

*Shelburne Historical Society*

THE  
ARMS  
STUDENT



1922

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**—1922—**

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Dedication

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1866

Clarence L. Brigham

1921

Those students who came to know and respect their beloved musician, Clarence L. Brigham, believe that there never stretched greater bonds of sympathy between master and pupil than those he wove.

His pleasure and his work lay with children, and it is fitting that in contact with those yet in the spring of their years, his whole life should have been, and was, but as a softly whispering wind of the Maytime season, telling of the early blossoms and the singing birds, yet mindful of the past and thoughtful of the future.

His efforts were untiring; no task was too long nor too difficult for him to attempt in behalf of those for whom he worked. Each individual student who has known him has received inspiration from his interest and help; and it is for each of these students that we, in appreciation of his work, and in admiration of his life, dedicate the 1922 number of the

**Arms Student**

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#### EDITORIALS

**T**HE Arms Student board presents the 1922 number to a host of the school members and friends. Each year a standard is set in the annals of the school's publication. The 1921 board set a very high standard which the present staff has tried, and we hope succeeded, to surpass. In the same spirit we express the confidence that the 1923 board will rise to an even higher goal in this form of the perpetuation of the traditions of Arms Academy.

Much depends on a pilot. The selection of a **Student** editor-in-chief for next year has been carefully made. Elizabeth Loomis has been elected as the 1923 editor-in-chief.

**E**XECUTIVE ability in a high school student is quickly realized in only a certain number. As a result the burden in every class falls on a few. We propose as a remedy a scheme whereby each office held in school counts a certain number of points and that the number of points held by one student be closely limited.

**D**URING the past school year there has been considerable discussion of the possibility of a weekly school paper at Arms Academy. This could be a supplement to the yearly **Student** and an agent for even greater

promotion of school interest. Perhaps, a weekly organ is too ambitious a plan and a monthly would be more advisable. At any rate there is an opportunity for development along the lines of quantity.

UNITED effort upon the part of the school is necessary if certain improvements are to be made in our school life. The need of an alumni association is pointed out in the alumni section of this issue. Last year, the need of a student form of government was shown. Other needs exist. No single class can easily institute all of these. It is up to each and every student.

### THRIFT

THRIFT should be practised to safeguard the future. No one knows what is awaiting him. Old age brings infirmity which no one can escape. Thrift is not selfishness. To be thrifty means to use good judgment, to abolish all unnecessary habits, and to save not only money, but time. (Ask Peter Rabbit.) A person may sell his overcoat in the summer to buy a "flivver," but winter is sure to come and bring more trouble and suffering. If time and money are wasted during the young and active days of life, you yourself must suffer the consequences later. Do you value life? If so, do not waste time, for time is life. Do you look forward to comfort and happiness? If you do, let "thrift" be your motto.

—Experience

### BEING PUNCTUAL

RELIABILITY and punctuality furnish the foundation upon which rests the path to success. In order to accomplish the highest purposes of life, rules must be adopted for the guidance of conduct, and when good rules are once adopted they must be adhered to, and used as a model for others.

The duties that fall to any one individual are so small when they are compared to those which affect the whole world that they are scarcely discernible by the naked eye; but every one has functions to perform that affect not only one's self but one's associates.

Punctuality on the part of a boy or girl attending school adds a great deal to the comfort and profit of all who are in the same room. The pupil who enters the schoolroom late not only suffers a personal loss, but inflicts a wrong upon the entire school. Early in life we form habits good or bad which go with us to the end of our career. The habit of being behind time in entering the schoolroom is likely to affect life's work in after years. There is no life work where punctuality is not a necessity.

The distinguished men of the world have adopted as their motto, "on time, on time." They understand the importance of punctuality. In every-day life the same motto is just as essential. The clerk in the store, or the stenographer in the office will never be of true value to his or her employer until he or she has acquired the habit of always being on time. A minute late creates suspicions; five minutes late causes still more suspicion; fifteen minutes or a half-hour late is likely to lead to failure; and before one realizes it, he is without a position.

How to be punctual is a question that confronts all, and torments many. The close observer will see that it is those who perform the greatest tasks who are always on time, while it is those who do the least who most frequently disregard all rules of punctuality. In order to be punctual, one must be methodical. Just so much time must be allotted for each of the various tasks and duties. Opportunity comes and goes, never to return. We must grasp an opportunity when it is at hand, and cultivate the habit of being punctual. Often times we look upon the experiences of a lifetime, we think if we had only been on time, life itself would have been different.

"For of all sad words, of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: 'It might  
have been.'"

Clara Stroheker, '22.

# The Seniors

MOTTO ..... WORK TO WIN

## CLASS OFFICERS

*Shelburne Historical Society*

President .....	Edward Joyce
Vice-President .....	Clara Stroheker
Secretary .....	Dorothy Warfield
Treasurer .....	John Temple



**Theodore Julian Amidon**  
"Teddy"

Dummerston, Vt.  
May 22, 1903

"Teddy" is our mystery man. He's the sort of fellow who has all the fair ladies of the land languishing for a smile. Most of them don't languish long! He used to be one of the splendid examples of youth and manhood we hear so much about—but, alas, it is gone. Those raven locks are no more flung back from that noble brow, but lie meekly parted in the middle disclosing the maidenly face beneath. In the howling wilderness of Dummerston, Vt., did he begin his course. The tolerant natives tried their best, but ere school days he was transported to Grove. From Grove to Greenfield in the guise of "Freshie" he came, but still to no purpose, so, without hope of elsewhere winning fame, he betook himself to Arms. And we have had the satisfaction of taking him back to beat old Greenfield with that fine track team of ours. But he doesn't do all his running on a track—he made a typewriter run fast enough to get an Underwood Certificate for Efficiency, and a Chevrolet—ask any of our—er—traffic cops. He doesn't know what he is going to do next year; neither do we.

Track Team (4).



**Winthrop Francis Anderson**  
"Andy"

Hawley, Mass.  
August 25, 1904

"Andy" is a product of Hawley, Mass. It was 1922's privilege to have him enter our senior class. As a child, I suppose he was as other children were, but what are we to think when we hear that three other schools besides Arms had to shelter him from harm—as long as they could?

Of course he is a member of the Commercial class and has during his short stay gained a good reputation, especially among the girls, and, may I add, the faculty? We all know that "Andy's" chief interest is not in school, but he is all right just the same. "Andy" is one of the many Apollos of our class and is a fine athlete, having this year received a letter in football, basket-ball, and track.

Football (4); Basket-ball (4); Tug-of-War (4); Baseball (4).



**Clifford Walter Avery**  
"Cliff"

Colrain, Mass.  
October 16, 1904

Dignified and eloquent "Cliff" began his first oration at Colrain one crisp October day in -1904. Since that memorable morning this young Pat Henry has favored the Colrain Center schools and Arms Academy with his stately presence. "Cliff" was elected class president in his freshman year and has been distinguishing himself ever since. He has been on the social committee four years; a librarian two; was a prize speaker this year and will probably be a Pro Merito by graduation. His laurels in the agricultural department consist of second prize in stock judging at Greenfield and Brockton, and of being on the team that won the cup at Greenfield last year. With his preparation in the General Course "Cliff" expects to enter M. A. C. next fall.



**Helen Edwards Baldwin**  
"Hud"

Providence, R. I.  
December 3, 1904

This little brown-eyed lass came to us from Providence, Rhode Island. She must have been studiously inclined in her infancy, for she tells us she attended the Baker Grammar School with her sister before her age would permit her to become a regular member. She cast her lot here at Arms with the '22 class. Helen has charmed us with sweet music from her violin many times, and is also delighting the congregation of the Baptist Church every Sunday morning with her playing. She is one of the staunchest members of the orchestra. "Hud" has one nupil and whispers of two more prospects. Her fingers are equally as nimble on the typewriter as on the violin, and if you will but ask, you will find that she is the proud possessor of a gold medal. No wonder one so speedy is often seen whizzing by in a "flyer!"

Orchestra (1), (2), (3), (4); Cake Committee (4); Decorating Committee (3).



**Eloise Bardwell**  
"Ella"

Shelburne, Mass.  
November 22, 1903

When Eloise made her arrival in this wicked world, Shelburne was enlarged a great deal, both in bulk and value. During "Ella's" first few years at Arms she was greatly attached to the Senior class, but now, as a Senior, she seems not to appreciate her class as she did that of 1920. "Ella" received her early education at Patten school along with several other well-known members of 1922. It seems that all the demure lassies are in the Commercial class—any one will tell you that. "Ella" has one dark spot on her perfectly good page for 1922! That was the great day when she had her picture taken; not a bad spot, but just the same I never thought she'd do it—why, she "prinked" before the mirror for the longest time. "Ella" used to like rhetorical—why, I wonder? But in spite of all, "Ella" has made a great many friends—to know her is to like her. Next year, we hear, she is to enter Bay Path.



**David Waldo Barnard**  
"Waldo"

Shelburne, Mass.  
January 13, 1905

Now I know why Waldo is so unlucky! He was born on the thirteenth. So, after this, sort of look out for him. Don't lay the blame on poor Waldo, but on that fateful day. I have heard that Waldo was exceptionally bright even in the early days. At Patten Grammar School, it is said that the Superintendent had to be called to give Waldo a few private lessons. (But that may be only rumor). Anyway, Waldo did very well at Arms 'till horrid temptation stepped in his way. Who could resist getting at least four deportment cards? Waldo is one of Arms' agriculturalists, a member of the Shelburne Grange, also the Shelburne Baseball Team and—I 'most forgot—he's a notorious after-dinner speaker. Waldo says that he hasn't any plans for next year, but I know one thing he is going to do, and that's raise 'taters! As an afterthought, he may apply as a member of the advisory board of the S. F. and C.



**Isabelle Violet Booker**  
"Issy"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
August 20, 1904

When Buckland Grammar School had poured forth its entire supply of knowledge to "Issy's" mind she decided to come to Arms and finish the job. She is little—but, oh my! "Issy" has no bad past to rake up—always a "perfect angel" in classes, and I know she must be so in study periods. She was a member of the French Club during its short life, and as a certain high average had to be maintained. "Issy" must be there on the gray matter. She has loved Arms so well that she intends to come back for a P. G. before entering Bay Path. Since "Issy" is always ready for a good time, a great fan at basket-ball games, and a cheerful helper at the piano at the popular dancing school, we predict a happy career for her.

French Club.



**Howard George Cardwell**  
"Hank"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
January 31, 1904

Big league scouts were first seen in the staid town of Shelburne Falls on January 31, 1904, when Howard Cardwell was born. After his desire for home run hits had been somewhat abated by broken windows, Howard entered Shelburne Grammar School. After acquiring the nick-name of "Hank," and a further hankering for athletic prowess, he was graduated in 1918 and entered Arms late in the fall. Yes, late, though he's been on time ever since—except in saying good-night. Howard has a record that speaks for itself; eleven letters from four sports and four captaincies. His indomitable pluck and fighting qualities combined with just the right measure of good sportsmanship, have a vast amount of influence on athletics at Arms. Even girls have no terror for "Hank"—he has 'em in every port. Dean Academy, the mecca of athletic luminaries, will claim Howard next fall. The only advice we can give him is his own rally cry, "the old fight."

General Course; Football (1), (2), (4); Captain of Football (4); Basketball (2), (3), (4); Captain of Basketball (3); Baseball (2); (3); (4); Captain of Baseball (3); (4); Track (3); (4).



**Ethel Alberta Coburn**  
"Coby"

Colrain, Mass.  
December 23, 1904

On a cold, stormy morning in December, in Colrain, a child was born. It is said that the parents gave the youngster a toy piano to play with—and lo! from that day to this she has rendered many speechless by the amount of noise she has been able to create on that instrument. Who was it? Why, Ethel Alberta Coburn. However, like other good little girls she has had to go to school. She first attended Foundry Primary and later Colrain Center Grammar as preliminary to Arms. At Arms Ethel has performed nobly. She has been an ardent worker on several committees and has held several offices. As she did not run away with the funds when treasurer in our first year, she was given a place on the Finance Committee last year. She also belonged to that noted French Club. And last, but not least, her services every morning (especially Fridays) have offset any marks we may have against her, such as: trying to attract too much attention, cutting up in study room and playing jazz at the Colrain "movies." Ethel has been taking a Preparatory Course, but we can't find out what for. We think that some day she will astonish Smith College.

French Club (2); Treasurer (1); Finance Committee (3).



**Margaret Donelson Coombs**  
"Peggy"

Colrain, Mass.  
May 19, 1903

There's a popular song called "Peggy O'Neil," but it's nothing to what we could sing about the popular miss named "Peggy." She attended South School, Colrain, which probably accounts for her negligence in "vamping" the Colrain swains after her entrance to Arms in 1915. For two years she bothered the faculty. Then the faculty was pestered no more—she bothered "Thompy" instead. We need not add details concerning this well known romance. "Peg" has been a willing worker for the school as well as for her class. She cheered Thompson's Track Team on to victory at Greenfield Fair last fall and was manager of our girls' basket-ball team last winter, in addition to playing a back court position on that team in sterling style. As to "Peggy's" future, she says that she will "probably" enter normal. In concluding we might add that "Peg" specialized in Household Arts this year—information which we call significant, to say the least.

General Course; Cheerleader (4); Basket Ball (3), (4); Basket Ball Manager (4).



**Marjorie Donelson Coombs**  
"Marj"

Colrain, Mass.  
May 19, 1903

The May bells were ringing nineteen days late when "Marj" first rolled her big dark eyes shyly around the rooms to see what it was all about. The first impression was evidently favorable, for she smiled just as she did a few years later when she entered the Colrain "South School" for the first time. But it was not until about eight years after that, that by means of the same smile she humored the teacher into giving her a pass to Arms. She quietly entered Arms and took the General Course which, by means of much exercise of the aforementioned smile and eyes, as well as "other parts of her head," she expects to pass this year in preparation for Framingham Normal next September.



**Aaron Field Cromack**  
"Anron"

Greenfield, Mass.  
December 7, 1903

From the first one could see that Aaron was a bright and smiling little chap and cut out for a worker. Aaron first attended Skinner School, Shelburne, and having "skinned" that school of its knowledge, he was declared nearly big enough to stand the long trip to Arms. In the fall of 1918 he entered Arms with the class of '22, and, though the smallest, has been far from least. He has taken a General Course, but has been principally interested in Agriculture. Aaron is a member of the Pro Merito and a librarian. A year ago he was the member of the winning stock judging team at M. A. C., high school day. Last fall at Greenfield Fair he was the winner of several prizes. At the 1921 Commencement, he received the prize in Agriculture. Aaron has caught the "get educated" fever and expects to enter M. A. C. We are wondering what he will do there to satisfy his desire for study. During the last four years his sister has had to hold the ribbons in order that Aaron might go over his lessons again and get every word.

Pro Merito; Librarian.



**Elwin Baldwin Cromack**  
"Elm Grove"

Colrain, Mass.  
October 13, 1902

Elwin is one of those Colrain representatives—which says considerable. He is a native of that famous city, being born there the 13th of October, 1902. The nearness of his natal day to Columbus Day no doubt accounts for Elwin's famous recitation of "1492" in rhetoricals as a sophomore. Elwin has always been a willing worker and now holds the exalted position of baseball manager. He has confined his athletic cavortings to football and track, playing on the line for football and pulling on the tug-of-war team in the past Greenfield meets. Up to a short time ago Elwin planned to amaze Ohio Northern, but has changed his plans. M. A. C. is now his goal and no doubt the distance (to a certain Normal school) has lent enchantment to Amherst.

Football (2), (4); Baseball Manager (4); Track; Tug-of-war (2); (3); (4); Social Committee (2); (3); (4); Reception Committee (4).



**Preston Julian Davenport**  
"Pres" "Deby"

East Shelburne Mass.  
October 3, 1903

East Shelburne must be a good place in which to learn to make money, for "Deby," by merely skipping two or three English classes, went to Worcester and judged stock to the extent of \$50, the first prize, and then he went to Brockton and pulled down the third prize of \$40; oh, yes; and he has won others, too. Why; in the next generation instead of hearing about John D., everybody will talk about Preston J. And you ought to hear him sing! Well, we made him cheer leader. His chief business just now is selling chocolate and finding a flag pole for the class, but next year he is going to M. A. C. When he comes back we shall know him by the clinking of the money bags.

Flag Pole Committee (4); Candy Committee (4); Decorating Committee (3); Cheer Leader (4); Baseball (4).



**Barbara Smith Donelson**  
"Bob"

Colrain, Mass.  
February 3, 1906

Yes, "Bob" was born in Colrain. Although young, she graduated from Baker in 1918 and entered Arms in the Preparatory, but changed to the General Course. But wait, before I say too much, and before you get the wrong impression, let me tell you that she sings in the church choir. There, now, I can tell you, without harm, that she's one of the most active members of '22. "Bob" was a member of the Social Committee. She was Athletic Editor on the Student Board the third year. She has served on the Cake Committee and as Cheer Leader this year. And whether through her proficiency at cheer-leading or what, she was given the honor of being one of the Prize Speakers. She has been a star on the Girls' Basket Ball team all four years. She plans to be some kind of a teacher or take a P. G. next year. It sounds pretty vague, something like our knowledge of her, but between you and me, I think it'll be Manlius or Syracuse; it's pretty hard to tell which.

Basket ball (1); (2); (3); (4); Student Board (3); Prize Speaker (4).



**Charles Howard Galvin**  
"Charlie"

Colrain Mass.  
November 8, 1904

I had often wondered why November was such an important month and had about decided that it was due to Thanksgiving Day, when the real truth flashed upon me—the eighth was the date of Charlie's birth! They say that on that day the family gave a rousing cheer, which was led by Charlie himself. However doubtful this may seem, it perhaps accounts for his success in cheer-leading at Arms. After having passed the Colrain Center schools Charlie burst in on Arms in the fall of '18, as green as—the rest of the Freshmen—and took up the General Course as well as a position on the social committee. He has won some laurels in athletics by taking part in baseball, football and track. In class affairs, he has been chairman of the social committee. As next year is a long way off, Charlie has not decided what school to favor.

Baseball (2); Football (4); Track (3), (4); Cheer Leader (4).



**John George Gelger**  
"Johnnie"

Shelburne, Mass.  
September 27, 1903

What would 1922 do without "Johnnie?" He is one-third of the male population of the Senior Commercial department, so of course if he were to leave us he would have about two-thirds of the girls of that department in tears. He came to us from Shelburne Center Grammar School and within half a year he had a girl, and now he has half a dozen. Sad to say, John has departed from his good "fatchin' up" and has actually been known to throw notes (although we don't know that he ever got caught at it. But work! John was the fellow that as manager put the kick into the football season this year, put up those blue and white streamers last Commencement, and got the Underwood Certificate of Efficiency. He's going out to jazz up Northwestern University next year, we understand.

Football Manager (4); Social Committee (2); Decorating Committee (3).



**Sylvia Grace Gould**  
"Syl" "Delicious"

Northampton, Mass.  
May 30, 1903

Behold: our class humorist! She was started on the flowery path of knowledge at Northampton Kindergarten and thereafter followed it at Buckland Center Grammar School. At Arms she has been largely noted for her spectacular basketball playing and was elected captain of the team this year. She has played bass horn in our simp-phoney orchestra, and been a loyal member of the "kake kommittee." But all these things are passing whims. She is growing wilder every day about—a mere man. Whether at church, at chess, swimming, or horseback riding, he is there. We wonder—when she goes to Hyannis this summer for some more "larn'in" will he develop a passion for the ocean? She plans to teach next year, but who knows what the morrow may bring forth?

Basket-ball (2), (3), (4); Captain (4); Student Board (4); Cake Committee (4).



**Hugh Tower Griswold**  
"Gris" "Hughie"

Buckland, Mass.  
February 7, 1904

"Hughie" was born in the house in which Mary Lyon taught her first school, and that accounts for his literary abilities. When he went to grammar school in Buckland Center, he was called "Teddy," but now he's outgrown the "Teddy" and is a "Gris." He became a sophomore in Ashland, Mass., and when he came to us, we were so tickled we made him class president. Besides being able to slug like a lark, "Hughie" is truly gifted. (It isn't necessary to mention the girls that fall for him.) He is a great shark in athletics, and has taken a prominent part in baseball, basket ball, foot ball and track. He is going to M. A. C. next year, and later to M. I. T.

Sec. (1); Pies. (3); Asst. Basket-ball Manager (3); Basket-ball Manager (4); Base Ball (3), (4); Foot Ball (4); Track Team (4); Chorus (3), (4); Student Board (4).



**Leon Embert Herzig**  
"Trapple"

Lyonsville Mass.  
February 25, 1904

The career of Leon Embert Herzig is what many writers would call "checkered." We have been unable to learn the particulars of Leon's early school days, but no doubt his quiet, unobtrusive ways characterized them as they have his days at Arms. He was graduated from the Colrain Center School in 1914, after attending Foundry Grammar for eight years. Arms Academy then claimed him through the class of 1918. The class of 1922 was then unknown, but Leon must have felt its coming, for he left Arms in 1916 until he could enter in that far-famed class in September, 1920. In the meanwhile, he sauntered southward to Norfolk, Va., and in 1919 entered the employ of the General Chemical Company of Delaware. He joined us in 1920, as we said before, and has been a faithful member ever since. The Franklin County League age limit has prevented his serving us in baseball, but he made up for that on the gridiron by winning his letter last fall in fine style. Leon plans to enter Middlebury College.

Football (4).



**Marlon Julia Hillman**  
"Joe"

Heath, Mass.  
April 8, 1904

Marion is our brunette classmate who brings us the news from Heath every morning. She comes all those miles and sits down in the front seat of the English class as fresh as a rose, while the rest of us come in all hot from running when we hear the tower bell. As a rule it is pretty hard to locate her in the afternoons, but we have found a sure way of doing it. Just find Isabelle, and there is Marion! She takes the general course. She won second prize in the canning club of Franklin County—which is better than making soup for starving students every day all winter. Here's hoping you get first prize this year, Marion; if those young ones you plan to teach don't worry you to death.

Student Board (4).



**Lila Esther Johnson**  
"Spook"

Buckland, Mass.  
July 22, 1905

Lila Esther Johnson was born in Hog Hollow, alias East Buckland, Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. Was she popular? Well; the neighbors began sending her flowers when she was only three hours old. As a child she had a horror of ghosts. During her first two years at high school, she became interested in chemistry. She set up her own laboratory, in the sugar-house, and spent her time trying to set the river afire. After three or four minor explosions, her fear of the unknown departed, and she became, all of a sudden, much interested in "life after death." This later research work won for her her nickname. She began taking music lessons when she was very young, and progressed very rapidly, for she had no near neighbors. She can play anything from a jew's harp to a square piano. That's what she intends to do next year at Rochester.

Orchestra (2); (3); (4); Orchestra Librarian (4); Pro Merito; Associate Editor (4).



**Thomas Edward Joyce**  
"Eddie" "Joyce"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
April 10, 1903

"Eddie" is our living example of perpetual motion. He is always where there is something doing—and is usually the one who is doing it. He was born on Good Friday, but as far as anyone knows he got the usual number of spankings before he arrived at Arms Academy. But since? Well, he has accepted the Pratt Prize twice and been manager for nearly every kind of ball we play; made his place in Pro Merito, and grown to be editor-in-chief of our noble magazine; is president of our class, and is many other things too numerous to mention; but otherwise he's all right. Next year he hopes to be a newspaper man and we imagine he has designs on the editor's chair. Good luck, "Eddie." Send us a telegram when you get there.

Assistant Basket Ball Mgr. (2); Baseball Mgr. (2); Basket Ball Mgr. (3); Social Committee (2); Treasurer (2); President (4); Pro Merito (4); Librarian (3), (4); Student Board (1), (2), (3); Editor-in-chief (4).



**Mabel Marion LaBelle**  
"Bubbles"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
September 11, 1904

Mabel was born and brought up in Shelburne Falls, and the whole town would be lost without her. She has never quite grown up, for we still see her very often indulging in pranks. When eight short years were spent at the Baker Grammar School, she triumphantly entered Arms with the rest of us. We all know that Mabel makes her headquarters at the local telephone exchange, for we often hear her sweet voice butting in when we want a private conversation. Mabel played on the basket ball team this year, and her loyal spirit has cheered us many a time. "Bubbles" has ambitions besides knowledge and she says she wants to work in an office. This may be realized for we know how efficient and business-like she really can be when she tries.

Basket Ball (4).



**Richard Leonard**  
"Dick"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
May 22, 1903

"Dick" is a fine example of what a senior should be—dignified. No one, not even the faculty, can say anything bad about "Dick." Of course every one knows of "Dick's" frequent vacations. But then, he feels that he must give the rest of the seniors a chance to catch up with him. During his senior year "Dick" has almost done away with his "communing with nature"—in small children we say just plain truancy, but with "Dick" it's different. Would you ever think "Dick" was a "star?" Well, he is; and anyone will tell you so, who saw his wonderful playing on the 1918 football team. "Dick" was Arms' star center. Last reports have it that he is to enter Syracuse University in the fall and take up journalism. Here's to the success of our future "star editor."



**Hazel Marjorie Long**  
"Longie"

Shelburne, Mass.  
April 14, 1904

It was a long time ago and a long distance from Arms that Hazel Long was born, and it wasn't long after the first day of April—in fact it was thirteen days after that memorable time. How un-luckily! But even so, Hazel has grown up and is living yet—yes, she is very much alive! You'd o'er seen what she did the other day and you'd think so! She's a gymnast of the first order, and it has been rumored that she never played "hookey" at a session of "gym" in all her high school career. Next year—but what does she know about the next year?—though if the mood takes her she may go to a Commercial school. Just wait till you hear what a success she'll be at banging a typewriter. You may be inconspicuous now, but not for long, "Longie."

Decorating Committee (3).



**Helen Esther Long**  
"Hel" "Longie" "Blazes"

Shelburne, Mass.  
January 29, 1904

Gentle reader, don't be shocked at the astounding appellations by which this mild maiden is known, for her mind is as innocent as that of any child of sweet sixteen, and her face as guileless as that which set on fire the towers of Ilium. And she certainly hasn't won the title by her horrible actions, for report has it that she wrote only two notes in her young life, and those were to tell a fellow student the declension of that subtle French term "amour." She is a staunch member of the Shelburne Grange and it is said that she can sit through a two-hour dissertation on "Beans; their worth and how to know them" without yawning once. Helen is coming back to Arms next year to pound typewriters and adding machines, but after that she doesn't know what will happen.

Decorating Committee (3); Student Board (3), (4); Secretary (2).



**Marguerite Foster Outhouse**  
"Jim"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
February 6, 1905

Marguerite was born February 6, 1905, in the home where she now resides. She spent the early part of her life in earnest study at the Baker school and was graduated in the class of 1918. That same year she entered Arms, where she was destined to shine, a brilliant star, in the class of 1922. Marguerite has been interested in all social functions of the school. She has been an ardent basket ball fan, especially since "Peg" has been manager. She says she is undecided about next year, but expects to enter "some college." Strange, isn't it how distance can be enchantment? Not much distance is needed either, for it isn't far from Arms to Williams!



**Harriet May Sears**  
"Harry"

Berlin, Conn.  
October 9, 1900

Judging by her list of "schools previously attended," Harriet May Sears began attending school soon after her birth on October 9, 1900. Her list is much too long to publish. Her most interesting choice was in 1918, however, when she decided to attend Arms. She immediately entered into the spirit of the school, and has been a staunch supporter of her class as well. Soon after her sophomore year, Harriet chose to travel a "Rocky" road but she appeared happy just the same. "Harry" in addition has taken a commercial course and when questioned as to her plans for next year murmurs something about a Commercial Normal and commercial teaching. We smile, for don't you remember that the prophecy at the senior banquet at Colrain was "a farmerette"?

Commercial course: Underwood Initial Certificate (4); Social Committee (3), (4); Cake Committee (4).



**Wilfred Newell Smith**  
"Bill"

Shelburne, Mass.  
October 14, 1904

"Bill" Smith is one of our "reg'lar fellers." Of course, he is talented, and his main talent is displayed, rather than hidden, in a bushel, for he is the prop and pride of the agricultural department. Perhaps you might have cold feet getting up at five o'clock in the winter to feed cows and chickens, but just see all the prizes it won for "Bill!" He got a cash prize on his vegetables last fall, and in stock judging received third at M. A. C., fourth at Springfield; honors at Worcester and to distinguish him from the rest of the mediocre people they gave him a bronze medal, and—but he says that he can't remember off-hand what the rest of the prizes were. Well, well, no wonder he can swell around in a shiny flivver! But he doesn't work all the time. He is a member of the Grange quartet and plays on the Grange baseball team—perhaps he has visions of combining the qualities of Babe Ruth and Caruso. But, no, he says he is going to stay in the 'all grass next year. Go to it, "Bill"; show 'em how to catch the blue ribbon!

Decorating Committee (3).



**Lenelta Evelyn Sommer**  
"Nita"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
April 9, 1904

Lenelta is our jolly member. Wherever she is, laughter and good fun are there, too. Like all other normal children, "Nita" went to school to learn her A B C's. At the Baker Grammar School, she obtained so much knowledge that she decided to enter Arms Academy in the hope of gaining more. The one-page themes of our sophomore days were "Nita's" delight, and we wonder if she is still writing compositions. Although she chose the General Course, she was lured to the typewriting room, and here she spends a great deal of time "pounding the keys". "Nita" tells us she plans to devote her life to being a nurse. We wish you the very best of luck, "Nita," and hope that your patients will all live to a good old age.



**Marlon Leona Spencer**  
"Spenc"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
November 13, 1904

Marlon is the dignified member of a large family. We never see her engaged in any terrible acts. She attended the Crittenden Grammar School, and from there she came to Arms Academy with the '22 class. We had visions of Marion sitting at home by the fireside, when lo! we learned a different story, for Marion has a beau! She is very studiously inclined, for we hardly ever see her without a book. Her name is registered under the General Course. She also spends long hours in the telegraph office learning to take and send messages with lightning-like speed. When questioned, Marion tells us that she intends to take up telegraphy after finishing school.



**Violetta Spencer**  
"VI"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
May 30, 1905

"VI" first brightened Shelburne Falls in the beautiful month of May, 1905. You'd think "VI" was shy and quiet, but you other hear her in shorthand, she has the "big ones" beat a mile. She tells us she's going to be a telegraph operator. Here's hoping, "VI," you will travel and some day visit Alabama. "Good things come in small packages," they say; and we know that is usually right, for "VI," not being known for a great height (except in ambition), has captured an initial certificate, a bronze medal, and a card case. But you ask who is responsible for "VI's" early education? Grammar (Buckland) held her for a few years and then reluctantly gave her over to the care of Baker Grammar School and then she made her first step toward success by entering Arms with the Class of 1922.



**Clara Mary Stroheker**  
"George" "Clery" "Straw"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
January 10, 1904

The land was full of signs and wonders following the coming of "George." Ask Clara about the house on the hill, and you may find out what she intends to do next year. She plans to teach next year, but she doesn't say whom. She began her teacher's education at Crittenden Grammar School, and then they brought her here. Well, we've made use of her. Once she made a cute little usher on the decorating committee, and another time she was art editor of the Student. She took the Commercial Course and won the Underwood Initial Certificate, Bronze Medal for fifty words and the Remington Card Case. She is a member of the Pro Merito Society. She was in the chorus two years and had the honor of being Vice-President her senior year.

Chorus (2); Usher (3); Decorating Committee (3); Vice-President (4); Pro Merito (4); Student Board (3); Cake Committee (4); Salutatorian.



**Mildred Halgin Stroheker**  
"MII"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
July 3, 1904

At an early age Mildred attended the Baker Grammar School, and then entered Arms. Here she took the Commercial Course, and is one of our most faithful and loyal members. Her nimble fingers have brought her the honor of being on the Student Board as one of the typists. Indeed, we often see her walking sedately down the hall, headed for the typewriting room, with a pile of papers in her hand. Mildred plans to attend Bay Path next year, and take up commercial work there. We expect to hear of wonderful results. One might think her really quiet, but you would be surprised when you know her. She loves to go on shopping expeditions, especially if she must buy such things as bread, rolls, etc., at the bakery; but of course she doesn't like to go alone. We hope she won't forget us after she leaves school.

Decorating Committee (3); Usher (3); Student Board (4); Chorus.



**John Hurlington Temple**  
"Johnny"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
January 4, 1905

"Johnny" was present at the start of the year 1905 and has been ahead of everybody ever since. Of course education in his case was a mere formality, but he spent a few years in Crittenden Grammar School and walked up in his usual manner for his diploma in 1918. He tiptoed up the back stairs of Arms Academy in September, 1918, and the class of 1922 gave thee cheers when they saw him—they've been cheering ever since. John became so well known for his "A" ability that his mates elected him president in his sophomore year. In order to escape attention of our class beauties, John went out for athletics and amassed seven letters and a captaincy, specializing in basketball and baseball. Naturally, the valedictory went to "Johnny." We'd like to pull an old joke, but we're not apt at it. John's field of success will be changed to M. A. C. next year.

President (2); Treasurer (4); Student Board (3), (4); Basketball (2), (3), (4); Basket-ball Captain (4); Track (4); Baseball (2), (3); (4); Librarian (4); Pro Merito; Valedictorian; Orchestra (4).



**Emily Purrington Thompson**  
"Em"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
July 16, 1904

The city of Shelburne Falls, Mass., held a great celebration one day in July—this was to let the world know of the arrival of one more noted person—"Em." She was graduated from Baker Grammar School with honors, they say, and has kept that fine record in her four years at Arms. Oh, yes! "Em" plays the 'cello in that noted Arms' orchestra. Feeling that she must belong to a great class, she joined the Commercial bunch and has succeeded in winning three prizes, (Card Case, Initial Certificate and Bronze Medal) for efficiency in typing. Rumor has it that many a morning Emily has a car to bring her to school—but then, ask Emily about it—she'll tell you.

Vice-President (3); Pro Merito; Orchestra.



**Francis Eugene Truesdell**

Shelburne, Mass.  
June 2, 1904

This quiet chap comes from Shelburne. Francis was born the second day of June, 1904. In 1918 he was graduated from the Patten school in Shelburne and took up the task of getting an education at Arms. The first two years at Arms passed by uneventfully for Francis, but with the coming of the Agricultural Department things began to happen. It must be that he had on an especially powerful pair of specs this last fall for the stock judges couldn't fool him. He won a first prize at Worcester, a fourth at Greenfield, and a first prize at Brockton; a total of about one hundred and thirty dollars. Francis intends to take a course at M. A. C. We wish him success.



**Dorothy Marla Warfield**  
"Dot" "Johnny"

Buckland, Mass.  
July 9, 1904

Our dignified Dorothy was born on a farm in the calm which followed the Fourth. Her early childhood was spent in the open air in a pair of overalls, and she was known to her friends as "Johnny." She began vamping the boys as far back as the time when "one and one makes two." This habit could not be wholly outgrown, and she's still a heart smasher, preferring young men with six cylinder cars. She hasn't spent all her time vamping, however, for she has proved herself to be an accomplished scholar. Her position in the Pro Merito society shows her studies have not been neglected. She has also had the honor of holding a class office twice being Vice-President as a sophomore, and Secretary as a senior. She plans to take a teacher's training course at Bay Path.

Vice-President (2); Secretary (4); Student Board (3); Chorus (1); (2); (3); (4); Underwood Certificate; Remington Card Case; Pro Merito.



**Marlon Pearl Wheeler**  
"Maggie"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
November 30, 1903

Shelburne Falls claims the distinction of being the birthplace of this gay child. Some call her Irish, and Marlon doesn't deny it. Although of a butterfly nature, she has gone through the Crittenden Grammar School and four years at Arms. And that is not all. Marlon is a member of our present Pro Merito Society, and whatever class she is in, she always has her lessons perfectly. She chose the Commercial Course, and when we ask her what she intends to do after being graduated, she tells us either business school, or training school for nurses. But, "Maggie," listen to reason. Don't try to tell us this is for always. We know better!

Social Committee (4); Decorating (3); Vice-President (1); President Pro Merito (4).

Shelburne Historical Society



**Earl F. White**  
"Whittle"

Colrain, Mass.  
May 23, 1903

We don't know what day May 23 fell on in 1903, but we imagine it was Sunday, for on the 23rd Earle White was born, and you know how quiet he is. He attended Adamsville Grammar School and then slipped into Arms Academy in the fall of 1918. When the Agricultural Department was introduced we saw Earle even less because of his great interest in all agricultural projects. He is a member of the calf club and of the corn club and has carried off many prizes in these groups. Due to the fact that Earle has had to drive many miles to school each day, Arms has been minus some fine athletic material. "Whittle" has been in evidence, however, at the Greenfield Fair Track Meet for the last two years, giving a wicked pull on the Arms tug-of-war team. White is planning to continue agriculture after graduation. We advise the Farm Bureau to sit up and take notice

General Course; Tug-of-War (3), (4).



**Pearl Irene Woodward**  
"Polly"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
April 23, 1904

"After the rain comes the sunshine." After an April shower came "Polly." She was a very "quiet" student at Crittenden Grammar School, but in the fall of 1918 when she entered Arms she changed—for the better, of course. Her merry laugh could be heard echoing through the halls most any time. She was popular and was declared at the end of her first year to be 1922's best dancer. During "Polly's" senior year she has grown to love Department Cards; this remark is very often heard, "Miss Woodward, stop talking!" not that "Polly" is a great talker—far from that, but she does love to whisper in bookkeeping and in sixth study period. Her greatest fame comes from her speed—in typewriting; she has captured all that is possible from the Remington and Underwood Companies. Next year we will find her as usual with "Mil" at Bay Path.

Student Board (4); Decorating (3); Chorus.

The ranks of the Class of 1922 were first broken in its freshman year. At that time we lost two of our promising members, Bernice Webber on October 8, 1918; and Arthur Plant on February 19, 1919.

Though they were with us but a short time they were members of our happy family and we still cherish their memory.



### SENIOR HISTORY

In the fall of 1918, we, the class of 1922, entered Arms Academy with a membership sixty-four strong. We were successfully guided through the first part of our noble career by Mr. Cummings, our principal, who must have found it a very difficult task to keep so many of us under discipline.

The first social was given by the seniors in September, when we were initiated as "Freshies". It was afterwards proclaimed by the seniors as being a successful occasion, but we considered it as being rather unfortunate. Nevertheless, we are still surviving and are quite active.

We chose Clifford Avery as our first president, and under his leadership we became known as the famous class of '22. We were foremost in all activities, athletic, social, and scholastic.

At the last class meeting in our first year, we selected our class colors "Red and White"; class motto, "Work to Win," and class flower, "Red Rose." As variety is the spice of life, during our sophomore year, we decided to change our class colors to "Purple and Gold," and our class flower to "Sweet Pea."

John Temple, our scholar and athlete, led us through the trials of our sophomore year which were many and complicated. The two great difficulties that we had to contend with were the "Flu" and the Faculty.

The third year of our high school career was one to be long remembered. With Hugh Griswold as president, we maintained a higher standard of excellence than ever before.

In the fall we gave the best corn roast imaginable at the home of Helen Long in Shelburne. During the Christmas vacation we gave a dance and reception for the alumni which proved to be a great success. Our class was prominent in all activities. "Eddy" Joyce, the basket-ball manager, and "Hank" Cardwell, the high scorer of the Independent Valley League, were both members of our class. We had three noted farmers in the Agricultural Department who took many prizes at the fairs, Preston Davenport, Wilfred Smith and Earle White. Several from our class played in the school orchestra, which was directed by Mr. Brigham. Of course you've all heard of the two famous pianists, Lila Johnson and Ethel Coburn! They're both in our class.

Our first three years were years of great promotion and success, but let us tell you about our life as seniors. We re-entered "Old Arms" in the fall of 1921 with more "pep" and enthusiasm than could ever be recorded in books. We are supposed to be reverend and dignified seniors, but without doubt we are the most active class in school. We have forty-two members, the largest class that has ever been graduated in the history of Arms.

At the annual track meet held in Greenfield, our class took a prominent part, and, with the aid of the other members of Arms, won the meet and brought home the banner.

We have chosen as president to guide us through our best and most successful year, the industrious and studious "Eddy" Joyce. As you see, he is the editor-in-chief of the STUDENT. By his practice in managing basket-ball during his junior year he has acquired that skill which is necessary to keep the senior class always on the job (without doubt he keeps us all busy).

We have eight members in the Pro Merito Society. Last fall the members of the Pro Merito were entertained at Drury High School in North Adams. You can see for yourselves that our class is not lacking in scholarship. John Temple's name is always sure to appear in the "A" class.

January 26, 1922, our class held its first great banquet and entertainment at the Colrain House, touring from Shelburne Falls to Colrain with the musical accompaniment of sleigh bells. This banquet was one of much enjoyment, and this memorable evening will never be forgotten by any of the members of our famous class.

We are more prominent than ever in all school activities. John Geiger was manager of football; Hugh Griswold, manager of the basket-ball; and Elwin Cromack, manager of baseball. Margaret Coombs managed girls' basket-ball successfully. As usual we have several members in the school orchestra.

Our four years at Arms have been years of great accomplishment. Now we must say farewell to our Alma Mater. Our only regret is that we must leave this great institution of learning, while we go out into the world to seek further advancement.

May each class in the future wend its way along the path of knowledge with as much enthusiasm as the class of '22!

CLARA M. STROHEKER, '22.

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

In the morning, clear and silent,  
 When the time for school approaches,  
 Sounds the tower-bell, loud and pealing;  
 Like a church-bell in the morning,  
 Like a bell at evening tolling,  
 'Tis the summons to assemble  
 For the roll-call of the morning,  
 For the hush of noise and talking.

'Tis a challenge to the loiterers,  
 Hurrying up the streets to high school,  
 To the institute of learning;  
 School of honor, truth, and knowledge,  
 School of all our pride and glory.  
 So we meet at last in chapel,  
 Hear the reading from the Bible,  
 Hear the songs we sing together.  
 Then we go to class and lessons,  
 Meet the teachers of our high school.  
 In the games we play together  
 On athletic floor or campus,  
 As we work like soldiers sturdy,  
 Striving to uphold the honor  
 Of Old Arms our Alma Mater,  
 Of our high school so beloved,  
 Still we have the same school spirit  
 Shown in friends and fellow schoolmates,  
 Shown in all the school about us.  
 Thus we spend the days together  
 Through the four short years of high school,  
 To the time of graduation,  
 When we leave our dear old high school,  
 Leave the school of truth and knowledge.  
 Thus we part and start our journey,  
 Start our life out in the wide world;  
 For our high school days are ended,  
 Days of happiness together,  
 Days of many joys and pleasures,  
 Days that pass and go forever.  
 Friends will part, perhaps forever,  
 For who knows what lies before us,  
 In the cruel world of fortune,  
 In the world of joy and sorrow?  
 But we know that in the future,  
 When long years have gone behind us;  
 Thinking back o'er years of pleasures,  
 We will cherish all the memories  
 Of the four glad years of high school,  
 Of the days we spent together  
 Underneath the white and scarlet.

E. B. C., '22.

COMMENCEMENT PARTS

- Valedictorian ..... John Temple
- Salutatorian ..... Clara Stroheker
- Class Will..... Lila Johnson
- Preston Davenport
- Class Prophecy..... Ethel Coburn
- Clifford Avery
- Memorabilia ..... Sylvia Gould
- Marion Wheeler
- Hugh Griswold
- Charles Galvin
- Class History ..... Clara Stroheker
- Presentation of Class Gift... Edward Joyce
- Ivy Address..... Dorothy Warfield

Shelburne Historical Society

# The Juniors



## CLASS HISTORY

When we, the class of 1923, entered Arms as freshmen we were sixty-six in number. This was one of the largest classes that ever entered Arms. Wilfred Miller, our class student, held first place on the "A" scholarship list and also received the prize offered for the best student in the freshman class. Eleanor Gilchrest also held high position in the "A" group.

On the basket-ball and baseball squads we were represented by Edward Feige and Raymond Smead. Harry Brown and Preston Redfern were also prominent in athletics. "Mickey" Goodell represented us on the girls' basket-ball team.

We gave our social in turn, and completed our first year with fifty-one members.

As Sophomores we entered fewer in number, but greater in every other way. We chose Cary as president. Miller and Eleanor Gilchrest continued showing the other classes how to get "A's" in the class room.

With Feige as our captain, we entered the "Fall Interclass Baseball League," winning third place. This was excellent preparation for baseball in the spring.

A number of our members went out for basket-ball. Elizabeth Loomis gained a position on the first team, but "Mickey"

Goodell, on account of ill health, was not able to play much. Feige and Harry Brown represented the boys.

In the spring baseball, Brown and Feige made the first team. Brown was laid off for some time in the early part of the season, owing to a strained ligament.

We attended many enjoyable socials during the year, and gave ours on April fifteenth.

As Juniors we entered thirty-two in number, but, as everyone knows that it is good things which come in small packages, it is no surprise that we live up to our class motto, "Smile and Win." At our first class meeting we elected our class officers and social committee. Kenneth Benton was chosen president.

Throughout the year we enjoyed several evenings together, but the crowning event of our social history came on December 9 when we presented the "Darnum and Dailey Circus." This was a great success both financially and socially. We gave our annual social on January 2.

In football we were represented by Kinsman and Bailey, and in basket-ball by Feige, Brown, and a number of others. Alma Wells represented us on the girls' basket-ball squad. Eleanor Gilchrest and Donald

Cary upheld the honor of the class in the prize speaking contest.

The spirit of the class leaves nothing to be desired. We have bright prospects for the days when we shall be seniors.

H. TEMPLE, '23.

### JUNIOR CLASS ALPHABET

- A is for Amidon, so tall and thin,  
To make the girls laugh, he has only to grin.
- B is for Bentons of whom there are two,  
Also for Brown, who never is blue.
- C is for Cromack with hair of red,  
When she misses the car, we fear she's in bed.
- D is for Donald, the cider-mill boy,  
When we have our parties, he brings us joy.  
Also for Dwight, so quiet and staid,  
We very much fear she'll be an old maid. (?)
- E is for Eastman, for Laura, you know,  
She takes Household Arts, and is learning to sew.
- F is for Feige, that lad of renown,  
We're sure he'll soon be the pride of the town.
- G is for Gilchrest, giddy and gay,  
Does she ever wish white horses were bay?
- H is for Harmer, who left for a while,  
But she now is back with her old winning smile.
- I is for ideals in which we excel,  
You'd think so too, if you knew us well.
- J is for Johnson, our circus performer,  
If she's a dignified senior, we'll have to reform her.
- K is for Kinsman, so large and strong,  
He takes agriculture and can't go far wrong.
- L is for Loomis, so dainty and fine,  
But she's seldom in when the clock strikes nine.
- M is for Martin, with hair that is curly,  
She has cheeks that are red, and teeth that are pearly.
- N is for Noonan, the policeman's son,  
He's ever ready to have some fun.
- O is for Ormond, the boy with the curls,  
He's very popular among the girls.
- P is for Preston, the comical loon,  
When we had our circus he made a good "coon."

Q is for Questions we're sure to ask,  
We are always giving the teachers a task.

R is for Resolutions, the kind we make,  
No other class can ever break.

S is for Stacy, so nice and polite,  
If we were as good, we'd die of fright.

T is for Temple, who comes on the trolley.  
He's really too old to play with a dolly.

U is for Us, and V is for Vice,  
When the Freshies are Juniors, won't they be nice?

W is for Wells, who never is sad,  
She is much too good to ever be bad.

XYZ are the rest you see,  
Of the splendid class of Twenty-Three.

F. C., '23.

### THE JUNIOR PROM

In Arms Academy it is the custom of the Juniors to give the Prom after the Christmas vacation. So some days before vacation, the 1923 Social Committee got together and planned the affair.

After an all too short week's respite, we came back and plunged into the work ahead of us. As we had purchased our materials for decorating, we started right in early Monday morning.

High up in the center of the hall, we erected a pyramid covered with purple and gold crepe paper. On each side of the pyramid were the numbers "twenty-three" in gold against a purple background. From the top and base of the pyramid long, twisted streamers of the same colors were dropped to the rail of the balcony. The rail itself was wound with the class colors and the stage and lights were also covered.

We descended to the kitchen to make the punch, but were turned out by Mr. Meekins who was busy cleaning house, so we were obliged to finish our refreshment preparations in the laboratory. They tasted none the worse.

At seven forty-five the crowd began to collect. After the terrors of the receiving line were over, a grand march was started followed by the usual dances and cut-out marches.

At intermission, punch and wafers were served and dancing continued until eleven o'clock. Then the crowd departed and left the Junior Prom as a thing of the past.

E. LOOMIS, '23.

# The Sophomores



## CLASS RECORD

When, in the fall of 1920, we entered Arms with one of the largest classes in the history of the school, we were as green as an Irishman on St. Patrick's Day. It was not until the next year, though, when we saw the incoming class of freshmen, that we realized just how green we must have been. However, like all freshmen, past, present and future, we thought we knew everything, and the first thing we learned was how little we did know. But we were an unusually intelligent class, and we soon learned that and many other things, so that in a remarkably short time we were quite sophisticated.

After this we led a very quiet and uneventful life, with nothing to relieve the monotony except now and then a department card. At last came spring, and with it, baseball. A large number from the class tried for the team, and one of our members, Welbourne Shaw, earned a place on it. We also organized a freshman team and defeated all the grammar schools that dared play us. In June our first year at Arms came to a close.

When we returned to Arms as sophomores, we determined to have excitement enough to make up for the uneventfulness

of the year before. We started in by ducking the freshmen, and ducked a large number of them before the faculty "got onto" it, but we didn't stop then, either. Later in the fall a slight disagreement between the class president and the faculty concerning the ethics of husking bees resulted in the class electing a new president, Francis Wheeler, who has occupied the chair at class meetings very ably.

When basket-ball started, many of the class reported for practice, and one of our members, Donald Morrissey, "made" the team and contributed in no small part to its success. In the interclass games, our team captured second place, having been defeated only by the seniors. On the girls' team our representatives were Hilda Thompson and Elsie Mattson.

In the prize speaking contest, Elsie Mattson and Ellsworth Barnard were elected to do or die for the honor of '24. The former proved the good judgment of the class by winning the girls' prize.

Our social, given on March 31, was a brilliant success in spite of unfavorable roads and weather.

Many of the class have reported for baseball practice and a successful season is promised.

In scholarship, as in everything else, '24 has shown its superior qualities; the names of Lilda Leonard, John Fellows and Ellsworth Barnard appear consistently in group A.

This has been our greatest year at Arms, and we look forward to an even more enjoyable one when we return next year as juniors.

ELLSWORTH BARNARD, '24.

## Shelburne Historical Society

### THE BANNER CLASS

The class of '24 is best;  
We're in the lead of all the rest.  
The school should cheer when we go by;  
They know full well the reason why.

The little Freshmen gambol 'round  
Like lambs and calves upon the ground.  
They're very young, though not to blame;  
To us they seem a little tame.

The Juniors husk the jolly corn,  
But all the maidens are forlorn;  
For if red ears perchance they find,  
They put them quickly out of mind.

The Seniors think they're very great  
But each should guard his addled pate,  
Lest over-work bring brain-storm on,  
And then their wits would all be gone.

The Sophomores athletic are;  
Our socials always above par;  
We dig in books, we win the prize;  
We fill the shoes of largest size.

J. F., '24.

### FROM JACKSONVILLE TO THE SEA

Our boat backs from the dock out into the St. Johns River, sending the dirty water foaming in all directions, swings around, and we start off down the river. We are among a multitude of boats of all description, tugs towing barges, motorboats carrying passengers to and from their work, ferries carrying people across the river, and fishing smacks coming in with rich cargoes of fish. We pass a freighter coming in slowly, its load-line not far above the surface. The muddy water boils above its propeller. We see on our left the large city of Jacksonville bristling with buildings. Behind us two steel bridges span the river. On the nearer we see many people, automobiles and

wagons, and on the other we see smoke arising as a long freight train crawls across. Along the bank of the river we see the busy wharves emerging far into the water. We hear the negroes singing at their work and we wish our boat would stop to let us listen to them, but we go gliding silently down the meandering river.

We soon sail around a bend and are out of bustling civilization. On either shore are tall and stately southern pines intermixed with slender palms. In places there are wide stretches of cypress swamps, with the cypress trees upon their large butts as if growing on footstools, and clumps of mistletoe grow on their bare limbs. The river grows narrower. On the shore now we see the roomy live-oak and the scraggly water-oak hanging beautiful, grey, silvery Spanish moss over the smooth surface of the river. We see on the shore a southern deer feeding on the green grass of the bank. He sees the ships, pauses a minute, and then dashes nimbly into the thick undergrowth of holly and is gone in a flash.

We are soon sailing through a large expanse of marsh land leaving the Florida jungle behind us. Here and there we hear a marsh hen harshly calling to some unseen companion. We see a huge pelican rise from out the coarse marsh grass and fly off flapping its ponderous wings heavily. We hear that the fishing in the river through the marshes is excellent, and we see a fisherman casting his net as his small rowboat tosses in the break of our mighty ship.

To the forward deck! We hear the surf rolling in. There is the boundless ocean. We pass between jetties of rocks that extend far into the sea. On either side the smooth white beach extends as far as we can see. The waves roll up on the beach and break into a white fringe miles long, and they boom around the rocks of the jetties. The bell buoy rings, we pass the jetties, our ship rolling; the bow cleaves the waves and sends its opponents boiling and foaming until they are driven back and calmed by the stubborn motion of the liquid mountains of bottomless sea. We forget ourselves in the rushing and tumbling of deep green water as the propeller hurls it around. We look up; far back we see the faint rim of the ocean against the shore and the smooth outline of the Florida horizon; before us is the boundless deep green sea. Farewell to the tropics; we're bound for New York!

MURRAY F. BUELL, '24.

# The Freshmen



## HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

"How green we were and fresh in this old world" when on August 29, 1921, as twenty-five girls and thirty-two boys, with happy, but palpitating hearts, we enrolled as freshmen in Arms Academy! The long-awaited day had come and with it the expected thrills, some of which we hope we shall never forget. How tightly we clung to those little yellow slips of paper which contained our schedule for the day! What a puzzle it was to find Room V, or Room 104! We certainly made plenty of business for the cobbler, running up stairs and down stairs, from one building to the other, in search of the right class-room; and plenty of trade for the dealer in red ink—one of our poor, frustrated boys being unfortunate enough to spill two bottles of it in succession, causing the ruin of some of the girls' best dresses which had been donned for the memorable day.

The opinion that we were the most intelligent class which had entered Arms in many a year was expressed by many, and we soon proved it. We knew that the singular of sheep was lamb, that a cow produced beef, roast beef, ham, pressed ham, pork and sausage; that it took a man, coming

down in a parachute, eighteen minutes to reach the ground, but that he might have stopped on the way, (possibly to visit friends). Our boys preferred Wild West Stories to Homer's *Odyssey*.

Soon after we were settled, we elected Richard Stetson our class president, and under his direction we held some very businesslike class meetings.

The morning of March 7 brought us the sad news that one of our members had died—Norman Barnard, jolly, good-natured, and much-loved Norman. A serious illness of only a few days' duration carried him to the land where

"Sweet be his rest where the white lilies lean,

Tender the grasses that keep guard above him,

Gentle the darkness that gathers between

The sleeper at rest and the torn hearts that love him."

To the sister, also one of our classmates, who was his constant companion, our hearts went out in loving sympathy, and we hoped:

"His spirit, like a guardian angel,

Would bend o'er her with his own fond care,

That sometimes he would bring heaven so very near her

She would almost think that she was there."

In sports we have taken a very important part. At the Greenfield Track Meet, George Tyler was the highest scorer for Arms. Donald Webber also scored several points. A few boys made the football squad, while Tyler became a member of both football and basket-ball teams. Several of our girls made the girls' second basket-ball team. It is too early to tell what positions will be made by freshmen on the baseball team, but our outlook for a fine record is most promising.

Not only have we stood high in sports, but we have scored high in scholarship. Several freshmen have made Group A on the Honor Roll in spite of the fact that the faculty thoroughly believe that:

"It's not what you eat, but what you digest,  
That makes you healthy;  
Not what you earn, but what you save,  
That makes you wealthy;  
And not what you learn, but what you remember  
That makes you wise."

In the Prize Speaking Contest, Theodore Page won the prize for boys, and Helen Pierce received honorable mention.

Of course the freshman social was one of the most enjoyable and best planned events of the year.

These facts show that we have made an unusual first year record. We are determined to improve year by year, so that in 1925 we shall be able to show you that we have been the most studious, conscientious, and popular class that Arms Academy has ever graduated.

HELEN PIERCE, '25.

#### WHY?

I wonder why the earth is round,  
And why the sun gives light,  
Why does the grass grow on the ground?  
Why do we have a night?

Who put the snowflakes in the sky?  
Why are the trees so tall?  
What makes the teardrops when I cry?  
Why are the trees so fall?

Why does the water run down hill?  
What makes the robins sing?

Who gave the humming bird its bill?  
Why do we have a spring?

I don't see why the sky is blue,  
It might as well be red,  
And if you know, please tell me, do,  
Why must I go to bed?

HARRIET DAVIS, '25.

#### TO MAKE AN AUTHOR

When some of us would-be authors waste quarts of midnight oil writing stories or essays for our work in English, and then have our teacher pass back our papers with a low mark on them, our dreams of fame vanish, and we can no longer picture ourselves as the great American author of the future. Nevertheless, it is said that a famous writer named Amanda M. Douglas did not publish her first story until she was well past forty years old. Therefore cheer up, fellow sufferers, we are still a long way from forty!

And speaking of our would-be authors, it would be well to call attention to the fact that all the great writers of the past were, first of all, great readers. Shakespeare, Scott, Stevenson, Cooper, and many others, whose books are a part of our school course in literature, were among those who, even as children, were reading books that seem to us far too difficult for children to understand. However, they read those books, and without a doubt they understood the greater part of them. Then, after years and years spent in reading books that others had written, their cup of knowledge was so full that it finally overflowed, and the result was that this surplus knowledge formed itself into the thoughts that they wrote down in words of their own choosing. Thus these writers soon came to be recognized as famous authors, or poets, or essayists, whichever it happened to be. When we hear anyone speaking in disgust of this one or that one because "his nose is always stuck in a book," let us hope that this great reader of the present may be the surest promise of a famous writer of the future. And let us also hope that the books that are now being read will provide these great readers with such thoughts as will never make them ashamed when they later express their own digested form of them, either in oral or in written language.

RUTH BASSETT, '25.

# The Faculty



DEAR ARL:

June 1, 1922.

The other day I was in Patch's Studio and rescued the enclosed photograph from Mr. Patch's wastebasket. Perhaps you think it's of a local Rogue's Gallery or a Hall of Fame. You're right twice. It's the Arms Academy faculty. Believe me, they are as notorious as they are well paid. There's "Mac", posed like a peacock; he's used to having his picture taken. All the ladies fall for him and he has ruined the career of many a home town Romeo. Now Mr. Jenkins is not quite so lucky, as he's a stranger here. He isn't quite over his college habit of studying, but had better be if he is to be a full-fledged faculty member. Really, this picture should have been taken in Mr. Vose's office, for then we could see our principal right at home in his swivel chair listening politely to ambitious suggestions and then, just as politely, deciding the matter. Mr. Vose has a faithful understudy, Mr. Person, and between the two the wayward have little rest. We wish the picture showed the expression on Mr. Person's face when he is in an argument. There! I have told of the male members of the staff, now for the others! I can't describe 'em; you know they all look alike, so I'll have to tell you their characteristics. Now, for instance, Miss Linfield. She never signs her middle name, for it's Work. Nothing delights her more than to assign the lesson at the start of a period and add to it at frequent intervals until stopped by the gong. The one who doesn't quite dare to smile? That's Miss Hopkins or "Hoppie". I imagine she is the guardian angel of the faculty, although I may be mistaken. If pictures could talk, you would hear Miss Marcille attempting to create order in an orderly study room. Not a whisper escapes her. I have been unable to find out much against Miss Coombs. No doubt the responsibility of having two sisters in the senior class has its effect. The faculty "vamp" is Miss Goodale. She is chairman of the faculty spinster committee. In conclusion, or rather in harmony, we have the Commercial Department represented by Miss Chapman and Miss Merrill. Miss Chapman has a great deal of courage, for she is a member of the faculty despite being a native of this town. You know most faculty members flee from their home towns for the riotous life of teaching. Not so with Miss Chapman. She must be the only honest member, too, for she keeps all the school funds. That old phrase, last but not least, is appropriate in introducing Miss Merrill. She's not last in importance, for she's a busy commercial bee, and not least, for she has the unique distinction of having a visible steady! What! Horrors! Yes, but that's the way with the faculty—they're always surprising you and very seldom pleasantly. Gee, don't ever let them see this letter, for if you do—

Good-by, Ed.

# School Life

## TARDINESS

Tardy! I wonder if anyone actually understands the significance of that word. It is a short word, to be sure, but many are the trials and tribulations derived from it.

I am almost positive that many do not know what the word "tardy" means when applied to a student of Arms, so for their benefit I will endeavor to tell what happens to those unfortunates who are "tardy."

To begin with, Miss Chapman has charge of my home-room, which is more commonly known as the bookkeeping-room, and it is her business, or at least she says it is, to take the attendance every morning, five days in the week, every school week in the year.

Personally, I think she fills her position only too well, for really she seems to be able to take the attendance when "Bob" Donelson and I aren't there fully as well as when we are. Usually "Bob" and I arrive all out of breath just as she arrives at the last name in the alphabet, and she never goes over the list a second time to revise it the way our English teacher tells us to.

Soon the bell rings and we all, most of whom are seniors, go over to the old building for Assembly. On the way over "Bob" and I solemnly ask all the others if we really were late, and they either shrug their shoulders or say, "I guess so." That's all the consolation we get.

All day I hope and pray that as long as we were only a wee bit late that p-e-r-h-a-p-s Miss Chapman may excuse one of us. I got there a little ahead of "Bob." But the next morning when I glance at the bulletin board I conclude that the same thought never reached Miss Chapman.

It is the custom, you see, for Miss Chapman to hand the names of the tardy culprits to Mr. Person. Mr. Person can't keep the names of the unfortunate ones to himself, so he trots to Mr. Vose with the list. Mr. Vose, who evidently thinks we would like to see our names in the public eye, sees that they appear upon the bulletin board.

At recess "Bob" and I converse with Monsieur Person. He is married, and hence has the privilege of demanding that the tardy ones come to him to be cross-examined. He is never very cordial, and when we stand on first one foot and then the

other, vainly endeavoring to think of some reasonable excuse, he abruptly tells us to report for detention that afternoon.

Detention isn't so bad. The hour specified is two-thirty, but as Mr. Person believes in thorough mastication of his food, he never appears before three. In the meantime we've been well entertained. Friends drop in. Sentinels are posted, and time, and other things, fly.

Finally, duly announced, the gentleman walks in, calmly surveys a peaceful office and remarks, "How long have you been here?" Reluctantly glancing from our books, which in some cases may be bottom-side up, we meekly reply, "Why, we have only five minutes more!"

Satisfied, the assistant principal returns to his office. Five minutes later we "beat it." *Comprenez-vous?*

MARGARET COOMBS, '22.

## A FRIDAY PROGRAM

"To-day is Friday," may always be heard Friday mornings at school. The usual roll call is taken. As usual, the shy freshmen come downstairs from the Freshman Room and the complacent commercial students come from the New Building to the Main Room for assembly. The ordinary notices are given out, and a song is sung as on almost every morning. What is there about Friday to set it apart from the rest of the week?

First, there is a weekly singing period for the chorus. Mr. Miles, who is our music instructor, certainly has his patience tried when he finds that the tenors are always too bashful to sing. Some, like Lila Johnson and Ezra Coburn, who have the art of playing musical instruments, have joined the Arms orchestra. Others who do not belong to the chorus or orchestra have a study period.

The regular classes of the day immediately follow this period. Ten minutes, however, are taken from each period. Probably the only unusual thing that happens during these periods is that some students miss these ten minutes of class work, while others wish that ten minutes were taken from each period every day in the week.

The short periods leave an extra period of forty minutes near the close of school. This is used for different things. Manners, hygiene, and group interest classes, and class meetings are each held once a month by each of the four classes. Miss Linfield and Miss Coombs, who have charge of the manners classes, have taught us proper manners for home, school, on the street, at school socials and at parties. Mr. Vose, who instructs the hygiene work of the two upper classes, has taught us to think of our bodies as wonderfully and skilfully built houses. Mr. Person has the hygiene classes of freshmen and sophomores. Some of the other teachers have charge of the group interest classes. Various things are discussed that interest the different groups of girls and of boys. On the fourth Friday, this period is devoted to class meetings. If there is no reason for holding a class meeting, the class uses the period for study.

When this special period is closed, there is a general rush of the students and teachers to leave the building. After all, "Friday" has proved to be an exceptional day of the week.

HAZEL LONG, '22.

#### SOCIALS OF 1921-1922.

Old King "Good-Time" has reigned in Science Hall at every social this year. He first sat on this throne at the Faculty social, which was held September 9. His attendants, the faculty, stood in a long row and greeted the guests as they arrived; after that the king himself took a hand, and he surely lived up to his name.

His next ball was given October 28. With the help of the seniors, he made great success of the Hallowe'en social.

"Good-Time" then ordered the juniors to do their best to entertain all his subjects, and they fairly outdid themselves to welcome in the New Year.

On March 31, the sophomores vied with the other classes to help the king, and the freshmen are patiently waiting their turn. I heard old King "Good-Time" say that he had not had a more successful season.

M. J., '23.

#### THE AFTERNOON SOCIALS

One of the newest plans of our High School is the afternoon social, which for a

time was held every Thursday afternoon, later held once a month. The purpose of these socials is to teach the pupils who do not know how, to dance.

Many pupils returned afternoons when this plan was first adopted, and received instruction. The first few socials were devoted to the teaching of the first simple steps of the dances. Later they were devoted wholly to dancing.

By this plan, many of the students were taught how to dance, while others enjoyed the socials, and helped those who did not know how to dance by dancing with them. This co-operation among the students, with the instruction and supervision of Miss Marcille, made successful "get-together" periods to increase the happiness of our school life.

E. B., '24.

#### A GUESSING CONTEST

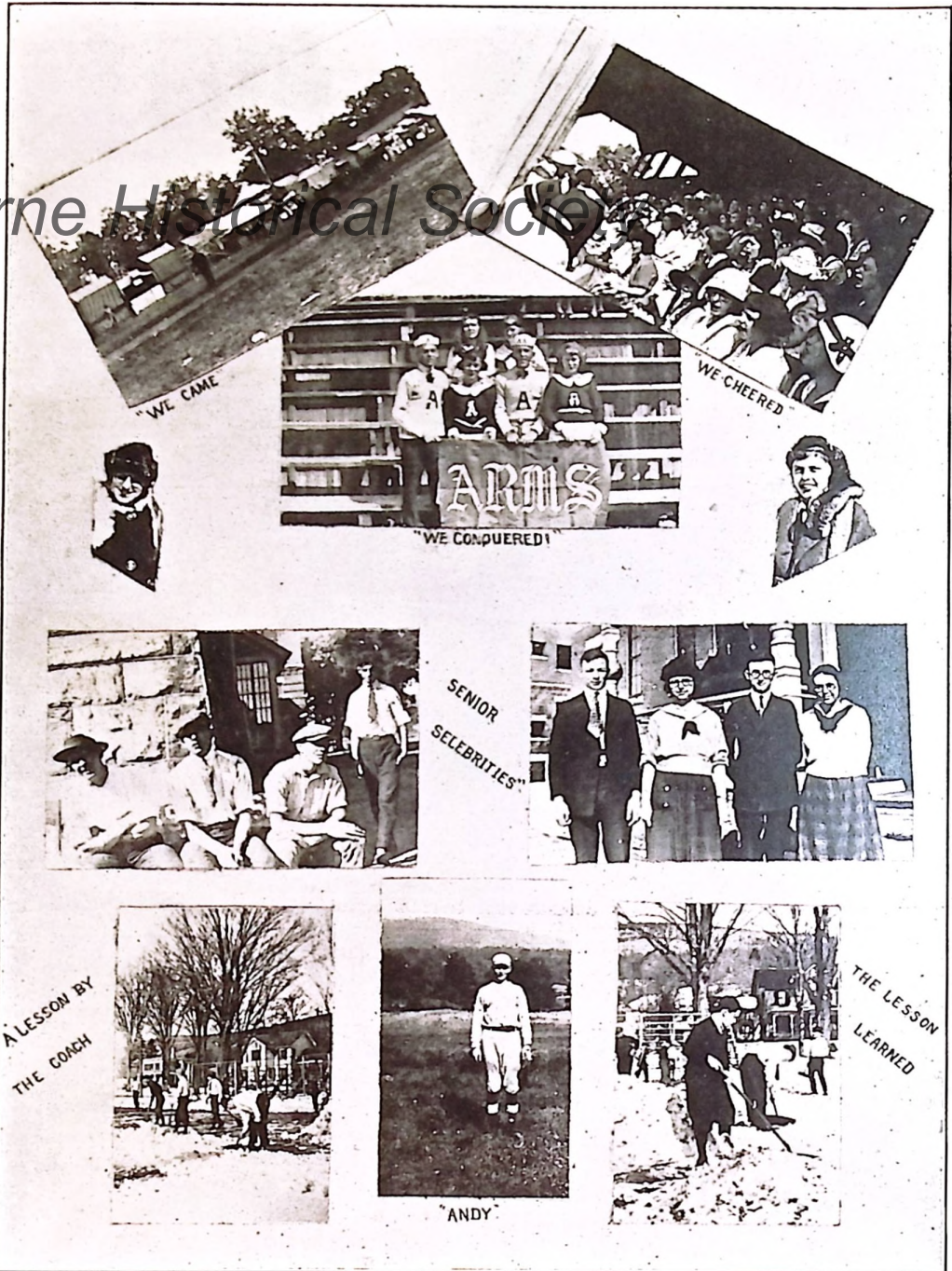
Mr. Vose started a contest with ten sentences, all of which could be answered by a single word of twelve letters. These were put on the board at the rate of one a day. We were to pass in our word to Miss Marcille. The boy who first passed in the correct word was to receive a cream pie. The first girl who guessed correctly was to receive a chocolate cake. On St. Patrick's Day the prizes were awarded. Edward Joyce, '22, received the pie, and Marion Temple, '24, the cake. The word was "Carelessness."

#### PRO MERITO SOCIETY

The class of 1922 is blessed with smart people. Out of the forty-two members who are still with us, eight belong to the Pro Merito Society. Their president is Marion Wheeler, under whose supervision the events sponsored by the Society have been made possible. Her assistant is the Corresponding Secretary, Emily Thompson, who was elected to her office at the North Adams Conference of 1921.

The members of the society are representative of the different branches of the school life, as well as of the greatest achievement in their scholastic pursuits. Aaron Cromack is from the Agricultural Department, where he has become well known in both theory and practice. John Temple, athlete and valedictorian of the

# Shelburne Horticultural Society



"WE CAME"

"WE CHEERED"

"WE CONQUERED!"



SENIOR  
SELEBRITIES"



A LESSON BY  
THE COACH



"ANDY"



THE LESSON  
LEARNED

Shelburne Historical Society



ESCAPED FROM "DARNUM, DAILEY"



ESCAPED FROM - WHERE? -



MT. HOLYOKE'S BEST



TEACHERS' "PETS"



AFTER THE BIG STORM



AN ADDITION TO THE STAFF



WHITES' FIRST FLIGHT



NOT SIAMESE



"DIAMOND BECKS"



"PRIZE CRITTERS"



#### PRO MERITO SOCIETY

class, is taking the Preparatory Course. Edward Joyce, twice winner of the Pratt Prize for best utilization of time, is taking the General Curriculum. President Wheeler and Secretary Thompson, as well as Clara Stroheker, Dorothy Warfield and Lila Johnson, are from the Commercial Department. Marion Wheeler is best known as supervisor of the school reporters to the local paper; Emily Thompson, also, has shown great talent in reporting, especially in connection with the school magazine; Miss Stroheker has been named as salutatorian; Dorothy Warfield is best experienced in accountancy, and Lila Johnson has appeared several times in the musical world. Thus a very versatile list of students comprises the society of the year 1922.

#### THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

For the first time the Commercial Department makes its appearance in the *ARMS STUDENT*. Perhaps the reason that it has not been represented in the past few years is that it has not been considered important enough to be worthy of mention. Such should not be the case. The Commercial Department has as many members, if not more, than any other department in Arms Academy, and should, therefore, be considered just as important.

The Commercial Department has seventeen typewriters which are kept in operation

The first outing was to North Adams, at the invitation of the members of that chapter, where a delegation, chaperoned by Mrs. Vose, attended the conference for organization of the various school chapters. The second project was a benefit exhibition made by the Springfield Gymnasium team, which brought the town to a fuller realization of the existence of the society. The members also attended the Northampton Convention of May 6, under the chaperonage of Miss Hopkins.

It is to be hoped that a large percentage of the 1923 class may be eligible to belong to the society and develop the work started by the present members in such a way that it may become known more widely, and membership be more diligently sought by future classes.

the greater part of the school day, either by the beginners, juniors, or seniors. The classes in typewriting all have practice in typewriting to music in order to keep rhythm and to secure an even touch.

The members of the department have shown their ability as efficient typists by winning Underwood Initial Certificates, Underwood Bronze Medals, Remington Card Cases, and Remington Gold Medals. The seniors of the department have several duties to perform, such as typewriting Mr. Vose's letters and doing general office work, typewriting the subject matter of the *ARMS*

STUDENT before it goes to press, and type-writing special work for which the department usually receives a compensation to be put in the treasury. It is through the Commercial Department that the school actually keeps in touch with the outside world by means of correspondence.

This department is not altogether lacking in scholarship, either, for five of the eight members of the Pro Merito Society come from the "ever busy" department of commercial work. This goes to show its good standing in the school.

The Commercial Department is fortunate in having two very industrious teachers, Miss Ruth Chapman and Miss Margaret Merrill, to whom much credit should be given for their skill in instructing and managing this section of the curriculum. It is by their supervision that the Commercial Department has risen to its place of importance in Arms Academy.

CLARA STROHEKER, '22.

#### OUR BOOKKEEPING DEPARTMENT REMODELED

Our Bookkeeping Department has been, and is at the present time, working under difficulties. Accordingly, plans have been discussed to remodel the room with model offices, files, supply closets, and teacher's desk on the straight line principle. More students' desks will also be needed. A comparatively small amount of money will be required, in proportion to the benefits derived from such a system, to make the department a better one, and once we can show to those in charge of the money an efficient system, we may not fear a long delay in that direction. There are now twenty-eight students' desks in the room, and more will be needed by next year. The supply cupboard is at the wrong end of the room, causing the teacher in charge a great amount of walking back and forth with supplies for the students. To make the department an efficient one, the room must be completely remodeled.

To begin with, three model offices, leaving a small space between each one, must be put up in the front of the room. This will take up the whole front of the room. There must of necessity be more space between the last office, and the door at the front of the room. This will mean the teacher's desk may be placed in front of the last office a little to the right, and far enough from the

door to avoid confusion. This desk is placed so that the teacher faces the outside wall. Directly in back of her, and extending toward the rear of the room is a space for the supply cupboards and files, if they are the smallest possible. Facing the front of the room, and as close to the rear door as possible, is a space large enough for the bookkeeping or adding machine. One extra desk may then be placed at the end of each row of desks, making thirty-two, desks instead of the present twenty-eight. The students on the two inside rows must necessarily use the inside aisle when walking back and forth, and the two outside rows use the outside aisle adjacent to them. If supplies are needed, the cupboard is near the teacher's desk, and he may get them without walking the whole length of the room. On no account must the first and second-year bookkeeping classes be in the room together. This has been done, but resulted in a great deal of confusion, so the idea has been abandoned now. A student may go from his desk directly to each office if need be, without first going by, or around another desk. He may go directly to the adding machine through the rear of the room, for there will be a space large enough to get through between the last row of desks and the wall. More space could easily be utilized, but that at present seems impossible, so we must content ourselves with what we have. The teacher will probably have complete charge over the files, and they will be at hand so any confusion there will be eliminated.

With these model offices, there will probably be more actual noise in the room because more people will be walking back and forth all the time. It will be necessary therefore, for each one to remember not to scuff his feet, and to walk as carefully as possible. There will be more talking in the room, and this will necessitate using a low tone of voice.

These details can be worked out better after the system has been established, and is in working order. A valuable asset to such a room is a clock that can be seen from all over the room. Difficulty in getting the money for this may be eliminated by a donation from the treasury of one or more of the classes. This would be a benefit to the whole school as well as those working in the room, because there is no timepiece in the new building.

Each year our bookkeeping department has made rapid strides toward the ideal

arrangement. There is still room for improvement.

EMILY THOMPSON, '22.

### OFFICE TRAINING

The first day of school had begun at last, and everybody was gathering around in groups, all trying to talk at once. It seemed good to be back at school once more except for one thing—office training.

During the summer vacation I had thought of it often, and the more I thought of it the worse it seemed. I couldn't take dictation, I couldn't transcribe it correctly, and I couldn't do anything in the line of office work.

Two students go to the office at once for practice, and I had to go the third day. I didn't sleep more than two or three hours the night before, because I thought so much about what I had to do the next day.

The next day I could not study nor recite during the first four periods. Recess came, and I was trembling like a leaf. I could hardly stand up, but I went to look for my companion in misery. After sharpening our pencils until there was nothing left to them but a point, dating the pages in our notebooks, and trying to gather a little courage, we proceeded to the office.

My companion volunteered to take dictation that day, and that relieved me a great deal so that I could almost breathe normally again. I had to make copies of lists of names and I managed to make three or four copies in two or three hours and to spell some names right.

After going to the office a few times I did not mind it so much except for the mistakes I made. Then I would stop and think that stenographers, as well as other people, make mistakes sometimes.

Before the year was half over, I began really to enjoy office work and regard it as a pleasure instead of an irksome duty, and to feel very important as I stalked through the main room on my way to the other building.

The work went more smoothly after that, except for one or two accidents that rather tended to destroy my faith in myself. But office practice has convinced me that really enjoying one's work is one of the greatest helps towards better results.

VIOLETTA SPENCER, '22.

### THE SCHOOL LUNCH COUNTER

During the year, the Household Arts Department of Arms Academy has furnished lunches to the student body. The girls of the class prepare and serve the food to all who desire it. The plan used is quite simple and extremely serviceable and helpful to all concerned.

This plan calls for the co-operation of both the students served and those serving. Each day the complete menu with the prices for the next day is listed on the blackboard in the kitchen. Here each student desiring a lunch for the next day, signs up for the food he desires. Then it is the duty of one of the girls in the cooking department to count up the number to be served for the day, for each article, and the complete number served.

Then each group of girls is given a different kind of food to prepare. After its preparation, the food is served to the students in the kitchen.

The menus are simple and the expense is small. Usually a hot soup, or some substantial article, is served, and some kind of desert, with either milk or cocoa. This year the number served by the Household Arts Department was 1935 in 91 school days, making an average of 21 people a day.

This is a plan which is fast becoming popular in practically every high school and college of this country. It is particularly good at Arms, for many of the students drive long distances, and the hot lunch is really valuable in keeping them well.

I. BOOKER, '22.

### FUN IN COOKERY CLASS

Knowing me, one would hardly guess that I could be interested in anything so very serious as a Cookery Class. Although cooking is not my favorite subject, I find it not so very serious, and I have become interested in some things connected with it.

It really is fun to go into class and see Isabelle vainly trying to manipulate an old apron, full of holes, and almost touching the floor even though it is drawn nearly up to her neck. The real fun begins, however, when Isabelle is noticed by Miss Marcille and is kindly, but firmly, questioned as to the whereabouts of her own apron. When Miss Isabelle confesses her weakness of memory, it is necessary for Miss Marcille to remind her that "In last year's class,

every girl who wore another's apron was marked off for it." Then we groan—we always do, every time we hear about that wonderful "last year's class."

Then too, the low windows come in very handily for getting snow. Sometimes we use it for cooling the "eats" and—sometimes we use it for other things. Most of the girls get by with it, but I don't. No, sir, I get caught.

On one day especially, a good deal of snow was brought in from the outside and this time we were using it for "other things." I had a great handful and so did "Syl," but hers didn't last long as it quickly melted when it slipped leisurely down my spine. But "Syl" didn't get caught, because I didn't yell. I thought I'd be real clever and try the little stunt myself. "Peg" was bending over the table. It was too good a chance to miss, so all the snow I had went down her back. Everything would have been all right if "Peggy" hadn't screamed, but of course she did, and Miss Marcille quickly turned on me. (It's mighty funny why she looks at me when there's any mischief afloat.) Well, maybe I didn't get a good call down and a nice big "E" for the day's work, but it was worth it just to hear "Peg" scream and see her jump!

Of course we sometimes do accomplish a good deal, and we've invented a new dish, or rather, invented a new name for an old dish. We changed "Creamed Boiled Cabbage" to "Cookery Special" just for camouflage. The pupils tried it once, but—never again! Also ask some of them about the new kind of pastry—the hot water kind, I mean.

I might enumerate a number of interesting incidents, but I'm afraid that Miss Marcille may think I am conveying the idea that no real work is done. Too, she might mark me down again, you know!

But really, in spite of "Peg's" inability to separate the white and yolks of eggs, her weakness when it comes to holding them, my hot water pastry, Isabelle's sink cleaning, and "Syl's" baking powder biscuits (hardtack), we really are a very industrious and hard working group and if you don't believe me, why, just come down and see for yourself.

BARBARA DONELSON, '22.

PRIZES WON BY BOYS OF AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

*Judging at Brockton*

Francis Truesdell won first.....	\$ 75.00
Clifford Avery won second.....	60.00
Preston Davenport won third....	40.00

\$175.00

*Judging at Worcester*

Francis Truesdell won first.....	\$ 40.00
Preston Davenport won third....	25.00
Wilfred Smith won fourth.....	10.00

\$ 75.00

*Judging at Greenfield*

Clifford Avery won second.....	\$ 12.00
Wilfred Smith won third.....	9.00
Francis Truesdell won fourth....	6.00

\$ 27.00

*Judging at Heath*

Francis Kinsman won first.....	\$ 3.00
<i>Exhibit of Fruit and Vegetables</i>	
Aaron Cromack .....	\$ 9.25
Preston Davenport .....	4.25
Wilfred Smith .....	1.50
Earle White .....	5.00

\$ 20.00

Total of all prizes won..... \$300.00

PROJECTS OF AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT STUDENTS IN 1920-1921

- Clifford Avery: Care of young orchard of 250-300 trees. Care of 15 Rhode Island Red hens.
- Waldo Barnard: Care of young orchard of 25 trees. Also work done on old orchard, pruning, picking and packing.
- Lloyd Brown: Poultry project.
- Aaron Cromack: Feeding and management of sheep. Care of apple orchard.
- Preston Davenport: Care of apple orchard. Care of large garden.
- Francis Kinsman: Entire care of 1½ acres of potatoes.
- Wilfred Smith: Apple project.
- Francis Truesdell: Care of 10 apple trees. Feed and management of two pigs.
- Earle White: Entire care of 14 apple trees.

PROJECTS OF 1921-1922

- Clifford Avery: Pure bred Holstein heifer calf in calf club. Fertilizer project in young orchard. Field crop of corn or potatoes. Care of 15 Rhode Island Red hens.

Waldo Barnard: Dairy cow project. Field crop of  $\frac{1}{2}$  acre of potatoes; northern grown and local seed.

Lloyd Brown: Potato project.

Aaron Cromack: Dairy cow project. Dairy calf club.

Preston Davenport: Care of apple orchard. Field crop of corn or potatoes. Twice picking demonstration.

Francis Kinsman: Care of a corn project. Pure bred calf project.

Wilfred Smith: Care of apple orchard. Care and management of two pure bred calves.

Francis Truesdell: Care of one acre of corn. Demonstration of spraying for scab on McKintosh trees.

Earle White: Thinning demonstration. Care of apple orchard.

Glenn Brown: Vegetable gardening. Care and feeding of poultry.

Marshall Cromack: Care and feeding of poultry.

Kirby O'Neil: Care and feeding of poultry.

Abner Peck: Care and feeding of poultry.

Herbert Thompson: Care and feeding of poultry.

Roger Ward: Care and feeding of poultry.

Frederick Wilde: Vegetable gardening. Care and feeding of poultry.

#### VISITORS IN AGRICULTURE IV

"The Advisory Board, the same that visited us last year, will be here about the twentieth." This was Mr. McCarthy's announcement to the Agricultural group.

One week later, "Our visitors will be here Wednesday."

On Wednesday they came—the Advisory Board of the Agricultural Department. When they arrived, we of the class of Agriculture IV were in the laboratory going through that wonderful process of testing cow's milk. Up to the time of their arrival, everything had gone very well, and I was in the act of congratulating myself that I had spilled nothing or broken no valuable utensils (which was an unusual record for me) when they arrived and then—why was it that my hand trembled so that my pipette shook like a straw in the wind, and why was it that although the room was not uncomfortably warm my forehead was wet with perspiration? At last it was over, and I was on my way home fearing much for the reputation of the best class in school, "Agriculture IV."

"The Agricultural Department made a good showing and a gratifying appearance," so the blackboard announced next day. I was much consoled. The Advisory Board certainly know a good class when they see one.

WALDO BARNARD, '22.

#### CLARENCE L. BRIGHAM

Clarence L. Brigham, musical director in the schools of the Buckland-Colrain-Shelburne union, including Arms Academy, died on October 20, 1921, at his home in Elm Grove.

For nearly twenty-two years he had been associated with the affairs of Arms Academy, and both alumni and students as well as the entire community mourned his death.

He was born in Elm Grove, April 6, 1866. At an early age he took up the study of music. His musical ability soon asserted itself. After attending the schools of the district he became associated with various bands in Vermont. Upon the death of his father in 1895, he returned home and soon after became leader of the Shelburne Falls Military Band, a position which he held up to the time of his death. In 1900 he took up the instruction of music in the public schools of this vicinity, including the towns of Buckland, Colrain, Shelburne, Heath, Leverett, and Lyden. After 1919, he confined his activities to the three-town school union.

His last public appearance at Arms Academy was at the Commencement exercises of the class of 1921, at which time he led the school chorus and orchestra. The idea of an Arms orchestra was originated and developed by Mr. Brigham.

During his last sickness, students of the various schools delighted to send him such remembrances as records, candy, and flowers. In remembrance of his splendid work and unselfish service the Student board voted to dedicate the 1922 number to him.

#### ARMS ORCHESTRA

"Arms Orchestra" is the name given to the group of students who assemble in Science Hall every Friday morning for the purpose of emitting harmonious sounds. This purpose is sometimes carried out with difficulty.

Lila Johnson is our walking library on Fridays, and our librarian other days. She plays the piano. Strange as it may seem, she is the only one of the musicians who can play a discord alone; the others are deprived of this privilege. But then, she always did like to be different.

Ezra Coburn is our concert master as well as our violin master. He and Lila often find themselves playing a duet when a new piece is attempted by the orchestra. If you want to learn to play a fiddle—ask "Coby,"—he's giving lessons.

Helen Baldwin also plays a violin and carries on a rhythmic conversation with Robert Noonan who sits beside her. "Bobby" has a habit of coming to practice without finishing his breakfast, and often brings refreshments in his pockets.

Tillie Blassburg, our vaudeville dancer, and Fay Shippee play the second violin parts. They will probably be Arms' solo players next year.

Emily Thompson, our 'cellist, has developed considerable talent in the past year, and it is to her solos in many of the classics that we owe much of our bass harmony.

We have very little brass in our orchestra, as compared with the stringed instruments. Maurine Johnson brings her cornet to school with her and parks it on the window sill. When Sylvia Gould discovered that Maurine had ceased to "blow her own horn," she discarded "Kelly," and brought her brother's trombone. They can play in perfect harmony alone, but not together.

Johnny Temple still trills variations on his clarinet, and is aided by Robert King. Donald Perkins sits beside them and blows valiantly at his flute. The sympathy of the rest is always with the wind instrument players. They must tend strictly to business; they can't talk; they can't laugh; they can't eat candy; and they can't chew gum. They always sound worse than anyone else if they discord.

Fayette Mitchel plays the drums. Sharps and flats never bother him, fortunate child! He is the only one in the whole group who is never out of tune.

We owe the existence of our orchestra to Mr. Brigham. This year the work of the orchestra has been continued under the care of Mr. Miles. After our first two or three appearances in public, we were forced to decline many invitations to play, for fear of putting other orchestras out of business.

## THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

Oh, the class of '25, they were very much alive,

And a very fine reception they had planned. An orchestra from Greenfield would play a merry tune,

Oh, the "Freshies" they were surely feeling grand.

The decorations, beautiful, were shining in the light;

The table with its load was there, a tempting sight.

The ushers did their duty and the guests walked up the row,

And there each hand was shaken and each one bowed full low.

Then as the moments passed away, the "Freshies" all grew prouder;

The orchestra played merrily; their strains grew loud and louder,

When right above the music there came a dreadful crash,—

The table and the dishes, they all had gone to smash!

Oh, then those poor young "Freshies" they were a sorry bunch,

And standing there amid the wreck, they all surveyed the lunch;

The viands and the dishes were mingled on the floor,—

Dame Nature sorrowed with them, for outside the rain did pour.

Kind hands flew to the rescue, the wreckage soon was gone,

And all the fun and dancing right merrily went on.

But oh, they'll all remember when their hair is turning gray,

The time, that there in Science Hall, they gave their first soiree.

T. Page, '25

## 1924 CLASS ADS

For Sale—Some Department Cards. Prices right. K. Woods.

For Sale—Some "Stink Bombs," best on market.—Charles Roberts.

For Rent—Some Knowledge.—Dutchy Barnard.

Wanted—A book on "How to Behave in the Study Hall."—H. Kennedy.

Wanted—By the 1924 Class—The eighth period of every fourth Friday off.

Lost—A good President. Return to 1924 class.



PRIZE SPEAKERS

### PRIZE SPEAKING

Prize speaking has again been restored to Arms. Methods of speaking have changed, and likewise prize speaking. Instead of having a large number speak, as formerly, each class chose two, a boy and girl, to represent it.

On the evening of March 28, announced by strains from the Arms Orchestra, the prize speakers marched in.

The first speaker was Elinor Gilcrest of the '23 class. Her selection was "The Death Disk," by Twain, a sketch from Oliver Cromwell's time.

The second speaker was Ellsworth Barnard, '24. His choice was a humorous piece relating the trials and tribulations of Penrod Schofield in "A Model Letter," by Tarkington.

Next, Elsie Mattson gave "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," by Burnett, a London sketch featuring a cockney child from the slums of London. Elsie is from the class of '24.

Speaker number four was Theodore Page, '25, who gave a piece entitled "The Haunted House," by Butler, giving the exploits of Swatty (the victim of moral suasion) and Beany.

The fifth speaker was Helen Piece, '25, who gave "The Littlest Rebel," by Peple, outlining an incident of a Confederate soldier's attempt to get his motherless daughter through the enemy lines to Richmond.

The sixth speaker was Clifford Avery, '22, who gave "The Three Things," a story by Andrews of the moral strife in the Great War.

Speaker number seven was Barbara Donelson, '22, with a part from the comedy, "Daddy Long Legs," by Webster.

Last on the program was Donald Cary, '23, with a story of the Great War called "Hill 285," by Davis, telling of the man who was "too fat to fight."

After a close contest the prizes were given by Mr. Orion Morton of Charlemont to Elsie Mattson, '24, and Theodore Page, '25; honorable mention to Miss Helen Pierce. The prizes were donated by the Parent-Teacher Association. The speaking was under the direction of Mrs. Christine Ostberg of Orange.

So successful was the contest, and it gave so much pleasure to the large audience, it is hoped that similar contests will after this be held yearly.

If you will do your work during the next twelve hours as faithfully as I shall do mine, you will find that all work seems easier when done on time.

Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
Now say good-bye  
To the study room clock;  
Tick, tock, tick, tock.  
Yours very sincerely,  
The Time-Honored Clock.

Ruth E. Bassett, '25.

*Shelburne Historical Society*

### PARTRIDGE CHICKS

This is an old story, one told in nearly every nature book, yet it was new when it happened to me—startlingly new, although I had often heard it related in much the same manner.

Saturday was warm and hazy—a typical spring day. In the morning I ambled off for a little stroll. These dull days time was easy to kill in the woods, and that was what I intended to do. By and by the sun came out; as the morning became dry and hot, I lazed along—lying down at times and just gazing up at the clouds, or flicking broken twigs in a little brook that hurried them out of sight astonishingly fast.

Morning whisked off before I knew it, and I found myself unconsciously wandering back towards home, feeling that I had had a pretty good day. The cozy warmth, the sweet woody smells, the soft atmosphere—these, or something I was unaware of, had carried me far away into the land of dreams. What brought me back to the world and reality I am unprepared to say—never will be—yet I remember of looking down bewildered at a partridge that bristled in anger at my feet. When I regained my senses enough to know what it was, I made a grab at it. The partridge hissed, and retreated. Suddenly coming to life, I made after her. With wings helplessly outspread she flopped along, just a few feet ahead of me. I hurried, stumbled, almost fell, nearly reached her, but not quite. It was tantalizing to have her just out of my grasp.

Suddenly I stopped stock still as a flash illuminated my brain—chicks, of course! Where had she attracted me? I hurried back. I recognized the spot, and then commenced to search. Not a head—not even a feather! I lifted up leaves—I looked under sticks. There was nothing. Then I gave

up. It was impossible to find them. I sat down on a log feeling uncomfortably warm. After a while I looked up. Hunched on a little twig, about four feet above the ground, was a little gray chick. He sat there right in front of me, staring at me with two bright eyes. I made a movement to reach out and touch him, then stopped. We looked at each other. If he, a little partridge, was brave enough to sit there in front of me with never a peep, I had to be big enough not to molest him. Softly I got up and left. In my mind I felt a deep respect for that little fellow, and do so yet.

RICHARD LEONARD, '22.

### A SHADY ADVENTURE

It happened last summer during vacation. This is how it came about. Some of the boys in town had organized a baseball team and my three brothers played on it. Of course, I went to all the games. One afternoon we played a team in Colrain. Preston Davenport, who also played on the team, went with us in our automobile, which was an old Overland in the last stage of dilapidation. The game lasted ten innings, but our team finally lost. It had been late when the game started; consequently, it was nearly dark when it was finished. It was quite dark when we reached Shelburne Falls, and there—just our luck—the rear axle of the automobile broke! We pushed it to a garage and then discussed ways and means for getting home.

Preston was going to walk over the mountain by the tower, and my brothers decided to go with him. I wasn't overjoyed at the plan, but I was game for anything the rest were. If anyone had told me before this that I would, of my own accord, walk over the mountain on a night like that, I would not have believed him. However, there didn't seem to be anything else to do.

We got along all right until we went into the woods, but then—! Talk about dark! It was so dark I couldn't see my hand before my face. It was so dark I couldn't see anything! If Preston hadn't known every inch of the path, we should certainly have lost our way. Even as it was, we had to stop at times for my brother to light a match to enable Preston to get his bearings. We should have been thankful that we had a good guide, but I'm

afraid we were thinking about other things than being thankful.

However, it was bad enough. It is said that expectation is worse than reality, but that wasn't so in our case. I had thought that the path would be rough, for I had been over it once or twice in the daylight, but I didn't think it would be half as bad as it really was. Every other step I stumbled over a stone, and with the next I stepped into a hole, and in between times I tumbled over a log or took a header into the bushes just for variety, and when I was not doing that, I took a dive into a brook, just for excitement. I thought at first that I would count the times that I fell over sticks and stones and things, in order to know how many times I had almost killed myself. However, when I had counted ninety-seven times, I fell over a stump and barked my shin, hit my elbow on a rock when I went down, scratched my face on a thorn bush, rolled into the brook, and finally came to rest with my feet in a deep pool, and my head pillowed gently on a sharp rock. Then I gave up. I addressed that stump in very forceful language, but the stump did not seem to mind it in the least. I exhausted my vocabulary upon it and, then, of necessity, kept silent. We were like the man who had rheumatism, who said that when a person had rheumatism he could do one or two things, either grin and bear it, or bear it and not grin. Well, we might growl and grumble, or we might regard our situation philosophically. It made no difference. There was the mountain, and there were we, and we had to climb it.

When I was certain that I had walked five miles, Preston said that we were about half way up! Then I made up my mind that we would never reach the top, but that we were doomed to keep climbing forever. The only thing which made it possible to progress at all was Preston's knowledge of the path. I do verily believe that he knew every stone in the path, and there must have been about ten thousand, for I am sure I fell over as many as that.

Nevertheless, there is an end to all things. At last, when I had given up all hope, we reached the top. We decided to go up in the tower and rest a little. Inside the tower it was just twice as dark as it had been in the woods, which was pretty nearly twice as dark as it is possible for it to get. We went up and up, and around and around. When we reached the top, we beheld a beautiful

spectacle. We could see the lights of farmhouses, villages and cities for miles around. Down in the valley twinkled the lights of Shelburne Falls. Off to the north we could pick out the light of home, which seemed almost like a star. Far to the south we could see multitudes of lights in the cities along the Connecticut River. Overhead the stars shone brilliantly. I would have liked to spend the night up there in the tower, but as my brothers did not appear inclined to, I said nothing. After a time we went down and wearily took up our journey.

It was downhill now and better walking, but there were so many paths that we had difficulty in keeping to the right one. When we lost the path, my brother would light a match in order to enable us to find it again, but when we were halfway down he burned the last match. Then we lost the trail and could not find it again. We ran into barbed-wire fences, fell into brooks, got caught in clumps of laurel bushes and ran into trees, and, in addition to all this, we were obliged to walk most of the time in water or mud two or three inches deep. We kept going down hill, knowing that we must arrive somewhere eventually, and it was not long before we saw the lights of Preston's house close at hand.

My brothers and I stopped a short time and then started on again, having still a mile to go, although it was good walking. I don't think anything ever looked so good to me as the lights of home when we first saw them. There is indeed no place like home. We reached the house at exactly midnight, tired, but not happy, except at getting home. I went to bed as soon as I got home and it didn't take me long to get to sleep. The next morning I still felt the effects of the adventure and it was several days before I fully recovered from them.

Ellsworth Barnard, '24.

#### APRIL DAYS

The tender grass beneath our feet,  
 The white clouds over head,  
 The robin's whistle, clear and sweet,  
 The maple blossoms red;  
 The rushing sound of brimming brooks,  
 Faint perfumes on the breeze,  
 The misty cloud of young green leaves  
 That deck the woodland trees—  
 These signs are telling far and near,  
 That springtime's promise now is here.  
 Margaret Bardwell, '24.

## A MATTER OF ANIMALS

There arrived at our home May fourth, nineteen hundred and eighteen, a crate, with wired windows, and marked "Dangerous." We were inclined to believe at first that we had had some kind of a jungle beast dropped on our hands, but an accompanying letter from Cousin Harry explained matters quite satisfactorily—he was sending us a remarkable pet dog of his, which he thought we would like very much. Said he: "This is a gentle, kind, intelligent, highly pedigreed animal. Have only one caution to mention—do not anger him. He is perfectly reliable otherwise."

"Well," said my brother, "that's easy. All we've got to do is not anger him. Let's loose him and see what he looks like."

Immediately he proceeded to hammer the box in an attempt to open it.

"Do not anger him," I cautioned, for the blows were bringing snarls and growls from within.

"But how else am I going to open this old crate?" protested my brother.

"Let us proceed with care," I said.

So with extreme care we proceeded, but failed to quiet the disturbance within; in fact, it seemed to increase rather than decrease. Quite suddenly the crate shook violently, and with a splintering crash burst open in the middle. With a roar, out leaped our "kind, gentle, intelligent animal." We hastily retreated to the house and locked the door, then looked out of the window. From outside, our new friend gazed at us in wrathful indignation.

"Do not anger him," I said; "remember, he is all right otherwise."

"Hum," replied my brother, "I don't see how we are going to do anything else. I dare say he will make short work of anyone who comes within his reach at present."

Said I: "We will talk to him. I have heard that the human voice is sometimes soothing to animals."

So we proceeded to talk to him, but we seemed only to excite his wrath still further.

"Look!" exclaimed my brother, "there comes Bill!"

So he was.

Just what happened then I can not say. The only thing I can remember (it all happened so suddenly) is the sight of Bill's heels going over the hill, after him bounding a white ball. There vanished Bill—there vanished our animal.

Well, later Bill came back, but the dog—we have not seen him from that day to this. We appreciated Cousin Harry's intentions, yes, we surely did; yet far more fervently did we appreciate Bill when he disappeared over the hill with our "kind, gentle, intelligent, highly pedigreed" beast at his heels.

RICHARD LEONARD, '22.

## A NIGHT RIDE

One evening in May, I was sitting in the lawn swing, swaying idly back and forth. A full moon was just rising in the east. I rested my head against the back of the swing and closed my eyes, when suddenly a beautiful golden airship appeared. Seated in it was a pilot dressed in a green suit. Queer fairy-like wings arose from each of his shoulders. In a shrill little voice he asked if I would like to ride in the sky. I said, "Shall I get my coat?"

"You will not need a coat in the airship, 'Imagination'," replied the fairy pilot.

We rode along very swiftly and before it seemed possible, we had reached the moon. I said, "Can this be the beautiful golden moon I saw rising a few minutes ago?" I shuddered as I looked at its cold dark peaks and craters, and turned away.

The airship flew along. The sun began to look smaller and smaller as we left it behind. Now indeed we realized it was only a star. The next world we came to was Mars. Everything was a beautiful rosy color. Canals crossed and recrossed each other. Men, women and children, some of them ten or twelve feet high, were walking around. I tried to talk with them, but found I did not understand the Martian language.

After a little while we went winding in and out among a net work of tiny worlds, until we began to approach an enormous world. My pilot said, "This is Jupiter, the old giant." The most interesting thing I noticed about Jupiter was the four moons circling around this big world.

We went on through a few more million miles of space and reached Saturn with the wonderful rings of light encircling it. Still on and on we went, past Uranus, to which we gave one hasty glance; on to Neptune, and as we glanced back the sun was visible only as a tiny star. I was very much surprised to find that the Neptunites all lived in boats, for, true to its name, Neptune was a watery world.

I was out in space so far that the stars began to assume familiar shapes. I could see Orion with his club facing the bull with his wicked red eye, Aldebaran. Just a little to one side glittered Sirius, the dog star. Off in the distance, I could see the Lion with his sickle-shaped head. As I looked toward the south I could see a river of stars, winding in and out, and finally lost in space.

I looked toward the north, and there, a tiny speck in the sky was the Polar star, with the Great Bear and the Dragon forever racing around it. Bootes with his hunting dogs chased after the bear, and the Lady sat in her chair and looked at them.

Suddenly I felt a jar and the whole scene was blotted out. I heard my mother's voice, saying, "Come into the house now; it's time to go to bed. You've had quite a nap in the swing." I rubbed my eyes and looked at the moon which was now in plain view, and said, "Well, I certainly had an exciting trip in the airship, 'Imagination'."

THEODORE PAGE, '25.

#### LADY VIVIAN

"Mother, mother!" cried Bobby, as he raced into the kitchen, "the circus is coming to town. May I go, mother, may I?"

Mrs. Stevens turned and sadly smiled into the eager, upturned face. She seldom looked at her boy without a sharp pain piercing her heart as she thought of the sunny-haired little girl, his older sister, who had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared several years before, when Bob was only a toddling two-year-old.

"We'll see what father says when he comes home, dear," she replied. "Will you bring in some wood for mother, please?"

Feeling especially helpful and considerate in view of the longed-for visit to the circus, Bobby willingly complied with his mother's request.

Needless to say, when Mr. Stevens came home he remembered his own boyhood days, and took Bobby and his mother to the circus. Young Bob was was jubilant and raced about to see the sights until his mother was nearly distracted.

At last they entered the large tent in which Bobby hoped to see the tight-

rope walker perform. Sure enough, as he advanced toward the ring the little fellow saw a young girl in shimmering pink silk balancing at ease on a rope far up in the air. Back and forth she went, while the crowd gazed at her in breathless excitement mingled with fear.

Suddenly the girl was seen to waver as a shiver of horror or surprise passed through her frame. Her face became chalky white, and the attendants rushed forward not a moment too soon to catch her as she fell.

The crowd thronged forward, pushing and shouting, so that Mr. Stevens, his wife, and Bobby were crowded close to the fence. Working his way through the crowd, an attendant finally reached Mrs. Stevens and said, "Lady Vivian wishes to see you, madam. Come this way." Bobby's mother, in some surprise, followed the man to a small tent where the little tight-rope walker was lying on a mattress.

As Mrs. Stevens entered the tent, the girl screamed "Mother!" and fainted. The attendant hastily found a chair for poor Mrs. Stevens, who was much upset. He then told her what he knew of Lady Vivian.

"When the manager found out about her being kidnapped, he endeavored to the best of his ability to learn her identity and restore her to her parents. His best detectives were unable to find her parents." the attendant was saying, when Mrs. Stevens cried, "That explains it all! The year after my darling's loss, after we had hunted for her to no avail, I was so broken down in health that my husband took me to Europe where we stayed a year. Oh, the long years with her that we lost because of my weakness and selfish desire to leave the country. My poor Vivian!"

She knelt beside the girl, who suddenly opened her eyes and, seeing her mother near her again at last, threw her arms about Mrs. Stevens' neck, while she sobbed the two words, "My mother," over and over.

When at last everything resumed its normal state, and the Stevens family, intact, returned home, Bobby said, "Oh, Dad, aren't you tickled to pieces to think that you took me to the circus? Just think how it all turned out!"

—Elinor Gilchrest, '23.



# LITERARY

## THE OLD HOUSE

A very old house once stood in a street with several that were quite new and clean. The date of its erection, surrounded by scrolls formed of tulips and hop-tendrils, had been carved on one of the beams. By the date it could be seen that the old house was nearly three hundred years old. Verses were written all over the windows in old-fashioned letters, and grotesque faces, curiously carved, grinned from under the cornices. One story projected a long way over the other, and under the roof ran a leaden gutter, with a dragon's head at the end. The stairs were as broad as the staircase of a castle, and as steep as if they led to a church tower. The other houses thought that it would be an improvement to the street when the old house was disposed of.

At the windows of one of the nice houses sat a little boy with fresh, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes. He was very fond of the old house, in sunshine or in moonlight. He would sit and look at the walls on which the plaster had in some places fallen off, and fancy all sorts of scenes which had been in former times—how the streets must have looked when the houses all had gable roofs, open staircases, and gutters with dragons at the spout. He could even see soldiers walking around with halberds. It was certainly a very good house to look at for amusement.

An old man lived in it, who wore knee breeches, a coat with large buttons, and a wig. Every morning another old man came to clean the rooms, and wait upon him, otherwise the first old man would have been quite alone in the house. Sometimes he came to the windows and looked out; the little boy nodded to him, and the old man nodded back again until they became well acquainted and were friends, although they had never spoken to each other.

One day the little boy heard his parents say, "The old man opposite here is very well off, but he is terribly lonely." The next Sunday morning the little boy wrapped

something in a piece of paper, and took it to the door of the old house, and said to the attendant who waited upon the old gentleman, "Will you please give this from me to the gentleman who lives here? I have two tin soldiers, and this is one of them, and he shall have it, because I know that he is terribly lonely." The attendant nodded, and looked pleased. He then took the tin soldier into the house.

Soon afterwards the servant was sent to ask the little boy if he would not pay a visit himself. His parents gave him permission, and so it was that he gained admission to the old house. The brass knobs on the railings shone more brightly than ever, and on the door were trumpeters standing in carved tulips, and it seemed as if they were blowing with all their might, their cheeks puffed out, "Tanta-ra-ra, the little boy is coming; tanta-ra-ra, the little boy is coming."

The door then opened. All around the hall hung old portraits of knights in armor, and ladies in silk gowns. Then came a staircase which went up a long way, and then came down a little way and led to a balcony, which was in a very ruinous state. The walls were so overgrown with green that they looked like a garden. Then they entered a room in which the walls were covered with leather, and the leather had golden flowers stamped upon it.

"Gilding will fade in damp weather,

To endure, there is nothing like leather." said the walls. Chairs handsomely carved, with elbows on each side, and with very high backs, stood in the room, and as they creaked they seemed to say, "Sit down." The little boy then entered the room where the old man was sitting.

The old man thanked his little friend for the tin soldier. On the wall near the center of the room, hung a picture of a beautiful lady, young and gay, and dressed in the fashion of the olden times, with powdered hair, and a full, stiff skirt. The little boy then said to the old man, "Where did you get that picture?" He replied that it came from the shop opposite the house. The old

man then explained that this young lady, whom he had known and loved many years ago, had been dead nearly half a century. Under a glass beneath the picture hung a nosegay of withered flowers, which were, no doubt, half a century old, too.

"They say at home that you are very lonely," said the little boy to the old man. The old man replied that he had happy thoughts of the past.

The old man went out of the room to get some refreshments for the little boy. A voice suddenly interrupted the stillness of the room, and whose was it but that of the tin soldier. "I can not endure it any longer. It is not cheerful here," said the tin soldier, "The day is long enough, but the night is longer."

"You must bear it," said the little boy. The old man then returned.

The tin soldier began to get vicious and cried out, "I will go to the war. I can not stand it here any longer."

At that he fell through a crack in the floor, and the old man said that he would find him the next morning, but he never found him.

The little boy then returned home. He was pleased, to think he had an invitation to come and visit the old man at any time which he chose. The little boy did visit the old man nearly every day, until one day, when there was a terrific blizzard, the little boy did not see his friend go over to the shop across the way as had been his custom every morning. The walk leading up to his house had not even been shoveled. The little boy thought that something surely must have happened to his old friend. Something had; the old man had died in the night. The little boy was very unhappy for many days, until about a month after the old man had been dead, a letter came addressed to the little boy. It said that the picture of the beautiful lady, which the little boy had admired so much, was to be given to him, and that when he became of age, he was to inherit the vast property upon which the old house stood.

After quite a few years the house began to tumble in, so the little boy's parents had it removed. In a few years more, a beautiful house was built on the grounds, but it stood further back in the yard. On the spot where the old house had stood, a quaint flower garden was planted. In front of the garden were large iron railings and a great

gate, which looked very stately. People used to stop and peep through the railings, and sparrows assembled in dozens upon the wild vines. They chattered very loudly, but it was not about the old house, as so many years had passed that they could not even remember it.

The little boy had grown up to be a man. He was married, and had come to live on the property which he had inherited. One day he and his wife were planting some flowers, when suddenly he felt something prick his hands, and digging down further, he found the tin soldier which had been lost in the old house many years ago. He related the story to his wife, and she said how lonely the old man must have been.

"Yes, yes, he was," cried the tin soldier, "I couldn't bear it."

"Yes, yes, he was," cried another voice, and the young man stooping down, picked up a piece of leather which hung in tatters. It looked like wet earth, but it had an opinion and it spoke:

"Gilding will fade in damp weather,  
To endure there is nothing like leather."

But the tin soldier did not believe any such thing.

VIVIAN FLATHIER, '25.

#### PREPARING FOR WINTER

Everywhere the birds were gathering. From the swamps, around the ponds, and along the brooks little groups of mallards were coming, all joining into one big flock. As soon as a leader was picked out, the party set out, stopping only when they needed rest or food. The wild geese formed their bands similarly, the strongest and ablest taking charge of each band. All through the forest the smaller birds were collecting in the tree tops, getting ready for the signal to start south. Soon the mallard bands were seen flying southward in V-shaped formations. And likewise the wild geese went sailing along. The small birds heeded the call and were off. The sky was filled with a great multitude of birds, all moving in the same general direction.

The hills were tinted with different colors. The places where the soft maples abound had colored first. The hard maples blended their colors with red and yellow sumacs. The ash showed yellow mixed with green. The oak leaves turned slowly, but glowed a beautiful dark red. Many other trees

brought different colors and mixed with the dark green of pine, hemlock, and spruce. In the woods there was a pattering sound which leaves make as they strike the ground. The streams were covered with leaves and in many places where a log was lying, or a pile of brush, the leaves had clung and formed ponds.

The little wild folk of the forest were laying up stores of their winter necessities. The grey squirrels and red were in the tops of the chestnut trees biting off chestnuts or gathering walnuts or acorns, while the small chipmunk was skurrying around with his cheeks stuffed out with corn or other grain from the fields and laying it away in some safe corner of an old stone wall. The woodchuck was eating whenever he could in order to get fat enough to endure through the winter. The skunk was doing likewise, for he also does not come out for food in the winter. The rabbit was having a joyful time. He did not worry about preparing for winter because he could find food whenever he wanted it.

Man was doing his best to gather in his harvest. The corn was the first to be harvested. The bright ears of corn were picked first and husked; the corn stalks were then cut and stacked. The golden pumpkins lay on the ground around the corn stacks waiting for the men to come with wagons and gather them. The trees in the apple orchards did not long bend down with fruit after the busy farmer had begun with ladder and basket to pick it.

All this time Jack Frost was slowly creeping down from the cold north to do his part in preparing for winter. The first sign of his arrival was the white coating he put on the grass in the early mornings. Then later he hardened the ground so that not even a horse could leave his hoofprints in it, and soon the ponds were covered over with a sheet of ice, which grew thicker each cold night. Soon bitter cold weather came, and the earth lay chilled and still, waiting for her shroud of snow.

MURRAY BUELL, '24.

### A SUNSHINE CHICKADEE

One bleak winter's morning as I came out of the house, I espied something wriggling around in an old soap box which was nailed to the side of a shed. On investigating, I found that three little chickadees, with every feather fluffed out until they looked round

as buttons, were bustling and scratching about in some chaff in the box trying to get a breakfast.

Chickadees live almost wholly on seeds during the winter, and I was certain that if I could find some for them, the little fellows would be happy indeed. I searched about for some seeds, but was unsuccessful until I remembered some carrot seeds that had been left over from planting the year before. With these seeds and a few bread crumbs mixed with them, I returned to the shed. The birds espied me coming and away they flew to a near-by tree. I placed a handful of seeds and crumbs in the box and then retreated to a warmer spot where I could watch it. The little fellows were rather timid at first, but soon one of them flew to the box, cocked his head on one side, then the other, peered all about with his sparkling little eyes, and, finally, after satisfying himself that all was well, began pecking at the seeds. Soon he forgot any danger and was filling his crop with seeds as fast as ever his head could bob. His two mates soon joined him and they too lost all sense of care. What a breakfast they had! How they pecked and twittered and stretched their little necks to make room for more! They must have thought that they were having a mid-winter Thanksgiving Day. After that, they came to the box every day during the rest of the winter, and never did they find the box barren of some sort of food.

Along the latter part of March I was taken with a very hard cold which soon developed in to pneumonia. I had been very sick, but was slowly recovering, when one morning I awoke to find the sun shining brightly, and oh! how fine it must have been out doors; but I was still unable to sit up, and should have been thankful that I was alive.

I was brooding over my ills and blaming myself for having caught cold, when something fluttered into the room and lighted on the bureau. I turned my head to see what it was, and as I did so I heard the most cheerful, and I believe the sweetest, little "chick-a-dee-dee-dee" that ever sounded. There on the top of the bureau top-rail, was one of the trio of chickadees. He stayed with me for three or four minutes, hopping about on the bureau and pausing every now and then to sing his cheery little song. Then the little fellow flitted out of the window and was gone. But I was happy. My blues had been changed to sunshine by this chick-

adee. How well repaid I felt for feeding those hungry little fellows!

PRESTON DAVENPORT, '22.

### THE STORY OF A CLOCK

Dear Teachers, and Students of Arms Academy:

Allow me to introduce myself: I am the study room clock. Are you surprised to find that I can express myself in words? Well, what am I supposed to do when a teacher asks members of the freshman class to write a story of my life; how can they write that story unless I first tell it to them?

They call it a theme in English. I think it would be a theme in a language more forcible than English if some of those freshmen could tell what they think of me when they do not get their work done on time. I move right along just the same, without waiting for them.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock," I say, and the first thing they know the time is up, a bell rings, and they glance at me with such a scowl you might think I was to blame because the bell rings for recitation before they are ready for it! Well, I think if they would study harder outside of school, and not leave so much to be done in study period, they would not need to scowl at me so many times during the day; besides, those that do not get their work done are usually the ones who spend their time during study period writing notes or whispering to their neighbors.

I suppose they think my hands ought to move backwards. When I see them rushing to schoolmates for help, and see their schoolmates having to lose time helping them, or even having to do their work for them, thus causing a loss of time all around, I feel so angry that I almost go on a strike. Some clocks do strike, you know, so why shouldn't I? At least these human folks say a clock strikes, but the strike of a clock isn't the same as a strike of human folks. When a clock strikes it may go right on working, but when men strike they stop working!

Well, to go back to the beginning of my story. I am supposed to tell you about my life. If I could write verses as easily as a certain freshman from Shelburne Center can, I would begin my story like this:

Tick-tock, tick-tock,

I am the Arms Academy clock.

However, as that is as far as I can get in making rhyme, I must not try to write my story that way, for, if I do, I shall have to stop so long over each line that I shall run slow, and all the classes will be called tomorrow at the wrong time, and school will be late in closing. Then how some freshmen will scowl when they look first at their watches and then at me, to find that I am far behind the times; and they will mutter, "You never can depend on that old clock."

Well, well, how I do wander away from the subject of my story! I don't know that I blame the freshman for saying they can't depend on me; I have been trying to tell the story of my life, and I haven't even begun it yet.

I can't remember in what town my life first began, but it was in a room where there were dozens and dozens of other clocks. I was oiled, and wound up, and started; but as I ran too slow, the man who regulated us came and did something to one of my springs, then I went faster. Then the man said I was too fast and he fixed me again, and kept on fixing me until I was finally satisfactory. Several days later, after I had run down and stopped, I was packed into a large box, and when I came to life again I was here in this bare schoolroom. How lonesome it seemed with no other clock in sight! Soon, however, I heard a great commotion, and into the room where I was came boys and girls of all sizes and ages. It certainly has been interesting to me to watch the different ways in which these young folks do their work. And this is how I live, seeing some foolish people waste time and not study, while others study so hard that they almost have St. Vitus dance trying to cram all the knowledge in the universe into their heads.

I'm glad I'm a clock. But even if I were an Arms Academy freshman instead of a clock, I would never waste my time playing instead of working, as some of them do. Neither would I try to smother my brains with all the knowledge there is in school books, as some of the studious seniors do. I should go calmly on, doing so much work day after day, no more, no less, just as I do now. No eight hour day for me, either, for no matter how short the day, nor how long the night is, my hands move carefully through the twelve hours that my work calls for, and you have no idea how faithful I feel as I repeat my well-learned lesson, counting out the hours.

## THE SNOW AND ICE STORM

During the early part of the winter we had very little snow. At last the white flakes began to fall. It stormed so hard that there were three or four inches of new snow on the old. The temperature rose a trifle.

We first thought when it became warmer that it would rain and the snow would melt. No such luck! It rained hard and froze harder. The air was so cold that the rain froze on trees, electric light wires and posts, telephone wires, clotheslines, and on anything else it could reach.

The trees were weighted very heavily as were the telephone and electric light wires. The whole night through one could hear branches breaking, trees crashing to the ground, and tiny twigs snapping.

The next day showed a sight never to be forgotten. The sun came up as round and rosy as ever, throwing its rays on the woods as if nothing had happened. The sun made the trees sparkle as a beautiful stone does in the bright light.

The scene from our yard was lovely. In the foreground there was a large elm covered with ice and snow. The trees in the orchard on the hill were covered with ice; the plainest trees had grown pretty. Many were bent over, the tops touching the ground, forming white arches. The eye was so attracted by the dazzling beauty that one forgot for a time the splintered and broken limbs that could be seen in every direction through the ice-covered trees. The beauty had been paid for at a high price.

—Janie Call, '24.

## A DREAM

It was Thursday, the twelfth of August. I went to bed with a headache. The next morning, Friday, the thirteenth, I broke my mother's looking glass. That means seven years' bad luck. To start with, I got a licking from Dad.

In the afternoon I thought I would take a walk. I was walking along when it suddenly became night. The moon was shining very brightly, and I was in an unknown wood. I kept on walking, not knowing what else to do. In a little while I came to a small deep pond. I

went by it and came to another just like it. Before long, I had passed twelve of these small ponds, all exactly alike. A little way ahead of me I saw the thirteenth. When I attempted to pass this pond, I could not, for I was held by some strange power; then slowly this strange power drew me toward the pond. I was drawn into the pond and down under the water, but, strange to say, I did not mind it. When I struck bottom and looked around, I saw, directly in front of me, under a large rock, a door. I opened this door, stepped through it, and found myself in a brilliantly lighted, but narrow, passageway. The water was held back by some force so that it did not enter this opening. At the end of this passageway, I came to another door. I opened it, stepped through, and behold! In front of me lay a small, beautiful city. The houses of gold and silver were the size of doll houses. There were thousands of little people.

These little people crowded around me, and one little voice squeaked, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

I did not answer, and this same little voice said, "The king wants to see you."

Looking down I saw him point to a palace, the largest in the city. I went to it, being careful not to step on any houses or people. On the balcony of the palace I saw the king and queen of these little people.

When I was within hearing distance the king asked in a shrill voice, "Did you get permission from the gods to enter this city?"

I told him I had not. He then told me I was sentenced to be shot at sunset for entering this city without permission from the gods. I did not worry much, because I didn't see how they could shoot me with the little guns that I saw some of them carrying. I was taken to a blacksmith shop where there were a hundred small forges. At each one of these forges were two little smithies. All these little men seemed to have received an order to make something. In less than a minute each one of these little smithies had forged a small piece of steel a certain shape. All these pieces were brought to the middle of the shop and two little men set to welding them together.

In a few hours these little men stopped working. In front of me was a small

cannon with a bore about the size of the old army rifle that my father had. I became frightened, because I saw that if this were fired at me I should surely be killed. I was led to an open field about ten feet square and made to stand at one end of it. The small cannon was placed in front of me. I was left standing this way until the sun began to set. I could not run or move because something held me to the spot. A horse and wagon with a bullet that had been made for the cannon, appeared in the distance, came near, and stopped. By this time the king had arrived. He ordered the men to get ready. A rope was tied to the trigger of the cannon and ten little men took hold of it. Then one little man climbed upon the cannon to aim it. I stood shaking all over, and my heart was beating so hard and fast that it sounded like a trip hammer.

The king slowly said, "Ready! Aim!" Then he yelled, "Fire!"

I awoke with a start, and found my sister had yelled "Fire" to wake me up. My headache was better and I was safe at home. I jumped out of bed and started to get dressed. While I was doing this I decided that since it was "Friday, the thirteenth" I would be very careful.

Donald Morrissey, '24.

### THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF WEBB HARDY

#### WEBB HARDY'S SUCCESS AS A TRAPPER

"Haste makes waste" is a foolish saying. One day Webb Hardy started on his round of traps. He was walking along briskly when suddenly he thought of the old saying, "Haste makes waste." He did not hurry any longer, but walked leisurely along. As he approached his first trap, which was a box trap of his own making, he saw the nose of a red squirrel sticking through a hole that it was gnawing. Webb said that he wasn't going to hurry; the squirrel wouldn't have time to gnaw out before he got there, any way. However, no sooner had he said it, than the squirrel finished the hole, and, quick as a flash, was up in the top of a big maple tree. In spite of this, Webb still refused to hurry. As he drew near the next trap, which held a

gray squirrel, he said that that squirrel couldn't get away, because he was dead, so there wasn't any use in hurrying, but as he was about to pick up the squirrel, a dog leaped out of a neighboring bush, seized the squirrel and the trap, and was out of sight in an instant. Webb made up his mind to hurry to the next one, but when he came in sight of it, there was an old fat woodchuck caught in the trap he had set for a fox. Webb said that is was terribly hot and he wouldn't hurry now, because the woodchuck couldn't get out of the trap. Just as Webb leaned over to pick it up, the woodchuck gave one mighty pull, pulled the stake up, leaving Webb to vow that he would hurry to his next trap. Now, when Webb reached his last trap, there was a beautiful silver fox worth a thousand dollars! While he was wondering what he would do with all the money he would receive for the fox skin, the fox jumped up and ran off on three legs, leaving the fourth, which he had bitten off, in the trap. Poor Webb actually hurried home to do his chores before they should get away from him, too.

M. F. B., '24.

#### Webb Hardy Takes His Family After Bull-heads.

It was a scene long to be remembered. The pond was very low, so low that the backs of all the frogs projected above the surface of the water as they lay on the mud bottom, and the water was black with wiggling pollywogs. A few sluggish ripples were moving from one side of the pond where Webb Hardy was struggling with might to free himself. He was in mud above his knees, a fish pole was in his hand, and on the end of the line was a twenty-inch bull-head working towards the middle of the pond, the opposite direction to which Webb was struggling. On the edge of the pond a tall, slim woman, probably his wife, was standing, appearing, at a glance, to be partly praying, partly shrieking, and partly crying, but on a second look, unmistakably laughing. In the back ground a little boy had hitched the old plug to a rope and was in the act of lassoing Webb in order to draw him out.

M. F. B., '24.

# ATHLETICS



MANAGERS AND CAPTAINS of 1921-1922

Basket Ball Captain . . . . .	John Temple	Girls' Basket Ball Manager	
Track Captain . . . . .	Gerald Thompson		Margaret Coombs
Girls' Basket Ball Captain.	Sylvia Gould	Baseball Manager . . . . .	Elwin Cromack
Basket Ball Manager . . .	Hugh Griswold	Foot ball Manager . . . . .	John Geiger
(Missing) Howard Cardwell,	Captain of Football and Baseball		

## THE TRACK MEET AT GREENFIELD

Arms' part in the Franklin County High School Athletic Meet, held at Greenfield, September 15, 1921, in connection with the Greenfield Fair, is one of complete glory for the Red and White. As we began school a whole week before other schools we had a good chance to practice for the meet. Even though some of our best point winners were graduated last June, we had splendid material left.

Thursday, the fifteenth, found all roads leading to the Live Wire Fair. When we arrived at the grounds, the cheering squads assembled in the grandstand and the athletes on the track. Under "Charlie" Galvin, "Pres" Davenport, "Bob" Donelson and others of the senior and junior classes, we certainly had a lively cheering section. Since the people of Greenfield wouldn't believe we could make more noise than they, we just had

to show them. You ought to have felt the grandstand shake! After an hour and a half of singing and cheering our persistent efforts were rewarded by the announcement that Arms was judged worthy of the coveted cheering cup for the third consecutive year.

In the meantime our prospects of winning the green and gold banner were beginning to be dimmed by Greenfield's success. The old Arms spirit, however, soon began to assert itself in an uphill fight for first honors. The tension was not relieved until the last event. With the score 50 to 47 against us, Arms came across with first, second and fourth places in the pigskin punt for a 56 to 62 victory over Coach Nichols' charges.

Moran's sensational work which resulted in 18 points gave Brattleboro third place. Turners came last with a dozen tallies. The well-earned 56 points gave



THE TRACK TEAM

us the green banner, and the tug-of-war and relay race each earned a handsome cup, which, in addition to the cheering cup, made a clean sweep.

#### Summary:

100-yard dash for freshmen—Won by Tyler of Arms; R. Campbell of Turners Falls, 2d; Bruno of Greenfield, 3d; Webber of Arms, 4th. Time, 10 3-5s.

100-yard dash for sophomores—Won by Streeter of Greenfield; Burke of Greenfield, 2d; Morrissey of Arms, 3d; Davis of Greenfield, 4th. Time, 11 3-5s.

100-yard open—Won by Moran of Brattleboro; Hall of Greenfield, 2d; McLellan of Greenfield, 3d; Thompson of Arms, 4th. Time, 10 3-5s.

220-yard dash—Won by Moran of Brattleboro; Thompson of Arms, 2d; McLellan of Greenfield, 3d; Hall of Greenfield, 4th. Time, 24 1-5s.

Half-mile run—Won by Blackall of Greenfield; Bostley of Greenfield, 2d; Roberts of Arms, 3d; T. Amidon of Arms, 4th. Time, 2m., 14s.

High jump—Won by Tyler of Arms; Burke of Greenfield, 2d; Welch of Greenfield, 3d; Powers of Greenfield, 4th. Height, 4 ft., 7 in.

Running broad jump—Won by Moran of Brattleboro; Thompson of Arms, 2d; Jangro of Greenfield, 3d; Roberts of Arms and Coburn of Arms tied for 4th. Distance, 19 ft., 7½ in.

Half-mile bicycle race — Won by Forbes of Greenfield; Haeuffler of Turners Falls, 2d; Arms of Greenfield, 3d; Gunn of Greenfield, 4th. Time, 1m., 20s.

Potato Race—Won by Andrews of Greenfield; Morrissey of Arms, 2d; O'Keefe of Turners Falls, 3d.

Baseball throw—Won by Cardwell of Arms; Galvin of Arms, 2d; Powers of Greenfield, 3d; Temple of Arms, 4th. Distance, 349 ft., 6 in.

Football punt—Won by Redfern of Arms; Brown of Arms, 2d; Nims of Greenfield, 3d; Noonan of Arms, 4th. Distance, 150 ft.

Shot put—Won by Donovan of Turners Falls; Moran of Brattleboro, 2d; Nims of Greenfield, 3d; Roberts of Arms, 4th. Distance 35 ft., 3 in.

Relay race—Won by Arms; Greenfield, 2d; Turners Falls, 3d.

Tug-of-war—Won by Arms.

Points scored—Arms, 56; Greenfield, 52; Brattleboro, 18; Turners Falls, 12.



FOOTBALL

For a number of years football has had "hard sledding" at Arms. The climax was reached in 1920 when it was found necessary to discontinue the sport. Last fall, however, after the Greenfield track trophies had been captured, enough interest was aroused to assure a squad of about fifteen for regular practice. Mr. McCarthy took charge of the candidates and a short schedule was arranged by Manager John Geiger. Only three of the candidates, Cardwell, Cromack and Noonan had had previous experience at the game. Cardwell was chosen captain. The student body pledged \$60 in support of the season. One eighth period Coach McCarthy gave a talk on "Football," which was of great interest, especially to those unfamiliar with the sport.

The first game was played on October 1 at Greenfield against our old rivals, Greenfield High, who, with a veteran team, took great glee in administering to us a 40 to 0 defeat.

Our team showed a decided improvement in the next game, which was played at home in a pouring rain. Williamstown High was our guest and went back over the trail with the Academy tower bell proclaiming a 40 to 0 victory for Arms.

A home and home series was then arranged with Turners Falls High. Our gridsters ran away with the game here

by a 70 to 0 score. It was a different story, however, at the mill town, for Turners strengthened by alumni, defeated Arms 7 to 6.

The season closed here on October 28 when Amherst High was met. The college town lads won by a 39 to 10 score.

That evening at the Seniors' Halloween social, Mr. Vose awarded the coveted A's to Capt. Howard Cardwell, qb; Hugh Griswold, fb; Leon Herzig, lhb; Preston Redfern, rhb.; George Tyler, ls.; Charles Galvin, lt; Robert Noonan, lg; Elwin Cromack, c; Charles Roberts, rg; Francis Kinsman, rt; Winthrop Anderson, re; Warren Bailey, end; Paul Amstein, g.; Francis Jackman, g.; Manager, John Geiger. Mr. Vose pointed out the difficulty of having a strong team without a second team for scrimmage, and complimented the boys for having shown the true Arms spirit throughout the season. Some appropriate school songs and cheers were given by the school. The team then responded with a "locomotive" for their coach. Thus the 1921 season passed on for future teams and seasons to uphold.

Oct.	We	They
1—At Greenfield, High . . . . .	0	40
8—Williamstown High, here	40	0
14—Turners Falls High, here	70	0
22—At Turners Falls, Alumni	6	7
28—Amherst High, here . . . .	10	39

## THE 1922 BASKET-BALL TEAM

The 1922 Basketball season, because of the arrangement of the games, was bound to be the hardest schedule ever undertaken by Arms. Captain John Temple, Howard Cardwell and Gerald Thompson remained from last year's five. Winthrop Anderson, who joined the school last fall, proved a great addition to the quintet. "Don" Morrissey, a coming athlete of the school, also gained a place on the team. There were many others from whom a clean, hardworking squad was chosen.

With the team arranged in the following order: Captain Temple, lf.; Morrissey, rf.; Cardwell, c.; Thompson, lg.; Anderson, rg., and Tyler held in reserve, the strongest teams in Western Massachusetts were defeated as M. A. C., '25; Sacred Heart, St. Joseph's and Deerfield.

In Captain Temple the team had a wonderful leader and an earnest worker. Owing to his "pep," the team was kept on edge at all times and fought clean and hard until the last whistle. He was the second highest scorer of the team and held a high position in the valley scoring list.

Cardwell, at center, was almost invaluable to the team. His great fighting spirit and good sportsmanship won him a place as one of the greatest athletes the school ever had. His dribbling down the sides of the court, followed by clean shots would bring the crowd madly to its feet. He ended the season as one of the highest scorers of the valley. He was a giant on the defense and very accurate in his foul shooting.

At right forward Morrissey played his first basket-ball game for Arms. Although the smallest man on the team, he was a great passer and a clean worker. He had baskets to his credit in nearly every game.

Thompson played a great game for Arms in the back court. He was a hard,



clean player. He kept many scores low by efficiently covering such men as Snodgrass, Roberts, and Hawthorne.

At right guard Anderson was noted for his coming down the floor for baskets. With Anderson and Thompson on the defense, the opposing forwards found a combination which was hard to break through.

Tyler, although a freshman, proved a formidable substitute who could take the place of either forward or guard.

Manager Griswold should be given much credit for the efficient management of the games and the team.

The success of the team was due to the hard, fast, and clean playing of every member of the team which was spoken of in highest terms by visitors and opponents.

The second team should be given much credit for their work and staying qualities.

The success of the season, the skill of the individual members of the team, their fine spirit, and the co-operation of the squad are all proofs of efficient training. This training and the splendid record of 1921-22, the school and team owe to the excellent work of Coach McCarthy.

E. C. F., '23.

IN APPRECIATION

The Arms basketball team of 1921-22 has been the best team that has ever been produced in the school. No small share of winning 15 out of 21 games is due to our coach, A. M. McCarthy. Mr. McCarthy came to Arms two years ago, and within that time, out of but little material, has developed the best team by which Arms has been represented. The boys liked to work for "Mac" and they did work to the best of their ability, because he was not only an efficient coach, but also a companion and friend to all of them. As a slight expression of appreciation for the efficient coaching and good fellowship of Mr. McCarthy, the team presented him a suitably engraved, gold-cased pocket comb at the close of the season.

ARMS DEFEATS DEERFIELD, 29-18

Our hardest game during the first half of the season was with Deerfield on January 7. Deerfield started with a rush and began to gradually pile up her score. Arms, however, with seven successive victories already behind her, rallied to such an extent that at the end of the first half the score stood only 16-13 in their favor. Arms came to the second half with a determination to win and soon evened up the score. This spurred Deerfield to new efforts and the score see-sawed back and forth to the intense excitement of the audience. Thus the game remained, now favoring Arms, now Deerfield, the fans expecting the whistle any moment, the spectators on tiptoe and Arms playing with such vim that when the whistle blew the score stood 31-27 in Arms' favor. The lineup:

ARMS	DEERFIELD
Temple, lf	rg, Van Petersiege
Anderson, rf	lg, McKay
Cardwell, c	c, Atkinson
Tyler, lg	rf, Butterfield
Thompson, rg	lf, Snodgrass
	Switzer

Baskets from floor: Cardwell, 5; Anderson 4; Temple, 2; McKay; Atkinson, 5; Snodgrass, 3; Butterfield, 2.

Goals from floor: Cardwell, 7; Snodgrass, 5; Temple, 2. Referee, Daley.

ARMS 20; M. A. C. (2nd year) 21

On January 27, a large crowd watched one of Arms' hardest games, that with M. A. C. second year team. Considering the fact that Arms had lost but one of the twelve games played it was thought that the team stood a fair chance of winning, although greatly outweighed by its opponents, and surpassed in the number of years of playing. The teams, according to prediction, proved to be very evenly matched, and held each other nearly scoreless, Arms making three baskets from the floor and two goals from fouls; M. A. C. making but one basket, but receiving five points from fouls during the first half. In the second half the game continued to be anyone's game and hence there was great excitement throughout. Despite the hard playing by both sides, the score was a tie when the whistle blew. This resulted in overtime playing and a victory for M. A. C., with a score of 21-20. This was our only defeat on our own floor. The lineup:

ARMS	M. A. C. (2nd year)
Temple, lg	rg, Adair
Morrissey, rf	lg, Donnellan
Cardwell, c	c, Wilford
Anderson, lg	rf, Ross
Thompson, rg	lf, Greene

Baskets from floor: Cardwell, 5; Parsons, 3; Ross, 2; Templeton, Adair, Anderson.

Goals from fouls: Ross, 7; Morrissey, 4; Cardwell, 2; Parsons 2. Referee, Daley.

ARMS 12; M. A. C. FRESHMEN 4

About the first of February the team made a trip to Amherst where it played the M. A. C. freshman team. Conditions under which the game was played were somewhat different from what we had been playing under, the main difference being in a five-man defense. This served to slow the game up somewhat and make baskets harder to obtain, there being only five made from the floor; of these, four were made by Arms. The defensives were evenly matched, but our offensive was the better and hence gave us the advantage. Cardwell starred for Arms and Samuels for M. A. C. Notwithstanding the hard playing of her ad-

versary, the final score was 12-4 in Arms' favor. The lineup:

ARMS M. A. C. FRESHMEN  
 Temple, lf ..... rf, Samuels  
 Morrissey, rf ..... lf, Sullivan  
 Feige ..... Chail  
 Cardwell, c ..... c, Simmons  
 Anderson, lg ..... rg, Seaver  
 Thompson, rg ..... lg, Hurley  
 Baskets from floor: Temple, Cardwell,  
 Anderson, Thompson, Samuels.  
 Goal from floor: Cardwell, 4; Sam-  
 uels 2. Referee—Davidson.

#### ARMS 23; Adams 13

On February 24 a fast and exciting game was played with Adams High with whom we had not played since 1920. Adams at that time stood second in the Berkshire League and a close game was anticipated. Our team, however, easily led in the score throughout the entire game. A great tendency to foul was shown and Arms gained within one as many points from fouls as from baskets. At the end of the first half the score was 12-5 in Arms' favor and this score was increased to 23-13 in the last half. Cardwell and Anderson starred for Arms, Cardwell shooting all the baskets and Anderson the fouls. The lineup:

ARMS ADAMS  
 Temple, lf ..... lf, Rainer  
 Morrissey, rf ..... rf, McInerney  
 Cardwell, c ..... c, Adams  
 Anderson, lg ..... lg, Tower  
 Thompson, rg ..... rg, McClaren  
 Roboin

Baskets from floor: Cardwell 6; McInerney 4; Roboin. Baskets from fouls: Anderson 11, Roboin 2, McInerney. Referee—Ball.

#### ARMS DEFEATED BY SACRED HEART, 18-15

On March 3, Arms for the first time in her history went to Holyoke to meet Sacred Heart in basketball. The floor there was twice as large as that on which our team was accustomed to play, but not at all daunted by this fact, our team entered the game with the determination to fight if not to win. Sacred Heart's defensive proved to be stronger than ours and Arms broke through only

once in the first half for a basket. The score at the end of the first half stood 7-11 in Holyoke's favor. Arms returned to the floor full of pep and fight and almost immediately made two baskets and another basket from a foul. Holyoke rallied, however, and the game continued, either team holding the other nearly scoreless. Cardwell starred for Arms and Roberts for Sacred Heart. The lineup:

ARMS SACRED HEART  
 Temple, lf ..... lf, Roberts  
 Morrissey, rf ..... rf, Vogt  
 Cardwell, c ..... c, Burke  
 Thompson, rg ..... Kane  
 Anderson, lg ..... lg, Kleindeinst  
 rg, Sullivan  
 Moynihan

Baskets from the floor: Temple 2; Burke 2; Moynihan 2; Cardwell, Roberts. Baskets from fouls: Cardwell 9; Roberts 8.

#### ARMS DEFEATS SACRED HEART, 26-22

On March 10 in a benefit game Arms played Sacred Heart in one of the fastest and best attended games of the season. Both teams started out with baskets, but soon steadied down to stronger defensive playing with the result that most of the points gained in the first half were from fouls. Notwithstanding that Arms was playing on her own floor, Sacred Heart led by a score of 14-12 at the end of the first half. In the second half Arms took the lead and although the Holyoke team quickened its pace it was unable to catch Arms in her last game and victory of the season. As quite often happens in fast games, there was considerable fouling on both sides. Those who came to see Cardwell and Roberts, the high scorers of Western Massachusetts, in action, were not disappointed in the players. The lineup:

ARMS SACRED HEART  
 Temple, lf ..... lf., Roberts  
 Morrissey, rf ..... rf., Vogt  
 Cardwell, c ..... Moynihan  
 Thompson, rg ..... c., Burke  
 Anderson, lg., ..... Kane  
 lg., Kleindeinst  
 rg., Sullivan

Baskets from floor: Cardwell 3, Anderson 2, Kleindeinst 2, Roberts 2. Temple, Vogt. Baskets from fouls: Cardwell 14, Roberts 12. Referee, Ball.

The other games of the season were no less exciting and worthy of attending than these already mentioned, although for the most part with lesser rivals. A schedule of the games and of individual scores is given herewith:

Feb. 10	"	37	Hopkins	16
Feb. 11	"	12	M. A. C., '25	4
Feb. 14	"	23	Adams	13
Feb. 17	"	17	Cushing	39
Mar. 3	"	12	Adams	16
Mar. 7	"	15	Sacred Heart	17
Mar. 10	"	26	Sacred Heart	22

**Basket-ball—1921-22**

Nov. 18	Arms	64	Sanderson	10				
Nov. 29	"	50	Williamstown	4	Total	674	404	
Dec. 2	"	41	Tur. Falls	8	Arms	65	Town Team 41	
Dec. 13	"	29	St. Joseph	22				
Dec. 16	"	68	Sanderson	18	Total	739	445	
Dec. 20	"	38	Alumni	12				
Jan. 4	"	51	Athol	33	<b>Individual Scores</b>			
Jan. 10	"	31	Deerfield	27	Cardwell	117	108	342
Jan. 13	"	28	Hopkins	14	Temple J.	90	26	206
Jan. 17	"	40	Orange	18	Anderson	36	14	86
Jan. 20	"	26	Tur. Falls	6	Morrissey	28	4	60
Jan. 31	"	27	St. Joseph	33	Thompson, G.	7	0	14
Feb. 3	"	20	M. A. C. 2d yr.	21	Tyler	5	0	10
Feb. 7	"	19	Deerfield	50				
						283	152	718

**GIRLS' BASKET BALL**

Much enthusiasm was manifested this year in our remarkable Girls' Basketball team. We were loyally supported by the townspeople as well as backed by the students and our athletic association.

Early in November, Coach McCarthy called for candidates and about twenty reported. All were eager to work, and by the eighteenth, the date of our first game, the team had been chosen, Margaret Coombs elected manager, Sylvia Gould elected captain, and the whole squad rounded into excellent condition.

Our busy manager arranged a schedule of nine games, six of which were at home. We helped open the 1921-1922 season in Science Hall, November 18, by defeating Sanderson 13 to 6. Our next game, with the Alumnae, was a 14 to 9 victory for us. We met our first defeat at Sanderson when we lost by the close score of 10 to 9. Our rivals from Greenfield were defeated here 32 to 7, a victory which was followed by a 21 to 3 win over Bliss Business College of North Adams.



Our second defeat came in the game with Drury here, after which we again defeated Greenfield and won over Turners Falls. We closed our season on Feb. 16, in North Adams by holding Drury to a 19 to 16 score. Inasmuch as Drury had a championship team, losing but one game, and inasmuch as this was the closest score Drury was held to during the

season, we closed the year in a very creditable manner.

Not a little credit for the fine record is due Mr. McCarthy, whose efficient coaching and faithful work were largely responsible for our success. His words of encouragement also brought us safely through many trying difficulties.

Although the senior class contributed four of our five first team members, the two regular "subs" and the remaining members of the squad were from the lower classes. With Elsie Mattson, Lida Leonard, Ruby Burnap, Hilda Thompson, together with the incoming enthusiasts, a good team for next year is anticipated.

Certainly our season has been the peppiest, jolliest, and probably the most successful ever, and we, the members of the team, who are seniors, have a deep regret when we realize that we, for the last time, have done our bit towards winning laurels for old Arms.

—Barbara S. Donelson, '1922.

### SUMMARY OF THE SEASON

	We	They
Nov. 18—Sanderson at Arms	13	6
Dec. 2—Alumnae at Arms	14	9
Dec. 16—Arms at Sanderson	9	10
Dec. 20—Greenfield at Arms	32	7
Jan. 13—Bliss College at Arms	21	3
Feb. 3—Drury at Arms	8	30
Feb. 10—Arms at Greenfield	18	13
Feb. 14—Tur. Falls at Arms	22	11
Feb. 16—Arms at Drury	16	19
<b>Totals</b>	<b>153</b>	<b>108</b>

### THE SEASON'S POINT MAKERS

	Floor Goals	Fouls	Total
Donelson, rf.	38	12	88
Gould, rf.	17	0	34
Mattson, lf.	7	1	15
Coombs, lg.	0	0	0
La Belle, rg.	0	0	0
Thompson (sub)	1	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>63</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>139</b>



### ARMS 1922 BASEBALL SEASON

Arms had left over from the 1921 season a practically veteran team. Indoor talks were commenced soon after the snow had left the ground. Both offensive and defensive play was discussed in full. Owing to the cold wind and rainy weather through the last part

of April, and also to a week's vacation, the team did not have any actual practice until two days before the opening game with Athol, a veteran and hard-hitting team. In this short time Coach McCarthy had to develop a pitcher, as there was nobody left over from the pre-

vious year. Although badly beaten by Athol and Turners Falls, owing largely to the lack of practice, Arms ought to win her share of the games this season. The team lines up as follows:

Capt. Cardwell, c.	Anderson, l
Shaw, 2	Temple, ss.
Morrissey, 3	Davenport, p., cf.
Griswold, cf.	Tyler, cf., p.
Kinsman, rf.	Feige, lf.
Stetson, rf.	Amstein, c.

Manager Cromack has arranged the following schedule:

Wed., April 19—Sanderson
Wed., May 3—Athol
Sat., May 6—Turners
Sat., May 13—Athol
Wed., May 17—Deerfield
Sat., May 20—M. A. C., 1925
Wed., May 24—Orange
Sat., May 27—Greenfield
Wed., May 31—Sanderson
Wed., June 7—Orange
Sat., June 10—Deerfield
Wed., June 14—Turners
Sat., June 17—Greenfield

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Shelburne Historical Society



AN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

In introducing the alumni section of this number we wish to express regret for the difficulty of alumni and students of Arms Academy in getting in touch with each other.

This difficulty is due largely to the lack of anything like organization of the alumni. Because of this, it is hard for the school to get in touch with the alumni. For example, this year we sent out letters for information to persons who, according to the school records, were the class secretaries. We found that the lists on file here were very inaccurate and, what is worse, very incomplete.

This all leads to the big need,—that of an Arms alumni association. It will be a worth while day when this need is met. May each alumnus do his best to bring this association into existence.

E. J., '22.

CLASS OF '85

Dear Arms Student:

In response to your request for a word from '85, we send you greetings and take

this opportunity for pledging anew our loyalty to the school we still love and honor.

Thirty-seven years ago we were blithely setting out from "Arms" fully confident that we should win from the future the **summum bonum** toward which ambition urged us on

The weapons, in which we then placed our trust, were the bit of knowledge we had acquired and the diploma we carried, but we have learned through the years that whatever success has been our portion was due in large measure to the high ideals with which Arms Academy endowed us when we fared forth from her sheltering halls.

Of our work we have nothing to report—long ago we found our places in life's plan and there we have remained.

Robert J. Peaslee, "The Just Judge," Manchester, N. H.

Frank J. Ackerman, Physician, Asbury Park, N. J.

Charles H. Dodge, Business Man, Amherst, N. H.

Frank A. Philbric, Journalist, Colfax, Calif.

Edward S. Whitney, Lawyer, New York City.

Merton Z. Woodward, Postmaster, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Elmer H. Copeland, Physician, Northampton, Mass.

Anna Covall Copeland, Homemaker, Northampton, Mass.

Ida Fletcher, Teacher, Greenfield, N. H.

Elvira Andrews Barber, Homemaker, Putnam, Conn.

Clara Negus Sawyer, Homemaker, Wirtingham, Vt.

Winnie Purrington Purrington, Homemaker, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Gertrude Griebel Canedy, Homemaker, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Daisy Jenks Watson, died several years ago.

With best wishes for your continued successes,

—Class of '85.

#### CLASS OF' 1887

After thirty-five years, of the class of fifteen who graduated in 1887 at Arms Academy, there are twelve members. The following is a brief outline of their listory to date.

Fannie M. Barnard taught school until her marriage in 1896 to Wm. O. Long, a Shelburne farmer. She has a son, who was a graduate at Arms in 1917; and a daughter, who graduates at Arms in 1922. Her address is Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Lottie R. Crittenden is a music teacher. She has taught in Beverly, Mass., Richmond, Ky., Dayton, Va., and is now at the Troy Conference Academy in Poultney, Vt.

Fannie M. Demons taught school for a time. In 1890 she married Frank S. Field, a manufacturer, and has since made her home at Shattuckville, Mass.

Lucia A. Peck has been a successful teacher in the Greenfield schools for more than twenty-five years. Her address is 139 Federal street, Greenfield, Mass.

Jennie B. Powers taught school for a few terms and worked in a store for a time until her marriage to Edward C. Rice of Greenfield. She has a daughter in the freshman class of the Greenfield High School, and a son in the grades. Her address is Vermont street, Greenfield, Mass.

Sadie E. Steigleder is now Mrs. Albert Franck of 299 Pacific street, Paterson, N. J. She has three children.

Frank D. Bardwell was in the Engineering Dept. of the Fitchburg R. R., at North Adams until 1890. Then he went to Springfield and joined the Engineering Dept. of the Boston & Albany R. R. He was later transferred to the Boston office, where he remained until 1903. He then accepted a position with the Engineering Dept. of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. on work in connection with the extensive improvements connected with the electrification of the suburban territory around New York City. He married in 1894 and has four sons, two of whom graduate from high school in Yonkers in 1922, and anticipate college in the fall. His address is Crestwood, N. Y.

Deane C. Howard, after taking a course at the Columbian Medical College at Washington, D. C., received an appointment in the Medical Dept. of the U. S. Army. Col. Howard, since October, 1921, has been stationed in the Philippines. His home is in Washington, D. C., where his wife resides. His only son is also in the army as a captain of cavalry and is stationed in Md.

Wm. L. Patch is now a successful physician in Dorchester, Mass.

Ernest D. Richmond is a successful physician in Reading, Mass.

Charles L. Upton entered Amherst college in September, 1887; played two years on the 'Varsity football team; graduated "cum laude" 1891; held the Lincoln Fellowship for a year of post graduate study; taught school in Kansas the following year; entered the University of Penn. Medical school in 1893; played on the 'Varsity ball team two years; coach for Vanderbilt University, (Nashville, Tenn.), football team for one season; graduated from U. of P. Medical in 1896. He located immediately in Shelburne Falls to practice medicine and surgery and has since been one of Shelburne Falls' most successful and popular physicians. He volunteered for service in the World War in April, 1917. In August, 1917, he was called for active service and stationed in base hospital at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky., where he served until his discharge Jan. 1, 1919. He married in 1894. His son was a graduate at Arms Academy in 1919 and is

now a freshman at Dartmouth college. His daughter is a freshman at Arms.

Charles H. Wilcox became a tool and die maker and for the past twenty-four years has worked at the U. S. Armory in Springfield, Mass., a part of the time as general foreman, and also as foreman of the Watershops. He married in 1899. An only child, a daughter, is a sophomore, at the Central High school in Springfield and plans to enter Mt. Holyoke college. He buried his wife in 1921. His address is 37 Parkwood street, Springfield, Mass.

#### Deceased Members

Miss Ura G. Burrows, Shelburne Falls, in October, 1908.

Alden C. Hutchinson, Antrim, N. H., while still in college.

Ira Merrill Carley, Chicago, Ill., in October, 1909.

The latter left an orphan daughter, Miss Helen Carley, now in Wellesley College.

#### CLASS OF 1888

Eliza M. Anderson—Mrs. Eliza A. Dele, care of Calvin Coombs, Colrain Mass.

Minnie E. Bass—Mrs. Benjamin Eddy, Shelburne Falls.

Ann C. Carpenter (Teacher), Blackington, Mass.

Marion E. Crittenden—Mrs. Frank Ransford, 25 Goodrich street, North Adams, Mass.

Emma M. Haigis—Mrs. Ernest Halligan, Shelburne Falls.

Daisy E. Severance—Shelburne Falls.

Edward C. Billings, (Lawyer), 140 State street Brookllyn, N. Y.

Willard F. Bayden, (With Marshall Field Co.), Chicago, Ill.

#### Deceased

Mary S. Long, Madeline M. Wilcox

#### CLASS OF 1890

Thirty-two years ago a class of eight went forth from old Arms. Their class motto was "Nulla victoria sine pugna," and they felt well equipped to meet life's battles, for they had the distinction of having higher scholarship records, than any previous class. Their pride in this record was somewhat lessened when they learned some one had also stated

they were the homeliest class which had ever been graduated. However, they were familiar with the old saying, "Beauty is only skin deep," so they ventured forth with courage.

Soon after graduating from Harvard College, and with a very promising future awaiting him, Charles Z. Smith answered the call for a higher life. Thus the first link in our chain was broken.

Hattie L. Blanchard married Mr. Raycroft of Florida, Mass., and has always resided in that town. Mr. Raycroft is a successful farmer. They have two boys.

Annie Richie married Rev. Henry Megathlin. They are now living in Walpole, N. Y. They have three boys. One of the boys is a student in college. As Annie was valedictorian of our class, we can easily predict educational achievement for her children.

Anna Morse married Arthur Page, a paper hanger by trade. They have always lived in Shelburne Falls. They have three children. One son, Theodore Page, is the first "1890 grandchild" to enroll as a student at Arms.

Maud Purrington married Frank Johnson of East Charlemont. Two children came to them, but in December, 1915, Maud left us for the better world.

Bertha Andrews married William Koenig. He lost his life in a very tragic manner while working for the N. E. Power Co. Bertha has brought cheer and comfort into many a home, in her capacity as a nurse. She lives in Shelburne Falls.

George Stratton, since leaving Arms, has spent most of his life in the West. A civil engineer by profession, he has risen until he has big construction work under his charge. He is married and has one daughter.

Arthur Merrill taught many years in Chicago. Many valuable books have been written by him. He enjoyed a few brief years of married life, with a very charming southern lady. In November, 1919, death claimed him and again our ranks were broken.

Now "we are five," and still trying to live up to our old class motto. There is "no victory without a battle."

—A. M. P., 1890.

## CLASS OF 1898

Dear Old Arms:—

I've just been looking up our members and having succeeded in finding most of them, I thought you would be interested in the results of my search:

I found that Hattie Bell is a house-keeper, located at Gardner, Mass.

Grace Call is the wife of Earl Getman, a successful lawyer in North Adams. Their address is Box 355, North Adams.

Frank W. Carpenter, engaged in mining, is married and living in Eureka, Utah.

May Chapman is now Mrs. Luke Woodward, living at 9 Keith street, Springfield, Mass.

Lulu Crittenden is in New York City.

Jean Fisher is the wife of L. W. Hollander, a teacher in Madison, Wis.

Ellen Gleason married Ernest Kinsman, a farmer in Heath, Mass. Address, R. F. D., Griswoldville, Mass.

Helen Goodell is now living at 74 Dey street, Westfield, Mass. She is the wife of Edward Hull, a druggist.

Harold Hoyt is living in Shelburne Falls. He is a sales manager for Lamson & Goodnow Mfg. Co.

Charlotte Jenks is now Mrs. G. A. Booth, Jr. Mr. Booth is engaged in the roofing business. They are living at 81 Church street, North Adams, Mass.

Lizzie Johnson is cashier for Armour & Co., North Adams, Mass.

George Patch is a teacher in St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I.

Lillian Russell is now Mrs. L. M. Howard, located at 808 Church Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Josephine Shay is a stenographer at Broadway Hotel, Springfield.

Lena Shontag is now Mrs. Albert Mann of Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Charles Wilson is located at 1328 Detroit Ave., Toledo, O.

I have been unable to locate the following: Harry Allen and Frank H. Smith.

I know you will be saddened to learn of the death of Albert Brown and Inez Ward.

Yours loyally,

1898.

## CLASS OF 1919

Rinaldo Vanotti is at Goddard Seminary.

Irene Stemple (Mrs. Joseph Ashton) lives at Shelburne Falls.

Stevens Dole is at home in Shelburne, Mass.

Katherine Ball is at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School in Boston.

Annetta Bader (Mrs. George Goulden) is living in Newbury, Mass. She has a daughter.

Ralph Booker is attending Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio.

Miriam Cromack is in Morey's Printing Office at Greenfield, doing proof reading.

Arthur Eldridge is at Syracuse University.

Deane Eldridge is at Fitchburg Normal School.

Sibyl Fiske (Mrs. Ernest Ritter) is living in Hardwick, Mass.

Alwine Geiger is with the Standard Oil Company doing office work.

Christine Gould is with Mrs. C. R. Judkins at Shelburne Falls.

Warren Gould is at his home in Buckland.

Ella Galbraith is teaching at Wilson Hill, Colrain, Mass.

Leona Haller is at home in Shelburne Falls.

John Jangro and Alex Saar are at De Paw University, DePaw, Indiana.

Bernice King is at home in Shelburne Falls.

Anna LaBelle is working for the Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation in Greenfield, Mass.

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

Howard Mann is at Boston University.

Howard Schontag is with the Power Construction Company at Shelburne Falls.

Marjorie Spear is at Simmons College, Boston.

Wilma Thompson (Mrs. George Harris) is living at Elm Grove.

Duncan Upton is at Dartmouth, Hanover, N. H.

Ruth Walker has completed a course at Bay Path and is at home for a short time.

Vivian Ward is teaching in Colrain.

Renold Wissman is employed by the Pratt Drop Forge Co., Shelburne Falls.

Sarah Wells (Mrs. Robert Coombs, Jr.) is living in Colrain. She has a daughter.

## CLASS OF 1920

Dear Principal and Students of Arms Academy:—

The class of 1920 extends its greetings to you all.

Although it has been two years since we left the portals of Arms, our love, our loyalty, and interest for her is keen.

We are proud to be alumni of this school so dear to us. Not for kingdoms would we have missed our high school education, our happy days, good times, visions, inspirations, and high ideals given to each and all by our Alma Mater.

We extend our sympathy to Osborne Hutchins and Kenyon Francis, each of whom has lost his father.

Of course you are eager to hear the whereabouts of this most illustrious class—1920:

Eva Paul, '20's valedictorian, is taking a course at the Greenfield Commercial School, preparing for stenography. "Snooks" may be some one's private secretary.

Nelda Baldwin, now Mrs. Roy Lincoln, is not only chief cook, but is still holding her position at the National Bank. Corrine Hill keeps her company.

If you have trouble with your lights, telephone the New England Power Station. Ask for the employee who is always smiling, Earl Oates. If "Happy" insists on extra pay—and you disagree—find Deane Jones at the office of Lamson & Goodnow. "Deac" can't be beat in an argument.

Away up among the hills of Buckland may be found "Kipper" Ward, and "Polly" Nilman. The former thinks Amherst is a w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l town. I wonder why (?). "Polly" expects to enter college this fall.

Francis Johnson, our camouflaged farmer of bygone days, is in the navy.

In case that you have a severe headache and receive no relief from specialists in Massachusetts—what are you going to do? Why, telegraph Nellie Peck, New Haven Training Hospital, Connecticut. "Blondy" will probably tell you that you must not study so hard (?).

Helen Spinney and Dorothy Fairbanks are in Boston. Helen has an office posi-

tion; "Dot" is laboratory assistant at the Long Island Training Hospital.

Kenyon Francis is also located near Boston. He is working for the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Irene Richmond and Myra Thompson are training for teachers of kindergarten schools. Myra is at the Wheelock School, Boston, while "Rene" is teaching under the supervision of the Twitchell Kindergarten Training School in Springfield, Mass.

Leon Galvin—do you remember the lad with red hair?—"Copper" plans to attend M. A. C. "Kipper" had better watch out.

Clarice Adams is teaching, but her chief ambition is music. Every Saturday "Pinky" departs from the big city of Colrain to study music with her instructress. She has the Toonerville Trolley at her service.

Lora Donelson and Dorothy Wheeler are at Normal Schools—"Don" at Fitchburg and "Dot" at North Adams.

Mildred Wheeler, sin-twister to "Dot," spent the winter in Florida. Ask "Millie" her opinion of Bates College.

Sometime when you are in Greenfield you may chance to see Mildred Jangro or Hutchins. "Jingles" is at home assisting her mother. As to "Hutch" he has attended M. A. C. and is just as ambitious as ever.

Honor Buell is at Wheaton College. If only "Hon" could agree with herself, we might in the future read about H. M. Buell, M. D.

When you're traveling, listen for these two words. "I'm laffin." If you hear them you'll know that "Ernie" Geddes is near. "Ernie" is attending school in Yonkers.

Frank Adler, "Potsy" for short, is continuing his studies at Northern University, Ada, Ohio. "Potsy's" strong points are athletics, college societies, and "EATS."

Just across the Mississippi river in Kansas City, Missouri, is "Lou" Cottlow. "Lou" is working with his brother.

Last but not least is "Peg" Field, 1920's youngest. Marguerite is at college in Alma, Michigan.

Don't you think this is an ambitious and wonderful class? Let us see who can do better!

Yours for success, 1920.

## CLASS OF 1921

Dear Students of Arms:

We wish to congratulate you on your excellent work in scholarship and athletics during the past year. Although we have taken our places among the Alumni, we are still interested in your activities and proud of your successes.

Perhaps you would like to hear what we are doing, too.

Let us begin with our valedictorian, Harold Cary, and our famous English shark, Charles March, both of whom are at Williams College working for the A. B. degree. This is the message Harold sends: "I am studying to be a boy of the Palm Olive Soap Company just at present." Charlie is studying to be an old widow in the Freshman play to be given in April. He positively refuses to announce his plans for the future until after the wedding.

And have you heard about Agnes Call? She is shoulders deep in Home Economics work. As a reward for her excellent service as a club leader she is to be given a week at M. A. C. this summer. Speaking of M. A. C. reminds me of Jessie Shippee. She is at home at present and her plans are undecided. "Nuff sed"—draw your own conclusions!

Then there is Rockwell Donelson. This is what he says. "I am still on the farm with the cows and the chickens—mostly chickens." From this we conclude that "Rocky" favors the chickens.

Barbara Temple believes that neither business nor school is conducive to comfort and therefore has decided to remain at home for a while.

No doubt you would like to hear from Viola Tyler. "I am a stenog at the H. H. Mayhew Co. at present." "Vi" writes, "but my ambitions are soaring." Evidently "Vi's" affections have changed—otherwise her ambitions would not have to soar very high!

By the way, have you seen Earle Belanger's latest story? It's a masterpiece—be sure you read it. "Banjo" is planning to enter Leland Stanford University next fall and thus far has accumulated seventy-two cents toward his expenses.

Of course you know that Ezra Coburn has been taking a P. G. course at Arms, the past year. He is not quite sure as to his future but without doubt will attempt to emulate Kreisler.

Then there is Mildred Kingsbury who is in Colrain teaching a school composed of seven Polish children (all of whom are from one family). This is what she writes, "I like teaching very much on rainy days because the children stay at home." Next fall she expects to enter Boston University.

Louise Dwight has also been teaching in Colrain. She took a teacher's course at Amherst last summer and intends to continue as a school marm.

Oh say, have you heard about Esther Temple? For some time she has been working at the office of the Superintendent of Schools. Lately, however, her uneasiness has got the best of her and next year will find her enrolled at Bay Path.

Another person to be drawn by the lure of the typewriter is Robert Shields. "Bob" is attending the Troy Business College at Troy, N. Y.

You must be anxious to hear about the Smith girls, too. Agnes is employed as bookkeeper by the Heath Telephone Co. She always did like to be near the central part of the city. And Ruth, as you probably have heard, is at home for the present. She will not tell her plans and we are no good at guessing.

Gerald Thompson, our class president, went back to Arms for a P. G. course. He expects to enter M. A. C. this fall to take a straight college course. ("Thompy" wishes it plainly understood that he will not be a farmer.)

North Adams Normal School has attracted Gertrude Mazanec and Karolyn Finck, while Florence Carpenter is studying at Framingham Normal. When these girls become teachers we expect all of their pupils to become Daniel Websters or Henry Clays.

The University of California is a long way off, but Arlington Johnson got out there and is now in the College of Commerce, delving into the mysteries of business. "It's just great!" "Arl" enthusiastically declares.

Another one of our ambitious members is Frederick Herzig, who writes, "I am studying science here at Middlebury College. Don't write much about me in the "Student", because by the time final exams hit me there won't be much left of me to write about."

And last comes Paul Smith, who is a traveling salesman for the Hecker Flour

Co. of Boston. With his flaming locks to draw attention he surely should make a success of it.

We are proud of the fact that over one-third of our members are already en-

rolled in either normal schools or colleges and it is expected that next fall at least one-half of the class will be studying in higher institutions.



If in this **Student** you are slammed,  
It's truly a mark of distinction;  
It shows you've done or said something  
To attract somebody's attention.

But if you fail to draw the slam,  
Then surely don't deem it a slight;  
That simply proves that one at least,  
Has behaved himself while in sight.

A. W., '23.

V. Spencer (In History)—"Sherman led his army over Georgia into the sea." Poor army! A second Moses!

E. Thompson (In History)—"A greenback is a piece of paper that is meant for money." Just so.

Miss Chapman—"I never digested very much of the currency while working for the firm." How could you!

Miss Chapman—"I was very saucy," (after a pause) "That was when I was younger, though." We wonder if she has really outgrown it.

A Junior bookkeeping student—"A deposit slip is when you put money in the bank." It slips from your fingers, yes.

Miss Chapman—"I was traveling to Salt Lake City through the Sahara Desert." Some trip!

H. Sears (In History)—"The dead man pays the inheritance tax." Correct.

**Will We Ever Forget the Day When:**  
"Meek" went whistling through the corridor?

Helen Baldwin tried to look angry at Miss Chapman?

The German bombs came to Arms?

Mr. Jenkins joined the faculty?

Wilfred Smith saw a robin?

We heard it was possible to get a perfect report card?

#### Some Calf

N. Truesdall (English II A., in a note of congratulations to a friend who had won a recent victory):

My dear Fred:

While reading the paper the other day I learned that you had won the first prize in the Franklin County Calf Club. I wish to congratulate you and hope you will continue this good work.

Sincerely yours,

Neal.

#### Strong Language

H. Temple (in English III)—"When the doors start slamming they sound like thunder."

#### Lost: A Shower

Mr. Vose—"Did you take a shower?"

"Shooter" Anderson—"No, sir; is one missing?"

#### Bang

Prof.—"Hey, what's that noise out there?"

Stude—"Why, I just dropped a perpendicular, sir.

#### After the Sleighride

In the wee sma' hours of morning,  
When the clock is striking two,  
He thinks of the grey tomorrow,  
And the unwritten theme that's due.

**Sworn Statement**

(Appended to an examination in Group Interests, after a study of gasoline engines.)

No one has helped me with this though I certainly needed it. My experience with machines being limited in the past to sewing and vics, my knowledge is consequently limited and mutilated.

Yours truly,

E. Joyce.

**Isn't It Strange**

Why the study hall grows suddenly still at a creak in the back of the room?  
That people will insist on asking your marks after a hard exam?  
That you are always singled out to answer a hard question?  
What a high mark will do for one's expression?  
That "stink bombs" are objected to?  
That Mr. Person's moustache is not inclined to curl at the ends?  
How much noise the latecomers from the Toonerville Trolley can make?

**Pray For Easy Ones**

Mr. Jenkins—"We will have to go a little faster in this geometry. If the propositions are easy I'll give you three and if they are hard I'll give you four."

**Headed For Home**

Feige—"See that fellow on third base? He will be our best man pretty soon."

E. Loomis—"Oh, Ed, this is so sudden!"

**A New One**

Candy Seller—"Say, Mr. Miles owes for ten cents' worth of candy; he didn't have any change."

Ditto—"Why didn't you take his Durant?"

Senior—I see by the paper you have a new cow.

Freshman—You saw correct.

Senior—What have you named her?

Freshman—United States.

Senior—Why was that?

Freshman—Because she has gone dry.

**March Seventeen**

On March seventeen

Without mistake

Did "Ed" and Marion

Take pie and cake.

It was in the fall of winter,  
The snow was raining fast;  
A barefoot boy with both shoes on  
Stood sitting in the grass.

Fatman—"I went to the doctor the other day to find out what was the matter with me."

Idler—"Did he tell you?"

Fatman—"Yes, he told me to get a car and get out more."

Idler—"Did you?"

Fatman—"I did. I got out four times in one mile, and the last time I got out through the windshield."

**What Some People Come to School For:**

Temple, W.—To broaden his mind.

Duchy—To grin like a Cheshire cat.

Ethel—To drum on the piano at recess.

Barbara—To keep the cooking girls company.

Page—To amuse all people he sees.

Roberts—To get all the department cards possible.

Woods—Because the school can't get along without him.

Martha—To smile sweetly.

Paul—To write to her senior friends.

Thompson M.—To keep her eyes on Amidon.

Johnson—To guard the juniors' money.

Wells, A.—To joke with all the teachers.

Hunter—To laugh from force of habit.

Joyce—To help the seniors in every possible way.

Mattson—To dance at recess.

Cardwell—To exercise his legs.

Fellows—To show his knowledge in French.

Redfern—To write themes for Biology.

Avery—To wait for Booker at the close of school.

Arnold—To keep the radiator warm.

Pierce—To be perfect in all her studies.

**Scenes in Household Arts Department**

Girls flying round in a terrible fright,  
Falling over dishes, and oh! what a sight!

Out by the desk hear the teacher rap,  
But the girls heed not for a mouse's in the trap!

The poor little thing tried to get in the bin,

But the girls didn't give him a chance to sin.

When the fright of the mouse is all gone by,

The shapes in the oven can not be called pie.

R. C., '25.



# The Atherton Tire & Rubber Co.

46-48 Federal Street

*Sturbridge Historical Society* G O R D E N F I E L D

## Quality Tires & Accessories

*We Carry in Stock*

*All the Best Known Accessories for Cars  
at Reasonable Prices.*

*Vulcanizing Done Promptly by Experts*

Established 1824

Troy, N. Y.

## Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

### A School of Engineering and Science

Four-year courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.) Graduate Courses leading to Master and Doctor Degrees.

Modern and fully equipped Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets, showing work of graduates and views of buildings and campus, apply to Registrar, Pittsburgh Building, Troy, N. Y.

Good Goods Right Prices

## Boston Store

North Adams' Leading  
Dry Goods Store

*Mail Orders Carefully Filled*

North Adams, - Mass.

Students, Alumni, Friends—Patronize the Student Advertisers.

Compliments of  
 F. H. Thorpe, Manager  
 Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.  
 Bridge Street  
 Shelburne Falls, - - Mass.

Shelburne Historical Society

"Where Economy Rules"

## The Mohawk

Good Quality  
 Ice Cream and Sundaes  
 Excellent Assortment of Confectionery  
 Best Line of Fruit

Compliments of

HEATH

TELEPHONE COMPANY

# E. C. Feige

Best of Footwear  
 For the Family

Quality, Style,  
 Prices Right.

Try EVERWEAR Hosiery

### It's Easy

to buy a home of Wolfskill. You can make selection from a list of nearly 100 houses. It's ten chances to one that Wolfskill has the place to suit your requirements. Try *Your Luck* through this agency for bargains in first-class property.

### Wolfskill Realty Agency

69 Franklin Street

**GREENFIELD**

Justice of the Peace

Licensed Auctioneer

## Guilford & Wood Horse Co.

F. S. Wood, Prop.

Phone 19-3

Shelburne Falls

Largest dealers in Horses of all kinds in New England. Also Wagons, Sleighs and Harness. Draft Horses a Specialty.

## Kodaks and Supplies

*Telephone or  
Mail Orders Filled Promptly*

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JEWELER

*Shelburne Falls, - - Mass.*

*Compliments of*

### The Patch

### Photographic Studio

*Shelburne Falls, Mass.*

*Compliments of*

## The City Market

*J. E. Clemons, Prop.*

*Page & Shaw Candies*

*Apollo Chocolates*

*Autocrat Stationery*

*Highland Linen*

## March's Pharmacy

*2 Doors from Post Office*

*Shelburne Falls, - - Mass*

*Fountain Pens*

*Violin Strings*

*Eastman Films and Cameras*

*Films Developed*

## F. G. Mitchell

PLUMBING

and

HEATING

*Shelburne Falls, - - Mass.*

## Shelburne Falls Marble Co.

*Artistic Memorials*

*in Stone.*

*Presented by C. H. Gleason*

*Shelburne Falls, Mass.*

# Van Sleet Motor Co.

*North Adams, Mass.*

## *Shelburne Historical Society*

Authorized Agents for Ford Cars and Parts

Full Line of Accessories

## A. Vice & Sons

*Dealers in Men's and Boys' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes.*

*Agents for Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes.*



*Victors, Victrolas  
and Victor Records*

*Shelburne Falls, - - Mass.*

## Canvas Shoes

*Nothing neater nor more comfortable for these warm days.*

*Carried in oxfords, pumps, strap pumps and the new sport combinations.*

## Jenks & Amstein

*The Home of Good Shoes*

## This Store Tries to Merit Your Daily Patronage

*We measure the worth of our merchandise by the standard of quality and desire to maintain and merit your patronage solely because of the recognized superiority of our goods and service. It's impossible for the element of risk to enter into your purchases here, as there is a guarantee back of everything we sell that protects you,—a standard of quality to maintain that insures lasting satisfaction, and promotes your entire confidence in this store.*

### DEPARTMENTS

*Cloaks and Suits  
Dress Goods and Silks  
Domestics and Wash Goods  
Carpets and Rugs  
Draperies and Window Shades  
Beds and Bedding  
China and Glassware  
Hosiery and Gloves  
Corsets and Undermuslins  
Knit Underwear  
Infants' Wear  
Ribbons and Laces  
Art Goods and Yarns  
Notions and Toilet Articles  
Grocery Department*

# John Wilson & Company

GREENFIELD, MASS.

## Supplement Your High School Education with Specialized Training

*We can train you for the business world and invite your consideration.*

*Here you will find an old, firmly established school with the best of employment connections made through the years we have been here. Ask any graduate about the school work or any business man in your community as to the reputation and standing of the school.*

*Ask us to send you our catalogue showing courses and particulars.*

# Bliss Business College

*"It's a McVeigh School"*

NORTH ADAMS, .∴ MASS.

# United States Royal Cord Tires

We Like to Sell Them  
for Every Customer is Satisfied

*Shelburne Historical Society*

"The Store of Quality"

## Allen F. Smith Co.

Griswoldville, Mass.

Telephones—Store, 12-2; residence, 28-11

## J. Donner

LADIES' & GENTS' TAILOR

*Work Done on Short Notice*

*Satisfaction Guaranteed*

Stebbins Block 37 Bridge Street

Tel. No. 117-12

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BEEF

PORK

All Kinds of

VEGETABLES

CABBAGE A SPECIALTY

## Schmidt's Variety Store

—Remember the Place—

*We have everything in Aluminum, Agate, Tinware, Crockery, all kinds of Glass, etc.*

*Fine line of Fancy China, Novelties, Books, Souvenir Post Cards, Confectionery, etc.*

1 Bridge Street, Shelburne Falls

Call at

*The Woman's Shop*

and order your

"CLASS DAY" &

"GRADUATION" FROCKS

(Alterations Free)

F. C. Perkins

*Compliments of*

THE

SHELBURNE FALLS

&

COLRAIN

STREET RAILWAY

COMPANY

Students, Alumni, Friends—Patronize the Student Advertisers.

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*Why worry if it rains on Monday?*

**"SEND IT  
TO THE LAUNDRY"**

*We are here to serve you*

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*Tel. 117-20 C. K. Pierce, Prop.*

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**WATCHES, JEWELRY**

**SILVERWARE**

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*Class Rings at Low Prices*

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*Dealer in*

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BITUMINOUS COAL**

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## High Grade Moving Pictures

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*Shelburne Falls, Mass.*

*Monday Wednesday Saturday*

## The Corner Grocery

*E. M. Gould, Prop.*

*Tel. 119*

*Shelburne Falls, Mass.*

*Compliments of*

## The Baker Pharmacy

*E. W. Benjamin, Prop.*

*Shelburne Falls, Mass.*

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*Operators 16 Stores*

*238 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.*

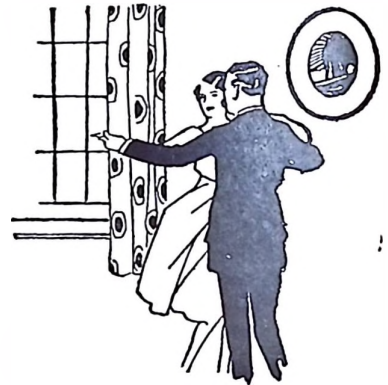
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Ladies' Clothing and Furnishings

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

Dependable quality merchandise at prices made possible only through co-operative merchandising of our *SIXTEEN GOODNOW STORES*.

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Dance  
and Be Happy



Our stock of Victrolas, Edisons and Sonoras is the most complete in Western Massachusetts. We also carry the largest and most complete stock of Records and Musical Merchandise in Franklin County.

When in Greenfield call on us.

**Allen & Woodworth Co.** 275 Main Street,  
Greenfield, Mass.

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*Shelburne Historical Society*

**Sweetheart Inn**

*Compliments of*

**New England  
Power Company**

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*Contributed by*

**Lamson & Goodnow Mfg. Co.**

**The Cutlery**

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Est. 1899

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*Full equipment for all kinds of light and heavy hauling with trucks and team, either local or out of town.*

*Machinery, boilers, safes, small buildings, etc., moved.*

*Local and long distance furniture and piano moving a specialty.*

*Regular trips with trucks between this town and Greenfield and to North Adams.*

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

Tels. 226 and 25-2

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## J. C. Perry

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## Fish's Quality Bake Shop

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Everything Good That's Baked

GREENFIELD

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"The Store Where Quality Reigns Supreme"

North Adams, Mass.

OUTFITTERS TO WOMEN

Here you will find the most complete stock of Apparel for Women to be found in Western Massachusetts. Distinctive in Character, Superior in Quality, and at prices within the reach of all.

You are cordially invited to visit this progressive store and inspect our merchandise. You will find a large force of Competent, Courteous Salespeople at your service.

A STRICTLY ONE PRICE STORE

## McCraw & Tatro

North Adams, Mass.

### Mayhew Steel Products, Inc.

Executive Sales Office—  
291 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Factories—  
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Class Pins

Class Rings

J. Richard O'Neil

*Representing*

### H. W. Peters Company

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Class Pins

School Pins

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This store believes that a satisfied customer is the greatest asset a store can have. That is the reason that we sell Earl & Wilson Shirts and Collars, Cheney Neckwear, Carter's Underwear, and other known standard brands.

Men's and Boys' Furnishings in the new and attractive designs.

MADE TO MEASURE DEPARTMENT.

Ed. V. Price & Co., Chicago

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Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
South Store, Odd Fellows Block

*Shelburne Historical Society*

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Dealers in Flour, Grain, Hay, Salt,  
Lime and Cement.

Shelburne Falls, .: Mass.

**Olympian Fruit Store** and  
Candy Kitchen  
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**Fruit and Confectionery** Also  
Home Made Candy

Manufacturers of all kinds of Ice Cream

154 Main St. Wholesale Branch, 31 Ames St.  
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Family Orders Solicited

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Offers Superior Training in

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Typewriters to Rent

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*Shelburne Historical Society*

*For Men—Brockton Co-operative Shoes  
Edmonds "Foot Fitters"  
For Women—Grover Shoes, G. & K. Shoes*

**Good Shoes For All the Family**

"Shoes of Worth"

LAYTHE-FELLOWS SHOE CO.  
*312 Main Street Greenfield, Mass.*

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Company**

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Clark's Cakes and Crackers

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**Dr. Guy M. Gray**

Dentist

Successor to Dr. King

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Office Hours—9 to 5

*Sundays and Evenings by appointment*

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Will work wonders if given time.

A Savings Account was opened in this Bank in 1856 with a deposit of Seven Dollars. The record of this account follows :

Total deposits	\$ 871.30
Total dividends	2329.85
Total credit	\$3201.15
Total withdrawals	1810.00
Now on deposit	\$1391.15

The owner has drawn out more than twice the amount deposited and now has a balance to his credit of more than one and a half times the total amount he has paid into the Bank.

Start a Savings Account when you are young and it will help you when you become old.

**Shelburne Falls Savings Bank**  
Shelburne Falls, .: Mass.

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Picture House**  
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

High Grade  
Moving Pictures

*Sundays, Wednesdays, Thursdays,  
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**EAT  
AT  
TYLER'S**

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\$2.50 per Gallon

**CARROLL A. BURNAP**

**Contracting Painter**

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Linotype composition, "dusty millers" of printing.

They Carry Off the Honors

**CUTTING'S HI  
SUITS \$35.00**

These suits have made the grade because they passed the hardest examination ever given clothes. Made specifically for the youth of 15 to 20 years who demands style, good tailoring and fine woollens at a price which isn't painful.

**C. H. Cutting & Co.**

the service store  
NORTH ADAMS, .: MASS.

**C. W. Wright, M. D.**

*Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
Oculist and aurist to North Adams hospital  
Glasses Properly Fitted*

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**Dowlin Block, North Adams**  
Telephone 372-M

*Shelburne Historical Society*

## The Fashion Shop

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Cash or Credit

*Ladies', Men's and Children's Out-fitters.*

Opposite Victoria Theatre  
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## Automobile Dividends

Good sunshine—good air—good fun—good health—more business opportunities. You and your family realize and utilize minutes to best advantage and become more efficient.

Ownership of a Nash car brings these dividends to you. We are here to see that Nash car owners get the fullest use of their cars.

Why delay purchase?  
If there is anything you want to know about automobiles, drop in and ask us. No obligation entailed.

Nash Durant

## The Weldon Garage, Inc.

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90 Federal St. Tel. 380-381  
**GREENFIELD, .: MASS.**  
Firestone Tires, Gabelal Snubbers  
Automotive Accessories

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*Beautiful in Appearance*

*Easy to Operate*

*Twice the Heat with 1/2 the Oil*

*Sold by*

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*Are you  
Going to Build  
or Equip a Factory?*

*Call on*

## Joel M. Stearns

Hardware and Mill Supplies  
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*Builder*

**Griswoldville, Mass.**

*Telephone 57 Shelburne Falls if  
in need of Flowers.*

**W. E. Shaw, Florist**

*Flowers on sale at "The Kinsmore"*

*Shelburne Falls, Mass.*

## The Kinsmore Co.

*Shelburne Falls, Mass.*

**Millinery and Fancy Goods**

*Telephone 36-4*



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*H. A. Hale, Prop.*

*Colerain, Mass.*

# The White Mission Supply Co.

A \$25,000 Corporation which has incorporated not only money and sound business principles but all of the latest equipment and design necessary to make an efficient Service Station.

Without a doubt, our new Station is one of the finest in New England.

There are nine separate departments, each one complete in itself and capable of giving you quick, efficient and dependable service and at a minimum charge.

Call us on the phone for a demonstration of the **DURANT** Motor Car. "Just a Real Good Car." And watch for the "Star"—\$348.00.

*Auto Livery      Battery Service  
Free Air      Tires & Accessories  
New & Used Cars*

**Shelburne Falls,      -      Mass.**

## C. H. Demond & Co.

*Books      Stationery*

*Pictures      Picture Framing*

*School Supplies      Office Supplies*

**GREENFIELD**

*391 Main St. Opp. Public Library Phone 309-M*

*Wm. N. Bettcher, Pres.*

## Bettcher Constructing Co., Inc.

*General Contractors*

**SHELburne FALLS,      .      MASS.**

*Phone Connection*

If you want the BEST in

*Home Made Candies,  
Fruit,  
Peanuts,  
Tobacco  
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