

THE ARMS SENTINEL

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December 20, 1940

CHEERLEADERS SPONSOR CONTEST

Hip! Hip! Continue from this point and win big prize — for the cheerleaders are cooperating with Santa by sponsoring a contest. The clues to clear up this puzzling statement will be found in the following paragraphs.

To replenish their diminishing supply of cheers, the cheerleaders are giving a contest in which you, the Arms students and faculty, are

contestants. All you have to do is write a prize-winning cheer. The rules (of course, any good contest must have rules) are: (1) Cheers must be original (and we do mean original!). (2) Only cheerleaders are excluded from contributing. (3) All contributions must be dropped in the Sentinel Mail Box before 8:20 A.M. on January 14. (4) More than one entry may be submitted by a contestant. (5) Cheers composed of short snappy words are desired. (6) First quarter A.A.S.A. dues must be paid.

As a reward for your hard labor, the prize will be, if you are the winner, the payment of your remaining A.A.S.A. dues, or if your dues are paid the money will be refunded to you.

The judges for this contest will be Miss Flaherty and the eight cheerleaders.

HOT CHOCOLATE TO BE SOLD

The Household Arts department and the Student Council have arranged for the sale of hot chocolate every day at recess. This feature will begin on January 6.



STUDENT COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES "STEP OUT"

On Wednesday, December 11, Mr. Watkins and three of our Student Council members journeyed to the Springfield Classical High School where they attended a meeting of the Western Massachusetts Association of Student Governments.

The purpose of this organization is to hold conventions where representatives from high schools in this section of the

state can meet to talk over their problems and exchange helpful ideas. In order that this new enterprise run smoothly and successfully, a committee was chosen to discuss the possibility of a board of directors. It was also decided that another committee be appointed by the delegates of each school to draw up a constitution. John Pollard, a student of the Northampton High School, was chosen to be our representative.

Before the business meeting tea was served. Pupils from this school who attended were Marion Lee, Marjorie Deveney, and Jean Davenport.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

The main feature of the assembly program presented in observance of Christmas this morning was a play given by several members of the French Club under the direction of Miss Chase.

Scripture reading in keeping with the Christmas season was a part of the program.

In closing the student body joined in singing Christmas carols.

In recent issues of the Sentinel much has been said about our school spirit. Everyone admits that it is lacking, but the question is, "What can we do about it?"—Before suggesting a remedy, we must know the reason for its absence. My theory is that the general feeling of indifference, which reigns throughout the school this year, accounts for most of it for there is an old quotation, "As a man thinketh, so is he." Naturally, if you are in a depressed state, enthusiasm does not come easily.

But—what is the reason for this state of mind? Do you know? Perhaps you have your own opinion or are you too indifferent to even have that? Maybe it is the war which in itself has caused the whole United States to be somewhat down-hearted. In this respect all of us could take several lessons from the British, for they are certainly keeping an optimistic outlook.

Another thing to take into consideration is the amount of home work. It has a dreadful habit of accumulating until you have no time left for yourself. You get so tired doing the homework that when you're in school, your mind is too sleepy to function correctly. If we had longer, but fewer, periods and less homework, perhaps we wouldn't be so drowsy and would have time to work up a little enthusiasm for other things.

This suggestion should be considered because with less homework our health would be improved, and good health usually leads to happiness. With a happy mood, indifference would be eliminated, and Arms would resume its former pep and enthusiasm. Can't we do something about this? What is your idea?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Now that the Senior Play is over, and the cast has once more become ordinary human beings you would think that would satisfy us, but no, because we have a wonderful idea. A Dramatics Club! Of course we realize that for a good organization it means a lot of work, but the cast has decided that it would be worth it. I imagine that if any such thing were formed, it would be open to all persons who are interested in acting. Is there anything you could do to help us? Because I am sure that most of us are really sincere in our wishes. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Nathalie Smith

David Geddis, president of the senior class, has taken charge of this movement. -- Editor

ALUMNI NOTES

Bert Lee, '39, has completed the Master Mechanics course at the Casey Jones School of Aeronautics in Newark, N. J. He has accepted a position with the Wright Aeronautical Corporation in Paterson, N. J.

On Tuesday last Arms was honored by a visit from three former students, John Phillips, George Dinsmore, and Marshall Lamorie, all of whom are now in the Navy.

Dear Editor,

It has been suggested by a portion of the student body that the school hold a square-dance party. It has also been suggested that the Student Council sponsor this dance.

Many of the students feel that they would rather attend a square-dance in the gym rather than in halls outside of the town. It has been proposed that Mr. Tufts' orchestra furnish music and Frederick Walker prompt for the dance.

Would you please advise me what to do? Thank you.

Yours sincerely,
Jane Shippee, '41

I would suggest that you take this matter to a member of the Student Council. -- Editor

COMMERCIAL CLUB HOLDS CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Commercial Club held its annual Christmas party on Wednesday, December 18 at 2:30 in the assembly room. Santa Claus, who was represented by Joseph Giguere, appeared and gave presents to all. A part of the money from the treasury of the club was given to Mrs. Adler, the district nurse, so that she might buy gifts for a needy family. Refreshments in keeping with the Christmas season were served. The combined program and social committees were in charge of the party.

AUTUMN FANTASY



It was late October in the Berkshires. Nature had nearly finished painting her panorama of bright autumnal hues. On the mountain sides as far down the valley as the eye could see, gorgeous crimson and gold mingled with the brilliant rays of the morning sun. In the deepest dip of the valley was nestled cozily a farm house from whose spacious chimney a column of fragrant wood smoke traced fantastic patterns against the azure sky.

In one of the stuffed horse hair chairs on the broad veranda which surrounded the front and one side of the house sat a girl. She was staring down the valley, apparently seeing nothing, and it was evident that her thoughts were miles away. She was dreaming of the excitement which would come to her quiet valley with the first good snowfall. Then the city folks would begin to pour in by snow train and automobile with their freshly waxed skis and newly sharpened skates; for Maple Valley Farm was famous for its large skating pond and miles of open ski trails.

Norma dreamed on. With half-closed eyelids she was reliving the jolly times which she had had in previous years around the Yule fire after invigorating ski trips. Suddenly it was winter. A huge snowman loomed up on the front lawn, and a group of jolly fun-makers were throwing snowballs at it. One of the young men in the group tossed a snowball playfully at Norma, giving her quite a start. Then he came up and asked her to show him the ski trail. Norma agreed and entered the house to get her skis.

The young chap, whose name was Bud, helped her put on her skis. He then adjusted his own, and they were merrily on their way. After a considerable amount of gliding over the trails, they stopped to rest by the large pond. Bud remarked that the ice was perfect, and Norma agreed. Back they went to the house to get their skates.

Norma was the first on the ice. She had donned a brave scarlet skating costume with flaring circular skirt, and the locks of her chestnut-brown hair showed beneath a snow-white angora hood. Norma, realizing full well that she was pretty, prepared to give Bud a rare ex-

Continued in next column

THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Tis the week before Christmas, and all through the nation School children are awaiting the Christmas vacation; Their lessons are learned with the greatest of care, For the holiday spirit has got in their hair.

'Tis the week before Christmas and all through OUR school The pupils are trying to abide by the rule, But their minds seem to wander and lead them astray; They can't seem to conquer that strong urge to play.

The study halls buzz with excitement and noise, And frequently seen are the study room toys; Rubber bands, paper clips, even rulers and pens Are decidedly active till the period ends.

You teachers get angry, for you see no reason Why we should be restless this holiday season. But don't judge too harshly; the real joke's on you, 'Cause we know you're itching to leave this place too.

AUTUMN FANTASY - continued

hibition of figure skating. She skated fast; she jumped over barrels; she twirled until even the onlooker became dizzy; she finally glided gracefully up to her new admirer.

Yes, winter had come again, and again Norma was blissfully happy. That night as she lay in her bed she wondered whether she had impressed Bud. She felt that she must have; yet there was a disturbing lack of enthusiasm on his part.

Morning came bright and early; the snow glistened under the newly risen sun, and the earth was aglow with millions of tiny sparkling snowflakes. Norma arose quickly, dressed, ate her breakfast, and prepared to join the crowd. She could hear them laughing and singing as they made ready for a breath-taking, heart-warming sleigh ride in the newly fallen snow.

Norma ran to the door and stepped
Continued on page 5, col. 2

THE LAST SHOT

Crack! The shot echoed and re-echoed through the dense jungle until finally lost in some deep swamp. Again Stuart had missed that prize above prizes.

Stuart Obern had been sent to the jungles of Africa to obtain the head of an elephant for the Akron Zoo. The head had to be perfect in every respect, and Stuart had wasted no time looking farther after he had seen that beautiful young bull standing alone. He was on his way to the territory where large herds of elephants roamed freely when he had run onto this elephant. It was in a region where elephants hadn't been seen for many years.

But Stuart wasn't the only person to know of this specimen. Tom Ames, an old English hunter who had been living and hunting alone in this region for a long time, in fact about ten years, had been watching that young bull ever since it had come to those parts. His dream was to see the day when the bull would meet his mate and start a great herd in that section. Tom would as soon lose his right arm as to have any harm come to that elephant. From the first day he had seen Stuart Obern shoot at the great bull Ames had forgotten all about his other hunting and had spent all his time watching the elephant and keeping him out of Stuart's sight as much as possible by getting between the two and driving the elephant away.

The zoo man, of course, became wise to what was going on and paid a visit to the old hunter. He told Tom that he was after that elephant's head and warned him not to interfere. Tom said nothing, but he knew in his own mind that as long as he lived he would protect the great bull. Often the old hunter would scare Obern's native trackers off the elephant's trail by shooting over their heads.

Finally as the time of the expedition began to grow short, Obern planned a hunt accompanied by two natives only. He was determined to follow the elephant to the end of the world, if necessary. It was on the third day of the hunt when Tom, who had been trailing them, came to an open space on a side hill and, looking across to the opposite hill, saw Stuart and his two natives standing very still at the edge of a clearing. As he watched the men

Continued on Page 5, Column 2

IN PRAISE OF CATS

What pet best fills a household's needs? A dog or welcome mat? Oh, no, if you'll take my advice, You'll promptly get a cat.

A cat won't chew the furniture Nor will he bury bones; His name can be Napoleon Or ordinary Jones.

Cats come in grey, white, brown or black With spots or stripes or plaid; A tabby's right for Mother, A manly "Tom" for Dad.

You understand, dear reader mine, We speak of feline cats, And not the genus feminae Who chats about her hats.

I hope that you will realize How much it means to me To have you each adopt at once A feline family.

Arlene Wood, '41

A LETTER FROM A FRESHMAN

Dear Alma Mater:

I stand within your doors--a lowly freshman. You are an ideal school for any freshman to enter, and I am proud to be one of your pupils. Some of your older children have made fun of me and my classmates, making me feel very small and unimportant. But that feeling soon vanished with the realization that they, too, were wearing the same shoes not so long ago. We can take it. Other freshmen classes did!

You have so many activities, and fun is everywhere. Chorus, art, gym, assembly, band, dancing school, and dances! Fun can be found in every one of these. Only in high school can the humor in some of us come bubbling out during classes. In grammar school all talking and joking stopped as soon as classes began.

The teachers are grand people; they understand things. I wish more people were like them. I'm glad that I'm not a senior, for four of the best years of my life are just ahead of me.

Thank you for the warm welcome extended to us. We shall try to repay you for your kindness to the youngest members of your family.

Loyally,
Virginia Crafts, '44

YOUNG BRITAIN FACES WAR

In a recent editorial entitled "God's Country" the subject of patriotism was discussed. In Britain today one of the greatest tragedies of history is being enacted. In letters from some of the youth of England, we Americans find that these youth have not lost their courage; in fact they are more courageous if anything. Read from a letter to Doris March from Marjory Russell, who lives on the coast which is the front line of defence:

"You are certainly very lucky to be able to go away to a summer camp. Of course hardly anyone here has had a holiday this year. All the east coast is Defence Area and no one is allowed there without a permit, and no one can get houses on the west because of the evacuees there.

"Yes, England is a different place to live in nowadays. Nearly all the men are in some Defence Unit. We have the Home Guard, which would actually help the soldiers in case of invasion and all the various First Aid and Air Raid Precaution Volunteers. Many of the women too are in uniform, and nearly all the rest can do First Aid. So you see we are all ready.

"As you say we are certainly doing well holding the Nazis at bay. Pity help you over there if we don't-it will be your turn next. We aren't the French or the Belgians--we know how to fight, especially for our Motherland.

"Do you get a lot of German propaganda over there? You can bet your life it's all bosh. According to Hitler we are starving and all our cities are in ruins. Don't believe a word of it. We have never gone without one meal yet and there is not one city in ruins.

"Certainly they have raided many times but they are scared stiff of our Spitfires and Hurricane fighters and quickly disperse when the R. A. F. go up.

"-----But we still survive and everyone is terribly cheerful."

This just about covers the spirit of entire "young England" but I would like to mention just this small bit from a letter from the western part of England near Liverpool--from Stanley Walker to Carolyn Johnson:

"Well, I suppose you have heard a lot about the war. Well, if anyone suggests to you we are losing, you know what to call them. Except for air raids we hardly know there is a war on. We

have had quite a few bombs around here but none have hit a military object. Two fell in a golf course, one in a cemetery, about four in some playing field, the rest on houses."

Do not these show the enthusiasm and courage with which the youth of England is fighting its war? What a fine example of patriotism they are showing us, and we hope we will set as fine an example if the same tragedy should come to us.

AUTUMN FANTASY Continued

eagerly into the snow. But what was this? There wasn't any snow! She looked at her feet. They were half-buried in leaves. Bright autumn leaves! And the sleigh, the people, the laughter? All, all were gone. Suddenly into the confusion of her bewildered brain came a familiar voice.

"Norma? Norma! For heaven's sake, child, why are you sleeping on a day like this? And the way you walk in your sleep! Some day you'll surely hurt yourself. Now come into the house this minute and help your mother clean the spare rooms for the winter tourists."

Lois Wilde, '42

THE LAST SHOT Continued

from his hiding place in the jungle growth, Tom saw something which froze his blood. There within easy gun-shot range of Stuart stood the great bull. Hardly knowing what he was about to do, Tom whipped up his rifle, took careful aim, and fired. The big elephant went down screaming but jumped up again and ran within twenty feet of Stuart. But the latter did not shoot. He knew too well what would happen to him if he presented the boss with a specimen from which the tusks had been half shot off!

Tom Ames, watching from the opposite hill, saw Stuart Obern bow very low in his direction, turn, and disappear into the jungle.

Earl Lowell, '42

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE SENIOR PLAY

	Receipts	Expenses
Afternoon	\$ 29.35	
Evening	192.60	
Candy	16.09	
Miscellaneous	.24	
Royalty		\$50.00
Playbook		9.94
Printing		7.75
Miscellaneous		6.60
Totals	\$268.28	\$74.29
Net Profit	\$193.99	

SECOND IN A ROW FOR THE GIRLS

Keeping up the good work started last week, the Arms girls defeated Charlemont by a score of 28 to 20. The game was played at Goodnow Hall in Charlemont as part of a twin bill with the boys playing afterward.

The girls had great difficulty in adapting themselves to the small floor, but even this didn't baffle them for long. The score at the half was 19 to 9 in Arms' favor. Carolyn Cress was again high scorer for Arms with 14 points, and Charlotte Henderson was high scorer for Charlemont with 12 points.

Dot March, a post graduate, did the refereeing at the request of the officials of Charlemont, and congratulations are in order for the fine job.

ARMS GIRLS VS SANDERSON

A strong Arms girls' team opened its 40-41 basketball season Thursday afternoon, the 12th, by beating the Sanderson girls 61 to 10. The game was played in the Cowell Gym starting at 3:30 p.m.

It was an unusually fast game, and at the half the score was 31 to 0. Carolyn (Tissy) Cress was high scorer for Arms, tallying thirteen times for a total of twenty-six points. Muriel Ice was high scorer for Sanderson with a total of six points.

Miss Flaherty had two full teams ready for action, and everyone was given a chance to play for two quarters.

The officials for the game were Miss Lynch, Greenfield coach, referee, Eleanor Perkins, scorer, and Robina Schechterle, timer.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL SCHEDULE, 1940-41

Month	Date	School	Time	Place
Dec.	12	Sanderson	3:30	Home
	17	Charlemont H.S.	7:30	Away
	19	Alumni	7:30	Home
Jan.	8	Greenfield H.S.	3:15	Home
	15	Turners Falls H.S.	3:00	Away
	21	Deerfield H.S.	3:00	Home
	31	Orange H.S.		Home
Feb.	7	Greenfield H.S.	3:15	Away
	14	Deerfield H.S.	3:15	Away
	25	Orange H.S.		Away
March	4	Sanderson	7:30	Away

BOYS WIN OPENING GAME 34-16

Tuesday night the boys' basketball season opened with a 34-16 win over a scrappy Charlemont quintet. Arms was first to score, but Charlemont followed up to tie, then lead, at the end of the first round, 9-7.

Arms went on a scoring spree in the second stanza to lead at the half to the tune of 21-11.

The Arms scoring machine kept on rolling up points to lead at the end of the third period, 25-14.

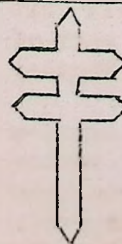
With a safe lead of 32-14 in the middle of the fourth quarter, Mr. Aaron substituted with a second team, which held the Trail-towners to two points while they scored four. The game ended with Arms on the long end of a 34-16 score.

The most unusual feature of the game was Charlemont's scoring, for they made fourteen of their points from mid-court with long shots. Our scoring honors go to Goodnow and Shulda, who made well over twenty points between them.

JOYEUX NOEL

On Wednesday, December 18, 1940, between the hours of 7:30 and 9 the French Club held its annual Christmas party in the assembly room. The entertainment was furnished by the various French classes. The feature attraction of the evening was a French play, translated into English, titled "A CHRISTMAS TALE". The cast consisted of Henry Samoriski, Gladys Geiger, Martin Rancourt, and Jane Graves, all in the class of '41. Carol singing in French was the contribution of the class of 1942. The senior French students gave an explanation of French customs. The Freshman Latin class was invited to attend and sang in Latin "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem." Mr. and Mrs. Watkins were guests of the club.

Instead of exchanging presents among the members as in previous years, small gifts were brought to be used to brighten the Noel for a needy family.



ARE YOU
WEARING A
BANGLE PIN?