserve *A's*.

Gladys Bray is at home "at present." Where we all belong after dark!

James Colt, after his "P.G." at Arms in 1916, enlisted in the Marine Corps, spent ten months in France, and was discharged in July, 1919. Since then he has "been endeavoring to learn something of the wool

business, and also attends business school in Boston." His address is Medway, Mass. We predict that Sec. Denby will not be the only famous man to get his start in the Marines.

William Field, teacher, St. Paul, Minnesota. "My motto is, 'Distance lends enchantment'."

Margaret Hardy is working in the insurance office for C. W. Hawks and Company.

Irene (Hawks) Leavitt lives in Mansfield, Mass.

Emily Merrill is working with the Goodell-Pratt Company, Greenfield, Mass.

Vincie Temple became Mrs. Lee Leroy Taylor on October 20, 1919. (We all congratulate Mr. Taylor).

I skipped "Jim" Galvin. He must have had a hat on! (His hair is red.) After receiving his degree from Boston University in June, 1920, he joined the U. S. Treasury Dept. (Trust Jim!) He was associated with the Internal Revenue Dept. in the capacity of a traveling, or field auditor. (Probably putting a value on confiscated "moonshine.") His duties have stationed him at various places: Boston, Washington, Pittsfield, and Wichita, Kansas, being among the number.

Louis Vasseur. (Deceased.)

Robert Coombs is at his father's home helping with the farm work and looking forward to the time when his own home will be completed.

Done (Samone) Hoxie is happily married and lives at Northfield, Mass.

William Pelchie is practising medicine at Turners Falls.

Katherine Barnard is doing housework in Worcester, Mass.

Lawrence Bushy is a clerk in a bank in Holyoke, Mass.

Madeline (Reed) Scranton is living in New York City. Her husband is a doctor.

Lucy Wood is a librarian in Springfield, Mass.

Charles O'Brien is working for the Western Union at 195 Broadway, New York.

Frederika Dubuk is teaching school in Springfield.

Frederick Sullivan is doing dental work in South Deerfield.

In spite of all our efforts to locate Theresa Gillen Walker, we have been unable to find her. Will she please let us know her whereabouts herself?

GREETINGS FROM THE CLASS OF 1916!

Our class was made up of only fifteen members, but so far we have not been able to get together. Somehow we seemed to have scattered to the four winds, but we hope the near future will reveal a way for us to reunite.

We have been saddened by the death of one of our members, Ruth Wheeler Roberts. Our sympathy goes out to her sister and husband, both members of our class. We also extend our sympathy to Meekins and Bemis, each of whom has recently lost his mother.

Four of us have bound ourselves by the "ties of matrimony": Roberts and Ruth Wheeler were married soon after graduation; Ruth died in 1919. Leon enlisted in the Navy during the War and we believe he is still "following the sea." Mary Streeter started in bravely to train for a nurse in a Springfield Hospital, but Cupid got her and she is continuing married life in Springfield. Our last to enter wedlock was little "Mack." He tried a lot, but finally went back to his early sweetheart, Mabel Brown. "Mack" is in charge of the Porter Grain Store in Springfield. We wish him all sorts of good things, both in family and business associations.

We suppose that Deane Griswold will be the next to enter the field of matrimony. Evelyn can hardly wait until M. I. T. graduates him this June.

Four of our class have entered the medical profession, three as nurses and one as M. D. Mary Streeter, as above stated, started training, only to drop it a few months later. Effie Apte graduated from the Franklin County Hospital, April, 1920. She is doing private nursing, in Greenfield principally. Can't you hear all her patients saying, "I don't want to get well!"? "Hap" tried her luck, too, and is now doing public health nursing in Colrain. Can you see her trudging up Christian Hill, bag in hand, some bitter cold winter's night? Our disappointed actor went to France; "Meek" came back with the determination to become either an undertaker or a doctor. He was bound to kill us all off anyway. He chose the last and entered Tufts Medical School this fall. Our very best goes with

Dick Johnson did not finish at Worcester ch, but has a position in Worcester as a draftsman.

Gertrude Wheeler got discouraged as a school marm. She is doing office work somewhere in Fitchburg.

Rebecca Roberts is at her home in Greenfield. We wonder if she now has to pay an "exercise tax."

Barnard is still on the farm, just the same old Francis.

Alberta Walden is also at home. Because of her mother's ill health, Alberta may be seen at any time "slinging pots and pans" and in general holds the position of chief cook and bottle washer.

"Bink" Bemis must be by now either President or Vice-President of one of New York's largest banking houses. His next move, we understand, is to represent the company abroad, either in England or in their office in China.

Last but not least, Grace Schontag is still with the War Department in Washington, D. C. From all appearances, Grace doesn't always intend to follow business, for she is very diligently filling a "hope chest." Strange though, she had to go way to Washington to find the right chap from her own state, from Worcester, we believe.

CLASS OF 1917

DEAR MEMBERS OF ARMS ACADEMY:

The Class of 1917 extends its best wishes to you all.

Come with me and I will take you for a good ride. Then we can see the Class of '17 and know what they are doing tonight.

Buzz! Buzz! Are you ready? Well, hurry, or we can't get back before the sun comes up. You know we are going to visit Mars and can't see when it is light.

Ready! Hip! Hip! Hurray! We will now have a long, jolly ride.

At last we have reached the planet. It will throw its bright light on all the places we want to see.

Whom shall we look upon first? Let us look down upon our old home town to see how it looks from on high.

Well, if there isn't "Sully," arm-in-arm with her Greenfield friend. They look happy, don't they? Now she must remember and not stay out too late, for tomorrow will be a busy day for the stenographer at the H. H. Mayhew Co.

Listen! "Number, please?" There is the same sweet voice of Vivian. That is a new one on us—telephone connections with the planets! You mustn't be surprised at anything that happens these days.

Of course, some of you remember 1920 was leap year. If you look around a bit you will think the girls of '17 did well. (Probably they thought it was their last chance.) There is Sarah sitting by the fire anxiously waiting for "Frost." Across the street is Claire, washing dishes and at the same time trying not to let "Oates" get wild. On the other side of the river is Agnes, patiently looking out of the window for a "star-key" (a new kind). In North Adams we find Mabelle, just eating her supper at this late hour. She is having "Fish." Nellie was married some time ago. She has the honor of being 1917's first mother.

As we look over the Shelburne mountain we see William coming from the henhouse with a big basket full of eggs. His chickens will surely get the prize this year.

The heavenly twins still keep together. We know them where'er we see them. Tonight they are at a show in Greenfield. Alone? Oh, no! You could hardly expect that. During the day we would find Dora and Doris working in East Deerfield at the Boston & Maine office. Well, if there isn't Viola at the show, and she didn't dare come alone, either. Look on a certain finger and what do you see? (I wonder if that developed from leap year?) How long do you suppose she will want to work in Greenfield for the Franklin County Trust Co?

Farther down we recognize three boys, earnestly studying. Who can they be? Why, that is "Gould," "Peck," and Barnard at the M. A. C. Next year, no doubt, the farms will shine and the dollars will come rolling in.

Marjorie is still our faithful one. We find her planning on graduation at Mount Holyoke. She is always ready for a good time after the work is over.

Lettice, way down in Washington, is working for the U. S. A. You see if you are not satisfied with the way things go, just drop her a few lines.

Let us take a look off on the hills tonight. There is still a bright light in that window. Someone must be working late. Sure enough, it is Harriet, bent over a pile of papers. First a "C" and then an "X". Can you believe it—Harriet a teacher up in Colrain? I wonder if she still has that happy smile.

Here is Walden, taking an evening stroll. He is telling the neighboring school teacher how heavy the packages were he had to carry for Uncle Sam. You don't suppose

any is so large it drags on the ground. It would surely be "some" bundle if it did.

Annie is at home tonight. Tomorrow will find her at her place in the office of the Lamson & Goodnow Co. She is always willing to do her duty.

Still some boys are willing to stay at home and help raise potatoes for the grumbling, half-starved city folks; we find Alton one of these. Sometimes he gets tired of the auto, so takes a "Walker."

Now we have seen twenty members of the class and there was only one more. At this time sadness comes to our hearts as we think of James. He was taken from us in the winter of 1918. Tender memories of him will always remain with us.

We must now leave for home, as the sky in the east is getting bright. This has been a wonderful night.

Don't you think this is an industrious set, on the whole? Let us see a class that can beat it!

As ever,

CLASS OF 1917.

CLASS OF 1918

As Spring drew near and another school year was nearly finished, my thoughts turned to the Class of 1918 and the pleasant memories associated with our four years at Arms.

What were they all doing? Why not take a motor trip and visit some of these school-mates of mine and see them in their various occupations and pursuits?

The more I thought, the more I wanted to go. I decided to take my vacation from the Mayhew Company earlier than usual. I looked around the shop for Howard Eldridge, thinking he would go with me, but he thought he couldn't take the time just then, so it was up to me to go alone.

On my way to dinner I stopped to see Evelyn Oates at the National Bank and she called Elsie Haller at the Lamson & Goodnow Mfg. Co. and told her of my plans.

At last I was ready to start. I knew that Christine Monahan was teaching at Griswoldville, so why not go that way and visit her school? She was having a singing lesson, and had the scholars sing "I'll See You in C-U-B-A" for me! When I saw Gwendolyn Damon she told me that she was teaching at West Chesterfield, and that Grace Harris was at home keeping house for her brother.

As I arrived in Greenfield, I saw Marjorie Mitchell coming down the street. I asked how she liked working at the G. T. D. Corp. and she looked at me and smiled. "Guess you haven't kept up with the news! I have been married about a year and am now living in Buckland on a farm. My name is Mrs. Robert Scott." Of course our conversation then wandered to the others, and I found out from "Marj" that she had been down to see Esther Carlson, who is still at the G. T. D. Office. "Marj" had also seen Ruth Townsend Watson, who had just returned from her wedding trip. When Marj got off from the train in the morning she had seen Hazel Jangro, just starting for East Deerfield, where she is employed by the B. & M. R.R. I asked about Betty Laden, but no one seemed to know just where she was. She had been working in a store at Turners Falls.

I then left "Marj" and arrived in Hadley soon after dinner. There I visited Viola LaPierre at her school. At Amherst, Richard Field persuaded me to spend the night with him in order that I might see the M. A. C. buildings. I thought this a good idea, as I could start early in the morning for Boston.

This I did. When arriving in sight of Ayer I had my first tire trouble. Several autos passed; at last one stopped and a familiar voice called, "Hey, there, Legate, what are you doing here?" It was LeRoy Brown—but not *alone*, as usual (?) He introduced me to his wife and told me that he had been married since February.

I found Earle Griswold at Boston. He is studying at M. I.T. "Stubby" and I looked up Helen Francis who is taking a secretarial course at the Katharine Gibbs school, and to my surprise found Eleanor Bradford there. She was on her way home from Bates for the spring vacation and had stopped to visit Helen.

I then left Boston for Ohio. Julia Wells was at Oberlin College and said I would find Mabel Field at Alma College, Alma, Mich. where she had just won the oration prize for girls, and was to represent her school at the state contest to be held soon.

As I had seen or heard from all the members of my class, and as my vacation was near an end, I started for home. I wished that I might take such a trip and visit my classmates more often, but I was certainly well pleased with the results of this journey.

Over it all was the sad thought that one

was not with us. Earnest Goodnow died December 2, 1918.

THE CLASS OF 1919

Katherine Ball is attending a kindergarten training school in Boston, Mass.

Annetta Bader married Mr. George Golden and is living in Shelburne Falls. She has a daughter.

Ralph Booker is in Ada, Ohio, studying in the College of Engineering, Northern University.

Miriam Cromack is working in Mory's printing office, doing proof reading.

Arthur Eldridge is attending Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York.

Deane Eldridge is at Fitchburg Normal School, Fitchburg, Mass.

Sybil Fiske and Alwine Geiger are at their homes in Shelburne.

Cristine Gould recently returned from California, where she has been since graduation. She is now at home in Shelburne.

Warren Gould is attending Bates College in Lewiston, Maine.

Ella Galbraith, valedictorian, is continuing her education at Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

Leona Haller is at home in Shelburne Falls.

John Jangro attended Tufts Dental College for a time, but is now at his home in Greenfield.

Bernice King, who has been training at North Adams Normal School, is now teaching.

Anna La Belle is working for the Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation in Greenfield.

Dorris Martin and Alice Smith are in training at the Springfield Hospital, Springfield, Mass.

Howard Mann is studying in Boston University, Boston, Mass.

Howard Schontag and Alex Saar are with the New England Power Co. in Shelburne Falls.

Marjorie Spear is at Simmons College, Boston, Mass.

Wilma Thompson works in the office of the H. Mayhew Co., Shelburne Falls.

Duncan Upton is attending Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

Ruth Walker is working in the office of the Griswoldville Mfg. Co., Colrain, Mass.

Vivian Ward is teaching in Colrain.

Helen Ward is teaching in West Hawly.

Renold Wessman is employed by the Pratt Drop Forge, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Sarah Wells married Robert Coombs and is living in Colrain, Mass.

CLASS OF 1920

DEAR FRIEND:

I have just arrived home after a wonderful tour through the eastern states. I have so much to write about that I can hardly wait to begin.

While on a carriage drive over the beautiful hills of Colrain, I passed a little brick school house. It seemed so tiny and cosy, nestled in the heart of the hills, that I decided to turn back and visit. I knocked at the door. Who do you suppose answered my knock? None other than "Pinky" Adams. Do you remember the little girl whose desk was piled with literary material? Well, "Pinky" is a real school teacher now.

From "Pinky" I learned that "Dot" Wheeler was also teaching—in Adamsville. Last year "Dot" was delivering sweets at recess, but now it's pencils, blotters, and everything.

On my way to Shelburne Falls by way of Colrain center, I met a young man known to all by the name of "Copper" or "Red" Galvin. "Red" is taking a post graduate course at Arms, in preparation for M. A. C. next year. I asked "Red" where "Buck," "Kipper," "Tibby," "Hutch," "Polly," "Dean," and "Happy" were and what they were doing.

It seems that "Buck" Francis is in Maine with the Western Electric Company. "Kipper" Ward is becoming a true New England farmer. He may be seen driving the "hoss" with the same steadiness as he studied at Arms.

"Tibby" Johnson, our camouflaged farmer is in the navy and everybody knows that "Tibby" will achieve fame.

"Polly" Nilman and "Deac" Jones are both at home. "Deac" is working at Lamson and Goodnow's.

Hutchins, -1920's "Jeff" (?) is at M. A. C., while "Happy" Oates, whose middle name is "Dimples," is working with the New England Power Co. in town.

Reaching Shattuckville, I encountered "Don" Donelson who invited me to tea. What a delightful time we had talking over the glorious times at Arms!

"Don" told me that on her way home from Fitchburg Normal School she saw "Hon" Buell. "Hon" is at Cushing Acad-

emy, Ashburnham, preparing for college. I'm sure that if you should chance to go from Fitchburg to Ashburnham some week-end you would see "Don" and "Hon" out hiking.

It was dusk when I drove down Main street. Just as I turned the corner by the Library I heard someone laughing. It was the kind that rings true like "Ernie" Geddes.' Could it be—? I looked around and, behold, there was "Ernie." Let me tell you, I wasn't long getting out of the carriage. In a jiffy "Ernie" and I were talking at the rate of two hundred fifty words a minute. "Ernie," who is at College in Yonkers, N. Y., was spending her Easter vacation in Shelburne Falls. "Ernie" told me she had seen "Lou" Cottlow, "Potsy" Adler, "Jingles" Jangro, and "Queenie" Hill.

"Potsy" is at Northern University, Ada, Ohio. He is keeping up his record as an athlete by playing on the freshman football and basketball teams.

"Queenie" is at home. For a short time she substituted at Arms.

"Lou" Cottlow is in Kansas.

"Ernie" said "Jingles" is assisting at home. Of course "Jingles" knew that "Snooks" Paull, our Valedictorian, was at Monroe Bridge Paper Co. typing at high speed.

A few days later during my stay at Shelburne Falls I was the guest at a week-end party at Myra Thompson's. There were seven others besides myself. "Milly" Wheeler, "Ned" Baldwin, "Blondy" Peck, "Rene" Richmond, "Helen" Spinney, "Dot" Fairbanks and—guess? Why "Peg" Field from Michigan.

What a reunion!

The first thing everybody wanted to know where everybody else was and what he was doing. Our hostess immediately solved the problem.

"Myra" is at Cambridge, training for a Kindergarten teacher.

"Millie" is engaged in learning the art of housekeeping, practising for the future!!!

"Ned" Baldwin is at the National Bank in town. But we do not know for how long!

"Blondy" is at the New Haven Training Hospital in Connecticut.

"Rene" Richmond is with Myra at Cambridge.

Helen Spinney is at Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

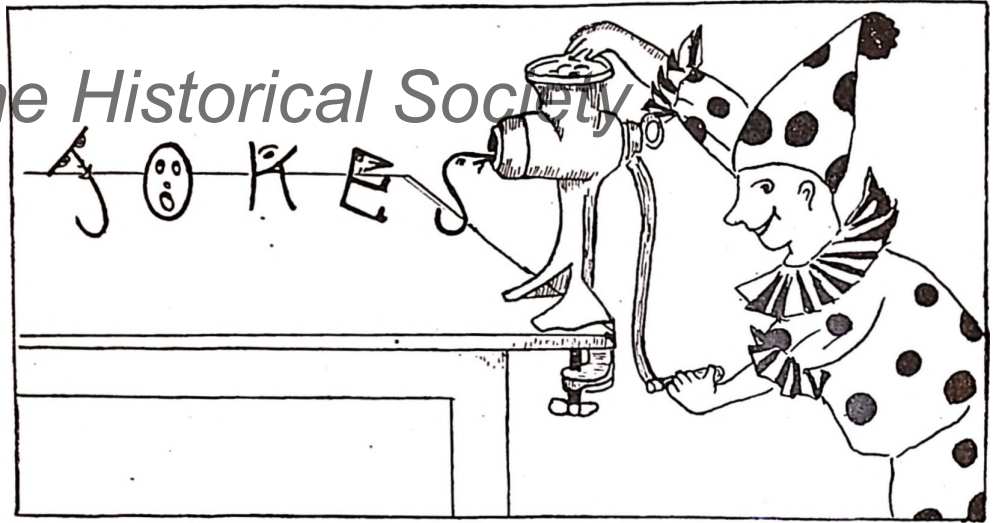
"Dot" Fairbanks, our Salutatorian, has become a laboratory assistant at the Long Island Training Hospital, which overlooks the Harbor.

"Peg" Field, our western lassie and youngest member, is attending college at Alma, Mich.

My! how fast the days went by. The time was approaching when I had to return home. About an hour before train time I hastened up Severance street for one last sight of OUR DEAR OLD ALMA MATER—ARMS ACADEMY.

'20.

Shelburne Historical Society



Post Mortem

Jessie Shippee: (Am. Hist.): "Lincoln died the next morning after having been killed the night before."

Those New Languages

Miss Linfield: (Eng. IV): "Remember that what we say in speaking, we'll say in written speech."

O Grandpa, How Could You!

Mr. Vose: (Am. Hist.): "What was the condition of each army at the close of the war?"

G. Thompson: "The Southern soldiers were wearing almost anything they could get hold of, but the Northern soldiers all wore good Union suits."

Long Live Dobbin

D. Clark: (Eng. 11 B): "The headmost horseman rode alone, for his horse was dead."

She Admits 'Em

Miss Lyman: (Soph. English): "Write your next theme on 'My Bad Manners.' You should be able to write quite a theme."

One Object of Education is a Good Understanding

P. Smith: Do you believe in re-incarnation?"

Vi. Tyler: "Certainly."

Smith: "And what do you want to be when you return to earth?"

Tyler: "I want to be a beautiful tree."

Smith: "Well, you have a beautiful pair of limbs."

Those Arid Bogs

Mr. Vose: (Civis): "What has been done with the money raised by the sale of government lands?"

B. Temple: "It has been used to irrigate the swamp lands of the West."

State vs. Cemetery

Karoline Finck: (Civics): "A state is a limited territory where living people govern themselves."

Who Squealed On Us?

Miss Lyman: "What was written on the papyrus rolls found in the old Egyptian tombs?"

The Voice of Truth: "Some of the jokes we hear now-a-days."

And We Thought Him Dead

Miss Lyman: (Soph. Eng.): "Save the 'Life of Shakespeare' and pass it in tomorrow."

Analytical Geometry

Mrs. Person: (Geometry): "Miss Stacy, stand aside so we can see your figure."

They Utilized Their Cripples

Miss Hopkins: (Latin II): "Who were the camp-followers?"

Havenport: "They were the baggage-men without arms."

The Mixed Metaphor

Miss Lyman: (Soph. Eng.): "Change this simile to a metaphor: 'She was pretty; as graceful as a bird.'"

Cary: "She was a bird."

?

Mr. Brigham: (Freshman Music): "We will now sing a familiar song we have never sung before."

My Word!

Miss Hopkins: (Civics): "The game-warden arrests persons who shoot things that can't be shot."

An Author's Hieroglyphics

Miss Linfield: (Eng. I): "Robert Louis Stevenson was a great writer."

Gunner Anderson: "Did he use the Palmer Method?"

Count Your Legs

Mrs. Person: (Gen. Science): "Bailey, name some insects that carry disease."

Bailey: "People."

In the Air

Mr. Vose: "What is meant when a presidential candidate is said to be on the fence?"

E. Belanger: "He has no platform."

Statistical Exactness

Mr. Vose: (In Civics): "When was the Department of the Interior formed?"

Vi. Tyler: "About 1890." (1849)

Mr. Vose: "What lands did it have direct control of?"

Vi. Tyler: "Missouri, I think." (Territory gained after Mexican War.)

Mr. Vose: "From whom did we get the new land?"

Vi. Tyler: "From France." (Mexico)

The Analytic Mind

Miss Hopkins: (Mod. Hist.): "What were the characteristics of Dr. Murat, who was a prominent figure in the French Revolution?"

M. Spencer: "He was a physician."

Perhaps If It Were a Skunk

M. Smith: (Finishing table of liquid): "And sixty-three gallons make one hedge-hog."

Pro Merito Aims

The Pro Merito have applied their minds to the enlightening of various pupils in their perplexing problems. They have attempted to aid the Juniors to trisect an arc; the sophomores to explain why Caesar bridged the Mississippi; the freshmen why land and sea are heated unequally; and Belanger to prove that two unequal lines are equal. They hope that these endeavors are not wasted !!!

A Senior bold was Charley March,
His actions were distressing;
He peeked into Arm's kitchen and—
He saw the salad dressing!

First Freshman: "I just read that a moustache was a sign of manliness in the 18th century."

Second Freshman: (Seeing a person crossing the campus): "I guess times have changed."

English III A.

Miss Linfield: "Who or what was Lethe?"

Miss L. Johnson: "Wasn't he one of the wise men?"

Agri. II.

A. Cromack: "Isn't the sheep supposed to be the most affectionate animal?"

Mr. McCarthy: "Yes, I guess so; but the dear (?) is pretty affectionate."

"Shooter" Anderson: "Say, you know we freshmen boys played the Baker School Friday afternoon and beat them 78 to 2."

Junior Girl: "That's fine. How many baskets did you make?"

Anderson: "Oh, I played on the Baker team."

In a Modern History Test:

Monahan: "Architecture took a great jump." (If the writings of an author reveal his character one would say that T. M. is an athlete.)

Absent Presently Perhaps

Mrs. Person: "Anybody here absent?"

In a Modern History Test:

Marion Hillman: "Peter the Great captured the Baltic Widow." (Miss Hopkins is pleased to have her students do individual research, but thinks it might be advisable not to unearth family skeletons.)

Eng. III A.

Miss Linfield: "Suppose Gareth were not tired out?"

Elwyn Cromack: "If Gareth had been fresh Lancelot couldn't have overthrown him."

HOW TO LIVE

Worry less and work more.
Ride less and walk more.
Frown less and smile more.
Drink less and breathe more.
Eat less and chew more.
Waste less and save more.
Preach less and do more.
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The Point of View

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Second Student: "It's hard to tell, because they're pointed in one direction and headed in another."

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Next is Cary. You'd think a chap who knew enough to be valedictorian would know too much to fall for a minister's daughter, wooden yuh?

And lookit Donelson. Say, any ol' kinda chicken drives that fella wild!

Ever see Shields stickin' around with Al Johnson? There's a reason!

Coburn loves someone.

And March loves 'em all.

I'm smitt vialunt, but I won't tell who she is and no one else knows.

Herzig is the only sensible one in the bunch. He looks 'em all over, and then looks over 'em all.

Wouldn't it make yuh laff?

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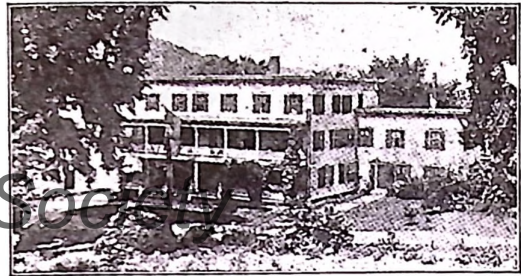
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