

The

Shelburne Historical Society

Annals & Proceedings



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.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Shelburne Historical Society

Dedication	3
Student Board	5
Editorials	5
The Seniors	7
The Juniors	20
The Sophomores	22
The Freshmen	24
Literary	26
School Life	34
Athletics	
Track Team	45
Basket Ball	46
Baseball	50
Alumni	52
Jokes	55
Typewriting Speed Tests	58
Advertisements	59



STUDENT BOARD

Editor-in-Chief Ellsworth Barnard, '24
 Associate Editor Lilda Leonard, '24
 Junior Associate Editor Helen Pierce, '25

FACULTY ADVISORS

Miss Crawford Miss Bronson Miss Berg

LITERARY EDITORS

Murray Buell, '24 Gertrude Marshall, '26
 Ruth Bassett, '25 Helen Legate, '27

ART EDITORS

Lilda Leonard, '24 Rosalia Vagel, '25
 Theodore Page, '25

JOKE EDITORS

John Fellows, '24 Donald Perkins, '26
 Dana Webber, '25 Esther Wells, '26
 William Mahoney, '27

ALUMNI EDITORS

Dorothy Cardwell, '25 Gertrude Larsen, '26

BUSINESS MANAGERS

Welburne Shaw, '24 Elsie Mattson, '24
 John Mahoney, '25 Richard Hoyt, '26

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

President	Welburne Shaw
Vice-President	Hilda Thompson
Secretary	Myrtle Arnold
Treasurer	Margaret Bahr

Shelburne Historical Society

SENIOR CLASS PARTS

Essayists	} Ellsworth Barnard Lilda Leonard Marion Marshall John Fellows	
Class Will		} Elsie Mattson Donald Morrissey
Memorabilia		
Ivy Address		Genevra Wells
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 fails."

"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.

It, 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
"El", "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 St. Andrew 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."



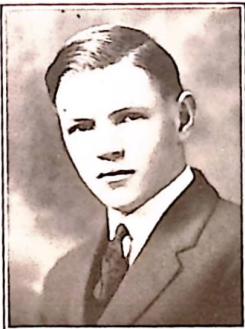
On May 14, 1906, Janie saw Colrain for the first time. Realizing that it wasn't such a bad place after all and that she might do worse, she decided to spend her first young years in this same famous city. Then Foundry Grammar School teachers took her in hand; They soon discovered what a little terror 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. A'as! 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 our 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 pox 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 manoueuvering 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 24. 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 "Finkey" 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 Crittendon 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 Olenn Mattson
"Elsie"



"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 for life. We have our suspicions as to what made it so interesting—also a year later our valuable coach left. 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 (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
"Rac"



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 she 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 honestier 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 Harge 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).



Marlan 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 of 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—well, 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 oftmake 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
"Girle", "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 Nell 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 of there are not many who have attained the presidency of the class of '24 of 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 bolsterous to attract attention. But then, you know, "still waters run deep." At least we suspected they did when Blanche began to attend Arm's 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, Geneva 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.

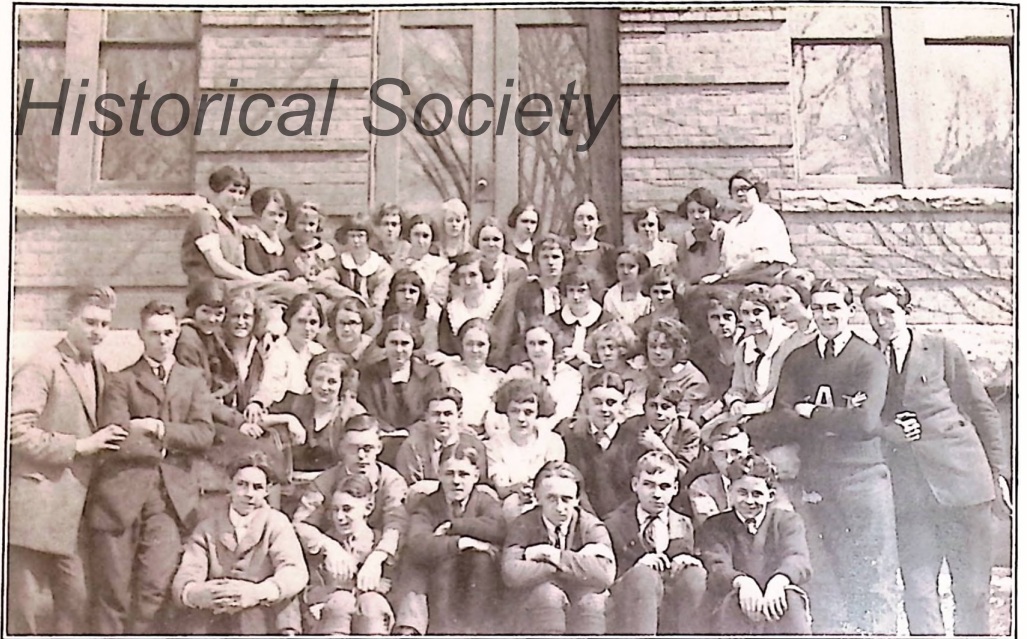
A RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

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, agleam 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 daises 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 but 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 grting 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,
Oh, 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



Gone But

Lubricating



surprised



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 (?)

Shelburne Historical Society



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 Vagel 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 lognette, 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. Pollard'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

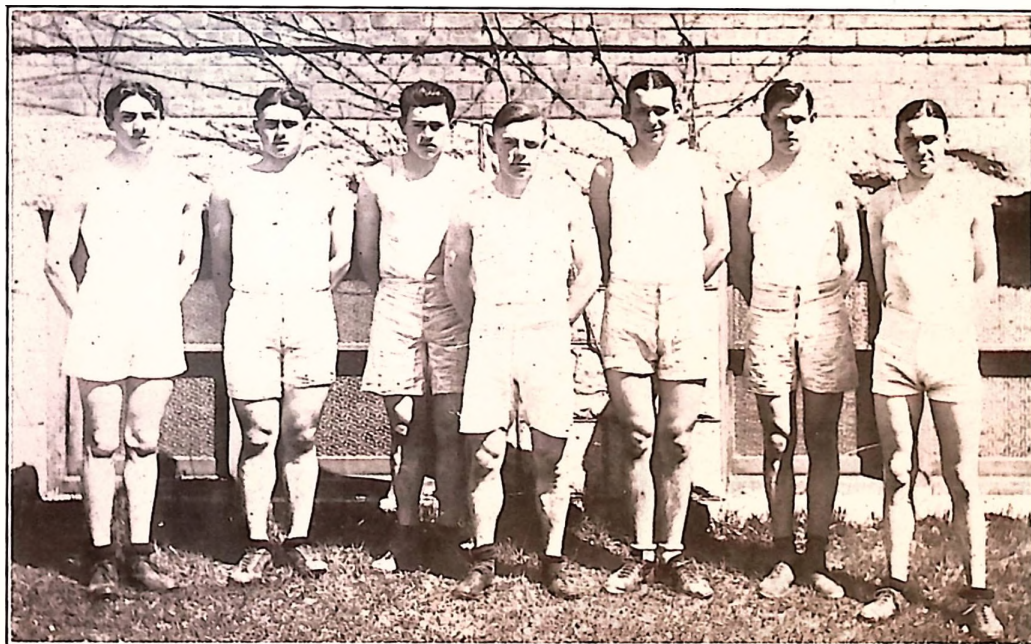
Athletics

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—Krantt (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
Krantt, 1926, 3d—100 yd. Dash.....	2
Arms second in Relay.	
Arms second in Tug of War.	

Shelburne Historical Society



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.

<p>ARMS Morrissey, l. f..... Tyler, r. f; c..... Shaw, r. f..... Wells, c..... Leonard, r. g..... Webber, D., l. g..... Webber, Don, l. g.</p>	<p>GREENFIELD Cowan, l. f..... Filke, r. f..... Pfersick, c..... Dextlor, l. g..... Thompson, r. g.....</p>
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Goals from floor: Morrissey 3, Shaw 3, Wells 1, Thompson 1, Dextlor 1, Pfersick 2, Filke 3,

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:

<p>ARMS Leonard, r. g..... Webber, l. g..... Wells, c..... Shaw, r. f..... Morrissey, l. g.....</p>	<p>ALUMNI A. Saar, c..... D. Upton, r. f..... P. Redfern, l. f..... Feige, r. g..... Oates, l. g.....</p>
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

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:

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:

<p>ARMS Morrissey, l. f..... Shaw, r. f..... Kratt, r. f..... Wells, c..... Webber, l. g..... Leonard, r. g.....</p>	<p>ATHOL Orton, r. g..... Murphy, l. g..... Doolan, l. g..... Coburn, c..... Paige, r. f..... Aiken, r. f..... Murphy, P., l. f.</p>
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

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

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.

SACRED HEART

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

Shelburne Historical Society

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

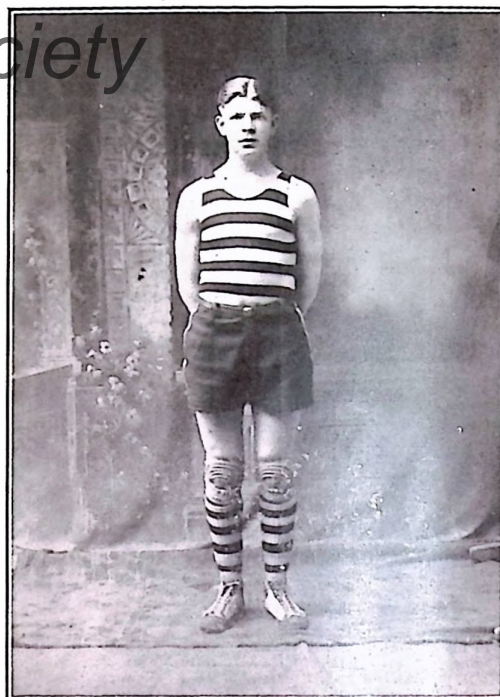
Hatfield, Jan. 14. Arms lost to Smith Academy at Hatfield in a fast and furious game by the score of 31 to 30. The game was marred by the roughness of both teams. A very unfortunate incident occurred early in the second half. Shaw, the Arms forward, was clear with the ball right under the basket. He 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.....	Zgodnick, 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.



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

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 Kusso, r. f.
Morrissey, l. f.	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.	Tumpance, 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.

Shelburne Historical Society

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.	L

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 3, Leonard 2, Rourke 6, O'Neil 4, Shea, Haynes, 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.....	Prync, 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, Prync 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

Shelburne Historical Society

The following lists of the past graduates of Arms are as nearly complete as the alumni editors have been able to make them

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. Coney 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" Mitchell 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 imparted 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."

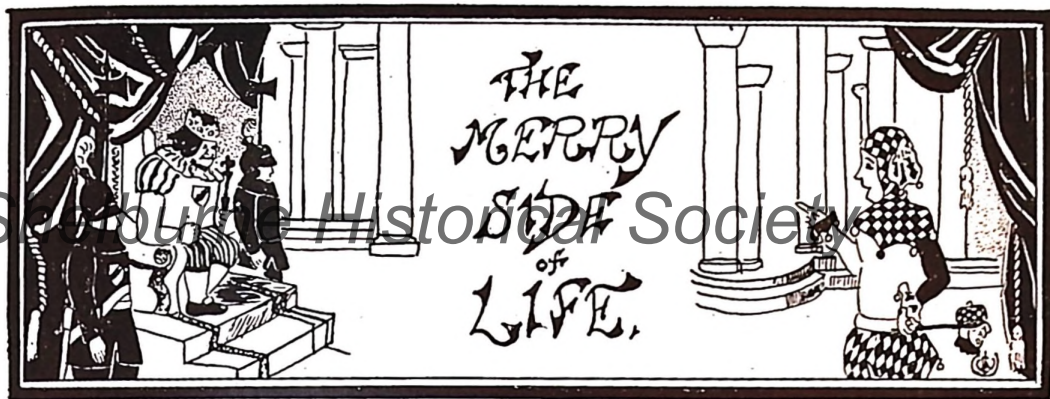
IV. Miss Benson, in French I: "Mademoiselle Monahan, donnez-moi la francais du mot 'forest' s'il vous plait."

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 deportment 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." (Paramecium.)

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 perculiar 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."

Compliments of

White Mission Supply Co., Inc.

Shelburne Historical Society

Complete Automotive Supplies

Willys-Knight and Overland

Sales and Service

28-38 State Street

Shelburne Falls, - - - Mass.

ATHERTON'S

formerly

The Atherton Tire and Rubber Co.

60 Federal Street, GREENFIELD

Quality Tires, Accessories and Sport Goods

We Carry in Stock

All the Best Known Accessories for Cars, also Seasonable Sport Goods
at Reasonable Prices, both Wholesale and Retail

Vulcanizing Done Promptly by Experts

Shelburne Historical Society
Griswoldville Manufacturing Company

Manufacturers and Finishers of Cotton Cloth

GRISWOLDVILLE, MASS.

Contributed by

Lamson & Goodnow Mfg. Co.

THE CUTLERY

Shelburne Historical Society Compliments of

Heath Telephone Company

Donat E. Gingras

Wholesale Confectioner

and

Specialty Jobber

I quote to wholesale requirements on high grade merchandise
for Fairs, Clubs and Stores

21 Madison Circle

Greenfield, - - - - Mass.

RIGHT GOODS

FAIR PRICES

G. H. CROWN

Shelburne Historical Society

FOSTER SYSTEM

OPERATORS OF 27 STORES

CLOTHIERS

HATTERS

FURNISHERS

HOME OF KUPPENHEIMER GOOD CLOTHES

SHELBURNE FALLS, - - - - -

MASS.

SEVERANCE
COAL CO.

CLEAN COAL

GOOD COAL

SERVICE

SATISFACTION

TELEPHONE 54

OFFICE JENKS & AMSTEIN CO. STORE

Students, Alumni, Friends — Patronize the Student Advertisers.

The Frail Garage

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Shelburne Historical Society

C. H. Hellyar, Proprietor

Tel. 224

Compliments of

New England Power Company

“Dress Up and Succeed”

Every day the matter of personal appearance is becoming more and more important in business and social life. Many young men have got started as a result of being well dressed. Many more keep going for the same reason. *Clothes count.*

Our clothing must measure up to certain standards of value. First, durability of service; Second, style.

Custom Made Clothes from J. L. Taylor & Co., New York-Chicago

F. E. INNIS

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

South Store, Odd Fellows Bldg.

Schmidt's Variety Store

—Remember the Place—

Shelburne Historical Society

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

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

1 Bridge Street

SHELBURNE FALLS, ∴ MASS.

George N. Thompson, M. D.

Practice limited to

The Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

18 Ashland St., North Adams

Confidence

Almost without exception the people who come here to have their cars overhauled and repaired do so because they have confidence in us, in the work we do, and in the complete service station that we maintain.

The Weldon Garage, Inc.

Geo. W. Wilcox, Pres.

90 Federal Street, ∴ Greenfield

Phone 380-381-382

Rickett's Express

W. P. Rickett, Prop.

Moving Trucking Storage

Express to Greenfield, Colrain, Charlemont, North Adams and Springfield.

Shelburne Falls, ∴ Mass.

The Transcript

is today the

Shelburne Falls Newspaper

Shelburne Historical Society

Do you know that it is covering every day the athletic activities of Arms Academy?

Just to get acquainted, why don't you send us a post card giving us your address for a week's free delivery if you live within reach of any of our carrier boys?

Mail card to "Circulation Department, The Transcript, North Adams, Mass."

Compliments of

The Baker Pharmacy

E. W. Benjamin, Prop.

Shelburne Falls, .∴ Mass.

Wayne A. Smith

Groceries Dry Goods

Boots & Shoes

"The Store of Quality"

United States Royal Cord Tires

If you are looking for real bargains in tires call Wayne Smith and you will get them.

Phone 12-2 Res. 28-9

Griswoldville, .∴ Mass.

This is the Time of

Good Resolutions

Resolve to Save

and

Start Now

Shelburne Falls Savings Bank

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

**This Store
Tries to Merit
Your Daily
Patronage**

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

DEPARTMENTS

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

**John Wilson
& Company**
GREENFIELD, MASS.

Dr. Guy M. Gray

Dentist

Successor to Dr. King

*31 Federal St.,
New Odd Fellows' Block,
Greenfield, Mass.*

Tel- 908

Office Hours—9 to 5

Sundays and Evenings by appointment

**H. W. Clark
Company**

WHOLESALE GROCERS

North Adams, - - Mass.

Clark's Cakes and Crackers

Occident Flour

Gold Flower Coffee

Mistletoe Canned Goods

Shelburne Historical Society

Compliments of

ATHOL TRANSCRIPT CO.

Athol, Mass.

Publishers of the "Arms Student"

Compliments of

Sweetheart Inn

Try Webster's
in Greenfield
for Sporting Goods



Stop in at our new store, 377 Main Street, 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

Photography

In All Its Branches



Photographer to 1924 Classes of

Arms Academy

Northfield Seminary

Mt. Hermon

Greenfield High

Turners Falls

Brown Studio

Ames Street

Greenfield

Nature says-- "INSURE"

Nature knows the laws of insurance. The animals change their fur for the seasons. Vegetation adapts itself to times and climate. Nature is always *prepared*.

It is our business to see that *business* is *prepared*—prepared to meet losses, accidents or fires. Wisdom always says "insure." We are at the service of the wise man and our advice is at the service of all men.

May we see you today?

GEO. D. MIRICK & Company

*Office with L. Marsh, Real Estate
57 Bridge St., Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Consult your insurance agent as you would
your lawyer or doctor*

SHERWIN WILLIAMS

*Paints and
Varnishes
and*

Auto Paints

Nesco Oil Stoves

Burnap Bros.

John H. Temple

Austin E. Sumner

Temple & Sumner

Dealers in

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Poultry,
Ham, Sausage, Etc.

Boston's Largest Manufacturing Jewelers

H. W. Peters Co.

(First in the United States)

Class Rings

Class Pins

Invitations

5174-5178 Washington Street
Boston 32, . . . Mass.

Clarence Wellbank, District Representative

Compliments of

Shelburne Historical Society

Clapp & Wells

Dealers in
and Manufacturers of

Native Lumber

Shelburne Falls, .:. Mass.

**Shelburne
Falls
Marble
Co.**

Artistic Memorials
in Stone

Presented by C. H. Gleason
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Page & Shaw Candies

Apollo Chocolates

Autocrat Stationery

Highland Linen

**March's
Pharmacy**

Two Doors From Post Office
Shelburne Falls, .:. Mass.

Fountain Pens

Violin Strings

Eastman Films and Cameras

Films Developed in 24 hours

PIERCE'S LAUNDRY

Come in and see the modern laundry

See it work

Always Welcome

The
Greenfield Buick Co.
Shelburne Historical Society
Dealers in

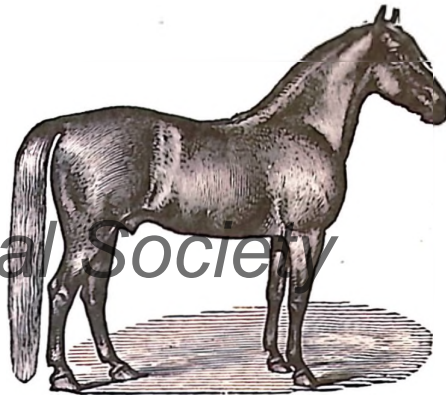
Buick Cars
and
G.M.C. Trucks

GREENFIELD, .∴ MASS.

J. M. Blassberg

Junk
and
Trucking

Telephone—Office 232
Home 163-2



Livery, Feed and Sales Stable

Dealer in All Kinds of Cattle

Walter E. Legate

Tel. 142-4 Shelburne Falls

Potter Grain Co.

Dealers in

Flour, Grain, Hay,

Salt,

Lime and Cement

Shelburne Falls, - - Mass.

Our Broadcast

Shelburne Historical Society Compliments of
We invite your inspection of our
fashionable and durable Footwear
at moderate prices.

Also our new line of
"Holeproof" Hosiery
for men and women

Jenks & Amstein Co.

The Home of Good Shoes



NEWELL'S



The City Market

J. E. Clemons, Prop.

Compliments of

The Woman's Shop

Shelburne Historical Society
Compliments of

J. Donner

Ladies' and Gents' Tailor

Gents' Furnishings

Work Done on Short Notice
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Wood's Block, 65 Bridge Street Tel. 232
Shelburne Falls, ∴ Mass.

Dr. Charles L. Hpton

F. G. Mitchell

PLUMBING

and

HEATING

Shelburne Falls, ∴ Mass.

Thompson Bros.

General Merchandise

Colrain, - - - Mass.

Compliments of

B. L. Call

Colrain, - - - Mass.

The Old Reliable
Sherwin-Williams House Paints

Stains and Varnish

Sold and recommended by

Carroll A. Burnap

Painter and Decorator

Deane R. Bardwell

Studebaker Motor Cars

Auto Hire

Ford Service

Shelburne Falls, ∴ Mass.

B. H. Brown

Agent for

EMERSON SHOES and
BEACON FALLS Rubbers

Cor. Bridge & Main Sts.

Shoes

That Satisfy

J. H. Stearns

232 Main Street
Greenfield, Mass.

Arch Preserver Shoes

for Men and Women

Wearers of Arch Preserver Shoes never change to other makes. Once worn, always worn. Arch Preserver Shoes look well, feel well, fit well and last a long time.

Laythe-Fellows Shoe Co.

312 Main Street, Greenfield, Mass.

Shelburne Falls Fruit Co.

All Kinds of Fresh Fruit in Season
Quality Ice Cream, Sundaes & Fruit
Good Line of Candy
Cigars and Tobacco
Try our "Butter Kist" Popcorn

C. A. Davenport

6 Deerfield Ave.

PLUMBING

and

HEATING

Wm. N. Bettcher, Pres.

Bettcher Constructing Co. Inc.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Phone Connection

E A T
AT
TYLER'S

Compliments of

The Shelburne Falls & Colrain
Street Railway Company

Compliments of

Alfred Payant

BY JACK SMITH
Shelburne Historical Society

Shelburne Falls, . . . Mass.

Compliments of

J. J. O'Connor

Horseshoer and Jobber

Shelburne Falls, . . . Mass.

The Mohawk

*Good Quality
Ice Cream and Sundaes*

*Excellent Assortment
of Confectionery*

Best Line of Fruit

The Kinsmore Co.

Shelburne Falls, . . . Mass.

Millinery and Fancy Goods

Telephone 36-4

Compliments of

Hood Milk Co.

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

The George M. Baldwin Store

*Dealers in General Merchandise for
Working Men. Herman's Army
and Civilian Shoes, Army Goods,
O. D. Wool Shirts,*

*12 Water Street,
Shelburne Falls, . . . Mass.*

Buckland Lunch

Home Made Food

Prompt Service

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

W. E. Shaw, Florist

Flowers on Sale at "The Kinsmore"

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Compliments of

Bergman's Dry Goods Store

Shelburne Historical Society

Tel. 36-112

Shelburne Falls, ∴ Mass.

E. O. Clapp, D. D. S.

Dentist

Over Savings Bank

W. H. Noonan

High Grade Moving Pictures

OPERA HOUSE

Shelburne Falls, ∴ Mass.

C. E. Nason, D. M. D.

Telephone 176

Shelburne Falls, ∴ Mass.

J. G. March

BARBER SHOP

4 Bridge Street

Opposite the Post Office

Shelburne Falls, ∴ Mass

Guilford & Wood Horse Co.

F. S. Wood, Prop.

Phone 19-3 Shelburne Falls

Largest dealers in Horses of all kinds in New England.

Also Wagons, Sleighs & Harness.
Draft Horses a Specialty.

Compliments of

F. H. Thorpe, Manager

Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

Bridge Street, Shelburne Falls

"Where Economy Rules"

Get Your Electrical Apparatus

Where You Get Electric Service

Schack's Electric Shop

Shelburne Falls, ∴ Mass.

Compliments of

H. B. Marble, M. D.

Shelburne Historical Society

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Livery and Sales Stable

R. L. Hillman

Tel. 237

Shelburne Falls

Compliments of

Fred Galipo

Lyonsville, - - - Mass.

R. E. Purrington

BEEF PORK

All Kinds of VEGETABLES

CABBAGE a Specialty

The Corner Grocery

E. M. Gould, Prop.

Tel. 119

Shelburne Falls, - - Mass.

If Used in the Home or Office,
We Have It

Stationers

Greenfield Office Supply Co.

Opp. Mansion House, Greenfield, Mass.

E. D. Griswold

Builder

Griswoldville, - - Mass.

Compliments of

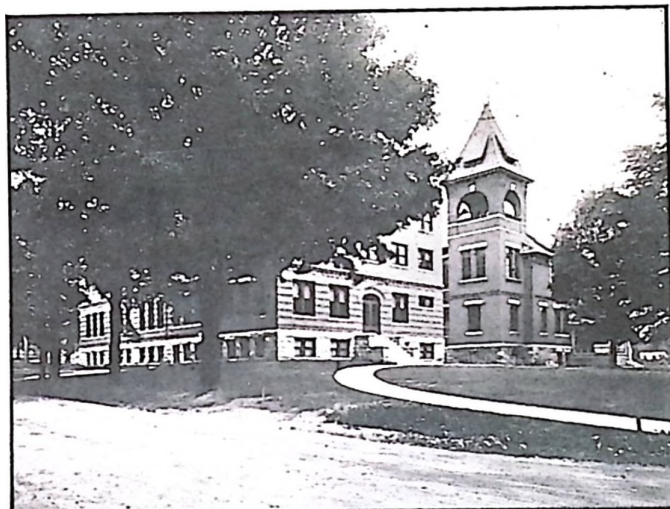
The Shelburne Hotel

E. N. Spinney, Prop.

Arms Academy

Founded 1880

Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts
Shelburne Historical Society



CURRICULA

PREPARATORY—For Colleges and Technical Schools

COMMERCIAL—For Business Careers

HOUSEHOLD ARTS—For Domestic Efficiency

GENERAL—For a Liberal Practical Education

AGRICULTURE—For Practical Farming

ARMS SCIENCE HALL—A New Building, occupied May 1st, 1917. Containing a Gymnasium, Modern Laboratories, Kitchen, Dining Room, Commercial Department and Class Rooms. The Most Complete School Plant in Franklin County.

For Circular and Full Information, Address

Tel. 69-3

WILLIAM F. POLLARD, Prin.

Students, Alumni, Friends — Patronize the Student Advertisers.