

The
Shelburne Historical Society

Arms Student

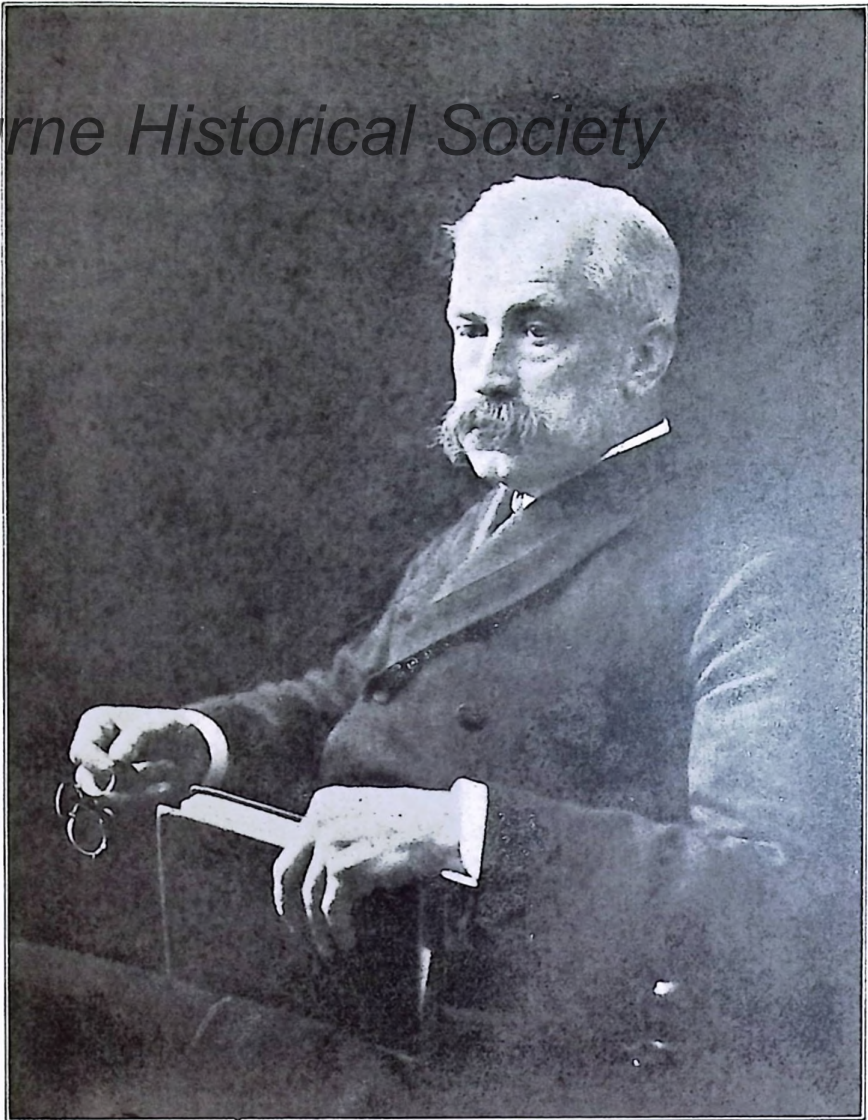


1923

**THE ARMS
STUDENT
1923**

Shelburne Historical Society

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MR. EDWIN BAKER

Shelburne Historical Society

Dedication

to

Mr. Edwin Baker

Only those associated with Mr. Baker realize the great loss caused by his death. He was a man with a warm heart and a kindly interest for all. As a trustee he worked unceasingly for the improvement of our Alma Mater and helped to raise its standard.

By his untiring efforts, keen foresight and interest in Arms, he won the deepest regard of the school, and it is in appreciation of his many services that we dedicate the 1923 STUDENT to his memory.

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EDITORIALS

WITH the death of Mr. Edwin Baker, Arms loses one of its best benefactors and friends.

He was born in Hawley, Jan. 13, 1843. He spent his early life there, and moved to Shelburne Falls to enter the employ of a local pharmacy. His natural ability and his keen business mind enabled him to purchase the drug business of A. H. Taylor on Bridge Street, which he conducted for more than fifty years.

His services to the town are many. Besides serving in the 52d regiment during the Civil war, and acting as repre-

sentative to the state legislature, he was trustee of Arms library and a member of the school committee. As a recognition of his services in the latter capacity, the grade school was named in his honor "The Baker School."

Probably his interest was greatest in school affairs, and his influence was no small factor in the construction of Science Hall, with all its modern equipments. He was secretary of the school committee and a trustee of Arms Academy for many years.



LITERARY

A TRIP TO MOUNT MASSAEMET

When school closed last June I was delighted with the thought that a long summer of idleness was before me, but before the end of the second week of vacation I was so lonesome for school friends and school associations that I wondered how on earth I could ever spend eight more weeks without a sight of school, on that lonesome farm where visitors seldom came, and where there was almost nothing to do that interested me. Finally one Sunday morning, as I had just about reached the limit of my endurance with all this lonesomeness, my mother startled me out of my gloomy thoughts by asking:

"Do you want to go to the tower, Ruth?" My answer was an emphatic "Yes," and in an instant I was making ready for the trip with such speed that if I had kept on at the same rate I should have been at my journey's end even before any of the other members of the family had been given a chance to go with me. My mother slowed me down, however, by telling me that we were not to start for several hours, and then my excitement began to grow less and I took time to enjoy the prospect of the trip that was ahead of me.

My school friends had all visited the tower on Mount Massaemet, but I had never been up there, so naturally I was pleased to think that I was no longer to be the only one who had never seen the tower close at hand.

At last, after what seemed to me a long two hours, we were ready to start, and as I settled back with a sigh of pleasure in the little old Ford that had been loaned to

us for the day, I made note of the fact that the air was clear, and the sky was so cloudless that the outlines of the distant hills were like black lines stretched across a deep blue background.

Down the hill we went and up another and soon we had reached the Shelburne church. Then followed a stretch of level road shaded by the overhanging branches of the trees on either side and after that the Ford began to climb another hill. Thus one after another was conquered, with enough level stretches in between so that the driver could frequently shift gears to a speed that would relieve the strain on the engine. At last we came to a long level stretch where the space around us was open and the view unobstructed, and here we saw scenery so beautiful that it seemed hardly possible that we could see anything, even from the tower itself, that would be more wonderful. Towns, large and small, were seen in the distance, and mountain ranges were outlined one behind another in such a way that those nearest were clear and distinct, while those farthest away seemed like a dim line on the horizon.

After pausing long enough to admire fully this scene, we continued our journey, and finally came to the end of the road, and here in the yard of a nearby farmhouse we left the car and proceeded to finish the journey on foot, over narrow paths and through the underbrush that covered the hillside ahead of us. The family in the farmhouse near which we left the car were expecting us, and several of them joined our party, while their dog, with excited barks, bounded on ahead.

We soon began to climb the rugged hillside, where, although there was supposed to be a path, the ice storm of the preceding winter had broken down so many branches that this path was entirely hidden, and even those of our party who formerly had been perfectly familiar with the landmarks could now see nothing familiar about them. Nevertheless, this fact did not lessen the enjoyment of the younger members of the party, for it really gave an added touch of excitement to the journey when we came suddenly upon barb-wire fences that not even our guides expected to see, or when a rock of impassible size loomed unexpectedly in our path, and we preferred to clamber over rather than to pass around it.

During all this climbing over fences or tumbling over slippery rocks, we made the woods echo with our shouts of laughter or our shrieks of pretended fear, and the dog added his share to the general confusion by barking excitedly. Now and then he darted so suddenly in front of us that we tumbled over him, and then came more shrieks from the fallen, more laughter from the onlookers, with the dog barking an accompaniment to our noisy chorus.

In the excitement of thus trying to make all the noise we could, it was not in the least strange that we failed to notice where we were going, and thus before we realized where we were, we discovered that we had gone far past the tower. With still louder shouts of laughter we retraced our steps, but continued our program of slipping, and sliding, and shrieking, and shouting, until at last we unexpectedly found ourselves in a large open space. Here, as we stopped to get our bearings, we were amazed to see the tower directly ahead of us and scarcely twenty feet away. More shrieks and shouts of laughter followed this unexpected discovery, and then, completely out of breath, after our hour of scrambling over sticks and stones and barb-wire fences, we sat down to rest before climbing the circular stairway that led to the top of the tower.

As we tipped our heads backward as far as our shoulders would allow, in order to see how high the tower was, we were surprised to discover that the platform at the top of the structure was already crowded with sight-seers, and we wondered if there would be room for us up there. We soon found, however, that we could just squeeze through the crowd, so all of our party (except the dog) found places on this obser-

vation platform. (The dog might have come, too, if he had not been afraid to climb so steep a stairway.)

After I had worked my way to the edge of the platform where I could look over the railing, I gazed with delight at the scenes around me, and became so interested in what I saw that I gave no thought to those who stood nearby. There, in the distance, were many towns and cities that I knew were miles away, and yet with the aid of the field glasses that we found provided for our convenience, we could see these places as plainly as if they were near at hand. The ranges of Mount Tom and Mount Nonotuck were easily recognized even without the field glasses, but beyond them were other ranges that were so far away I could not believe they were in Massachusetts, and I had no idea what their names were. On all sides were scenes such as I had never dreamed of seeing, and we had splendid views of cities and mountains that we were told belonged in other states to the north and west of ours.

The nearby village of Shelburne Falls lay just below us to the west, and seemed so near that, looking at it through the field glasses, we could almost imagine it was within speaking distance. We easily recognized every landmark and every building of any importance, and none of us could see the town from this viewpoint without being glad that such a town claimed us as its future citizens. Here were our homes, here our friends lived, and here also was what seemed to us the best high school on earth, our dearly beloved Arms Academy.

RUTH BASSETT, '25.

THE OAKEN DOOR

Within a wood an oak tree grew
Through summer sun and winter snow;
The woodsman came, and in an hour,
The mighty monarch was laid low.

The shrieking saw, the biting plane,
The rain of hammer blows that fell,
Wrought on the yielding wood their will,
Until the Door was fashioned well.

Now swinging on its heavy hinge,
The Door moves to and fro all day,
For man and maid who come and go,
For children romping at their play.

The bride will enter by this Door
 Upon her wedding morning bright;
 Within its shade, the mother mild
 Will hush her babe to sleep at night.

And here, on some sad later day,
 The sable token will be hung,
 That tells of sorrow and of loss,
 And hearts with bitter anguish wrung.

Yet swing upon thy mighty hinge,
 Old Door, while still the home shall
 stand
 And shut the careless world outside,
 And guard the hearth and household
 band.

M. BARDWELL, '24.

In palaces and foreign lands,
 What treasures would be mine?

I envy not the princesses
 Who dwell in marble halls;
 I'd rather be a regular girl,
 Or not a girl at all.

A princess must unhappy feel
 To live in high degree,
 And see the people all about
 Enjoy their pastimes free.

And if it should have been my fate
 A princess sad to reign,
 I'd quickly rub Aladdin's lamp
 To be myself again.

DORIS WELLS, '25.

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD

It is a day in March, warm and bright,
 with a balmy breeze blowing from the south.
 The snow is melting and the sap in the trees
 is rising to the branches. I am helping tap
 the maple trees and set the sap buckets.
 Suddenly I stop and listen, gazing toward
 the south. Did I imagine I heard something?
 No, there it is again—a soft, mel-
 low, musical, exquisitely sweet note from
 far up in the blue sky, the call of the first
 bluebird. What a thrill it gives! What a
 surge of inexpressible joy leaps over me!
 I see blue skies, green fields, shady woods.
 I see apple orchards in full bloom, and hear
 the musical hum of bees. I feel the soft
 earth underfoot. I see clear streams flow-
 ing through dim woodlands with beauti-
 ful flowers nodding on the banks. I hear,
 filling the air of a soft spring morning, the
 songs of the birds, and see their bright
 feathers as they flit about making their
 nests. As the last faint note dies away, I
 awake from my reverie and go on with my
 work, but with a new zest, a new joy, a new
 peace. Spring, with all its beautiful sights
 and sounds, all its joy and happiness, is
 here!

ELSWORTH BARNARD, '24.

ALADDIN'S LAMP

If but Aladdin's lamp were mine
 To do with as I might,
 I'd rub it and I'd polish it
 To make it clear and bright.

And then I'd gently rub it more
 To test its charm so fine.

NATURE'S WAY

Did you ever have what people call spring
 fever; that indefinable longing to watch the
 beauties of Nature that are just beginning
 to unfold? If you have, you will know how
 I felt when the air was filled with the breath
 of spring.

Nature was calling me that morning with
 the voice which can be heard only by those
 who love the great outdoors. It was with
 the warbling of the birds, the caressing
 softness of the gentle breezes, the faint odor
 of the flowers, and the noisy rushing of the
 swollen brooks that had broken their prison
 walls of ice and snow,—all these mingled
 together in one great voice, calling me.

It was impossible for me to resist. I left
 what I was doing,—the commonplace things
 that one does every day all the season
 round, and followed the call of the blue-
 bird—the call to happiness.

I wandered slowly along the meadow, not
 thinking, not dreaming exactly, but merely
 living. I felt a strange joy, an unfamiliar
 happiness. The snow had melted in the
 meadows. The ground beneath my feet
 was soft and springy. Moisture oozed with
 each step I took. I liked to let my foot
 sink into the soft earth. What did it matter
 if my feet did get wet? Today I was happy,
 and my pleasure would cease when I wor-
 ried about tomorrow. Here and there I
 came across a yellow violet, bright like a
 bit of sunbeam lingering on the ground. I
 did not wish to pluck it, but simply to
 gaze at it, smell it, and know that with it
 came spring.

From the edge of the meadow, I came to a small woodland, not a forest, not a real wood, but only a miniature combination of these. If spring was in the meadow, it had not quite reached the wood, for here and there the deepest hollows were still filled with winter's snow, but I could see evidences of spring's approach. The slender bushes by the patches of snow were covered with soft, gray fur,—pussy willows. I strolled aimlessly about, following no set path. Sometimes I came to the edge of brooks filled and overflowing with the snow from the hills. They rushed madly by, filling the air with white spray and leaving me to wonder if these roaring torrents could be the quiet streams I had often visited in the summertime. As I came to the edge of the wood, I saw less and less snow, until I reached a little spot that the sun loved to brighten with its first morning rays, and to linger on fondly in the early evening. Spring came first of all to this little nook. I looked for the bed of may-flowers I knew must be somewhere near. When I found them I carefully turned back leaf after leaf to see if perchance one little flower, urged by the message of spring as I had been, had blossomed that day. I began to think that I should be disappointed, when, bending low over the leaves, I caught a faint perfume filled with the sweetness of all flowers, and pushing aside the moss and leaves I beheld a tiny blossom flushed with the rosy hue of early dawn—the first arbutus.

LILDA LEONARD, '24.

HOW THE STORY GREW

Mrs. Longears, going to the telephone to call up a neighbor, becomes deeply engrossed in what two parties are saying,—“and who should come in but one of these smart, city, up-in-the-air dudes, all dressed up in the most outlandish clothes you ever saw. He looked all around with one of these sweet's honey looks and then sat down in a corner.

“And we hadn't no more than given him a good look when in comes that Jane Fashion—you know, that's Sally Ann's girl that went up to New York. Wal, she was shockin'! The things she had on! And just as sure as I stand here I'll bet she didn't get the color she had in her cheeks walkin' to that Grange meetin' las' night.

“Wal, no sooner does that young upstart

see that girl than he gives her a wink and the brazen young thing smiles right back at him. An' just then the orch'stry began an' that feller went right over an' asked that gal for a dance without no intr'duction nor nothin'. She danced with him too. Wal, right then 'n there I got my boy, Jim, and we came right hom' I can tell ye. What's that? You say you got pies in the oven? Laws! How I have been talkin'. Wal, good-bye.”

Here Mrs. Longears, who has been an eager and not unwilling listener, hangs up the receiver and puts the food a hungry family has been clamoring for, on the table, not, however, without considerable talking.

“Lan' sakes! John, it's a good thing we didn't go to the Grange meeting last night. I just heard Mrs. Talkim on the 'phone and she said there was a young couple there from the city and they were carryin' on something ridic'lous. He was lookin' her right 'n the face and smilin' and they was talking back and forth something terrible. I guess they had 'bout every dance together and they were flirtin' shockin'. Goodness! I must call up Mrs. I-Guess-So-Too this afternoon and see how they all are. I wonder if she's heard about the doin's last night.”

The lady in question had not heard, it seemed, and proved a sympathetic listener, her sentences being short rather than involved.

(Mrs. Longears talking.) “Wal, I wish I'd been there. I'd gone right up an' told 'em what I thought. From what I've heard I guess they was holdin' hands right there in public.”

“I guess so, too.”

“Yes, an' what do you think they was talkin' about? Love, I'll be bound. Oh, I'll have to say good-bye, because Mary wants me, but if you hear anything from the sick, call me up, will you?”

Later, Mrs. I-guess-so-too, having heard from the “sick”, calls up.

“You know what we were talkin' about a while ago. Wal, Mrs. Talkim told her girl, Betsy, all about it this morning 'n then Betsy called up my S'man h'v an d S'manthy. (she went too, but came home early) told me. Accordin' to all accounts there never was anything like it. 'N' I guess they were both married, too, because he was sayin' something about 'wife' and she about 'husband' (S'manthy didn't catch the rest of it.) She couldn't hear all they said. They were both going to get divorced too, I guess.

Oh! It's an awful scandal! He took her home in one of these grand automobiles. I guess they didn't get home very early. Wal, good-bye. Someone wants the line."

* * * * *

"Hello! Is this Mrs. Longears? This is Mrs. Loftcloud. Can you lend me a dozen eggs until tomorrow? I'm all out. Thanks. I'll send my nephew right over. You didn't know he was here? Yes, he came yesterday afternoon. We weren't feeling very well last night or we'd have taken him to the grange. He went alone finally. And who do you think he met? His sister, it was!

"You didn't know about that, did you? Wal, you see it's this way. Before Mrs. Fashion's family moved here they were well acquainted with my brother Jim and his wife. Well, you know how large the Fashion family is. When Jane's youngest brother was about two years old it seem'd as if the family would have to go to the poor house. Well, Jim and Lizzie, not havin' any children, adopted the youngest boy and soon after, both families moved away.

"Jane went to New York, and she met her brother only once after he left them. So you see they were both some surprised last night when they met each other at the Grange meeting.

"Well, goodby. He will be right over after the eggs."

K. BENTON, '23.

THE AWAKENING

I love to walk in early spring
Where violets and trilliums grow,
And listen to the robins sing,
While merry breezes softly blow.

When all the fields are turning green,
And maple buds begin to swell,
The cowslips in the swamp are seen,
The lily rings her fragile bell.

The little brook waked from its sleep,
Now brings a cheerful, happy song,
While warm the sun shines down to keep
Dame Nature's children from all wrong.

IRENE STAFFORD, '25.

TENTING ON THE HILLTOP

We were tenting for the night on the hill
as the Saturday roar in the town hummed

below us. We had pitched our tent on a mossy mat at the brink of the precipitous hill. We lay and talked of the past day's toils and the next day's pleasures. A gentle breeze in the trees blew time swiftly along, and gradually the roar beneath us diminished. I lay in thought; Hop lay and smoked, but soon the smoking ceased and our thoughts were changed to dreams. The stars above and the stars below twinkled the night away.

The morning summoned me from the tent to a beautiful sunrise. The sky was the color of a Florida sunkist orange, and from my feet to the summit of the opposite hill, and covering all except the highest hill-tops, surged a tossing sea of fog. It rose and sank as the currents of air passed under it and threw up gigantic sprays of colored vapor as if some huge whale were blowing its poisonous spout. A bird came flapping over the tumultuous sea,—Lo! of a sudden it disappeared into the elements. A terrible shriek I heard through the mists, the fog arose and formed a cloud high above my head, and I was again in the same world with Shelburne Falls. The shriek I heard again, and I saw the six-fifteen as it rumbled into the station. The bird I had seen flapped out of a tree below me and sent a warning "Caw" along the hill-side.

The clouds soon broke in the heavens and were scattered by the south wind. The sun shone bright upon me as I turned to the tent. Hop still slept. I took all blankets off him and yet he slept. I attempted to pull the blanket out from under him and almost succeeded, when he awoke.

He related his story of how he had woke up early, before me, and had watched a deer feeding near the tent. She seemed to be very tame, but when she scented us she bounded nimbly over the knoll and was off in a flash. This story was hard to believe, but it was proved by the deer's light track in some mud.

Having broken camp, we crossed a dewy meadow, and were soon sloshing down the road in wet sneakers.

M. B., '24.

WINTER

When autumn days are sharp and fair,
And the chill of winter is in the air,
The end of the season is close at hand.
And a wave of cold sweeps o'er the land.

Then snow through the air comes falling fast,
 The ground is frozen hard at last;
 'Neath the roots of the stump so deep,
 Lies the woodchuck fast in his winter's sleep.

The winds of winter may change and blow
 And vary the depth of the shifting snow,
 Yet the landscape is silent and dreary and cold,
 For the secrets of winter are never told.

Shelburne Historical Society
 B. S. '23.

SUNDAY MORNING COMFORT

Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch singer, in the chorus of one of his songs has the words,

"Oh, it's nice to get up in the mornin'

But it's nicer to lie in bed,"—

and in still another of his songs he has a similar thought when he sings,

"Oh, it's nice to lie in bed on Sunday mornin'."

Doubtless either of the above sentiments would have described my mood one Sunday morning last July as I lay in bed long after my usual time for rising, thinking pleasantly of the vacation that was ahead of me, and congratulating myself that I had passed all my first-year examinations and had nothing more to dread from those algebra problems that, during the previous school year, had proved to be "the bane of my existence."

With such thoughts as these flitting through my mind I lay there half asleep, yet with my eyes wide open to the beauty of the blue sky and the fleecy, floating clouds that I could see through the open window near my bed.

A large cherry tree grew near the house, and one of its branches well covered with half-grown fruit came in front of the window and partly obstructed my view of the outdoor world,—and yet in itself this branch was such an object of beauty that it gave an added artistic touch to the scene on which I dreamily gazed as I stretched myself in lazy comfort and recalled the words of Lauder's song in which he wished,

"That every day was Sunday,

So I could be in bed on Sunday mornin'."

Suddenly a robin lighted on the branch near the open window, and introducing himself with a few plaintive chirps, he proceeded to examine the perch on which he

stood. Tilting his head first to one side and then to the other he gazed inquiringly at the half-grown fruit, now and then repeating that plaintive chirp that seemed like the tremulous echo of one soft tone sounded on some musical instrument. Gradually the tone grew louder and more persistent, and when it ended with a rising inflection that made it sound like a question, the thought came to me that he was asking for information regarding that green fruit and the time when it would be ripe enough to furnish him with a luscious feast. He even went so far in his investigation as to test one or two cherries and tried to pull them from their stems, but although he pulled so hard that he lost his balance and nearly fell over backwards, yet the cherries resisted his best efforts and remained where Mother Nature had placed them, instead of reaching that part of the robin's internal anatomy where such donations are usually received.

Not at all discouraged, however, by his present failure, he seemed to have reached a most satisfactory conclusion in regard to his future prospects, for suddenly he startled me by such a melodious outburst of song that in a twinkling my sleepy day-dreams had disappeared and I gazed at the singer in astonishment, wondering how so small a body could produce such a large volume of sound.

In the midst of this unusual concert, my train of thought was again abruptly shattered, and the robin's song was rudely interrupted by the discordant honk of an automobile horn, and as I listened to that squeaking, squawking, long-drawn-out, agonizing wail, that seemed to come from everywhere at once, I knew, even before I heard the rattle of the engine, that the source of all this unusual noise must be a Ford. The boisterous little vehicle puffed and rattled its way into the yard, and then as it came to a stop with a final wheeze before the kitchen door, the surplus gasoline exploded in the exhaust pipe with a report like the explosion of a giant fire-cracker, frightening me so that my heart seemed to leap into my throat, while the startled robin ended his song with a terrified shriek as he flew away in mad haste to seek safety in the wood nearby.

In a few moments I heard the murmur of voices in the kitchen and I knew that the occupant of the car had entered the house, but I decided that there was no need of my investigating the cause for all this disturb-

ance, so I settled back to the enjoyment of my pillow and had soon reached the point where I seemed to be floating off into space on one of the fleecy clouds that I had been watching but a few minutes before. After that I was lost in the land of dreams and remained there until the sun was half-way between the horizon and zenith.

RUTH E. BASSETT, '25.

THESE PEOPLE WHO LOVE TO CLEAN

Shelburne Historical Society

A week ago I would not have felt myself qualified to speak on this subject and since then, having spent a half day with a lover of cleaning, I feel even less so. Having descended from the train and being met by a relative whom for purposes of non-identification I will call Aunt Susan, I was, after a few words of greeting, given a hint as to a hobby of hers.

"Why, John, what is that you have on your sleeve? I do believe you have your coat all covered with dust."

I looked and behold, where I had rested my elbow on the window-sill in the car, with the aid of a pocket-magnifying glass which I always carry, I perceived at least two minute particles of dust!!

"And, John, I do believe you have been eating fruit in the train. There is a spot of something right on your knee. Never mind, I have a special way of taking all kinds of spots out of clothing. While you are taking a bath, I will see what I can do about it."

"A bath?" I queried, this being my first intimation of such a thing lurking immediately in the background.

"Why yes, you will want a bath, won't you? Riding in the cars always makes one sticky and dirty and so I told Anna to have things ready so that you might have one."

"Oh, there is no need," I replied hastily, "of taking a bath. I shall be going home in the morning and can take one there."

"Well, I think you had better take one," replied Aunt Susan, rather primly. "It will do you good."

So rather doubting the good to be obtained, since I had already taken one bath that day, I set her scruples at rest by thoroughly washing my face and hands; this act accompanied by much splashing, must have satisfied my aunt that I was diligently getting all the good possible! When I emerged resplendent as to hands and face,

I found my aunt rather inclined to be put out.

"You must be just like your father, John. He can never take a bath without splashing the whole room up. I will probably have to send Anna up now to clean. I am glad to say Anna is neat and tidy. You don't realize, probably, how hard it is to get good maids. Why, I had one who refused to sweep the kitchen before she went to bed. Will you excuse me now? I wish to do a little cleaning before supper. You will find books and magazines in the den."

So I went into the den and was soon after joined by my uncle, who jokingly said, "Have you been up to have your bath yet? Ha! Ha!" he laughed, as I nodded in the affirmative, for I had been upstairs to have one. "Susan usually gets anyone who has been on the train to take one. I tell her that her cleaning will be the death of us some day. It very nearly was to one man," he added in a jocular tone.

"You see it was this way. There was an accident in front of the house one day, and a man was brought in here with one hand half cut off and bleeding terribly. Well, all Susan and Anna could think of to stop the bleeding was cobwebs, and, bless me, if those two women and several others who had come in didn't search from cellar and woodshed to attic for a cobweb until they found one in the farthest corner of the coal bin. Meanwhile the poor fellow had nearly bled to death until someone came to his senses enough to apply a tourniquet. The papers gave the accident and cobweb story a great writing, and Susan was so puffed up she forgot to wash the windows four times the next week."

Much amused at this story, which, I found later, he told to every acquaintance, we went to supper. Later I spent a very enjoyable evening at the theatre. The next morning I returned home, heartily glad that I was out of the stiff and stuffy atmosphere of one "who loves to clean."

K. BENTON, '23.

SIGNS OF SPRING

The spring of the year is returning,—

How do you think I know?

There are signs in every direction

That unerringly tell me so.

I was 'wakened from sleep this morning

By a robin's cheery call,

And a bluebird told me a story

I hadn't heard since fall.

I gathered some pussy-willows
 By the bank of the meadow brook,
 From which the sunshine of April
 The blanket of winter took.

From the marsh, when the sun is sinking,
 Comes the peeper's mournful call,
 And I know that my signs are perfectly
 true,
 For this is the the surest of all.

A. W., '23.

Shelburne Historical Society

TREASURES IN THE ATTIC

I had nothing to do. Languidly I mounted the stairs. The roomy old attic was flooded with spring sunshine. I opened the window and looked out. The fresh spring air made me feel like sitting and dreaming, just gazing off in the space of blue sky and fleecy white clouds. I shook off the feeling and turned to look at the attic. Over in one corner stood a large horse-hair trunk. My heart began to beat faster. There has always been something romantic about old trunks, especially those found in cobwebby attics. Going over to the trunk, I stood and looked it over. The corners were battered—probably it had fallen out of some stage coach. Cautiously I began to pull the trunk from its corner. Behind it I heard a squeak and a rustle. Startled, I turned; there crouched a curious little mouse.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "did I ruin your home?"

The little mouse said nothing, but blinked his bright eyes. At last the trunk was before the window. Now to open it. With my heart going pit-a-pat, I pulled at the lid. It would not budge. It did not wish to reveal its secret. I tried again. The stubbornness of the old trunk made me resolve to open it if it took all morning. How like the old Puritans and settlers was this trunk—a remnant of the olden days! I went downstairs, out to the barn, found a hammer and a chisel, and returned. The old trunk would have to give way now. I carefully placed the chisel under the edge of the lid and hammered it open. With trembling hands I opened the cover. Nothing but folds of white paper. What was under it? I removed the folds of cracking paper and found a card: "To My Grand-Niece, Lavinia Rose."

Who was "Lavinia Rose?" Such a pretty name! It reminded me of the South,

colonels black mammies, and waffles and syrup. Probably she was a pretty Southern girl—can't you see her—black hair, rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and a red rose tucked behind her ear? Perhaps she suddenly blossomed out like a girlhood friend I have heard my grandmother tell about. I believe the girl had been a regular tomboy until she went away to school, and when she returned she startled all her friends because she was so pretty and ladylike. Perhaps the girl married a Union soldier, and here was her trunk way up in the Berkshires. Curiosity conquered dreams and I explored further. Under the card was more tissue. Here was the wedding gown—white satin and fine lace, yellow in places, but how the sunbeams made the old satin shimmer! Everything was here, a faded fan, a pair of tiny slippers, a crushed rose. If these could only talk—what tales they would tell! Next came an evening gown—shell pink—and in its folds a string of lovely coral beads. These were surely the property of some Colonial beauty. Who else could wear them? Here was a tiny jewel box, blue velvet—studded with chips of colored stones; a folded programme with blue pencil attached. Evidently my Southern beauty had been a belle, for the little book was crowded with names. Seeing a large package wrapped and tied, I dove my hand under the silks and pulled it out. What new treasure was this? Opening it, I found the love letters of Lavinia Rose. Did I read them? No, the dinner bell rang then and I left them for a rainy day.

M. MARSHALL, '24.

DAY DREAMS

It was a hot day in August. Not a leaf was stirring as I mounted the ladder and entered the loft in the barn. I sat on a box with a straw in my mouth and my chin in my cupped hands. Before my eyes the old barn slowly faded. The dirty beams became clouds floating in a blue heaven. The cobwebbed corners became crowded galleries of laughing people. Many young ladies sat in the roofed galleries dressed in bright, costly gowns. Below lay a long, broad field and along one side were six tents, and on the door of each hung a shield. On a throne not far off sat Prince John, just as I had imagined him in the days of "Ivanhoe." Two heralds stood near the opening of the field, while knights on pranc-

ing horses rode by the beautiful ladies, each securing the token of his favorite and riding back to his tent.

At last the heralds, after a signal from Prince John, announced the onset. Out from the vicinity of the tents rushed the six knights against six others coming from the opposite side. Here were old friends fighting before my eyes: Brian-de-Bois Guilbert, De Bracy and Front-de-Boeuf—just as I had pictured them many times before. The two parties clashed. Knights were unhorsed and spears were broken. The old barn rang again and again with the clash of armor. Again they fought and fell, again the spears were broken. Now a knight was conquered; now some powerful steed had lost his footing, never to rise again.

The clash of armor and the roar of bloody fighting grew worse and worse. I myself was fairly stifled by the hot dust, which clouded the air because of the struggling men and fallen horses. The fighting had just reached its climax. I had almost fallen from my seat in my excitement to see the conqueror, when lo!—I heard my name! How many times I had been called I do not know. But at last my name slowly pierced my dream. The fighting vanished, the galleries of laughing people faded, the tournament field was nothing but a board floor scattered with hay, and Prince John no longer occupied his throne. The dirty beams, the cobwebbed corners—how well I knew them all! The roar and clash of armor had ceased and I felt cool and refreshed.

Again I heard my name, and as I climbed down the ladder to where my sister stood, she said, "So you were up there! We couldn't find you anywhere. It's all nice and cool, for we've had a thunder shower. Why, the thunder was simply awful. What!" she exclaimed, looking at my dazed face, "Don't tell me that you've been asleep up in that stuffy loft and never knew that we were having a thunder storm! Why, the thunder was the loudest I've ever heard!"

I didn't reply, for she wouldn't have understood, but now I knew why the old barn had rung again and again with a clash of armor as loud as in the days of old.

G. MARSHALL, '26.

AUTUMN

The birds no longer are calling,
The brooks are dry and still,
And leaves that are fading and falling,
Whirl over meadow and hill.

DOROTHY CARDWELL, '25.

HOW MY RELATIVES TRIED TO REFORM ME

At last with a great hurry and bustle I was on my way to Aunt Anastasia's home in Chicago. I really felt quite grown up as I nestled back in the seat of the train, for this was my first trip alone.

I had never seen my Aunt Anastasia, nor for that matter, any of the aunts and uncles on the Montague side of the family. I was really quite curious to know what my aunt looked like. I wondered if she were tall or short, thin or fat, and all the other things a girl of eleven is likely to think of when on the way to visit relatives she has never seen before.

For my part, I thought they would be really pleased to see their little niece. Hadn't mother bought me a new pair of shoes for the occasion, and didn't I have two new dresses in my suitcase?

At last, after a ride of several hours, we reached Chicago. The train stopped and the people began piling out. I took my suitcase and followed the rest. When I reached the platform I looked around.

Goodness! I hoped Aunt Anastasia hadn't forgotten I was coming.

I felt a light tap on my shoulder. "Miss Barbran Montague, I believe?" asked a quiet voice.

I turned around startled. There facing me was a short, tiny, shrivelled-up old man.

"Oh, Uncle George!" I cried, clasping my arms around his neck and kissing him. "I'd almost thought you had forgotten I was coming."

"No such thing, my dear," he answered, "and please, child, do not be so impetuous. It really doesn't look nice in front of all these people."

I looked at him astonished. H'm! So this was the way I was met by my Aunt Anastasia's folks! Well, I hoped they weren't all like him. Little did I know how my hopes would be shattered.

After a short ride we stopped in front of a large, very imposing-looking house.

Imagine my surprise when the door was opened by one of those moon-faced butlers

you read about in story books. As I entered into the hall everything was very quiet, and instead of my aunts and uncles coming in to greet me as I expected, I was conducted up a long flight of stairs to the upper hall.

However, as I looked around, the banister caught my eye. What a fine place to slide down, thought I.

My uncle then spoke. "You will please come down to dinner to-night at seven and there your aunt will tell you the rules and regulations of the house."

A white-capped maid conducted me to my room, where I prepared to change my clothes.

I was terribly thrilled. We had no maids or moon-faced butlers at home, and never called supper, dinner.

At five minutes of seven I started down the stairs as quietly as possible. As I reached the bottom I saw a room at the left lighted up. I walked timidly in, and attracting no attention, I coughed.

A tall, angular lady turned around abruptly, gazed at me a moment through glasses, you know the kind with the handle down the side, and then exclaimed:

"For mercy's sake! I do believe this is Henry's child. Come over here and let me look at you."

"I walked slowly over while she looked me up and down, crossways and sideways.

"That will do, Barbran, we will now have dinner," she said as I stood in front of her.

Ugh! Can you imagine being called "Barbran?" I hate the name.

I was introduced to my other aunts and uncles and then dinner proceeded.

I never was so nervous or clumsy in all my life. Who could help but be under those sharp, eagle-like eyes, noticing and criticizing your every move?

Among the minor incidents of the evening I tipped over a glass of water, used the wrong spoons, began drinking out of the finger bowl and last, but not least, tripped while getting up from the table, grasped the tablecloth wildly and fell in a heap on the floor, finger bowl, spoons and all.

I was brought to bed, given a sharp scolding and told to behave myself.

Wouldn't it make you laugh? You'd almost think I had done something wrong to hear Aunt Anastasia talk.

From that day on my uncles and aunts started to reform me. I was taught to eat, sleep and sit in the manner most approved of by Aunt Anastasia and society.

More than once I saw her lift up her hands to heaven and exclaim, "Impossible! Simply impossible!"

Imagine two weeks of nagging and reforming in Aunt Anastasia's home for a vacation! I was reform proof, however.

As I boarded the train for home, I exclaimed sadly to myself, knowing it could never be, "Ah, me! dear Aunt Anastasia, wouldn't I like to reform you!"

M. TOGNARELLI, '26.

A DREAM GIRL

I dream of girls with golden hair,
With rosy cheeks that are so fair,
Of eyes that are so clear and brown,
And face that never wears a frown.

I dream of girls with graceful pose,
As lovely as the summer rose;
A girl whose voice is low and sweet
Who always dresses clean and neat.

My dream girl I have never met,
Perhaps I'll never meet her—yet
I hope in some bright future day,
That she may pass along my way.

B. S., '25.

WOODLAND PLEASURES

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods
Where modest flowers bloom and brook-
lets flow,
Where sweet-voiced wild birds sing their
wondrous songs,
And flickering shadows softly come and
go.

Here let me wander on a summer day
When I am wearied by the sultry heat,
Then in the woodland shadows I will rest,
And find new strength in nature's cool
retreat.

R. B., '25.

The Seniors

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

- President Harold Temple
 Vice-President Elizabeth Loomis
 Secretary Helen Stacy
 Treasurer Donald Cary

Shelburne Historical Society SENIOR CLASS PARTS

- Essayists { Eleanor Gilcrest
 Helen Stacy
 Kenneth Benton
 Lloyd Brown
 Donald Cary
- Class Will { Elizabeth Loomis
 Francis Kinsman
- Memorabilia { Flossie Cromack
 Robert Noonan
 Edward Feige
 Elizabeth Apte
- Ivy Address Alma Wells
 Class History Harold Temple



Elizabeth Margaret Apte
 "Betty"

Colrain, Mass.
 January 4, 1906

"For I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Since this plump, rosy child was born on top of windy Colrain mountain, you might wonder why she wasn't blown off sometime, but Betty is "some hefty" and has weathered all storms. She started her education at South School, but the teacher had nervous prostration after one trying year, so the family thought it advisable to send her elsewhere. But after two years at East Windsor, Betty was homesick for Colrain, and of course she had her own way. After graduating from the grammar school she entered Arms where she immediately rose to the heights of fame, and she has remained above the rest of us ever since. Last year Johnny came into her life, just how or why no one has been able to determine. Betty still writes to Amherst but—

"Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all."

Take heart, Betty, there are other men, so continue your "Daily Dozen" and prepare for your next conquest. Betty is to return to Arms for a P. G. to retrieve lost knowledge in Math., and then expects to find her future work in Wheaton College.

Student (1), (2), (3), (4); Associate Editor (4); Social Committee (1), (4); Class basketball (4); Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Latin Club; Dramatic Club (4); Cheer leader (4); Tennis Club (4).



Sarah Eleanor Benton
 "El" "Sammie"

Griswoldville, Mass.
 June 20, 1907

"Some think the world is made for fun and frolic
 And so do I."

Our first impression of El is a laughing lass who just loves picnics. We recall the Sophomore Catamount Picnic, the Junior Harvest Festival or the Senior Corn Roast, all with El in the front row—an all-around sport. Did not John Milton describe "Mirth" as we picture Eleanor? Eleanor has spent all her years in Griswoldville. She attended the Foundry Grammar and at a very early age entered Arms with the '23's. More than one of her professors has puzzled over Eleanor. During all her four long years, she has emerged from the most scorching and serious of faculty conferences, unabashed. We're willing to wager that her disarming smile made some of their best arguments "fall flat." Sammie says that she is going to "work" next year. She has captured lots of out-of-town trade, so that her uncle will probably offer her work in his general merchandise store. She may come as far as Shelburne Falls to work. We can only prophesy "She may grow up by-and-by."

General Course; Decorating Committee (3); Usher (3); Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Student Board (4); Dramatic Club (4).



Kenneth Hiram Benton
"H"

Griswoldville, Mass.
September 25, 1905

"Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk."

Kenneth, like many another of his classmates, was born in the fine little town of Colrain, and although he lived a short time in North Adams, has spent the greater part of his illustrious life in his native town. From earliest youth he has shown a great enjoyment of studying as well as making somewhat lengthy and detailed recitations. This is probably in part due to his attendance at the Foundry and Colrain Center schools from which so many learned people have come. Kenneth is just crazy about work—"Such joy ambitions finds"—his greatest job being to chaperon his young sister on all occasions. He used to be rather timid in the presence of young ladies, but—"practice makes perfect." He is bravely over it. Last fall we found what a real Englishman was like when Kenneth became Alaric in "Peg." He certainly stands a chance of winning in this spring's prize-speaking contest, especially if he acts the "bally Englishman" again. Kenneth plans to enter Williams; we should think for such an industrious farmer, M. A. C. would be his choice.

Social Committee (1); Student (2), (3), (4); President (3); Pro Merito; "Peg O' My Heart;" Latin Club; Dramatic Club President (4); Basket Ball Manager (4); Prize speaking (4).



Lloyd Frank Brown

Adamsville, Mass.
July 8, 1905

"There are two sides to every argument,
my side and the wrong side."

Lloyd, like many other famous men, was born in Colrain. However, he wasn't to blame for that, so don't let it prejudice you against him. Lloyd's first schooling was obtained at Adamsville, and they say that even at an early age he possessed a liking for an argument. When he graduated from grammar school, he decided to enter Arms Academy, and there he went in the fall of 1919. Since then Lloyd has become famous for several things. When Belanger graduated, Lloyd took his place in the chemistry and physics classes, and many an argument does he have with Mr. Person. Another thing that Lloyd specializes in is getting all A's. He is taking Agriculture and plans to be a farmer, but he isn't going to be an old hayseed. He will be a modern, scientific farmer, and in time he may become a millionaire, but his friends won't like him any better than they do now.



Geneva Luella Call
"Susie"

Colrain, Mass.
May 8, 1904

"I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes,
I redden to my finger tips
And sometimes to my nose."

It must have been a lovely May day when Susie came to town, for her cheery smile and rosy blush are almost always to be seen. Like the other children in her native village she started at an early age, at Foundry School from which she went to Colrain Center. After attending Arms two years she was unselfish enough to stay at home for a time while her older sister graduated, and then she showed her fine judgment in returning to graduate with the glorious class of '23. At one time we thought Susie was going to become quite proficient in running both a Nash and a Buick. Perhaps with the good old summer-time she will renew her lessons under some eager teacher. She is planning to take a course in sewing next year, which, with her knowledge of cookery and canning, ought to make her an ideal housewife.

Dramatic Club (4).



Donald Edwin Cary
"Don"

Lyonsville, Mass
February 11, 1905

"A man he was to all the country dear."

One might think that Don would be rather sour because of the atmosphere of vinegar in which he has always lived, but such is not the case. Ever since the days when he first played hide-and-seek with his little playmates he has been fun-loving. Of course he attended Foundry and Colrain Center Schools where he was always the first to scent any mischief on foot. At Arms he has made friends everywhere—is quite a "heart smasher" in fact. He is especially fond of "Virgil" which perhaps had something to do with his election as a consul of the renowned Latin Club. Don is also a splendid candy salesman while, as a butler, he can't be beat. It is a wonder someone has not hired him right away from the class of '23. On winter days, he is often to be seen sailing through the air on his skis. The class has always found that, if there is anything they want done, and done well, they can just leave it to Donald. He is always right on the job. Don plans to go to Williams with his inseparable friend Kenneth. It is nice to have a pal to whom one is so closely attached—especially when said pal has a young sister.

President (1), (2); Latin Club consul (4); Pro Merito; Student (1), (3), (4); "Peg O' My Heart;" Dramatic Club; Prize speaking (3); Treasurer (4). Baseball Manager.



Esther May Cromack
"Es"

East Shelburne, Mass.
September 25, 1905

"None but myself can be my parallel."

As a child, Esther spent most of her time hanging Maybaskets, but since her stay at Arms, she has become exceedingly bashful. "Laugh and grow short" has been Esther's motto, and if she gets much shorter we shall need a compound microscope to see her. As a senior she felt rather athletically inclined and came out for Basket Ball. She has saved Mr. Meekins much time and labor by very carefully dusting the floor with her bloomers. There were very few times in practice that Esther couldn't be seen picking herself up from the floor. Fortunately she didn't have far to fall. She has had several great cares since she has been attending Arms. First there was Aaron. She drove the "hoss" to school for Aaron, thus permitting him to get a last peep at that Physics or that Algebra. Then there is Mary Ellen—"nuff sed." I wish that I might tell you some great secret about Esther, but alas there is no secret to tell. She is a perfect man hater and has never committed a crime. She is not worrying about future plans. The present is enough to keep her busy, considering that she takes letters for Mr. Vose.

Commercial Course; Dramatic Club (4); Class Basket Ball (4).

Shelburne Historical Society



Flossie Lutancy Cromack
"Floss" "Fluffy"

Colrain, Mass.
May 8, 1905

"Her temper's calm and gentle,
And her voice is soft, we own,
Tho' her hair it is the reddest
That e'er in sunshine shone."

Flossie received her elementary education in the Elm Grove Grammar and ended it with such a forceful speech, at her graduation in 1919, that she was allowed to come to Arms. She has taken a scientific course to prepare for college. Due largely to this, she now has an immense vocabulary and can talk equally well on "A New York Romance" or "Pleasure of an Evening Spent on a Town Roof." She has even resigned as a member of the I. S. O. M. (Indestructible Society of Old Maids) which she joined with some of her classmates during her sophomore year. This year she has appeared regularly on the gym floor for Basket Ball practice, for the first time. She played the noble position of center on the Senior Team. Also, she has easily made the Pro Merito Society. Flossie hopes to teach mathematics and, so long as we know that her temper really is gentle, we can't pity her scholars. As she has been teaching "math" to her teachers since she was four, there's no doubt that she will be efficient enough in her profession. She plans to enter a normal school next year, thus beginning her career. May the fine things which you deserve, come to you, Flossie.

Class Basket Ball (4); Dramatic Club (4); Librarian (4); Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Pro Merito.



Helen May Dwight
"Helen"

Colrain, Mass.
September 10, 1904

"The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love."

Helen has always been, seemingly, rather quiet, although people in her native "heath" might say differently. Anyway, we know that she attended Churchill and Adamsville Grammar Schools where she made the foundation for her successful commercial career at Arms. It is said that plump people are always good natured, and, never having seen her otherwise, we will assume that Helen is no exception to this rule. We have always admired her courage and faithfulness in starting for school on Sunday afternoon, no matter what the weather. It must be because she is such a sturdy mountaineer. She says that her plans for next year are undecided,—mm, sounds suspicious. What are these queer rumors we have been hearing of late, Helen?

Class Basket Ball (4); Student; Commercial Department (4).



Edward Crosley Felge
"Ed" "Romeo"

Bridgton, Mass.
February 19, 1905

"It's three o'clock in the morning
And I have some lessons to do,
But, Janie dear, I would rather
Stay up here with you."

The world stood up and took notice when the daily papers, the weekly magazines, the monthlies, and the yearly almanacs proclaimed in big, black headlines that Edward Feige was born February 19, 1905. He was a bashful little chap in his babyhood and schooldays; why, while he attended Crittenden he blushed every time a girl looked at him. But when he arrived at Arms in 1919—Oh, My! The girls blushed every time he looked at them. But of course we're proud of him just the same. No one ever went to a dance without seeing Eddie with his girl and his smile. Maple Street seems to be his favorite haunt,—probably because it is a romantic spot with "Woods" nearby. Ed has no definite plans for next year, but perhaps he will learn the automobile business at the Woods and Halligan garage on Maple Street.

Student (1), (3), (4); Basket Ball (4); Baseball (1), (2), (3), (4); Track Team (1), (4); Social Committee (1), (3), (4); Librarian (2), (3), (4).

Florence Elinor Gilchrist
"EJ"

Colrain, Mass.
March 4, 1906



"The old gray mare—
She ain't what she used to be."

Elinor has detracted much attention from Inauguration Day since 1906 by insisting on celebrating it as her birthday. It really should be a holiday for a great deal of hollering began that day and hasn't ceased yet. Elinor shocked her teachers so completely with her brainology at Foundry Village and Colrain, that they deported her to Arms in 1919. She has continued shocking the natives ever since with her A's and A pluses. Her name appears on the bulletin board many times but very seldom in the right hand corner. It was in Elinor's junior year that white horses were in evidence. She needed a vacuum cleaner to keep the conspicuous white hairs from her wraps. She also complained of a lame neck, for, you know, she enjoys watching the bright and shining stars that beam down upon her from above.

"When I beheld thee, 'Howdy,'
I sighed and said within myself—
'Surely mortal man is a broomstick.'"

Elinor's attendance is very regular at church—sometimes she is late, but the tolling of the bell brings her thoughts back to the fact that she had started for church. Having completed the Preparatory Course, she has made all plans to enter Russell Sage College, Troy, New York—but the best of plans are sometimes altered. Social Committee (2); Vice President (3); Prize Speaking (3); Senior Musician (3); Vice-President Dramatic Club (4); Secretary Latin Club (4); Chorus (1),(2),(3),(4); Pro Merito.

Pearl Hall Harmer
"Pearl"

Readsboro, Vermont
March 5, 1906



"There was a charming young girl,
Who went by the front name of Pearl,
She gave vent to her wrath
At that tiresome 'math'
Which left her poor mind in a whirl."

Pearl has been our rolling stone, being unable to find any place that would suit her fancy. She was born in Readsboro, Vermont, but, being a friendly child, was not content to live in that wild, heathenish country long. Since then she has lived in Buskirk, Adams, Orange, Brockton, and Colrain. She left us when she was a sophomore, but the leading string was too tight, and she returned to our outstretched ARMS. This year she is trying to conquer chemistry, but have you ever noticed how many times she cuts her fingers with glass and is unable to perform the experiments? Pearl makes a jolly companion and is a great addition to our class. Her winning smile has gained many fair hearts. "Harmer's are small but they always hit the nail on the head." Her plans for next year are undecided. Since she has mastered bookkeeping, don't be surprised to find her in someone's private office.

General Course.

Francis Swain Kinsman
"Hippo"

Heath, Mass.
June 23, 1905



"A mighty man was he
With strong and sinewy hands."

Francis is such an innocent-appearing little fellow that one would know at a glance that he has never lived in a wicked city, but in the country, far from civilization. As a matter of fact his home is, and always has been in Heath. In his childhood he attended that institution of learning known as the Heath Center Grammar School. We wonder if he was as large then as he is now. Evidently he began "coueuing" at an early age, "Day by day, in every way, I am getting bigger and bigger." Certain it is that when he entered Arms everyone gasped, and then greeted him with open arms, since he was such a big addition to the school. His success here has been notable, especially in athletics. He played on the football team in his junior year, has played baseball for three years, and this year is captain of the team. He has also been indispensable to the tug-of-war team. Francis is studying agriculture now, but whether he is going to be a farmer, he doesn't know, and we don't either.

Football (3); Tug-of-war (2), (3), (4); Baseball (2), (3), (4); Captain of baseball (4)

Elizabeth Ballou Loomis
"Betty"

Shelburne, Mass.
August 28, 1905



"Her voice was ever soft,
gentle and low—
An excellent thing in woman."

It is not essential that we give the details of Betty's early life, for we all know she must have eaten three times a day, gone to school and slept much. Possessing an adventurous nature and desiring a complete change in climate and surroundings, she entered Arms in 1919 with the famous class. The class soon perceived her unusual ability and elected her to serve on the Social Committee in her sophomore year. Since her work was doubly satisfying in that capacity, she was elected Vice-President of the class this year, President of the Pro Merito Society, and Editor-in-chief of the "STUDENT"—all honorable positions being equally well filled. She has been a faithful representative and sturdy player on the basket ball team. It is rumored that Betty has a great fondness for music—especially the VIOLIN. Her lovable personality has made her a desirable classmate and companion, especially on trips to Massachuset tower. Now she finds much pleasure in trolley rides. She has not devoted all her time to pleasure, for she has received creditable marks throughout her course. The latest report from Betty states that she is drawing up her last will and testament.

Preparatory Course; Social Committee (2), (3); Student Board (3), (4); Vice President (4); Latin Club (4); Basket Ball (2), (4); President Pro-Merito (4); Dramatic Club (4); Editor-in-Chief (4).



Robert William Noonan
"Bob"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
May 22, 1903

"The first five years are the hardest."

Bob's first acquaintance with this sinful world was made in Shelburne Falls, which he liked so well that he has stayed there ever since. We do not know whether he displayed in his childhood any of those characteristics which have since made him famous (shall we say notorious?), but if so, he must have been a terror. In due time he entered the Baker School, and in due time he graduated and entered Arms, from which, also in due time, he expects to graduate. Bob always has been, and still is, the despair of his teachers, who one and all, declare him absolutely incorrigible. Bob's capacity for mischief is his best-known trait, but he can do other things. He plays the fiddle in that organization which is called, through politeness, the Arms Orchestra. He has played football when there has been a team, and has also been a member of the track team. Bob has at present no definite plans for the future, but he may take a P. G. about 1928.

Orchestra (1), (2), (3), (4); Football (2), (3); Assistant Manager Baseball (2); Track Team (3), (4).

Shelburne Historical Society



Edith Alta Shields
"Edith"

Shelburne, Mass.
March 25, 1905

"I never did repent for doing good
Nor shall not now."

Edith is one of the few members of the class from Shelburne, but as that town believes in quality and not quantity, no one has anything on Edith. During her first years at school she attended the Skinner, but as she "skinned" them all in her studies, she moved to Shelburne Center where she finished her school career at the Center School. On entering Arms, she took the Preparatory Course, but, having a faculty for business, she changed to the Commercial. She has endured all the hardships of the long daily rides from Shelburne for four years with only minor mishaps, such as a frozen nose or two, and an occasional tip-over. She has always been a willing worker, and we are sure she will be successful in every venture she undertakes.

Decorating Committee; Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4).



Cherrilyn Etta Sommer
"Cherry"

Springfield, Mass.
August 23, 1905

"Cherry had a little dog;
Her word with him was law,
And every time that dog ran off,
Cherry said, 'O, Shaw.'"

Hello! Here's Cherry. Why, don't you know Cherry? She's Bill's girl. Cherrilyn isn't a native of Shelburne Falls. She spent her babyhood in Springfield, but, longing for the wild and woody, she packed up her curlers and powder-puff and landed in Shelburne Falls. After she had absorbed all the knowledge the Baker Grammar School could provide, she merely walked up Church Hill, tiptoed up the front stairs and calmly took a back seat of the Freshman Room. She belongs "to that commercial bunch over there," but she is often glimpsed elsewhere, snowshoeing near the High Ledges for instance. Cherry plans to work next year and then go to a business school, but she really ought to have taken Household Arts, for we could more easily imagine her warbling among her pots and pans, than sending out "bills" to her employer's creditor.

Dramatic Club (4); Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Social Committee (2), (3); Class Basket Ball (4).



Helen Bardwell Stacy
"Helen"

Charlemont, Mass.
April 10, 1904

"And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words."

With Helen's appearance business began to flourish—even to the raising of Cain! Not being content to spend her entire childhood in Charlemont, she persuaded her parents to journey to Shattuckville where she made another marvelous record with her school career. It is evident that she soon out-witted her teachers there and at Heath, for she graduated from Griswoldville. We know the attractions at Griswoldville, Helen, but never mind, Greenfield is not far off. Who'd have thought it? Since coming to Arms, Helen has been a model girl whom not even critics criticize. She is a sympathetic, good-natured, silent, reserved, hardworking, deep-thinking, level-headed, Puritanical sort of girl who is particularly noted for her scruples against dancing and general hilarity. We think that if she is able to escape the catamounts and mosquitoes on Catamount Hill she is doing well. As to her prospects, there is no danger of her being a spinster, for she is planning to teach.

Preparatory Course; Latin Club (4) Dramatic Club (4); Secretary (4); Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Chairman Cake Committee (4); Pro Merito.



Harold Dalton Temple

Colrain, Mass
February 4, 1906

"So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."

We would not say that Harold had the good fortune to be born in Colrain, but rather that Colrain had the good fortune to be his birthplace. We wonder if the town ever appreciated the honor. Be that as it may, it is a fact that there he was born and there he has lived ever since. Little is known of his childhood, save that he attended Griswoldville Grammar School, where it is probable that he displayed the same quiet studiousness that he does at Arms. To behold him while in school, one would never guess that he holds the same opinions concerning school and teachers that others do; but he does. It took the class a long time to recognize what an honor his membership was, but when it did, he was promptly elected president. In addition to this, he has the honor to belong to that celebrated Agricultural class, and he likes it so well that he may take a short course at M. A. C.

Secretary (3); President(4); Decorating Committee (3); Dramatic Club (4); Cheer leader (4).

Shelburne Historical Society



Alma Winifred Wells
"Alma"

Buckland, Mass
January 7, 1905

"Alma, one day asked a question
By a cityfied fellow select,
'How does your Dad raise potatoes?'
'Why,' Alma said, 'By the Peck.'"

It is not actually known whether Alma was born at 11:59, January 6 or at 12:01, January 7. After a long discussion by all her family, relatives, and friends, January 7 was decided upon as her birthday. Alma started her career at North School, but that wasn't wild enough, so she finished at Crittenden. When she appeared at Arms, she created something like a sensation. Having a naturally affectionate disposition, she at once attached herself to the teachers and actually hypnotized them. The school was dumb-founded. Alma took Latin her first two years, but she got only as far as "Tibi" so she dropped it in disgust. This year she has learned the table of dry measure as far as "pecks." She is undecided whether to go on. Next year she intends to enter Holyoke City Hospital. Don't we pity her poor patients! They'll certainly need to take out life insurance. However, here's to you, Alma.

Vice President (1); Tennis Club (2); Dramatic Club; Student (1), (2); Cheerleader (3), (4); Fasket Bal; (3); Social Committee (1), (4).



Honorary member of the class of 1923.

Robert Winthrop Person
"Bobby"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
October 17, 1922

"My love is like the red, red rose—
So's my hair "

One morning, Mr. Person whispered some particularly happy news into our dignified principal's ear. The teachers went around all day smiling, nodding their heads, and talking about "our baby." Thus Robert has henceforth been called the "Faculty Baby." We were all surprised, startled I might say,—to find that his hair was red—a plain, "carrotty" red. In searching diligently in all the old family albums and dusty genealogies of several generations, we did not find a single red lock of hair preserved between their musty leaves or even a mention of said article. As far as we know Robert is living a perfectly normal life, although there are rumors that the first words he uttered were "Je parle Francais." Added to the linguistic abilities of his father, he has the mathematical genius of his mother, and although he has not yet "squared the circle," he will surely be famous some day.

- Class Colors Purple and Gold
- Class Motto "Smile and Win"
- Class Flower Iris

The Seniors



SENIOR HISTORY

When sixty-six Freshmen, the class of '23, entered Arms in the fall of 1919, a casual listener might have heard now and then from some upper classman: "Did you ever see anything so green?" But that is all changed now. Not only our members, but also our wisdom, soon made themselves felt. With Wilfred Miller and Elinor Gilchrest to represent us in the "A" Scholarship list, the remainder of the class were free to turn their efforts to school activities. To Donald Cary, as president, fell the honor of guiding us in our first year. Members of our class who also early distinguished themselves on the various teams were Feige, Smead, Brown and Redfern. "Micky" Goodell represented us on the girls' basket ball team. Our social activities our first year were limited to one social, which, characterized by the rapidly growing '23 spirit, was, needless to say, greatly enjoyed by all.

When we first assembled as Sophomores, we found that desertions in our first year had continued and that our ranks were seri-

ously depleted. Thus, to maintain the high standard which we had already set, we had to strive the harder in our second year. I will leave the reader to judge of our success when I say that Miller and Elinor Gilchrest continued their high standing in scholarship, while Elizabeth Loomis gained a place on the first team in girls' basket ball and Feige and Harry Brown in baseball. Because of his fine sportsmanship and increased popularity, Donald Cary was re-elected president. Profiting by our rapidly enlarging experience, we gave a delightful social on April fifteenth.

As Juniors, although our numbers were now only thirty-two, less than half our original number, we at last found ourselves in a position from which we could scorn the lowly freshmen and fraternize with the seniors. Elinor Gilchrest still held her place in the "A" group; Miller had failed to return in the fall. In addition Kinsman and Bailey represented us in football, and Feige and Brown in basket ball. Alma Wells went out for girls' basket ball. With the return of prize speaking to Arms, Cary and Elinor

Gilchrest worthily upheld the honor of the class. Meanwhile, other members of our class were busy with social plans. We gave a splendid social to the Alumni, and to raise funds we introduced the "Darnum and Daily Circus," which we hoped would henceforth come annually. The "circus" was a success both financially and otherwise; several of the class distinguishing themselves as clowns and comedians. We also journeyed to Greenfield in the latter part of the winter on a sleigh ride, where we had an enjoyable time.

As Seniors, because of our small numbers, it has been very trying to preserve the amount of dignity proper to us. For a few days this bothered us considerably, but we were soon interested in the plans for the Greenfield Track Meet. And who, pray, who has been in one of our classes doubts that it was through our vocal efforts that Arms won the cheering cup? Again, our studiousness was shown when the Pro Merito Society, representing approximately one-third of the class, entertained the neighboring Pro Merito Societies in a trip to Mount Massaemet, and later in the day with a lunch and entertainment at the Academy. In our last year we have been prominent in athletics, Brown and Feige representing us in basket ball.

Our social this season was welcomed and enjoyed by all. The seniors this year put on a public dance May 11, at Science Hall for the friends of the school. In the fall a corn roast was held at the "Ravine" in Shelburne Falls and anyone who doubts our ability to dispose of frankfurters, rolls, corn, et cetera, should have attended. Much credit is due to our president, Harold Temple, who has with fine spirit fulfilled his duties and made our whole year a happy and successful one.

Thanks to the teachers and our principal, Mr. Vose, we look forward to our future career with interest and enthusiasm, and as coming Alumni promise to support our Alma Mater as willingly as in the past.

K. BENTON, '23.

LOOKING FORWARD

It's the greatest mistake
That a pupil can make
When he groans about yesterday's error;
If he strove for today
In that same anxious way
Then the morrow would come with less
terror.

G. CALL, '23.

EXAMINATIONAL

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

Profs and teachers, great and small,
Hear our plea and cease to send
Examinations on us all

Ere each term is at an end.

Great Caesar's Ghost, be with us yet,
May they forget—may they forget!

O, the nightmares to us sent!

O, the midnight oil consumed!

O, the hours of terror spent!

Firm believing we are doomed.

Great Caesar's Ghost, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Trembling, and with weary pace

Ent'ring the Assembly Room,

Agony on every face

We await the coming doom.

Great Caesar's Ghost, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

See! The Slips! We strain our eyes;

Ah! The looks of blank despair!

Discouraged by their very size,

We offer up this solemn prayer:

Great Caesar's Ghost, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

When the dreaded days are past,

When the quizzes all are o'er,

And we've seen our marks at last,

Then we offer one prayer more—

Great Caesar's Ghost, be with us yet,
Help us forget—help us forget!

F. L. CROMACK, 1923.

JUNE

The roses are blooming,
The songbird's in tune,
All nature is singing—
For lo, it is June!

The butterflies flutter
And shine in the sun,
Which deepens their color
In Heaven begun.

The brook babbles gaily
And chatters with glee,
To the small feather'd creatures
So happy and free.

And school children happy
That work's at an end,—
Make one joyous chorus,
Their music to lend.

Yes, each one is happy,
And gladly gives ear
To echoes of freedom
Which say, "June is here!"

E. G., '23.

The Juniors



THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1924

As a rule all freshmen are looked down upon, but the upper classmen must have found it hard to look down upon the class of nineteen hundred twenty-four when we entered Arms. We were big in number, for one thing, and we were a mighty bright class, for another. Fall and winter rolled on, and spring came. The baseball team found Welburne Shaw from our class within its numbers.

As sophomores we showed that we were advancing nobly on our course. Donald Morrissey played with the first team in basket ball. The girls' team included Hilda Thompson and Elsie Mattson. Elsie Mattson and Ellsworth Barnard were picked from the class to be the Sophomore prize speakers. The former won the prize over the girls. Our social on March 31 was a success. The baseball team enrolled from our class Welburne Shaw and Don Morrissey and they fought loyally to win fame for Arms. The line of "nineteen hundred and twenty-four" was beginning to hum.

We have distinguished ourselves as Juniors. We worked for fame and we have it. Our valor shone on the track team. Don Morrissey, being captain, won first prize in the broad jump and the potato race, fourth in the 100 yard dash, and competed in the relay race. Averill Amidon took third prize in the half mile run and fourth in the football punt. Welburne Shaw and Don Morrissey were seen on the baseball diamond in the spring. Again, in basket ball they showed great merit, as did Lawrence Leonard and Howard Mills (who played as a substitute) both from our class.

We gave our social on the night of January 1. The rain poured its worst, but it did not alter the success of the social. Everyone on the committee did his best to make it a wonderful social, and each succeeded in his efforts.

We chose Margaret Bahr and Ellsworth Barnard for our representatives to the prize speaking contest and we are sure they are well qualified to compete with all others, freshmen, sophomores, or seniors.

We have ample stock for the baseball team this spring. Studiousness and intellect are not lacking in our numbers. Scholarship finds us represented by Barnard and Lilda Leonard with all A's. Having passed such a successful year as juniors, our hopes for the next year are unlimited.

M. B., '24.

THE CLASS OF '24

Our class is the class of '24,
To it we will always be true;
True to its motto "Deeds, not words."
To its colors, silver and blue.

As true as are we to our class
To our school our class will be;
When we work for one, we work for both,
And none work harder than we.

Such is the spirit of '24,
The spirit in which we do
All that we can for '24,
And for Arms Academy, too.

E. B., '24.

MY MOST INTIMATE FRIEND

"Who is my most intimate friend?" I asked myself when the girls were comparing notes. "Well, I have a number of good friends that I value above wealth or good times, but the most intimate friend is—well, you can guess of course,—it's just mother. First, I know she will never go back on my confidences. I tell her anything. Second, I know she trusts me and knows I'll never go back on her. So that establishes perfect trust.

"Finally, a real friend looks out for you above her own interest, and that's what mother does. I am always sure that mother is planning what is best for me; naturally, too, I'm planning the best I can for her. Again, you see, we have perfect team work. Yes, mother is the very best of all my friends and the most intimate one I ever had or ever expect to have. If mother should fail in friendship. I should not want any more of it ever, for I would know there wasn't any such thing!"

F. EASTMAN, '24.

AN EXPERIMENT IN SWIMMING

'Twas a day last summer when the temperature registered somewhere in the low nineties. The heat was intense and the humidity high. Does one wonder why my

brother, a friend and I longed for release by taking a plunge in some clear, cold water? It was finally arranged that my father should take us all to Ashfield Pond by automobile.

By putting on speed, we managed to arrive at our destination in short time. Didn't the water look cool and inviting? Not a moment did we lose, but straight from the car we leaped into the pond. I confess, however, that I did not leap, as the word suggests, but cautiously waded in, until the water grew deeper, for I was not an experienced swimmer. How delicious it was to paddle about near the shore and wriggle one's toes in the sand! Happy was I! As I became accustomed to the water, I experimented with my knowledge of swimming strokes. I actually improved, and gained the art of floating on the water without going under. With my accomplishments I became bold and more courageous, and began to wade out to my neck. (Do not misunderstand. I kept my neck close by me all the while.) The next moment I was struggling in the water that was over my head. Somewhere, way back in my mind, I had vague impressions of someone telling about a shelf in the water. I neither remembered the warning nor cared to, for little good it would have done me then. My previous perfected swimming strokes failed me utterly! Water coursed its way down my throat, as I continued to leave my mouth open. Water was heaving about me at a great rate, so they later said, when aid came. Firm, muscular hands back of me pushed me towards shore. Coughing, sputtering, and gasping I turned with watery tears in my eyes to thank my heroic rescuer. Alas, it was only my father! My disappointment was anguish itself, as my vision of a tall, stalwart, smiling youth, faded and vanished. Oh! why couldn't it have been a romantic stranger!

HILDA THOMPSON, '24.

A REGULAR CLASS

Which is the class that leads them all
In school activities and games?
Which is the class that fills the hall
With this school's songs, and cheers and names?
It is the Century's best year
For which the Fates have named their choice,
And it is "Twenty Four" we cheer
Each one and all in rousing voice!

The Sophomores



1925 CLASS HISTORY

Class Colors—Old Rose and Silver.

Class Motto—"Strive to Succeed."

Shakespeare says: "What's in a name? A rose by another name would be as sweet."—and possibly for that reason a freshman class by any other name might have been as green as was the class of 1925 when we first entered Arms Academy—but we doubt it! Even from the beginning of our academy career we evidently were destined to be different from all other classes who ever had entered or ever would enter Arms, and this is why all the adjectives that might be used in describing us must be in the superlative degree.

In the first place, as I have already said, we were the greenest class that ever entered Arms, and although it is customary for each sophomore class to declare that the succeeding freshmen class is even more verdant than they ever were, nevertheless, the class of 1925 refuses to admit that any other class has ever equalled or excelled them in any respect, and, therefore, we state emphatically that the freshman class that

followed ours has never even touched the heights (or depths) of verdancy that we touched when we were freshmen. Our other traits are likewise to be described only by adjectives in the superlative degree, so that those of us who were smart were said to be the smartest in the entire school, while those of us who were dull were such blockheads that not even the superlative degree of the adjective "stupid" could begin to describe our lack of brain power.

When we entered Arms Academy we had fifty-seven in our class, but although we have lost several who originally enrolled with us as members of 1925, nevertheless, we now have a larger class than when we began. This is explained by the fact that several of those who are now with us have come in during the past two years from other high schools, while several have been loaned to us by the class of 1924. These former members of the junior class, however, may be only temporary members of our class, for, if they can win enough scholarship points to reinstate them in the

class of 1924, they will leave our ranks to join their former classmates.

The saddest experience of our school life came to us in the freshman year when one of our members, Norman Barnard, was taken ill with diphtheria and died.

Regardless of our losses, however, we still have sixty-four in the class, including those of the class of 1924 who have joined us temporarily.

The first part of our freshman year was not especially exciting, although now and then some of our braver members caused a ripple on the surface of our monotonous life by defying the rules boldly enough to get a "call down" and one or two deportment cards from some teacher. Towards the last of the winter term, however, we began to get our bearings and after that we had comparatively smooth sailing past the difficulties that at first seemed to threaten our onward course.

Early in the freshman year several members of our class had their names appear in the honor list, and some of these were lucky enough to be kept there throughout the entire year. Helen Pierce and Carolyn Woodward were the first to get what is known as a perfect card, and as a result the rest of us continually gazed upon them with awe and admiration. Helen was also one of the candidates chosen by the class for prize speaking, and Theodore Page was the other candidate from 1925. The judges evidently approved of our choice, for in the final contest Theodore won first prize and Helen had honorable mention.

In the athletic life of the school our class has taken a prominent part. There were several who brought honor to themselves and to the class by their athletic ability, and a report of their work will be given by the athletic editor in another page of this paper.

Our freshman social was an event long to be remembered, and here again we proved our ability to be different from all other classes, for not only did we have the best music obtainable, and the largest attendance, and the choicest viands for the refreshment of our guests, but we capped the climax by smashing all the dishes just before refreshments were served, and as a result we spent the remainder of the year trying to earn money enough to pay for new ones.

Thus far in our sophomore year our lives have seemed rather uneventful, unless one mentions the fact that we furnished two of the important characters for the play,

"Peg O' My Heart" that was given in Memorial Hall last December. Without doubt, Jane Woods, who took the part of Peg, the heroine, is destined to put all other famous actresses, past, present, and future, into the shade.

This year's prize speaking had Dana Webber and Martha Coburn as candidates from our class and this event will be reported later under another heading. We cannot forbear mentioning, however, that again credit comes to the sophomores, for Martha won first prize for us.

The class social for this year was given April 6. The attendance was unusually large, for in some way it has become well known that in the matter of refreshments and decorations the class of '25 can outdo all other classes. As one spectator said: "The other classes may know how to decorate the hall for their socials, but it takes 1925 to show them how it can be done most successfully."

An abundance of ice cream and cake was in evidence when the hour for refreshments arrived, and unlike last year, no accident befell which might give truth to the old saying that,

"There's many a slip

Twixt the cup and the lip."

Unfortunately, however, that evil genius of the class which last year marred our happiness by breaking a table full of dishes, must have been hovering about, for a mysterious fire broke out in a teacher's desk in the Household Arts department. Fortunately, the fire was discovered early and little damage was done, but a good deal of excitement was furnished. Haven't we said that our socials could always be depended on to be "different"?

Nevertheless "All's well that ends well," and we have still two more years to conquer any difficulties that may present themselves at our future socials.

RUTH BASSETT, '25.

HE WAS SO DUMB THAT:

He thought plane geometry was so named because of the homely figures in it.

He couldn't see through solid geometry.

He thought basket ball was a dance.

He thought the first period was a mark of punctuation.

He wouldn't take English because he was an American and didn't believe in foreign languages.

The Freshmen



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1926

It is with a feeling of great pleasure that the freshman class reviews the first year of its high school career. The cordial welcome extended to us by the upper classmen upon our arrival here was the first evidence which we received of the real Arms spirit.

August 28, 1922, was a red letter day for over seventy unsophisticated innocents, for it was on this day that we entered Arms as freshmen. Most of us survived the terrors of initiation and at once began the work of showing the other classes what unyielding competitors we should prove as school-mates.

Soon after our entrance to Arms, we held our first class meeting. Lloyd Kratt was elected president, and under his leadership we have held some very successful business meetings.

Our social committee, of which Richard Hoyt is chairman, is hoping that the vainglorious seniors will not monopolize so much time that there will be none for the Freshman Social, sometime during May.

We have chosen Gertrude Larsen and

Fayette Mitchell to represent our class in Prize Speaking, as the two who can most ably uphold the reputation of the class in elocution.

From an athletic standpoint, the class has exhibited good material. Kratt, Harmer, Reed, and Leonard were participants in the track meet at Greenfield, while George Taylor played with the baseball squad for a time.

The captain of the 1926 Girls' Basketball Team was Mary Tognarelli, who held the position of guard. Although the team lost to the sophomores in the only public game of the season, the practice received under Miss Merrill was good training for the coming year.

The Arms honor list includes the names of many from the class of 1926; highest among them Gertrude Larsen, Elizabeth Dyer, and Esther Wells.

We are glad that we have before us three more years of high school life. All of us realize that this year has been a test of ourselves, both as individuals and as a class. We have proved that we have secured for

ourselves a firm place in the life of Arms Academy, and we hope that we have met, and, through the remaining years, will continue to maintain, the high standards of all preceding classes in both curriculum work and outside activities.

ESTHER WELLS, '26.

THE MEANEST THING I EVER DID

One bright day in summer I went with my parents in the automobile to meet my grandmother. When I first saw her, I noticed her hat, which appeared to me to have some rooster's tail-feathers dangling off the side. Of course Granny picked me up and kissed me and set me down beside her. All the way home those feathers kept flopping in my face. This made me feel very angry and I tried my best to look that way. Granny finally inquired, "What's the matter, my little darling?" I answered, "I wish a certain rooster never had any tail feathers." Granny looked much surprised and could not make out what I was referring to, so she just laughed and said: "Why don't you cut them off?" This gave me an idea.

During my grandmother's stay we went riding many times, and I was always the one to sit beside her, and the feathers always acted the same. One day when everyone was sitting on the porch I slyly climbed up into a chair and succeeded in getting Granny's hat from its hook. I snipped off the long feathers and got some short ones from the henyard to put in their place. I couldn't find a rooster that needed any more feathers, so I destroyed these with a match.

The next time Granny wanted her hat, she nearly cried because her beautiful feathers were gone. I was the first one to speak after the discovery had been made, because everyone's eyes were on me. I said that probably the little girl next door did it when she was over last evening. This made no impression upon the ones that were looking at me. My mother gave me a terrible scolding and she bought Granny a new hat that day.

D. HARRIS, '26.

A TROPHY SOLILOQUIZES

Oh, but I feel proud! Why? Don't you know I am the cheering cup Arms Academy won at the track meet at Greenfield last

fall? You didn't know? Well, then, I'll have to tell you about it. Each year a track meet is held at Greenfield Fair and the different schools compete. The banner goes to the school which has the highest number of points, and silver cups are given for different feats. In my opinion the cheering cup is the most important. For the last few years Arms has won the cups given for cheering. But I was afraid that this year their luck might turn and I would be given to Greenfield High School.

When the great day arrived, I was in a flurry of excitement. Each school took its place in the grand stand. I took a good look at them all. There was a small group from Orange and another from Ashfield. Then there were the Greenfield boys and girls with their school colors of purple and white. Last, but not least, I saw the good old red and white banner of Arms swaying above the Arms boys and girls. When I saw their eager faces I knew how proud I should feel to be able to be placed with the other cups in their school, where I might see them every day. At the appointed time the cheering began; they sang and shouted with all their might. Greenfield, as well as Arms, was trying her best to win and, although there were not many from Orange or Ashfield, they made a good showing. They cheered for their opponents, they cheered for the judges, they cheered for their team, and they cheered for their school.

When the hour was up, my heart beat faster than ever; would the judges agree with me? Of course they didn't ask my opinion—I couldn't have told them if they had, but I tried my best to show them that it was Arms who deserved me. What I couldn't see was why they didn't give me to Arms at once, but they talked and argued and my heart began to sink, for you know judges have a mind of their own and once they make a decision you can't change it no matter what you do. I decided that if I couldn't go to Arms I didn't care to listen any more, so I paid no attention to what they were saying. Suddenly a few words reached my ears. "All right, the cup goes to Arms." What an unexpected discovery that was and how pleasant a one, too! So now I am here, right in the Main Room, just where I had so longed to be.

HELEN LOOMIS, '26.

SCHOOL LIFE

IF

If you can do your work when all about you
Are wasting time by gazing into space;
If you can now forget the things you're
going to do,
And buckle down to just a good smart
pace;
If you can say, "I haven't lost a minute
By sitting idle and writing notes for eager
eyes,
Or, dreaming dreams, or eating pepper-
mints,"
And yet not think too much nor look too
wise;
If you can get all A's when marks are
issued,
And talk of sports and games—of jokes
and such,
If neither French nor dreaded Latin craze
you,
If all are studied some, but not too much;
If you can use each forty minutes
To good advantage, 'til your work is done,
You'll shock the Study Room and all that's
in it,
And—more than that—you'll make Pro
Merito, my son!

F. C., '23.

CHEMISTRY LABORATORY WORK

Everyone who doesn't take chemistry doesn't know how much he is missing. Of course one has to work, as in any other subject, and there are some things which are extremely difficult to understand, but there are advantages which far outweigh the disadvantages—laboratory work, for instance. Laboratory is a star shining through the dark clouds of study. When we have laboratory, we forget all the work ahead of us, and enjoy ourselves; that is, if Mr. Person is feeling good-natured. Of course it isn't all unmingled bliss, because—but that part comes later.

Part of our work in the laboratory is the preparation of various things: gases, acids, and other substances. We use a good many chemicals, and it is very interesting to experiment with them—sometimes exceedingly interesting! We put things together to make something else, and the results are sometimes surprising. Some of the things we make are awful. Everyone knows what

sulphur dioxide smells like. Hydrogen sulphide has an odor like that of rotten eggs intensified. Then there is ammonia gas; if you get one good whiff of that, you will be mighty careful how you smell of it again. We have made all these gases. Another gas that we have made is chlorine. They say it is poisonous. Well, I'm not afraid of being poisoned, but I will say that of all the abominable things I ever saw, or smelled, chlorine is the worst. I remember very well the day we made it. One of the girls tipped over a generator—just like a girl—and allowed the fumes to escape into the room. Whew! We opened the windows wide, but the gas refused to leave the room. It was terrible! Every minute or so we would have to run to the windows and thrust out our heads to get a breath of fresh air. No doubt we would have made a very amusing spectacle, but we weren't in a condition to appreciate the humor of the situation. Of course, it wasn't quite so bad as we pretended, but it was bad enough.

But in spite of these things—perhaps partly because of them, since it is fun to boast to the admiring lower classmen of the things we do—chemistry laboratory is pleasant work. And it is not only the work that we like; when we are a little late in finishing an experiment, and some of us have to go clear over to the other building for algebra, we enjoy rushing through the study room and up the stairs—it is remarkable how much noise one fellow can make—to arrive at the "math" room all out of breath: we should hate so much to be late to a class. Sometimes we ask Mr. Person during the seventh period, "May we go over to the laboratory to do an experiment again?" He usually says, "Yes," and we don't do a thing the whole period but have a good time. One of the things we do is to make "dimes" from pennies by dipping them in mercury nitrate. But once we had too much fun: four teachers complained to Mr. Person that we made too much noise. So now when we go to the laboratory we have to promise to be very quiet, but we have some fun just the same.

Such are the joys of laboratory work. I feel truly sorry for anyone who doesn't take chemistry.

E. B., '24.

SONG OF COOKING CLASS

Our class is few but quite renowned,
 Our leader small and bold;
 And hungry grow the students,
 When our menus are told.
 Our shelter is the good kitchen,
 Our arms the spoon and dish;
 We know the rules for biscuits,
 And how to cook fresh fish.
 We know the pantry full of things—
 Sometimes those things are mice—
 My! when we see those little foes,
 We don't stop to look twice.

Well knows the teacher in Room V,
 The ice cream that we make,
 The sweetness of our candy,
 And of our chocolate cake.
 When rings the bell that brings recess
 From work o'er which we've toiled,
 We talk the morning over
 And share the cake we spoiled.
 The kitchen rings with laugh and talk
 As if a joke had sway;
 And then we blithely wash the pans
 And store them all away.

B. G., '25.

ARMS ACADEMY AT GREENFIELD
FAIR

September 14 dawned clear and bright, exactly like any other, in spite of the fact that it was to be a great day for many people, particularly the students of Arms Academy; for it was the last day of the Greenfield Fair, and we had been given a whole session off from school. Holidays are few and far between, and you can appreciate (if you have a good imagination) with what joy we welcomed this one.

We went to Greenfield *en masse*. Some went by auto, some by train, and some found still other ways of getting there, but nearly everybody managed to reach the destination. From the gate of the fair grounds we marched over to the grandstand, preceded by a band. (We should have had two bands.)

As soon as we had reached the grandstand and had seated ourselves in one end of it, we gave a cheer that not only almost took the roof off, but nearly lifted the whole structure from its foundations! We didn't stop at that, either, but kept on cheering for two solid hours. When we found that our athletes were being defeated, we cheered the harder, and when all hope of winning the meet was gone, we still cheered. If we

d'nd't win anything else, we were going to win that cheering cup. And we did, too!

After the track meet, we went around to see the sights, and to have a good time. There were a great many attractions, and it was necessary to hurry to see them all. Of course everyone had to take a ride on the merry-go-round and the ferris wheel. A ride on the ferris wheel is very pleasant, but one has hardly time to get settled and ready to enjoy himself before the ride is over. Then there were a great many fakirs of various kinds, with almost every device imaginable for separating a person from his money. Some offered chances to win prizes—supposedly, while others were sideshows of "The Wild Man of Borneo" style. A fool and his money were soon parted indeed—and it was not only fools, either, who parted with their money. With the sideshows, the merry-go-round, the ferris wheel, and ice-cream, sodas, popcorn, and hot-dogs, there were plenty of places to spend one's money.

There were also many shows which were free, one of the most interesting being the automobile show. Here were exhibited all the latest models of cars, from the Ford to the Hudson Super-Six. It was great fun to pick out the cars we would buy sometime—when we became multi-millionaires. Besides this, there was a good exhibit of fruit and vegetables in the hall. Some of the things—apples, peaches and water-melons—looked so good that they made one wish to sample them on the spot.

Near the hall was a tent in which—as one could easily tell from the sounds issuing from it—was held the dog-show. From it came barks, howls, whines, and growls, as the canines within voiced their joy or displeasure. Many people were interested in the livestock exhibits of cattle, sheep, and hogs. They seemed particularly interested in the pigs. We wonder why. (For days afterward at school one would hear the old joke about somebody's taking first prize in the pig class.) People were also interested in the cattle but they didn't go very near them; maybe they thought them ferocious animals.

When it grew late and we had seen all there was to see and had spent all our money, and some had even spent the money they needed to get home on, and had to "hoof it" or catch a ride with some one, we started for Shelburne Falls. When we reached home, we remembered that we had

Shelburne Historical Society



Clinging-Vines



Ten feet of Sophomores - Comedy reel



Six scoring like sixty



Freshmen fans



Jus' Pals



Domestic Commercial Administrative



Hipper



Wagon-wheel

Climbing to fame



L'Allegro



Ready for Hopkins



A heap o' rabbish

Shelburne Historical Society



~ The Students' Mecca ~



~ Cherry Ripe ~



~ A Tough Proposition ~



~ How it feels to get all A's ~

~ Solano's ~



~ Representing Arms ~

~ At Island Starboard ~



~ "Our Mary" of the future ~



~ Pro Meritis Recuperating ~



~ A Berg that drifted in ~



~ Roosters ~



~ Make Konsumers ~



~ Make Katorers ~



~ Make Konservens ~

not studied the next day's lessons, except some studious persons who had studied them the night before. But did we study them then? Not at all! What was the use? Nobody else would have his lesson. The teachers ought to know better than to give out lessons over the holiday, anyway. "Sufficient unto the hour is the evil thereof." And so ended the great day.

ELLSWORTH BARNARD, '24.

THE FACULTY SOCIAL

Say, Dick, you missed the treat of your life last night by not going to the social. You have had experience, I know, in how well the faculty can finish a thing. Last night they showed the school how to start and finish a thing.

The first sight to greet your eyes when you went up stairs was a good ninety-nine and a half per cent of all the boys enrolled, waiting to be ushered through the receiving line. The ushering was soon finished,—thanks to those left of last year's faculty acting as ushers and the new members in the receiving line.

Although the local orchestra which furnished the music would not measure up to Sousa's band, yet the music had us in ecstasies (wait a minute, I have a dictionary here) most of the time.

The first number was a grand march, and if you don't believe there was a crowd you ought to have seen us when we all tried to get on the floor. After this came fox trots, waltzes, cut-out marches, and games, the latter enjoyed not only by the freshmen, who were the principal participants, but also by the spectators.

At intermission, punch and wafers were served. Afterwards came more dances and games. At eleven o'clock we all left, and if there was any one who didn't have a good time it was you, Dick, and you didn't go.

K. BENTON, '23.

THE PRO MERITO CONVENTION AT ARMS

It is customary for the Pro Merito societies of the schools in the Western Franklin County district to meet at least once a year. In the past, these conventions have been held either at North Adams, the western-most part of the district, or at Northampton, the point at the other extreme. Owing to an invitation extended to the societies by the "Pro Meritoes" of the class

of 1922 at a former meeting, the fall outing was held at Arms.

On the morning of October 14, 1922, members of the distinguished organization journeyed to Shelburne Falls, some by rail, others by automobiles, as representatives from the schools in Northampton, Turners Falls, Greenfield, and North Adams. The Arms society was on hand to greet them.

After completing a tour through the school buildings, the entire group, numbering about forty, made the steep ascent to Massanutten Tower, which is situated at the summit of the mountain bearing the same name, directly behind the school buildings. Because of the limited capacity of the tower, the party entered in three separate groups. In this manner, about an hour was spent in viewing the surrounding country. Then, after a few snapshots of the entire group were taken, the return to the school was made.

As all were hungry, the fine luncheon, prepared by Miss Marcille, was enjoyed by everyone. After the meal, a business meeting was held, and the society officers were chosen. At that time an interesting, as well as instructive discussion of the work done by each of the various delegations of the society took place.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in dancing. Everyone returned home with pleasant memories of the day at Arms Academy.

D. CARY, '23.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

The time-honored Toonerville trolley,
As probably you are aware,
Comes from Colrain,
And misses each train
With plenty of time to spare.

It comes and it goes whenever it wills,
In a spasmodic, haphazard way;
The schedule's not needed;
For it's never heeded,
In spite of all people say.

To ride on the Toonerville trolley
Is a very great trial to one
Unused to the way
In which, each day,
The Toonerville trolley does run.

We get to school most any old hour
From half-past eight to half-past nine,
Sometimes later even;



PRO MERITO

'Twas after eleven,
One time I call to mind.

But in spite of all its glaring faults—
And the many times I have cursed
It and its ways,
To the end of its days,
When it has been going its worst,—

I love the old Toonerville trolley,
And I shall remember it ever,
For I never shall see,
For there never will be,
Another car like it, never.

E. B., '24.

THE CHRISTMAS PLAY

On Friday, December 22, the Dramatic Club presented their Christmas play, "Saint George and the Dragon." After the second bell had rung, we eagerly hastened to the assembly hall. Upon entering we were each presented with a Christmas decoration, a red rose on a little sprig of green hemlock. (First time we ever knew roses grew on hemlock trees!) The seats were arranged in two large circles around the "gym," and at one end was a large fire-place whose glow filled the room with warmth and cheer.

We started the entertainment by singing old Christmas songs of England, and a merry sight we must have been, sitting in the huge, double circle, each wearing a red rose, and all singing those merry old Christmas songs. Then the play, which was supposed to imitate an old English Christmas play, started with a procession of all the actors. Following that, the Yule log was dragged in by Dana Webber and a group of appropriately dressed girls, carrying candles. Then Donald Webber, as old Father Christmas, gave a welcoming speech, and the play was on.

Little Costas Meliones, as Jack the Giant Killer, wearing a huge, red rose upon his breast and carrying a strong, wooden sword, challenged a fierce dragon, Harold Temple, to fight. Accordingly there ensued a fierce battle between brave little Jack and the fiery dragon. Although Jack fought admirably, he was overpowered and soon lay wounded on the floor, moaning over and over,

"Here I lie and dead will be,
Unless some help come speedily."

Then entered Saint George, otherwise Robert King, and his Morris Dancers, Amstein, Buell, Feige, LaCross, Mahoney, Shaw, Stetson, and Woods. At Saint

George's request, the dancers performed an old Morris dance to the music of two fifes and a drum. Then the kind old Saint came to Jack's aid. He fought the dragon, who had been prowling around, and soon the creature lay writhing and moaning beside Jack.

After this, the doctor, Ellsworth Barnard, came riding upon the scene, carrying a bottle of red pills and a bottle of blue pills under his arms. The blue pills killed, and the red saved. The doctor forced a blue pill into the dragon's mouth and gave a red one to Jack. This little giant soon recovered his strength and stood watching his dying enemy.

In the meanwhile, however, Saint George had challenged a brave Turk, Henry Kennedy, and the two engaged in a fierce duel. The onlookers became so excited that they forgot the wicked dragon, who found the doctor's red pills and took one. Then it ended. The Turk was overcome, Saint George was the victor of the day, and the sly old dragon saved himself. And with a cheery Christmas greeting, the actors left our merry ring.

We sang one last song and then disbanded. As we crowded down through the halls, it was amusing to hear what the different jolly groups were saying. Some were quoting little Jack's mournful words, some Saint George's noble challenge, others were singing, "I saw three ships, etc.," while others were enthusiastically discussing the different combats which had taken place. Yet two merry words stood out supreme and rang joyously through the two school buildings, for everyone was wishing everybody else a "Merry Christmas."

HELEN PIERCE, '25.

PEG O' MY HEART

Cast of Characters

Mrs. Chichester	Ruth Anderson
Ethel Chichester	Elsie Mattson
Alaric Chichester	Kenneth Benton
Montgomery Hawkes	Fay Shippee
Christian Brent	Robert Noonan
Jerry	Samuel Peck
Peg	Jane Woods
Jarvis	Donald Cary

When the comedy-drama, "Peg O' My Heart," was given December 12, 1922, in Memorial Hall, under the auspices of the Arms Academy Dramatic Club, it was immediately and enthusiastically pronounced to be the greatest event of the year, and

those who listened to the frequent outbursts of applause that came from the audience were convinced that the play was a success from start to finish. Mrs. Christine Coleman Ostberg had directed the rehearsals for the play, and to her belongs much of the credit for the successful public performance that was given before a crowded house, with the academy orchestra in charge of the music.

Jane Woods interpreted the part of the young Irish girl named Peg, who was the heroine of the story, and she enacted the role with such perfect ease that in her freedom from stage fright she seemed to ignore the audience completely and her ability to imitate successfully the methods of the professional actress won for her the enthusiastic applause of an admiring audience.

Sam Peck made a very successful hero, and all who saw him realized that he had undoubted ability to take the leading part in any love scene, either make-believe or real, whether it was on or off the stage.

Kenneth Benton was the English dude and won many a laugh from the audience, while Ruth Anderson and Elsie Mattson as the mother and sister of the dude were so realistic in their parts that no one could see any flaw in their work.

Donald Cary took the part of the servant, Jarvis, and was in great favor with the audience, especially when he suddenly appeared in a nightcap and bathrobe.

Fay Shippee made his first professional appearance as a lawyer when he successfully acted the part of Montgomery Hawkes.

After seeing Robert Noonan act the part of the villain, the audience was convinced that Robert must have had peculiar sympathy for that scheming rascal.

Several newspapers praised the efforts of our performers and the local correspondent of the *Greenfield Gazette and Courier* expressed the opinion of those of its readers who had seen the play when he stated that it was hard for the audience to realize that they were watching the work of amateurs, so closely did this work resemble that of professional players.

Thus the play brought to the entire school the satisfaction that comes with work well done; and it also brought to those who took part in it a greater knowledge of dramatic art, the object of the Dramatic Club.

RUTH BASSETT, '25.



"PEG O' MY HEART" CAST

THE SENIOR BALL

1923 has always been famous for its new ideas. This year it decided to establish the custom of having a Senior Ball—not a social—but a real ball with a good jazz orchestra and all the elaborate details to accompany it. Lennox Orchestra was engaged early, and preparations for decoration, program and refreshments were made.

May 11, the night appointed, was warm and clear. Science Hall was prettily decorated with multi-colored streamers, and big balloons floated from them, and from high up in the center of the hall.

At half-past eight dancing was in full swing. Girls in bright dresses, and their partners in Sunday best, circled around the floor to the strains of the latest dance pieces.

At half-past ten refreshments consisting of Butter-cups and cookies were sold and dancing was continued until twelve. As the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were heard, the balloons were set loose and sailed down to the many out-stretched hands vying to capture them. The streamers floated down. Merry attempts to get another couple's balloon were made, causing loud explosions as the balloons were crushed by the eager hands. The dance ended in

laughter and fun as all successful dances should, and the students of 1923 are confident that they have established a precedent which will be continued in the ensuing years.

E. L., '23.

THE LATIN CLUB

Have you ever noticed how envious the study-room students are when the Latin Club holds its meetings? There is usually a cause and a remedy for enmity, and the cause, I feel quite certain, is the jolly times we have in the Latin Club meetings. As for the remedy, the best thing I know of is to take Latin and be a member of the Latin Club of Arms Academy.

Most everybody likes to know a little about an order or club before he joins, and so, I shall endeavor to give you a little information concerning this fine society. Every club has to have its officers, and thus it is with the Latin Club,—only there are more than a score of officers to this kind of order and nearly everyone holds an office. Of course that is why the Latin students seem so happy, for they like to show their authority pretty well. Sam Peck,—you all recognize the name of this

Shelburne Historical Society



PRIZE SPEAKERS

hero,— is our leader, because he holds the office of consul. Mr. Cary is an officer of the same rank, and his job is to look at Mr. Peck out of the corner of his eye to ascertain whether Sam is going according to custom, by-laws, constitution, or something else, or whether he should show his authority, and tell Mr. Peck how to conduct affairs. Then there are the judges—eight of them. Don't get uneasy! They did not settle the examination case and they are not looking for such work, either. The idea is to represent an old Roman court, and, really, you might think you were in a Roman court to see us in session. Eleanor Gilchrest is our scribe and she writes down all precious words uttered. There are many other officers too, who are quite necessary to conduct the meetings properly.

We have not accomplished a great deal yet, but we have a rosy future ahead when we shall make such things as "Cæsar," "Cicero," "Virgil," and "Ovid" mere play-things. I am not going to say much about what we have not done nor what we desire to do, but I sincerely hope that you will gain interest enough through what we have done to want to take Latin and become a member of this Latin Club.

The meeting opens with the roll call. We

all have Latin names. It is hard work not to smile at some of those endearing names when they are called, but, you are not a real Roman if you laugh. When each name is read from a scroll, the person rises and says "hic," which is Latin for "here," and then walks to the desk where he receives his insignia denoting his rank. He returns to his seat and remains quiet until the program for entertainment begins.

Don't frown! It may sound somewhat like going to church before breakfast, and then being deprived of it upon your return, because the maid fed it to the dog. It is not a bit like that, though. We have very interesting entertainments, Latin songs, poems, information on certain advertisements bearing Latin names, and games. Oh! we have jolly times! Don't you think you would like to take Latin next year? It is not difficult if you study, and you will have lots of fun in the Club, I know.

I have heard it said that the old Romans were pretty long-winded, and you probably have made up your mind that I am a descendent of that tribe. I will say good-bye as long as you have been so patient, and I hope there will be many new and enthusiastic members for the Latin Club in 1924.

SILVIA.

PRIZE SPEAKING

The second annual Prize Speaking Contest was held May 7, 1923, with as great success as the previous one. Under the direction of Mrs. Christine Ostberg, the contestants, all carefully chosen by their respective classes, made an admirable showing.

The Arms Orchestra started the entertainment with a musical selection, and the contest followed.

The first speaker was Alma Wells, '23, who gave for her selection "The Price" by Andrews. She excelled in the role of a famous Scottish singer who lost his voice at a critical moment.

The second speaker on the program was Dana Webber, '25. He read a cutting from "Penrod and Sam" by Tarkington. Webber's part as Sam, when he was sadly made to tell how the club had initiated the "set apart," Georgie Bassett, was humorously acted.

"A Knight Without Reproach" by Butler was next given by Gertrude Larsen of 1926. Her different impersonations of school teacher and pupils made the audience feel as though they were in that very school-room.

Ellsworth Barnard, '24, next gave "Mammon and the Archer" by O. Henry. This humorous piece proved that with money one can accomplish almost anything. Barnard's part as the rich old father was well rendered.

"Cinders," a one act play by Lily, was read by Martha Coburn, '25. This little English girl, although she knew she could never be a "loidy," had under her cinder-covered apron, the heart of an aristocrat. Miss Coburn's interpretation of Cinders won the sympathy of the whole audience.

Kenneth Benton, '23, next gave "On the Field of Honor" by Williams. He took the part of an old darky who was too old to fight in the World War, but who, by man sacrifices and hardships, supported a young man's mother, while the young man fought in the old darky's place. Benton's darky dialogue and his singing was almost perfection.

Margaret Bahr, '24, gave for her selection, "Joint Owners in Spain" by Brown. Her impersonations of the inmates of Old Ladies' Home and of the kind, sympathetic matron held the audience spellbound.

The last reading by Fayette Mitchell, '26, was a cutting from "Penrod" by Tarkington.

So well did Mitchell look and act the part that the audience saw before them not Mitchell, but Penrod himself.

It was a close contest, but the judges finally awarded the prize for the girls to Martha Coburn of 1925, and the prize for the boys to Kenneth Benton of the class of 1923. The two prizes of five dollars each were donated by the Parent-Teacher Association. Honorable mention was given to Margaret Bahr, '24, and to Fayette Mitchell, '26. Every contestant worked hard to do his best and each class was proud of its representatives.

H. P., '25.

A DAY IN THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Commercial Department of a high school is a very busy and interesting place, as I found upon visiting Arms Academy. The first class I entered was Typewriting II. There the pupils even have music to work by. The teacher in charge gave the order, "Rhythm drill on the home row, double count" (whatever that means). This they did to the tune of "Leave Me With a Smile." Next came "The alphabet, twice on a line, double count," followed by various exercises of such nature. I was informed that the students would give a demonstration on inserting a second sheet of paper. They rolled the piece that was in their machine nearly down to the bottom, and then began writing, keeping together until they reached the end of the line. Then with a quick turn of their wrist, they rolled the paper out, letting it fall on the floor, snatched up another, placed it in the machine, turned the platen, and started writing, all this in three counts. I have said "they," and I mean by that, all the ones who were quick enough to perform this feat. Some of them fumbled and finally stopped, waiting for the rest to finish. The remainder of the period was spent in doing their regular work, and this passed uneventfully.

The next class was Bookkeeping. I learned that the pupils were all engaged in make-believe business. The teacher served as cashier of a bank and as the head of business firms. It was very amusing to watch the pupils bring their personal checks to her desk and hear her work so hard to get them to tell her what the check was for, or what was to be done with a draft which was supposed to be drawn on some other firm, or left there for collection.

Then I was invited to visit Mr. Vose's office while he gave the seniors office practice. I arrived there before the senior and sat quietly awaiting his appearance. Presently the door opened and a very embarrassed senior crept in, took his seat, opened his note book and sat with poised pencil waiting for the dictation to start. After he had taken down the letter, I followed him to the other building and watched him while he began to type it. I saw the expression on his face as he made an error and the despairing movement of his hands as he snatched the fatal paper from the machine and started anew. After this was completed, I watched him quickly take copy after copy from the hectograph. Of course he had to do something besides pick a paper from the hectograph, but that was what it seemed to me.

Now the bell rang and I was obliged to pass on to another class. This was Stenography. A pupil was asked to step to the blackboard. I judged from the deep sigh I heard that this was not a very great favor which the teacher was bestowing on the unfortunate girl. The teacher dictated a long list of words and the girl wrote on the board many queer-looking signs, none of which (strange to say) I could understand. The girl was asked to read her work and she actually read words from those things. I certainly could not see how just curved lines, straight lines, and circles, could spell words. All of them looked the same to me, and I wondered how the girl could tell whether it was one word or another. It was very amusing to watch the pencils glide swiftly over the paper and see the queer marks they made, and it was with regret that I heard the bell ring at the close of school, and I was obliged to leave this busy miniature business world.

B. WILDER, '24.

OFFICIAL TESTS IN TYPEWRITING

REMINGTON MACHINE

10 Minute Tests

1st. Award—Primary Certificate. 120 Hours Typewriting. 25 Net.

CLASS OF 1924

Mary Ellen Cromack Lilda Leonard
Hilda Thompson

CLASS OF 1925

Ruth Booker

2d. Award—Card Case. 45 Net.

CLASS OF 1923

Esther Cromack Helen Dwight
Cherrilyn Sommer

CLASS OF 1924

Myrtle Arnold	Elsie Mattson
Margaret Bahr	Doris Rowland
Mary Ellen Cromack	Hilda Thompson
Evelyn Hillman	Kathleen Wheeler
Lilda Leonard	Blanche Wilder

3d. Award—Gold Medal. 55 Net.

CLASS OF 1924

Elsie Mattson

OFFICIAL TESTS IN TYPEWRITING

UNDERWOOD MACHINE

15 Minute Tests

1st. Award—Initial Certificate. 30 Net.

CLASS OF 1923

Averill Amidon	Helen Dwight
Esther Cromack	Edith Shields
Cherrilyn Sommer	

CLASS OF 1924

Ruth Anderson	Lilda Leonard
Frank Apte	Elsie Mattson
Myrtle Arnold	Howard Mills
Margaret Bahr	Doris Rowland
Margaret Bardwell	Hilda Thompson
Mary Ellen Cromack	Frederick Wells
Evelyn Hillman	Kathleen Wheeler
Blanche Wilder	

CLASS OF 1925

Lillie Bergman	Martha Coburn
Ruth Booker	George Hodgen
Marjorie Bullard	Arthur Fay Shippee
Pearl Burnap	Irene Stafford
Ruby Burnap	Jane Woods
Dorothy Cardwell	Theodore Page

2d. Award—Bronze Medal. 40 Net.

CLASS OF 1923

Helen Dwight	Cherrilyn Sommer
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CLASS OF 1924

Margaret Bahr	Doris Rowland
Mary Ellen Cromack	Hilda Thompson
Evelyn Hillman	Frederick Wells
Lilda Leonard	Blanche Wilder
Elsie Mattson	Myrtle Arnold
Howard Mills	Margaret Bardwell

Ruth Anderson

CLASS OF 1925

Ruth Booker	Theodore Page
Jane Woods	

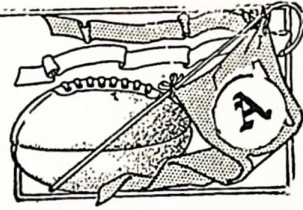
3d. Award—Bar for Bronze Medal. 50 Net.

CLASS OF 1923

Helen Dwight

CLASS OF 1924

Elsie Mattson	Doris Rowland
Mary Ellen Cromack	Hilda Thompson
Lilda Leonard	



Athletics

THE GREENFIELD TRACK MEET

The opening of school the last week in August found everyone looking forward to the Greenfield Fair. Cheer leaders were chosen and set to work, and practice for the events began at once. Although Arms lost the banner and the meet, she did win the cheering cup, and made a creditable showing in many events as the record will prove.

Greenfield had practically a veteran team which contained many fast runners. They carried away the banner with 85 points; Arms second with 37½ points, and last, Turners Falls, with 14½ points.

The Summary of Events

100-Yd. Dash, Freshman—Won by Schneider (T. F.); Szwel (T. F.) second; Danes (G.), third; Desmond (G.), fourth; Time, 11 1-5 seconds.





Managers, 1922-1923

100-Yd. Dash, Sophomore—Won by Zschan (G.); Stetson (A.), second; Amstein (A.), third; Woodlock (G.), fourth. Time, 11 seconds.

100-Yd. Dash, Open—Won by Hall (G.); Hawks (G.), second; Schneider (T. F.), third; Morrissy (A.), fourth. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

220-Yd. Dash, Open—Won by Hall (G.); Hawks (G.), second; O'Neil (G.), third; Stetson (A.), fourth. Time, 24 seconds.

Half-Mile Run—Won by Blackcill (G.); Long (G.), second; Amidon (A.), third; Conway (G.), fourth. Time, 2:07 4-5.

Potato Race—Won by Morrissey (A.); Jangro (G.), second; Kelleher (T. F.), third. Time, 34 seconds.

Half-Mile Relay—Won by Greenfield High.

Broad Jump—Morrissey (A.), and Blackall (G.) tied for first; Tyler (A.) third; O'Neil (G.), fourth. Distance 17 ft. 1 in.

Tug-of-War—Won by Greenfield High.

High Jump—Won by Burke (G.); Tyler (A.), second; Welsh (G.), third; Palmer (T. F.), and Noonan (A.), tied for fourth place. Distance, 5 ft.

Shotput—Won by Pfersick (G.); Merz (G.), second; Webber (A.), third; Brown, fourth. Distance, 31 ft. 1 in.

Baseball Throw—Won by Pfersick (F.) Webber (A.), second; Welsh (G.), third; Merze (G.), fourth. Distance, 287 ft. 2 in.
Football Punt—Won by Merz (G.); Corliss (G.), second; Brown (A.), third; Amidon (A.), fourth. Distance, 126 ft. 6 in.

BASKETBALL

The Arms basketball team started practice early in November. Prospects for an unusually fine team were not very good as Morrissey was the only regular player left the other members of the championship Arms team of 1922 having all been graduated.

However, the boys started off in good fashion and everything seemed to point to a fairly good season until the grippe epidemic swept over the team and every member was forced out of the game for three weeks. As a result the team never regained its previous form and condition.

The season closed with a glorious victory over St. Joseph's in an overtime game. This game showed what might have been expected from the team had they not been weakened by the grippe in mid-season.

Prospects for a winning club for next year seem bright as Feige is the only man lost to the team by graduation.

Below is a summary of the season's games. Most of the games were hard fought and fairly close with only two overwhelming defeats.

ARMS 56, ASHFIELD 10

The Arms team opened the season with a decisive victory over Sanderson Academy at Ashfield. The playing was very rough because of the inability of the referee to handle the game. The whole Arms team starred. Between the halves the Arms second team won from the Sanderson second team 8-2. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Sanderson</i>
Morrissey, lf	rg, Willis
Shaw, rf	lg, Howes
Tyler, c	c, Philips
Brown, lg	rf, Sykes
Leonard, rg	lf, Ranney
Stetson, rg	

Goals from floor: Morrissey, 12, Shaw, 8, Tyler, 5, Brown, 3, Philips, 2, Ranney, 2. Goals from fouls: Philips, 2.

Referee: Alec Doneilo. Time: two twenties.

ARMS 16, GREENFIELD 22

On Dec. 15, in Science Hall, Greenfield High defeated Arms in a well played game. Arms was leading at the end of the first half 11-5, but the boys could not stand the strain of such a close game and the veteran team from Greenfield overcame the lead and won out in the last few minutes of play. Pfersick's long shots were the feature of the game. Morrissey and Tyler played well for Arms. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Greenfield H. S.</i>
Morrissey, lf	lg, Merz
Shaw, lf	rg, Thompson
Tyler, c	c, Pfersick
Feige, lg	lf, Vickery
Leonard, rg	rf, Partenheimer
Brown, rg	rg, Corless



Goals from floor: Morrissey, 4; Pfersick, 3; Vickery, 3; Shaw, Tyler, Partenheimer. Goals from fouls: Pfersick, 8; Tyler, 3; Brown.

Referee, Earl Simpson.

ARMS 25, ALUMNI 36

The alumni team composed of former stars at Arms, among whom were Cardwell from Dean Academy and Temple from M. A. C., defeated our team in a close and exciting game. Morrissey and Tyler played well for Arms, while Cardwell and Temple starred for the Alumni team. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Alumni</i>
Morrissey, lf	rg, Thompson
Shaw, rf	lg, Anderson
Tyler, c	c, Cardwell
Feige, lg	rf, Upton
Leonard, rg	lf, Temple
Wells, c	rg, Oates
Brown, rg	lg, Saar

Goals from floor: Temple, 5; Cardwell, 4; Morrissey, 3; Shaw, Tyler, Leonard, Oates, Anderson, Upton. Goals from fouls: Cardwell, 12; Tyler, 11; Morrissey, Wells. Referee, Earl Simpson.

ARMS 33, TURNERS FALLS H. S. 11

On Jan. 5, Arms defeated Turners Falls on their own floor. The Turners team did

not score from the floor till late in the game when Arms' substitutes were injected into the game. The whole Arms team deserve credit for the victory as they played as a unit. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Turners Falls</i>
Morrissey, lf	rg, Charron
Shaw, rf	lg, O'Keete
Tyler, c	c, Lapean
Leonard, lg	rf, Parks
Feige, rg	lf, Campbell
Tyler, rf	rg, Parks
Wells, c	lg, Brown
Brown, lg	rf, Shea

Goals from floor: Morrissey, 6; Shaw, 4; Tyler, 3; Leonard, Feige, Lapean, Parks, Shea. Goals from fouls: Lapean, 5; Tyler, 3.

Referee, Casey. Time: Two twenties.

ARMS 16, ST. JOSEPH 28

On Jan. 10, Arms met defeat at North Adams in a fast and exciting game. St. Joseph had a veteran team which was accustomed to the large playing surface afforded by the Drury gymnasium. Tyler played a great game for Arms. His dribbling was the feature of the game. Hawthorne starred for St. Joseph's. The lineup:

Shelburne Historical Society

Arms
 Morrissey, lf
 Shaw, rf
 Tyler, c
 Leonard, rg
 Feige, lg

St. Joseph's High
 rg, Smith
 lg, Russek
 c, Shields
 lf, Hawthorne
 rf, Bowes
 rg, Goodernote
 lg, Defonoo
 c, Benoit

Goals from floor: Hawthorne, 5; Shields, 3; Tyler, 3; Shaw, Smith, Russek, Bowes.
 Goals from fouls: Tyler, 8; Hawthorne, 4; Bowes, Benoit.
 Referee, Daly. Time, two twenties.

ARMS 36, WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH 15

On Jan. 12, the Arms team decisively defeated the Williamstown High team in Science Hall. The visitors were completely outclassed by a better team. Morrissey and Tyler were the big scorers of the game. The lineup:

Arms
 Morrissey, lf
 Shaw, rf
 Tyler, c
 Feige, lg
 Leonard, rg

Williamstown High
 rg, Miller
 lg, Danaher
 c, Moon
 rf, Lindley
 lf, Welch
 rg, Welch
 lg, Cole

Goals from floor: Morrissey, 7; Welch, 5; Tyler, 3; Feige, 2; Shaw, Lindley. Goals from fouls: Tyler, 10; Lindley, 3.

Referee, Earl Simpson. Time, two twenties.

ARMS 46, ORANGE HIGH 9

On Jan. 19, Arms gave Orange High a severe trimming in Science Hall. The visitors seemed unable to penetrate the five-man defense offered by Arms, or to stop the offense when it got underway. The lineup:

Arms
 Morrissey, lf
 Shaw, rf
 Tyler, c
 Leonard, rg
 Feige, lg

Orange High
 rg, Gallagher
 lg, Fleming
 c, Howe
 lf, Witty
 rf, McLain
 lg, Smith
 c, Hilton
 lf, Fuller

Referee, Earl Simpson. Time, two twenties.

ARMS 17, DEERFIELD 32

On Jan. 23, Deerfield came to Arms and conquered our boys in a hard fought game.

The score at the end of the first half was 12-11 in Deerfield's favor, but in the second half their weight told and they quickly forged ahead. Atkins, the Deerfield center, played a wonderful game. He scored baskets from all angles and positions. Tyler scored for Arms. The lineup:

Arms
 Morrissey, lf
 Shaw, rf
 Tyler, c
 Feige, lg
 Leonard, rg
 Mills, rf
 Shaw, lg

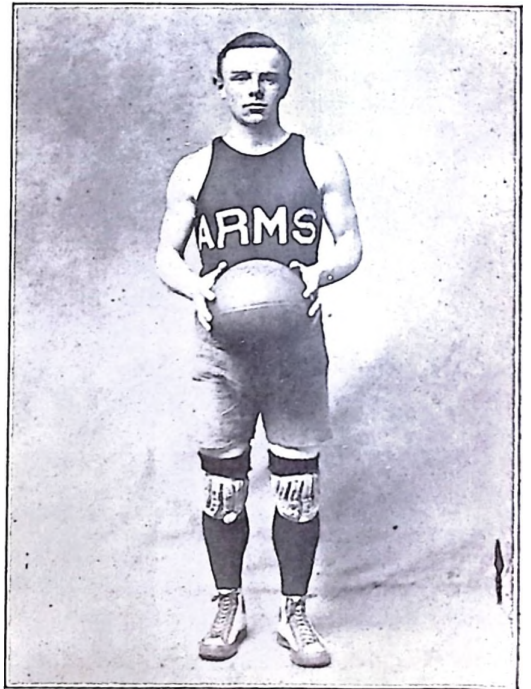
Deerfield
 rg, Cook
 lg, Butterfield
 c, Atkinson
 rf, Hayes
 lf, Gould
 rf, Zrodznicks
 lf, Clark

Goals from floor: Atkinson, 7; Tyler, 5; Zrodznicks, 3; Gould, 3; Shaw, 2; Butterfield, 2; Morrissey. Goals from fouls: Atkinson, 2; Tyler.

Referee, Earl Simpson. Time, two twenties.

ARMS 11, ORANGE HIGH 19

On Jan. 26, Orange reversed the table on Arms at Orange. The Arms team were without the services of Tyler and his absence was keenly felt by the members of our team. The game was played in a "cheese box" in the Congregational Church at Orange. It was impossible to play any kind of a game of basketball in such a place



cause of the smallness of the playing surface. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Orange High</i>
Morrissey, lf	rg, Gallagher
Shaw, rf	lg, Smith
Feige, c	c, Fuller
Leonard, rg	lf, McLain
Stetson, lg	rf, Fleming
Mills, lg	

Goals from floor: McLain 4, Fuller 3, Shaw 2, Feige 2, Morrissey, Fleming. Goals from fouls: Fuller 2, Fleming, Morrissey.

ARMS 21, HOPKINS 29

On Feb. 16, Hopkins defeated Arms here in a fast and clean game. The Arms' team was not in proper physical condition, as shown by the game. Our team was leading, 15-10, at the end of the half. However, in the second half Hopkins came back and played a great game, scoring 19 points to Arms' 6. Manczyk broke up many plays and showed flashes of terrific speed. Tyler played a fine floor game for Arms. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Hopkins</i>
Morrissey, lf	rg, Kowal
Shaw, rf	lg, McQueston
Tyler, c	c, Flaherty
Feige, lg	rf, Manczyk
Leonard, rg	lf, Kazara

Goals from floor: Kazara, 7; Tyler, 6; Flaherty, 3; Shaw, 2; Kowal, 2; Maneczyk, 2; Morrissey, Leonard. Goals from fouls: Shaw, Kowal.

Referee, Earl Simpson. Time, four 10-minute periods.

ARMS 20, GREENFIELD 40

On Jan. 30, Arms met defeat at Greenfield in a game much more interesting than the score would indicate. Greenfield led at the end of the half by the low score of 17-15. In the second half, as in all games since our boys had the grippe, our rivals drew away in the lead and put the game on ice. Morrissey played a wonderful game for Arms, shooting eight fouls out of ten chances. Pfersick played well for Greenfield. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Greenfield</i>
Morrissey, lf	rg, Thompson
Shaw, rf	lg, Merz
Tyler, c	c, Pfersick
Feige, lg	rf, Partenheimer
Leonard, rg	lf, Vickery

Goals from floor: Pfersick, 7; Vickery, 5; Morrissey, 3; Partenhiemer, 3; Tyler, 2;

Shaw, Merz. Goals from fouls: Morrissey, 8; Pfersick, 7; Vickery, 1.

Referee, Sauter. Time, four 10-minute periods.

ARMS 20, HOPKINS 30

On Feb. 21, Hopkins defeated Arms in a close game played at South Hadley. Hopkins put the game safely away in the first half leading 19-9. In the second half the Arms team found themselves and played an even game, each side scoring eleven points. Kazera was the star of the game. Leonard played a good defensive game for Arms. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Hopkins</i>
Morrissey, lf	rg, Knowal
Shaw, rf	lg, McQueston
Tyler, c	c, Flaherty
Feige, lg	rf, Manczyk
Leonard, rg	lf, Kazara
	lg, Jekowski
	c, Rojko
	rf, Tudyn
	lf, Chumura

Referee, Romeo. Time, four 10-minute periods.

ARMS 15, DEERFIELD 57

On March 2, Arms met an overwhelming defeat by Deerfield at Deerfield. The Deerfield boys outweighed our team about thirty pounds to the man and our team looked like midgets when on the floor with them. The Deerfield team played the game for all it was worth and passed high and fast. They were unnecessarily rough at times, but they played a clean, hard game. The lineup:

<i>Arms</i>	<i>Deerfield</i>
Morrissey, lf	rg, Cook
Shaw, rf	lg, Butterfield
Tyler, c	c, Atkinson
Feige, lg	lf, Pason
Leonard, rg	rf, Gould
Mills, rf	lg, Clark
Webber, rg	rf, Zrodnicks

Goals from floor: Atkinson, 8; Gould, 8; Zrodnicks, 5; Shaw, 2; Tyler, 2; Morrissey, Butterfield, Pason. Goals from fouls: Atkinson, 10; Morrissey, 6; Pason, 1.

Referee, Sauter. Time, four 10-minute periods.

ARMS 25, ST. JOSEPH 23

On Thursday night, March 8, Arms closed her basket-ball season in a blaze of glory by defeating the fast and much larger

St. Joseph's High School team of North Adams. Our boys showed the "never-say-die" spirit by coming back in the second half and winning in an overtime battle after being on the small end of a 12-9 score at the end of the first half of the game. Morrissey showed an iron nerve in shooting fouls. He caged nine out of thirteen tries and it was his last two successful free tries that won for Arms. If the boys start in at the beginning of next season as they left off this season, Arms Academy can be assured of a fast team in basketball. The lineup:

Arms

Morrissey, lf
Shaw, rf
Tyler, c
Feige, lg
Leonard, rg

St. Joseph

rg, Hawthorne
lg, Russek
c, Shields
rf, Bowes
lf, Goodernote
rg, Defonso
lg, Smith
lf, Hawthorne

Goals from floor: Hawthorne, 6; Morrissey, 3; Shaw, 3; Tyler, 2; Smith, 2; Shields. Goals from fouls: Morrissey, 9; Hawthorne, 5.



1923 BASEBALL SEASON

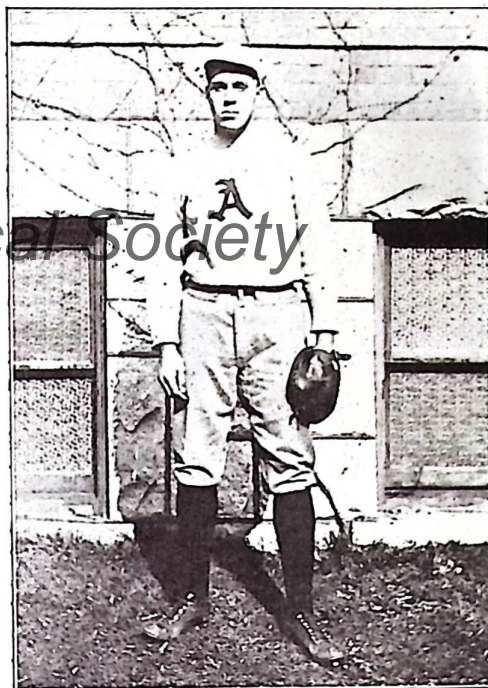
Arms lost, by the graduation of the class of 1922, five of her crack players, and as a result, has had to train nearly a whole new team this spring. Coach Mulvaney, however, has a very promising team started, and as it will lose only two members by

graduation this year, Arms ought to have an exceptionally fine team next spring. Shaw, Morrissey, Tyler, Stetson, Kinsman, Feige, Mills, Taylor, and Donald and Dana Webber make up the Arms team. Donald Morrissey catches and Donald Webber

pitches. The first two games of the season, with Turners and Athol respectively, were both defeats for Arms, although the Athol game was very close, the score being 7-6. Webber showed his excellent qualities as a pitcher in the Athol game by getting fifteen strike-outs. Accordingly, in spite of these defeats, we feel sure that with a little more experience our team will certainly win its share of the games this season.

Managers Cary and Temple have arranged the following schedule:

Saturday, May 5—At Turners.
 Wednesday, May 9—Athol, here.
 Monday, May 14—Deerfield, here.
 Wednesday, May 16—At Orange.
 Saturday, May 19—Turners, here.
 Wednesday, May 23—At Athol.
 Saturday, May 26—Orange, here.
 Tuesday, May 29, At Deerfield.
 Friday, June 1—Turners, here.
 Wednesday, June 6—Greenfield, here.
 Saturday, June 9—At Turners.
 Monday, June 11—At Greenfield.



College Letters

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., Feb. 21, 1923.

DEAR ARMS STUDENT:

At your request I will write to you concerning college life as I have seen it for one and one-half years. I place you at liberty to agree or disagree with any personal opinions that I may advance. Please do not take them as gospel.

Upon entering college, the Freshman finds himself in a totally different atmosphere from that in the high school. He is compassed about by many difficulties and dangers. It is a hard strain that he must bear during the first few weeks of his first college year; yet this is the crucial time in his career. He has broken home ties; he is, for the first time in his life, free to come and go as he pleases—master of his own purse, released from the supervision of either parent or teacher. He lives in a dormitory with fellows of his kind; he eats with a large group of classmates and upper-classmen. There is no fixed room in which he must study, as in the high school; there

is no definite time given him to do his work. He is free to do the work whenever he pleases and wherever he chooses.

Yet, in spite of all this freedom, there needs must be certain rules and restrictions. Attendance is required of him on nineteen-twentieths of his classes. He is allowed to be absent from chapel services only a specified number of times. He must be present at all semi-annual and final examinations. All these examinations are conducted under an honor system, by which the presence of instructors in the examination room is not necessary, and each fellow is placed on his own honor. At the close of the examination he must make a signed statement,—“I have neither given nor received aid in this examination.”

With these rules the Freshman usually is able to comply. But, the greatest obstacle with which he must struggle, I think, is the secret of study. Few high school students have learned how to study. They know how to learn a number of facts, but they

do not realize what lies at the heart of the lesson set for them to prepare. And, college assignments are harder to prepare and good grades are much more difficult to attain than in the high school.

However, I must not dwell on matters of presumably little interest to you, but "I must hasten on" (to quote a noted Williams professor) to the real essence of college life. After all, college life is only an opportunity. "It," says ex-President Woodrow Wilson, "is for the training of the men who are to rise above the ranks." This training consists of the all important curriculum work and the more inspiring extra-curriculum tasks.

First of all, permit me to say a word about the curriculum work. "The popular gentleman's grade of C" should not be the student's goal. Studies should be put first, for, without having passed them satisfactorily, the student cannot obtain his degree. And, with good grades, he will have a better time in college; he will have a better standing with his fellow-students; his future career in life depends upon what he does right now. At Williams, the courses are divided into three Divisions,—namely (1) Foreign Languages; (2) English, History, Government, Economics, Philosophy; (3) Sciences. The Freshman year, the student must continue Latin or Greek, choose one subject from each Division, and have one more elective. The Sophomore year, he must still have five courses, one from each Division, and two others to be chosen without restriction in Divisions. At the beginning of the Junior year, he must start his Major that he has selected, and must place his emphasis upon this during the remainder of his career. So, you can see that Williams endeavors to give a broad and liberal education.

But, college life involves much more than curriculum work. "Pleasure perfects labor." So, now I shall turn to those activities outside the curriculum, which are not necessary, but which are considered in terms of pleasure. I think it should be each man's goal to indulge in some of these activities.

The first of all the activities to which we shall look is athletics. At Williams, there is football, basketball, baseball, soccer, track, hockey, tennis, cross country running, and each of the teams has its manager, captain and assistant managers. There can be no perfectly healthful life apart from a

strong, well-developed body, and the body can find exercise in one of the sports. If one is not fortunate enough to make the 'varsity teams, there are always plenty of inter-class and intramural games,—that is, games between the different fraternities and the non-fraternity group. These sports are, besides being helpful to the body, an education. They teach true sportsmanship. They teach one to take defeat in a manly way, and one seldom finds a college athlete who whines about the well-fought loss of victory.

If the student is not inclined to athletics, there are numerous other organizations which attract him. At Williams, we have the Glee Club; the Dramatic Club; the Classical Society; the Cercle Francais; the Deutscher Verein; Phi Beta Kappa Society; debating teams; and three papers—the "Record" for college news, the "Purple Cow" for college humor, the "Graphic" for literature. Phi Beta Kappa is an honorary society to which the highest one-fourteenth of each class is elected to membership at the end of the Junior year. It corresponds to your "Pro Merito Society." The Glee and Dramatic Clubs make trips during vacations and over week-ends,—trips noted for their abundance of fun. This year the Dramatic Club visited cities in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey, giving its plays to eleven different audiences.

Finally, an all-important factor of college life concerns the friends that one makes. In high school, friends are made, and often remain friends through life, but the tendency is for them to drift away from one another as the years roll by. But college friends are staunch and enduring. They never forget the long evenings, yes, nights, spent simply in "talking," the afternoon strolls across the country, and the many jokes played on each other.

I hope the readers of the *Arms Student* may find interest in these brief lines with their side-lights concerning college life. My thanks are due to Arms, for through the help she gave me I have endured the difficulties of the first few months of college and have attained these days of pleasure.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES L. MARCH, '21.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE,
Winooski Park, Vermont.

DEAR 1923 EDITOR:

Your plans for a "collegiate" department in the *Student* are very interesting and, I believe, excellent. I fear, however, that this contribution of mine can add but very little to the department's value.

No doubt many of the alumni will tell you of their experiences at large colleges or universities. I have chosen to pursue my A. B. in a college which is a youngster in the big educational family. It is St. Michael's College, located at Winooski Park, Vt. Winooski is about twice as large as Shelburne Falls and is three miles from the city of Burlington on Lake Champlain. St. Michael's, or as it is commonly called, St. Mike's, was founded in 1903 by a band of French refugee fathers who fled rather than curtail their ideals. Thus, its history is comparatively short. Under the zealous direction of the Fathers of St. Edmund of Canterbury whose mother-house is in England, the new institution has thrived. A new building, which will be added this year, will do much to speed the college's growth. In addition to the college department there is also a preparatory or high school course.

Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains form our surroundings and as you may well imagine, these surroundings are very pleasant.

In such a small college, acquaintances are quickly formed and this does much to add to the interest of the school life. Many of the students are from Massachusetts. The Bay Staters know of Arms, and this is due, in part, to the fine athletic showing Arms has made against the large high schools of the vicinity.

The chief journalistic production at St. Michael's is the *Purple and Gold*, a literary quarterly. This magazine would do credit to any large university. I think that the *Student* contributor would do well to pay more attention to such literary contributions as essays, light or serious, and humorous short stories. These are apt to be most desirous in a college magazine. I have found this to be the case in the *Purple and Gold*. Poetry also "goes big" if you will pardon the expression. Still, poetry always had me floored at Arms, and I think this applies to most of our English class of '22. Of course the Misses Gould and Johnson are exceptions to this statement.

Athletics naturally furnish a college of the size of the St. Michael's with a big problem, but the fine spirit evidenced by the student body here has always enabled teams to be supported in football, hockey, basketball and baseball. St. Michael's, with an enrollment of less than 200, meets such schools as U. of Vt., U. of Maine, Harvard, Middlebury, Norwich, Boston College, Villa Nova, Clarkson and Rhode Island State. This is, of course, a big undertaking. The "prep" department also has its athletic teams.

You say that this article may be humorous. I must beg to be excused, as I have just returned from the Easter vacation and I tried to spring all my jokes on the folks back home. Then, of course to-night, the first back at the old grind, there is a sigh when thinking of the bright lights of Bridge Street.

It hardly seems possible that we have been alumni for nearly a year. Year in and year out, the students and alumni carry out their duties. One thing, however, I think, is lacking. That is a bond among the alumni, and between the alumni and student body. An Arms alumni association would furnish this bond. There is, or should be, no reason for Arms graduates to neglect or fail to recall the friendships formed at Arms. Why not keep the old time spirit alive with real vigor? Let us have more than a passive interest in our Alma Mater.

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD JOYCE, '22.

BOSTON, MASS., ———, 1923.

DEAR STUDENTS:—

If any of you are planning to enter Boston University this fall, accept my advice, take along a suit case or other vehicle of transportation, to carry the load of cards and papers which you will be required to cart around on Registration Day. But I suppose the load we had to convey was merely to strengthen our muscles, so that we could carry heavy schedules without dropping them.

Like all good things, Registration finally passed, and also the green ribbons and baby dolls of freshman initiation. The next thing that took my attention was fraternities. At first these didn't interest me much, but one day I overheard two seniors in subdued voices telling about somebody or something eta pie, and eta nu lambda or something. It was all very vague, but certainly

sounded appetizing. I at once began to watch out for rushing notes, hoping to get a taste of some of the delicious eatables. Imagine my hungry dismay when I learned that the girls were only discussing the names of various Greek letter societies! In speaking of fraternities I might say that a large part of Boston University's social life takes place in these organizations. They are not apart from the school, but are a part of the school. The individual students are not only loyal to their own organization, but also to that greater brotherhood, Boston University. The importance of fraternities is due largely to the fact that here at B. U. we have, as yet, but few dormitories. Some misinformed person may say that we have no campus. This is wrong. Indeed, we have an excellent campus. All Boston is at our doorway. The College of Liberal Arts (which I have been attending) is nearly opposite the New Old South Church. Beside it is the Boston Public Library, world-famed for its splendid architecture. Another department of the University is close to the State House. In short, all of the colleges are situated in the heart of Boston, and enjoy the advantages which such a location offers. Students here get not only a college education, but a valuable experience in everyday city life.

Before I close let me say a word about college "profs." They may be told by their

Phi Beta Kappa keys. In their first year of teaching they have a habit of transporting their hands in their vest pockets, thus displaying their perfectly polished keys. After a few years this habit disappears. Then they look at their watches frequently, thus giving an impression of modesty, and at the same time showing their brilliant labels. Later on they seem to forget this and seek some other plaything. Dean Warren adopted his spectacles, using them alternately as a pointer and an aid to vision. In which capacity they were of more importance I could not ascertain. The zoology instructor always had a neat little white towel on his desk. On this he wiped his hands every time he forgot a word in his lecture. "Math" teachers are more fortunate. They may coddle compasses, protractors and rulers without the least suspicion being turned their way. Others have to resort to chalk and pencils. If you don't believe I'm right, just watch 'em.

I hope some of you will consider enrolling in B. U. Taking everything into consideration, it is an excellent school.

Let me extend my best wishes for your success wherever you may go.

Very sincerely yours,

MILDRED KINGSBURY.

Our Alumni

1890

Thirty-three years have passed since that June day which was a momentous occasion to the eight boys and girls who composed the class of 1890.

The passing years have given both poise and avoirdupois to some of the members of the class, and a visit to the mirror will constantly remind each one that gray hairs are honorable.

A wonderful school spirit prevailed in class 1890, but in spite of the harmony existing in this class, we would all be willing at any time to take up "Arms" in the defense of our Alma Mater.

Should you wish to correspond with any of our living members, Uncle Sam will forward all mail to the following: Hattie Raycroft, Florida, Massachusetts;

Bertha Andrews: Mrs. Bertha Koenig, Shelburne, Falls, Massachusetts. Anna Morse: Mrs. Arthur Page, Shelburne Falls, Mass. Annie Ritchie: Mrs. Henry Megathliu, Walpole, N. H. George E. Stratton.

Deceased Members

Charles Z. Smith Arthur G. Merrill
Maude Purrington Johnson

Loyally yours,

A. M. P., '90.

1891

Of the fifteen members of the class of 1891 the following list is as nearly complete as the writer has been able to make it.

Of the three boys in our class but one is living--Howard A. Halligan of Jersey City, N. J. Mr. Halligan is connected with the Western Electric Company, and he has a wife and four children. Charles Harry Smith died in Chicago, and Kimball S. Field met his death in a drowning accident.

Viola E. Crittenden, whose home is still in Shelburne Falls, has been a teacher in Beverly for many years.

Winifred Church Broadhurst lives on the old home farm in Ashfield and has a son and a daughter; while our other member, Hattie Lois Yeomans, taught school for a number of years and later married Edward Guilford.

Anna L. Burke is in a department store in Hartford, Connecticut.

J. Rosalis Sperry's address is Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Nettie A. Woodward married William Bailey of Malden, and her family consists of a son and two daughters; and Attella C. Woodward married Henry B. Wells of Buckland, four of her seven children are graduates of Arms, one is a senior and one a freshman.

Janie Mather worked as a nurse for a number of years and later married Mr. Purrington. Her home is in Providence, Rhode Island. The other Mather sister, Alice, became the wife of Byron Call of Colrain and she is the mother of nine children, several of whom are graduates of Arms Academy.

Lorena Willis Peebles married a Mr. Holdsworth and her home is in Claremont, New Hampshire.

Katie Smith married Mr. Bebee who died some years ago, since which time Mrs. Bebee has been interested in Christian Science work in the city of Boston.

Mabel Hastings Ware, class valedictorian, married Frederick Bailey of Dawnsville, New York and has lived in that place many years, some of the time teaching in the high school.

This finishes the list of '91 graduates, and the writer regrets that she is unable to give a more detailed account of her classmates.

1892

The graduates of the class of 1892 numbered thirteen.

Preston C. Comstock is in Elgin, Illinois, editor there of the Elgin Daily Courier, a newspaper having the largest

circulation in the city. He is also very active in Masonic work, holding the highest office available in that order in the city.

Charles F. Canedy is a well known physician and surgeon located in Greenfield, Massachusetts. He served abroad in the World War.

George F. Merrill is also living in Greenfield and is superintendant of the Water Department.

Harry Goodell moved to Greenfield soon after graduation and died there May 3, 1900.

Three of the nine girl graduates reside in Shelburne Falls; they are "Grace Hicks" Eldridge, Annie M. Swan, and "Winifred Carpenter" Loomis.

Mrs. Eldridge has three sons, all graduates of Arms Academy.

Mrs. Loomis has a son, Walter, who is employed in the office of the Griswoldville Manufacturing Co., and a daughter, Helen, a freshman at Arms.

Annie Swan is at her home caring for her mother.

"Lena Johnson" Fuller still resides in Berkeley, California.

"Minnie Mann" Sweet for about four years has made her home in Honolulu; her husband is a Government doctor there.

Laura S. Brown is a stenographer in New York City.

"Mary Loomis" Fiske soon after graduation married Zerah Fiske and lived in Shelburne where she died October 19, 1911.

The class regret that they have no trace of Louise C. Dodge since her moving from Shelburne where her father was a minister for a time.

The following four were members of the class up to the very last term, but for imperative duties at home, etc., were unable to graduate:

"Flora Clark" Hawkes who is now living in Greenfield.

"Dorothea Binder" Pierce, who resides in town; she has two daughters, one a sophomore at Arms and one entering this fall.

Lillian Cary, an artist of some fame who died at her home in Colrain, April 29, 1921.

"Mabelle Bradford" Greaves lived in Buckland until her death which occurred on May 10, 1918; her daughter enters Arms Academy this fall.

1894

Dear Arms Student:—

After all these years the class of 1894 is glad to give a little account of itself. Although a small class of only ten members, our number is undiminished.

First of all our valedictorian, Bessie Fisher, after leaving Arms, entered Wellesley and graduated in 1898, taught a year, then took upon herself the cares of housekeeper for the family. For many years they lived at Woods Hole, a town on Cape Cod. While here she was interested in the Woman's Club and Library. Her home now is at 49 Langdon Street, Cambridge, where she still cares for the family.

Mary Reynolds, a companion of Bessie, is the wife of William Tilliman, Rector of the Episcopal Church at Port Henry, New York. They have two children, both in school.

Mary Hunter, after teaching school a few years, married and is now Mrs. Mary Abraham of North Tarrytown, New York, where her husband conducts a painting and paper hanging business.

Grace Ware is now Mrs. Harley Hoag of Newport, Vermont. Her husband is connected with the Telephone Exchange and unless Grace's habits have changed we hope she may have unlimited service for conversation.

Charles E. White, better known to the class as "Clid", since leaving Arms has led a varied life. He was with the Shelburne Falls and Colrain Street Railway four years, attended Harvard one year, has spent fifteen years in New York City, one year in Springfield, and has finally decided Shelburne Falls is the place to live and is clerk in the office of the Lamson and Goodnow Manufacturing Company.

Sadie Miller, our class belle, whose portrait may still be seen occupying a place of honor at Patch's Studio, married Charles Stewart of East Colrain and they have one child. Recently they have exchanged their fine dairy and fruit farm for property in Greenfield, Mass.

Paul S. Guilford attended Brown University and was graduated in the class of 1899. He was married in 1902 to Evelyn Mortimer. The last blank he filled for the Alumni Association of the college his address was Westport, Washington.

Minnie Dwight, Mrs. Wilson Hillman is ably filling her place as homemaker

and community worker in Heath, the town in which she lives. She has served as school committee and supplied the public schools with three children—one daughter who has already graduated from Arms, another daughter a junior, and a boy to follow. In their farm work they make a specialty of maple sugar and syrup and also raise Shorthorn cattle.

Edward P. Dickinson has for many years been Postmaster and General Merchandise store owner in Heath. He has also filled the office of School Committee. He has recently married and he and his bride are to begin farming this spring on a cozy little place in Charlemont, Massachusetts.

Alice Burrington, Mrs. John Temple, after leaving Arms taught five years, then married and went to Rutland, Vermont to live; from there to Greenfield, and finally drifted back to Shelburne Falls where her husband is in the meat business. She has three children, all of whom have graduated from Arms.

Hoping for your future success we are

Sincerely yours,
The Class of 1894.

1922

To Our Alma Mater ---

For the first time the class of 1922 pays its respects to you as Alumni. The paths we have chosen in the world are many and varied, near and distant, yet we shall ever be firm in the strength of your teachings and your motto: "Vera, Honor, Scientia."

We know that you will share our pleasure in the fact that 22 of our 42 graduates are continuing their studies at colleges, or at preparatory or business schools.

"Johnny" Temple, 1922's valedictorian, is exercising his wisdom at Massachusetts "Aggie." He has run true to form by starring on the "fresh" basketball team, and playing as center fielder in baseball.

Clara Stroheker, our salutatorian, is teaching school in the w:lds of S uth Colrain.

"Ted" Amidon is at home on his father's farm.

Winthrop Anderson is working in the Shelburne Falls National Bank as first step to the presidency of the Federal Reserve Board.

Clifford Avery is industriously at work on his father's farm. "Cliff's" chief care this year will be the raising of 2000 chicks.

Helen Baldwin is working at Bergman's store.

Eloise Bardwell, Mildred Stroheker, and Pearl Woodward, our prize-winning commercial fans, are at Bay Path Institute.

Waldo Barnard, the noted after-dinner speaker, is working on the Agricultural College farms in Georgetown, Conn.

No doubt you hear Isabelle Booker quite often, for she is "Hello" girl at the local exchange.

Howard Cardwell is at Dean Academy. "Hank" has won his letter both in football and basketball by his old-time play on Dean's fast traveling athletic clubs. "Hank" is also out for baseball.

At last the Coombs twins have separated! Marjorie is taking a domestic science course at M. A. C., while Margaret is at Fitchburg Normal.

The M. A. C. enrollment will soon resemble an Arms Convention, for Aaron Cromack, "Pres" Davenport, Elwin Cromack, Hugh Griswold and John Temple are there.

Barbara Donelson is at Framingham Normal. "Bob" and her pal, "Peggy" Coombs won positions on the basket ball quintet this season.

Ethel Coburn, Marguerite Outhouse and Charles Galvin are taking post-graduate courses at Arms. Ethel will enter Smith College this fall; Marguerite selects Russell Sage, while "Charlie" has chosen Norwich University.

John Geiger is working on his father's farm, after taking a course at Sweeney's Automobile School in Kansas City, Mo. "Johnny" always did like to be around machines, whether they were autos, typewriters or talking machines.

Leon Herzig is working at Griswoldville.

Marion Hillman is teaching school at Heath.

Helen Long has returned to the Paten School, Shelburne—as a teacher.

Harriet Sears is urging the Christian Hill youth along the flowery path of knowledge.

Lila Johnson is a student at Northampton Commercial School and is also studying music at Smith College.

Edward Joyce is at St. Michael's College, Winooski, Vt.

Mabel LaBelle is a stenographer for the Union Twist Drill Company at Athol.

Richard Leonard is at the College of Business Administration, Syracuse University.

Hazel Long is doing housework at Frank Williams' in Shelburne.

Wifred Smith has joined the rank and file of the Shelburne agriculturists, while Earle White is at work on his father's farm in Adamsville.

Leneita Sommer is at the Springfield Hospital Training School. Hospitals will soon lose their terror.

Marion Spencer is employed at the Shelburne Falls office of the Western Union.

Francis Truesdell recently completed a ten weeks' course at M. A. C.

Dorothy Warfield, our class secretary, is at North Adams Normal.

Mayhew Steel Products, Inc., stock has been steadily rising since Marion Wheeler was added to the office force as stenographer.

At this time we extend our sympathy to Mabel LaBelle upon the death of her mother, and to Helen Baldwin upon the death of her father.

Emily Thompson won the honor of being 1922's first bride by her marriage on February 7, 1923, to Neale S. Roberts ex. '23. Congratulations!

1922

In The Want Ads

Wanted: An efficient telephone operator to occupy seat L 7, Main Room, the sixth period, from twelve-ten o'clock to twelve-fifty o'clock inclusively. He must be able to distinguish the correct ring for Arms, and not trouble the operator. The present occupant of said seat, in the afore-mentioned hall, at the time stated, is much too zealous in his work and serves more than one master; also taking central's place if she does not respond promptly to her calls.

Mary had a handkerchief

With colors all aglow,
And everywhere that Mary went

That fad was sure to go.
It entered into Arms one day—

The girls were quick to fall—
And now the boys have learned to wear
Bandanas like a shawl!



If one thing more than others is peculiar to you,
 If oddities of some sort are eternally in view
 If here you've seen engraven things you must admit are true
 Don't take offense,
 But grin, with sense,
 Satan gets his due!

Mr. Mulvaney (in Geometry): "What is
 a good definition for a straight line?"
 Burlap: "One that ain't crooked."

The Song of "Swede"

"Hammers and wrenches, hammers and
 wrenches,
 When a man gets a Ford, his trouble
 commences."

"What Was He Thinking About?"

Shaw (in chemistry): "Doctor Smith
 said that if a man ate four teaspoonfuls of
 common salt at one time it would kill him."

Mr. Person: "Yes, that's a good thing to
 know."

Some Translations from Virgil

The honey smelt like thyme!
 They fired the queen after she sat in a
 highchair.
 Warmth left her bones. Therefore, she
 caught cold.

What Dutchy Barnard found on his
 Geometry test after receiving a B:—"How
 Come, Dutch!"

This is what E. Barnard says in Solid
 Geometry when he wants to prove that a
 certain answer is right. "That must be
 right. I got that."

Wasn't it strange how Francis Wheeler's
 friends increased after the "Word" contest?

Tutankhamen's long been dead—
 Hard or easy rest his head,—
 Could he see the styles he started,
 He'd be glad from earth he'd parted.

R. Purrington: "The ablative of means is
 expressed by the dative."

Miss Benson, defining imperfect and per-
 fect tenses: "I used to love, but I long ago
 gave it up. You may have loved yesterday
 and still be loving today."

English IV

Miss Goodale: "What was the first com-
 edy?"

E. Gilchrest: "Ralph Royster Doyster."

Miss Goodale: "Why is it important?"

E. Gilchrest: "Because it was the first
 tragedy."

Rather High

Stetson: "Mahoney, did you pass your
 geometry exam?"

Mahoney: "No, but I was the highest of
 those who failed."

Some Bird

Miss Linfield: "Mahoney, you may give
 us your oral topic."

Mahoney: "There was a currant bush
 under which Chanticleer and his two wives
 laid eggs."

Biology IA

Miss Bent: "Describe the head of the turtle."

L. Bergman: "It has eyelids."

Miss Bent: "Does a fish have eyelids?"

L. Bergman: "I never saw one with them."

Miss Bent: "No, and I don't think you ever will."

Commercial Geography

Teacher: "You may recite upon the resources of Alaska."

Pupil: "Alaska has many fur-bearing animals such as-as-as—the codfish."

In United States History

H. Temple: "The area of the United States was 2,000,000."

Mr. Vose: "2,000,000 what?"

H. Temple: "People."

Miss Goodale: "What does this passage in 'Macbeth' remind you of?"

Miss Wells: "Cæsar's speech over the dead body of Brutus."

After the Springfield Exposition one senior displayed a pin with red, white, and blue ribbons attached to it, saying, "I got the first three prizes."

Another Senior: "What were you, the prize critter?"

Freshman, seriously, to Senior: "Say! have you heard about the ocean?"

Senior, surprised: "No! What about it?"

Impertinent one: "Oh! Well, it's too deep for you anyway!"

In U. S. History

Mr. Vose: "What is the nearest state to Kansas?"

E. Shields: "The one below it."

A TALKER

Softly as the summer breezes,
Gently wafted from the south,
Come the tintinnabulations
Of my automatic mouth.
How I love its giddy gurgle,
How I love its ceaseless flow,
How I love to wind my mouth up,
How I love to hear it go!

F. CROMACK, '23

REVELRY BY NIGHT

Mahoney had a party,
All was bright and gay,
Still each was hale and hearty,
At the break of day.

Home came Pa Mahoney,
Now Jack is seen no more,
For Dad had heard the story
Of the night before.

Cary (translating): "These flocks of horses are—"

Miss Benson: "Would you say 'flocks'?"

Cary: "I should think so."

Miss Benson: "How would you classify cows?"

Cary: "A herd."

Miss Benson: "Sheep?"

Cary: "Flocks."

Miss Benson: "Pigs?"

Cary: "I don't know. I'm not a farmer."

Mr. Vose: "How was President Garfield killed?"

Miss Sommer: "He died,"

COMMERCIAL EFFICIENCY

Mary had a typewriter,
Sometimes the keys would stick,
She hit it with a hammer,
And then it went click! click!

HEADLINES OF THE FUTURE

Robert Winthrop Person becomes head of Arms Academy.

Miss Flossie Lurancy Cromack—New President of the Standard Oil Chemical Co.

Mr. Donald Cary—Latest Vanderbilt butler.

Mr. Lloyd Brown—Appointed Chief-Justice of the United States.

Local girl playing the lead in Mr. Lasky's newest production of "Peg O' My Heart."

Sarah Eleanor Benton is procured through the Woman's Club of Shelburne Falls to give a concert on June 10, 1955. The chief numbers will be—"Cary' Me Back To Old Virginny," "Off With The Old Love—On With The New," from Sans-Seans; "Edward II," from "Faust;" "Bobby," from "Maytime;" "Oh! You," from Greenfield.

Alma Winifred Wells touring the United States lecturing on "Moral Suasion."

"DO'S" AND "DONT'S" WHEN YOU VISIT ARMS

Don't whisper in Assembly. There's a little yellow card in Mr. Vose's office.

Don't be alarmed if you see Ed pass a note to Liz. Best friends are useful—sometimes.

Do visit French III on Prose Day—You're sure to hear an argument. Mr. Person loves 'em.

Don't fail to ask Betty and El if they liked that ice cream.

Don't forget to visit the "Faculty Baby." It's quite the thing.

Do ask Bobby Noonan how many department cards he almost got—he needs an adding machine.

Don't forget to ask Henry Kennedy whom he is lovesick over now.

Don't ask the Senior girls' basketball team why they won so many games.

Do be intimate with the teachers—especially the men—it will save one department card anyway—ask Helene.

Do visit 6th period study hall if you want to see heavenly eyes used to good advantage—from the prof's seat.

Do ask Alma which she considers most useful—Pecks or Barnyards.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

Aug. 29—School opens—Oh Hum!

Sept. 11—Faculty Social—Purpose: To show off the freshmen—Result: Just time to spin over to that Charlemont dance—remember?

Sept. 14—Track meet at Greenfield—we cheered in vain.

Oct. 20—Pro Merito Outing.

Nov. 9—Senior Social. Note the rules posted. Bring your six-inch rulers.

Dec. 12—Peg O' My Heart.

Dec. 21—Vacation. A week's time to re-strengthen our breathing apparatus.

Jan. 1—Junior Prom.

April 6—Sophomore Social. Punch exploded, causing a mysterious conflagration in the kitchen.

May 7—Prize Speaking.

May 11—Senior Ball. Grand and glorious occasion.

June 21-22—Graduation. Mournful sound of weeping heard from the Seniors.

June 23—"Them days is gone forever."

Leonard Mills in Com. Geog.:

"The Canadians go fishing to catch animals." (We wonder what kind.)

"ADS"

Wanted: The shadow of a big tree in the neighborhood of 24 South Maple Street to be used for nightly conferences.—Marjorie B. Smith.

Wanted: A 1940 edition of Webster's dictionary in order that I may increase my vocabulary.—Sam Peck.

Wanted: A 2023 model Ford which will be as up-to-date as myself.—A. Mulvaney.

For Sale: All the old chestnuts gathered since Noah.—Reuben Call.

For Sale: An umbrella, by a man with a bent bow and an ivory handle.—Ellsworth Barnard.

For Rent: My perfectly good old red hat, also the right to faint if those exams get hard.—Elizabeth Barnard.

Wanted: A girl with an automobile license. No applications received after June 22.—A. D. Mulvaney.

Found: On December 12, a monocle, English style, with the inscription "K. Hiram Benton" engraved on it. If the owner will satisfactorily identify, he may obtain same at the box office.

Lost: All the available first year Latin books. Please return at the earliest possible time to Miss Benson.

For Sale: A wealth of slang: Faculty.

For Sale: The only things that didn't burn when the kitchen got hot—the Freshmen.

Lost: On the night of April 6. A pair of white canvas shoes, 1902 model; size 3. Please return to the Household Arts Department.

An officer was showing an old lady over the battleship. "This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady; "I nearly slipped on it myself."

In far away Nebraska

'Neath the California skies,

Lives my Oklahoma sweetheart,

With the Massachusetts eyes.

Compliments of

CLAPP & WELLS

Shelburne Historical Society

Dealers in and

Manufacturers of

Native Lumber

Shelburne Falls, - - - Mass.

Housewives:

Why worry if it rains on Monday?

“Send It
to the Laundry”

We are here to serve you

Modern Laundry

Tel. 117-20

C. K. Pierce, Prop.

Good Goods

Right Prices

BOSTON STORE

NORTH ADAMS' LEADING
DRY GOODS STORE

Mail Orders Carefully Filled

NORTH ADAMS, . . . MASS.

Compliments of

THE
SHELburne FALLS
&
COLRAIN
STREET RAILWAY
COMPANY

Compliments of

Compliments of
Shelburne Historical Society
Sweetheart Inn

Compliments of
New England
Power Company

Contributed by

Lamson & Goodnow Mfg. Co.

The Cutlery

Compliments of

**The Trail
Tire Co.**

Compliments of
Shelburne Historical Society
Dr. Charles L. Upton

*"Our satisfied customers
are our advertisement"*

SHELBURNE FALLS, .∴ MASS.

Compliments of

Heath Telephone Company

RIGHT GOODS

FAIR PRICES

G. H. CROWN

FOSTER SYSTEM

OPERATORS OF 27 STORES

Shelburne Historical Society

CLOTHIERS

HATTERS

FURNISHERS

HOME OF KUPPENHEIMER GOOD CLOTHES

SHELBURNE FALLS, - - - -

MASS.

SEVERANCE COAL CO.

SHELBURNE FALLS

We have under construction a 1400 ton Coal Plant which will be the most modern in Western Massachusetts.

We will carry all sizes of Lehigh and Free Burning Coal, also Steam and Forge Coal.

Office at Jenks & Amstein's Shoe Store, Bridge Street

Telephone

Students, Alumni, Friends — Patronize the Student Advertisers.

Griswoldville
Manufacturing Company
Shelburne Historical Society
Manufacturers and Finishers of Cotton Cloth

Griswoldville, Massachusetts

Potter Grain Co.

Dealers in

Flour, Grain, Hay,
Salt,
Lime and Cement

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

The
Greenfield
Buick Co.

Dealers in

Buick Cars
and
G.M.C. Trucks

Greenfield, ∴ Mass.

This Store
Tries to Merit
Your Daily
Patronage

Shelburne Historical Society

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
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John Wilson
& Company

GREENFIELD, MASS.

United States
Royal Cord Tires

*We Like to Sell Them
for Every Customer is Satisfied*

"The Store of Quality"

Allen F. Smith Co.

Griswoldville, Mass.

Telephones—Store 12-2; residence 28-11

Jenks & Amstein

Dealers in

Fine Footwear

20 Bridge St., Shelburne Falls

Long Distance Telephone Connection

Graduation Footwear

See our line of white kid strap pumps to match the dainty graduation dresses. They add the finishing touch.

For the young men, we have a variety of styles in black or tan calf or patent leather. It will be easy to select your footwear here.

Jenks & Amstein

The Home of Good Shoes

J. C. Perry

Dentist

Shelburne Historical Society

SHELBURNE FALLS MASS.

Telephone 36-2

If you contemplate moving, and are fussy—engage us to attend to it, for we are fussy, also.

W. G. Rickett & Son

Trucking and Moving

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.

Established 1899

W. L. Goodnow Co.

Operators 16 Stores

238 Main St., Greenfield, Mass.

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.

Fish's Quality Bake Shop

BREAD, CAKE & PASTRY

*Wedding and Birthday Cakes
Made to Order*

*The Home of
Everything Good that's Baked.*

217 Main Street

G R E E N F I E L D

McCraw & Tatro

"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.

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Complete Automotive Supplies

Willys-Knight and Overland

Sales and Service

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Students, Alumni, Friends — Patronize the Student Advertisers.

E. C. Feige

Best of Footwear

For the Family

Quality, Style, Prices Right

Try *EVERWEAR* Hosiery

A Savings Deposit

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.

Aluminum Ware FREE

With Any Brand of

TEA OR COFFEE

Ask the clerk

Burnap Bros.

Try Webster's *in Greenfield* for Sporting Goods



Stop in at our new store, 377 Main St., and make yourself at home in our most complete Sport Shop.

"Arms" students are allowed student discount. Phone Greenfield 635—or see George Walsh.

F. I. Webster Co.

Greenfield

Hardware

Implements

Eat at
Mohawk Restaurant

Greenfield, Mass.

Shelburne Historical Society *Wm Coughlin, Prop.*

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 St., Greenfield, Mass.

**H. W. Clark
Company**

WHOLESALE GROCERS

North Adams, - - Mass.

Clark's Cakes and Crackers

Occident Flour

Gold Flower Coffee

Mistletoe Canned Goods

L. March

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Farms and Village Properties

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Dr. Guy M. Gray

Dentist

Successor to Dr. King

31 Federal St.,
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Greenfield, Mass.

Tel. 908

Office Hours—9 to 5

Sundays and Evenings by appointment

Young Men's and High School Suits in Sport Models and Regular Models

Our merchandising policy is not high prices most of the time and reduced prices some of the time, but uniformly Lower Prices All of the Time.

Earl & Wilson shirts and collars—the kind that fit—Cheney neckwear—Carter's underwear and other standard makes. We represent J. L. Taylor & Co., of New York and Chicago, made to measure clothes, (Values that none excel and that many houses do not equal.)

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SHELburne FALLS, MASS.
Shelburne Historical Society

The Corner Grocery

E. M. Gould, Prop.

Tel. 119

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

The pen is mighty— But the brush!—

It's the wonder worker for making your home and all the homes of your neighborhood better places in which to live.

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Painter and Decorator
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If you want the BEST in

Home Made Candies

Fruit

Peanuts

Tobacco

and Imported Olive Oil

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Good Quality

Ice Cream and Sundaes

Excellent Assortment of Confectionery

Best Line of Fruit

Shelburne Historical Society Athol Transcript Co.

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"Where Economy Rules"

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In All Its Branches



Photographer to Classes of

1920, 1921, 1922, and 1923

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Ames Street

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Publishers of the "Arms Student"

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Dentist

Shelburne Falls, .∴ Mass.

Guilford & Wood Horse Co.

F. S. Wood, Prop.

Phone 19-3 Shelburne Falls

*Largest dealers in Horses of all kinds
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Also Wagons, Steighs and Harness.

Draft Horses 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 St., Shelburne Falls

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.

The Business of a Modern Automobile Dealer

*The modern automobile dealer
should not be merely to sell you
a car, but to see that the car
does what you expect of it.*

*We are constantly increasing
our facilities for service to car
owners.*

*Nash and Durant owners
are guaranteed Service by a real
Service Department.*

The Weldon Garage, Inc.

Geo. W. Wilcox, Pres.

90-369 Federal St., - - Greenfield
Phone 380-381

J. Donner

*Ladies' & Gents' Tailor
Gents' Furnishings*

*Work Done on Short Notice
Satisfaction Guaranteed*

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Tel. No. 232
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R. E. Purrington

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All Kinds of

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CABBAGE A SPECIALTY

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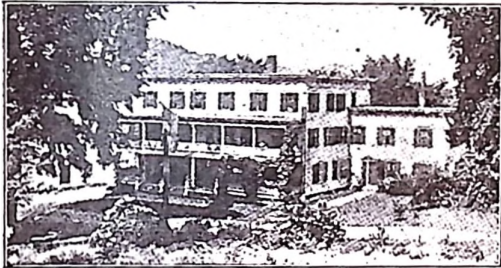
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AN ESSAY ON FROGS

This is about frogs written by a young Norwegian. The essay:

"What a wonderful bird the frog are. When he stand he sit, almost. When he hop he fly almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly, either. When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got, almost."



NEWELL'S



JOKES

A scoutmaster came back from town to the troop hut and found it locked up. He got in through a window finally. He found a note on the table and this is what it said:

"I have gone on a hike. You will find the key under the third stone from the door."

"What would you call one who did the killing?"

"The assassinator."

"What would be the act?"

"Assissination."

"What would you call the person who was killed?"

"Dead!"

King — Latin: "The word for woman is mulier, and does the word mule come from the same root?" (Probably that is why a woman is said to be as stubborn as a mule.)

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Shelburne Historical Society



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We take this opportunity to thank the "Student" advertisers and to ask our readers to patronize them.

The Student Board

Shelburne Historical Society

The
Shelburne Historical Society
Arms Student



1924

Shelburne Historical Society

**THE ARMS
STUDENT
1924**

Shelburne Historical Society

Shelburne Historical Society



MR. JAMES VOSE

Shelburne Historical Society

Dedication

to

Mr. James Vose

To Mr. Vose, in appreciation of his many years of devoted and unselfish work in our behalf, his kindly helpfulness, his never failing friendship, and his unceasing endeavors to instill in us his own high ideals, this number of "The Arms Student" is gratefully and affectionately dedicated.

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EDITORIALS

When, a year ago, Miss Kate Linfield gave up her work as head of the English department of Arms Academy, the school not only lost one of the ablest and best-liked members of the faculty, but "The Arms Student" lost its best friend and helper, for Miss Linfield has done more than anyone else to bring "The Arms Student" up to its present high standard. For three years she was the faculty advisor of the Student Board, and it was largely through her willing and able efforts that the improvement

so noticeable in the last three issues of "The Student" was brought about. The Student Board wishes to take this opportunity of expressing to Miss Linfield its appreciation of her splendid work in behalf of Arms Academy, both in the English department, which she in great measure brought to its present high standard of efficiency, and as the faculty advisor for "The Student", in which capacity she made this publication what it is today.

The students of Arms feel keenly the loss of Mr. Vose, who, after nine years of service as principal of Arms Academy left early in the spring to take the position of principal of Drury High School of North Adams. All Arms students who have ever known Mr. Vose and especially those of us who have had the privilege of working with him and for Arms during nearly four years, will never forget the quiet helpfulness and firm friendship with which he has guided our faltering and not always willing steps along the paths which lead to success in life. Although we are sorry to have him leave Arms, we are glad that he has found a wider field in which to carry on his splendid work, and we wish him the best of success. To Mr. Vose's successor, Mr. Pollard, we extend our heartiest welcome and we hope and believe that under his leadership Arms Academy will remain what we firmly believe it to be, the best high school in the world.

POPULARITY

It is probable that most people wish to be popular during their lives. Either in homes, schools, business, or politics there are young, ambitious people who are striving for popularity by being cheerful and helpful. Popularity means to us, the high esteem which one attains by hard work, integrity, and loyalty. The popular person is the one whom everybody likes and welcomes. He may be a student, business man, or politician.

The advantages of popularity are many. The popular student finds school life pleasant and agreeable. A favorite athlete is chosen to lead the team. Popular students are selected for various scholastic offices and positions. The business man who is liked by all will be successful in his transactions. A popular politician will get the most votes and be the chosen leader.

A few good rules for attaining popularity are: be cheerful, wear a smile, be unselfish, work hard for the common cause, and treat everyone in the same manner, never looking on anyone with disdain or dislike. If these rules are faithfully carried out, one may be assured of popularity in whatever occupation or profession he is pursuing.

Donald Perkins, '26.

SCHOOL CITIZENSHIP

Although most people are unaware of the fact, it is true that the school is like a nation. Every scholar who is striving to gain an education is a citizen and therefore must abide by the rules of the governing body, which is the faculty.

One of the chief essentials of citizenship is co-operation. Without it, the school would be disorganized, inefficient, and of low standing. We, therefore, as pupils should co-operate with our teachers and classmates. Since our parents are sharing our desires for learning, they also should keep in touch with the school.

Another essential of school citizenship is obedience. What would our nation become if every citizen disregarded the laws made by the government? We all know the answer. It would be the same with the school. If rules were cast aside without a thought of obeying them, the school would be, not a place for learning but one of disorder and confusion.

Still another essential of school citizenship is the attitude of the pupil toward education. The school is not a place for fun and, therefore, the pupil must determine to keep in mind that he is spending his time in study and not in play.

With these three essentials of co-operation, obedience, and the right attitude toward education, pupils will become ideal citizens of their school.

Dorothy Cardwell, '25.



The Seniors

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

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SENIOR CLASS PARTS

Shelburne Historical Society

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Class Will	
Memorabilia	} Mary Ellen Cromack Francis Wheeler Doris Rowland Laurence Leonard
Ivy Address	
Class History	Hilda Thompson

Myrtle Reid Arnold Providence, Rhode Island
"Myrt" July 4, 1903.

"A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace
Summed up and closed in little."



This demure maid was born in Providence, Rhode Island. During her short life she has lived in six towns and attended four schools. But do not be misled by the number of schools Myrtle has attended. It wasn't her fault at all, simply the work of Fate. Since Myrtle is so small Fate kept her moving in order to find a climate where Myrt might thrive and grow to be a big, big girl—but all remedies have failed—even the much advertised Fleischman's Yeast! Myrtle has always been a willing worker—no matter whether it was decoration committee or refreshment committee. Myrtle has also a special fondness for fairs—especially Greenfield Fair. Just ask her about that taxi ride of last year. A real exciting event! Wherever Myrtle goes she leaves a trail of pining suitors. Even though she has not lived in Providence for years they do not get a chance to forget her. Just as they begin to recover they catch a glimpse of her on a visit to her aunt and they fall all over again.—Poor dears! Myrtle plans to enter the commercial field. Personally, I have my doubts because there's a letter which comes regularly—ask Madge—and it always has the same hand writing upon it. In the future being just a "stenog" may not look as attractive to Myrtle as being a Mason but—there are worse occupations, Myrt!

Social Committee (2) (3); Librarian (3); Class Day Committee (4); Secretary (4). Commercial Course.

Margaret Catherine Bahr Bridgeport, Conn.
"Madge" May 2, 1906.

"Then she will talk—good gods! how she will talk....
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways."



This red haired (!) miss was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut. After Margaret had attended Maplewood and Junior High her mother decided that Bridgeport had reaped honors from her daughter's presence long enough, so therefore brought her to Shelburne Falls—we hope we won't have to suffer much longer. The only class which Madge could consider entering was of course that of 1924. And ever after we've been aware of her presence. Almost any day at recess, you may hear "Mrs. Lippett" holding forth downstairs in Science Hall. We used to try and check the ready flow of words but to no avail. From bitter experience we have learned to hear her through, and then when she stops for breath, immediately commence to talk before she has time to start off with fresh speed! We never fully realized just how important Margaret was until this last year when we went to Shelburne on a corn roast. After several pictures had been taken of the group Madge offered to "snap" a group including the owner of the camera. When the pictures were finished we all looked for the picture Madge had taken. The negative was a blank! Of course this wasn't because of any lack of brains upon Margaret's part, but simply because she wasn't in the picture. Margaret plans to enter the business world. We are sure she'll be a success—if she once begins to talk she'll down everything else. The best o' success to you, Madge!

Treasurer (4); Usher (3); Prize Speaking (3); Dramatic Club (3); "Daddy-Long-Legs" (4); Pro Merito. Commercial Course.



Margaret Bardwell
"Peggy"

Shelburne, Mass.
October 3, 1906.

"The silence often, of pure innocence,
Persuades when speaking falls."

"Peggy" is one of those studious members of the class who has to hold up its reputation for scholarship, attentiveness, and general excellence. She began her peaceful and (so far) happy life, in Shelburne, on October 6, 1906, and since then she has been trying to let the world know how much better it is since that date. She went to Patten Grammar School until she had learned all that institution could teach her, and then she came to Arms and set the world afire (figuratively speaking, of course, for she is far too sensible to play with matches) by her brilliancy, and by her capacity for absorbing and retaining all the information which the teachers and textbooks could impart. Since then we haven't heard much about her, but then, you know she's one of those "commercial girls", who believe in being seen and not heard (?). Of course she belongs to the Pro Merito Society, but in spite of her studious habits, she has found time to do her part on the various committees, and to sing in Mr. Mile's Chorus. We believe her ambition for next year lies in the direction of Bay Path Institute, but we know that she's capable of conquering any institution of learning.

Sunday Committee (4); Pro Merito (4); Chorus (1), 2, 4).

Ellsworth Barnard
"Dutch"

Shelburne, Mass.
April 11, 1907.

"There is no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:"

Hello, what's that noise? Oh, that is Dutch arguing again. Say, did anybody ever convince you that you were wrong, Dutch? I'll bet they never did. This vociferous youngster was born in April. (We have suspicions concerning the day.) After his family had been nearly argued to death, they presented him with joy to the Patten Grammar School, Shelburne. Here he astonished the teachers by his ability for learning poetry. Finally he lost all patience with their methods and came to Arms.

If, before his appearance here, the public did not know where the "Patten" was, they certainly did afterwards. In his sophomore year, Dutch was elected president of his class. He also attempted to show how good a prize speaker he was, and did. More than that, he once more showed his argumentative ability in the husking-bee affair. The following year we again elected Dutch for president and also for Prize Speaking. In his senior year he honored the play by his skill. Later, as a crowning honor for his disputatious powers he was on the debating team. He showed he could talk at least. And now after four years of work he is leaving us. He has learned many things, such as pitching p—but sh! That was a slip. He has gained far greater wealth through his scholastic prizes. But strange to say, all this time his heart has never been lost. So far as we know he has never looked at a girl, unless it was a librarian. However, time enough yet, old top! Dutch tel's us that he intends to enter M. A. C. next year. He actually declares this without blushing. We think it is a waste of promising material. Perhaps it is because of this melancholic prospect that we see in the dim and sorrowful future this epitaph:

"I had a little lingua,
It was my joy and pride;
And whenever I was happy,
It wagged and wagged outside."

Student Board (1), (2), (3), (4); Editor-in-Chief (4); Prize Speaking (2), (3); Pro Merito; Debating Team (4); "Daddy Long-Legs" (4); Librarian (4); Treasurer Dramatic Club (4); Baseball (3), (4); Class Day Committee; President (3).



Eleanor Elizabeth Booker
"E", "Ted"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
February 9, 1906.

"I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start in her face."

This shy maid was born in Shelburne Falls, Mass. She attended Crittenden Grammar School with fairly good behavior—her only escapade consisting of fainting spells. There was one memorable event which still causes Eleanor to blush. The superintendent was visiting school one afternoon. Eleanor was called upon to read, after a few lines she gracefully "flopped" over. The superintendent was a small man but he gallantly came forward to assist the fallen maid. All in vain, as soon as he drew near our "sleeping beauty" opened her eyes and with the help of a friend made a hasty exit. Now, whether she just naturally "came to" or whether she had dreams of another picking her up we shall never know, but we do know that she hastily recovered. Eleanor entered Arms with the Class of 1924. She always was interested in the weaker sex, but we never seriously considered anything she did till she suddenly annexed "Cliff" Avery in her sophomore year. Ever since she has been going from bad to worse—we aren't sure whether to blame "Cliff" or whether it's just natural development. Now she may be seen most any day holding down some corner "chinning up" one of the cops who are stationed here. We are thinking of putting "Cliff" wise because such proceedings shouldn't be allowed. Eleanor isn't quite sure what she'll do next year, but we can make a good guess. If it doesn't happen next year it surely will the year after. So you see for all her "flapperish" ways "Ellie" is just an old fashioned girl who believes the woman's place is in the home.

Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4); Usher (3). General Course.



Murray Fife Buell
"Buck"

New Haven, Conn.
October 6, 1905.

"A wise old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke."



Murray tried to put one over on us. He claimed October 6, 1492 for his entrance into this cold, cold world. We do admit he looks rather ancient, but then why did he leave poor Columbus, the task of discovering this new world? Now we know for a fact that New Haven, Connecticut, was honored by his noble presence on the 6th of October, 1905. (How could you, Murray?) He was too much of a good thing for the little Nutmeg state, however, and so he transferred his august self to New York City. Finding the afore mentioned metropolis too staid to suit him, he eventually chose little Shelburne Falls and has congratulated himself ever since. Before arriving at Arms, he had several years schooling at 109th St. School, N. Y., Horace Mann School and Crittenden Grammar, respectively. Thus you see this handsome young man is wise in the ways of the world. Though of a quiet and retiring nature, you really should hear "Buck" when he gets started! While his soothing voice stutters on and on, the rest of us gaze dreamily into space. Occasionally you hear a snore, but we're dreadfully sorry when he resumes his seat as we hate to wake up to the reality and monotony of uninteresting school life. It is Murray's intention to attend some preparatory school and for this likable young chap we believe the world holds a bright future.

Baseball Manager (4); Daddy-Long-Legs (4); Student Board (3, 4); Library (4); Latin Club (3); Dramatic (3, 4). Preparatory.

Janie Mather Call
"Jane"

Colrain, Mass.
May 14, 1906.

"As merry as the day is long."



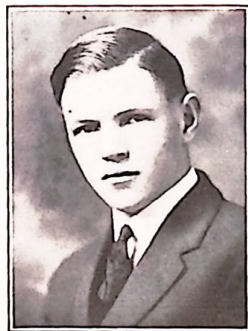
On May 14, 1906, Janie saw Colrain for the first time. Realizing that it wasn't such a bad place after all and that she might do worse, she decided to spend her first young years in this same famous city. Then Foundry Grammar School teachers took her in hand; they soon discovered what a little terror she was and saw her graduate with a sigh of relief. And then she landed at Arms in that eventful year, 1920, with the rest of that grand and glorious class. Then how things did fly! With those wide blue "lamps" of hers, she vamped all the faculty into giving her passing marks and with a serene little smile she goes on her way. Since coming to Arms, Jane has specialized in Household Arts but with a deadly purpose—boys, take care! Eat not of her delicious cooking or gaze in those unfathomable depths of blue if you would remain single! Janie, herself, is by nature, a modest and charming young maid—surely "a most excellent thing in woman." Indeed, it is her mild ways and ready smiles that have endeared her to the class. Alas! She has one sad, sad trouble in which we all extend our heartfelt sympathy—what will Reuben be doing next!

Chorus (1, 3, 4). Household Arts.

Reuben Hillman Call
"Reuben"

Colrain, Mass.
October 28, 1907.

"The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore I am bold and resolute."



Although one would never guess it to look at him, and although he has been at Arms five years, Reuben is the youngest boy in the class, having first opened his eyes in the thriving metropolis known as Foundry Village, some sixteen years ago. Reuben must have been an infant prodigy, for he was only eleven years old when he graduated from the Foundry Grammar School and came to Arms. Knowing that he had plenty of time, and wisely deciding to make the most of high school, he made no unseemly haste to graduate, but joined the ranks of the illustrious class of 1924. In spite of the fact that he is naturally rather quiet, he is pretty well known to the school in general, at least to the boys, for he is apparently totally uninterested in girls, except as targets for snowballs. One of the things for which he is noted is his peculiar faculty for saying funny things without intending to (witness the joke section). Another is his athletic ability, for he was a member of the track team last fall, and he was the first to win his class numerals this spring. He is also a substitute on the baseball team. Although Reuben has many friends, his particular friend is "Dutchy," and the two can usually be found together. Quite often they are seen walking in the direction of Colrain, having missed the car—or the car having missed them. Reuben is taking the preparatory course, but he doesn't know what he's going to do next year and we won't risk our reputation by making a guess.

Latin Club (3); Track (4); Class Numerals (4); Baseball (4).

Mary Ellen Cromack
"Ellen"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
July 31, 1907.

"She is little, she is wise,
She's a terror for her size."



One hot summer's day in July a bouncing nine pound baby girl opened her eyes and mouth and began adding to the troubles of her elder brothers and sisters. When the family could not stand her any longer, they surrendered her to the Skinner Grammar School, East Shelburne. Here her brain developed if her stature didn't. She, of course, did or didn't get her lessons much the same as other "young uns." After eight years of patient endurance, the Skinner School also gave her up in despair.

Then Arms stepped in and took up her training. Ellen decided she would take the Commercial Court. (We think Latin decided her as much as anything.) In her sophomore year she started her struggle with the typewriter; and we can hand it to Ellen for speed. We saw an exhibition of that a short time ago. (Fords do have a little speed once in a while, don't they, Ellen?) If you ask her she will show you a medal she has won for speed in—er—type-writing I—er—think. She showed she could still act kiddish in "Daddy Long-Legs." But of course that was only acting. We would like to propesy as to Ellen's future but we are afraid that that is impossible. She won't even give us a hint. Probably she will decorate the interior of some firm's office. You can never tell. But at any rate, we wish you luck. So long, so glad to have met you.

Class Basketball (3); Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4); Daddy Long-Legs (4); Dramatic Club (3, 4); Pro Merito; Cheer Leader (4). Commercial Course.

Florence Kate Eastman
"Flossie"

Buckland, Mass.
August 29, 1907.

"I say little; but when time shall serve,
There shall be smiles."



Florence came directly from Buckland North School to Arms. A direct contrast, indeed, to some members of 1924 who, in their younger days, were forced to roam from one place of learning to another just because they couldn't get along with the teachers. Florence says little and never causes any unnecessary disturbances. Yet where there's fun going on, there you'll find Flossie enjoying it all, as is evident by that attractive smile of hers. Florence belonged to the cooking class which worked so hard at recess to bring the undernourished students up to normal. And did they do it? Ask the poor victims! They say that Florence's cakes never fail to rise, but evidently they weren't served at the lunch counter for flat cakes were most popular. During the first part of her senior year a great mystery surrounded Florence. She had a friend who went by the front name of John. But could we tease his last name from her? Even the students, renowned for their remarkable powers of persuasion, were baffled. Anyway we have decided that this mystery man is the cause of her frequent Sunday walks to Buckland. And to add to the Sunday scandal, another young gentleman never fails to escort Florence home from Sunday school. Florence loves Arms too well to leave it yet so she's going to take a post graduate. Then she's going to Framingham Normal to perfect her abilities as a house-keeper.

Household Arts Course; Chorus 1, 4.

Laura Eliza Eastman
"Laura"

Enfield, New Hampshire
November 10, 1903.

"She had a face like a benediction."



'Twas on November 10, 1903, that the world saw the first of Laura, the undaunted, in the little place of Enfield, New Hampshire. Since that time, she has grown and thrived in various places, among those mentioned are, besides Enfield, South Vernon, Vermont, and Buckland. Like every other little boy and girl at her age, she dutifully followed the tedious custom of going to school and carried books back and forth to little North District School. Then she set her heart on Arms as did the rest of us, and has been going as dutifully as before. We all envy Laura for her fine qualities, of patience and persistence. When we should have given up in despair, Laura had higher ambition and continued her studying with gratifying results, for what greater honor could there be than to graduate in the class of 1924? It is thought that Laura would make a good "school marm" with all her many virtues—her sweet disposition, her winning smiles and her "stick-to-it-tiveness." Can't you just see her laying the ruler on some poor miscreant and saying, "Now, Bobby, this is hurting me more than it is you." (Bobby trying hard not to giggle as he winks at the class?) However, it is not Laura's intention to become any "old-maid-school-marm." She is too attracted to domestic arts with all its mysterious rites.

Class Day Usher (3); Chorus (2). Household Arts.

John Albert Fellows
"Johnny"

Shelburne, Mass.
July 27, 1906.

"They say best men are molded out of faults."

The self-satisfied grin of Johnny's face, with which we are all so familiar, was first noticed on July 27, 1906. His birthplace, like that of several other famous members of the class, was Shelburne, and the first place where he began showing off his knowledge was the Skinner Grammar School. However, he soon outgrew that school, both physically and mentally, and came to Arms. During his first two years we didn't hear much about him, but during his junior year he grew into prominence, while during his senior year he has been in the limelight all the time. When it was decided to give the play "Daddy Long-Legs", of course Johnny had to be given the leading part. Nobody else stood a chance. But he proved that he had other qualifications than merely physical ones, and contributed more than anyone else to the remarkable success of the play. Then Johnny became a member of one debating team, and only the chicken box prevented him from adding to his fame. Now he is a prize speaker, and we're all backing him to win. Besides these activities, he has been on the Student Board three years, has sung in the Chorus three years, and is also one of the most active librarians, in more ways than one. Outside of school, his favorite occupation, I am sorry to say, is playing pool, and if he plays enough he may be a pool shark some day. You'd think that Johnny would be able to walk pretty fast, but it takes him quite a while to walk to the south end of Severance Street after socials! Next year Johnny is going to Williams, although we don't know why and doubt if he does.

President (1); Treasurer (3); Student Board (2, 3, 4); Chorus (1, 2, 3); Librarian (4); "Daddy Long-Legs"; Debating Team (4); Prize Speaker (4); Pro Merito.



Evelyn Dwight Hillman
"Ev", "Ned"

Heath, Mass.
May 10, 1906.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin."

One lovely May morning—May 10, to be exact—little Evelyn Hillman looked on that charming place that goes by the name of Heath. The sun shone warmly down, the balmy breezes blew, the crows sang hauntingly, and the scent of spring was wafted through the window. Said "Ev" to herself, "So this is Heath! Well, well, not such a bad place to stop off for a while at least." Accordingly, the first few years of this young maiden's life were spent on a Heathenish farm and schooling at Heath Center Grammar School. Then the fall of 1920 saw her with the rest of the flock of freshies troop into Arms. Since then, "Ev" has become what the papers would term "the mystery woman," for, though she goes about so quietly and does nothing to make herself notorious (at least) so far as we can find out, we can't help feeling that there are worlds of mischief behind that innocent smile. The verdict is "guilty", Ned, so you'll have to "fes up." However, one thing is known about Evelyn—she really can sing, especially when it comes to singing that old favorite, "There Music in the Air." Thus far Evelyn is undecided as to what her future course will be, but we know that she can click the typewriter keys to the snappiest of jazz records. Why not teach the beginners, Ev?

Usher (3); Chorus (2, 3, 4). Commercial Course.



Evelyn May Hunter
"Ev"

Cheshire, Mass.
November 6, 1906.

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is call'd content."

Evelyn managed to get into this world just before the cold-hearted winter arrived, and it was exceedingly fortunate that she did, for it would never have done for such a warm-hearted girl to have been born in the cold month of December. The mixture wouldn't have agreed, and four years at Arms have taught us that it's pretty wise to harmonize with Evelyn. Rumor whispers that our Ev, when but a child, was rather uncertain in both mind and body so her thoughtful parents moved to "Steady Lane" in Ashfield. And whether the Lane or the town had anything to do with it, we know not—at any rate Evelyn surely got steadied off! Four years ago, attracted by the pleasures which Arms and the class of '24 afforded her, her provident parents again moved to Colerain that their daughter might have the added joy of riding down on the "Toonerville Trolley" each morning. Arms welcomed her joyously for we welcome anyone who can laugh whole-heartedly and appreciate a real joke—and that's Evelyn all over. Last year her father got his automobile insured and we all wondered why. But now we know for Evelyn has been steadily manouevering the car around the countryside—and don't we fly! However, they say she much prefers to ride in the electric car, particularly the freight. Evelyn took the Household Arts course, another mystery to us, except that car conductors do get hungry at times, don't they Evelyn? She plans to attend North Adams Normal School, but we'll see what Bill says about it.

Household Arts Course; Gymnastics (1, 2, 3); Dramatic Club (3, 4); Class Day Decorating Committee (3); Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4).





Laurence Francis Leonard "Red" Boston, Mass., June 21, 1904.

"Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue." What makes old Boston famous through the world—its old historic spots, its quaint old chimney pots, or the road where Paul Revere his message hurled? No, "Red" was born there in 1904 on the twenty-first day of June. The hot dusty atmosphere of the city disagreed with him, so he sought the hills. Heath was the most airy spot he could find. There he looked around and saw how really big and beautiful the world was. Then his curiosity got the best of him and the blue hills on the Northwest kept calling him toward them until he finally found himself in Rowe. "Variety is the spice of life" he thought again, as he moved to his new home in Charlemont. Soon he must move again, so that he came down the river to Shelburne Falls where he at last found variety enough to please him. He left Crittenden Grammar School in 1919, but he had the good judgment to wait in Arms long enough to graduate with the class of '21. In the winter of 1922-23 he was on the basketball team. This place was well filled by him and to verify this we saw him chosen captain of the same squad the next season. In the last year of his course he went onto the baseball diamond. As for the future of this young man it is hard for us to predict and to all appearances he has attempted to prophesy himself. He has taken up the commercial course, which sounds business-like and may lead him in the foot steps of Harriman, Rockefeller, or J. Pierpont Morgan.

Basketball (3, 4); Baseball (4); Captain of Basketball (4).

Lilda Maxine Leonard "Tinkey" Buckland, Mass., Aug. 29, 1906.

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

A great many noted men and women have come from Buckland. Here we take the opportunity of noting another. Lilda has taken part in the annual census since 1906. In 1912 she discovered the Crittenden Grammar School and almost every day for eight years, she walked the whole length of Dongarven to study there. Her teachers were amazed by the quietness with which she expressed her knowledge, but she amazed the neighbors more by purchasing an army bugle and bellowing forth a reveille just about bed time. She left Crittenden in 1920 to seek some higher institution of learning and of course it was evident that Arms would be her first choice. During her four years here she has attained great merit from all sides, socially, athletically, and scholastically. She was wisely chosen on the decoration committee as her artistic ability has proved. As a member of the girls' basketball team she has played as sub for four years. When a sophomore she held the most honorable position as a librarian. To some degree she has helped swell the volume of song that proceeds from the Arms Chorus. She joined the Dramatic Club as a senior with the visionary idea of becoming a great actress. As an alternate on the debating team she made her first steps toward oratory. Being a Pro Merito she shows her great learning and studiousness. She has been art editor of the "Student" for several years and also a member of Mr. Freer's art class. She says that she doesn't know what her future prospects are as yet, but from the appearances of the walls in Mr. Freer's late art exhibition, we would not be surprised to see her follow in the footsteps of Reynolds and Rembrandt.

Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Debating Team (4); Pro Merito; Student Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Art Class (4); Librarian (2); Chorus; Decoration Committee (3); Dramatic Club (4); Gift Committee; Usher (3).

Marion Lavinia Marshall
"Teddybear", "Ted"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
November 19, 1924.

"Oh, that I had money enough, Money enough to spare—
Then I would travel, travel—Just everywhere."

Since that eventful day, November 19, the year of our Lord, 1906, have the neighbors of the Marshall family been blessed (?) by the presence of the unusual child. However, there were few Bucklanders one September morning that did not heave a sigh of relief when they saw little Marion march to school for the first day. For a time at least their children would have no one to lead them into mischief. In the Crittenden School "Ted" was not to be outdone in anything, either in scholarship or social activities. Then came the fall of the year 1920 when this demure little maiden was seen to enter Arms with the rest of the lost or strayed freshies. Never was a person more active! Coming to the conclusion that we had a genius in disguise we at once placed her on the decoration committee of the social department. Not content with this, she had to be placed foremost on the honor roll. When called on to recite, "Ted" is on her feet after a funny little hop, and melodious notes proceed to issue from her larynx. Why, she once even dropped a pearl of wisdom in our tingling ears. We learned in history that an old Indian fighter "lived till he died." We all fainted. The teachers themselves are unable to recover after this marvel has delivered an oration, but in a dazed state, nod or gasp "Yes! Yes!" Once, someone asked Marion what she thought of boys. We were greeted with a fiery "Ugh! !" and a cold stony stare. The questioner faded away. Nothing more could be added, of course. As a songster, she is a regular nightingale as is evident in her eloquent outbursts from the alto section of the chorus. But if you think she can sing, you should hear her play the piano. Such stirring pieces as "Napoleon's Last Charge" are played with such a martial spirit that even the piano tends to rock with the furious onslaught. A second Paderewski, we have with us surely! One of Ted's high ambitions is to travel, so in the near future we may expect to receive a message from Mars, stating that thus far she has conquered one planet in her headlong career. From Marion we learn that she plans to enter Fitchburg Normal with a certain Thompson kid. Here's to you, Teddy, old top!

Gift Committee (4); Cheer Leader (4); Pro Merito (4); Debating Team (4); Dramatic Club (3, 4); Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Secretary (4); Decoration Committee (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary of Dramatic Club (4); Chairman Candy Committee (4); Usher (3).



Elsie Olena Mattson
"Elsie"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
January 15, 1907.



"A child of our grandmother Eve."
This fair child was born in Shelburne Falls, Mass. At a tender age she entered Crittenden Grammar School where she proceeded to hold her own. She very often deprived the girls of her company to graciously bestow it upon some boy. There is a rumor about that Elsie doesn't know how to blush. But—just ask her about that Valentine Party she gave to the eighth grade. Such a rosy hue you never beheld! Elsie entered Arms as a giggling freshman with the Class of '24. We soon became wise concerning her social abilities (No doubt we remembered the Valentine Party!) and placed her upon the social committee. Her classmates had hoped "Elsie" would rise above her weakness for the male sex—but no such thing. There have been several rumors—just as one gets interesting along comes another. During her freshman year Elsie entered basketball—and it appeared to life. We have our suspicions as to what made it so interesting—also a year later our valuable opinion. Did he carry a broken heart? During her junior year Elsie had our heartfelt sympathy because it sure was "Love's Labor Lost" concerning a certain senior. But this year, she has bravely carried on and is at present engaged in teaching a certain junior "How to Become a Ladies' Man." "Elsie" plans to enter the commercial field as an office "stenog". Before long we expect to hear that she is taking notes in Washington for the President!

Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); "Peg o' My Heart" (3); "Daddy Long-Legs" (4); Social Committee (1, 2, 3, 4); Dramatic Club (4); Cheer Leader (3, 4); Prize Speaking (3); Class Day Committee (4); Vice-President (2); Student Board. Commercial Course.

Donald Redmond Morrissey
"Don", "Duke"

Buckland, Massachusetts.
December 10, 1906.



"I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
than knowledge to make me sad."
This handsome youth with the brilliant head—of hair, first began his carefree existence on December 10, 1906, in the town of Buckland. Lack of space forces us to omit the details of his early life. All we can say is that he attended the Baker Grammar School, graduated, and came to Arms with the class of 1924. Since then his fame has been growing "every day in every way." He has several well-known habits which we feel it our duty to catalogue herewith. For instance, every morning just before—or just after—the 8.25 bell rings, he comes rushing into the room all out of breath. Evidently he likes to see how near he can come to being late. He has another habit of hanging around the office. But that is easily explained by a glance at the upper right-hand corner of the bulletin board, for his name always heads the list. Not always though; there have been probably five or six days this year when his name has not appeared there. It is also rumored that his sole nourishment consists of shredded wheat and dried-beef sandwiches. Quite a combination—but then, Don is quite a boy. A great deal might be said about his school activities—except in the line of studying in which his activity might be described in a very few words. But he takes to athletics as a fly takes to fly-paper. He has been a mainstay of the basketball team for three years, and was captain in his junior year; has been a member of the track team three years and captain two years; and has been a star on the baseball team for three years. In addition to this he plays a fiddle in the orchestra, and has been on the Student Board four years, and is on the senior social committee this year. It is impossible to prophesy regarding his future.

Basketball (2, 3, 4); Captain (3); Track (2, 3, 4); Captain (3, 4); Baseball (2, 3, 4); Student Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Orchestra (2, 3, 4); Social Committee (4); Prep. Course; President Dramatic Club (4); Treasurer Dramatic Club (3); Librarian (4); Usher (3); Latin Club (3); Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4); Daddy Long-Legs; Secretary (3); Social Committee (2, 3, 4); Graduation Committee Chairman.

Rachel Elizabeth Purrington
"Rae"

Shattuckville, Mass.
August 30, 1906.



"She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
She is fooling thee!"
The Colrain car brought Rachel to Arms four years ago, and we soon found out that this brown-eyed maiden came from Shattuckville. Rachel soon made herself known and was immediately acknowledged as one of the leaders of her class. In consequence they began piling offices upon the poor child, until some pessimists predicted her destruction, but she fulfilled each duty equally well and remained healthy and robust through the whole ordeal which lasted four years. The Dramatic Club even trusted her with their money one year. Then because at the end of the year there was more money in the treasury than at first, proving her financial ability, they elected her president. Therefore, being president, of course she must have a part in the play, "Daddy Long-Legs", so she was granted the role of Miss Pritchard, a sympathetic trustee—and then what did Rachel do but captivate the whole audience with her feminine loveliness!

As far back as our study-worn minds allow us to remember, Rachel has been driving an automobile. Thus she is in great demand on decorating committees to deliver forgotten necessities. During her senior year she endeavored in vain to become quiet and dignified for she had a young freshman brother to look after—or peut-etre, vice versa? Our poor brown-eyed classmate has spent many thoughtful hours pondering over the question, "What college shall I benefit by entering?" At last she has eliminated all but two, Middlebury and Simmons. And whichever it may be we can only wish her the best of success there.

Doris Evelyn Rowland
"Dot", "Dottie"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
October 26, 1906.



"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

This little miss was born in Shelburne Falls, Mass., Buckland side of the river, if you please. At a very early age she decided to favor Crittenden Grammar School with her presence. Very quiet and shy was Doris! She got through grammar school very well indeed, sweetly smiling this way and that. But when she entered Arms in the Class of '24 she certainly turned over a new leaf and we aren't sure yet whether it was for better or for worse. She took to dancing like a duck to water and we were rather inclined to blame that for the fact that Dot no longer attended our high school socials. No doubt she felt that she had graduated from such childish affairs. But still "Dot" stands by us and cheers loudly at Greenfield Fair. "Dot" has very definite plans for the future. She is going to attend Northampton Business College. We feel perfectly safe in allowing Doris to live in Northampton—we wouldn't dare allow some of our members in Northampton without a companion—because there have never been any suspicions concerning her sanity, except once! That was this year when we were returning from a corn-roast in Shelburne at 9.30 P. M. The moon was high and "Dot" succeeded very well (?) in giving us an interpretation of an Egyptian Dance. Well, Doris, here's to you, and plenty of time in which to dance!

Chorus (1); Class Day Committee (4). Commercial Course.

Welburne Olney Shaw
"Bill", "Billy"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
April 4, 1906.



"I thank God that I am as honest as any may living that
is an honest man and no honester than I."

From April 4, 1906, on, the world has been happy to recognize Bill among its inhabitants. That Bill stayed in Shelburne Falls solely to go to the Baker Grammar School was our first impression, but later when he saw, in the more vivid future, the vision of graduating from Arms with the Class of 1924, "all the king's horses" and all his men, too, couldn't have drawn Billy from his home town. Well assured that the preparatory course would do him more good than the household arts course, he hesitated little when he entered Arms in 1920, but took his Latin like medicine. He has been the keystone in athletics: always seen on the baseball diamond, once on the track team and for two years has been almost as necessary to the basketball team as the ball with which they play. As an actor he played the part of Jimmie McBride, the son of a wealthy overall manufacturer, in the play "Daddy Long-Legs". The palpitating part of the orchestra has been run by Bill for the past two years. What is most noteworthy is his work for his class, for which he has done no small amount, having been on reception, decoration, and candy committees and ushered for the first, second and third years, and as class president, he has safely carried us through our senior year. Future prospects are vague things to many of us, and so it is a question in Bill's mind. Springfield Y. M. C. A. Training School seems to be dawning on the horizon of his future above all other institutions of learning and we all hope for the best.

Track (4); Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); captain (4); Student Board (1, 2, 3, 4); "Daddy Long-Legs" (4); Orchestra (3, 4); Candy Committee (4); Usher (1, 2, 3, 4); Reception Committee (4); Decoration Committee (1, 2, 3); President (4).

Marjorie Bennett Smith
"Marge", "Bill"

Shelburne, Mass.
October 13, 1906.



"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Marge was born in the crisp weather of October. That's why she has always had so much energy. She started her education in the East Grammar School, Shelburne. Evidently she wasn't satisfied there, for after a time she changed to the Center Grammar School. But being a rover she could not stay here. During her last year she attended the Skinner Grammar School. Then she came to Arms, feeling fully equipped to overcome any difficulties that might arise. She took up the Domestic Course, and as a freshman was elected vice-president. The next year she succeeded in struggling on without her sister's helping hands. If you won't tell anybody; we'll tell you a secret. We think that Marge has discovered the exact amount of studying necessary to bluff the teachers. We haven't been able to extract this from her so far, but perhaps that is because we are not millionaires. At any rate, she has gone cheerfully about school for the full four years. It is strange how tight-mouthed some of the members of this class can be! Now, Marge, here, won't let out a peep as to her prospects. We are positive she has some, so that can't be the matter. As "a miss is as good as a mile" might apply to guesses, we think we won't try.

Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4); Dramatic Club (4); Basketball (4); Cake Committee (4); Vice-President (1); Reception Committee (3).



Marian Helen Temple
"Nan"

Colrain, Mass.
November 18, 1907.

"Your hearts desires be with you"

Marian is one of our numerous delegates who quietly helps to fill the Toonerville trolley on its pleasant daily trip from and to Colrain. Patiently from November 18, 1907 until September 1920, she waited in Colrain until she should have the opportunity of coming to Arms and taking up her much desired course in Household Arts. In the meanwhile the Foundry Grammar School took up most of her time. After she had been at Arms a year the music instructor found that she had musical ability and deserved a place in the Arms chorus. Whether Marian's musical success led her to attempt dramatics or not we do not know, but it is sure that something or other must have led her that way for she joined the Dramatic Club in 1923-24, her last year at Arms. Her future prospects beyond normal school she has not stated, but it is certain that next year she will be found taking a course in North Adams Normal School.

Chorus (2, 3, 4); Dramatic Club (4).

Wallace Edwin Temple
"Springy"

Colrain, Mass.
August 9, 1905.

"His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so
That what in other mouths was rough,
In his seemed musical and low."

Wallace Edwin Temple, otherwise known as "Springy" (just why we have never been able to ascertain) first made his acquaintance with this world of "toil and trouble" on August 9, 1905. After collecting all available information, we are prepared to assert that, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, during his childhood he lived a perfectly normal life. He attended Foundry Grammar School, and then came to Arms, entering in the class of 1923, but after a long absence, due to illness, he dropped back to a good class and has remained with us ever since. Since Wallace has been at Arms, only one fault in his character has ever been discovered, but it must be admitted that he has an unusual propensity for mischief, especially when the teachers aren't looking at him. If rumor is to be believed, this tendency sometimes gets him into trouble in agriculture, but perhaps that isn't his fault—when you think of his fellow-students in the agricultural department. Aside from his activities in agriculture (for better or for worse), he sings in the chorus, or at least joins in the vocal efforts thereof. As for his future, he doesn't know anything about it, and we won't disgrace him by telling the place we think he's headed for.

Chorus.



Hilda Marie Thompson
"Hilly", "Thompy"

Greenfield, Mass.
January 11, 1907.

"Aldeborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?"

This marvelous child was born in Greenfield, Mass. Greenfield stood her as long as possible and then asked her parents if they would kindly remove their squalling youngster from the town, so they dropped her over the hill into Shelburne Falls. After attending Baker Grammar School "Thompy" entered Arms with the Class of '24. The dear child always did enjoy attention and since she wasn't especially brilliant or particularly handsome she decided to grow. So she grew and grew and then she grew some more until today—we'll, just walk with her and see how tall you feel! Hilda has had a very great failing for the weaker sex, that is—ahem!—in the flesh. Oh, of course, Thompy, I won't tell them of your fondness for movie stars. That would be too mean. They say she has a whole book of their pictures which supplies her with sweet dreams each eve. No wonder that a mere Arms boy couldn't attract our Hilda's attention—just compare some of them with John Gilbert, Ramon Navarro, or Norman Kerry. Hilda plans to enter Fitchburg Normal this year with Marion. We rather expected that, as these two bachelor maids are always together.

Basketball (1, 2, 3); Dramatic Club (3, 4); Chorus (1, 2, 3); Graduating Committee (4); Treasurer (1, 2); Vice-President (4); Pro Merito (4). Commercial Course.



Neal Franklin Truesdell
"Neal"

Shelburne, Mass.
January 2, 1907.



"You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care."

This robust youth, like several famous (or notorious) members of the class of 1924, hails from Shelburne. On the second day of January, seventeen years ago, he first opened his eyes and began to take an interest in life, looking around him first in a quiet and dignified manner, and then with an air of annoyance which seemed to say, "What's all the fuss about anyway?", which proves that a person's character never really changes. His first education was obtained at the Patten Grammar School, but eventually he sought a wider field of study and naturally came to Arms. Concerning Neal's life and work at Arms, I have been able to find little against him, for he is exceedingly quiet and studious: just what so many students ought to be—and aren't! Perhaps it was because of these qualities that he was chosen a librarian, and if so the choice was well made, for unlike the other librarians, who get into all the excitement that there is, Neal never allows himself to be drawn into the fierce controversies waged among them. As to his future, he may be a bookkeeper, perhaps, or perhaps he may be a second Caruso, while it is rumored that from the way he can pound a piano, he may outdo Paderewski some day. If he does, we hope he will present the school with some good records for the Victrolas.

Librarian; Chorus.

Florence Leslie Walden
"Flossie"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
July 24, 1906.



"'Tis Beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis Virtue, that doth make them most admired;
'Tis Modesty, that makes them seem divine."

Florence attended the Colrain Grammar School and then was lured on to Arms. Here she at once won the unusual honor of being the most agreeable member in her class. She got along with everyone, and as far as we know she doesn't even possess such a thing as a temper. Florence is everybody's friend, and we have proof that she and Cicero actually get along very nicely together. We have sat for hours waiting for her to give vent to her wrath and fling the books of his orations across the room.—But no! she just struggles patiently on and Cicero, that restless boy, lets her conquer him. It has been said that everyone can sing—after listening to the chorus we have our doubts about it—however, we do know that "our modest Flossie" has a voice well to be proud of, and we're all planning to "listen in" about ten years from now and hear our classmate sing.—When it became the style at Arms to have a friend in Greenfield, it is reported that Florence entertained a friend of the masculine gender from that particular city every Saturday. And to go on with the scandal they say that every Saturday night two more young friends—oh! don't worry, Florence, I'm not going to tell what gender they belong to—come and take them for a ride—in a Buick, isn't it Marshall? Florence told us she wanted to teach, and then we smiled a wise smile. Yes! of course! probably at Mount Hermon, and we'll wager George will manage to get into her classes.

General Course; Latin Club (3); Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4)

Genevra Blanche Wells
"Girlic", "Nebbie"

Buckland, Mass.
December 15, 1906.



"In came Genevra Wells, one vast substantial smile."

Although Genevra had the misfortune to be born in Buckland, yet she has borne up very well under this great handicap. When old enough to be allowed to go about out of sight of her fond parents, she entered the Buckland Center Primary (an awe-inspiring name, that). She did not remain contented here long and after a space of time enrolled in the Buckland Center Grammar School. In her insatiable thirst for knowledge she soon got out of patience and entered Arms. At this honorable institution Genevra took up the General Course, though she could not quite subdue her love of Latin. She pursued her quiet life for three years at Arms and then suddenly came into public view. For lo and behold! she was in "Daddy Long-Legs"! This not being enough to satisfy her desire for publicity, she decided to be on the debating team and was. Anyone would have thought this enough, but little fishes! she went out for Prize Speaking and also made that, being given honorable mention. Finally as a crowning penalty for her sins she has been chosen to deliver the Ivy Address. But strangest of all Genevra says that this summer she is going to the North Adams Summer School and then she is going to teach in the fall. Well, Genevra, if you can keep your face straight when the kids cut up, you'll make good, but you'll have some job.

Pro Merito; Chorus (1, 2, 3); Daddy Long-Legs (4); Debating Team (4); Latin Club (3); Prize Speaking (4); Dramatic Club (4); Librarian (4); Usher (3).

Francis Neil Wheeler Shelburne Falls, Mass.
 "Husky", "Le Petit Homme", "Frannie" May 1, 1907.

"There was a little man and he had a little soul."

Since the merry month of May, 1907, Francis has been trying to impress the world that it's quality, not quantity that he is here for. His whole course at Crittenden Grammar School was a success. His outside attractions besides baseball, were playing marbles and fishing in Hog Hollow brook. This recreation he probably took up to rest his brain after the long school hours. In June, 1920, a great event took place. He graduated from Crittenden Grammar School and joined the Class of '24 at Arms. We didn't recognize his greatness at first on account of his "petitness" so he sat in a corner for a whole year until we elected him president of the class. This is surely a distinction for there are not many who have attained the presidency of the class of '24 at Arms. He had taken up the preparatory course with the view of becoming entirely Romanized in two years and in fact in the third year a Latin Club was established in which it was possible for him to talk Roman. But later he changed from Roman to a Frenchman and became "Le Petit Homme" of the French class. Francis took the management of the basketball team during the winter of 1923-24, and carried Arms through a most successful season on an astonishingly heavy schedule. He has made no arrangement for future occupation. In the past he has been special delivery boy for the Shelburne Falls Post Office and he has worked in the printing office for some time. What he will do in the future is hard to predict and after all it is safest not to try.



Kathleen Rose Wheeler Shelburne Falls, Mass.
 "Yea", "Katy" September 19, 1905.

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined."

Shelburne Falls had the good fortune to be this lass' birthplace. From all the facts and statistics that we have been able to compile, we have concluded that Katy was a normal child in every way excepting where the opposite sex was concerned. Since this could not be cured, it had to be endured. At the usual age she entered the Buckland Grammar School. After serious debate the authorities allowed her to return the second year and then the third. So, although it was a severe trial, they permitted her to continue to the end. After her lucky escape from grammar school, Katy entered the portals of Arms. She took up the General Course. (We think she should have taken the commercial on account of her fondness for "Bills.") At Arms also they gave up trying to cure her. She exercised her charms more than ever. Well, practice makes perfect. For four years now she has been smiling and studying (?) her way through this learned institution. As to the future, however, we are left in doubt. We can not ever make a poor guess. All she will tell us is "undecided". What a marvelous amount of knowledge that word reveals to us! We give it up.

Usher (3); Chorus (2, 3, 4); General Course.



Blanche Eliza Wilder Buckland, Mass.
 "Chick" June 27, 1906.

"Just an old-fashioned girl,
 With an old-fashioned smile."

This serious maid was born in Buckland, Mass. She attended Buckland Center Grammar School and then entered Arms with the good old class of '24. She was always quiet and shy—never did anything boisterous to attract attention. But then, you know, "still waters run deep." At least we suspected they did when Blanche began to attend Arms Socials in company with "Nellie" Ward. Yes, and they do say, in Buckland, that she is getting Wilder every day. Blanche has no definite plans for next year except that she intends to do some form of commercial work. But then we can make a good guess as to what she will be doing, well, two years from now. Good luck to you, Blanche, we only hope it won't be a "Comedy of Errors."

Basket Ball (1, 2, 3); Chorus (2); Orchestra (3, 4).



The Seniors



SENIOR HISTORY

Four years ago various roads led to this school the class of nineteen hundred and twenty four, then as green as grass, which was conceived in knowledge and dedicated to the proposition of becoming one of the most important classes in the history of Arms Academy. Trusting whether that class or any other class so conceived and so dedicated can long endure; we have been engaged in a great struggle for fame in athletics, in socials, in scholarship, and in dramatics.

Laurence Leonard, Welburne Shaw, and Donald Morrissey have met in the athletic struggle on the basketball team adding much to its wonderful success. We must dedicate a portion of this fame to Hilda Thompson and to Elsie Mattson who played on the girls' basketball team which existed in the early years of this class.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should mention the prize speakers, Ellsworth Barnard and Elsie Mattson of the sophomore year, the first prize going to Elsie Mattson. Again in the junior year, Ellsworth Barnard and Margaret Bahr were chosen, and now

Genevra Wells and John Fellows have spoken for us as seniors. John won first prize.

But in a larger sense we cannot foresee, we cannot imagine, we cannot estimate, what fame they will bring us, by what they have already brought us with the aid of Ellsworth Barnard, Marion Marshall, and Genevra Wells on the debating teams last fall.

Donald Morrissey, Welburne Shaw, Ellsworth Barnard and Lawrence Leonard who fought in the dust of the baseball diamond for the past three years and those who volunteer this year have raised our fame far beyond our poor power to add or detract.

Arms will little note nor long remember the tone of the music box but it can never forget the delightful socials given by the class of twenty-four. Our first social on the wet and rainy night of March 31, 1922, was a brilliant success and the expectations for the Junior Prom held on January 1, 1923, were greater than its success, but after the social the success was said to exceed the expectations in spite of wet weather and bad roads. We gave a social around Hallowe'en in 1923, black cats and jack-o-

lanterns being much in evidence. We expect to crown the list with a May dance.

It was for us, the seniors, to strengthen the track team which we have thus far nobly supported with Morrissey as captain and Amidon as a staunch member. And this year Shaw and Call with Morrissey as captain, represented "twenty-four" in the track meet.

It is for us here to speak of the great work of dramatics to which we gave Elsie Mattson last year in "Peg o' My Heart", and this year Rachel Purrington, Genevra Wells, Margaret Bahr, Mary Ellen Cromack, Welburne Shaw in "Daddy Long-Legs." We take pleasure in believing that our class can rightfully claim a generous amount of the public praise given to the work of dramatics.

From these honored representations we take increased devotion to our school and from all other activities to which this class gave its full measure of devotion. Since Alexander Pope said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," we have worked hard for four years, and have finally obtained much knowledge. Now we here highly resolve that we have gained the fame we sought for and have not worked in vain; that this class, above all, shall be remembered through the ages; and that devotion to the school and for the school by this class shall not vanish from our hearts.

Murray Buell, '24.

How swiftly now does Time pursue
Its silent, swift relentless way;
How soon the things which now we do
Are memories vague of yesterday.

How soon the things we call our own,
The things we think and feel and see,
Are but fast fading pictures thrown
On the dim screen of memory.

And now four years have passed since we
The class of nineteen-twenty-four,
First came to Arms Academy,
And entered her welcoming door.

How dearly still do we recall
Those days that seem so long ago;
The moments of our rise and fall
To heights of joy and depths of woe.

What changes those four years have
wrought

In us and all around us here;
What joy and sadness Time has brought
brought

In passing, year by year.

How many happy hours we have spent,
Dear Arms, within thy sturdy, shel-
tering walls:

What hope and inspiration have been lent
Our feeble efforts by thy quiet halls.

While, 'round all our work and play,
Hopes and high ambitions firing,
Shaping our lives day by day
Falls the influence inspiring.

Like a beam of sunlight falling
On our secret hopes and fears:
Like a voice above us calling
From the heights of future years.

And now the time is nearly here,
When, 'twixt our class of twenty-four,
And all these things we hold so dear,
Thy portals close forevermore.

And soon these happy days at Arms
Are but dim visions of the past:
Another life will bring new charms,
New hopes, new interests, crowding
fast.

Yet, through all our future life,
Though we know not what 'twill be—
Joy or sorrow, peace or strife—
Dearest Arms Academy

Thy teachings will be as a star,
Our love for thee be as a light
In darkness, gleaming from afar,
To lead us in the paths of right .

Ellsworth Barnard, '24.

Cheer the classes, one by one,
Give the cheers once more,
But loudest cheers, before you're done,
Give to the class of twenty-four!

Sing their praises loud and long,
Praise them all once more,
But greatest praise and loudest song,
Give to the class of twenty-four!

Lilda Leonard, '24.

The Juniors

Shelburne Historical Society



CLASS HISTORY, 1925

As we review once more the history of our class, our thoughts dwell with lingering amusement on that eventful day in the fall of 1921 when we as freshmen entered these sacred halls of learning and signed our names as members of the Arms Academy class of 1925.

If our brain power at that time had been gauged by our outward appearance, I doubt if any of those teachers who tried to guide us into paths of knowledge during that first year at Arms, would have lived to tell the story of their Herculean labors on our behalf. But it was well for us, and also for our teachers, that appearances are often times deceitful, for before many months we had proved that we were not nearly as hopeless or as helpless as we appeared. Thus it was not long before several members of our class had their names upon the honor list and even had the audacity to enter the list of those select few who boasted of "perfect" cards. Others of our class proved themselves proficient in athletics, while Theodore Page won the first prize at the first annual prize speaking contest; and finally, as a last item of our

success of that year, we might mention the fact that our freshman social passed into history as an event that will never be forgotten, either by those guests who enjoyed our hospitality, or by the members of our class who had to go into a long period of bankruptcy until the bills for broken dishes were paid in full.

Our sophomore year was marked by further successes in athletic events, prize speaking, dramatics, and social activities. In prize speaking Martha Coburn not only won first prize at the prize speaking contest here, but also won the interscholastic prize at Orange, which entitled her to a fifty dollar scholarship in a school of elocution. In our first school play, "Peg o' My Heart," which was given by the Dramatic Club in Memorial Hall, Jane Woods of our class was the heroine, while Fay Shippee took one of the other leading roles.

Our sophomore social was one of the important events of that year and we are sure that all those who were present on that occasion had good reason to enjoy the evening's festivities.

With this notable record of past achievements to our credit we entered

our third year at Arms and again we have proved that we are a class of diversified accomplishments.

Thus our class once more has furnished several members for each of the athletic teams; it was from our class that the Dramatic Club again chose Jane Woods as the heroine for the second annual school play, "Daddy Long-Legs"; while several other members of the class, Martha Coburn, Helen Pierce, Richard Stetson, Isabelle Whitcomb, Fay Shippee, and Theodore Page took leading parts in that play.

In the first interscholastic school debate which took place in January between Charlemont high, Ashfield, and Arms Academy, our class furnished three of the six members of the Arms debating team; and the negative side, on which Helen Pierce and Ruth Bassett spoke at Ashfield, won from Ashfield by one point. Dana Webber of this class was on the affirmative side which remained at home to debate with Charlemont.

Our Junior Prom, of this year was a pronounced success and none of the accidents of the previous years (such as the breaking of dishes, or the breaking out of mysterious fires), occurred to mar the pleasure of this occasion.

In our third annual prize-speaking contest we have chosen Ruby Burnap and Henry Trow to represent the class and an account of this event will be given later.

R. E. Bassett.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

It was a beautiful afternoon in October. The russet and yellow foliage seemed to call me to the hills, and I started for a walk. I followed a lonely country road for some distance, and then went through an old pasture, until I came to the edge of a forest.

Here stood an old house with weather-beaten clapboards, a roof almost bare of shingles, and window frames from which panes of glass were gone. It presented a deserted and weird appearance. From the time that I was a very small boy I had been told this old house was haunted.

"What is a haunted house?" I asked.

"A house where ghosts roam around," was the reply.

I had little idea what a ghost was like, so as I had walked near the old house, I

decided to investigate. I walked along the grass grown path, up to the door, which was unfastened, and entered the house.

The first thing I heard was the scurrying of little feet that proclaimed a mouse had been disturbed. Then a noise overhead attracted my attention, and I saw a squirrel disappear through the hole in the roof.

I had seen nothing to frighten me so I sat down on a broken chair, and tried to picture how the old house looked when it was tenanted. I soon grew sleepy, and I supposed I dozed. It seemed only a short time before a little man stood before me and asked me what I wanted.

"To see the ghost," I replied.

"Very well, you shall," answered the old man.

It seemed to me that we walked down a long flight of stairs and along a passage with a stone floor. Still, I did not see any ghost and told the old man I thought he was fooling me.

"Look straight ahead," he said, "there is the ghost."

I looked in the direction in which he pointed and saw something white swaying its head back and forth. I began to get a clearer look at the ghostly visitor. When, suddenly, I awoke. The old broken chair in which I had been seated had tipped over, and I had fallen into the old fire place. I could still see the white object at the window and I arose, and walked toward it. When I was quite near I saw a white cow looking at me. I went out of the house, and started for home.

After that when I heard any one speak of the "Haunted House," I concluded the only ghosts which roamed there were cows, mice, or squirrels, for they were all the tenants that I had seen.

Theodore Page, '25.

A RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

Two cupsful of gray matter,
Two eyesful of observation,
A tongue well-oiled with correct, crisp
statements.

Sweeten with lovingness.

Mix well with optimism.

Stir with a willing hand.

Mould with stick-to-it-tive-ness.

If results are not satisfactory, double the
dose and begin all over again.

Ruth B. Upton, '25.

The Sophomores

Shelburne Historical Society



HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORES

When we were freshmen, and that was only last year, we were represented in both sports and dramatics. Several of the boys won letters in the Greenfield track meet while Gertrude Larsen and Fayette Mitchell were chosen as our prize speakers.

This year we have done quite as well. We had a splendid boys' and a girls' basketball team, both of which succeeded in scoring many victories. Greenfield track men have learned that the sophomores always put up a good fight and capture their shares of the rewards.

We have chosen Elizabeth Dyer and Donald Perkins to claim the prize speaking honors for our class this year.

But our social, given on April third, as a welcome to our new principal, Mr. Pollard, marks the climax of this year's career. The plan was entirely Japanese and, if we may judge from the remarks and compliments of our guests, it was carried out rather effectively. Japanese lanterns, parasols and fans were in every visible corner, while small trees representing cherry trees were grouped behind the orchestra and receiving line.

Near the close of intermission an Oriental dance was staged. Eight girls in Oriental Japanese costumes carrying parasols came in and sat down, forming a circle. All lights were extinguished except the swinging lanterns. Then Mary Tognarelli, dressed as a Japanese girl, gave her dance in their midst. It was very quaint and unusual and Miss Tognarelli received a loud applause.

Since we are sophomores it means that we have two more years to spend at our Alma Mater in which we may achieve honors worthy of being added to the record books of Arms Academy.

Gertrude Marshall, '26.

THE IMMIGRANT CHILD'S DREAM

Aboard the "Alabama" all was gay and bright. On the upper deck fine ladies in rich, clinging gowns trailed about, and stylishly dressed gentlemen lounged about in steamer chairs or gathered in groups and talked politics.

Down on the lower deck among the crowd of third class travelers stood an Italian leaning against the rail, straining her eyes ahead for the first glimpse of the

promised land, America. Beside her on a bundle of luggage was a young lad of fourteen. In his hand he held tightly a small pamphlet with a picture of the Statue of Liberty on the cover and through his mind flashed pictures of the place that was to be his new home. As he sat there his heavy eyelids drooped and leaning back against a coil of rope he fell asleep.

No sooner had he left the noise of the crowded deck behind him than he saw a tall figure before him with arm outstretched beckoning him. He gazed at this figure for a long time before he gained courage to speak.

"Please, who are you, ma'am?" he said shyly.

"I am the Goddess of Liberty," she answered, smiling upon the lad. "I stand for freedom and justice and those who follow me shall find happiness and success."

"Will I find those things in America?" asked the boy.

"You will find them anywhere, if you are willing to work for them," replied the figure. "But I must go. Watch for me and I will come again."

The boy awoke to find his mother tugging excitedly at his sleeve saying, "Wake up, son, wake up. Come and see America."

The boy sprang up and hurried with his mother to the rail where crowds of waifs and foreigners were gathered for their first glimpse of the land that was to hold so much for them.

The boy gazed long and eagerly at the Statue of Liberty as it towered above the harbor. It was just as he had thought it would be.

"There is our new home where we will find happiness and success," he said, turning to his mother.

"Oh, I hope so, son," she replied.

"But I know," answered the boy, thinking of the fair goddess of his dream.

The promised land did not prove quite so much as they had expected. Even in America money did not grow on trees or lie in the street to be gathered up by whoever passed. Many times the boy was weary and discouraged, but always when life seemed emptiest and darkest his Goddess of Liberty returned and beckoned him onward, always a step a little higher on the ladder of success.

But one day his goddess led him to a great opportunity. The chance was before him and the boy took it. After years of work and trying failures he reached the top and the world spread out before him.

Ten years from the day they left the deck of the 'Alabama' they again boarded the same ship, but under very different circumstances. This time they traveled first class and mingled in the gaiety of the richly dressed people of the upper deck. They were returning to their native land for a short visit, after which they would come back again to America.

Soon after the boat sailed out of the harbor, the boy appeared below. The third class passengers were much amazed to have a richly dressed young man appear among them. They watched him curiously and then from some unknown corner an awed whisper arose. The message spread like wild fire.

"There goes Antonio Spalla, the famous movie star of America," they whispered excitedly.

The young man passed on until he reached the part of the deck where he had been when they first came in sight of America.

"My Goddess of Liberty was right," he murmured to himself. "She stood for freedom and justice and it is true; and that those who follow her will find happiness and success. That, too, it right," he concluded, "for I have followed her and I have found them."

Helen Loomis, '26.

1926

Here is the class by its size and pep,
That's known all over the town
As the biggest class and the brightest
class
Of all the others 'round .

A class that goes and beats 'em all
In both scholarship and games
From the track-team in the early fall
To the honor list of names.

For '26 is the class I mean
The class of the blue and the gold
Whose loyalty to Arms is seen
Whenever the need is told.

E. D., '26

The Freshmen

Shelburne Historical Society



CLASS HISTORY

The freshman class reviews its first year at Arms, with a feeling of satisfaction. The teachers and other classmen gave us a most cordial welcome when we entered, and we soon adjusted ourselves to the conditions of the high school. We had fifty members when we entered, and now have forty-five, which is not such a very great decrease in numbers. Perhaps our achievements have not been remarkable, but we have made steady progress, building a foundation for three years to come.

At our first class meeting we elected William Mahoney, president, and since then we have had several meetings. At the same time we elected a social committee consisting of Helen Legate, Russell Purrington, Gertrude Cardwell, and John Caloon.

The captain of the boys' basketball team is Russell Purrington. Our boys were not very successful in the game with Crittenden, but with Baker they showed what they could do, by making a large score in our favor.

The captain of the girls' basketball team is Edna Morrissey. Our girls hurt

the feelings of the juniors when they defeated them one afternoon in a close game, but the juniors were reconciled when they surpassed us "freshies" in the second game.

The honor roll has included several from the 1927 class: Jarvis Hadley, John Burnham, Gertrude Pierce, Rena Liley, Edna Morrissey, Priscilla March, and Helen Legate.

The class has elected for prize speakers, Farley Manning and Helen Legate.

These few statements show what we have done in our freshman year. But watch us! Wait until the end of our four years and then we'll show everyone what a splendid class we have.

A CLOCK'S STORY

My grandfather has an old fashioned mahogany clock, which stands at one end of the hall. It is fifty years old and has never had any kind of a disorder. But one morning very early the clock stopped.

Upon this, the Dial turned pale with alarm, the Hands tried in vain to go on, the Wheels stood still in surprise, and the Weights hung speechless. Each was

ready to lay the blame on the others. At length the Dial asked the cause of the trouble. Then, Hands, Wheels, and Weights, with one voice, all said that they did not know.

But a faint tick was heard below, from the Pendulum, who said, "I am the cause of the present trouble, and I am willing to tell my reasons. The truth is I am tired of ticking."

Upon hearing this, the old clock became so angry that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy thing!" exclaimed the Dial, holding up its hands.

"Very good, Mistress Dial," replied the Pendulum. "You have always set yourself up above me. It is very easy for you to call other people lazy."

"You have nothing to do but to stare people in the face, and watch all that goes on in the hall! Think how you would like to be shut up all your life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the Dial, "is there not a window in your house for you to look through?"

"For all that," replied the Pendulum, "it is very dark here. And if there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am tired of my way of life. If you wish, I will tell you how I came to dislike my work. This morning I happened to count up how many times I should have to tick in the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you above there, can tell me the exact sum?"

The Minute Hand instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the Pendulum. "Now I ask all of you, if you thought of this wouldn't it be enough to tire you? When I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, it is no wonder that I felt discouraged. So, after a great deal of thinking, I said to myself, 'I'll stop!'"

The Dial could scarcely keep a sober face during the speech; but at last it said, "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am astonished that such a useful, busy person as you, should have been discouraged by this. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do. This work may weary us to think of, but the question is,

will it tire us to do it? Will you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to help may my meaning clear?"

The Pendulum did as he was asked, and ticked six times at his usual pace.

"Now," said the Dial, "may I ask if that ticking was at all hard or unpleasant to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the Pendulum. "It is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the Dial, "but remember that you are asked to make but one stroke at a time. Remember, too, that however often you have to swing, a movement will always be given you to swing in."

"That is a very good idea," said the Pendulum.

"Then I hope," said the Dial, "we shall all return to our work at once; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idle like this."

Upon this the Weights did all they could to make the Pendulum begin. Then the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum began to swing again, and the clock ticked as loudly as ever.

A beam of the rising sun, that came through a hole in the shutter, fell upon the Dial, which looked as bright as if nothing had been the matter.

When grandfather came down to breakfast, he declared upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

Ella Trow, '27.

SCHOOL! SCHOOL! SCHOOL!

I wish I didn't have to go

To school this lovely day.

I'd rather go and slide and skate

And have a holiday.

But laws are laws I do suppose,

And have to be obeyed.

But as for me? Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

I wish they'd never been made.

But I'm always glad when at last I'm
here,

Although I hated to come,

Even though my studies are hard

They're sometimes lots of fun.

Martha Coburn.

LITERARY

Shelburne Historical Society



"ROUND THE WORLD"

"In tall ships richly built and ribbed with brass,
To put a girdle round about the earth."

What a mental cinematograph these words produce: of empires, countries, cities, and temples built when the world was young; of scenery, peoples, customs, many tongues, and the worship of many gods! What a desire it creates to go out and see how many people in other parts of the world live and move and have their being!

Years ago this was a great undertaking, but now there is no trouble in "placing a girdle about the earth", for the world is brought to your door. Just embark on a ship and "go forth to admire, to see and to behold this world so wide".

You cannot resist when Adventure has cast its magic spell upon you — with that last step from the gang-plank you leave the work-a-day world behind; you leave the bay with Liberty standing guard, a gleam in the sunlight; then the last line of land having gone, you make ready for a hundred tomorrows. There is a pleasant "tang"

upon the breeze — could it possibly be a hint of Spring carried clear across from Africa? Or is it the savory spice of the Great Adventure?

One morning you rise early and see the dawn come up over Africa — you glimpse the dim line of shore on the Egyptian coast —

"Egypt! from whose dateless tombs arose,
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose."

You arrive at Algiers in a lavender twilight that deepens into twinkling night, see white-robed women veiled to their eyes, real Bedouins of Algerian desert, and Arabs in red fezzes.

You see ripe oranges and lemons growing in Italy, you walk the dead streets of Pompeii and gaze on the beautiful Bay of Naples. You visit Venice, the most romantic city of Europe. View the delightful gondola-crowded canals, the graceful palaces rising from the water, and the grim Bridge of Sighs.

You may visit Switzerland where every mountain vale is a hidden paradise and where wonderful snow-capped hills, deep

blue lakes, and smiling green valleys abound. The shores of beautiful Lake Geneva reveal a no more romantic spot than the Castle of Chillon. Here dwelt the powerful Counts of Savoy. And one does not need imagination to hear again the sighs of the heroic "Prisoner of Chillon" among these surroundings.

In China you see everything the name brings to mind—busy wharves, narrow streets where quaint little shops display their fantastic collections of banners, a blue sea dotted with ships and islands, and beautiful gardens and homes.

Then you are in Japan, the fairyland of flowers. In April, a cloud-burst of cherry blossoms decks the land in pink and white, while fascinating girls emerge in the butterfly kimonos of Spring. Kyota, a famous city, is one of art and not commerce—decked with temples, palaces, gardens, odd little shops, and bazaars—a city of Old Japan. Perhaps the most famous thing in Japan is the mountain Fujiyama; its snow-capped peak towers over and seems to guard the beautiful Flowery Kingdom.

You visit Hawaii, the Island Paradise, where

"Fairy-like music steals o'er the sea,
Entrancing our senses with charmed melody."

From one year's end to another the weather here is like that of May, and nowhere has Nature scattered her gifts so freely; superb scenery, forests rich in tropical foliage and gorgeous with flowers and plumed birds.

And so home to friends and familiar faces. "Round the World" is a phrase suggesting romance, and somewhere down in the depths of everyone lie the embers of romance ready to flare forth at a book or song, poem or picture. It is this glow which so often leads you out into the realm of steamships and mysterious jaunts. But you are also proud in the knowledge that you, too, have trod on ground where history began, seen curious unknown flags, scented strange dusky odors, heard odd unaccustomed tongues; and ever after you'll be glad you yielded to this Great Adventure.

MARION MARSHALL, '24.

FORTUNATE FORTUNE

Breezy Knoll Villa,
June 1, 19—.

DEAREST TINKEY:

I have the most wonderful news to tell you. I have had my fortune told, and such

a fortune as you never would believe. Nevertheless, it is true for it was told me by the hand of Fate. You know what that is, don't you? It is a regular, real, honest-to-goodness Hindu. He was a tall, olive-skinned man, just the kind you see in "ads" for Palmolive soap. You know what I mean—he was dressed in a loose yellow robe, a long red girdle with fringed tassels around his waist, a colorful turban bound closely about his head, and his dim mysterious features half concealed in a thick vaporous haze. A fortune coming from such a source as this would surely be as invincible as the hand of Fate, of which I have just spoken.

Now I am going to tell you the best part of it all—my fortune! I am so delighted I can hardly keep from shouting or singing "Dixie Land". I am to come into possession of an untold wealth of gold—yellow, glistening, beautiful gold! Those are just his very words—yellow, glistening, beautiful gold! All I have to do is to wait until Friday, the thirteenth, to have many times the amount of wealth of "John D" and Henry Ford put together.

Just think of it. I can give you one-half and still have enough to—to—well, buy half the world, I guess. I will have a beautiful library containing all the famous works of the writers of Greece and Rome down to the present dime novel. (Of course I may not have time to read them all in a lifetime, but I will have them, anyway. Maybe you will want to borrow some from me sometime.) I will buy the famous paintings, especially the "Mona Lisa" and the "Blue Boy". Why, I shall do anything I wish, and go anywhere I want to. Think of it—just think of it!

Pal 'o mine,

BETZ.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that I don't really know what the Hindu looked like because he told my fortune from behind a black curtain; but of course my description was correct. In fact, I just know it was. Another important item—I am to find my treasure in the moon-meadow back of the hill pasture. I will write you about further developments soon.

BETZ.

Breezy Knoll Villa,
June 2, 19—.

OH, TINKEY DEAREST:

I am in trouble, dreadful trouble. I can't sleep at night for the very thought of it.

Beautiful sunshiny days like these are no consolation to me, for I live within the horrible gloom of my own misfortunate fortune. I have come to think that this wealth of gold is going to bring me more trouble than happiness. I have thought and thought, and finally have come to the conclusion that if I give money to all the charities, endow all the colleges, further public works, and everything else in the world, I will still have so much left that I can never get rid of it. Then, there is another dreadful problem confronting me. I don't know anything about investing in tax exempt government bonds and securities; therefore, with the very best of economy, my income or surtaxes will take all my fortune and leave me with about a couple thousand more to pay on them. I have figured by every "rapid cal" and bookkeeping method I ever knew, or ever didn't know, and I can't make it a penny less. It certainly is dreadful to have a fortune and then have to spend it all and more too in taxes. I am so worried, either my fortune will be so large that I will never know what to do with it, or it will carry so many taxes that it will create a debt which can never be paid.

Tomorrow I must go to the moon-field and know the worst. Please ask the fairies to use all their magic and bring me good luck.

Terribly worried,

BETZ.

Breezy Knoll Villa,

June 3, 19—.

TINKY DARLING:

Wonders have truly happened! I guess I had better start at the beginning and tell you just how it happened. At 7:30 exactly, I went down the gravel path through the gate of the squeaky hinges toward the moon-meadow. As I walked along the little crooked path of silver birch lane, I wondered how the birds could sing when such a dreadful thing was about to happen. I went on pulling the heads off the blue daisies by the path. I was wondering how I would find my wealth. I remembered my dream the night before of how moon-meadow was filled with bags of gold — the kind cartoonists use — with large dollar signs on every one. Would I find a large truck or a four horse wagon, or what? was the question I continually asked myself. Only one thing I did not question, and that was the truth of the Hindu's prophecy.

I was now nearly to the end of the hill pasture for here was the frog pond which

divided the two. In a few second my fortune would be before me. I stepped through the horseshoe bars into the meadow and closed my eyes with a snap. I would not look — I could not look!

"Behold your fortune, little lady, a whole meadow full," said a voice at my side which I recognized as my Hindu's. I opened my eyes and looked. The sun was just coming over the hilltop, and the golden slanting rays fell on the moon-meadow's treasure — a meadow of gold in very truth — yellow, glistening, beautiful gold! My fortune was a myriad of dew-adorned buttercups. My Hindu was — well, you know who it was. It was Tinky! I was certainly surprised but also delighted with my gold, so instead of being angry with you as I first intended to be, I am going to give you half my fortune, Tinky dearest.

As ever, your loving,

BETZ.

LILDA LEONARD, '24.

FROZEN WORDS

(With apologies to Sir John Mandeville)

It was a cold day in December. We struggled through a biting blizzard and reached the Academy only to find the atmosphere within the buildings colder than without. Wonders of wonders! Mr. Meekins must have overslept for there was no fire whatever in the furnaces.

Shivering and shaking, we gathered in the Main Room for Assembly. The mercury in the thermometers went down and down until it hit the bottom and burst. Mr. Vose began to talk, but it was not long before we were unable to hear a word he said. Yet we could tell by his mouth that he was still speaking. Mystified, we tried to talk with those sitting near us, but try as we would, we could hear nothing. After much perplexity we found that our words froze in the air as soon as they left our mouths. So all through the day we went from class to class, nodding and gaping at one another, everyone talking, but no one heard.

However, about half-past twelve Mr. Meekins was evidently back on the job, for the air all about us began to thaw. Immediately the two buildings were filled with a dry clattering sound mixed with a gentle hissing, which we afterwards decided to be the crackling of consonants that broke over our heads, blending with the hissing caused by the letter "s". Next, soft words and

sentences, spoken by the girls during school, came to our ears. These, being of a light and gentle substance, liquified in the warm air before the louder and heavier tones of the boys. So now we heard everything that had been said during the morning. And what a sensation! To hear everyone talking about to see no one opening his mouth!

Threats from the teachers warned disorderly boys "to step cautiously". Weak cries of the frightened Freshmen such as "Mama! I can't hear!", "I want to go home", "Teacher, why can't you hear me?", caused us many a laugh. These pitiable questions were always followed by long series of sobs and moans. But what was most strange, the names of many pretty maidens of Arms appeared most frequently in the discourse of the boys. Some were pronounced joyfully while others were accompanied by a long, helpless sigh. *Pauvres garçons!* In consequence several amours which we had not been aware of, were revealed. And great was the fun thereof.

One young gentleman became enraged at a remark he overheard, and picking up a book he prepared to hurl it at the offender. But he stopped, baffled, not knowing on whom to lay the blame.

Alas! Woe unto the poor abused teachers! As they went through the halls after school they were furnished with words which we students had carelessly pronounced concerning them and their duties. These being the coldest words of all had been the last to thaw out, and they sounded like this:

"I wonder if the teachers think we haven't got anything else to do but study." "I translated three pages, and she called on me for the fourth. She's down on me, anyway." "You've got a pull with her." "I'm actually ruining my health studying. It's a wonder my brain didn't give out long ago." "They have no pity on us. They don't have to do the work so why worry!." "Whew! The way he does pile it on. Who wouldn't groan?" "Oh! Wouldn't it be joyful if those teachers only had to do their own lessons just once!" "I'd just like to give to them a dose of their own medicine."

HELEN PIERCE, '25.

A BIRTHDAY IN THE ALPS

The week of my fourteenth birthday I spent in Switzerland. This particular day we had planned to spend in visiting Cham-

onix, the nearest station to Mt. Blanc. Although Chamonix was in France, we had been informed at Interlaken that only a one-day permit was needed to cross the border. But, oh dear, what bitter disappointment! When we arrived at Montreaux, in French Switzerland, we found that it was absolutely necessary to have a complete French visa which would cost us ten dollars, and cause a delay of a whole day in Montreaux. So we hastily made a change of plans and took a night train for Brigue, an important town near one end of the famous Simplon tunnel. We arrived in Brigue, sometime after midnight, but easily found a room at one of the hotels, as the unfortunate conditions in Europe prevented a large portion of the continental people from traveling.

About five o'clock next morning we breakfasted, and half an hour later found us on the train for Zermatt. The little rack and pinion railway wound up through a valley of rugged grandeur, which would have impressed us greatly had we not been walking for several days in this glorious country. Nevertheless it was extremely beautiful. In the train was a young man, all rigged out in mountain climbing paraphernalia, who, we afterward learned, was going to attempt the ascent of the lofty Matterhorn. Finally we arrived in Zermatt.

Zermatt is a very small town in the midst of the Valais Alps. On one side stands the Matterhorn, and on the other rises Monte Rosa, the second highest peak of the Alps. But the latter and most of the surrounding mountains, high though they are, are not visible from the village due to the excessive depth of the valley in which the town lies. Here, then, at this little village, we entered another mountain railway, this time electrically driven. The cars were very trim and handsome, like small street cars, but firmly enclosed to a height of about three feet from the floor, lest some passenger inadvertently make a sudden return trip to Zermatt. As we zig-zagged upward, mountain tops of gleaming whiteness continually disclosed themselves around us. At a small mountain station we left the train and walked the remaining mile and a half in order to enjoy at our leisure the view of the Matterhorn, which arises in imposing grandeur just across the valley.

To my mind this majestic mountain is the most striking of all the Alps. It rises all alone from a high plateau and its sides of bare rock are so precipitous that almost no

snow can lodge upon them. Its blunt and curving top, too, gives it a singular appearance. Although we were several miles away, we could see a very insecure shelter-hut about half way up, used by the few experienced mountaineers who dare attempt the ascent. After an hour's walking we reached the summit of the mountain called the Gorner Grat, rising from sea level to a height of over two miles and occupying a most favorable position in the center of the Valais Alps. A continuous circle of snow clad peaks is dominated by Monte Rosa with its broad base and gleaming sides. The whiteness of the snow is so glaring indeed, that when the sun shines brightly looking at it pains one's eyes. Though Monte Rosa is very high it is not dangerous to climb, but rather fatiguing, the ascent requiring about ten hours. The large glacier which drains its ice fields is joined by five others from the adjacent mountains, forming a majestic river of ice, which sweeps around the base of the Gorner Grat, upon which we were standing. It was hard to leave the magnificent spectacle, but we chose to make part of the descent on foot, arriving in Zermatt in time to have a hasty supper in the railway station before the last train left for Brigue.

I should be very fortunate if any of my later birthdays should be as memorable as this, my fourteenth. J. H., '27.

THE LAND WHERE LOST THINGS GO

People tell of trips to England, France, Asia, South America, and even around the world. No country can equal the world that I was allowed to visit not long ago.

I had dropped to sleep while studying my Latin. I was awakened suddenly by a little fairy who touched me gently on the arm.

"I have a very important message to deliver to you," she said in a soft tone. "You must listen carefully to what I say for my time here is limited. I am a servant of Queen Lostabelle of the Land of Lost Things, and my name is Carelessness. My good queen has charge of all the things that are lost in this world. You may be sure that her task is a difficult one."

Here she paused, but I eagerly commanded her to go on with the story.

"The queen decided to give a prize to the girl who lost neither her head nor her heart

during the first half of this school year," she continued. "The prize has been awarded to you. You are to come with me to the Land of Lost Things. This is a privilege no other human being has ever had."

Before I hardly had time to think of what had happened I was standing in a brilliantly lighted room. My fairy guide beckoned me to follow her to the throne of the queen and her maid-in-waiting, I-Can't-Remember-Where-I-Put-It.

I was then led to an adjoining apartment and told that I might stay there forty minutes. These were the rooms in which the lost things were kept. There were books, rings, pins, pocketbooks, pencils, ties, ribbons, balls, tops, beads, stickpins, and hundreds of other things.

As I was wandering about I saw a door with this inscription on it, "Lost in Arms Academy." I knew this room would be of great interest to me, so I hurriedly entered it.

To my great surprise the first thing I saw was a large case containing fountain pens of all sorts and descriptions. I saw that one of them was a pen that belonged to a friend of mine. After looking these over a few minutes I returned to exploring more of the room.

While looking through a pile of books I found a copy of "Ivanhoe" that one of my chums had lost a few days before. There was also a great number of geometry, ancient history, shorthand, Latin, French, and English Grammar books.

On one table were the lessons lost by different pupils on account of absence or the failure to do them when they should be done. Another case contained many heads and hearts lost during school days at Arms. Each one was marked with its owner's name, and I was amazed at some I saw.

After wandering through myriads of rubbers and overshoes I came to a box containing a small number of envelopes. Each one contained a game lost by the Arms basketball team. I looked them all through and recalled the good work the team had done. Nearby lay a large envelope dated February 13, 1924. I opened it and on a slip of paper I saw, "Basketball game won from junior girls by freshmen girls. A memorable game." There was also an imitation of the valentine which had adorned the blackboard the day after that game.

Just then a tiny bell rang, and my fairy guide returned. The time had come when I must leave though I could have spent

many happy hours looking about these rooms. As I left the apartment I saw a sign over the door which read, "Lost! somewhere between sunrise and sunset, sixty golden minutes, each studded with sixty diamond seconds. No reward is offered, for they are lost forever."

GERTRUDE PIERCE, '27.

THE ART OF BEING LAZY

To tell the truth, I have never been able to acquire any great proficiency in the art of being lazy. Let me hasten to add, however, lest I give a false impression, that this is true, not because of any lack of inclination on my part, but because of circumstances which are utterly beyond my control.

But in spite of the fact that I have never become such a close acquaintance with the art of being lazy as I should like, I firmly believe and maintain that I have all the qualifications, mental, physical, moral, ethical, spiritual, and otherwise, for being the laziest person in the world. For instance, whenever I am assigned a theme to write for English, I at once become imbued with an almost overwhelming desire *not* to write it. It requires too much strenuous mental work to write a theme, and strenuous mental work is something which I do not usually find exactly enjoyable.

My idea of pleasure would be to do nothing; to have absolutely nothing to do, and twenty-four hours a day to do it in. What could be more delightful for anyone who was particularly fitted by nature than to become a thorough master of the art and science of being lazy? My answer is "Nothing", which proves conclusively that I am so fitted. How I envy the uncivilized savages of some remote, tropical island; never any need of worrying about what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and the wherewithal they shall be clothed. In such an atmosphere I would delight in pursuing the study of the art of being lazy.

But alas! in the so-called civilized world, you have to work. It's work, and not love, or any other silly sentiment, that make the wheels of life go round. If you don't work you'll probably end up in jail or in the poor-house, and if you say that you're merely studying the art of being lazy, you'll probably be put in a padded cell. Such is life! And so—but excuse me! I just happened to think what it is that I'm writing about!

E. B., '24.

A TRAMP'S STORY

A sultry July morning, my mother and I were sitting in the kitchen paring potatoes. As the day was very hot neither of us felt like working, but potatoes had to be pared, and dinner had to be got, so that was settled; and, as the weather wouldn't cool off a bit just for us, we remained there in silence and pared. Just then, in the deepest quietude, unbroken except for the grating of the knives against the potatoes, came a loud knock at the kitchen door.

Every summer we had had a visit from two or three tramps, at least, and here it was, well into July, excellent weather for tramps, and we had seen and heard of none. There was one, to be sure, who asked his hostess if she had an old pair of shoes he could have, and when she had gone to look, had run off with all the silver in the house; but as that was in the next town it didn't count. So, you may well see, we were not at all surprised when a very dilapidated tramp presented himself at our door.

I say he was dilapidated; he was no more so than most tramps. He had on an old battered hat, much the worse for wear, and under an extremely tattered coat, a very dirty shirt. His trousers were exceedingly new in comparison with the remainder of his attire, and had not even been patched. His stockings were rather scanty, there being more holes than stocking, and the shoes he wore were about five sizes too small for him and were so pointed at the toe, that it was no great wonder that he complained of the foot-ache. His broad, flat face, with a pair of deep set blue eyes and pug nose completed the picture, and now he begged for, "just a bit of bread and milk".

We invited him in and gave him what he desired. While he was gulping it down with great gusto, amid exclamations that he had not had anything so good for three weeks, we asked him to tell us something about himself.

"Well," said he, after setting down his cup with a long a-a-ah of satisfaction, "if you want to know, I wasn't born a tramp like I am now, but on a little farm down in Maine. My father and mother were very careful of me, and never let me out of their sight. But after three or four more kids came along, they weren't so particular about me as they had been and paid more attention to their small fry. Finally I got to follow the way of the rattling cubes and

very speedily I lost all the money I ever owned and some more into the bargain. Then, my father came to me and said, 'My boy, you are coming to a bad end. If you don't quit this minute, you can see where your food is coming from yourself, for I won't support you.' I tried, I guess, but the rut was too deep, and soon I was at it again harder than ever. The result was that I was kicked out within a very short time, even though my mother was opposed to it. From then till now I have done nothing but roam around, being thrown off park benches, and threatened out of trolley stations. But I have traveled," and here his face lighted, "yes, sir, I surely have traveled. I have ridden in empty freight cars mostly, but at any rate I have seen something of this world.

"I am now thirty-four. When I left my home I was nineteen. For fifteen years I have wandered about, and I have visited all the great cities. I was twice in San Francisco, a fine city, street cars, and omnibuses and everything, subway entrances all over, but it was too busy for me so I didn't stay there long. Chicago and New York were not much better. One year I happened to get on a train of empty cars bound for Austin, Texas. There I tried cowpunching, and had a fine time. I rode around all day on horses and herded especially energetic steers, but after a while it grew tiresome, and I came north again. I roamed some more then, hunting for a place in which I might like to settle down, but I have not been successful. I guess New England is the best place for me, and soon I am going back to Maine, and see my folks at least a little while and maybe they will take me in again. Now I must leave you. Many thanks for your kind reception of a poor traveller. If I stopped as long as this at every house I came to, I would never reach Maine." So with these words he picked up his battered hat and took his departure.

As we watched him walk slowly down the pathway to the gate, we wondered how many prosperous citizens had seen so much of their country as had this tramp. Nevertheless we decided that the life of a tramp was not an especially pleasant one.

JARVIS HADLEY, '27.

STORIES A SCHOOLBOOK COULD TELL

Monday, Jan. 8, 1924.

I had a new cover put on me this morning as I thought it would be a good time to

start a diary in which to chronicle the interesting events of the year. Today has been like most other Mondays during the year (that is, when it doesn't happen to be vacation). My mistress got up early to finish the lesson that she neglected yesterday, but she became interested in a magazine and forgot me. When she realized the fact, she put the blame on me for not being right under her nose. She spoiled my clean appearance by writing all over my front cover when she should have been studying. I was carried home with some of my mates and flung on the table as usual. I expect to stay here until tomorrow morning, when she grabs me to rush to school.

Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1924.

Another day gone, and for a wonder my mistress really opened me and studied her lesson for tomorrow. She did it quite well, too (for *her*). I didn't get quite so many hard knocks today.

Wednesday, Jan. 10, 1924.

I've had a very binding-breaking day today. My leaves are so stiff that they crackle whenever I'm opened. The snow formed such a thick crust last night that today, on her way home from school, my mistress went crust-sliding. As she didn't have a tin pan to slide on, she used me for a substitute. The back of my nice, new cover has the newness all worn off.

Thursday, Jan. 11, 1924.

Today I had a ride in the singing teacher's automobile. It was quite a change (and a very enjoyable one) to lie on leather cushions and hear the conversation. I like to listen to the conversations my mistress carries on with other people. They're very interesting at times.

Friday, Jan. 12, 1924.

I expect this will be the last chance I'll have to write for a while, as I overheard my mistress telling one of her friends that she positively refused to carry me home again just to lug me back to school in the morning. I can't write at school as I'm too crowded with all my companions.

Tuesday, March 11, 1924.

Back once more! I've had a long rest from my mistress' rough handling outside of school. To be sure, I've received some hard bumps from landing on her desk with such force, but that's all. She had to bring me home because the lessons became very long all at once and she had a great deal of studying to do.

Wednesday, March 12, 1924.

I've had quite an exciting day! First, my mistress left me on the radiator and forgot to take me off, until I was just about a grease spot, then one of her friends snatched me away from her and flung me up an aisle in the main room. Last but not least, I was used in a "gym" test in which the girls had to balance me on their heads while they walked a narrow bar. I did my best to stay on, but their heads were not made for balancing and I slid off most of them, getting a good many bad thumps in the bargain. I'm afraid that this is the last time I'll be able to write in my diary as I feel an attack of writer's cramp coming—from writing so much. I'm not used to it and mustn't overdo. Perhaps next year I'll keep another diary, if I'm not banished to the cellar by that time.

RUTH UPTON, '25.

THE DREAMER

There is a charming youthful maid,
Who dreams, as maidens do,
Of future beauty, wealth, and power,
And lovers not a few.

She sees herself in distant lands,
(For she will travel far),
She'll speak with kings and stately queens,
And perhaps there'd be a czar

Who'd fled his throne in terms of stress,
And now comes seeking aid;
And she will save him from the stroke
Of some assassin's blade.

And when she dreams of scenes like these
Why should she sigh or weep
Because the dishes are not washed,
And there are floors to sweep?

For well she knows that visions fade,
And dreams dissolve in air,
If the common tasks of common homes
Take too much time and care.

Thus calm and undisturbed she dreams
In spite of tasks that wait,—
What matter if the fire is out,
Or if the meals are late?

Dreams never should be changed by that,
And when her dreams come true,
Perhaps you'll know who this girl is,—
Perhaps—perhaps it's you!

RUTH E. BASSETT, '25.

THE CHICK-A-DEE IN WINTER

Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!
Pity me-me-me!
Oh, hear my plaintive voice in sweet refrain;
The winds are cold, a storm is near,
My cry is sounding loud and clear,
Oh, give me shelter from the snow and rain.
Chirrup-chee-chee-chee!
Pity wee-wee-me!
My heart is filled with sadness and with
fear;
I see no food above the snow,
No shelter from the winds that blow,
But, oh, the cruel cats that prowl so near!
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-!
Let me see-see-see
That you have heard and understood my
cry;
Bring forth some food that I may eat,
Some crumbs of bread, or grains of
wheat;
And hasten, or with hunger I shall die!

R. E. B., '25.

FAKE AND FATE

All that glitters is not gold. The bright
and shining blue jay is a killer. The trim,
lithe, little weasel is a cut-throat. The
deadliest serpent is the best looking. The
pretty fox is still, sly, mischievous, and
destructive. The majestic eagle is a robber.
The flashy racer has but a Ford motor under
its hood. The bank robbers in our cities are
polished crooks. The beautiful, charming
women are always suing for divorce. And
the world is but bluffing and hiding its hard
fraud.

LLOYD KRATT, '26.

DAWN ON A HILL TOP

I am in a tent. The night wind has ceased
sighing in the pines over my head. A fresh
morning breeze makes my lungs swell for
more pure air. I roll out of my blankets
and step outside. The pines are silvery with
dew. The maze of willow, poplar, oak,
maple, and numberless other trees are drip-
ping and green from their morning dip. The
grass and pine needles have clusters of dew
drops that look like pearls. A thick fog
comes rolling up the mountain side from
the valley. In a moment I can see but a few
yards beyond me. The fog thins and seems
to sink into the ground. The sun shines
out of a cloudless sky. The blue melting
before my eyes after a time becomes fasci-
nating. Meanwhile I have a concert from
the birds, tellers of the coming dawn.

L. K., '26.

SCHOOL LIFE

THE FACULTY RECEPTION

The Freshmen timidly courtied up the line. The Sophomores, a little more confident, hastily bowed their way through. The Juniors, with their usual sunny smiles, did not hesitate to look over their new teachers. While the Seniors, politely hiding their curiosity, greeted the members of the receiving line with dignified little nods of their time-honored heads. It was the Faculty reception, and because most of the teachers were new, something novel and different was expected. And we got it!

In the first place, the always provident Faculty, thinking that one orchestra would wear out long before the youthful dancers did, had secured two groups of musicians. Therefore music was not lacking at the Faculty reception.

The Grand March was very effective and every person gaily joined the long twining line—even the shy young Freshmen boys used every last ounce of courage and asked one of their blushing, fluttering classmates.

We got what we were looking for, a novel time. Very often it has been remarked that the receptions of this year have been of a higher grade than previous ones, and we believe it is all because the Faculty started things off so nobly in September.

HELEN PIERCE, '25.

THE GREENFIELD TRACK MEET

September—dawned a beautiful day as everyone concerned knows. Almost every student at Arms boarded the train for Greenfield or sped in that direction in cars. When we arrived we lined up outside the gates and marched onto the grandstand. Our opponents were already there to watch our approach. We took our usual position beside Greenfield High School and draped ourselves with bands of red crepe paper. Several of the girls wore red sweaters and they were arranged so as to make an effective red A 'midst the white.

Then the cheering started—! We had six cheer leaders, three leading at a time. One group consisted of Mary Ellen Cromack, Ellsworth Barnard, and Ruby Burnap, while the other was composed of Marion Marshall, Fay Shippee, and Elsie Mattson. One of Arms' most pronounced

characteristics is pep and when we cheered we tried to live up to it. Swaying to the rhythm of our leaders under the scorching sun of a warm September day, we cheered with all our hearts and souls. For the winning of that cup, which Arms so desires to claim her own, depends on each individual student. Realizing that, each boy and girl cheered as only Arms' men can cheer to earn his or her individual part of the cherished reward. The more we cheered, the more enthusiastic our yells became, for good honest sweat worked into a willing throat brings surprising results.

During this display of school spirit, the athletes of the competing schools go through their feats. Do you wonder we yelled when out on the dusty track an Arms' man was pulling in second on the half mile race and another finished second in the potato race? Who wouldn't yell as though the day of judgment were scheduled for the morrow?

The announcement came that we had only fifteen minutes left! Then we summoned all our force and tripled the energy before liberated, until it seemed to me the very roof of the grandstand looked uncertain. Then came the word that meant defeat or victory! We felt as though we must leap from the grandstand in our joy when we heard, "The cup for the best cheering section goes to Arms!" So the cup came home to Arms where it belongs and where I know, it always desires to be.

G. MARSHALL, '26.

THE LIBRARY

We, the librarians, cannot help but have pity for the poor benighted mortals who do not have access to the library. This does not include those who go in after school.

Upon first entering the swinging door, Sousa and all his band greet us with a tremendous burst of music. The most striking pieces are played by the radiator and the wind. By cautiously sitting down on the chair by the table, the librarian succeeds in adding a long drawn out squeak to the melody.

An exhibition of artistic talent is, or more truthfully was, upon the walls of the library. The librarians have always been



DEBATERS

fond of the printing effects gained from white ink so perhaps that accounts for most of this art. The 1926 is slightly below one of those diminutive '24's, but when we consider that '24 has some unusually lengthy members, we do not wonder.

A steady tap, tap, tap is heard coming across the floor. It stops before the library door, so the librarian looks up to see what the cause of the tap, tapping is. It's a freshman who is taking ancient history.

"Miss Smith told me to get a book in here about Roman customs," says the verdant one.

"Do you know what the title is?" asks the librarian.

"No, but I think I can spell it," the freshman replies hopefully. "It was written by Brown or somebody like that."

A patient search reveals a book on Roman customs written by Mahaffey which satisfies the freshman.

Hordes of sophomores appear next hunting for the "Life and History of Benjamin Franklin." The literatures having been all taken out, histories are used. Still there are a few who have no source of information.

"There are at least five perfectly good and reliable encyclopedias up in the front of the room," directs the librarian.

"Oh, no, there isn't anything at all in them."

"That's too bad, but I've absolutely no book about Franklin in here."

In the next study period perhaps the librarian goes up to the encyclopedias and finds material for her theme the next day.

But the happenings are not all literary. For instance, the first period librarian was nearly "drowned" because of the leakage of a water pipe. The table was the only refuge in this time of peril. Nothing but the timely arrival of Mr. Meekins saved this from becoming a tragedy.

From all this you can easily see why the librarians have all gained in knowledge, wit, and fluency of speech, and above all would not exchange their lot with that of any "outsider."

ELIZABETH DYER, '26.

DEBATING

Debating is a new activity at Arms. Several years ago there was a debating club, but it was soon discontinued, and since then nothing has been done in debating until this year.

Last fall Charlemont challenged Arms to a debate, and eventually a triangular debate was arranged, in which Arms, Charlemont, and Ashfield were to take part. Each school was to have two teams, and three debates were to take place at the same time in the three different towns. The date set

Shelburne Historical Society



Bimbo



Doc (5) Miles



Gene Burr

Lubricating



LIBRARIANS



Red head

Rough necks



To See Ourselves As Others See Us



Eighteenth

Amendment (?)



Le Petit Homme



United We Stand



Proud Parent

Not Forgotten

Shelburne Historical Society



Playing Indian



Blushing Maidens



Famous Two of the Kitchen crew



Armsites



Senior Sports



Dignity



Swede



Two Against One



Russy willows



What not (?)



PRO MERITO

for the debate was January 11. The subject was "Resolved: That the United States should immediately join the League of Nations."

The members of the two Arms teams were: Negative, Ruth Bassett, John Fellows, Marion Marshall, Helen Pierce, alternate; affirmative, Ellsworth Barnard, Dana Webber, Genevra Wells, Lilda Leonard, alternate. For several weeks the debaters were kept busy gathering all possible information concerning the League of Nations, and they soon found that they had undertaken a more difficult task than they thought.

Getting material, however, was not the hardest thing to do, for then the arguments had to be divided among the various speakers, arranged in the best order, and finally formed by each debater into a ten minute speech. Then followed several preliminary debates between the two Arms teams, with the junior and senior English classes and finally with the whole school as an audience. I think both teams were about equal in ability, but I will not pass judgment on the arguments, lest I be accused of partiality. (These debates, however, were nothing for length and heated controversy as compared with several debates held in private.)

Then, two days before the debate, misfortune, in the shape of chicken pox, overtook John Fellows of the negative debating

team, and his colleagues were plunged into despair. Helen Pierce, however, ably took his place, and with the equally fine efforts of Ruth Bassett, and Marion Marshall, who invoked the spirit of "Edward Dingley", won the debate by the very close score of 17-16. (Question: Who is Edward Dingley? Answer: Nobody knows!)

The affirmative team was more fortunate, and less fortunate, for while its members were unmolested by chicken pox, they failed to win the debate. They did very well, however, and showed their knowledge of the subject and their ability to speak extempore, by making a clean sweep of the rebuttal, in which Ellsworth Barnard, with his remark about "select company", effectually turned the laugh against the negative; Dana Webber skillfully disproved many of the opposing team's statements, while Genevra Wells gently hinted that the Charlemont debaters didn't know what they were talking about. Rather hard on Charlemont, but still, when you think of that "League of Youth".

Although Arms did not win both debates, it is felt that a very good beginning has been made in debating, and it is to be hoped that this activity will be continued in future years, for it is unquestionably of great benefit to those taking part, and should be of some benefit to the audience.

E. B., '24.

EDUCATION DAY

This year we decided to have an education day instead of education week, as in the previous year. We began school at four p. m. After four periods of misery had elapsed, we were dismissed at six o'clock for a recess of one hour. During this time we ate our lunches and relaxed.

At seven o'clock we were again called to duty. During the three remaining periods of school it might be noticed that the largest crowd was gathered about the Typing Department, where a victrola was playing. Noise always attracts a crowd!

At eight-thirty students and visitors assembled in the main room for devotional exercises. Mr. Davison gave a talk on the value of education.

At nine o'clock all who cared to do so, went to Science Hall, where a delightful social hour was spent. Music for dancing was furnished by the Arms Orchestra.

After all, education day wasn't so bad.

B. W., '24.

"A SPEEDY VISIT"

As representative of the God of Business, it was my custom to visit all schools and see just how the business course was treated. This winter I have been very busy indeed, as new methods for teaching business are constantly being introduced. The next stop "en route" was Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. I had heard much about this school—good and bad (!)—so was particularly anxious to see it. I arrived on the early train and going directly to the school I obtained permission from the principal to visit any class I chose.

The fifth period I visited the Senior Typewriting Class. It was a very "speedy" visit indeed. The majority of the students are able to type fifty to sixty words per minute. I found that the pupils had received many certificates and awards for their speed and accuracy, while three had won the coveted gold medal awarded by the Remington Typewriter Company.

These Senior Commercial students also take other business studies, such as bookkeeping, shorthand, and office practice. The bookkeeping takes two periods and is taught in a very interesting manner—the Twentieth Century Method being used. The student has what he calls "set work"—that is, he is directed by a book of instructions giving the transactions that might occur any day in any ordinary business office. He makes

all the necessary daily entries—handling cash, checks, notes, drafts, etc.—and then at the end of the month or stated fiscal period he "closes" all the books and makes out all of the necessary business statements. What could be better than the practice of actual office routine?

In the shorthand class the Gregg Method of shorthand is used. All is taught in a manner to secure speed and accuracy. The first year is devoted mostly to drill work, while the second is spent in dictation and sight reading.

In connection with this is the office practice. Of course the principal of any high school has a great deal of business to attend to—letters to be typed, filing to be done, etc. It is the work of the Commercial Department to see that this is well done. Recently there has been a vacancy in the office of the Shelburne Falls National Bank. It was conveniently arranged for two commercial pupils to attend school until ten o'clock and then leave to assist at the bank. Thus each business pupil has had the opportunity of being a "trial office helper".

I enjoyed this visit very much and found Arms well up to the standard of efficient business methods. In fact, I concluded that I would not have to dispatch one of my sentinels to guard the business department of Arms.

MARION MARSHALL, '24.

THE NATIONAL DAIRY SHOW AT SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

We had planned on it for weeks and now the time for us to start on our great trip to the National Dairy Show at Syracuse, New York, had come. On October seventh we started in two cars, five in one car and four in the other, with all the lunch, blankets and tents that we could load on.

We started up the Trail, each car trying to get the lead. Neither one could get ahead to get the lead. Neither one could get ahead, so we went up side by side. We made excellent time on the road, going about one hundred and thirty miles that day.

That night we stopped at Johnstown, N. Y., where some of the party hired a room at a small farmhouse, while the rest of us were content to sleep on the hay.

But there was no sleep for anyone. The boys spent the night in wrestling—and Abner insists that a rat ran over his face.

How much of this last statement is to be believed, I'm not sure!

In the early morning we left the rats and the farmhouse and arrived at the exposition about noon. That afternoon we went through several of the large dairy barns, and saw some of the latest improvements for dairying and for the making of better dairy products.

That evening we went to the new coliseum and saw the parade of cattle, four hundred and thirty-seven in all. After the parade we listened to the dedication of the coliseum by the governor of New York.

The next morning we went through the machinery and feed hall. In each one we collected all the free samples and pamphlets that came our way. After looking over everything in these halls, we went again to the coliseum and watched the stock-judging contest.

In one of the dairy barns we saw two of the sacred cattle of India. They were very ugly looking animals, having a narrow head, dangerous looking horns, ears that hung down below their jaws, a short, thick neck, and right back of their shoulders a camel-like hump.

The time went only too quickly, and Sunday afternoon saw all of us in our homes. To our teacher and friends we owe one of the most enjoyable trips we have ever taken. Yes, indeed, we'd like to see again the coliseum, the Governor of New York, the cattle, and the sacred cattle of India . . . even though we had to become acquainted with Abner's rat!

ISAAC HODGEN, '25.

THE ORCHESTRA

Dear Saxo:

Did you ever hear of that famous organization which goes by the name of the Arms Orchestra? It plays all of the most famous sonatas ever written, together with the unmelodious marches and waltzes by Pepper. The most popular among the latter are Number Eight and Number Sixteen, being played at every public and private affair, and yet the school never seems to tire of hearing them (?).

There are seventeen members in our orchestra, and I'm sure you will be interested to know their names and the instrument each plays. Elsie Mattson, our pianist, "takes charge" the first period. Fay Shippee, our solo violinist, is very fond of play-

ing popular music, and is a great help to Elsie, for he often takes the part of Mr. Miles, our director, the first period. Donald Morrissey and Tillie Blassberg are our first violinists. They are the "soul" of the orchestra. Our second violinists are Dorothy Harris, Gertrude Larsen, Thelma Bassett, and Blanche Wilder. Some of them will be first violinists next year. Lucy Hale is the cellist and Donald Perkins the flutist. They are both fond of performing on their instruments, but sometimes make discords.

Fayette Mitchell and Helen Pierce furnish us with "jazz" on their saxophones. They like (?) to use everyone's part except their own. Howard Reed plays the cornet. He really would be a good addition to the orchestra if he would not pay so much attention to "Perk" and his jokes. Robert King, who plays the clarinet, likes popular music. He says that some day he is going to belong to a Marine Band. Lois Buell and Welburne Shaw create a large amount of noise with their drums. Sad but true, they are never out of tune, but nearly always out of time.

The most important member of our orchestra is Mr. Miles, the director. Will anyone forget the day he broke his baton trying to make "Perk" listen?

We rehearse every Friday the first and eighth periods. We enjoy the eighth period very much, especially when the teachers of Mathematics, English, Science and Agriculture come visiting.

I hope you will hear this orchestra some time if you haven't already. I think I have said enough to arouse anybody's interest in it.

Your friend,
Cella, '26.

LUCY E. HALE, '26.

DRAWING

For a few years the study of drawing has not been taught in Arms Academy, but last September brought a change and since that time Mr. Freer, our instructor, has brought this study up to a high standard, not only in the schools of this town, but in those of the surrounding towns.

The work in drawing at Arms Academy consisted of mechanical drawing for the boys, and handicrafts and the study of water colors for the girls. The posters displayed by the Dramatic Club in advertising their play "Daddy Long Legs" were designed by the drawing classes and the printing was



"DADDY-LONG-LEGS" CAST

done by the boys. Many of these posters showed fine skill on the part of the artists. Rosalia Vogel received first prize, Esther Wells, second prize, Carolyn Woodward third prize, and Lilda Leonard honorable mention.

An exhibition of all the work that has been completed by the various schools was held here at school on April 4th and 5th. It showed to all who attended, the efforts of the pupils to do good work, and also revealed the untiring efforts of the instructor.

The study of drawing is beneficial to the student as it influences him to appreciate nature, helps him to work harmonious colors together and trains the hand to do careful and exact work.

M. A., '24.

DADDY-LONG-LEGS

When the Arms Academy Dramatic Club decided to give "Daddy-Long-Legs" as their second annual play, there were doubtless some of the more timid of their friends who wondered if these amateur actors and actresses had not allowed their ambitions to carry their plans beyond the limits of successful performance. But if any such unbelieving mortals were in the audience when the play was given in Memorial Hall, December 5, 1923, under the direction of Mrs. Christine Coleman Ostburg, it is safe to say that their doubts were set at rest forever,

when they saw the ease with which these same amateurs enacted the parts that had been assigned to them.

On this eventful evening a heavy down-pour of rain threatened to check the enthusiasm of those who were anxious to witness the performance. Nevertheless, when the curtain rose for the first act, the hall was so crowded that those who had waited until the last minute to get a ticket were refused admittance, since there was not even standing room to offer them.

Jane Woods, who had the part of the heroine in the play "Peg o' My Heart", which was given the preceding year, was again chosen to take the leading role; and so cleverly did she enact the part of the heroine, Judy Abbott, that she had no difficulty in convincing the audience that her unusual ability as an amateur actress was well worthy of their praise and admiration.

John Fellows surprised his many friends by the ease with which he interpreted the part of the hero, Jarvis Pendleton; and since his physical appearance gave emphasis to the nickname which the heroine had bestowed upon him, this fact gave an added touch of reality to his work.

Margaret Bahr was "true to life" as the harsh and unsympathetic Mrs. Lippett, matron of the orphanage; while Ellsworth Barnard easily enacted the part of Cyrus Wykoff, the fussiest and most pompous of the



PRIZE SPEAKERS

orphanage trustees. Fay Shippee and Rachel Purrington also took the part of trustees, and added a touch of dignity and severity to the scenes of the first act, wherein they make their quarterly inspection of the orphanage.

Genevra Wells, with the assistance of a lorgnette, displayed the proper amount of snobbishness that was necessary in picturing the aristocratic Mrs. Pendleton.

Helen Pierce and Elsie Mattson seemed perfectly at home as they enacted the part of happy-go-lucky college girls, and Welburne Shaw had no difficulty in taking the part of Jimmie McBride, the college boy.

In the third act, Elizabeth Dyer took a prominent part. She portrayed the role of the lovable but inquisitive old lady, Mrs. Semple, who was always ready to "listen in", when she heard the telephone bell.

There were other orphans besides the heroine, Judy Abbott, in the John Grier Home, and their parts were taken by Martha Coburn, Gertrude Larsen, Isabel Whitcomb, Mary Ellen Cromack and Theodore Page. Each of this group did remarkably well, and Theodore, especially, seemed all too natural as he performed the various pranks of the mischievous Freddie Perkins.

Murray Buell appeared to be very proficient as Mr. Griggs, the dignified private secretary, and Richard Stetson did equally

well in the role of Walters, who was supposed to look so fatherly that when Judy saw him she failed to recognize in him the butler that she had feared to meet.

The Arms Orchestra furnished music for the occasion, and added their share to the pleasure of the evening's entertainment.

R. E. BASSETT, '25.

PRIZE SPEAKING

The third Annual Prize Speaking Contest was held in Science Hall on May 5. Each class chose a boy and a girl to represent it.

Through the entertainment the Arms Orchestra varied the program with its lively marches. A novelty of the evening was the splendid singing of the young boys and girls of Skinner School.

The first speaker on the program was Elizabeth Dyer, '26, who gave a cutting from "The Spinner in the Sun," by Read. It is certain that in the role of a prim, sedate, old, maid aunt, Miss Dyer can not be surpassed.

John Fellows, '24, who established his fame as an actor in "Daddy Long Legs", proved no less talented as a prize speaker. He gave for his selection "The Sin of Steve Audaine", by Parker. He impersonated the difficult parts in his piece so realistically that he was awarded the five-dollar gold piece for the boys.

The third speaker was Helen Legate, '27, who read a cutting from "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill", by Calhoun. Miss Legate, in the role of the poor homesick boy, was very sweet and appealing. She succeeded in obtaining the prize for the girls.

"The Advocate's First Plea", by McCutcheon, was next given by Farley Manning, '27. Manning excelled as he rose to the climax in the concluding plea of the elder brother.

Ruby Burnap, '25, in the difficult role of the young Irish girl, portrayed the sweet character with remarkable ability. Her choice was "Little Ireland", by Barnard.

The sixth speaker was Donald Perkins, '26, who gave a cutting from "Seventeen", by Tarkington. Perkins kept the audience in convulsions of laughter (very characteristic of Perkins) as he so humorously acted the part of the bothersome young sister, Jane. He received honorable mention.

Genevra Wells, '24, who also received honorable mention gave, Act I of "Polly of the Circus", by Mayo. Miss Wells pleased the audience with the difficult dialect of the old darky mammy.

Henry Trow, '25, in the "Mutineers", by Boltwood, concluded the program. Too much praise can not be given Trow when it is remembered that he had only a short time in which to prepare his piece. The class of '25 extends its thanks to him for his earnest and successful work.

G. PIERCE, '27.

WEST SPRINGFIELD TYPEWRITING CONTEST

Perhaps you will feel that our Commercial Department is worth something after all, when you hear what happened at West Springfield.

A delegation of five candidates was sent to the Connecticut Valley Commercial Teachers' Association Convention to take part in a contest to determine the Champion High School Typist in Connecticut Valley. "Speed" is what counted: Miss Mary Ellen Cromack captured third prize (a bronze medal) and Miss Elsie Mattson received honorable mention. In a one-minute test, Miss Hilda Thompson wrote 88 words, perfect, for which she received a silver cup. Out of a possible six names mentioned, three were from Arms.

Considering the fact that there were over 60 contestants, don't you think our

candidates deserve a hearty cheer for their good work?

SENIOR MAY BALL

Some one said, "A wonderful dance on a wonderful night." And in truth it was. For the lovely, full moon, the fairest of May Queens, could not have reigned over a more beautiful spring evening, and the dance corresponded perfectly to the night. A pretty sight it was to peep in on. Looped from the balcony were twisted streamers of the gayest colors gathered together in the center of the hall by a huge Maypole which hung above the heads of the many youthful dancers. Pretty, smiling girls, dressed in the brightest and daintiest of dresses, and handsome, well-dressed boys swayed up and down the floor together, happy, care-free, and at peace with all the world, at least for a time. At one side the orchestra poured forth music, which set every nerve tingling and gave to the book-worn school girls and boys every chance in the world to dance off all superfluous energy. But at twelve o'clock this delightful reality must fade away, and two by two the young people must saunter slowly,—oh! yes, very slowly,—homeward.

One clever person suggested that instead of ending this account with the usual, "A fine time was had by all", that a list be published of all those to whom the dance was a disappointment. But although I did my duty in trying to obtain names to fill out the proposed list, the only persons I could find who did not enjoy themselves on the evening of May 22 were the ones who remained at home.

H. P., '25.

THE FACULTY

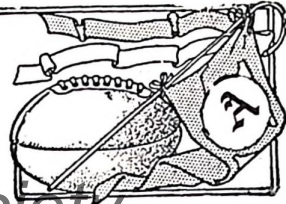
In spite of what some disgruntled students may say after receiving several hours of detention or getting "E" in a test, we feel that the Arms Faculty deserves something more than incidental mention in "THE STUDENT", for, however much we dislike to admit it, they *do* form a very important part of Arms Academy. But while there is no question but that the picture of the faculty should be in "THE STUDENT", the question of whether it will add to the general good appearance of that publication is something else again. To begin with, there is Mr. Pollard, our new



THE FACULTY

principal. He hasn't been here long enough to enable us to obtain a complete catalogue of his faults. Then there is Mr. Talmage or Harry, who teaches Agriculture, and takes charge of the school during Mr. Polard's absence. But he's really a good fellow, so don't mind the look you see on his face—it's quite a job to keep those Agricultural students straight, isn't it, Harry? Next let me introduce our Math. teacher, Mr. Mulvaney, otherwise known as "Swede". We've always thought he missed his calling—he should have been a missionary to the heathen. At that, it might be easier than hammering geometry and algebra into a bunch of dumb high school students, eh, "Swede"? Mr. Shumway doesn't look quite natural in this picture, and we've discovered the reason. There isn't a "whatnot" in the picture. We mustn't forget to mention Mr. Miles and Mr. Freer, either. "Doc" is our music teacher, but it isn't his fault that the Chorus and Orchestra sound the way they do. Mr. Freer is certainly a good drawing teacher, and all the girls are just crazy about him. Perhaps we should have mentioned the feminine members of the faculty first but you know "age before beauty". There are the two English teachers, Miss Bronson and Miss Crawford. We haven't been able to find much against Miss Crawford, but Miss Bronson is—er—

too academic by nature; she just loves to explain "Burke's Conciliation" to the Seniors. Our history teacher is Miss Smith. She keeps the Seniors in a straight and narrow path, but it's rumored that she likes a good time as well as anyone, outside of school. The French and some of the Latin classes are presided over by Miss Benson. Our only criticism is that she isn't strict enough with that French II class. Of course, there is *usually* perfect order in French III. Who do you think has charge of the Household Arts department? Why, Miss Darling. Now don't you wish you were studying domestic science? Anyway, the girls who are seem to have some good times. Oh, we nearly forgot the Commercial Department. How could we! The two hard-working Commercial teachers are Miss Merrill and Miss Berg, but we are afraid that Miss Merrill won't grace the faculty with her presence and appearance much longer! Unfortunately, the broad and cheerful smile which usually adorns Miss Berg's countenance, is absent from the picture, but, happily, everyone is familiar with it, and with the many good qualities that go with it. Now you know all about the Faculty. After looking at that picture and reading this, aren't you glad you aren't a student at Arms?



Shelburne Historical Society

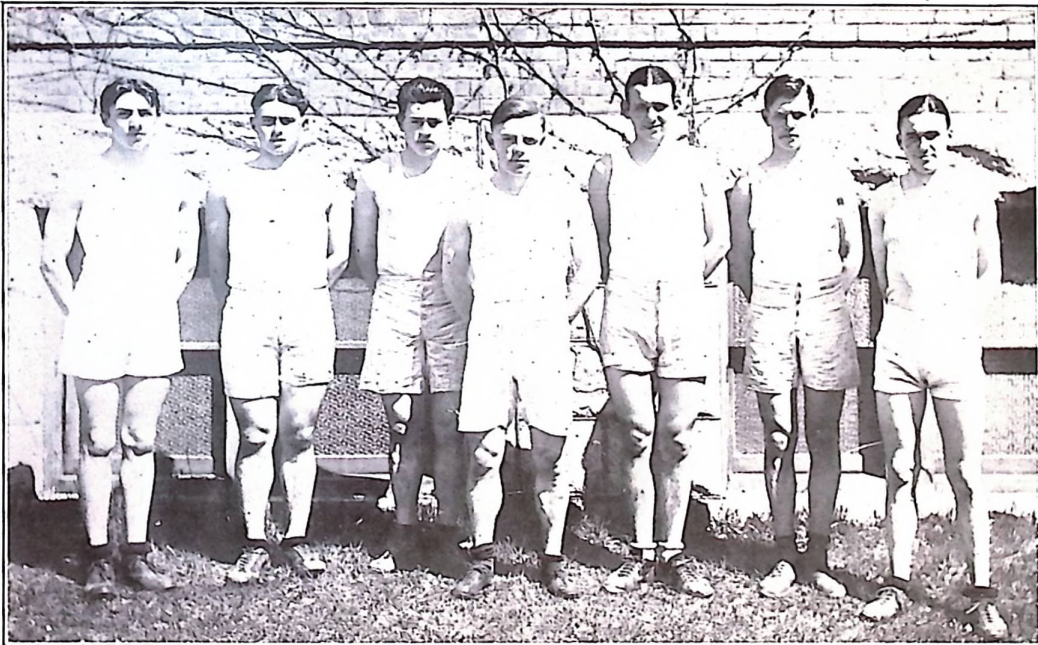
Athletics

GREENFIELD TRACK MEET

School opened in August. Work began immediately. But soon work was forgotten in the preparation for the Greenfield fair. The cheerleaders were chosen. Many were the grand yells heard from the depths of the gymnasium.

The day at last arrived. The girls, dressed in red and white costumes, made a pretty picture. Such enthusiasm and outpourings of songs and cheers—until—"The silver cup has been won by Arms Academy".

Although the meet and the banner were not won by us, we did make a good showing in the events of the meet.



RESULTS OF SENIOR TRACK MEET

September 13, 1923.
At the Greenfield Fair

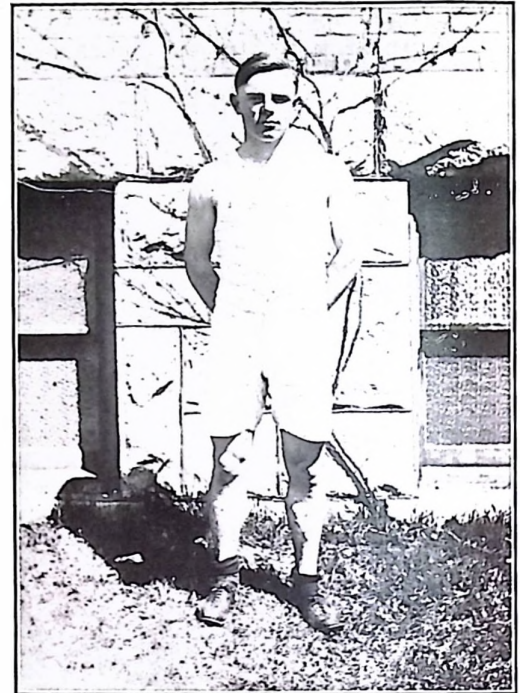
100 yds., Freshman	
First—Szwieic (Turners Falls).....	5
Second—Plumley (Greenfield).....	3
Third—Stotz (Turners Falls).....	2
Fourth—A. Woodward (Greenfield).....	1
100 yds., Sophomore	
First—Cassidy (Turners Falls).....	5
Second—Vernier (Turners Falls).....	3
Third—Krat (Arms).....	2
Fourth—Woodard (Greenfield).....	1
100 yds. Open	
First—Hawks (Greenfield).....	5
Second—Szwieic (Turners Falls).....	3
Third—Zschau (Greenfield).....	2
Fourth—Stotz (Turners Falls).....	1
220 yds.	
First—Hawks (Greenfield).....	5
Second—Morrissey (Arms).....	3
Third—Zschau (Greenfield).....	2
Fourth—Desmond (Greenfield).....	1
Half Mile Run	
First—Blackall (Greenfield).....	5
Second—Stetson (Arms).....	3
Third—DeMeo (Greenfield).....	2
Fourth—Burke (Greenfield).....	1
Potato Race	
First—Szwieic (Turners Falls).....	5
Second—Morrissey (Arms).....	3
Third—Streeter (Greenfield).....	2
Broad Jump	
First—Dana Webber (Arms).....	5
Second—Hawks (Greenfield).....	3
Third—Stearns (Greenfield).....	2
Fourth—Zschau (Greenfield).....	1
High Jump	
First—Tyler (Arms).....	5
Second—Burke (Greenfield).....	3
Third—Blackall (Greenfield).....	2
Fourth—Dana Webber (Arms).....	1
Half Mile Relay	
First—Greenfield.....	5
Second—Arms Academy.....	3
Third—Turners Falls.....	2
Shot Put	
First—Brown (Turners Falls).....	5
Second—Woodlock (Greenfield).....	3
Third—DeMeo (Greenfield).....	2
Fourth—Don Webber (Arms).....	1
Base Ball Throw	
First—Pfersick (Greenfield).....	5
Second—Woodlock (Greenfield).....	3
Third—Don Webber (Arms).....	2
Fourth—Cassidy (Turners Falls).....	1
Football Punt	
First—Corless (Greenfield).....	5
Second—Gove (Greenfield).....	3
Third—Cowan (Greenfield).....	2
Fourth—Don Webber (Arms).....	1
Tug of War	
First—Greenfield.....	5
Second—Turners Falls.....	3
Third—Arms Academy.....	2
Totals	
Greenfield.....	74
Turners Falls.....	35
Arms Academy.....	31

Cup for best cheering section won by Arms Academy.

ARMS SCORING

Points Total

Dana Webber, 1925, 1st—Broad Jump.....	5
Dana Webber, 1925, 4th—High Jump.....	1
Morrissey, 1924, 2nd—220 Yd. Dash.....	3
Morrissey, 1924, 2nd—Potato Race.....	3
Tyler, 1925, 1st—High Jump.....	5
Don. Webber, 1925, 4th—Shot Put.....	1
Don. Webber, 1925, 3d—Base Ball Throw.....	2
Don. Webber, 1925, 4th—Football Punt.....	1
Stetson, 1925, 2nd—Half Mile Run.....	3
Krat, 1926, 3d—100 yd. Dash.....	2
Arms second in Relay.	
Arms second in Tug of War.	



BASKETBALL

Only one member graduated from last year's team, so that a successful year was predicted for the Arms basketball club. The games played proved most interesting and some of them most harrowing—without a doubt the team fulfilled its predictions.

The early season brought bad luck to the team, for it lost its first game to Greenfield by a close score. But bad luck never stays for a very long time with the Arms team, for the boys, showing basketball technique and real Arms spirit, held the fast Sacred Heart team of North Adams to a score of 22-20.

The closing season brought the best games. With the team working as a unit it was able to defeat the M. A. C. Freshmen. This college team was only beaten three

times,—thus, Arms, in being one of its conquerors, heaped much glory upon herself. The last game played with Hoosick Falls, New York, brought a decisive victory for the Arms team.

The total number of games played this season was seventeen. Of these, eight were won, eight were lost and one tied.

Shelburne Historical Society



ARMS 23, ALUMNI 14

The first game of the season was a contest between the undergraduates of Arms and the aged (?) members of the alumni team. The agility of the alumni and the newness of the fascinating but somewhat startling costumes of the Arms "five" made, if not an exciting, at least, a supremely decorative and interesting game.

The lineup:

ARMS	ALUMNI
Leonard, r. g.....	A. Saar, c.
Webber, l. g.....	D. Upton, r. f.
Wells, c.....	P. Redfern, l. f.
Shaw, r. f.....	Feige, r. g.
Morrissey, l. g.....	Oates, l. g.

Goals from floor: Redfern 4, Saar 2, Feige, Morrissey 4, Shaw 4, Leonard, Wells. Goals from fouls: Wells 3.

ARMS 17, GREENFIELD 21

On Dec. 5, in Science Hall, Greenfield High defeated Arms in a close and exciting game. The Arms team outclassed the Greenfield five in the first half, but in the second half the Arms quintet dropped the tussle. The lineup:

ARMS

Morrissey, l. f.....	Cowan, l. f.
Tyler, r. f; c.....	Filke, r. f.
Shaw, r. f.....	Pfersick, c.
Wells, c.....	Dexlor, l. g.
Leonard, r. g.....	Thompson, r. g.
Webber, D., l. g.	
Webber, Don, l. g.	

GREENFIELD

Goals from floor: Morrissey 3, Shaw 3, Wells 1, Thompson 1, Dexlor 1, Pfersick 2, Filke 3,

Cowan 1. Goals from fouls: Morrissey 1, Shaw 1, Wells 1, Pfersick 2, Cowan 2. Referee, William Field.

ARMS 32, ATHOL 14

December 21. Science Hall. The Arms quintet won an easy victory over the Athol team. Morrissey, with six double-deckers, was the star of the game. The lineup:

ARMS	ATHOL
Morrissey, l. f.....	Orton, r. g.
Shaw, r. f.....	Murphy, l. g.
Kratt, r. f.....	Doolan, l. g.
Wells, c.....	Coburn, c.
Webber, l. g.....	Paige, r. f.
Leonard, r. g.....	Aiken, r. f.
	Murphy, P., l. f.

Goals from floor: Morrissey, 6, Shaw 2, Wells, 2, Webber 2, Leonard 1, Orton 3, Coburn 2, Aiken 1. Goals from fouls: Shaw 2, Paige 2.

ARMS 14, SACRED HEART 16

January 5. The game between Sacred Heart and Arms was the fastest game played in Science Hall in two years, Sacred Heart winning 16 to 14. Roberts and Burke starred for Sacred Heart and Leonard, Webber and Morrissey starred for Arms. The lineup:

ARMS SACRED HEART
 Leonard, r. g. Roberts, l. f.
 Webber, l. g. Lyons, r. f.
 Wells, c. Burke, c.
 Shaw, r. f. Kliendienst, r. g.
 Morrissey, l. g. Tierney, l. g.
 Goals from floor: Roberts 4, Burke 3, Morrissey 3, Lyons, Leonard, Wells. Goals from fouls: Shaw 3, Wells.
 Referee—Simpson. Time—Eight minute quarters.

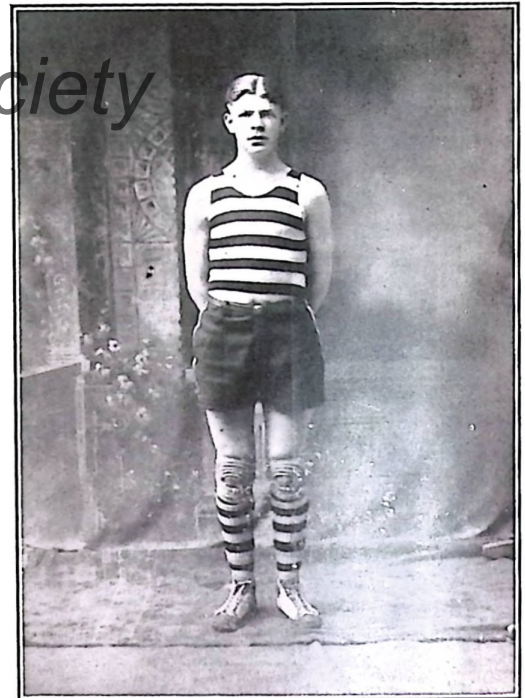
ARMS 25, DEERFIELD 39
 Jan. 11. Deerfield Academy defeated Arms in a fast game 39 to 25. The visitors jumped into the lead at the start and lead at half time 27 to 12. Arms rallied in the second half, but was unable to cope with the visitors whirlwind passing. The lineup:

ARMS DEERFIELD
 Leonard, r. g. W. Parker, l. f.
 Shaw, l. g. Thorne, l. f.
 Webber, l. g. Armstrong, l. f.
 Wells, c. McKusume, l. f.
 Tyler, r. f. Pew, r. f.
 Shaw, r. f. J. Russo, r. f.
 Morrissey, l. f. Bolden, r. f.
 Atkinson, c.
 Marshall, c.
 Jones, c.
 Miller, l. g.
 Burrill, l. g.
 L. Parker, r. g.
 Joe Russo, r. g.
 Goals from floor: Atkinson 8, Morrissey 5, Miller 4, Tyler 3, W. Parker 2, Bolden 2, Pew, J. Russo, Leonard, Webber, Wells.
 Referee—Simpson. Time—Four ten-minute periods.

ARMS 30, SMITH 31
 Hatfield, Jan. 14. Arms lost to Smith Academy at Hatfield in a fast and furious game by the score of 31 to 30. The game was marred by the roughness of both teams. A very unfortunate incident occurred early in the second half. Shaw, the Arms forward, was clear with the ball right under the basket. He shot what was supposed to be a sure basket and a spectator reached down from the balcony and knocked the ball away. The referee allowed the Arms team but one shot. The lineup:

ARMS SMITH
 Morrissey, l. f. Zgrodnick, r. g.
 Shaw, r. f. Walsh, l. g.
 Wells, c. Burke, c.
 Leonard, l. g. Yarrow, r. f.
 Webber, r. g. Ballinger, l. f.
 Smith, l. f.
 Belden, l. f.
 Kiley, l. f.
 Goals from floor: Morrissey 8, Shaw 6, Wells 3, Walsh 2, Burke 2, Yarrow 1, Belden 3. Goals from fouls: Morrissey 1, Shaw 1, Walsh 1.
 Referee—Simpson.

ARMS 26, HOPKINS 36
 January 19. Arms lost to Hopkins at Hadley in a spirited game by a 36 to 26 score. At one time in the second half Arms picked up to within two points of the winners but failed to get the necessary points



to win. Wanczyk and Rojko featured the game, accounting for 35 of the Hopkins points. Tyler was best scorer for Arms, garnering 16 points. The lineup:

ARMS HOPKINS
 Webber, r. g. Rojko, l. f.
 Leonard, l. g. Wanczyk, r. f.
 Tyler, c. A. Jekonouski, c.
 Wells, c. Tudryn, l. g.
 Tyler, r. f. H. Jekonousko, r. g.
 Shaw, r. f.
 Morrissey, l. f.
 Goals from floor: Rojko 9, Wanczyk 8, Tyler 7, Shaw 2, Morrissey 2. Goals from fouls: Wanczyk 2, Tyler 2, Shaw 2.
 Referee—Warner. Time—Ten-minute quarters.

ARMS 22, DEERFIELD 39
 Deerfield, Jan. 28. Arms Academy went down to defeat before Coach Frank Boyden's Deerfield Academy five, 39 to 22. Deerfield had the visitors 22 to 0 at half time, but in the second half by good work by Morrissey and Wells, the Arms quintet crept up but was never so dangerous that Deerfield had to exert themselves.
 Miller and Atkinson were the "works" for Deerfield in the scoring. The Arms

Shelburne Historical Society

hoopsters, although up against a faster quintet, played a great game and showed that they had a team that would be heard from before the season is over. The lineup:

ARMS	DEERFIELD
Leonard, r. g.	W. Parker, l. f.
Dan Webber, r. f.	L. Pew, l. f.
Wells, c.	Bolden, l. f.
Shaw, r. f.	J. Russo, r. f.
Dan Webber, r. f.	Joe Russo, r. f.
Morrissey, l.	Mayer, r. f.
	Atkinson, c.
	Miller, l. b.
	L. Parker, r. b.
	Armstrong, r. b.

Goals from floor: W. Parker 1, Atkinson 10, Miller 7, Wells 5, Morrissey 4, Dan Webber 1. Goals from fouls: Atkinson, Wells, Morrissey.

ARMS 36, SMITH 17

Science Hall, January 30—Arms won over Smith Academy in a very fast game by a score of 36 to 17. Leonard's work in the backfield was easily the feature of the game. Morrissey and Shaw also played a good game, caging many pretty baskets. Walsh did good work for the Smith quintet. The lineup:

ARMS	SMITH
Morrissey, l. f.	Zgr'dnick, r. b.
Shaw, r. f.	Walsh, l. b.
Wells, c.	Burke, c.
Leonard, l. b.	Yarrow, r. f.
Webber, r. b.	Ballinger, l. f.
	Smith l. f.
	Belden, l. f.
	Kiley, l. f.

Goals from floor: Morrissey 8, Shaw 6, Wells 3, Walsh 2, Burke 2, Belden 3, Yarrow. Goals from fouls: Morrissey, Wells, Walsh. Referee—Simpson.

ARMS 31, ORANGE 18

Orange, Feb. 2. Arms Academy defeated the Orange High quintet 31 to 18. Wells at center, for Arms, was brilliant, while McLean starred for Orange. The lineup:

ARMS	ORANGE
Morrissey, l. f.	Smith, r. g.
Shaw, r. f.	Gates, l. g.
Tyler, c.	Haley, l. g.
Leonard, l. g.	Jackson, c.
Webber, r. g.	McLean, r. f.
	Rogers, l. f.

Goals from floor: Tyler 4, Wells 4, McLean 4, Shaw 2, Leonard 2, Rogers 2, Morrissey 1, Smith, 1, Gates 1. Goals from fouls: Shaw 2, Wells 2, Leonard, Smith, McLean.

ARMS 24, ADAMS 11

Science Hall, Feb. 5. Arms defeated Adams High in a somewhat slow and rough

contest. The score at half time was 13 to 3, the Adams team being able to score only one basket from the floor. The second half they solved the Arms defence for four baskets. The whole Arms team played a good game. For Adams, Searles' playing was the feature. The lineup:

ARMS	ADAMS
Tyler, l. f.	McGrath, r. g.
Shaw, r. f.	Davis, l. g.
Wells, c.	Tumpane, c.
Leonard, l. g.	Tower, c.
Webber, r. g.	Herman, l. f.
	Searles, l. f.

Goals from floor: Tyler 5, Searles 3, Shaw 2, McGrath 2, Leonard 2, Wells. Goals from fouls: Wells 2, Tyler, Shaw, Davis.

ARMS 48, ORANGE 10

Arms defeated Orange High February 10th on the Science Hall surface in a one-sided game by the score of 48 to 10. The Arms team worked as a unit, and, although some of the members scored many points, they were greatly aided by the great passing of the backs. McLean played a good game for Orange. The score at half time was 28 to 2. The lineup:

ARMS	ORANGE
Shaw, l. f.	Hadley, l. g.
Tyler, r. f.	Gates, l. g.
Wells, c.	Smith
Leonard, l. g.	Jackson, c.
Webber, Dana, r. g.	Rogers, l. f.
Webber, Donald, r. g.	McLean, r. f.

Goals from floor: Shaw 9, Tyler 7, Wells 6, Smith 2, McLean 3. Goals from fouls: Tyler 2, Wells 2.

Referee—Simpson. Time—Four eight-minute periods.

ARMS 10, M. A. C. '27 18

Science Hall, February 23. The Arms quintet came through with a great victory over the large and old M. A. C. Freshman five. It was the fastest, as well as the closest, game of the season, and was well appreciated by the rather small audience. The lineup:

ARMS	M. A. C. '27
Morrissey, l. f.	Marlini, r. g.
Tyler, r. f.	Powell, r. g.
Wells, c.	
Webber, l. g.	Briggs, l. g.
Leonard, r. g.	Bond c.
	Briggs, l. f.
	Parternheimer, r. f.
	Duperault, l. f.

Goals from floor: Morrissey 4, Tyler 4, Wells, Bond 3, Parternheimer 2, Duperault 2. Goals from fouls: Tyler, Parternheimer, Powell 2.



ARMS 20, HOPKINS 22

Science Hall, Mar. 1. Hopkins Academy, of Hadley, defeated Arms in a fast and furious game by a score of 22 to 20. The game was close from the start and the outcome was in doubt until the very end. Wanczyk starred for the visiting aggregation, while Morrissey and Shaw were the stellar performers for Arms. The lineup:

ARMS	HOPKINS
Webber, r. g.....	Rojko, l. f.
Leonard, l. g.....	Wanczyk, r. f.
Tyler, c., r. f.....	A. Jekonouski c.
Wells, c.....	Tudryn, l. g.
Shaw, r. f.....	H. Jekonouski, r. g.
Morrissey, l. f.	

Goals from floor: Wanczyk 5, Shaw 3, Morrissey 3, Rojko 3, Tyler. Goals from fouls: Tyler 3, Wanczyk 3, Morrissey, Leonard, Webber, Rojko.

ARMS 37, HOOSICK 27

Science Hall, Mar. 8. Arms Academy defeated the Hoosick Falls quintet 37 to 27. Tyler starred for Arms, while Rourke did the best work for the York staters. The lineup:

ARMS	HOOSICK FALLS
Morrissey, l. f.....	Shea, r. g.
Tyler, r. f.....	Haynes, l. g.
Shaw, r. f.....	Hausler, l. g.
Wells, c.....	Hayes, c.
Webber, l. g.....	Rourke, r. f.
Leonard, r. g.....	O'Neil, l. f.
	Dawling, l. f.

Goals from floor: Tyler 5, Wells 4, Morrissey 3, Shaw 2, Leonard 2, Rourke 6, O'Neil 4, Shea, Hayes, Hayes. Goals from fouls: Tyler 4, Shaw, O'Neil.

ARMS 13, WILLIAMS' 27

Williamstown, Mar. 21. Williams' freshman won easily in a slow game over the Arms Academy quintet in Lassell gymnasium Saturday by the score of 28 to 13. Cavanaugh was the star of the freshman, scoring 14 points, and Vernon showed pretty guarding at times. Tyler played best for the losers. The lineup:

ARMS	WILLIAMS '27
Leonard, r. g.....	Atkins, l. f.
Webber, l. g.....	Cummings, l. f.
Wells, c.....	Cavanaugh, r. f.
Tyler, r. f.....	Pryne, c.
Morrissey, l. f.....	Bolton, l. g.
	Vernon, l. g.
	Mehan, r. g.

Goals from floor: Morrissey 2, Tyler 2, Wells 1, Atkins 2, Cavanaugh 7, Pryne 3, Vevnau 1.



BASEBALL

We have a dandy Baseball Team,
They fight and never give in,

They practice every night and day—
And yet they never win!

F. W.



Last year our baseball team had little success, due to the fact that it was for the most part a "green" team. This year the prospects are brighter. With our last year's battery, shortstop, third baseman, left fielder and center fielder, and with such men as the lanky "F-eddie" Wells, who covers the first sack, "Russ" Purrington, our second baseman, and "Red" Leonard and Reuben Call in the field, we can look forward to a more successful season. The first game of the year has been played with gratifying results as the strong Greenfield team succeeded in beating us by only one run, at Greenfield, April 19th. Our next game is with Deerfield. The schedule is as follows:

April 19—At Greenfield.
 April 30—At Deerfield.
 May 13—Charlemont, here.
 May 17—Turner, here.
 May 20—At Charlemont.
 May 24—Athol, here.
 May 28—Greenfield, here.
 June 4—At Orange.
 June 7—At Turners.
 June 12—Orange, here.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

What we need in school spirit. By school spirit, I mean loyalty, and willingness to do that which benefits your school. There are those who say, "If they want me they can ask me." That is not school spirit. One cannot go around asking you for your co-operation. It is expected of you. If you had sprained your ankle, and were unable to get up, you would not think much of a friend if he walked by without helping you. It is exactly the same idea. Your school needs you in the cheering section. If you are not a leader, you can help by shouting. If you can not shout, your name adds one more to attendance list. Therefore, do not be a slacker, but show your loyalty to your school. Willingly help those, who together with your co-operation, are trying to better the school name.

Lois Hawkes.

AN ANCIENT HISTORY

With dust of ages covering me
 On my shelf I'm hard to see.
 Many people pass me by
 Because, they say, that I am "dry".

I'm an Ancient History Book"
 Girls at me give just one look;
 Boys never look my way
 So in my place I stay and stay.

Some day somebody'll want to know
 When Charlemagne did thus and so;
 Or when the Greeks the Persians fought;
 Then all my knowledge will be sought.

That'll be the time when I'll be glad,
 When Ancient History is a fad.
 Then some of the dust'll be off from me.
 And then my title you can see:
 "An excellent Ancient History!"

Bernice Gould.

Our Alumni

The following lists of the past graduates of Arms are as nearly complete as the alumni editors have been able to make them.

Shelburne Historical Society

1886

Julia R. Ballard married Joseph Strong, also of this class. Her home is at 7 Circuit Avenue, Worcester, Massachusetts, and her husband is a clergyman.

Inez E. Bass married Lorenzo King and her home is in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts.

Edward Boyd lives in Woodbury, Connecticut.

Alice Brown lives in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, and is proprietor of the Sweetheart Teahouse.

Frank Daniels' address is Coolidge Corner, Boston, Mass.

Clara Davenport is now Mrs. Jesse Purrington of Griswoldville, Massachusetts, her husband being a carpenter.

Joseph W. Finerty is a physician in Milford, New Hampshire.

Wilbur F. Gillette lives at 78 Pleasant Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Clara A. Howard is now Mrs. Charles Fiske and is living in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Anna B. Koonz is now living at her home in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, having given up teaching.

Arthur H. Peaslee is a clergyman in Newport, Rhode Island.

Susie M. Richmond married Fred W. Main, a journalist; and has a daughter in college. Her home is in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Helen M. Severance married F. Osbourne Brown and her home is in Los Angeles, California.

Lucy R. Smith is now Mrs. J. L. Goldthwaite of Brattleboro, Vermont.

Frank Swan is a mechanic in Waltham, Massachusetts.

Of the twenty-two members of the class of 1886 six are deceased: Lizzie Clancy, James Connell, Mary Long, Lua C. Tooley, Marion Purrington and Sadie Riche.

1889

The graduates of the class of 1889 numbered twelve.

Mark H. Brown's address is 1511 E. Chester Road, West Chester, New York.

Grace E. Canedy married Mr. F. A. Tupper and her home is at 7 Menlo Street, Brighton, Massachusetts.

Bertha O. Carpenter, now Mrs. Samuel Demarest, lives at 10 Horicon Avenue, Glens Falls, New York.

Mary D. Griggs married Fred Bardwell and her home is in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts.

Sadie R. Reed married Edward Chatterton and her home is in Montague, Massachusetts.

O. M. Spaulding lives in Keene, New Hampshire.

Lila A. Wandell married A. H. G. Henning and lives in New York.

Grace Wing lives in Washington.

The names of the following classmates, who are now deceased, are recalled with sadness: Lula I. Goodnow, Florence W. Russell, Herbert A. Russell and Leo Willis.

1891

Anna Luella Burke is working in a department store in Hartford, Connecticut.

Winifred Church Broadhurst lives in Ashfield and has a son and daughter.

Viola E. Crittendon is a school teacher in Beverly, Massachusetts.

Alice Mather became the wife of Byron Call of Colrain and she is the mother of nine children, several of whom have attended Arms Academy.

The other Mather sister, Janie, married Mr. Purrington and is now living in Colrain.

Lorena Willis Peebles married a Mr. Holdsworth and her home is in Claremont New Hampshire.

Katie Smith married Mr. Bebee, who died some years ago, and she is now living in Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Mabel Hastings Ware, class valedictorian, married Frederick Bailey of New York, and has lived in that place many years.

Hattie Lois Yeomans taught school for a number of years and later married Edward Guilford. She is now living in Ashfield.

J. Rosalis Sperry is unmarried and is living in Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Nettie A. Woodward married William Bailey of Malden, and her family consists of a son and two daughters.

Attella C. Woodward married Henry B. Wells of Buckland and she is the mother of seven children, several having been graduates of Arms Academy; one is now a sophomore.

Howard A. Halligan lives in Jersey City, New Jersey. He is connected with the Western Electric Company, and has a wife and four children.

Charles Harry Smith died in Chicago.

Kimball S. Field met his death in a drowning accident.

Rose Koonz is also deceased.

1893

Charles Cary is married and conducts a teachers' agency in Hartford, Connecticut.

Mary Burrington married Norman Hicks and her home is in Heath, Massachusetts.

Alice Fisher teaches in Hyde Park and resides at 49 Langden Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

George Jenks is married and resides at 35 Amherst Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Sadie Maxwell's address is Northampton, Massachusetts.

Charles Merrill, who is with the Western Electric Company, is married and lives in East Orange, New Jersey.

George and Walter Wing are both married and are engaged in the automobile business in the state of Washington.

Flora Hill married Dr. George N. Ball and her home is in New York.

Harry Howes is living in Boston, Massachusetts.

Charlena Hoyt, now Mrs. John H. Elwell, lives in Newton Highlands, Massachusetts.

Helen Hoyt is now Mrs. Herbert R. Ashworth of Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts.

Wilhelmina Yetter Upton is engaged in nursing, her headquarters being at Oakland, California.

Henry W. Ware is engaged in the coal business in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts.

1895

The graduates of the Class of 1895 are but seven.

"Elinor Fife" Buell lives in town. She has three children. Honor, the eldest, attends Wheaton College; Murray, a Senior at Arms, and Lois, who entered the Academy last fall with the '27 class.

Philip Merrill also lives in town.

"Marion Arcutt" Ferguson has made her home in Cambridge, New York.

"Mary Gould" Davenport is a local resident.

The alumni editors have been unable to obtain any information concerning Blanche Elmer or Robert Burnham.

Others of the class are:

"Edith Gillet" Jones and "Alice Gould" Mitenell both resident of Shelburne Falls.

"Vivian Griswold" Williams, who has made Ridgewood, New Jersey, her home.

Frank Innis, who continues his business as clothier here.

Louis Mann, carpenter, who is living in Groton, Connecticut, and Emma Packard, now Mrs. Earnest Todd, of Greenfield.

1896

1896's graduates number eight:

Jessie Sauer is working in Washington, D. C.

"Ruth Canedy" Hadley has come back to Shelburne Falls. Her son, Jarvis, entered Arms with the '27 class.

"Susan Davenport" Wilder is a local resident.

Rena Fife is now Mrs. Emil Schneck of Greenfield.

Edith Fisher's work is connected with the Women's Industrial Union, Boston, Mass.

Bessie Halligan married a Fred Newton and is now living in Norwich, Conn.

Roy Merrill is farming in town.

Ethel Oakman has gone to Parsons, California.

1899

Of the graduates of 1899:

Mabel Avery has become Mrs. Deane of Greenfield.

Helen Hull is in Westfield, Massachusetts.

George Patch is teaching in St. Paul's School, Gardner City, L. I.

Jennie Reed works in the public library of Manchester, N. H.

George Stebbins is in Walkinsburg, Pennsylvania.

May A. Thatcher's address is 264 Sherman Street, Gardner, Mass.

Herbert Ware, lawyer, remains in town.

GREETINGS FROM 1923

Although a year only has passed since the twenty students, comprising the class of 1923, have left the sheltering haven of their Alma Mater, already many of us have wandered far and it is indeed difficult to keep

in touch with one another. But even though we are far from the spot which was home to us for four years we have not forgotten the happy times we enjoyed there.

To begin with our president, Harold Temple, we find that he is putting to practice the theorems impartial to him in the Agricultural Course which he chose while at Arms. Lloyd Brown and Francis Kinsman, who took the same course, are also at home farming.

Of course we did not expect Eleanor Gilchrest to remain at home—not with all that grey matter, the result of four years at Arms, stored away in her brain. She has chosen Russell Sage College as a fitting place for further study. We sometimes wonder if she longs for those rides behind "the Old Grey Mare" under a starlit sky.

Helen Stacy, another of the "Colrainers", is teaching in Shattuckville.

Kenneth Benton and Donald Cary, we never think of one without the other, are promising students at Williams College. We notice when "Hiram" comes home he has lost every trace of his old time bashfulness and in due time is sure to become a heartbreaker.

We are inclined to post a notice for Betty Apte—Lost? Strayed? Stolen? She disappeared last fall and no one has even discovered her powder-box. The last reports were that she is working "somewhere" in Connecticut. Edith Shields, who left her home in Shelburne is also working in Connecticut and perhaps is keeping an eye on Betty.

Geneva Call and Esther Cromack are at their respective homes in Colrain and Shelburne.

"Bob" Noonan is reported "to be killing time" as usual. He has been employed most

of the past year by the Heath Telephone Company.

Helen Dwight, now Mrs. Royer of Heath, is the first of the class to venture a matrimonial career. We hope it will not prove contagious.

Flossie Cromack has for the past year been attending North Adams Normal. We shall, no doubt, soon have pleasure of seeing her as a "a full-fledged school ma'am".

Pearl Harmer is in Boston taking up a commercial course.

Cherilyn Sommer, after graduating, was employed by the Heath Telephone Co., as a "Hello" girl; but she has now advanced to the successful position as one of the bookkeepers.

Alma Wells entered the House of Mercy, Pittsfield, in the fall of 1923. We were sorry to hear of her illness this spring which necessitated her leaving training for some weeks.

Elizabeth Loomis is at her home in Shelburne, doubtless putting up innumerable jars of preserves and jams.

Edward Feige entered Bliss College last fall, where he took a four months' course in commercial work. He is now working in his father's store at Shelburne Falls.

Sarah Eleanor Benton, otherwise known as "El", deserves a page devoted to her adventures since graduation. In brief, she has moved to Shelburne Falls, where she can be in the centre of things, and spends her *days* behind the curtains of The Woman's Shop—her *nights*—we're not tale-bearers, so we'll leave the rest to the reader's imagination.

Best Wishes for the Success of
The 1924 STUDENT.

1923.

I. Miss Crawford in Eng. II: "Mahoney, will you start Longfellow's 'Children's Hour?'"

Bimbo: "Listen, my children, and you shall hear—"

II. Stetson: "I have a Ford. What kind have you?"

Shippee: "A Maxwell."

Stetson: "That's a good car, too."

III. Miss Benson, in Latin II: "Peterson, you may translate."

Rolla: "In English?"

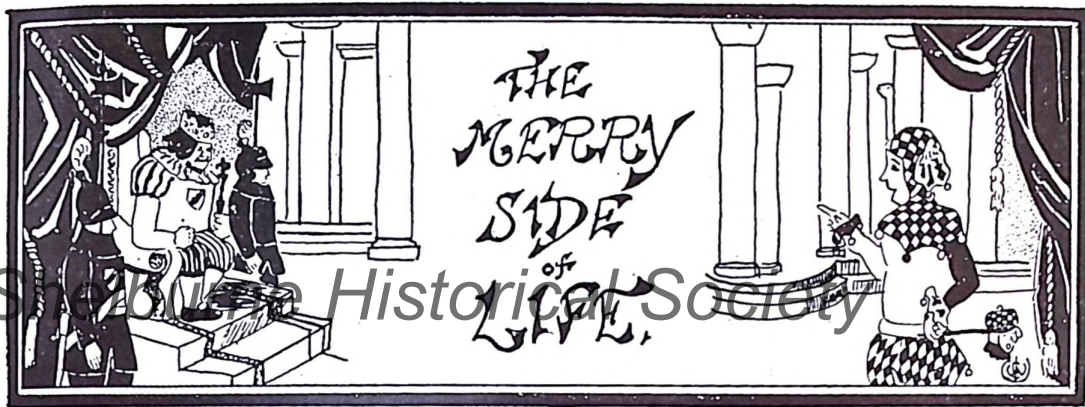
Miss Benson (innocently): "No, in Hebrew."

IV. Miss Benson, in French I: "Mademoiselle Monahan, donnez-moi la francais du mot 'forest' s'il vous plait."

Helene (absent-mindedly): "Steady!"

V. First day of school.
Sully (to teacher in charge of study-room): "May I use the dictionary?"

Swede: "Sure, help yourself! It's free for nothing."



We Shall Never Forget the Day

When "Swede's" flivver came to town.
 When "Doc" got a new car.
 When the "Arms Orchestra" got a new piece.
 When the Faculty bowled Baker's Pharmacy.
 When "Dutch" couldn't do the French lesson.
 When "Dynamite" came to us.
 When there was a Leap-Year dance in Shelburne.
 When "Bally" didn't get a lecture from Miss Berg.
 When Ruben put on the "long ones."
 When "Meek" was good natured.
 When "Dutch" learned to play pool.
 When Miss Smith gave an afternoon history class.
 When "Red's" flivver refused to go.
 When Shumway didn't say, "what not."
 When the skating rink was built.

*Portrait of an Arms Student Studying
 After a Basketball Game.*

The hydra's a celenterate;
 Bob played a peachy game.
 That first basket of his was great;
 Je parle, tu porte, il aime.

Oh, how I want some chocolate fudge
 And chlorophyl is green.
 The referee was snappy too—
 What does notitia mean?

The fifth declension drives me wild.
 I knew that Ted would come.
 The ablative should end in o;
 Their forward sure was dumb.

Required: To draw a secant
 From the point A to the chord.
 He said his father had a Stutz
 But—he came in a Ford.

A secondary color's green;
 Its ordinate is red.
 The cornea is in the eye
 And I am going to bed.

ESTHER WELLS.

*What Some Freshman Boys Come to
 School for.*

Hadley: To get A+.
 Manning: To get "kicked out" of history.
 Purrington: To laugh.
 Page: To get department cards.
 Mahoney: To talk during the fourth period.

Tune of "It Ain't Gonna Rain no Mo".

Oh the little old Ford raced over the hill,
 And the little old Ford raced back,
 But when they took it to the Fair
 It wouldn't race round the track.
 Oh, it ain't gonna race no mo, no mo,
 But how in the world can Mulvaney tell
 It ain't gonna race no mo!

Well the carburetor's juice is all gone,
 The spark plug's got the "con".
 The tires are punctured fore and rear,
 Or I'd never wrote this song.
 Oh it ain't gonna race no mo, no mo,
 It ain't gonna race no mo.
 But the judge can tell why the little old Ford
 Ain't gonna race no mo!

G. L.

STUDENT BRILLIANCIES

Physical Geography?

Miss Smith (Anc. Hist. Class): "Please give the boundaries of Rome after the barbarian invasions."

E. Schempp: "The Mediterranean on the south and the Elbow River (Elbe) on the north."

Stella Plant (Anc. Hist.): "The Teutons were a strong but light headed race."

E. Schempp (Anc. Hist.): "The barbarians attacked the Romans on the rear-end."

E. Bellows (Anc. Hist.): "Peace was declared, so the men cast aside their arms."—New way of celebrating peace?

What They Come to School For.

"Dutch" Barnard: To grin as much as possible and to get as many A+'s as is possible.

"Don." Morrissey: To get his name on the board every day.

C. Soper: To play the piano at recess.

"Dick" Stetson: To get as many dates as possible.

"Dynamite" Damon: To study Physics.

"Bally" Woods: To work.

The Librarians: To get into everything (including the mop-pail and white ink).

I Wonder

Who decorated the library.

Who lives in Gardner.

Why they don't put in a trolley line to Buckland.

Why we have to behave (?) in school.

How it feels to be Alumni.

Why there are so many Smiths.

A Wonder!

Call in U. S. His. (telling of unsuccessful escape of an early Colraine settler): "Sending his wife and child ahead to the fort while he delayed the progress of the Indians, he found himself unable to flee, and so hid under a bridge to save himself, but he was killed."

Observer (looking at the High School buildings from Severance Street): "Say, are they having examinations in that school?"

Another observer: "I don't think so, why?"

First observer: "Why? Because the flag is flying in distress."

Commercial Geography

Sea Island Cotton is raised off the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas.

Flax is raised on a hillside that doesn't slant.

Noah discovered silk.

Method of silk production:

Silk worms are put in hollow bamboo sticks and squeezed until the juice comes out.

WANTED—Pennies for Roger Ward and Ike Hodgen to match third study period. Will return fourth period or recess.

FOR SALE—A harmonica having eight notes and in very good condition. See Russell Purrington.

Miss Crawford, Eng. I: "Correct this sentence. 'Write the synonyms of ten words found in a large dictionary.'"

Purrington: "Write the synonyms found in a large dictionary of ten words."

Miss March, Ancient History I: "He killed all of his ancestors."

French III.

Miss Benson (dictating): "Write the feminine of ox, man—Why Monsieur Shaw, don't you know any of them?—Surely you know the feminine of uncle."

Shaw: "No, I haven't any female uncles."

Miss Crawford (in Eng. II): "What is the name of Hawthorne's best romance?"

Miss Roberts: "The Life of Franklin Pierce."

Mr. Shumway (in Biology): "Name an animal of the protozoa group."

King: "A pharmacy." (Parmecium.)

Mr. Shumway (in Biology): "The robin builds a what-not, goes where-not in the winter-time, and does on thing or another."

Miss Crawford (in English II): "Tyler, what are you looking at?"

Tyler (looking at Miss Wells): "I'm looking at the pretty leaves."

According to Regulations.

Miss Bronson in Eng. III-B: "Please do not use monosyllables in answering me. Where was the scene of 'Hamlet' laid?"

Damon: "Denmark."

Be Careful! (A new game of tag)

Shumway (to Biology Class): "All ready for exams?"

Class: "Sure."

Shumway: "Get ready then, I'm going to skip around a little—be careful you don't get caught."

An opera is a play staged in an opera house.

Shakespeare was buried in a churchyard.

D. Webber (in English): "Stevenson's ancestors were all famous lighthouses."

Bright Junior on English exam.: "Boswell was a little dog that always followed Johnson around and wrote his biography, and I should like to read it." (So would we.)

C. Woodward, translating French: "The two young men were very sun-burned, and their cheeks were covered with thick mostaches."

Miss Benson: "Miss Woodward, just where were those mostaches?"

Miss Woodward: "On their chins, I suppose!"

Teacher: "When did Caesar defeat the greatest number?"

Bright Stud: "At examination time, I think."

"You say you aren't prepared to do this test, Stafford?"

"No, Mam, I brought a soft pencil for a hard exam."

Miss Crawford: "I'm getting some rare work from the new freshmen."

Mr. Vose: "Rare?"

Miss Crawford: "Yes—not well done."

Miss Smith in U. S. Hist.: "Shaw, what southern general of the Civil War did you choose to recite on?"

Shaw: "I didn't choose any. My book was about northern generals."

Miss Smith: "Did you take a northern general?"

Shaw (faintly): "No."

Mr. Shumway: "Is that clear to all?"

Don Perkins: "Clear as mud."

Mr. Shumway: "Very well, it covers the ground."

J. Mahoney: "Did you hear about that man choking this morning?"

P. Amstein: "No, how did it happen?"

J. Mahoney: "He was eating horse meat and somebody hollered whoa."

Mr. Mulvaney (explaining a problem that could be done two ways): "You know, Shippee, the longest way around is the shortest way home."

F. Shippee: "Air—er."

(Notice on the front board): "Everybody invited tonight—no admission."

Temple: "Wasn't 'The World' magazine going on at this time?"

Miss Bronson: "Yes, the world was going on at this time."

R. Call: "They used oxes in those days instead of horses."

Miss Benson: "The young girl has been described and now it describes the old girl (seventy years old)."

M. Bahr (rehearsing for play): "Why Jarvis Pendleton is out in the yard now with a hole in his trousers that big!"

Mr. Shumway (in Physics): "What is work, Woods?"

Woods: "I don't know."

R. Call: "He climm the tree and kilt it."

Miss Smith: "The biography that Shaw took was written by his wife, I believe!"

Miss Benson: "Grandmother Moan, who was on the shady side of life,—!"

Stetson has got a job with a furniture company—he's raising side-boards.

Visitor: "You have a peculiar faculty here for—"

G. Wells: "Sh! I know it—but we can't help ourselves, they were thrust upon us."

Priscilla: "I hardly know what to do with my week-end."

Jerry Hadley: "I suggest you put a hat on it."

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Silver Medal (60 words a minute)

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Elsie Mattson	

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Mary Ellen Cromack	
Evelyn Hillman	Lilda Leonard
Elsie Mattson	Doris Rowland
Hilda Thompson	Blanche Wilder
Margaret Bardwell	

Class of 1925:

Ruth Booker	Martha Coburn
Theodore Page	Irene Stafford

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Class of 1924 100%

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Margaret Bardwell	
Mary Ellen Cromack	
Evelyn Hillman	Laurence Leonard
Lilda Leonard	Elsie Mattson
Doris Rowland	Hilda Thompson
Blanche Wilder	

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Ruby Burnap	Dorothy Cardwell
Martha Coburn	George Hodgen
Theodore Page	Arthur Fay Shippee
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Class of 1926:

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Margaret Bardwell	
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Evelyn Hillman	Laurence Leonard
Lilda Leonard	Elsie Mattson
Doris Rowland	Hilda Thompson
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Pearl Burnap	Ruby Burnap
Doris Cardwell	Dorothy Cardwell
Martha Coburn	George Hodgen
Theodore Page	A. Fay Shippee
Irene Stafford	Ralph Streeter
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Edna Dunbar	Dorothy Field
Mabel LaPierre	Helen Loomis
Donald Perkins	Stella Plant
Carrie Purinton	Loretta Riel
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Mary Wheeler	Marion Marshall

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10 Minute Tests

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Elsie Mattson	

Card Case (40 words a minute)

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Mary Ellen Cromack	
Evelyn Hillman	Lilda Leonard
Elsie Mattson	Doris Rowland
Hilda Thompson	Blanche Wilder

Class of 1925:

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Ruby Burnap	Martha Coburn
George Hodgen	Theodore Page
A. Fay Shippee	Irene Stafford
Margaret Thompson	

Primary Certificate (25 words a minute)
(120 hours typewriting)

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Lilda Leonard
Hilda Thompson

Class of 1925:

Ruth Booker

Class of 1925 (No time limit):

Pearl Burnap
Doris Cardwell
Ralph Streeter

Class of 1926 (No time limit):

Mildred Cady
Edna Dunbar
Mabel LaPierre
Helen Loomis
Donald Perkins
Stella Plant
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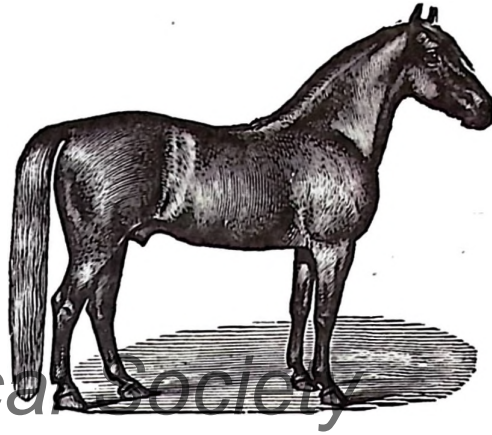
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