

Shelburne Historical Society

The
Arms Student



1925

Shelburne Historical Society

THE ARMS

STUDENT

1925

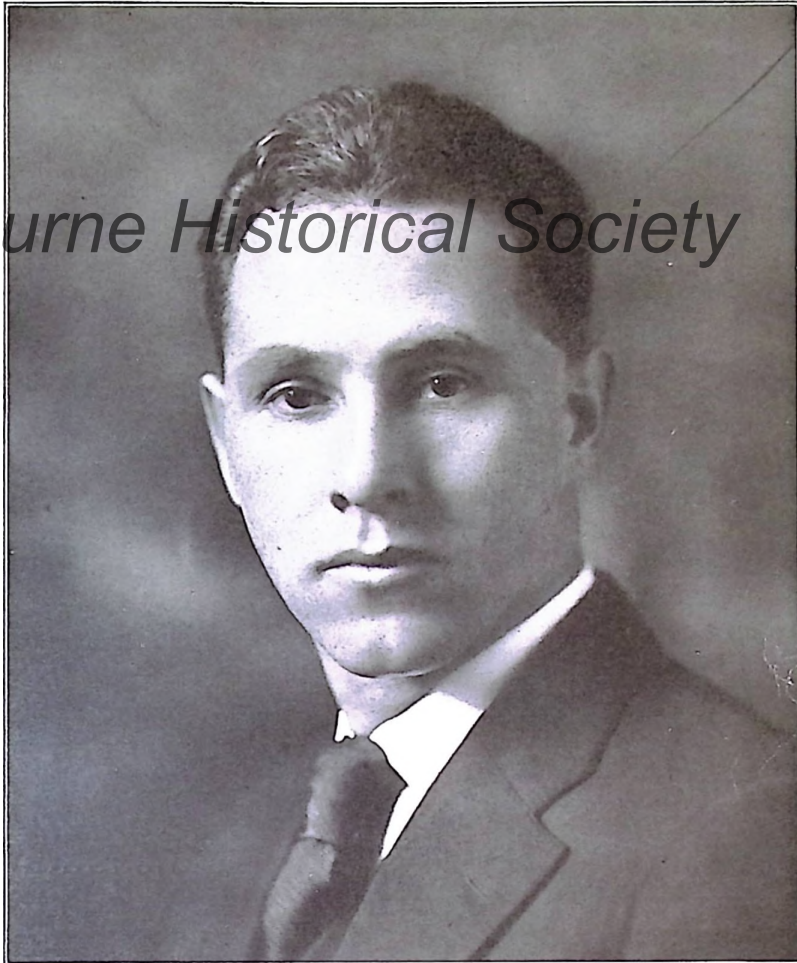
Shelburne Historical Society

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Shelburne Historical Society



Dedication

to

Mr. William Pollard

To Mr. Pollard, our principal, who has devoted his time so earnestly to our interests, and who has so ably and successfully maintained the high standards of our school, we dedicate the 1925 number of the ARMS STUDENT.



Student Board

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 Junior Associate Editor.. Elizabeth Dyer, '26

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Miss Bronson Miss Crawford Miss Shattuck

APPRECIATION

It has been the aim of the 1925 Student Board to publish an annual, representative of the life at Arms Academy, and to maintain the standard established in former years.

In order to meet the cost of editing the ARMS STUDENT, without raising the price of the book, it was deemed necessary to increase the price of advertising this year. In spite of this fact, the business manager and assistants received hearty re-

sponse from the local merchants and those of neighboring towns.

The board wishes to express its appreciation to the members of the school who contributed articles and pictures for the publication, to the alumni who furnished information concerning their classes, and to the merchants who have given financial support through advertising, all of whom have contributed to the success of the 1925 STUDENT.

Editorials

THE OLD ARMS SPIRIT

Remember the three resolutions Mr. Polard read to us last January? The third we needed most, perhaps, "Resolved, that in word, action, and deed I will strive to uphold the honor of Arms Academy." What an ideal, far-famed school we would have if everyone of us kept that resolution! We're proud of our school because we have much to be proud of. Let us tell the whole world about it. Let us advertise our pride. Just because of some petty personal dislike we must not denounce the whole school.

And action! We have a tendency to think that out of school hours we may act as we please without harming the standards of Arms. Let us not think that, long. Rest assured that eventually our behavior reflects back on old Arms. Strangers judge our high school by our actions. Why do our cheerleaders insist upon order and good sportsmanship at the Greenfield Fair? Because spectators are constantly deciding from our actions what kind of school Shelburne Falls has. Don't we pronounce our verdict on a school after its basket-ball team has played at Arms?

This resolution makes for school spirit, and school spirit makes friendships, popularity, fame in athletics and scholarship, good times, and success. It's up to the student himself to get the very best out of school and school spirit is the key which unlocks the door.

Let's make Arms a live wire school, backed by pep and enthusiasm. And let's make our school days one long "Locomotive" for Arms.

Helen Pirece, '25

COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS— WHY THEY WIN

In examining the record of attendance for Arms Academy we are inclined to believe that those pupils who live farthest away from the school have as good a record of attendance, if not a better, than some who are within walking distance of it. In other words, it seems as if certain pupils who live miles away from the school can face the far-below-zero blasts of winter's storms, or the blaze of the summer's sun, with good courage; whereas many who live within the village limits cannot face the same conditions of wind and weather without feeling heroic over it.

In regard to the final results of such training, we offer the suggestion that those who face such hardships now with good courage, are those who are building for themselves a sure foundation for such strength of character as will enable them in later years to fight the battle of life to a victorious and successful finish.

Courage that thus displays itself early in life will surely increase with years. Meredith says that "Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it each day and at last we cannot break it." Therefore, those who meet all obstacles now with the determination to overcome them, are forming habits that will aid them when they face the storms of life which may threaten them in later years. But those who now are always trying to avoid hardships are weaving for themselves a cable of habits that will surely bind them to their own failures.

The country boys and girls of every generation have always had to face hardships that city and village children know nothing about. This is why their early habits of conquering such hardships have built for so many of our country boys and girls a strong individuality that in itself is a great factor towards making any life successful.

Ruth Bassett, '25

THE VALUE OF A VISION

It doesn't make much difference whether you call it a vision, a dream, or an aspiration. Everybody has some goal toward which he is working and many people have had dreams or visions of a goal that was so lofty and unattainable that they always kept it secret and hidden.

There are other people who have appreciated their dreams and tried to fulfill them. No doubt their ambitions seemed almost impossible but these people succeeded in getting results that seem even now more like dreams than actual realities.

For instance there is Goodrich, the famous tire manufacturer. A vision came to him of a type of rubber tire that would outwear any of the kind then used. He used his vision and improved the rubber tire industry. Thomas Edison had a dream in his youth that showed him his future career, and by following it his hopes have been more than realized.

Alexander Bell, Robert Fulton, and most of the great inventors had dreams.

These men saw that a vision was practically worthless without the courage and persistence to carry it out. They set to work immediately and saw that every step was directed toward their goal.

If people in planning their vocations would take into consideration not only their likes and dislikes, but also their secret ambitions, perhaps their choices would be a great deal wiser. With a knowledge of one's own natural desires and a determination to win, a vision becomes really valuable.

Elizabeth Dyer, '26

SENIORS



Shelburne Historical Society

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	Dana Webber
Vice-President	Carolyn Soper
Secretary	Carolyn Woodward
Treasurer	A. Fay Shippee

SENIOR CLASS PARTS

Essayists	{ Ruth Bassett Helen Pierce Ruth Upton Dana Webber
Class Will	{ Tillie Blassberg Theodore Page
Memorabilia	{ Marshall Cromack Isaac Hodgen Bernice Gould A. Fay Shippee Carolyn Soper Isabel Whitcomb
Ivy Address	Carolyn Woodward
Class History	Dana Webber
Class Colors,	Old Rose and Silver
Class Motto	Strive to Succeed

Ruth Elizabeth Bassett
"Ruthie"

Charlemont, Mass.
April 17, 1907

"There are two sides to every argument—
My side and the wrong side."



Charlemont, the home of debaters, was Ruthie's birthplace. Having acquired such powerful argumentative ability she argued her parents into moving to Shelburne Falls—which they did. She attended Baker Grammar School for a few years then moved out to a farm in Shelburne Center. By the way, weren't those peaches and plums that grew in the orchard behind Ruth's house absolutely and positively delicious? Some of us sampled them. And who doesn't remember that birthday party given in the big brick house on the hill that windy day in April? When "Ruthie" was a freshman at Arms we used to see her riding along very slowly behind the old gray mare, but now we see her flying by in a Chervolet — no more "hosses" for her!

She really is an excellent chauffeureess — just ride with her some time and you'll see. She has won much fame in debating, having taken part in the triangular debate in her junior year. This year she is president of the Debating Club. Next year Ruth plans to enter Bay Path Institute to take up the Teacher's Training Course — So Ruth is going to be a school marm! She may go to M. A. C. instead, but Syracuse University is a good college, too.

Student Board (1), (2), (3), (4); Librarian (4); Pro Merito; Triangular Debate (3); President of Debating Club (4); Chorus (1), (2), (3); Latin Club (2); Dramatic Club (2), (3), (4); Associate Editor (4). Preparatory Course.



Lillie Bergman
Lill

Laurinburg, North Carolina
January 2, 1908

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

Lillie began life in Laurinburg, North Carolina. Being of a very energetic nature she wanted to move on, so after persuading her parents she came to Springfield, Massachusetts. At the proper age she entered the grammar school, making her way through the grades and graduating. Arms Academy's fame must have reached her ears for she came to Shelburne Falls and began her career at this learned institution. Of course when the teachers first caught sight of Lillie they probably asked her if she were really ready for high school for you know Lill is rather short and young looking. However, they must have obtained ample proof for Lillie was permitted to enter the class of '25. She has established a reputation in the commercial department for speed. (You see this is her energetic nature again!) She has won many medals in typewriting, in fact, almost exhausted the supplies of both the Remington and Underwood Companies. Lillie is fond of bringing jokes to school and laughing over them with the other girls in the bookkeeping room. It is evident to everyone, including the teachers, that they are thoroughly enjoyed. Lillie expects to attend Bay Path Institute — Springfield still has its attractions.

Pro Merito; Debating Club (4). Commercial Course.



Tillie Blossberg
Til

Turners Falls, Mass.
June 21, 1908

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

Tillie, our human radio, always broadcasting, is an all around good sport. We guess she must spend some time studying for she's always right there in her classes and as for music — she can play about every type of instrument made. This year she has taken up basketball and has appeared in her red middy in the games against the sophomores whom we have had such a hard time beating. She's not adverse to men, we are sure of that. We don't believe she'll ever forget "Dingtoes," neither will we. She has also set her eye on a certain good looking freshman whom she takes great delight in shooting with her camera. Tillie has always been quite a dancer. No one will ever forget her tripping the light fantastic toe across the stage in many of the town's entertainments. As to Tillie's future plans, she is not certain. She would like to go somewhere and take a course in something in which she could combine secretarial work and music.

Latin Club (2); Orchestra (1), (2), (3), (4); Dramatic Club (2), (3), (4); Pro Merito; Sunshine (4); Basket-ball (4); Librarian (4); Refreshment Committee (2), (3), (4).



Ruth Galbraith Booker
Ruthie

Buckland, Mass.
August 10, 1907

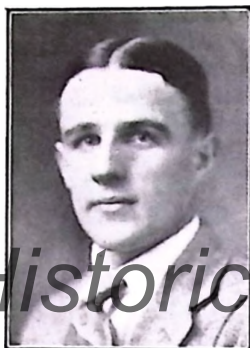
"A life that leads melodious days"

Once upon a time there dwelt upon this earth a beautiful fairy, whose occupation was to make beautiful futures for good little boys and girls. When Ruthie appeared, the beautiful fairy lighted on her right shoulder and has been there ever since. She predicts smooth sailing for her in the business world. Ruth is a competent miss; she knows how to capture the awards in typewriting. When you see a person with eyes like hers you expect them to have something behind them. It must be "Gets-it," (corn plasters). Ruthie's hobby is a male. Atrocious! And he's a mil.er, too? She likes almost anything it seems, and is accomplished. Anyone who plays a mandolin is accomplished. This young lady is a Pro Merito. We hope the name is not shielding demerits! They sometimes do, you know. Her success is assured in whatever commercial school she attends.

Commercial Course; Dramatic Club (3), (4); Pro Merito; Chorus (1), (2); Social Committee (1), (2).

Glenn Theodore Brown
Teddy Brownie

Adamsville, Mass.
September 11, 1907



"His hair is brown,
His eyes are blue,
And he blushes and blushes
When he doesn't know what else to do."

He'll, what was that noise? Oh! that is Brownie coming with his rattling Ford. This quiet fellow comes from Adamsville. There he has spent most of his exciting life. He attended the Adamsville Grammar School, where he was the star pupil and the teacher's pet. He was a very active youth, always attending all social functions. Many times he won first prize at the baby shows. During summer vacations Glenn passed the days by helping on the farm. In the agricultural course he has been very successful — so successful that he sometimes feels the books aren't quite right. Perhaps some day the later generation will be studying — "Facts About Agriculture" by Brown. His social life at Arms is somewhat a secret. His greatest pleasure is probably derived from riding in a Ford. We don't know if he is fond of driving or whether he has a chauffeur. Some say the Ford he likes the best is a Tudor sedan. Glenn is also interested in radios. He is trying to perfect his receiver so as to get Lyonsville. If you would like to meet this young gentleman you could probably find him almost any Sunday afternoon at Shelburne Summit. Glenn is planning to go to M. A. C. and then be a farmer.

Track team (4); Sunshine (4); Chorus (1), (2), (4); Stock judging (1), (2), (3), (4); Usher (2), (3), (4).

Pearl Abby Burnap
Pearl

Cummington, Mass.
September 2, 1906



"Up! up! my friend and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my friend and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?"

Pearl, the more studious jewel of the Burnap family, and many other famous people have come from Cummington. She spent eight years in Baker School and having attained all the knowledge desirable, she was graduated in time to enter Arms with the class of 1925. During her four years at Arms she has spent most of her time studying. Those teachers certainly do assign awful lessons — so long and difficult — but we notice that by class time the next day Pearl has those lessons studied to perfection. She belongs to Pro Merito — that society of such brilliant (?) students. She is taking the commercial course and can easily make any typewriter talk, as is shown by the medals won in typing. Pearl is fond of horses, and speaking of horses you should have seen her the day the horse went racing down Bridge Street, ("The horse was running at the rate of not less than seventy-five miles per hour," gasped Pearl). She also likes dancing. At socials when "Ma" thinks it is about time to go home you can hear Pearl pleading, "Just one more dance." There is someone in Greenfield whom Pearl likes. Just to satisfy your curiosity, turn to page 18 in the 1924 Senior number of the Greenfield "Exponent." As for Pearl's future plans, she says that she is going to take up commercial work some day — probably she will be the president's "stenog" in the near future. Who knows?

Pro Merito; Basket Ball (1), (2); Chorus (1); Usher (3). Commercial Course.

Ruby Louise Burnap
Red

Cummington, Mass.
June 12, 1908



"Let the singing singer,
With vocal voice most vociferous;
In sweet vociferation, vociferize;
Ev'n sound itself."

Ruby, our only red head, takes the commercial course and she has become quite speedy in tickling the typewriter keys. Ruby is accomplished in other lines as well. She is very musical, singing like a nightingale and accompanying herself on the piano. In the famous Girl Scout Drum and Bugle Corps which so often honored this town by its presence, Ruby was the star drummer and no one could help keeping time to her perfect rat-a-tat-tat. In fact she's so musical that some day we may expect to see her leading a Salvation Army troop or maybe she'll be a prima donna in the Metropolitan Opera Company. Ruby was one of the star guards on the 1925 girls' basketball team, but in one of that team's fierce battles with the sophomores—Woe unto us! she disabled her foot. Ruby seems to be a very devout young lady; she attends church every time the bell rings. She's perfectly willing to have a good time though and wherever there's anything going on you'll usually find her if she can get there. Ruby hopes to attend North Adams Normal School this summer and some time in the near future become a full-fledged young school teacher.

Basket-ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Sunshine (4); Pro Merito; Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Cheer Leader (3), (4); Prize Speaking (3); Social Committee (1), (3); Captain of the "Ladies' Home Journal Contest" (3).



Doris Eleanor Cardwell
Sister

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
August 16, 1906

" 'Tis fun to be a "twinnie"
And with a "twinnie" stand
With heads "chuck" full of knowledge
And diplomas in our hands."

Doris Eleanor decided on Shelburne Falls as her place of residence, on that same memorable summer day as did her sister. She traveled the same road to school, joined the same class, behaving herself properly as every "twinnie" should. She, too, is fond of readin', and writin' and rithmetic, taught to the tune of the typewriter click." A stenographic position is what she hopes to attain after leaving school. Here's hoping you win, Sister!

Pro Merito.

Shelburne Historical Society



Dorothy Mae Cardwell
Sister Dot

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
August 16, 1906

"Through fair and stormy weather,
With my sister by my side,
A-Down the road together,
To Arms we've often hied."

Many years ago Roman History recorded the birth of the famous twins, Romulus and Remus, and the class of 1925 also numbers among its members the Cardwell Twins. Dorothy Mae was born in Buckland on a pleasant summer day. After finishing her elementary school career she entered Arms Academy, joining the class of 1924. Circumstances compelled her to remain at home the following year so that is why the class of 1925 is fortunate enough to claim her. So well does Dorothy like to hear the click of the typewriter that she plans to continue this work after leaving Arms, and we trust that her hopes may be fulfilled.

Pro Merito; Student Board (3), (4); Secretary of "Ladies' Homo Journal" Contest.



Marshall Sidney Cronack
Sid Nellie

Colrain, Mass.
February 23, 1907

"A youth, light-hearted and content."

Marshall, like other noted men, was born in the town of Colrain. On a very bleak, cold February morning Marshall first caught a glimpse of the world as it went by. At a very young age he went to Elm Grove Grammar School and there received education enough to enter Arms Academy. Being especially interested in farming Marshall at once took up the agriculture course and has done some fine work. Marshall is athletically inclined, but because he lives such a great distance from school he has never been out for any of the major sports. His favorite sport is driving a Ford and as you will all agree he has been out for that very often and he is getting so he can handle Lizzie as well as any man could be expected to handle a woman. If you ever heard of his car getting pulled out of the ditch or tipped over on its side, it was done by some of the fairer sex who happened (?) to be riding with him. He has been a member of the chorus and there learned to sing the scale, so now he is able to chant "I wonder what's become of Nellie, that old gal o' mine." As As to his future, he may farm next year, or he may take a F. G.

Agriculture Course; Poultry Judging Team (3), (4); Chorus (2), (3), (4).



**Harriet Belknap Davis
Kiddo**

Shelburne, Mass.
October 24, 1908

"Never an idle moment."

Kiddo took the general course. Generally it is taken. In this case it did not meet demands. Harriet can do everything and does everything. She is very versatile, she is. Her hobbies are hunting four leaf clovers, writing poems and stories, singing in the village choir, drawing, and many other things too numerous to mention. Her chief attraction is a "Miner." What is there attractive about such an underground worker, pray? She plans to be librarian at Shelburne Center. Allow us to say that it is just what we expected of so versatile a young lady. The best we can do is to wish her success in her chosen work. We fear for the patrons of the library, for if Harriet once gets her eyes onto a book, no one is of any account until it is finished.

General Course; Lawn Club (2); Chorus (1), (2), (3).

Shelburne Historical Society



**Bernice Lucille Gould
Gouddy Niccy**

Shelburne, Mass.
September 4, 1908

"There is no truer hearted."

We have a girl in our class, a splendid, fun-loving, likeable girl with a sterling character, winning personality, and to finish the eulogy properly, all the virtues and absolutely none of the vices—Who is she? Of course Roger has already guessed, but for the benefit of those who haven't, allow us to present Bernice, the Loyal—No, we don't mean loyal to you, Roger, but to '25 and Arms. Her fidelity cannot be questioned. Bernice is a genius—a genius in cooking such delectable palate-tempting foodstuffs that the grut-tonous, overstuffed victims need must walk the floor all night after her party. Bernice has had the unique pleasure of being a member of the faculty for at least a few days, when she took charge of the cooking classes during Miss Darling's absence. We'd like to know what kind of thrill you got out of the experience, Niccy? Since their freshman year she and Helen have been "one and inseparable." Although Bernice has always lived in Shelburne it's certainly queer what a fondness she has for Buckland. But then we're told Roger made apple pies for his "blue eyed sweetheart" when he was only an infant of five years. It is perfectly obvious what college Bernice will attend—Framingham, of course. We wish she'd open a bakery or a tea room—Yum! yum!

General Course; Pro Merito; Refreshment Committee (3), (4); Vice-President of Debating Club (4).



**Walter Algot Halberg
Charlie**

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
February 15, 1908

"Pleasure and action make his hours seem short."

If you have ever visited Arms and noticed a small lad with rather a wise look on his face, then you have seen Charlie. Outside of classes you hear or see very little of him, but in class, believe me, he is some boy! His hand goes up continually and the rest get small chance to recite. But along about examination time he studies like a pirate. We know very little about Walter in the way of girls, for he has wisely guarded himself against them so that he is able to attend to his studies well. He is not good all the time though. In history class Miss Smith, the teacher, has to watch him continually to see that he keeps his hands and feet where they belong. In the study room, he gets away with his action pretty well. If detention comes his way it always passes by. Charles says that after he leaves school he is going into business. He has a good start for already he is clerk in the Co-operative. Some day he probably will own the entire chain of stores.

Preparatory Course.



George Charles Hodgen
Budge

Seattle, Washington
April 13, 1908

"Come on, fellows, let's have some fun."

One would never guess that this lad has traveled from one coast of the U. S. A. to the other, and into Canada. And after all this traveling what did he do but decide to settle down in little East Colrain. After spending his early life in grammar school he entered Arms. He was sure at that early age he wouldn't be a farmer, so he took the general course. Every one that knows George is aware that he travels twenty-four miles each day, whether it is rainy or snowy. He is usually late the first period, that is, if he has an oral topic in English. George is very good most of the time but enjoys teasing the teachers. He also dotes on writing poetry. During the four years he has not had to come back more than two days a week for detention. George's social life at Arms is very uncertain. He hasn't had many favorites. We must say, however, that George has one bad fault. If you miss your car at a social you will know that George has taken his friend for a ride around the four mile square. George plans to work on the farm until he is twenty-one then join the navy. Let's wish him good luck, and three rahs for the navy.

Track team (4); Sunshine (4); Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4).

Isaac Alexander Hodgen
Ike

Greenfield, Mass.
March 23, 1907

"And some that smile, have in their hearts,
I fear, Millions of Mischiefs."



One would never think that Ike was once a pretty curly haired little boy, but he was. After losing his curls, but not his good nature, he left the grammar school of East Colrain to enter Arms as a student in the agricultural department. If it weren't for Ike, we don't know what that department would ever do. He is constantly winning prizes. Why, this year he walked right off with the first prize in stock judging at the Eastern States Exposition. We always knew that Ike could spin yarns but it was not until this year that we recognized his dramatic ability and elected him as prize speaker. We imagine that Mr. Glavin told some of the other teachers about his arguments with his in agriculture class, because he was put on the debating team against Asfield this year. And let me warn you, now, don't sit beside Ike anywhere if you want to behave. If you can pay attention to what is going on, it isn't Ike's fault. By the way, isn't it queer how one will both love and fear certain things? You should see Ike on Severance Street talking with "a girl" for instance. Ike plans to help at home next year and then present M. A. C. with a (sir)prize.

Track Team (4); Stock judging (2), (3), (4); Baseball (4); Sunshine (4); Dramatic Club (3) (4); Debating Club (4); Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Prize-speaking (4); Social Committee (4); Usher (2); (4). Agricultural Course.

Ena Lillian Norwood

Bar Harbor, Maine
May 23, 1906

"Virtue is bo'd and goodness never fearful,
Such joy ambition finds."



This quiet miss did not have the honor of being born in Shelburne Falls, but we forgave her for that when she entered Arms, upon arriving in town. Ena is very industrious. She works as a waitress at the Sweetheart Tea Room during the summer and fall. In November she comes back to us and shows her stick-to-it-iveness by making up all her lost work that she may graduate with the only class of importance. A great reader is Ena Norwood. Her vocabulary proves this at once. And, by the way, where fun is, there also is Ena. This winter, she has been taking care of children during her spare afternoons. She has acquired such a liking for them that next year she is going away to school to learn the kindergarten trade. After she is graduated we are all going back to our second childhood and enter her school. We have been unable to find out anything very bad about Ena. This disappointed us because we love a scandal. However, there is a rumor that Ena was caught going to the movies one night and she had to admit that her chivalrous escort was not her brother.

General Course.



Theodore Ware Page
Teddy

Buckland, Mass.
March 15, 1908

"Blessings on thee, little man."

Occasionally a "different" person comes to our midst. From experience we have learned that it is not wise to accept an "unknown quantity." But Teddy soon made himself known to us in many ways. Theodore is supposed to have attended that famous institution of learning, the Crittenden Grammar School. His conduct there, we found, was perfectly normal. Since he arrived at Arms we have come to believe that environment most decidedly influences character. He came to us with the idea (in a very remote corner of his brain) of being a successful business man. For that reason, we believe, he chose the commercial course. Probably he chose it because he expected Miss Shattuck to appear. Some of us realize how well acquainted they are in stenography class.

"Our hero" ventured forth in "Daddy Long Legs" and the prize speaking contest. In both he was AMAZING!

We wish him success in all other ventures.

We hope to see soon.

NOTICE!
"THE OFFICE BOY"
starring
Theodore Ware Page

at
Mills Theatre

Monday, September 2nd
8:30 P. M. Admission 10c

Don't disappoint us, "Teddy".

Daddy Long Legs (3); Prize Speaking (1); Chorus (1), (2), (3);
Class Secretary (3); Social Committee (2).



Jeannette Florence Marie Paul
Polly

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
February 19, 1908

She's cheerful and bright
And always so jolly;
Sometimes called Jeannette,
But oftener "Polly."

Ashfield Street, Shelburne Falls, has been a pleasant place to live, because 17 years ago, on a stormy night, Jeanette decided that street suited her. She laughed and sang her way through Crittenden Grammar School and started with the rest of her class mates at Arms. At first the commercial course claimed her attention, but during the second year the merry click of the typewriter did not agree with Jeannette so she changed to the general course. She has not taken school very seriously, but after all why wear a long face when one can go "smilin' through." Polly hopes to be a nurse and we know that she will be another "Pollyanna" at this work.

She has a little whisper
And uses it every day
For she doesn't believe that talents
Shou'd be wrapped and laid away.



Abner Copeland Peck
A Abe

Shelburne, Mass.
December 5, 1904

"Like all wise men
My words come slow,
For I don't publish
All I know."

A. Peck entered Arms in 1921, just as green as the rest of us for all his size. He launched bravely on his career as farmer by taking the agriculture course. He was immediately chosen for the stock judging team and has served in that capacity for the four years. It was not until his second year that he decided the chorus needed his aid (and to listen to it, it still needs some) so during his second and third years he held down a seat in the bass section. A can tell you that some exciting things happen when you take a trip judging cattle, especially if you sleep in the hay! (By the way, just ask Abner if he has any pet rats!) One fine morning A drove a beautiful new car to school and since that time he has had NO afternoons free! This little car holds—how many girls, A, or didn't you ever count them?—well, anyway, it holds a lot, just ask Carolyn if it doesn't. Abner says he's going to work on a farm, but we suggest that he run a bus line. He is already well started in that direction. Lots o' luck, A!

Chorus (2), (3); Stock judging team (1), (2), (3), (4). Agriculture Course.

Carl Porter Peck
Bobby

Shelburne, Mass.
September 7, 1907



"He's as good as can be
'Cause you never did see
Him staying out late,
With the girls, by gee!"

Who is that young man with the goggles? Oh, that is one of Shelburne's noted men. Carl is very studious like all other people from Peckville. He started trouble for the world and teachers as soon as he entered Skinner Grammar School. He arrived at Arms with the Class of '25. His folks were afraid he wouldn't study so they advised him to take the preparatory course. This caused Carl to become quiet and studious. He spent so much time on his studies that he never had any time to fool with the girls. Carl was in the chorus for two years but he never sang. He spends most of his time evenings working out cross word puzzles and listening to the radio. But there are a few nights when he has business in Greenfield. He never tells any one what it is but you can guess because he has a Ford sedan. He is very interested in the Galf club work and is a member himself. He secures prizes on his stock, but that is not what keeps him in the work. Girls are members as well as boys. He has not made any plans as to his future, but we can tell he will be a Shelburne farmer because he takes so much interest in the farm work.

Mechanical Drawing (4); Chorus (2), (3).

Helen Dorothen Pierce
Helen

Greenfield, Mass.
May 16, 1907



"And all men loved her for her modest grace,
Her comeliness of figure and of face."

Helen opened her eyes on this world in apple-blossom time and being satisfied, decided to make her mark in it. (Her marks have all been A's). Helen has always had prominent parts in dramatics. Remember how she starred in "Venice?" She was our freshman prize-speaker and as a junior helped Arms whip Sanderson in the debate. As for the Arms Orchestra, she is a valuable member—Why, when Helen plays her saxophone, even the neighbors listen! But what does Helen like best: dancing, East Colrain, army lieutenants, bankers, Gardner-Northfield parties, college songs, or tall men? We sometimes wonder. She was, so we are told, the originator of that illustrious L. L. L., the only secret order of which Arms can boast. You may be sure she has had a share in all the exciting things that have been going on at Arms in the past four years. Helen loves good times and her father sees that she has plenty of them. Helen was born small (seven pounds) and has not only achieved greatness but has had it thrust upon her. Next year her smiles will brighten the class rooms of Radcliffe College. Because she is going to Cambridge we conclude there is some attraction at Harvard (Class of 1926). We know that she will be a success no matter what she undertakes.

Preparatory Course; Pro Merito; Student Board (1), (2), (3), (4); Editor-in-Chief (4); Prize speaking (1); Dramatic Club (2), (3), (4); Daddy-Long-Legs (3); Sunshine (4); Latin Club (2); Usher (3); Cheer Leader (4); Basketball (1), (2); Triangular Debate (3); Debating Club (4); Vice-President (2); Social Committee (4); Orchestra (2), (3), (4).

Arthur Fay Shippee
Art Fay

Griswoldville, Mass.
November 30, 1907



"Under the evening splendor
Of spring's sweet skies,
Learned I love's lesson tender,
From the maiden's eyes"

Arthur Fay first saw the dawn of day in Griswoldville nearly eighteen years ago. Graduating from the Griswoldville Grammar School in the spring of '21, he entered Arms the following fall. His musical ability was realized when he and his fiddle squeaked their way into the Arms Orchestra. Art was chosen class president in his sophomore year. He has studied extensively in the general course. During Art's junior year his family moved to Shelburne Falls, depriving him of the privileges afforded by the "Toonerville Trolley." He is a real boy, likes athletics, music, dancing, and—girls; especially L. C. We have heard reports of evening rides under railroad bridges and over country roads with his pals, Fay and Bill. Ask him about the '24 Reception and after! No wonder Fay likes the song "It's Three O'Clock in the Morning." Fay has made a perfect villain in our school plays. His future plans are to get married. We don't dare to suppose that he will notice us when he is driving the Packard Straight 8 this summer. May the kind gods bestow on you all the best things, Fay!

General Course; Orchestra (1), (2), (3), (4); Chorus (4); President (2); Social Committee (2), (3); Dramatic Club (3), (4); Peg-O-My Heart (2); Cheer Leader (3), (4); Marshal (3); Daddy-Long-Legs (3); Treasurer (4); Sunshine (4); Student Board (4).

**Carolyn Emma Soper
Carlie**

Utica, New York
May 15, 1907

Stately, and with all
Grace of womanhood."



"Is this an orchestra which I have before me?" No, that is only Carolyn Soper playing the piano. Wonderful! Marvelous! Yea, truly, it is a very symphony of sweet sounds! And is piano-playing Carlie's only accomplishment? Well, I should say not! Did you not see her as an actress in "Sunshine"; and as an elocutionist in prize-speaking; and is there anyone who does not know that she stands high in the honor group, with a whole list of A's to her credit? Moreover, her athletic ability was so pronounced that the senior basket ball team chose her as captain; but even then her ambition wasn't satisfied, and last we heard of her she was learning to run an automobile, in hopes that through this accomplishment "she might find new worlds to conquer." (Is your father's car the only one you use while learning?) Carolyn says she doesn't care for the boys. Nevertheless, a good many of them seem to hope that she will change her mind. She plans to take a post-graduate course at Arms next year. After that she will honor with her presence that college which offers her the greatest advantages for a musical career.

Preparatory Course Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Latin Club; Basket-Ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Dramatic Club (3), (4); Vice-President (4); Treasurer (1); Vice-President Dramatic Club (4); Captain Senior Basket-Ball (4); Librarian (4); Prize-Speaking (4); "Sunshine"; Usher (3); Pro Merito.

**Irene Evelyn Stafford
Renie**

East Charlemont, Mass.
June 29, 1908

"A gentle maid, of rural breeding,
By Nature first, and then by reading."



Lady Irene was born in the little city of East Charlemont, on June 29, 1908. You see she's a June bug. She began her good old school days at Charlemont Grammar School, and when they were tired of her they sent her to Hoosac Tunnel. Eventually she came to Baker School. Then with a brain crammed full of arithmetic, history and a few other things, Renie entered Arms Academy with the marvelous and unexcelled class of 1925. At this grand and glorious high school she took up the commercial course and has been climbing a successful ladder ever since, winning several medals on the Underwood, Remington and L. O. Smith typewriters for speed and accuracy. Irene, of course, being a real and true girl, likes dancing and parties. She confesses she admires men and although she is enthusiastic over radio we can't find out where she goes to listen in. She nearly murders her uke. Nevertheless, she accomplishes many of Beethoven's works of art on her musical instrument. She intends to continue her school career by attending some business college in order to be somebody's stenographer. We wish her luck in getting a good position somewhere in Greenfield. She seems to like that territory very much. We wonder if she will be able to take Betty along to stay over night with her. We wonder?

Commercial Course; Pro Merito; Stunt committee (3).

**Richard Curry Stetson
Dick**

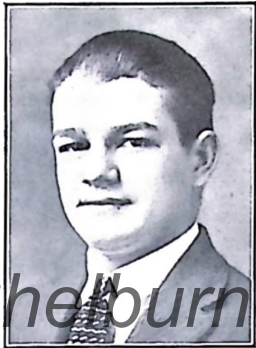
Whitman, Mass.
May 9, 1908

"His years are young, his experience old."



During Dick's first year at Arms he acquired an unusual fondness for the "Woods". On account of his extraordinary sheikishness he was elected class president (by the girls) in the freshman year. Athletically inclined, he immediately gained positions on the baseball and track teams. In his senior year he starred as guard on the Arms Basket Ball Quintet which won so many brilliant victories. Dick tells us (unnecessarily) that one of his hobbies is women. Though girls are queer and hard to understand, he seems to get along with them. Dick has been appointed by the Shelburne Center officials, to see that everyone is off the street by 3 A. M. Think what getting in so early must mean to Dick. He surely will have to leave the parties earlier or give up the job. He is one of the boys who has various means of transportation — Fords, trucks and Buicks (Fords preferred). Like many others, his favorite occupations are dancing, working, and studying. Doubtless in a few years Wall Street will be under the sole management of Richard Curry Stetson, or he might be the president of the Santa Fe Railroad.

General Course. Baseball (1), (2), (3), (4); Track (2), (3), (4); Basketball (4); Daddy-Long-Legs; Sunshine; Student Board (2), (3); President (1), (3); Marshall (3); Secretary (2); Social Committee (1), (2), (3), (4); Decorating Committee (3).



Ralph Lawrence Streeter
Pete

Colrain, Mass.
January 17, 1908

"I do but talk and laugh because I must."

Ralph Streeter, as you all probably know, comes from Colrain. At the age of six he entered the Colrain Center Grammar School where he developed his mind and also his laugh which bursts out when anything funny happens. After eight weary years in this school of knowledge he came down on the Toonerville Trolley and entered Arms with the class of 1925. Here he must hold some seat of honor for as you approach the building his initials are carved up by the math room window in memory of him. (Probably he put them there himself when the teacher wasn't looking). As to his accomplishments made during the year, he is as many know, the best card player of our class and practices almost daily to and from school on the car. As to Pete's future, he says he may attend Bliss Business School at North Adams. Good luck to you, Pete.
Commercial Course, Chorus (1), (2), Social Committee (2).

Shelburne Historical Society



Henry Hawkes Trow
Johnny Hen

Buckland, Mass.
September 10, 1907

"A selfless man and a stainless gentleman."

Excitement reigned supreme on that clear September morn when Hen first lifted up his voice to let the people of Buckland know that he was ready to begin his education. He was rather precocious and was started in school, when it was too much work to keep Henry busy. One spring they handed him his certificate for having fulfilled the course prescribed and then he came to Arms. He decided to take the general course, and then began to work. Although he tried to keep his mind on his work it proved impossible, for it seems that "that girl" lingered in his mind most of the time. His future plans are undecided he says, but who knows what the morrow may bring forth?

Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Dramatic Club (4); Sunshine (4); Baseball (4); Prize Speaking (3); Usher (2), (3).



Margaret Eleanor Thompson
Peggy

Elm Grove, Colrain
May 16, 1906

"Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday."

Peggy is another of those girls who hail from Colrain. She attended the Elm Grove Grammar School for the required number of years, and then the teachers were willing and eager that she should seek another climate. Not that Margaret was a nuisance, oh no! but they were desirous that she should attend the best school possible and begin a brilliant career. Peggy began by choosing the commercial course and soon her fingers were hitting the keys. We don't know which got the worst of it, the typewriter or the typist. Margaret's feet are just as nimble as her fingers. Just ask her how she likes the dances! Not content with simply aiding the songsters in the chorus she joined the Dramatic Club. We always suspected that this brown-eyed lassie would occupy someone's office, but we are told that Peggy intends to train for nursing some day in the future. There is one thing certain, Margaret's patients will have to obey orders!

Chorus; Dramatic Club. Commercial Course.

**Ruth Bettle Upton
Bets**Shelburne Falls, Mass.
February 26, 1908

"And how would I thrive in a perfect place
Where dancing would be a sin?"

Ruth has lived in Shelburne Falls since February 26, 1908. She went to Baker School for eight years and then became a member of the class of 1925. She has made good and worth while progress in the preparatory course. Bets is a peppy girl and takes in numberless parties and dances. She would even go to Europe to dance just one night, but then, who wouldn't? She likes to dance so well she even has a portable Victrola. We wonder if she will take up dancing as she enjoys it so much. No, probably not, for she is planning to go to Wheaton College. Before she goes we ought to have some kind of race track lined with trees and telenhone no es so Ruth could practice running into them with a Studebaker. Bets plays "Me and The Boy Friend." I don't know which one she means. If she gets discouraged when trying to play a piece on the piano why she just makes believe it's a drum and shows her temper a little bit. You see she is very impulsive. Ruth loves to study so she gets up at five A. M. to do it and she doesn't leave her books until she falls asleep at night. We'll guarantee that Ruth will let Wheaton know she's there and then, of course, Boston's only 40 miles from the college. Betty, we wonder, was that the reason for your choice?

Basket Ball (1), (2), (4); Latin Club (2); Pro Merito; Dramatic Club (4) Class numerals (3); Librarian (4); Social Committee (1), (3), (4).

**Rosalie Vogel
Sallie**Cleveland, Ohio
December 24, 1907

"And still her mind in greater part
Is less on nature than on art."

Sallie was born in the beautiful state of Ohio but when she learned that Massachusetts was even more beautiful she hastened here, and thus finally arrived at Arms Academy. From the very beginning of her career at Arms we all knew that she was destined to become a great artist; and those who have seen her drawings on exhibition in Mr. Freer's studio have gazed in admiration at them.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
How any girl could draw as Sallie drew."

Sallie might occasionally have run away from other parts of the school program but we could never imagine her as absent from Mr. Freer's classes. Although she disliked some of the oral work in the Debating Society so much that she occasionally ran away from it, yet she did not refuse the written work and became its secretary. Whatever faults Sallie has are excusable because of her artistic genius, for, if what we hear of all famous artists is true then "An artistic temperament covereth a multitude of sins."

Commercial Course. Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Dramatic Club (4); Secretary of Debating Club (4).

Helen Elizabeth WalkerBuckland, Mass.
November 19, 1906

"Her heart was in her work."

Although Helen was born in the bleak and chilly month of November, her disposition was not affected in the least. She is always ready for a laugh no matter how cloudy the day. Laugh and grow fat, eh Helen! Helen is a worker. She is quite skilled in housework and you should see how she can ply the needle. And what is most uncommon, this girl is a sort of farmerette! We don't know very much about Helen's friends, girl friends of course, but we do know that Katherine is quite a pal. Perhaps it's because they are both Buckland-ers. I must say, though, that Helen attends almost every social that comes along. Perhaps there's a reason! This young lady must have formed a favorable opinion of Arms for when she entered upon her junior year who should accompany her on her daily walks but her kid sister. Now they keep tabs on one another. Helen has been in the chorus for four years, thus helping it reach the pinnacle of fame. If you ask her what she intends to do for her life work she'll tell you nursing. How we do envy those lucky patients!

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



Hezekiah Roger Ward
Wardie

Buckland, Mass.
June 23, 1907

"Oh! well for him whose will is strong."

When you hear a rattlety bang coming down the street, you needn't bother to turn around and look, it's only Wardie and that old ark of a Ford he bought from Mr. Talmage two years ago. As Roger always expected to be a farmer he took the agriculture course. As a result he has won several prizes at the fairs, including a first at Greenfield in poultry judging and a fourth in stock judging at Northampton. Oftentimes, when he has had an oral topic in English his old Ford has a flat tire, and then by the next day the topic was forgotten. For some reason or other Roger has always been interested in the household arts department. We wonder why? If you are up to his house and he is not at home, it would be safe to guess that he was either at the corner of Masonic avenue or out in Shelburne, maybe helping pa. He has some relatives by the name of Gould now, but it is a safe bet that he will have more later.

Poultry Judging Team (3); Baseball (4).

Dana Otis Webber
Punk

Montague, Mass.
April 13, 1908

"I learn all I can
And then learn a bit!
I'm the class' wise man
And the athletic hit."

Of course Punk never got his nickname from his low standing in either scholastic or athletic lines. Some years ago a little boy moved to Shelburne. He lacked a few inches of being as tall as he was wide! This fact combined with his suspiciously golden hair (which will wave as he slicks it down) caused him to be called Pumpkin which of course became Punk. We thought his heart was girl-proof but we were startled to find that the little Irish girl had found the soft spot! Punk is noted for his prize speaking, debating and A's (No Dana, we won't tell that you were too shy to go on the Pro Merito Society outing to Springfield with fourteen girls!) We wonder whether it is his plumpness which gives him his marks, or the other way around! (Maybe it's butter making!) Of course Dana's our president and we fully expect him to be President of the United States soon. Go to it, Punk, our votes are for you!

Preparatory Course. President (4); Dramatic Club (4); Secretary Dramatic Club (4); Baseball (2), (3), (4); Track (3), (4); Captain of Track (4); Basketball (3), (4); Debating Team (3); Prize Speaking (2); Student Board (3), (4); Usher (3); Latin Club (2); Pro Merito.



Donald Nims Webber
Bill

Springfield, Mass.
November 28, 1907

"A braver place in my heart's love,
Has no man than mysself."

In 1907 the city of Springfield closed its places of business to celebrate the birth of Bill, otherwise known as "Big Boy." Springfield neighbors informed us that from the beginning he was a lover of sports, and when he arrived at Arms we found that he was the same Bill, with the same traits. He started out in the athletic line the first year by playing an important part on the track team. In his junior year we thought we were going to lose him, for he received an application from the Searsburg Twilight League to pitch for them, but fortunately for us, Bill refused the flattering offer. This past year he has distinguished himself in basket-ball by making many spectacular shots from center of the floor. Bill has a great liking for girls, which is most characteristic of all the other swains from Shelburne. Bill has one disadvantage and that is that he has to depend upon his brother for transportation, except on very dark nights (Enuff said). He plans to attend some business school. May we suggest Bay Path? We are sure the women of Springfield are a ready anxious to elect him mayor of his old home town.

General Course. Track (1), (2), (3), (4); Basket-ball (3), (4); Baseball (2), (3), (4); Chorus (1), (2).





Frederick Earl Wells
Freddy

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
May 28, 1905

"A Man not of Words but of Actions"—

Owing to his brilliant basket-ball playing, he must have started training way back on the farm in his younger days. Although Arms did not discover his ability along this line in his first years, the school was greatly rewarded by his splendid work as center on the last two teams. After returning to Shelburne Falls from a long vacation on the edge of Hawley we noticed that he was quite shy (especially of the girls) but once during Leap Year, Marjorie succeeded in arranging a few dates with him which led to more. When Marjorie left town further meetings were made possible by the use of Robert Hillman's truck. Lately we have seen a red-haired freshman following him, but Freddy, dignified senior that he is, is hard to catch. Freddy gives us no idea of his future plans, but we surmise that he is to open an up-to-date Men's Clothing Store on the Main street in Hawley.

General Course, Baseball (3), (4); Basket-ball (1), (2), (3); Captain (4); Decorating Committee (3).

Shelburne Historical Society



Mary Isabel Whitcomb
Issy

Charlton, Mass.
February 1, 1907

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon our sight."

Our lady, dainty Isabel, came to us from Charlton, Massachusetts. She is little, but as proved by her forceful arguments for the negative side in the debate with Ashfield, she is mighty. She made the Ashfield team sit up and take notice. In our class meetings also, whenever any difficulties arise her word is law. This year Isabel was one of our cheer leaders at Greenfield Fair and she made us live up to our well-known characteristic, pep. Isabel is a natural born hostess and her parties are one of the green spots of our student life. She has always been one of the hard workers at our class socials and she had a great share in making them so unusual and entertaining. Isabel says that she intends to take a two-year course at Worcester Normal School and then become a teacher. She can't make us believe that, because we know she's very interested in a little town called Boston.

Pro Merito; Chorus (2), (3); Cheer Leader (4); Latin Club (2); Dramatic Club (2), (3), (4); Debating Club (4); Debating Team (4); Social Committee (2), (3); Chairman of Decorating Committee (3).



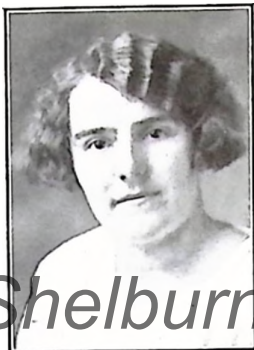
Katherine Marie Wilder
Katie

Buckland, Mass.
February 5, 1903

"With many a social virtue graced
And yet a friend of solitude."

This little lassie was born somewhere in the wilds of Buckland. Probably that is what makes her so much "Wilder." Katie was a loyal attendant at Grange meetings last winter. Perhaps she attended the meetings because they needed her there, but we rather think she went so that she could come back to school the next morning in that Reo Speed-wagon. There were some on the route who decided that the Reo served as an alarm clock so they never worried about waking up when they knew that Katie has attended Grange meeting the night before. We've heard that the farms she passed on her joy-rides were not always in Buckland or Shelburne Falls (but we musn't tell secrets; so if you don't know this one don't try to discover it). Considering everything, Katie is a very good little girl for she sings in the choir and teaches a Sunday School class besides. She says she is going to North Adams Normal next year and we wonder if they have a Carpenter's course over there. If they have, she may follow that instead of being just an ordinary teacher. But whichever course she decides to follow, we all wish her success.

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



Pearl Thelma Wonsey
P. T.

Montague, Mass.
July 16, 1906

"One wee small voice of shyness."

Pearle didn't come to us until her third year so don't blame Arms for her shyness! For all that, she has often saved us from disgrace and detention by saying sweetly in class "I didn't quite understand that part" and of course the rest of us (who have been to the same dance) say likewise. Saved! The teacher explains! We have just discovered that Pearl loves history for she keeps talking and talking about Kar-er-Marx we think it is! She also likes to walk to Hawley (for what purpose we can only guess) and it has been rumored that P. T. may sometimes be seen riding a motorcycle. P. T. has also been bitten by the cross word puzzle bug, but it doesn't seem to have affected her badly, except to make her whisper a bit more. She is musical like many others in her class and has added her voice to that magnificent volume of sound called the chorus. (Don't tell, but she plays the piano for we've heard her before the school). Pearl thinks of being a nurse, but we have our doubts.

Dramatic Club (4); Chorus (3), (4); "Ladies' Home Journal" contest. General Course.



Jane Elizabeth Woods

Dorchester, Mass.
February 24, 1908

"Her stature tall — I hate a dumpy woman."

The curtain rises on Jane! These is a hushed moment and in steps Janes, our actress in the three plays, "Peg O' My Heart", "Daddy Long Legs", and "Sunshine", in which she played leading parts and distinguished herself in dramatics. She's also grown so famous as to become pianist of the Arms Academy Orchestra. She goes with this illustrious musical group to church suppers and lectures and soothes the savage breast with her none too gentle drumming. For four years Jane has taken basket-ball and was one of the crack forwards on the 1925 team. Jane has the habit of eating candy and ice cream in great quantities, but her latitude always remains the same; we wonder how she does it! Jane has a special amour right here in Arms Academy. We musn't reveal any secrets, a though everyone knows. We wonder if Eddy is peaking and pining away down at Tufts? As to Jane's future career, she has only a vague idea. What that could be we don't know, but probably it will be something in dramatics.

Basket-ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Orchestra (4); Peg O' My Heart; Daddy Long Legs; Sunshine; Dramatic Club (2), (3), (4); Latin Club (2); Chorus (2), (3); President of Dramatic Club (4).



Carolyn Ruth Woodward
Ta ta

Shelburne Falls, Mass.
November 20, 1907

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

Carolyn Woodward was born in Shelburne Falls, of course. She went to Baker School and from there entered Arms Academy with the class of 1925. She first tried the general course and that didn't suit her, so then she took the preparatory, in which she has apparently acquired a great amount of knowledge. Ta ta is a lively girl and enjoys many sports, such as swimming in Ashfield pond. We're not sure what hour she prefers to take her swimming lesson but that makes no difference. She also likes to walk, make believe take showers, cook, read, sing and amuse herself by playing the scale on her mandolin. Argue! you should hear that girl argue! Carolyn's application for Middlebury has been accepted. She's real clever in school and is simply in love with her studies. A-hem! Of course she goes to parties and argues all the way home just for entertainment's sake. We wonder why she goes to Greenfield so much lately. Well, wherever, she goes, she will enjoy herself and we wish her the best of luck in all things.

Pro Merito; Dramatic Club (3), (4); Chorus (1), (2), (3), (4); Sunshine (4); Latin Club (2); Basket-ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Student Board (4); Vice-President (1), (3); Chairman of social committee (2); Secretary (4); Refreshment committee (3); Joke Editor (4).

The Seniors



SENIOR HISTORY

As dignified seniors, we dislike to look back to that day four years ago when we, as green as ever freshmen were, entered Arms Academy. Our steps toward our classrooms were hesitant and many were the blunders we made on that first eventful day. But who could blame us? We were awed into silence by the cold, haughty stares of the upper classmen, the seniors in particular.

Within a few months, we showed the teachers that there were brains galore within our deceptive craniums, though the brilliance in the classrooms heaved decidedly towards the girls. Several of our class showed their athletic ability and further honor was heaped upon us when Theodore Page won first prize in the first annual prize speaking contest. Last, but not least, was our first freshman social. Every member of the class will probably remember the eventful incident, or rather accident, which occurred that night, and in particular, how he was called upon to empty his pockets of his cash in order to pay for the broken dishes.

In our sophomore year, we continued our successes. Richard Stetson repeated his prowess in athletics and Donald and Dana Webber also entered the athletic activities. Several of our number were continually on the honor lists and another member of our class, Martha Coburn, showed her remarkable ability in the prize speaking field by taking not only first prize here but also winning first prize in the interscholastic contest at Orange. As we could not be excluded from any school activity, several among us gained places in the cast of "Peg O' My Heart," Jane Woods taking the leading part.

Thus, we finally arrived at our junior year which was still more successful. We again contributed more than our share to the various athletic teams and to the cast of the second school play, "Daddy Long Legs." Three of our members were on the Arms Debating Team which for the first time represented the school in an interscholastic debate. Helen Pierce and Ruth Bassett upheld the negative side successfully at Ashfield, while Dana Webber was a member of the affirmative side which

debated with Charlemont High School at Shelburne Falls.

Finally, last fall, we came back to Arms for the last time. We were now full fledged seniors and we could treat the incoming "freshies" just as badly as we were treated. We held our social within a few months. The honor lists contained Helen Pierce, Ruth Upton, Carolyn Woodward and several others, while the Pro Merito was one example of our unusual intellect since almost half of the class belonged to the club. The very successful basket ball team of this year was practically made up of seniors, since Richard Stetson, Donald and Dana Webber and its captain, Fred Wells, who decided last spring that he would rather graduate with our class than 1924, were regulars. Also the track team and the baseball teams could not have succeeded without us.

In this year's play, "Sunshine", Jane Woods, Helen Pierce, Richard Stetson and Fay Shippee had prominent parts. Isabel Whitcomb and Isaac Hodgen were members of the debating team. We elected Carolyn Soper and Isaac Hodgen to represent us in the prize speaking contest.

The time has been flying all too fast and at the thought of leaving Arms forever we watch the approach of June with sadness. It is difficult to accustom our minds to the fact that we will not return next fall. Arms Academy will always hold a place in our hearts and we will never forget the best part of our life spent within its walls.

Dana Webber, '25

1925 CLASS EXITUS

A few more days of cloud or sun,
A few more lessons to be learned.
And then our work at Arms is done,
We'll win the prize our toil has earned.

With our diploma in our hand
We'll leave these scenes we love so well,
To venture forth to some new land,
Where now our dreams are wont to dwell.

And when in dim and distant years
Upon these scenes we fain would look,

We'll doubtless sigh, and gaze with
tears
Upon this page of Memory's book.

Here many a moment has been spent
On fleeting, visionary dream,
Here thoughts of fame have often lent
To darkest hours a brighter gleam.

The gift of wisdom sometimes falls
On some unworthy, cowardly heart,
But, in our Alma Mater's halls,
We've learned to scorn the coward's
part.

Here we have laughed, and sung with
glee,
We've danced, and broken rules galore,
But, now, dear Arms Academy,
Our high school days are nearly o'er.

And when there comes the final day
Of graduation, on which we,
The class of '25, must say
Farewell to Arms Academy,

We'll gather here, then we'll depart.
As classmates here to meet no more;
Yet we will sing with loving heart
Our praise of Arms from shore to shore.

Ruth E. Bassett, '25

CLASS HYMN

I

A faithful band of workers once made
forge-fires burn bright
Leaving behind all shirkers, welding
the bars of might,
Shaping the bars of learning under the
masters' art
From work the band is turning; master
and band must part.

II

Four years of toil are ending, forged is
the work of might,
Hammered the steel unbending, learned
is the wrong from right,
Forge-fires will soon be dying, labor
aside be laid
Then we will all be trying the worth of
work just made.

M. Vivian Flather
Norwich, Conn.

Seniors! Remember "Viv"!!

The Juniors



JUNIOR HISTORY

In the fall of 1922 we first entered Arms Academy as freshmen. We were represented in sports and dramatics while several of the names of our members appeared upon the honor list and have clung there ever since. We chose Gertrude Larsen and Fayette Mitchell for our prize speakers.

In our sophomore year we did equally well. We had a splendid boys' and girls' basket ball team and several of the boys secured a place on the track team. Elizabeth Dyer and Donald Perkins were chosen to represent our class in prize speaking. The climax of the year's successes came with the giving of our first social. I think we may pride ourselves in the fact that our Japanese social was one of the best, if not the best social ever given at Arms Academy.

In this our junior year, we have continued our good standing in athletics and scholarship. Our Prom was proclaimed a success. Let us hope that our social achievement will remain with us in the events of our senior year. For prize speakers this year we have chosen Mabel La Pierre and Costas Meliones.

Now, at the close of our junior year we look forward to our one remaining year at Arms Academy. May our glories of former years increase and make the senior class of 1926 worthy of its Alma Mater.

Helen Loomis, '26

THE ONLY CLASS

'Tis easy work to simply trace,
The lordly seniors haughty grace,
And that poor thing—that brazen bore,
I guess they call it sophomore.
The freshman with a silly stare,
Betrays that something's lacking there.

But of the juniors let me say,
I've sought and tried in every way,
To find some flaw in them.
But I have failed—as it seems
To harm their name by such a means.
'Tis noble acts that make up men,
And this is denied the rest of them.

Evelyn Roberts, '26

A SKETCH OF THE WILDS

A pathway runs aimlessly through a jungle, matted, tangled, and dank. Giant trees, clothed in dense tropical foliage, sway on each side. Who would think this the home of the world's most ferocious and deadly dumb brutes? Bright plumaged birds, monkeys, and rodents sway and scurry here and there in their usual daily routine. An elephant ambles down the path unimpressed by anything about him, apparently in deep thought. How different his attitude is, compared with these lesser jungle folks upon whose very watchfulness their lives depend.

The sun is sinking in the west, bathing the waving treetops in a splendor of red and gold. A hush has come upon the jungle. Animals are secreting themselves for the night. A lion coughs restlessly, and in the distance comes the answering scream of a panther.

The jungle shadows have lengthened and blended. It is now night. The hum of insects pervades the air. The carnivore await the rising moon to help them in their quest for their supper. A lioness has concealed herself at a much used waterhole. Her lean and sinewy body is crouched ready for the fatal spring upon her quarry which she scents upwind.

The object of her quest appears now, nothing but a black shadow moving timidly and silently. It pauses as if to flee, then moves on again closer and closer to the death trap. The muscles of the lioness grow tense standing out against her sleek yellow hide. She stares with baleful eyes. There is a roar, the impact of a heavy body, a weak struggle. The lioness has her supper. The mellow light of the tropical moon has lighted up many such grisly scenes as this one just enacted countless other times in ages past.

At this time of month when the moon is full, the great apes hold their dum-dum. The rhythmic beats can be heard in the distance. A rhinoceros disturbed of his night's sleep dashes blindly through the underbrush.

Jackals following the gods of their feast quarrel over the remains of the carcasses left by the successful hunters.

Then in the distance comes a low moaning sound. The tops of the trees bend in unison. Great monarchs whose branches have harbored the arboreal jungle folks bow their heads to the premonition of their master, the hurricane. Then wild confusion breaks over the jungle. The lightning flashes. The rain drives like bullets. There is a rending and tearing of huge branches. The storm ceases as suddenly as it has come.

A gray streak now shows across the sky. Soon red arrow-like beams on the pale blue horizon herald the coming of another jungle day of tragic happenings. But the inhabitants of this leafy realm welcome these happenings from which only the fittest survive. For it is their one source of interest which breaks the monotony of their daily routine.

Lloyd Kratt, '26

OUR QUALITIES

1926 is the class for me
 Always as good as it can be,
 Full of pep, yes, sir, and jolly,
 But there's no harm in a little folly.
 We're always ready with some "wise
 crack,"

Any body would tell you that.
 If you don't believe that this is true
 Ask Miss Crawford; she'll tell you.

Lois Hawkes, '26



The Sophomores



SOPHOMORE HISTORY

As we take our brass telescopes in hand and gaze at the highlights of our past two years at Arms, we note with evident satisfaction the wonderful work done (and not done) by our noble selves.

To begin with Helen Legate won in the prize speaking contest in 1924.

The beginning of the second year was hailed with much delight by everyone.

First, the class held its election. John Burnham was chosen president. Helen Legate, William Mahoney and Rus Purrington were placed on the social committee.

The class of '27 is very proud of its letter man. Rus Purrington was on the baseball team when a freshman and on the basket ball and baseball team when a sophomore.

The sophomore social was a howling success. According to our opinion it was the best social of the year.

The class of '27 deeply regrets the fact there are but two more years for it to remain intact, but while we are here let us make the most of our opportunities both in work and in play.

John Burnham, '27

"US"

A is for Abbott, our nightingale lass,
B is for Birch, the tree of our class;
Also for Bassett, our chief violinist
And the Burnhams who always add
much to our list.

Then Burrington, our lady from Heath
No wonder she smiles with such pearly
teeth.

C is for Cardwell and Clark
Who always are ready to go on a lark.
E is for Eldridge and G is for Gould
Our youthful inventors not to be fooled.
G is for Graves, our greatest stock
judger

A strong man is he but not a swift,
budger.

And then there is Greaves, whose daily
occupation

Is making use of the telephone station.

H is for Hadley, otherwise Jerry
Alias, our noted "Sophomore Dictionary."
Then there is Halberg who passes the
time

By sending out sweet little valentines.

Also Hawkes, our only twin,
Not very tall and not very thin.

H stand for Miss Hayes,
Our sedate flapper in many ways.

Last of the H's is Hillman, the quiet,

Seldom speaking, never causing a riot.
 J is for Johnson who is able to boast
 Of having traveled from coast to coast.
 L is for Lilly, a bright little maid
 Always willing to come to our aid.

M stands for McNeil whose greatest
 ambition

Is to become a whistle-ition.

Then there's Mahoney, a spry little man
 If he's around you'll laugh all you can.

Also Manning so tall and grave
 Whose special attractions are his part
 and his wave.

M's also for March whose greatest
 ambition

Is staying up nights and playing with
 fractions.

Also Morrell, a strange little girl
 Who came to us last year, all in a whirl.
 Yet, there is Morrissey who's in a dream
 If down at March's eating ice-cream.

N is for Nichols, G & R
 One is more bashful than the other by
 far.

P is for Payne and also for Pierce
 Such good little girls are very scarce."
 Then there's Pomfret, a maid from
 Colrain

Always is present, be it sunshine or
 rain.

Two Purrington's have we
 One's as lively as can be
 The other is really not you see.
 Next there is Randy

Who with a Ford is pretty handy.
 Then there is Reagey, a girl full of pep
 Who's willing advice we always accept.

S is for Shaw, whose special delight
 Is always trying to keep out of sight.
 Also there's Stroheker, a peaceful lad,
 Although he looks worried he's really
 glad.

Then there's Sully who special delight
 Is going out riding in an "auto" at night.

T is for Trow, another calm maiden
 Who is sometimes aroused when with
 studies is laden.

W's for Wells and Walker,
 One's very quiet, the other, a talker.
 Last but not least is Williams, the Shiek
 Who makes all the rest of us feel very
 meek.

Helen Legate, '27

SPRING FEVER

Some folks think it's funny,
 And some people call it queer
 That one gets a lonesome feeling
 At spring time every year.

You really lose ambition,
 Your duties, all you shirk,
 You don't feel like having any fun,
 And how you hate to work.

Just let me give you a gentle hint,
 When you get that way this year,
 Don't think you're going to pass right
 out,

It's spring fever you have, my dear.

Gertrude Cardwell, '27



The Freshmen



FRESHMAN HISTORY

The class of 1928 looks over its pages of history with a consciousness that it has laid a good foundation in this noble school where freshmen are taught to follow in the footsteps of the dignified, studious seniors.

At the beginning of the year sixty-eight freshmen entered the portals (wooden doors) of our great school fully unaware of the aches and pains that would confront them. Some dropped by the wayside while one, we are sorry to say had the misfortune to meet with an accident from which he has not yet recovered. The rest trudge boldly onward.

The deeds that we have accomplished are not of the greatest, but are sufficient to show that we are interested in the development of the class and the school.

At our first class meeting we elected the following officers: president, Burton Keach, vice-president, Clarence Lilly, secretary, Helene Jones, treasurer, Katherine La Belle.

The class was well represented at the track-meet in Greenfield and several prizes were claimed.

Marjorie Herzig and Clarence Lilly were chosen to represent the class in the prize speaking contest. May they prove themselves worthy of the honor.

So end the events of our freshmen year with a good beginning toward a successful ending.

The class is on an onward move and feels that it is and will be a credit to the school.

Burton S. Keach, '28.

IF I COULD HAVE MY WISH

If I could have my wish I would wish to be a cloud. Only I'd want eyes. I could sail around the world and see all the different countries and the different races of people. Sometimes I would go down on earth and then people would call me fog. I wouldn't like that to be called fog, for that sounds too dense. Just think of the fun that I would have. I could sweep past the London people and sometimes I would stop to tease them by getting into their eyes and making them look as though they were crying. Sometimes I would get some of my other cloud friends and we would try to see how dark we could make it.

I would like to go over the ocean. Here I could see all the steamers plying to and fro from country to country. Sometimes when I felt angry, I would drop down with my friends and make it misty. Then I would sometimes wreck the steamers. That is the worst of my anger.

I'd like to see an aeroplane up near me. I would talk to the pilot but I'm afraid he wouldn't listen to me. Then perhaps I would get angry and Mr. West Wind would come along and make me travel swiftly. I would like to go a hundred miles an hour.

Perhaps I would rave sometimes and then I would spit and flood cities and towns. The best part of the whole business would be shedding my feathers or making it snow. I would try to have a foot of snow at one time. Then I could look down and see all the children playing in the snow and watch them sliding and skiing.

When spring came, I would like to make it rain for a long time and make the rivers run over their banks. The snow would melt. The leaves would come out. Now I would do some good. I would send down showers to help the trees and flowers.

I'm afraid that if I were a cloud, the world wouldn't be the same. Clouds don't talk and they can't see, but—this is only a wish.

Wilho Tillikka, '28

IT'S SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE TO FORGET:

The day school didn't keep because of storm.

When the faculty gave a costume party. When Arms defeated Aggie 2nd year team.

The minute just before we got our exams.

The change of the atmosphere in the study room when the office door opens.

The grand stampede at 1:35 after roll-call. Those few words, "One hour's detention."

The day Bally forgot which leg to limp on. When "upsetting" exercises started in school.

When the Orchestra blossomed forth with some new music.

THE PLEASURES OF KEEPING A DIARY

Oh! I examine the first few pages of that little red book with admiration. New Year's Day dawned fair and bright and then for a week or so I must have wracked my brain for novel expressions, clever ways of "putting" things. I guess I was intending it for an heirloom. Then the writing began to act rather queerly. It was all distorted—with pain, I think.

Then I remember one night in June I went to write up the day's adventures and lo! I had neglected to write anything for the day before. Well, I sat down and laboriously filled in both pages and resolved ever after to perform faithfully that last duty of the day. I didn't break that resolution for an entire month and then—why then a whole week was missing. Apparently like Rip Van Winkle of old I had fallen asleep for I seemed not to make any protest against recording that blank space in my life. Indeed it was blank—not even an ink blot nor a pencil smudge. Later came another lapse of time, a few hardly legible scrawls and then despair.

Such are the pains that accompany the keeping of a diary. At the time about the only pleasure that you can derive from it, is perhaps a certain satisfaction when a sudden inspiration comes to you to write a passage with a high degree of literary art (which a day or two later is bound to sound too stiff and unnatural).

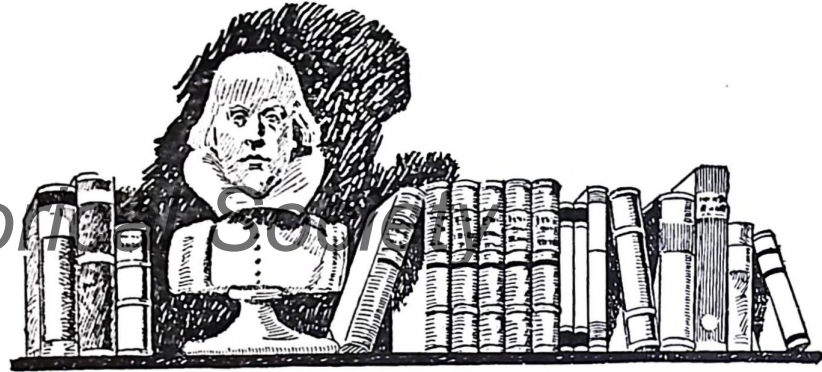
But in the end the material between these two small covers awaits your pleasure with many a good time in store—good times worth twice the trouble you thought was caused you. I've enjoyed more than one good laugh over the trials and tribulations of the year before, which now seem so petty and simple. I've lived over the good times, too—all from the few pages of an insignificant little book. Of course it is provoking if you want to refer to it occasionally and find only a blank, but that's included in the bargain.

Now just a word to you who would keep a daily record of your lives.

Write in ink, write well, write every day. You will find no investment of time paying a better interest.

Gladys Boyden

Literary



Shelburne History

THE THIRD GREATEST POET IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE

If we examine our high school curriculum we shall notice that there is one subject on it which must be studied during the entire four years, by every pupil, regardless of whether that pupil is following the preparatory, the commercial, the domestic science, or the agricultural course. This study is literature, and during the four years that we have spent on it we have frequently been impressed by the fact that the poets have held just as important a place on our programs as the prose writers.

To those of us who are more interested in poetry than in prose, there comes a time when we may well ask ourselves, "Which of the great poets, whose life and works we have studied, should we consider to be the greatest?"

If we were to make a list of the great poets in the order of their importance we should find that we could not choose for ourselves the first two names on that list, because the great majority of the English speaking people have already made that choice for us and since they have given the first place to Shakespeare, and the second to Milton, it is not best for us to dispute the judgment of so vast a multitude. When we come to choose a name for third place, however, we find such a variety of opinion on the subject, that it might be interesting for us to try to decide this question for ourselves.

If we wished to include our American poets among those who would be eligible for third place on our list, we should, perhaps, take into consideration the names of our great New England poets; but since

Shakespeare and Milton were poets of England, it might be easier for us if we assumed that the American poets are in a class by themselves, and, omitting all mention of them in this contest, we should consider only those of the British poets whose great ambition it was to hold the place next to Shakespeare and Milton.

A list of those who might possibly have aspired to third place would include Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson and Browning; and when we have carefully compared the notes of the most eminent critics, whose duty it was to pass judgment on the works of each of these poets, we find we may eliminate all but two names on that list, and those two are Wordsworth and Tennyson. Then, after a final study of this question, during which we have carefully considered not only the popularity of these last two poets just mentioned, but also the value that their poems have for us, we finally decide that, for most of us, Tennyson holds a more prominent place in our thoughts than Wordsworth; therefore, it is to him that we award the third place on our list of greatest poets, and we place his name next to that of Shakespeare and Milton.

Ruth Bassett, '25

BITTERSWEET

"Bruce Grayson, if you ever had a heart it must have died within you long ago. And, if your conscience and soul didn't die along with it you'll live to regret the day you drove John Martin to his grave."

With these words Manning threw down the newspaper and strode from the room. The other men stared after him in amazement. To say such a thing as that to Bruce Grayson, one of the richest and most influential men in the city of New York, who could make or break a man, was almost beyond belief. They gazed anxiously at each other and then, clearing his throat one of them said with embarrassment,

"Mr. Grayson, most of us think you were rather hard on Martin but I think Manning put it a little too strongly. You must excuse him for you know he is kind hearted and easily aroused. Martin's suicide was a little too much for him. I hope you won't hold it against him, Mr. Grayson."

Bruce Grayson's face was as hard as ever, but he spoke with less assurance than usual, without looking directly at them.

"Perhaps Manning is right. I hope you will excuse me, gentlemen."

And with his head up Grayson walked from the room and descended to where his limousine stood waiting at the curb.

"Mr. Grayson, you're not ill?" asked the chauffeur anxiously, for his employer's face was ashen white and his step less steady, steady.

"No, John. Home, please."

But when he was seated on the soft cushions his head drooped on his breast and his hands dropped listlessly at his side. Manning was right! In his struggle for gold and influence he had shoved aside the softening things of life and his heart had become warped and toughened. The time was at hand and he already regretted those words of unrelentance which had taken the last dollar from John Martin and caused him to take his life. How much of his money that he had fought for was stained with the sweat and blood of weaker men!

Oh, that he might never see that gold again! If only he could be a care-free lad once more in the little village, returning home to the little gray cottage each night. Vividly the picture rose in his mind, the picket gate that swung on one hinge, and the smiling face at the window. The little village street was but a memory. The gray cottage had been torn down years ago for a modern brick block and the smiling face was gone, never to return. The old boyhood friends were gone, each drifting away to far parts of the world to carry out their boyish dreams.

Wearily he wondered if they had been as successful as he. Indeed the gold was his, but in the winning of it he had learned how hard and cruel those glittering pieces can be. He had the gold but he had lost forever the real treasures of life: Home, love and friendship.

With a start he roused himself as the car came to a stop and John jumped out and opened the door.

"Take my arm, sir," begged John. "Let me help you up the steps."

Suddenly feeling like a very old man Bruce Grayson leaning heavily on his chauffeur's arm wearily made his way from the car. Pausing for a moment he gazed up at the frowning stone mansion.

"It's gone," he murmured faintly, "The shady street, gray cottage, white picket fence and mother waiting at the door—gone! Yes, all gone."

Then he sadly entered the house that had never been a home, while the anxious John advised the butler to "keep an eye on the old man for he seems to be ailing."

The old bouyant step and carriage were gone and he dropped into his chair by the fire, a broken man. His hair seemed grayer, the wrinkles more numerous and his eyes looked old and tired.

"A man without a home, without a friend, even without a heart—that's what I am."

His head dropped on his hands and for the first time in many years tears filled his eyes and rolled down his withered cheeks. The anxious butler hovered near the door but Bruce Grayson did not see him.

"How grand I once thought it would be to be rich. How wonderful it would be to have everything which I could wish for. But all my money cannot bring back that little gray cottage or the one who waited and watched for me. The gold is mine, but that is all. I have all that I longed for, but I have found it—" he paused, seeking for a word to express himself. As he raised his head his eyes fell upon a bowl on the mantle piece; a bowl of bright clusters of berries on dried brown stems. "Yes, that's it," he mused. "Bittersweet! It is what I have found it, bittersweet. 'Twas sweet at first, but now how bitter it has grown. I am an old man, my life is behind me and I willfully shut out all that would comfort me now."

The fire had burned down and the room seemed suddenly dark and cold. Grayson shuddered and then resumed his musings.

"How lonely this place is with just the servants and me. Now if there were only a young person here, perhaps a girl, who could brighten things up and make it a bit more like home. Ah! they said Martin had a daughter. If she can forgive the man who caused her father's death she shall have all that I can give her. Perhaps she will not come. Who knows? And yet she may, and possibly she could grow to care for an old man and help to make his last days less bitter. Oh, well, what is life but a huge tree whose branches twine with bitterness?"

A year rolled by and Bruce Grayson was again returning to his home. Indeed it was a home now. Even the light that streamed from the windows seemed to glow with warmth and good cheer.

As he mounted the steps the door swung open and there stood a young girl, with smiling face and arms outstretched to greet him.

"Oh Daddy Bruce I'm so glad you've come," she cried happily. "Dinner's all ready and when that's over you're going to sit down by the fire and rest. You must be tired after a long day at the office."

"Why, yes, I was, but now that I'm home I don't feel tired at all. Ah, I see you have a new decoration for the mantle."

"Yes, isn't it pretty? Bittersweet, they call it."

"Yes, 'tis very pretty and the name very expressive," replied Bruce Grayson quietly as he stood with his arm around the girl. "I once thought it a true symbol of my life. That was before you came, my dear, now the last syllable is all that truly applies."

Helen M. Loomis, '26

A WILD GLEN

Down beside a picturesque old farmhouse in a wild surrounded by beetling crags, rushes a noisy stream. This hurrying brook every now and then emerges from the dark ravines shaded by massive oaks, beneath which it flows, only to plunge into another and lose itself among the murky shadows. In and on it hastens, never halting, never diminishing in speed, sliding over boulders and between rocky banks covered with brown moss. Little wild flowers are sprinkled in among the heather, and peep forth like so many brilliant stars from behind dark storm clouds. The bright blood red leaves of young oak

slips hang over the turbulent water, as if trying to catch a glimpse of their reflections, ever forming and being shattered again by the swift current. Beyond the tumbled stones along the banks grow dense bushes, alders and young willow shoots, whose black and green branches stick up stiffly from the swampy margin, dotted with tussocks of coarse grass. Behind these the tangled forest closes in, like some wild beast at a campfire, not daring to approach too close to the winding stream, yet ever lurking near, ready to spring out in some secluded spot.

A third of the way up the steep crags, this tenacious jungle still holds its own; a mighty army swarming up the precipitous slopes of the mountain. But further on the trees grow stunted, and the density of the under-growth ceases. Soon the birch and sumac and other smaller trees are forced out of the assault on the rocky peaks, and stop. Finally all the weaker plants and trees disappear and only the sturdy oak, accompanied by a few beeches and maples, is seen marching on, side by side, the strongest and last of the mighty host. At last these, too, come to a standstill, clinging to the black rocks; and above them the barren and indomitable crags stretch upward into space.

Between the dark masses of the forest and the rushing waters of the stream, stands a crude farmhouse, surrounded by a rude wooden fence, enclosing a muddy barnyard. A tall tree stands sentinel over the dwelling, as if trying to protect it from the wind and weather. The low overhanging thatched roof evidently cannot keep out all the rain, yet it serves as a partial shelter to the occupants within and the cattle in the barn. A few small paneless windows covered by wooden blinds serve to let a little daylight into the dark rooms within, and as apertures through which to throw refuse to the chickens pecking about below. In fact, never was so dreary a house placed in so desolate surroundings as in the present instance; and over the whole spread vast masses of grey clouds making the location seem even more lonely.

Jarvis Hadley, '27

THE HIDDEN VICTORY

Just about the time Miss Janice Bryant, a spinster solely because she thought her suitors had been after her ample fortune,

had declared she would never give her consent to the marriage of her only relative and niece, Thalia, to John Guest, a poor, struggling young doctor, a genuine artist had come to Derbyfield. He had some fame and many admirers. His visit to Derbyfield was for his health, but he announced condescendingly that he would paint a few portraits of the socially elect as a light recreation. The elect at once hastened to secure his services. His charges were high, but, as Mrs. Goldstock, the retired jeweler's wife, remarked superciliously, there was a difference between high and low art, the same as the difference between real and imitation diamonds. If one must have the genuine kind, one must pay accordingly.

Miss Bryant decided she must patronize this wonderful artist. It took her a long time to consider in what style she would have her portrait executed. Finally, she decided upon a full-length figure in the midst of a garden, the face shaded and softened by a pink parasol, and her hands full of roses.

This would serve to display her height as well as the dignity of her carriage, and also allow considerable picturesqueness in her dress.

She gave the artist several sittings, and being then assured that he could complete the portrait with the assistance of a photograph she left with him for the purpose, she waited in pleased anticipation for the result.

On the day appointed by the artist Miss Bryant repaired to the studio, and the completed portrait was unveiled before her eyes. She surveyed it for some moments in silence.

"You surely do not call this a likeness?" she demanded very abruptly at length.

"An excellent likeness, madam," returned Mr. Paynetor, composedly.

"But—but," she surveyed it on all sides, "it looks ten years older than it should! It's too thin, too sallow, and the smile is not like mine at all. I'm sure the corners of my mouth do not turn up like that. Why, it's a positive smirk! No one would ever imagine it was intended for me!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bryant, but I have faithfully represented both features and expression, and consider the coloring unusually good and true to nature," Mr. Paynetor returned firmly, but courteously.

"It's a perfect fright," was the reply.

Mr. Paynetor shrugged his shoulders in a deprecating manner, and his client's face became very red.

"You promised me a good likeness for which I agreed to pay two hundred and fifty dollars, she said.

Mr. Paynetor bowed.

"I do not consider this a good representation," Miss Bryant continued. "It must be changed."

"To make any change would destroy the semblance to you. I decline to alter the likeness."

Miss Bryant glared at him indignantly, "I do not consider your portrait a faithful reproduction, and I refuse to take it."

"Do you mean you refuse to pay for it?" he inquired.

"Certainly! I will not throw away such a sum for this caricature," she replied very indignantly.

"Very well," said Mr. Paynetor with great deference. "You are perfectly sure no one would recognize the portrait as your own?"

"Perfectly!"

"I am satisfied. I will keep the picture, Miss Bryant," said the artist, stepping back and bowing as Miss Bryant left the studio.

When the door had closed on her, he smiled to himself in a very peculiar and significant manner.

Several days after this Miss Bryant was passing down the main street, when her attention was attracted by a group in front of a shop.

Glancing at the window, her footsteps were instantly arrested, and she stood still, breathless with surprise and dismay.

There was her portrait — the identical painting which she had pronounced a caricature—only that, while the figure remained the very same, the rest of the picture had undergone a complete metamorphosis.

The garden was changed to a sunny glade in a wood, the fountain in the background had given place to a gypsy tent, and before the thin, smirking, befrizzled figure in lace and velvet stood a beautiful, dark-eyed girl, in simple gypsy costume, intently studying the palm of the woman's hand, while two roughish faces peeped at them from behind a tree.

The picture was labeled, "Telling Her Fortune."

"Why, it's the image of Miss Janice Bryant!" said one of the spectators.

noticing the horrified original. "Did you ever see such an exact replica?"

And, in the midst of the exclamations and laughter, Miss Bryant beheld the minister coming up the street, evidently bent on seeing what had attracted the crowd.

Not for worlds would she have him behold her painted like this. She instantly rushed into the shop and confronted the proprietor.

"Take that painting down instantly!" she exclaimed. "I will buy it."

The man obeyed. The picture disappeared just as the clergyman came up, and seeing him pass the door, Miss Bryant, reflecting on her narrow escape, felt like fainting.

However, she recovered herself, and greatly excited, made her way to Mr. Paynetor's studio.

"Sir," she demanded indignantly, "how dared you exhibit my portrait without asking my permission? It is an insult and an outrage! I intend to have legal satisfaction!"

She sat down, breathless and trembling.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bryant," said the artist, with perfect composure, "but didn't you assure me that it wasn't like you in the least and your best friend would never recognize you in the portrait?"

Miss Bryant was silent. What reply could she make to this truth?

"I shall insist upon it being destroyed," she announced at last.

"By no means! I have spent a good deal of time and labor upon it. I have succeeded in converting it into quite an original and striking design—one which will be sure to please the public taste."

He really dared to smile politely as he spoke. The outraged and astounded woman stared at him.

"I-I will give you two hundred and fifty dollars for it," she promised desperately.

Mr. Paynetor smiled.

"As it is now, I shall charge twice that amount for it."

"Five hundred dollars?" gasped Miss Bryant.

"Yes," he replied calmly.

Janice Bryant's face flushed and tears started to her eyes.

"I could never afford to give that amount, yet, to have my likeness exposed to the jeers and ridicule of the public is horrible! Oh, Mr. Paynetor, have you no consideration for the feelings of another?"

The artist took a meditative turn up and down the room, then seated himself opposite his distressed caller.

"We can come to terms, perhaps," he said mildly. "I will destroy the picture on one condition, and that is that you have some consideration for the feelings of one very dear to you, Miss Bryant. Consent to the marriage of your niece and Doctor Guest. Make two young people very happy."

"They are so poor," said Miss Bryant, in surprise.

"Your mother's legacy will enable them to make a fair beginning and the young doctor is rising well."

Miss Bryant hesitated and wrung her hands nervously.

At last she said, "I agree."

Thalia and her husband never allowed Miss Bryant to suspect that they knew by what means her gracious consent to their marriage was brought about.

Betty Pomfret, '27

MY EXAMINATION PRAYER

Oh inspiration! come to me;

Upon me cast thy light,
And let the glory of thy smile
Induce my pen to write.

Shed full upon my tired brow
The radiance of thine eyes,
And help me to convince the world
That I am truly wise.

Oh! help me with this hard exam;
With knowledge fill my brain,
And from my teachers, all of them,
Let good marks fall like rain.

Oh! send to me the best of luck,
I'll need it, you know well;
But now I must stop praying
For there's the closing bell.

Gertrude Pierce, '27

TALK ABOUT RADIO!

"Say, there," called Mrs. Jones over the fence to Mrs. Smith, "if you come here I'll tell ya something."

"Well, what's ailing you now?" asked the next door neighbor, Mrs. Smith.

"Nothing's ailing me and if you don't keep still I won't tell ya."

"Tell me! Tell me what?" replied Mrs. Smith waiting eagerly for the news.

"Well, you know my husband and I have saved quite a bit of money. So now we've decided to buy a car."

"A car!" exclaimed the excited Mrs. Smith.

"Yes, a car. It's not going to be any swell affair but it's just going to be a second hand Ford. But still it's got a good engine."

"Lands sake, who'd ever think that you'd buy a car! Well, I must run in now. Say, when ya gonna get this auto?"

"We don't know yet, but probably in a week. Don't mention about our getting a car to anyone, will ya?"

Mrs. Smith nodded her head in the negative as she picked up her clothes basket and started into the house.

In about fifteen minutes the door of Mrs. Smith's house opened and out walked Mrs. Smith, dressed in her best silks. She walked down the street until she came to Mrs. McQuire's house. Up she walked straight to the door and rang the bell. Mrs. McQuire immediately opened the door and asked Mrs. Smith to come in.

"Well, if you don't mind, I guess I will stop just for a few minutes, because I've got mighty important news to tell you."

"I'm waiting, go ahead," exclaimed Mrs. McQuire, anxious to hear the news.

"You know how Sam Jones and his wife have been saving their money for years and years and now what do you think, they are going to do with it? They're gonna buy a car!"

"Lands sake alive! And here they've been scrimping for years just to buy a car. It'll be some grand auto, I'll bet. When they gonna get it?"

"She told me in a few days. Well, I must be trotting along now, but listen—don't you dare tell anybody about this, because they don't want it to be known."

Mrs. Smith was no sooner out of sight when out of the house came Mrs. McQuire. She hurried across the street and entered the house of Mrs. Murphy.

"Maggie! Maggie!" called Mrs. McQuire, "I've got something to tell ya that is mighty interesting."

Mrs. Murphy came hurrying down the stairs and they both went into the sitting room and sat down.

"You know how Sam Jones and his wife have been saving their money for all

these years? Well, they're gonna get a car!"

"No, I can't imagine such a thing! And there they've been savin' and savin'. It must be gonna be some car. What kind is it gonna be, do you know?" cried the excited Mrs. Murphy.

"I guess it's gonna be a Pierce Arrow. They're going to get it in a day or two, I guess. Don't you breathe a word of this to anyone. I've got to go now."

One quarter of an hour after Mrs. McQuire had gone, Mrs. Murphy came out of her house and marched straight over to Mrs. Flanagan's. A short while later Mrs. McQuire and Mrs. Flanagan came out onto the porch.

"What kind did you say it's gonna be?" asked Mrs. Flanagan.

"Rolls Royce," I guess. They'll probably get it tomorrow, but remember, don't tell anybody."

For the next week or two there was considerable disturbance around this district. People from all around found many reasons to pass by Sam Jones' house. Mrs. Jones became the most popular woman in town. (She was going to have a swell car, so everyone said).

Mrs. Jones became considerably less popular, when, in about a week, she and Sam drove down Main street in a second-hand Ford.

Edna Morrissey, '27

IF I HAD THREE WISHES

One summer afternoon, just as I heard my mother repeat the old adage "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride," a tiny form flitted across my line of vision and came to rest on the tip of my little finger. Gazing wonderingly at this ethereal wisp of humanity, (if such it was), I reached out to touch it with the forefinger of my other hand. Just as I did so, I heard a tiny voice exclaim:

"Wait!"

This was said with such imperativeness, that I stopped with my finger poised in mid-air and awaited further instructions. These were forthcoming shortly.

The fairy creature, (for I discovered by now that it was a fairy), went on to say:

"I am the queen of all fairies. Once a year I come to the realm of childhood, where I am allowed the privilege of choosing one child, to whom I may grant three wishes. I have chosen you to be the lucky

little girl. Think carefully, and at the end of ten minutes I shall ask you for the three wishes which you desire most."

Astonished at this speech, I remained motionless for more than five minutes, trying to realize whether this were true or only a dream. I finally came to the conclusion that it was best to be prepared with the three wishes, at last. I hastily ransacked my mind for ideas, and at last decided upon three which seemed very appropriate.

At the end of ten minutes, my fairy friend demanded my three wishes.

"I hope that they may be granted me," I began, "for many reasons. But then, I can tell you the reasons some other time, as you are impatient to hear my wishes now.

"To begin with, I should like to know all there is to know in this world, so that I would not have to go to school, because you have to take examinations in school, and I hate them!

"Then, it would be nice if I could have a magic rug which would take me wherever I wanted to go. I could travel all over the world and see all the interesting sights—the place where Tennyson was born, the plains of Camelot, and the castle of Tintagil.

"Lastly, and my greatest desire, is for a wishing rug. If I could only possess one I would be happy forever more. I could give my mother everything she wished, and we could do things for other people."

The little fairy waved her hand, and out of the air appeared a tiny gold ring, which she slipped on my finger, with the words: "This is all you need. Use it to good advantage."

With a tiny leap, she vanished into the air and left me staring at the ring. My mother leaned over and said: "It's very pretty, isn't it? Wasn't your aunt nice to send it?"

At this, I realized that I had been asleep and that Mother had put a ring on my finger as a surprise for me.

I always continued to think of my gift as a fairy charm, however, and believed all my happiness to be caused by it.

Ruth Upton, '25

NATURE'S ART

Out in the heavens of radiant light
With shadowy paths of blue
Which light my way through the paths of
life.
My spirit gleams anew.

Now, across the pastures green
Floats the robin's call;
Where drooping willows lean
Sounds the waterfall.

And as I stand and cast my eye
O'er nature's wonderous art,
I let my thoughts towards heaven fly,
Of this I, too, am part.

Evelyn Roberts, '26

My heart is my garden. In the garden of my heart I have beautiful flowers and ugly flowers. I have weeds as well. My garden, like all other gardens, needs to be weeded very often. If the weeds are allowed to grow they will soon choke all the beautiful flowers and thoughts. A single sin can overshadow the beauty of all the other virtues of the soul. I keep the beautiful flowers watered by a fertile and broad mind. Not once do I allow it to become overshadowed by a single narrow thing. Because I like beautiful gardens I weed mine every day.

Rosalia Vagel, '25

THE MYSTERY OF THE VANISHED KNIGHT

"Ah! mon Dieu, but I cannot make a man!" The youthful sculptor tore his hair as he glared at a huge block of marble that had once been meant to be a man—a knight! Carefully, painstakingly, he had chipped away the polished marble to make for himself the image of man. Twice he had tried, and twice he had failed. Oh! that meant he must give up his dreams of fame and wealth—that he could not make the beautiful statue in honor of the valiant knights of old, which he had been assigned to do.

"You make this statue, and if all approve we will purchase it for a comfortable fortune and it shall be set up in the Market place with your name inscribed, in honor of our valiant men who upheld the Holy Cross," the city council told him. And so, although Armand had some vague doubt as to his ability to make the man who was to beride the charging steed, he had accepted and decided to work hard, very hard, to earn that money of which he had such need. It was indeed known all over Paris that Armand carved the most perfect images of horse flesh that had ever been

seen. Then what a dire shame he could not make a man! Passionately he raised his working chisel above his agonized face and struck once, twice, thrice, the mocking figure of a gallant rider.

"What it is you do, mon cher Armand?" a soft, young voice reproached him and a girl entered from behind a hanging canvas.

The young man's handsome face softened at her entrance but he shook his head sadly, "Ah, mon petit coeur! We cannot dance away to our Sunny Spain as we had dreamed together! I-I cannot make a knight!"

"You have been experimenting?"

"Yes, twice, and always the same result. I must give up this wild idea that I am a sculptor, Joline. I cannot make the statue for the market place and our friends will laugh. We must go away and I will find another task."

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Armand! We cannot give us our happiness so soon!"

"A sculptor!—I! Ah, my Joline!"

But, when midnight rode by on his dusky charger and peeped in at the bare, little studio window he saw two dim figures with heads close busily planning by the uncertain light of a flickering candle—and in the darkest corner lay the figure of the marble knight in silent disgrace.

Morning poured its rarest sunshine into that same little window where the young Armand whistled gaily at his work, and perched on the bench beside him was his sweet and roguish wife, Joline.

A clever idea was his Joline's! His whistle crescendoed and his black eyes shone. Joline's small feet swung faster and the huge marble block became a prancing steed—a steed with flying mane, arched neck and graceful limbs! On the rounded, sloping back a tasseled saddle Armand made and put a carved bit into the opened mouth. So that when midnight rode that way again, he quickly turned away lest his own gay charger hide his glossy head in shame at the comparison.

Armand covered the prize with a new heavy canvas and mysteriously went to mixing face clays and creams in a little gray vessel for the morrow. For was it not tomorrow that the city council was to come with a group of chosen critics to inspect the statue? So it was that when he arrived the following day and Armand proudly drew aside the canvas, the chosen company fell back in their intense amazement at the wonderful, almost too human

statue this humble artist had created. For behold—the riderless horse had found a master!—and such a master—such a knight! Round and round the base of the elevated statue the critics paced. So real! so human! so alive! Marvelous! Ciel—a miracle!

It was purchased for one million dollars. Great was Armand's joy and relief to escort the exclaiming critics to the door and lift the gallant young rider from his glorious mount.

Saints' Day—and the marvelous statue of Armand which had caused world wide attention, was to be set up and unveiled at the market place! Everyone was there. and oh! what a terrible shame that the sculptor's young wife should be ill and so unable to share the triumph and fame of Armand!

The crowd grew more and more intense as the people jostled one another for a closer vision of the remarkable statue when the veil should be drawn. The city mayor ascended the steps at the base of the monument and addressed the impatient peasants and merchants. At the finish, rousing cheers drove him from the platform and Armand slowly, gently, let fall the veil. An awe fell upon the crowd. Some, of older and deeper suspicion, fell back because the rider on the marble horse was beyond words of description. The sun slanted down at an angle on the war horse's arched, proud neck. His feet danced to some immortal, distant music, while the armor on the rider gleamed, and the face—oh, the face! Who but a genius, a super being, could create a figure so real? The perfect features as they stood outlined were all that they should be. But it was the expression,—the wistful, earnest expression of the trusting faith of the young knight that struck a ringing chord in the hearts of those quaint folk.

As Armand left the platform amidst the drowning shouts of his fellow men, he turned and looked straight into the eyes of the motionless rider of marble. Did he speak? Some said later that he did and a wonderful light shone in the understanding eyes of the knight. Who was to know—to say for sure?

When the city mayor came down the steps from the court house early the following day, he turned his face in the direction of the new monument in the market place to mark again its distinctive beauty. Mon Dieu! Was he blind? He grasped

the rail behind him and shaded his eyes. The statue!—or, no! It couldn't be true—the horse danced on alone! ALONE! : wildly, insanely, he rushed to the statue. Not a mark was left to show that thieves had stolen the knight from the horse. The saddle was without a blemish; Where was the knight? He recalled its human expression! Diable!!

Men and women rushed about the streets, and to the new-famed artist's door. They wildly dragged him forth and pointed with bulging eyes to the statue. "The man! —the man!! We ask you—where is the knight?"

The young sculptor covered his eyes with his hands and loud groans fell from his white lips—*while inwardly he laughed!* He ran his fingers over the glistening saddle. No mark!—and in defiance the marble steed pranced on!

A white haired priest made the decision, "Yesterday, in the market place, I noted the human expression of yonder knight, and feared. It is He who has banished him from our presence, and you—" his thin finger pointed out the white faced Armand, "You, young man, are accursed! You were too clever in your imitation of the work of God!"

Somehow, some way, Armand left the horrified crowd which could only gaze and moan over the disaster and was never seen by them again.

They went to the little vine-covered cottage and peered in at the bare little studio window where the spiders were constantly weaving their silver webs, and the chisels and tools of Armand lay idle and covered with dust.

Any traveler going through that little peasant town in far-off France will be taken to the market place and shown the glorious, white marble steed which continues to dance along his way toward the city. He is still in a gay spirit, despite the loss of his rider! Then on a further tour of inspection the native guide will point out the rustic little house and work shop of the doomed Armand. The traveler leaves fully impressed with awe and grief for the handsome Armand, BUT, should that same traveler chance to follow a certain road to sunny Spain, he would find, in a magnificent villa with a rusty coat of armor and a pot of face clays in the attic, swathed in luxury and supreme happiness, Armand and the ro-

guish knight Joline. There they live and love—and laugh!

Gertrude Marshall, '26.

Poets rave about Spring,
They tell of flowers,
Love and song,
Sweet-scented air,
Babbling brooks and
Warm Spring nights,
Whispering winds,
And lovers,—
But they never say
A word about
Quarterly exams,
Afternoon detention,
Measles and mumps,
Oral topics,
D's and E's,
Burke's Conciliation,
Pea timbales and corn fritters,
Arms Orchestra,
Now do they?

Helen Pierce, '25.

IN THE APPLE ORCHARD

It stood far down in the corner of the orchard close to the old stone wall, a beautiful old apple tree. Its far-spreading branches were easily supported by the huge trunk. It was a tree that would awaken the admiration of a casual observer and invite hopes of fine fruit in the autumn.

As the fragrant spring days approached, it never failed to shake forth its bounteous supply of leaves, shimmering and lustrous in the warm sunshine. Then came the blossoms, the pink and white emblems of future fruit.

Nevertheless—how exasperating a word—despite its promising appearance, and its plenteous array of blossoms the old tree, to those who knew it, was nothing but a source of mortification. It was referred to as an excellent example of deceitfulness. For although it brought forth beautiful leaves and blossoms it never bore fruit! It merely promised.

Doris Cardwell, '25.

School Life

THE GREENFIELD FAIR

With hopes high and hearts beating fast, a large group of handsome boys and girls arrayed in red and white wended their way across the Greenfield fairgrounds. Mounting the stairs of the grandstand, they marched past G. H. S.'s cheering section and seated themselves, a big red "A" being formed by the girls with red blouses. Thus it was that the students of Arms Academy arrived at the "Live Wire Fair" to try to cheer their track men on to victory.

From ten until ten forty-five they cheered lustily while the boys on the track did their level best. At the end of that time, Greenfield was way ahead in the track meet, although Arms' boys fought bravely. Then came the decision on the cheering. All breathing stopped, and it was announced that the silver loving cup should go with a vote of two to one to Greenfield. A great sigh came from Arms which, needless to say, was drowned out by the cheers from G. H. S. Then Arms rallied and gave Greenfield a good congratulatory cheer.

Morning duties were over and, leaving the grandstand, the students were free to wander their many ways over the grounds where they all had a wonderful time, in spite of Greenfield's victory.

Bernice Gould, '25

THE FACULTY SOCIAL

7:45 o'clock.

Everyone is here, now. Mr. and Mrs. Pollard and the new teachers are to make up the receiving line. A burst of music pours out and the ushers come forward.

8:00 o'clock.

Only a few more pupils are left to be presented to those in the receiving line. Here comes our farmer teacher, Harry Talmage. Everyone claps as he enters. I musn't forget to mention that the Shumway orchestra is playing this evening.

8:15 o'clock.

The first fox trot is now being played. The freshmen look very happy as they watch everything that is going on. It is their first social.

8:30 o'clock.

I can assure you all the people are enjoying themselves. The dancers are very thick now. The orchestra is playing another fox trot. The next number will be a cut out march.

9:00 o'clock.

It is nine o'clock now. I can hear the bell ringing. The march has just ended, because it became hopelessly tangled up. The boys are all finding partners for the next waltz.

9:30 o'clock.

Intermission has started. There is a jam near the entry way. Ice cream and cake are being served "*free*." You know what that means—"I'll take all I can get." Those are the very words many pupils are using at present. Well, intermission is at its end now. If anyone wants more ice cream, they must walk down to Baker's Drug Store.

10:00 o'clock.

It seems as though the evening has just started, but I am quite mistaken. Can it be ten o'clock? The social is almost over. How time flies. Only one more hour. I must hurry.

11:00 o'clock.

The next number will be a waltz, the last one, too. It is over already; everyone is crowding toward the entry way. Well, this is only our first social. Let us hope that every event of this kind in Arms Academy may be as successful as this one.

Eileen Hayes, '27

EDUCATION DAY

On Thursday, the twentieth day of November, we observed "Education Day" at Arms Academy. I do not believe we learned any more that day than any other day, but maybe our parents did. For our parents were there, numbering as high as two hundred.

Classes began at four in the afternoon. Somehow we dragged through the first four periods. I never have been able to find out how we did it. Then we were quietly dismissed for recess, from six to seven o'clock.

Shelburne Historical Society



Sheburne Historical Society



THREE CHEERS



LITTO!!



BOBBED HAIR



BABBIT



"Arms" and Feet



AFTER THE BALL



SPEED



Whole-Hearted



MARY YEARS AGO



Co-operation



"SUNSHINE"

At seven o'clock we again took up the burden, and carried it for three more periods of restless recitations.

When the last bell rang, at eight o'clock, we assembled in Science Hall for a short entertainment, which consisted of singing and playing by the Arms Chorus and Orchestra. We also were honored by hearing students, whom we hear and see every day, speak short selections.

We were dismissed shortly after nine o'clock, and went home feeling glad that "Education Day" was not a frequent occurrence. People say that nothing is so bad that it couldn't be worse. Just so with "Education Day!"

Ruby Burnap, '25

A TRIP TO "SUNSHINE"

The success of the play, "Sunshine," presented by the Arms Academy Dramatic Club, began as soon as each small clock in every expectant home turned a listless finger toward "seven." Immediately you hustled into your wraps (not overlooking rubbers, slickers, and umbrellas) and made your way toward Memorial Hall. Here you ran into a host of other dripping figures with bobbing umbrellas and dampened curls, crowding around the closed door. "Drip, drip," said the rain. "Tick,

tick," said the little watch in your innermost pocket. At seven-thirty, after a long, monotonous repetition of this conversation between the rain and your watch, the doors were opened. You entered along with the rest of the mob. They pushed you up the steps; someone "nabbed" your ticket, and someone else pushed you into a seat. Aha! at last you are in! You look around quite pleased with yourself at having "dropped anchor" in no less than a front seat, and compliment yourself on your good taste, quite overlooking the "somebody" who pushed you there. After the customary craning of your neck to see who is there and who is not there, you see some promising motions made by the orchestra and settle back to listen and comment on the program which the small boy pushed into your hand at the entrance. The music ceases and a young miss of the early 90's steps across your view before the curtain and gives a short introduction. You are very pleased—the curtain rises.

You see an old lady with white hair and bustled skirt (Elizabeth Dyer) and the woman of nine operations (Carolyn Woodward) sitting in the garden of a sanitarium. You soon become acquainted with the old man who likes his tonic (John Burnham) who is pushed along into your presence in a wheel chair by Nurse Gregory (Carolyn Soper). You are greatly amused at the

old lady's nervous troubles and the other's numerous operations, when in flies the young lady searcher of "clues" (Mabel Lapierre) who is at the sanitarium for "brain trouble." It is in this scene, too, that you meet the interesting hero, (Welburne Shaw) gallant ball player that he is, who promptly falls in love with the worthy heroine "Sunshine" (Jane Woods).

Everything is going along smoothly when the indispensable villain drops in (Fay Shippee) and immediately tries to swindle the hero's pal (Richard Stetson) and his fiancée (Helen Pierce). He next threatens the fair heroine sufficiently for the hero to tell of his bravery and desire to serve the young lady in distress. When you have become thoroughly convinced of the hero's valor, the curtain falls.

You clap your hands with vehemence and compare notes and comments with your neighbor. Before you realize it the curtain has risen again.

The plot advances, the hero and heroine fall more deeply in love, and the old lady's nervous troubles increase at the loss of her parrot which the young lady with "brain trouble" has let loose to warn the police of "clues." The old man takes too much tonic and Mrs. Bunch McCann undergoes her ninth operation. The scene is enlightened continually by the amusing remarks and antics of the child Maudelia, played very cleverly by Helen Legate. The hero sings a song about being a little raindrop, which you are quite capable of understanding since your relations with rain was renewed so very recently that you can fully realize his sorrow. The boy's chorus sing "That Old Gang of Mine" and you smile and nod at one another pleasantly. 'Tis a nice song nicely sung. The girls' dancing chorus, led by Helen Pierce, gives variation which is most attractive. They receive a tremendous applause and you are very happy to see them return with a generous encore. In this scene the villain nearly succeeds in ruining Buddy Brady's pal, but he is accidentally saved by his gallant friend and the curtain falls on a riotous scene. The lights snap on and you look around to see everyone vigorously mopping his brow and you promptly mop your own.

You talk a little more with your neighbor and clap again for the orchestra. The curtain rises on the final scene. In this scene the heroine is accused of stealing Miss Dean's engagement ring. However, after much explanation and trial the

blame is placed on the villain, where it belongs, the heroine cleared, and the hero proclaims his love. The curtain falls and the play has ended.

You are greatly surprised at the skillful acting and presentation of each and every character in the play. You are pleased—amazed. They have done well—better than you had ever imagined an amateur could do. You would have rambled on forever praising those boys and girls who have done so splendidly, but an umbrella jammed into an unsuspecting rib soon arouses you from your reverie. You scramble into your rubbers and rain coat, grab your umbrella and struggle to your feet. Some one pushes you up and down the stairs, another pushes you out of the door, and still praising and exclaiming, you step out into the steady drip, drip of the lazy rain, and take your homeward way.

Gertrude Marshall, '26

HOW ARMS CELEBRATED CHRISTMAS

Christmas was coming! Even the dignified seniors were becoming enthusiastic over the joyous prospects, because one morning Mr. Pollard announced that we were to have a Christmas tree in the gymnasium on the Friday before school closed. Each member of the school was to bring some small gift to be put on the tree by the class officers.

Friday drew near and mysterious packages became prevalent. They were of all shapes and sizes. What could they contain?

At last the day came and when classes were finished the whole school assembled in the gymnasium. There were a few excellent recitations by various members of the school and after Helen Legate gave the "Night Before Christmas," Santa Claus himself arrived.

The distribution of gifts followed. Members of the faculty received mechanical toys and numerous jokes. Large boxes were found to contain a great deal of tissue paper, and perhaps after patiently undoing layer after layer one found a small Santa Claus doll. There was a great deal of laughter and commotion which added to the Christmas spirit. After a most enjoyable half hour we departed to our homes with many wishes for a "very merry Christmas."

Harriet E. Kemp, '28

THE FACULTY COSTUME PARTY

Everyone thinks of Friday, the thirteenth, as a day associated with ill luck, but that certainly was not the case this year, in the month of February. The faculty invited us to a social, but requested that we be in costume. Such a sight we made! The gym was attractively decorated in a profusion of hearts and red paper. The lights covered with the colored paper made a dull glow over the whole scene. The orchestra was encircled by a network of hearts, while the members of the receiving line at the lower end of the hall, seemed to have a real reception room by themselves. But who are all these people that the faculty is escorting to their places? Clowns, sailors, farmers, beggars, foreigners, people of every description, even cross-word puzzles. After three dances the grand march was begun, and Science Hall never witnessed so many participants in this feature of the program. During the march heart candies with clever inscriptions on them, were passed to the guests.

The members of the receiving line acted as judges of the costumes. The prize for the most beautiful was awarded to Jane Woods, dressed as a Turkish maiden, while Elmer Rand, in his farmer's costume, was considered the funniest.

The dancing continued until intermission when ice-cream and wafers were served. After this brief interval the dancing and merry-making continued. At eleven o'clock, everyone turned his footsteps homeward, with much praise to the faculty, and hopes that this unique affair will be repeated in the future.

Helen Legate, '27

TALKS ON VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

This year Mr. Pollard introduced a series of vocational talks in hopes that some students would be helped in choosing their life work. Men in different professions addressed the school on the advantages and disadvantages, the necessary preparation for their work and the recompense received from it. The talks were greatly varied and proved beneficial and well worth while. The following is the list of speakers:

Jan. 16—Mr. Field

Lamson & Goodnow Co.

Feb. 6—Dr. Upton Medicine
 Feb. 13—Dr. Nason Dentistry
 Feb. 20—Mr. Davison Teaching
 March 6—Mr. Cummings ... Mayhew Co.
 Mar. 13—Mr. Mahoney N. E. Power
 Mar. 20—Mr. Morgan Banking
 Mar. 27—Mr. Ware Law
 April 3—Miss Katherine Campbell Nursing

Heywood Memorial Hospital
 of Gardner, Mass.

PRIZE SPEAKING

The fourth annual prize speaking contest was held in Science Hall, Monday evening, May 11. This contest has become an annual event of the school year, and is looked forward to with keen interest by both students and townspeople. Mrs. Christine C. Ostberg, who is in charge of Public Speaking and Dramatics at Arms, endeavored to adapt each selection to the individual talents of the speakers. Each number was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience who appreciated the splendid efforts.

The judges were Mr. H. E. Rollins, Principal of Turners Falls High School; Miss C. M. Hamilton, Head of English Department of Deerfield High School; and Miss B. Fisher, a reader from Athol.

The two prize winners, Minnie Reagey and Jarvis Hadley, were from the sophomore class. Minnie Reagey gave a cutting from the play, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," which was a combination of humor and pathos, in which Sir Oliver Holt, a wealthy and powerful man, intends to commit suicide because of a recent illness. As he is about to do so, a tiny English girl saves him by her own sound philosophy.

Jarvis Hadley gave a cutting from "David Copperfield," which was a humorous piece in which David is on his way to London to go to school and is given a meal by a wealthy lady. During the dinner Copperfield has some very queer encounters with the waiter.

PROGRAM

Music by Arms Orchestra

1. Not Qualified Callhoun
 Mabel LaPierre
2. Selections from "David Copperfield"
 Dickens

Jarvis Hadley

Shelburne Historical Society



PRIZE SPEAKERS

- 3. Cutting from "Anne of Green Cables" *Montgomery*
Marjorie Herzig
- 4. Selection from "Ramsey Millholland" *Tarkington*
Isaac Hodgen
- 5. "Transfiguration of Miss Philura" *Hingley*
Caroline Soper
- 6. "Making a Man of the Boy" .. *Potter*
Clarence Lily
- 7. Cutting from the play "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" *Burnett*
Minnie Reagey
- 8. "The Hazing of Valiant" ... *Williams*
Costas Meliones

Music by Arms Orchestra
Decision of the Judges

Two five-dollar gold pieces were awarded as first prizes, one to a boy, and one to a girl.

Mabel LaPierre, '26

THE FACULTY

Like most schools, Arms Academy is blessed with a faculty. We are going to guard against lauding the members too excessively in this article for fear it will make them vain. They get an overdose of praise and affection from the scholars every day,

anyway, don't you know. To begin with the sublime—not inferring, however, that we will descend to the ridiculous—there's Mr. Pollard, our principal. He was an "unknown stranger" (there's tautology for you, seniors) only a year ago, but alas! he already knows some of us too well.

English is studied intensively by the students at Arms—quite unusual, for we believe studies are taken extensively as a rule. Consequently Miss Crawford needs must doubly worry herself over those supercilious juniors and that class of infants who like to call themselves sophomores. Miss Bronson is entertained daily by the seniors, while in the other periods she endeavors to make literature and grammar burn through the greenness of those very fresh freshmen. And, speaking of Miss Bronson reminds us that we have a man on the faculty named Glavin. He's the one who possesses those illustrious stock-judging boys who bring back the ribbons.

It's really shocking how impertinent the students are. Why they even call the Domestic Science teacher, "Darling"!!

Miss Smith teaches history. The seniors were real surprised to think that in the whole course they did not take up a detailed history of Bennington and its attractions.

Miss Shattuck and Mrs. Loomis see that the future stenogs and business men have no idle moments.



THE FACULTY

Parley-vous francais? Yes, and so does Miss Benson. Experience has proved that it is useless to match wits with her. Many are the poor victims of her neat turns of speech.

An explosion, the shrill cry of a girl, the cracking of glass, then a suffocating odor! Only Mr. Shumway's Lab class trying to observe one of the "precautions."

Mr. Dimlich is conquering new worlds at Arms. He's our math teacher, and if anyone is conscientious, he is.

Do we sing? Well, isn't Mr. Miles always on duty with his thundering threat, "two week's detention?"

There are artistic talents at Arms, too. Every Thursday Mr. Freer and his budding artists make merry in the Art Studio 'way down in the lower regions.

All the world's a stage,
The faculty, the manager,
While all the boys and girls are
merely players.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The first meeting of the Dramatic Club of Arms Academy was held in October. At this meeting Jane Woods was chosen president, Carolyn Soper, vice-president, Dana Webber, secretary, and Edna Morrissey, treasurer. The most important part of our meeting, however, was the making

of necessary arrangements for the annual school play, "Sunshine." In a week's time after our meeting, Mrs. Ostberg, our coach, had chosen a cast from members of our Dramatic Club, who enthusiastically got to work on the play. After rehearsals during October and November, "Sunshine", to the best of the actors' and actresses' ability, was presented December 8th.

During the April weeks, rehearsals for two farces were underway. The characters and coaches consisted of members of the Dramatic Club. These farces were combined with the cantata program, making an interesting entertainment that was given in Memorial Hall on one of the evenings during Music Week.

Although the meetings have not been very numerous, we are satisfied with the work that our Dramatic Club has produced and all feel that we have benefited by our membership.

Jane Woods, 25

THE DEBATING CLUB

One year ago when we gave our report concerning the triangular debate that took place in January, 1924, between Arms Academy, Ashfield, and Charlemont, we mentioned the fact that this was the first attempt in that line of work that had been made by Arms Academy for many years.



DEBATERS

At that time Arms had no regular debating club and the contestants were chosen from the entire school by the English teachers. Moreover, that was the only effort we made in debate during that year.

This year, however, we decided to continue the good work done in 1924, therefore, we organized a regular debating club, with president, vice-president, and secretary, and began our work with fourteen members enrolled. Ruth Bassett was chosen president, Bernice Gould, vice-president, and Rosalia Vagel, secretary. We might have chosen a treasurer, but knowing as we did that our pocket-books proved the truth of the old saying, "He that steals my purse steals trash," we avoided the necessity of having to confess to a state of continual bankruptcy, therefore we did *not* choose a treasurer.

Our first attempts at debate were made under the supervision of Mr. Pollard and several of the other teachers. After a few meetings, however, these "other teachers" were missing from the scene of our debating activities, and Mr. Pollard was left to bear the burden of responsibility alone. Probably those teachers who deserted us found that the subjects we discussed were too deep for their powers of understanding, and they were unable to endure the mental strain of trying to follow our lines of argument. Mr. Pollard, however, proved his

courage by attending nearly all our meetings, and yet in spite of all his bravery I suspect that there were times when even he was pleasantly surprised to find himself alive and in his right mind, after he had listened to some of our debates.

For our guidance we were provided with small booklets, entitled "Suggestions for the Debater" and there were other books on this subject at our disposal in the library—if we cared to use them.

We held our meetings every Tuesday afternoon in the English room at the close of the school session. Mr. Pollard chose the subjects for debate and the contestants for each meeting. Some of the subjects were: "Resolved, that wealth is the cause of more failures than poverty"; and, "Resolved, that education is of more value than wealth," and finally in one debate we even tried to make Mr. Volstead sit up and take notice when we attempted to decide whether the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed or not!

And now that I have mentioned a few of the subjects that we had for our debates, do you wonder that all our teachers, except Mr. Pollard, deserted us? In fact there were times when most of the members of the club were numbered among the missing (with the exception of the president and the two contestants who were to conduct the debate).

Late in the fall it was decided that we should again attempt a triangular debate with Charlemont and Ashfield, but after the first plans were made Charlemont withdrew, therefore, Ashfield alone debated with us on the question, 'Resolved, that the U. S. should grant the Philippines absolute independence immediately.'

This debate took place in Science Hall, January 9, with Arms on the negative side but the affirmative won the debate. Our speakers were Isabel Whitcomb, Elizabeth Dyer, and Isaac Hodgen, with Lillie Bergman as alternate.

In spite of our defeat at that time we have never felt entirely crushed by the decision of the judges in Ashfield's favor, for we notice that the United States Government continues to agree with Arms and the negative side, so that, regardless of Ashfield's victory, the Philippines are not yet independent.

Our defeat, however, taught us that we needed more training, so we continued our weekly meetings. After each debate our meetings were left open to all members present for suggestions and criticisms, and it was this part of the program that we enjoyed most,—because Mr. Pollard usually did all the talking!

Our last weekly debate was held in April, and at the close of that meeting Mr. Pollard expressed his satisfaction with the work that had been done during the previous months. Some of the members, especially from the under classes, proved to us that they possessed most unusual talents for debating work, and there is no question that the beginnings they have made during the last year will prove to be a sure promise of the fame they will win for Arms in the debating contests of the near future.

Ruth E. Bassett, '25

THE ORCHESTRA

Not many Arms students are fortunate enough to be able to belong to the famous Arms Orchestra. It really is famous now, for it has played in public many times within the past year.

Last fall we played at two chicken pie suppers, one at Buckland Center and the other at the Shelburne Falls Congregational Church. Then there was the church fair and supper at Shelburne Center that

couldn't have possibly succeeded had we not furnished music. After the fair we gave a little jazz for the dance lovers.

When the play, "It Pays to Advertise," came, the president of the Lyceum Course asked Mr. Miles if the orchestra would play. Of course we wouldn't refuse and aren't we glad now, for they gave us twenty-five dollars and asked us to play at their last entertainment, a lecture in March?

We always play at our school events, such as visitors' night, debating and prize speaking. In February we played at one of the Parent-Teachers' suppers. We certainly do pity the poor Arms teachers who hear us practice at school, and then have to listen to us at their suppers.

We have a personnel of players of two first violins, two second violins, 'cello, flute, clarinet, cornet, two saxophones, drums, and piano.

Tillie Blassberg and Fay Shippee play the part of first violinists. They both love jazz, especially the latter. Our second violinists are Dorothy Harris and Thelma Bassett. Lucy Hale plays the 'cello and absolutely refuses to play "Circus Time," as Mr. Miles calls it. Donald Perkins plays the flute. Howard Reed, the cornetist, is the "Star" of the orchestra. He stays entirely by himself and plays what he wishes. He, also, opposes the "Circus Time." Helen Pierce and Fayette Mitchell play very pleasing duets on their saxophones, especially in Hoffman's "Bacarole." Lois Buell and Welburne Shaw play the drums. Lois has been in Boston all winter and Welburne—well, he has been otherwise occupied most of the time, so we have been minus our drummers more or less. Jane Woods is our pianist. One may hear her merry laughter at all rehearsals. She loves "Circus Time," much to Mr. Miles' disgust—sometimes.

Now comes the most important factor of an orchestra, the director. Mr. Miles does have his minor faults as does every good man, but after all we like him very much. When no cars were available the night we traveled to Shelburne, he kindly used his car as a truck and carried the entire orchestra, plus the instruments. How we ever got there safely none of us can tell. People will have to admit that this year we have had some very fine music. Our orchestra could not exist had we not our faithful director and instructor to help it along.

Lucy E. Hale, '26



PRO MERITO

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL AND RECREATION

This season there has been no regular girls' basket-ball team representing Arms, but the usual line up of what was considered the first team was as follows: Jane Woods and Ruth Upton, forwards; Carolyn Woodward and Hazel Greaves, guards; Helen Legate, side center, and Carolyn Soper center. Miss Smith took charge of the freshman girls and recreation group, while those who wished to take basket-ball only, were under the direction of Miss Shattuck.

We played four games with the alumnae and were defeated in every game—but then that is to be expected. On January 23, we played the Ashfield girls and won. The three sophomore-senior games were the most interesting and exciting, at least for girls' games, because usually during the second half of the preliminary everyone leans back in his seat to take life easy after the boys' exciting game. At these games between the sophomores and seniors, you can imagine just how popular the seniors were. Everyone thought, "Well, the seniors have had more practice than the sophomores and they ought to win", and naturally cheered for the sophomores. Although we did not have the support of the

audience, we won two games and the third was a tie. Nevertheless those sophomores are *some* players and *not* easy to beat.

The basket-ball season closed March 20, and that evening after the game with Drury the cooks in the Household Arts Department served a delicious banquet to Mr. Pollard, the basket-ball coaches and twelve boys and twelve girls, who had played on the teams.

The rest of the season was spent in performing ten athletic tests, such as throwing a basket-ball thirty-five feet, jumping over a horse, running around the track in ten seconds, and making three out of five baskets, shooting from the goal line—an impossibility for some of us. Five girls succeeded in winning their letters, Eileen Hayes, Ruth Upton, Jane Woods, Edna Morissey and Helen Legate. Many of us well remember the last day of the tests when we took our basket-ball test—most everyone passed at least nine tests—but failed on the last one.

A new feature has been brought into the daily program this year, the five minutes of gymnastic exercises between the second and third periods. This has made it possible for every pupil in school to have some regular daily exercise.

Carolyn Soper, '25

ARMS JUDGING TEAM AT THE FAIRS

On September 3, 1924, the second day after we had started in school, the first stock-judging contest of the season for boys in the agricultural class opened at Worcester. Thus, about half past five of that day the boys met out on the Shelburne road to start, five in the party. Mr. Glavin, who was a stranger in the locality, was supposed to meet two of the boys at the second bridge on the Colrain road. Unknowingly, he waited at the third bridge from five until six-thirty A. M., for the fellows who would never come. He then decided to go along rather exasperated for the rest of that day.

We arrived at the fair grounds about nine, but did not start judging until one in the afternoon. Here John Burnham won the second prize of twenty dollars. We had the Agricultural Departments of Worcester, Hatfield, Hadley and Ashfield as strong competitors.

Our next fair was at Greenfield where we again had very strong competition. At this contest Roger Ward and Isaac Hodgen, having a total of 280 points out of a possible 300, tied for second place and a prize of twelve dollars, in the individual scoring. At the same time, the school team consisting of Abner Peck, Glenn Brown and Isaac Hodgen, scored second, having only ten points less than Ashfield, who won the silver cup. In the poultry judging Roger Ward and Glenn Brown tied for first premiums, and in vegetable judging Glenn Brown placed second.

We next visited the Eastern States Exposition, held in Springfield, Mass., and here showed our great skill at selecting the best animals. In a group of over seventy contestants from the ten eastern states, Isaac Hodgen scored first, Glenn Brown tied for sixth, John Hillman tied for tenth, and Ira Graves tied for twelfth. The ideas that our instructor had been trying to get into our heads had at last reached home and were beginning to bring results.

After we had finished judging we tramped around the grounds until five o'clock, getting all the free samples of everything we could and some things we shouldn't. We were ready to get into bed that night, when we reached home.

The last fair we attended was at Northampton. Here Nuel Stroheker won first prize of ten dollars, and Roger Ward won

fourth place and three dollars, in the stock-judging contest. This paid them back in a way for the drenching they received from riding in the rain.

Mr. Pollard has agreed to allow a letter for judging work. In order to receive his letter a boy must judge two years, and be in good standing in agriculture.

We have altogether had a successful year in our work, and we sincerely hope that the coming teams will bring as much honor and fame to Arms as we have.

Isaac A. Hodgen, '25

THE ART COURSE

In Arms Academy there are two general courses of art, mechanical and free hand, but there are a number of people doing special work, such as drawing portraits, and painting and designing small articles.

Some of the projects which have been taken up during the year are the painting of Japanese lanterns, designing charcoal and chalk pictures of ships, castles and flower wreaths, and making posters for the play "Sunshine." The prizes for the best posters were won by Jarvis Hadley and Harriet Davis with honorable mention for the work of Lois Buell and Welburne Shaw.

The Second Annual Art Exhibit was held the 26th and 27th of March, in the gymnasium of Science Hall. There were about a thousand drawings on exhibit from Arms and the schools in the surrounding towns. Among other pieces was a portrait of Mr. Freer, drawn by Miss Rosalia Vogel, which was so natural that—well, we don't dare tell how it affected some people! There was also a group of articles made by the sewing class. During the second afternoon of the exhibit tea was served to the guests, a number of women from town acting as hostesses.

The many people who viewed the exhibit will surely say that Mr. Freer and the members of the school who helped him must have been amply rewarded for their hard work in preparation for the event.

Harriet Davis, '25

A DAY IN THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

I had heard more than once of the famous commercial department of Arms Academy, but being rather doubtful about

these statements I decided to ascertain the truth myself. Thereupon I took a day "off" and visited the commercial classes.

First of all I entered the shorthand class-room. The students were being taught the Gregg system and from my observations all seemed to have grasped the principles of the study. The second year class took dictation from the teacher at the rate of from eighty to one hundred words a minute. Afterwards they either read from their notes or from material in the Gregg "Speed Studies." Thus the students obtained practice in reading shorthand. Not only were they aided by school books but many subscribed for the "Gregg Writer," which is a very interesting and educational magazine, dealing largely with shorthand.

The second class honored by my presence was the senior typewriting class. Here all the students were busily working. I was told that some were doing office practice, that is, taking dictation from the principal and then typing the matter. It did not necessarily mean only the typing of letters but also filing or any work in the office. Others were doing laboratory assignments from the book "Secretarial Studies", which had been but recently used by the class. These assignments dealt with all

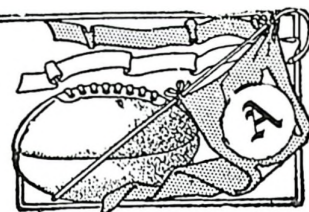
subjects that a secretary would be obliged to know, such as billing, letter-writing, mailing, etc. I also discovered that the majority of the students typed at the rate of from fifty to sixty words a minute. Several medals had been won by members of the class for speed and accuracy in typewriting, among them two gold medals.

Last but not least were the bookkeeping classes, junior and senior. In both classes the Twentieth Century Method was taught and so-called "set work" carried on. I will explain this briefly. Each student was furnished with envelopes containing instruction sheets. From these he made entries for the transactions that occur day after day. In doing this he handled various commercial papers — checks, notes, drafts, etc. Then at the end of the month he closed all books and made out statements of the business. The seniors, two at a time, had charge of the office, while the juniors were doing their set work. In this way all were taught to be accurate and efficient.

After having seen the work of the aforementioned classes I had to reproach myself for my doubts, for certainly the students of business do their part in upholding the standard of Arms.

Dorothy Cardwell, '25





Shelburne Historical Society

Athletics

GREENFIELD TRACK MEET

The day of the Greenfield Track Meet was cold and cloudy after a two days' rain. The Arms students gathered at the gate and amidst banners and gay colors, marched to the grandstand.

In the track meet which was to be the closest in all its history, Greenfield defeated Wrentham High School by the unusual

margin of 1-3 of a point. Arms trailed with 27 points.

While the track events were going on, Arms and Greenfield were struggling for the cheering cup, and it was a surprise when Greenfield was announced as the victor. For the first time in the history of the cheering between the schools, Greenfield had won the cup.



TRACK TEAM

100-Yard Dash for Freshmen

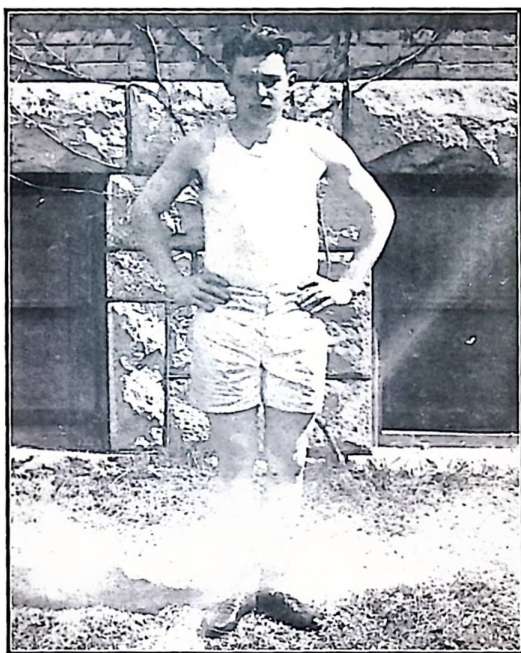
- 1st Pekalski
 - 2nd Stan Webber
 - 3rd Coates
 - 4th Hughes
- Time 11 2-5.

100-Yard Dash—Open

- 1st Szwiec
 - 2nd Zschau
 - 3rd Plumley
 - 4th Stotz
- Time 10 1-5.

100-Yard Dash—Novice

- 1st Lawrence
 - 2nd Woodward
 - 3rd Karwecki
 - 4th Martin
- Time 11 3-5.



TRACK CAPTAIN

220-Yard Dash

- 1st Szwiec
- 2nd Stotz
- 3rd Plumley
- 4th Zschau

Half-Mile

- 1st DeMeo
 - 2nd Stetson
 - 3rd Prest
 - 4th Pekalski
- Time 2.26 3-5.

Half-Mile Relay

- 1st—Turners Falls (Cassidy, Verner, Stotz, Szwiec)
 - 2nd—Arms (Kratt, Brown, Dana Webber, Don. Webber)
 - 3rd—Greenfield (Zschau, Woodward, Desmond, Plumley)
- Time 1 -6.

Potato Race

- 1st Szwiec
- 2nd Desmond
- 3rd Brown

Running Broad Jump

- 1st Lawrence
 - 2nd Stotz
 - 3rd Dana Webber
 - 4th Don. Webber
- Distance 18 ft., 1¼ in.

Running High Jump

- 1st Plumley
- 2nd Kratt
- (tied points divided)
- 3rd Lawrence
- 4th (tied) Coates, Dana Webber, S. Webber

Shot Put

- 1st DeMeo
 - 2nd Lawrence
 - 3rd Don. Webber
 - 4th Woodlock
- Distance 33 ft., 9½ in.

Baseball Throw

- 1st Lawrence
 - 2nd Cassidy
 - 3rd Varney
 - 4th Don. Webber
- Distance 294 ft.

Football Punt

- 1st Cowan
 - 2nd Dana Webber
 - 3rd Woodlock
 - 4th Gove
- Distance 146 ft., 7 in.

Tug-of-War

- 1st Greenfield
 - 2nd Arms
 - 3rd Turners Falls
- Total: Greenfield 56 2-3; Turners Falls 56 1-3; Arms 27.

Arms individual scores as follows:

	Points	Total
Dana Webber—		
2nd football punt	3	
3rd broad jump	2	
tied, fourth, high jump	1-3	5 1-3

Don Webber—				Richard Stetson—			
3rd shot put	2			2nd half-mile	3		3
4th broad jump	1			Brown—			
4th baseball throw	1	4		3rd potato race	2		2
Lloyd Kratt—				Arms 2nd, tug-of-war	3		3
2nd high jump	3 1-3	3 1-3		Arms 2nd, half-mile relay	3		3
Stanley Webber—				(Brown, Kratt, Dana Webber, Don Webber)			
2nd freshman 100	3						
tied, fourth, high jump	1-3	3 1-3					27

Shelburne Historical Society THE 1924-1925 BASKET-BALL SEASON



BASKET BALL TEAM

About the middle of November a call for candidates for the basket-ball team was given out. About twenty boys answered the call.

Of this number only three saw any service in basket-ball last season on the first team. As there was good material in the last year's second team, a successful season was anticipated. The players of last year's second team who answered the

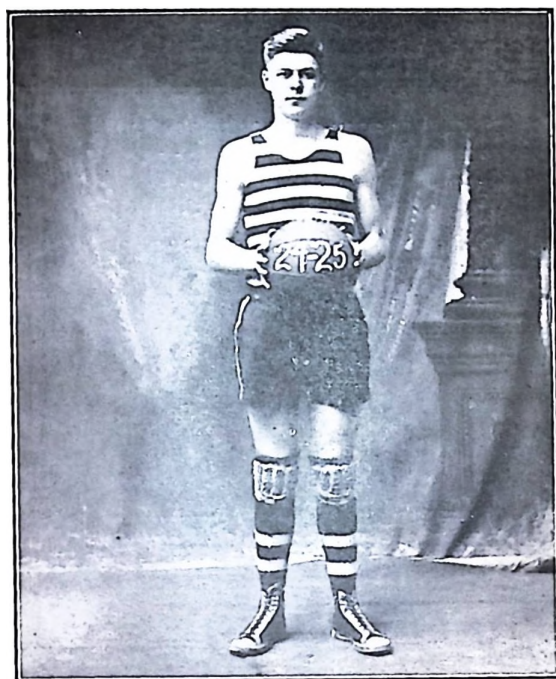
call this year were Dana Webber, Don. Webber, and Wells. Other promising material of last year's second team were Stetson, Kratt, Woods, Mahoney, Purring-ton, and Stan. Webber, a freshman.

We opened our season at Ashfield and beat them by the score of 20-18. After this the team gradually developed into a much faster and more evenly working machine.

Perhaps the most noteworthy victories were those over the M. A. C. freshmen, whom we beat 25-16 and over the M. A. C. second year team whom we defeated by the score of 18-17.

After these games the team struck its stride and won the last four games with Athol, Turners Falls, Sacred Heart, and Drury, respectively, by a large score.

Of the twenty games played 12 were won and eight were lost. The total number of points scored by Arms was 610 while the opponents scored 545.



BASKET BALL CAPTAIN

ARMS 20 — ASHFIELD 18

The 1924-1925 basket-ball season opened on the night of December 5, when Arms journeyed to Ashfield to play Sanderson Academy. The game was very close throughout; Arms finally winning by the small margin of two points, the score being 20-18. The summary:

ARMS	ASHFIELD
Dana Webber rf	Scott rf
Kratt lf	R. Willes lf
Woods lf	Walter Scott c
Mahoney lf	G. Henry rg
Wells c	H. Thayer lg
Stetson rg	
Don. Webber lg	

Goals from floor: Dana Webber 3, Wells 3, Walter Scott 3, Scott 3, Don. Webber 2, Woods 1, Willes 1. Goals from fouls: Scott 2, Dana Webber 1, Wells 1, Walter Scott 1, H. Thayer 1. Referee, Terrill. Time: 10-minute quarters.

ARMS 30 — GREENFIELD 20

The second game of the season was on the night of December 12, when we entertained Greenfield High. Arms showed a great improvement over the first game and easily won out by the score of 30-20. The summary:

ARMS	GREENFIELD
Dana Webber rf	Cowan lf
Woods lf	Akey rf
Mahoney lf	Vickory rf
Kratt lf	Welcome c
Wells c	Lynch c
Stetson rg	Gexler lg
Don. Webber lg	Desmond rg

The score—Goals from floor: Cowan 5, Dana Webber 3, Kratt 4, Wells 2, Don. Webber 2, Gexler 2, Akey 1, Desmond 1, Stetson 1. Goals from fouls: Wells 4, Dana Webber 2, Cowan 1, Desmond 1. Time: 10-minute quarters. Referee, Sauter.

ARMS 17 — ALUMNI 25

On Friday, December 19th, Arms met its first defeat at the hands of the Alumni. The game was fast and exciting. All of the Arms players put up a good game, but had to yield finally to their older opponents. The summary:

ARMS	ALUMNI
Dana Webber rf	Morrissey rf
Kratt lf	Anderson lf
Wells c	Temple c
Stetson rg	Leonard rg
Don. Webber lg	Thompson lg
Woods lg	Shay rg
Mahoney lg	

The Score—Goals from floor: Temple 4, Morrissey 3, Wells 3, Dana Webber 3, Thompson 2. Goals from fouls: Anderson 3, Temple 3, Wells 2, Stetson 2, Dana Webber 1, Morrissey 1. Time: 10-minute quarters. Referee: Sauter.

ARMS 31 — HOOSAC FALLS 23

On Tuesday, December 30th, Arms defeated Hoosac Falls High School in Science Hall, 31-23. The game was very slow and rough, many fouls being commit-

ted by both teams. Dana and Don Webber starred for Arms, while Strzalkoski and Haussler played well for Hoosac Falls. The summary:

ARMS	HOOSAC FALLS
Dana Webber rf	Powling rf
Kratt lf	O'Neil lf
Wells c	Strzalkoski c
Don Webber lg	Haussler rg
Stetson rg	Rourke lg
Mahoney lf	McMartin rg
Stan Webber rg	

The Score—Goals from floor: Dana Webber 7, Wells 6, Strzalkoski 4, Haussler 3, O'Neil 2, Rourke 1, Stan Webber 1. Goals from fouls: Rourke 2, Dana Webber 1, Kratt 1, Wells 1, Strzalkoski 1. Time: 10-minute quarters. Referee: Simpson.

ARMS 22 — HOPKINS 37

On January 2 Arms played Hopkins at Hadley. Hopkins won, 37-22. Contrary to the indications of the score it was a very fast and exciting game. At half time the score stood Hopkins 17, Arms 14, but by the good shooting of Rojko, Hopkins' star forward, they soon obtained a lead too great to overcome. The summary:

ARMS	HOPKINS
Dana Webber rf	E. Wanczyk lf
Kratt lf	Rojko rf
Wells c	Jackanowski c
Stetson rg	West c
Don Webber lg	Debraynio rg
Purrington rg	Tudryan lg
	Jackanowski lf

The Score—Goals from floor: Rojko 11, Wells 6, Tudryan 3, Wanczyk 3, Kratt 2, Jacknowski 1, Dana Webber 1. Goals from fouls: Wells 4, Wanczyk 1. Time: 10-minute quarters. Referee: Sullivan, M. A. C.

ARMS 30 — ALUMNI 13

The Alumni wishing to compete with the Arms team in a second contest, a game was arranged for January 9. As the Alumni team was without the services of Temple and Thompson they were defeated without much trouble. The summary:

ARMS	ALUMNI
S. Webber lf	Anderson rf
Kratt lf	Tyler c and lf
Dana Webber rf	Saar c and lf
Wells c	Leonard lg
Woods lg	Oats rg
Don Webber lg	Shaw lf
Mahoney rg	
Woods rg	
Purrington rg	

The Score—Goals from floor: Wells 6, S. Webber 4, Tyler 2, Saar 2, Shaw 1. Goals from fouls: S. Webber 5, Wells 5, Tyler 1, Leonard 1, Shaw 1. Time: 10-minute quarters. Referee: Sauter.

ARMS 22 — GREENFIELD 34

On Tuesday, January 13, Arms was defeated by Greenfield at Greenfield by the score of 34-22. As the Greenfield gymnasium is twice as large as that in Science Hall our team as a whole was greatly handicapped. Cowan and Welcome played well for Greenfield, while Woods and Don Webber put up a great game in the back court for Arms. The summary:

ARMS	GREENFIELD
Kratt lf	Cowan lf
Mahoney lf	Lynch rf
Dana Webber rf	Welcome c
Purrington rf	Gelax lg
Wells c	Desmond rg
S. Webber c	
Woods lg	
Don Webber rg	

The Score—Goals from floor: Welcome 7, Cowan 6, Wells 6, Gelax 2, Purrington 2, Lynch 1, Kratt 1, S. Webber 1. Goals from fouls: Purrington 2, Cowan 1, Gelax 1. Time: 10-minute quarters. Referee: Bike, M. A. C.

ARMS 53 — ASHFIELD 16

On Friday, January 23, Arms played Ashfield in Science Hall, winning easily by the score of 53-16. This game showed what good practice and coaching can do as in our first game with Ashfield we won by the small margin of two points. The summary:

ARMS	ASHFIELD
Dana Webber rf	Willard Scott ri
Purrington lf	R. Willes lf
Kratt lf	Walter Scott c
S. Webber rf	Thayer lg
Wells c	Graves rg
Mahoney rg	Crafts lg
Woods rg	
Stetson lg	
Don Webber lg	

The Score—Goals from floor: Wells 9, Dana Webber 6, Willard Scott 6, Purrington 2, S. Webber 3, Willes 2, Kratt 1. Goals from fouls: Wells 6, Dana Webber 3, Woods 1, Kratt 1. Time: 10-minute quarters. Referee: Sauter.

ARMS 27 — AMHERST 40

On Tuesday afternoon, January 27, Arms played the undefeated Amherst High School team at Amherst. The first half was close and exciting, the score being Amherst 13, Arms 9. In the second half the Amherst score steadily increased with the many baskets of Strong, the Amherst captain. The score was Amherst 40, Arms 27. The summary:

ARMS	AMHERST
Purrington lf	Brown lf
S. Webber lf	O'Neil lf
Dana Webber rf	Joy rf
Kratt rf	Smith rf
Wells c	Strong c
Woods rg	Parnell lg
Stetson rg	Eldridge lg
Don. Webber lf	Market rg

The Score—Goals from floor: Strong 11, Wells 6, Parnell 3, Dana Webber 2, Smith 2, Kratt 1, Joy 1. Goals from fouls: Strong 3, Wells 3, Dana Webber 2, Kratt 2, Joy 2, Parnell 1, S. Webber 1, Purrington 1. Time: 10-minute quarters. Referee: Bike, M. A. C.

ARMS 25 — TURNERS FALLS 49

The game at Turners Falls February 10 was very slow and uneventful. All the Arms players seemed to have a night off, while Turners was at its best. The final score was Turners 49, Arms 25. The summary:

ARMS	TURNERS FALLS
Dana Webber rf	Kellehar rf
Purrington lf	Escott rf
S. Webber rf	Sweic lf
Kratt rf	Lawrence c
Wells c	Stotz rg
Woods rg	Shea lg
Dana Webber rg	
Don. Webber lg	

Goals from floor: Sweic 9, Wells 8, Escott 5, Lawrence 4, Shea 2, Kratt 2, Dana Webber 1, Don Webber 1, Stotz 1. Goals from fouls: Escott 4, Sweic 2, Stotz 1, Kratt 1. Referee: Casey. Time: 10-minute quarters.

ARMS 25 — M. A. C. FROSH 16

The game February 17 with the M. A. C. Frosh was in strong contrast to the previous one at Turners Falls. All the Arms players were at their best and had but little difficulty in scoring over their older opponents. This was certainly the best game played so far this season. The Freshmen put up a

good game, but could not keep up to the pace set by the Arms players.

The whole Arms team played a wonderful game, while Reed and Thompson, former Greenfield High players, were best for M. A. C. The summary:

ARMS	M. A. C. FROSH
Dana Webber rf	Reed rf
Kratt lf	Moriarity lf
Purrington lf	McQuire c
Wells c	Blomquest c
Stetson rg	Mahoney rg
Don. Webber lg	McEwen rg
	Thompson rg

Goals from floor: Wells 6, Reed 3, Moriarity 2, Mahoney 2, Dana Webber 2, Don. Webber 2, Kratt 1. Goals from fouls: Kratt 2, Stetson 1, Moriarity 1, Referee: Sauter. Time: 10-minute quarters.

ARMS 18 — M. A. C. 2-yr. TEAM 17

On Friday, February 20 of the same week of the M. A. C. freshman game the 2-yr. team was defeated in Science Hall by a very close game, in which Arms proved the stronger by one point. This game proved to be equally fast as the freshman game but it was of a very different style.

The score at all times was uncertain, first one team being ahead and then the other. Whenever the 2-year team were in the lead they tried to "freeze" the game. This sort of playing makes a game more rough and blocking keeps a very small score. In this game every man on the Arms team again put up a great fight, while Capurneck and Town starred for M. A. C. The summary:

ARMS	M. A. C. 2-yr. TEAM
Dana Webber rf	Hartney rf
S. Webber lf	Town lf
Kratt lf	Davis c
Wells c	Capurneck rg
Stetson rg	Parsons lg
Don. Webber lg	
Purrington lf	

Goals from floor: Capurneck 4, Wells 4, Town 2, Dana Webber 2, Hartney 1, Kratt 1, Don Webber 1. Goals from fouls: Dana Webber 1, Don Webber 1, Town 2, Capurneck 1. Referee: Sauter, Time: 10-minute quarters.

ARMS 26 — ALUMNI 23

On Friday night, February 27, the rubber game with the Alumni was played. They showed a great spurt of speed and nearly

won the game. The final score was Arms 26, Alumni 23. The summary:

ARMS	ALUMNI
Dana Webber rf	Oats rf
Kratt lf	Shaw lf
Wells c	Tyler c
Stetson rg	Morrissey rg
Don. Webber lg	Leonard lg

Woods rg
Goals from floor: Don. Webber 4, Oats 3, Tyler 3, Wells 3, Dana Webber 2, Kratt 2, Shaw 2, Morrissey 1, Leonard 1. Goals from fouls: Tyler 2, Don Webber 2, Dana Webber 2, Shaw 1. Referee: Sauter. Time: 10-minute quarters.

ARMS 20 — WILLIAMS FROSH 51

The game on February 28, with the Williams Frosh was a very different game from the last two with Amherst. Again the Arms players seemed to be very much off form, while the freshmen showed very "snappy" pass work and a very good eye for the basket.

The whole Williams team played well while Dana Webber was best player for Arms. The summary:

ARMS	WILLIAMS FROSH
Dana Webber rf	Sharpe rf
Purrington lf	Rice lf
Kratt lf	Cudderback c
Wells c	Wood rg
Stetson rg	Sterling lg
Don. Webber lg	

Goals from floor: Cudderback 14, Sharpe 6, Rice 3, Dana Webber 3, Wells 3, Wood 2, Purrington 1. Goals from fouls: Dana Webber 4, Wells 1, Cudderback 1. Referee: Young. Time: 10-minute quarters.

ARMS 31 — SACRED HEART 39

In the game on March 3 with Sacred Heart of Holyoke, although greatly handicapped by a floor three times as large as our home court, the Arms team played a fast, clean game. Every man played well for Arms, while Goepfert was a high scorer for Sacred Heart. The summary:

ARMS	SACRED HEART
Dana Webber rf	Sheehan lg
Kratt lf	Grady rg
Wells c	J. O'Donnell c
Stetson rg	Lyons c
Don. Webber lg	Goepfert lf
	Sheehan rf
	Cavanaugh rf

Goals from floor: Goepfert 7, Sheehan 4, Kratt 3, Wells 3, Don. Webber 2, Sheehan 2, Cavanaugh 1, Stetson 1. Goals from fouls: W. Sheehan 4, Goepfert 3, Dana Webber 3, Wells 2, Kratt 1, Don Webber 1, T. Sheehan 1, J. O'Donnell 1. Referee: Connors. Time: 10-minutes quarters.

ARMS 21 — HOPKINS 26

The game with Hopkins on March 6 was in the first half very poorly and loosely played on the part of Arms the score at half time being 18-10 in favor of Hopkins. In the second half Arms seemed to have a new lease on life and out-scored their opponents. But the lead was too great and Arms suffered defeat, 26-21. The summary:

ARMS	HOPKINS
Dana Webber rf	Rojko lf
Kratt lf	Wancyke rf
S. Webber lf	J. Jackonoski c
Wells c	West c
Stetson rg	H. Jackonoski rg
Don. Webber lg	Tuderyn lg
Woods rg	Debrayin rg

Goals from floor: Rojko 5, Wells 4, Dana Webber 3, Wancyk 2, Tuderyn 1, J. Jackonoski 1, Stetson 1, S. Webber 1. Goals from fouls: Wells 3, Rojko 2, H. Jackonoski 2, J. Jackonoski 2, West 1, Wancyke 1. Referee: Sauter. Time: 10-minute quarters.

ARMS 33 — ATHOL 21

On Friday, March 31, Athol High played in Science Hall. The game was fast and clean. Athol without the services of their captain played a very good game, but could not keep up the pace after the first half.

Both showed good team work and no individual player starred for either team. The summary:

ARMS	ATHOL
Dana Webber rf	Orton rf
Kratt lf	Aikens lf
Stetson lf	Coburn c
Wells c	Cowick rg
Stetson lg	Choquette lg
Woods lg	Murphy rg
Mahoney lg	
Don. Webber rg	

Goals from floor: Dana Webber 5, Wells 4, Orton 3, Aikens 2, Kratt 2, Don. Webber 2, Stetson 1, Coburn 1. Goals from fouls: Aiken 4, Orton 3, Dana Webber 2, Don. Webber 1, Cowick 1. Referee: Sauter. Time: 10-minute quarters.

ARMS 50 — TURNERS FALLS 21

Arms celebrated St. Patrick's night by giving Turners Falls a grand beating with the score of 50-21.

This victory evened the score between the two schools as Arms was beaten earlier in the season by Turners Falls, 49-25.

Martineau and Szweic played the best for Turners. Dana Webber and Wells scored most of the points for Arms. Moreover, nearly all of the baskets were secured through the great pass work of the two backs and Kratt. The summary:

ARMS	TURNERS FALLS
Dana Webber rf	Martineau rf
Purrington lf	Szweic lf
Kratt lf	Prondecki c
Wells c	Shea c
Don. Webber lg	Stotz c
Stetson rg	Shea rg
Woods rg	Stotz rg
	Kellihar lg
	Escott rf

Goals from floor: Wells 10, Dana Webber 8, Martineau 3, Szweic 2, Escott 2, Kratt 2, Don. Webber 2, Shea 1, Purrington 1. Goals from fouls: Dana Webber 3, Szweic 3, Shea 2, Wells 1. Referee: Sauter. Time: 10-minute quarters.

ARMS 56 — SACRED HEART 31

On Friday, March 20, Arms evened the score with Sacred Heart by beating them 56-31. Sheehan played best for Sacred Heart, while the two Webbers were ringing them in from all angles of the floor for Arms. The summary:

ARMS	SACRED HEART
Dana Webber rf	Sheehan rf
Purrington lf	McCarthy lf

Kratt lf	Joyce c
Wells c	O'Donnell c
Stetson rg	O'Donnell rg
Woods rg	Burke lg
Don. Webber lg	

Goals from floor: Dana Webber 9, Don. Webber 7, Wells 6, Sheehan 6, O'Donnell 3, Burke 2, McCarthy 2, Stetson 2, Purrington 1, Joyce 1. Goals from fouls: Wells 3, Dana Webber 1, Woods 1, Don. Webber 1, Sheehan 1, McCarthy 1, Joyce 1. Referee: Temple. Time: 10-minute quarters.

ARMS 46 — DRURY 23

Arms closed its basket-ball season on Friday, March 27, by beating a special team from Drury High of North Adams.

Drury started off with a rush, scoring four points in the first minutes of play. Arms then found its stride and evened up the score in short order, never to be headed again throughout the game.

With all the players working as one, Arms closed a successful basket-ball season by the score of 46-23. The summary:

ARMS	DRURY
Dana Webber rf	Scarpetto lf
Kratt lf	Livermore rf
Purrington lf	Malloy c
Wells c	Reccetta lg
Stetson rg	Ashkar
Don. Webber lg	
Woods rg	

Goals from floor: Dana Webber 8, Wells 7, Livermore 5, Kratt 3, Don. Webber 2, Scarpetto 2, Rocetta 2, Ashkar 1. Goals from fouls: Livermore 3, Kratt 3, Wells 2, Stetson 1. Referee: Temple. Time: 10-minute quarters.

BASE-BALL

The schedule for base-ball is very heavy this year. We have fourteen games to play, six at home and eight out of town. The schedule is as follows:

- Saturday, April 18—Arms at Adams
- Wednesday, April 29—Adams at Arms
- Saturday, May 2—Williams Freshmen at Williamstown
- Tuesday, May 5, Drury at Arms
- Saturday, May 9—Turners at Arms
- Wednesday, May 13—Orange at Arms

- Wednesday, May 18—Deerfield at Deerfield
- Saturday, May 23—Turners at Turners Falls
- Wednesday, May 27—Sanderson at Ashfield
- Wednesday, June 3—Drury at North Adams
- Saturday, June 6—Greenfield at Arms
- Monday, June 8—Orange at Orange
- Wednesday, June 10—Sanderson at Arms
- Saturday, June 13—Greenfield at Greenfield.



BASEBALL TEAM

Last year four baseball veterans were graduated. We have filled these four places satisfactorily with Reed catching in place of Morrissey, John Mahoney in place of Barnard, Trow substituting for Call. Stetson has been placed in Shaw's place at shortstop, while Williams is holding third. Stan Webber is our second string pitcher with Don. Webber starting the games.

We have two new recruits. One, who held second base last year, will come with

his rifle to shoot all woodchucks appearing on the diamond. The other guarantees to keep every player from getting sun-burned, for he has been presented a new, wide-brimmed straw hat. (?)

Our first game, which was played at Adams, was won by our honorable team with a score 10-6, but when Adams came to Arms the tune was changed. Owing to the fact that Don Webber was a victim of the mumps our team was weakened.





Our Alumni



Shelburne Historical Society

The following lists of the graduates of Arms are as complete and accurate as the Alumni editors have been able to make them.

1883

The graduates of '83 are but six:

Grace Burrington married James Carr, a farmer. Her home is in Colrain, Mass.

Emma Gragg, now Mrs. A. W. Wilson, lives in Chicago, Illinois.

Alfred Howes is Superintendent of Schools in Manchester, Connecticut.

Myran Newton's occupation is farming in Zoar, Mass.

Herbert Phillips practices dentistry in Baltimore, Maryland.

William M. Pratt lives in Greenfield, Mass.

1885

Frank J. Ackerman is a physician in Ashbury Park, New Jersey.

Elvira Andrews is now Mrs. Barber of Putnam, Connecticut.

Anna Covell married Elmer H. Copeland, also of this class. He is a physician in Northampton, Mass.

Charles P. Dodge is a business man in Amherst, New Hampshire.

Ida S. M. Fletcher teaches in Greenfield, New Hampshire.

Gertrude Griebel married Dr. F. J. Caneedy. Her home is in Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Clara Hegus has become Mrs. Lincoln H. Sawyer of Whitingham, Vermont.

Daisy Jenks, Mrs. H. W. Watson, is deceased.

Robert J. Peaslee is a judge in Manchester, N. H.

Frank A. Philbrick is a journalist in California.

Winnie Purrington, Mrs. Nelson Purrington, lives in Colrain, Mass.

Edward S. Whitney practices law in New York. His address is 42nd Street Building, New York.

Merton Z. Woodward is a postmaster in Shelburne Falls, Mass.

1887
Frank D. Bardwell is living at Crestwood, New York.

Fannie M. Barnard is now Mrs. W. O. Long of Shelburne, Mass. She has two children, a boy and a girl.

Lottie R. Crittenden is a resident of Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Fannie M. Demors, Mrs. Frank S. Field, lives in Shattuckville, Mass.

Deane C. Howard was last reported as being in the Philippines.

William T. Patch's address is 196 Warren Street, Boston, Mass.

Lucia A. Peck resides at 139 Federal Street, Greenfield, Mass.

Jennie B. Powers married Edward C. Rice. She lives in Greenfield, Mass.

Ernest D. Richmond's home is in Reading, Mass.

Sadie E. Steigleder has become Mrs. Albert Frank. She may be addressed at 299 Pacific Street, Paterson, New Jersey.

Charles L. Upton is a physician in Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Charles H. Wilcox lives in Springfield, Mass.

We regret to state that three of our classmates are deceased—Ura G. Burrows, Ira M. Carley, and Alden C. Hutchins.

1897

Florence Amstein lives in Shelburne Falls and is a teacher of music.

Joseph Ballard lives in Greenfield, Mass.

Katherine Burke is now Mrs. Bardwell of Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Maud Elmer's address is 1743 Summit Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Grace Haigis is married to a Mr. Herog. She lives in Kingston, New York.

Howard Hall lives in Richmond, Virginia.

George Innis lives in New Haven, Connecticut.

John Manning and Bert Newell are residents of Shelburne Falls.

Marie Purington is now Mrs. Herbert Donelson of Colrain, Mass.

Florence Taylor, Mrs. Geddes, lives at 153 Woodlawn Avenue, Auburn, New York.

Celia Thorndike, now Mrs. B. E. Sawyer, lives in Fitchburg, Mass.

1901

1901's graduates number ten:

Phillip Eldridge lives in Shelburne Falls and is engaged in the shoe business.

Cora Hallam married Phillip Eldridge. Her son, Howard, is a student at Arms.

Charles Steward Holbrook is living in Hammond, Va.

Josephine Zraunig is now Mrs. Frank Ryan of Adams, Mass.

Fred W. Macher is living in Springfield, Mass.

Leon F. Payne is living in Edgewood, Pennsylvania.

Luther P. Perry resides at 35 Crescent Road, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Bertha Reed's home is in Griswoldville, Mass.

Mabelle Ware married a Mr. Garafals and resides in Roslindale, Mass.

Fred W. Winterhoulder is living in West Haven, Conn.

1903

The graduates of the class of 1903 number sixteen:

Francis Avery's home is in East Charlemont, Mass.

Rose Clark married Mr. H. S. Gilbert. Her address is 219 Van Buren Street, Pueblo, California.

Alice M. Chapman is now Mrs. Archibald Campbell of Hartford, Conn.

Bessie Hillman, Mrs. Albert Stetson, lives in Griswoldville, Mass.

Lura E. Hite, Mrs. Edward Moore, is deceased.

Grace Jillson has become Mrs. Guy N. King. Her home is in Readsboro, Vt.

John Kendrick lives in East Charlemont, Mass.

Alice Knowlton may be addressed at 147 George street, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Roy M. Koonz lives in Portland, Maine.

Maud Martor married William E. Gleason and lives in Heath, Mass.

Alice Merrill, Mrs. Herbert P. Ware, resides at 19 South Maple street, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

John E. Short lives in Kingston, New York.

Carrie Smith is now Mrs. Jacob Yetter of Fallon, Nevada.

Mabel Tower's home is in Charlemont, Mass.

Harold D. Wilson lives in Somerville, Mass.

1905

Robert B. Amsden is an electrical engineer of Chicago, Ill.

Stanley E. Ball has a position as curator of a museum in Honolulu.

Leander E. Bird is employed by the Goodell Pratt Company as assistant superintendent.

Ella Carpenter is teaching.

Nettie Canedy, now Mrs. A. W. Churchill, lives in Shelburne Falls.

William Patch, clerk and salesman, is at his home in Shelburne Falls.

Ralph Peterson, living in Lyonsville, Mass., is a carpenter.

Grace Rowland teaches in a Normal School, Hyannis, Mass.

Ellen Temple, Mrs. Irwin Gould, has made her home in Hawley, Mass.

Maud Tower, Mrs. F. S. Wood, is a Shelburne Falls resident.

Roy S. Turton has the position of chemist with Lamson Goodnow Company of Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Matt'e H. Wiley is teaching school.

F. Sidney Wood is a Shelburne Falls merchant.

George E. Turton with D. Overocher is time keeper in town.

Harold Crosier is a registered pharmacist of Shelburne Falls.

DECEASED

Rose A. Turton Foster Russell

NOTE:—It has been suggested that H. Crosier be included as he took a three and one-half year course and was very active in class affairs.

1906

Of the graduates of 1906:

Deane Ainsworth has a position in the Boston & Maine Railroad office at Springfield, Mass.

Grace P. Avery, now Mrs. Leon H. Mann, makes Wilmington, Vermont, her home.

Nathan Ballard is employed by the Potter Grain Company, Springfield, Mass.

Mabelle B. Call, Mrs. Roy S. Turton, is at home in Shelburne Falls.

Ethel Carrier is now Mrs. A. Aldrich of Charlemont, Mass.

Sadie Carter has become Mrs. Rolland Well of Malden, Mass.

Carleton P. Davenport holds the position of selectman in town.

Edna Davenport is now Mrs. Ralph Peterson, a resident of Colrain.

Deane R. Davis is an employee of the Pratt Drop Forge Company, Shelburne Falls.

Bessie Forber, living in Montpelier, Vermont, is employed by the Telephone Company.

Arthur Ford is with the company "Ford and Son", Charlemont, Mass.

Josephine Griswold, Mrs. Frank Thatcher, lives in New Haven, Conn.

Loreno Griswold is one of the Griswold Manufacturing Company of Griswoldville, Mass.

Hazel Kinsman continues her hat shop, "The Kinsmore", at Shelburne Falls.

Ivy B. Manning is now Mrs. Leander E. Bird, Shelburne Falls.

Harold March is in the South.

Ruby March, Mrs. Luther Allen, is a Shelburne Falls resident.

Mildred Perkins has married and makes her home in California.

Ruth Purrington teaches in the Baker School.

Fanny Shaw of Shelburne Falls is now Mrs. Harry Kendrick.

Walter S. Stanford is both contractor and carpenter, Shelburne Falls.

Inez Temple, Mrs. Frank Clark, is at her home in Charlemont.

DECEASED

Frank Tolman Eugene Cronan
Robert Williams

1914

Harry Alvord married a teacher from Colrain, and they live at 19 Carew Street, South Hadley Falls, Mass. They have a girl and a boy in their family.

William Bliss is married and living in Boston, where he is at the head of the Collection Department of the Shawmut National Bank a position which he has held for eight years.

Florence Brown, Mrs. Arthur L. Tinker, lives at 25 Hollywood Street, Worcester, Mass. She has a daughter three years old.

Ruth Chapman is teaching Commercial subjects in High School in Passaic, New Jersey.

Sarah Clark is Director of Americanization in Gardner, Mass. She has held this position for two years.

John Coombs is at his home in Colrain.

William Davenport is living in Nutley, New Jersey, and is employed by the Whitehead & Hoag Company.

Dorothy Davis is employed at the Esleek Manufacturing Company of Turners Falls.

Lucy Davis is engaged in government work in Washington, D. C.

Lila M. Gleason—deceased.

Alvin E. Harris—deceased.

Roger Peck is living in Shelburne. He is married and has two children.

Myrtle Perkins is teaching in Baker School.

Mildred Reed, Mrs. Edward Goodell, toured the South this winter with the Keith Circuit.

Doris Stockwell, Mrs. George D. Wood, lives in town. Her son is completing his first year at school, while her young daughter keeps her company at home.

Olive Storms is employed by the Griswoldville Manufacturing Co.

Florence Wells, Mrs. Robert Haeberle, lives at 133 Peterborough Street, Boston. She has a small son.

Luella Williams is engaged in nursing in Springfield, Mass. Her address is 63 North Main Street.

1920

Clarice Adams, now Mrs. Francis Streeter, is living in Greenfield.

Frank Adler is employed by the Standard Oil Company, Lima, Ohio.

Nelda Baldwin is now Mrs. Roy Lincoln of Shelburne Falls.

Honor Buell is attending Wheaton College.

Louis Cotlow is married and a resident of Kansas City, Mo.

Lora Donelson is teaching in Winchendon, Mass.

Dorothy Fairbanks has the position of dietitian in the Boston Sanatorium, Mattapan.

A. Marguerite Field is a senior at the University of Wisconsin.

Leon Calvin is at home in Colrain.

F. Kenyon Francis is traveling as insurance agent in the South.

Ernestine Geddes lives in Yonkers, New York.

Corrine Hill is a clerk of the First National Bank, Greenfield.

Francis Johnson is married and teaching in Sharon, Pa.

Mildred Jangro is at her home in Greenfield.

Deane Jones holds the position of book-keeper for the Lamson Goodnow Company in town.

Carl Nilman is at his home in Buckland.

Earl Oates is employed by the New England Box Company at Baldwinville.

Eva Paul is a stenographer of the Mayhew Company, Shelburne Falls.

Nellie Peck teaches in the Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.

Irene Richmond is a teacher of a Springfield kindergarten.

Helen Spinney has the position of secretary for Stone and Webster of Boston, Mass.

Myra Thompson teaches a kindergarten in Bloomfield, N. J.

Nelson Ward is farming in Buckland.

Mildred Wheeler is training at the Franklin County Hospital, Greenfield.

Dorothy Wheeler teaches in Northampton, Mass.

The editors have been unable to obtain any information concerning Osbourne Hutchens.

1924

The class of 1924, realize as never before what it means to be alumni of Arms Academy and to look back on the time we spent there as being the happiest days of our lives. We know that you will experience the same feelings soon after you leave your Alma Mater.

To begin, for a good beginning is very important, Marge Smith is keeping house for a minister in Shelburne. Can you imagine it? We have heard rumors about a Greenfield fellow also! Go to it, Marge, we'll hold your bonnet!

Marion Marshall and Hilda Thompson started out at Fitchburg Normal. Marion is sticking to her studies, while Hilda has returned home and evidently prefers to be a nurse-maid than a school-marm!

Don Morrissey and Red Leonard are working for the N. E. P. Co. at S. F. and Readsboro, respectively. Red is just the same old Red but you should hear Don talk about the Janes in Readsboro! Maybe someone could give you a little information about a teacher at Arms also.

Katy Wheeler and Margaret Bahr are in the H. H. Mayhew Co. office, while Myrt Arnold for a time was close by in the National Bank. Recently she began to have great fondness for "Flowers" and now we hear she has married a man by that name. We hope Myrt will be very happy and not disgrace our class in the divorce courts.

Florence Walden, Genevra Wells, Evelyn Hillman and Eleanor Booker are teaching

school. We fear Florence and Genevra will not be teaching long. And as for Eleanor and her "how"—just go to the movies some Saturday night.

Dot Rowland has graduated from Northampton Commercial School and is employed in an office in that city.

Margaret Bardwell and Mary Ellen Crockmack have attended Bay Path Institute during the past year.

Long Johnny Fellows is keeping up at Williams College.

Blanche Wilder is working in the office of Superintendent of Schools.

Murray Buell, the same, quiet, Murray, is attending Loomis Institute in Connecticut.

Marion Temple attends North Adams Normal School, while brother Wallace is a carpenter learning to build "love nests" for two—maybe.

Neale Truesdell holds down a seat in the office of the Griswoldville Manufacturing Co.

Laura Eastman is training to be a nurse in Greenfield at the Franklin County Hospital. Florence Eastman attends school in Boston and is to enter Framingham this fall.

Jane E. and Reuben Call are both at home on the farm, helping to supply the world with food.

Evelyn Hunter is attending North Adams Normal. It's too bad the Toonerville doesn't run over the Trail so Evelyn could be with Bill oftener.

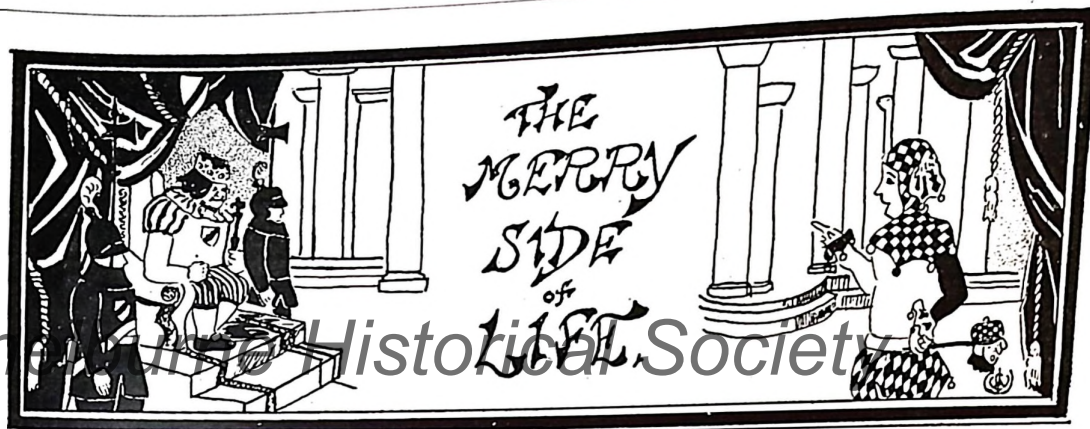
Remember Lilda Leonard's drawings we used to see in school, on notebooks, and people's faces? Lilda is going to develop her talents by attending Boston Art School.

Elsie Mattson has a position with the Heath Telephone Co. It's lucky her evenings are so arranged she can continue to educate Fay to become a ladies' man and to enjoy rides in the Maxwell.

Bill Shaw and Francis Wheler have been taking a P. G. course at Arms. Francis is now employed at March's Pharmacy. Wonder if he can see over the counter? Bill, our president, now has a B. B. degree—"Budding Banker"—First National Bank, Greenfield.

Rachel Purrington and Dutch Barnard are showing M. A. C. what Arms can produce. Dutch has taken up the art of "letter writing," having a regular correspondent at Fitchburg who wrote him on a dare. Watch out! Dutch, or there'll be another good man gone wrong. Trusting Rachel and Paul are still on friendly terms we are, with best wishes for the success of the 1925 Student,

The Class of 1924



CAUTION

Hark! the teacher's coming nearer,
Hide that note or she'll see it clearer;
"Do that again and you'll get an hour,"
Are her words with look so sour.

D. H., '27

WE WONDER WHAT WOULD
HAPPEN IF:

Ena should chew wood instead of Norwood
Our French teacher were the son of any one
but Ben

Glenn were white instead of Brown
"Charlie" were an iceberg instead of a
Halberg

Howard were a willow instead of a Reed
Rena were a rose instead of a Lily
G. Pierce were Gert-gentle instead of
Gert-rude

H. Pierce were Heaven-en instead of
Helen

Carolyn were a greaser instead of a Soper
Shippee were a fairy instead of a Fay
Gertrude were a colonel instead of a Mar-
shall

Isabel were a cockscomb instead of a Whit-
comb

Daisy were a bishop instead of an Abbott
Teddy were a book instead of a Page
Priscilla were a waltz instead of a March
Eileen were fog instead of Hayes
Carl and "A" were bushels instead of Pecks
John were a cave-man instead of a Hill-
man

Helen were a runner instead of a Walker
Albert were a hall instead of a Booth.

ANGEL FOOD

Bernice made an angel cake
For her darling Roger's sake,
"Roger, you a piece must take."
This she meant.

Roger ate it every crumb,
Then he heard the angels hum,
Calling softly, "Roger, come."
Roger went.

SHELBURNE'S PRIDE

Bewitching, beguiling,
Heartbreaking, that's sure.
It's you, oh! cruel Abner,
Who makes us girls poor.

A LONG TRIP

No wonder so many of us feel tired in
April. We have just finished a March of
thirty-one days.

TO MR. GLAVIN

You'll know him when you meet him,
And you'll find it worth your while,
To cultivate the friendship of
The "Man Behind the Smile."

YES, RATHER!

Mr. Dimlich, in History class: Why was
Charles V's reign uneasy?

Miss Greaves: Well, anybody's life
would be uneasy if he lived on a Diet of
Worms.

A MATTER OF CHOICE

Ruth: Why don't you have your hair
bobbed, Helen?

Helen: I can't decide what style to have it
cut! I don't know whether it would look
best as a wool mop or a "Fuller" brush.

A CARELESS MISTAKE

Mrs. Loomis—What do you think, Wal-
ter? I gave the dog one of those biscuits
I baked yesterday, and he buried it in the
garden.

Walter—Poor dog; he thought it was a
bone, I suppose.

A PUBLIC CONVEYANCE

Said in English IV-B. Johnson went to London with "Irene" and two guineas in his pocket.

HOW FOUR CLASSMEN ANSWER

A LADY:

Ignorant Frosh: Yup!

Foolish Soph: Yes—I guess so.

Wise Junior: Eh, I believe so.

Polished Senior (with a bow): Yes, Madam, if my impression is correct, I shall feel perfectly justified in responding in the affirmative.

OBSERVE ALL SPEED LAWS

Mr. Pollard: Why are you late, Wheeler?

Wheeler F.: I saw a sign down there which said, "School Ahead — Go Slow."

A MIDNIGHT RIDE OF THE ARMS FACULTY

After the Greenfield basket-ball game, Everyone was quiet and tame, The party consisted of the faculty stars, Who were riding home in one of Juddie's cars.

The Cole went running up the "heel," With Polly Nilman at the wheel, The engine kept behind the crank, Which made the gas drip from the tank. A cigarette butt, which someone threw, Set the gas on fire and scattered the crew, All hands stood round, throwing snow and ice,

While Dimlich, from a distance, offered good advice.

When the fire was conquered, and order restored,

They still had to wait, although they were bored,

And arrived home at daybreak, all sleepy and tired,

And the next day at school they nearly got fired.

If you want to know more about this trip, Just ask the faculty to give you a tip.

Fay Shippee, '25

OBVIOUS

You can always tell a senior by the way he is gowned,

You can always tell a freshman by the way he struts around,

You can always tell a junior by his worried looks and such,

You can always tell a sophomore, but you cannot tell him much.

THE BUCKLAND HACK

They say it is old
And well past it's prime,
But on runners or wheels
It is always on time.

Autos oft' pass it,
Because it's so slow.
But the tables are turned
When they're fast in the snow.

If the morning be cold,
And fast falls the snow
With its curtains drawn tight,
To Arms it will go.

If once it could speak
What stories 'twould tell,
Of laughter and jest
And school problems as well.

So all Hail to Trow's School team
With its cares and its joys.
Long may it carry
The girls and the boys.

Ella Trow, '27

POETIC FEAT

Bob Noonan's Orchestra played softly

"Give me a June night and you"

She gazed into his eyes

And breathed a sigh—

"Your dancing is like a poem."

She said—

"Yes, yes, go on," he

Murmured—

"A Freshman's poem,

The feet

Are all mixed up"

She answered.

R. B., '25

SPEAKING OF CARS

She—Oh! isn't that a wonderful moon?

Abner—Say, if you don't like this Ford, you can get out and walk.

ALL THE SAME

Fresh.—Do you believe there is a devil?

Soph.—No; it's like Santa Claus. It's your father.

VARIETIES OF POPK

Miss Bronson: Who was a contemporary of Iamb?

Miss Bergman: Bacon.

A COMMON OCCURRENCE

Hadley, in English: Of course, men often have women's hearts.

SAD BUT TRUE
 Later to bed,
 And later to rise,
 Makes the flunks swarm,
 Thicker than flies.

WHY NOT DOOMSDAY?
 Mr. Dimlich—"I'll give you a *day* to hand in your paper.
 Stud. (under breath)—Will Fourth of July be all right?

A TECHNICAL TERM
 Miss Bronson: What is a cavalier?
 Mahoney: It has something to do with horses.

EASILY EXPLAINED
 Teachers—Fools sometimes ask questions that wise men cannot answer.
 Stud.—I know now why I flunked my exam.

BROADCASTING
 Mr. Dimlich, in Plane Geometry: "Now, Will'ams, how do we solve this problem?
 Will'ams: First, construct a radio to the circle from O. to B.

SOME UNDERSTANDING!
 L. Kratt (in current events class): The next thing on the program will be an eclipse by Paul Cardwell.

A FLOATING FOREST
 Junior, translating Virgil: And all that night, hidden safely in the woods far out on the sea we endured this terrible thing.

SIMPLE ENOUGH!
 Little gas, little oil,
 Little spark, little coil,
 An old tin can and a two-foot board,
 Put 'em together and you have a Ford (like Wardie's).

THE BEST WAY
 R. Purrington—How do you keep milk from souring?
 Bill Shaw—I dunno.
 R. Purrington—Leave it in the cow.

A STUDY IN COLORS
 Fayette Mitchell—How can a black cow eat green grass, give white milk, and make yellow butter?
 Fay Shippee—For the same reason that blackberries are red when they are green.

THAT'S NOTHING
 Wardie—Is my tire flat?
 Ike—It's a little flat at the bottom, but the rest of it is O. K.

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE
 There was a little girl who had a little smile,
 She sent it to a little boy across a little aisle,
 He wrote a little note—but he made a little slip,
 And they both went together on a little office trip.

A DOUBLE DUCKING
 R. Upton in B. B.—What shower are you in Carolyn?
 C. Soper—I'm in two.

NO FAIR LOOKING!
 Xerxes sat on a high hill and watched the engagement. We would have liked to, too!

REAL PARISIAN
 Miss Benson (French I)—How do you say, "It is sloppy out" in French?
 Mitchell—It makes slop!

ACCORDING TO SHAKESPEARE
 Freshman Year—A Comedy of Errors.
 Sophomore Year—Much Ado About Nothing.
 Junior Year—As You Like It.
 Senior Year—All's Well That Ends Well.

QUEERLY AFFECTED
 Miss Plant (reading from a test paper) Ophelia was very happy and singing all the time. This was because she was crazy.

BRIGHT REMARKS OF FUTURE ALUMNI

1. Colloquialisms are slang words which have been naturalized.
2. De Valera—Owner of Irish Free State in Italy.
3. A flame of smoke came up through the floor.
4. The Monroe Doctrine was a speech given by President Monroe declaring—"Liberty and Union one and inseparable; now and forever." It was a speech given in regard to the states joining the League of Nations, and he sent a picture of a snake cut in pieces, and below it he wrote: "Join or Die."

HOW ABOUT A BUTTERFLY?

Mr. Shumway in Chem.—The same reaction occurs when an insect *bites* you. It may be a bee or a mosquito, or anything like that.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE

Don Webber—The cause of the war of 1812 was a hostile feeling between England and the Untied States.

Mr. Shumway in Chem.—Reed, where does gasoline go when it evaporates?
Reed—The same place your lap goes when you stand up.

Why do leaves turn red in the Fall?

Ans.—They are blushing to think how green they were all summer.

Minnie Reagey (reading theme) — I picked up my feet and aimed them for home.

Father—Why are you always behind in your studies?

Son—In order to pursue them.

A BELIEVER IN SIGNS

Mother of Frosh: Did you get the loaf of bread I sent you for?

Frosh: No, the store was closed.

Mother: Why the store couldn't be closed this time of day. Did you try the door?

Frosh: No, I saw a sign in the window which read, "Home Baking."

A QUESTION

We're sure that the chorus is good but don't you think the orchestra sounds better still?

And some day Mr. Miles' direful threats of detention will take effect!—Chorus—Beware !!

NATURALLY

Miss Smith, in U. S. History: Why was that corrupt body of men in New York called the "Tweed Ring?"

Hodgen G.: "They all wore tweed suits, I suppose."

GOOD SPIRITS

Miss Smith: Name an Era of Good Feeling in America.

Hodgen G.: The Whiskey Rebellion.

WHERE WAS THE HORSE?

Rosalia Vogel, in U. S. History: "Paul Revere rode the ride."

A COMPARISON

The gum chewing girl and the cud chewing cow,

There is a difference we will allow,
What is the difference—? Oh, I have it now,

It's the thoughtful look on the face of the cow.

Jerry, '26

US GENIUSES

Bernice G.:—Isn't it hard to write clever things?

Helen P.: Yes, I try to be witty like other great authors but I don't seem to succeed.

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A wife with paint in good condition.—John Glavin.

A talking machine.—Rolla Peterson.

Employment nights washing dishes.—J. G. Glavin.

WHAT'S A HUNDRED YEARS MORE OR LESS?

Mr. Dimlich in Geometry—This proposition was solved about two centuries ago.

Rus Purrington—How many years in a century?

Mr. Dimlich makes no reply.

Mr. Dimlich (ten minutes later)—The originator of this proposition lived two thousand years ago.

SOPHOMORE SILLINESS

G. Pierce—How long will he be mumping?

Manning in French—The weather is muddy.

P. March—Are the rings \$4.50 for all sizes?

IMPORTANT DUTIES

Helen—What do you do in the bank, Bill?

Bill—I'm a draft clerk—I open and close the windows.

THERE'S A REASON

1st Student: What is your idea of a good excuse?

2nd Student: One that will make Mr. Pollard have sympathy for you.

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OUR COMPLETE DEBT

Teacher—We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can anyone think of any other examples?

Willie Willis—Our lawn-mower from the Smiths, our snow-shovel from the Joneses, and our baby-carriage from the Bumps.—The Balance Sheet.

THE HELPFUL MICROBE

Johnnie—Pa, won't you please buy me a microbe to help me with my arithmetic?

Papa—What good will a microbe do you?

Johnnie—I just read in this paper that they multiply rapidly.—The Balance Sheet.

AN EPITAPH

Ben Higgins never would be passed,
He bragged his car's endurance.
He passed six cars with backward
glance,

His wife has his insurance.

—Pitt Panther.

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OBLIGING

Willie had almost finished his reading lesson when he came to a word he could not pronounce.

"Barque," prompted the teacher.

Willie looked at his classmates and grinned.

"Barque, Willie!" exclaimed the teacher harshly.

Willie, looking up at the teacher finally cried out, "Bow-wow!"

When baby Muriel woke up one morning she saw her first snow-storm. Running to the window, she gazed out upon the swirl of big snowflakes.

"Oh, mamma, tome quick!" she called in great excitement, "the outdoors has flewed all to pieces."

DRAWBACKS

"Do you like going to school, sonny?" the stranger inquired of 7-year-old Johnny.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "I like going well enough, and I like coming back too. What I hate is staying cooped up there between times."

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She—That's nice-looking candy in the store window, isn't it?

He—Yes. Want to stop and look at it a while?—Ex.

Teacher—Johnny, use *de*face, *de*ference, and detail in a sentence.

Johnny—*De* face of *de* cat went over *de* fence before detail.—Ex.

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That Depends.—"How far do you get on a gallon?"

"All depends on what's in the gallon."
—Juggler.

Thou Shalt Not Crib.—First Freshman in Math Exam—"How far are you from the correct answer?"

Second Freshman in Math Exam.—
"Two seats."—The A. & S. Link.

GET THE HOOK

Teacher: That character is written incorrectly. It should be written with a hook.

Student: Well, no wonder; I was writing it with a pen!—Gregg Writer.

NON-CONTAGIOUS

A girl who had just returned from Egypt was telling her mother about the Pyramids and other wonders.

Some of the stones, she said, were covered with hieroglyphics.

"I hope, dear," said her mother, anxiously, "you were careful not to get any of them on you."

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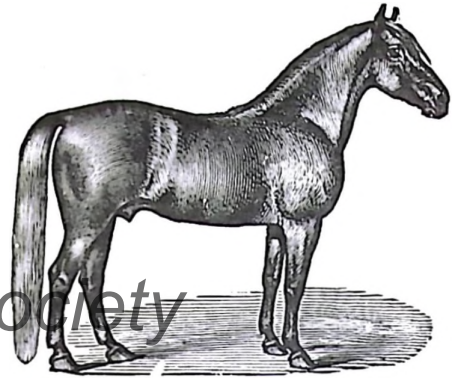
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THE LAST STRAW

Mamma (bringing her little lecture to an abrupt close as she was called from the room)—And all this trouble was caused by those bad thoughts in your heart.

Jamie sat for a few minutes the picture of distress, for he was really very sensitive about being thought "bad."

Aunt Milly came in, and being always solicitous about his health, exclaimed:

"Why, Jamie, how bad you look!"

This was too much, and Jamie burst into tears and sobbed out brokenly:

"I-I-k-new there w-w-was a b-bad spot in m-my heart, b-b-but I didn't k-know it s-s-showed clear through!"—Balance Sheet.

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DISQUALIFIED

Uncle Jack asked little Celia if she didn't want him to play with her.

"Oh, no," she said, "we're playing Indian, and you're no use," 'cause you're scalped already.—Gregg Writer.

Good Word For Fits. — Physician—
I've discovered a new disease."

Patient—"Call it "Pfxlzia."

"Why?"

"Because it just fits into a cross-word puzzle I'm composing."—Judge.

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Mistress: Is my bath ready, Clara?

Maid (no references): Why, this ain't Saturday night.

"How dare you? I bathe twice a day, of course. I don't want a maid as ignorant as you seem to be. Leave my employ."

"Ill go, all right. I don't want to work for nobody who needs a bath as often as you seem to."—Gregg Writer.

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Lucile, a carefully brought-up little girl of five years, returned from her first party in great glee.

"I was a good girl, mamma," she announced, "and talked nice all the time."

"Did you remember to say something pleasant to Mrs. Townsend just before leaving?" her mother asked.

"Oh, yes, I did," was the enthusiastic reply. "I smiled and said: 'I enjoyed myself, Mrs. Townsend. I had a lot better dinner than I thought I'd have.'"

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Prompt and Courteous Service

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Compliments

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The Charlemont Inn

Nellie (at supper table)—I guess our teacher don't know very much.

Mother—Why, dear, you mustn't talk so of your teacher. What makes you think that?

Nellie—'Cause she's all the time askin' us kids questions.

ARITHMETICALLY SPEAKING

Sunday-School Teacher—Willie, how many Commandments are there?

Willie—Ten.

Teacher—That's right. If you broke one of them what would happen?

Willie—There would be nine left.

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COMPLIMENTS

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The Co-Op. Store

Opp. Mansion House

Greenfield, Mass.

Blind Beggar's Day off—The benevolent old lady was about to drop her usual coin in the hat of the blind beggar at the corner. "You don't seem to be the same man who sits here always," she remarked. "No, lady, he's my brother." "I hope your brother is not ill," she went on. "Oh, no, mum," was the unexpected answer. "He's taken an afternoon off an' gone to the movies."—Boston Transcript.