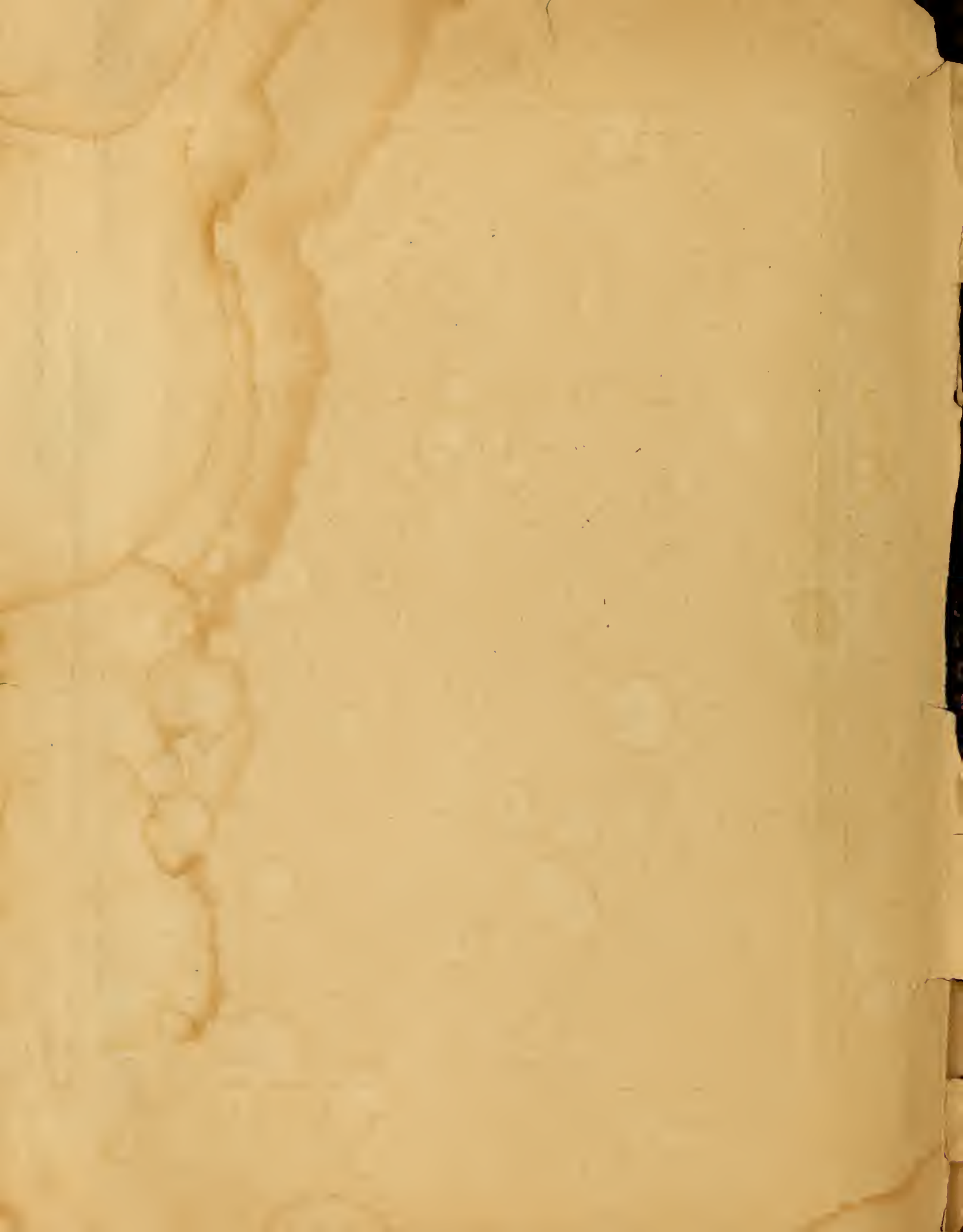


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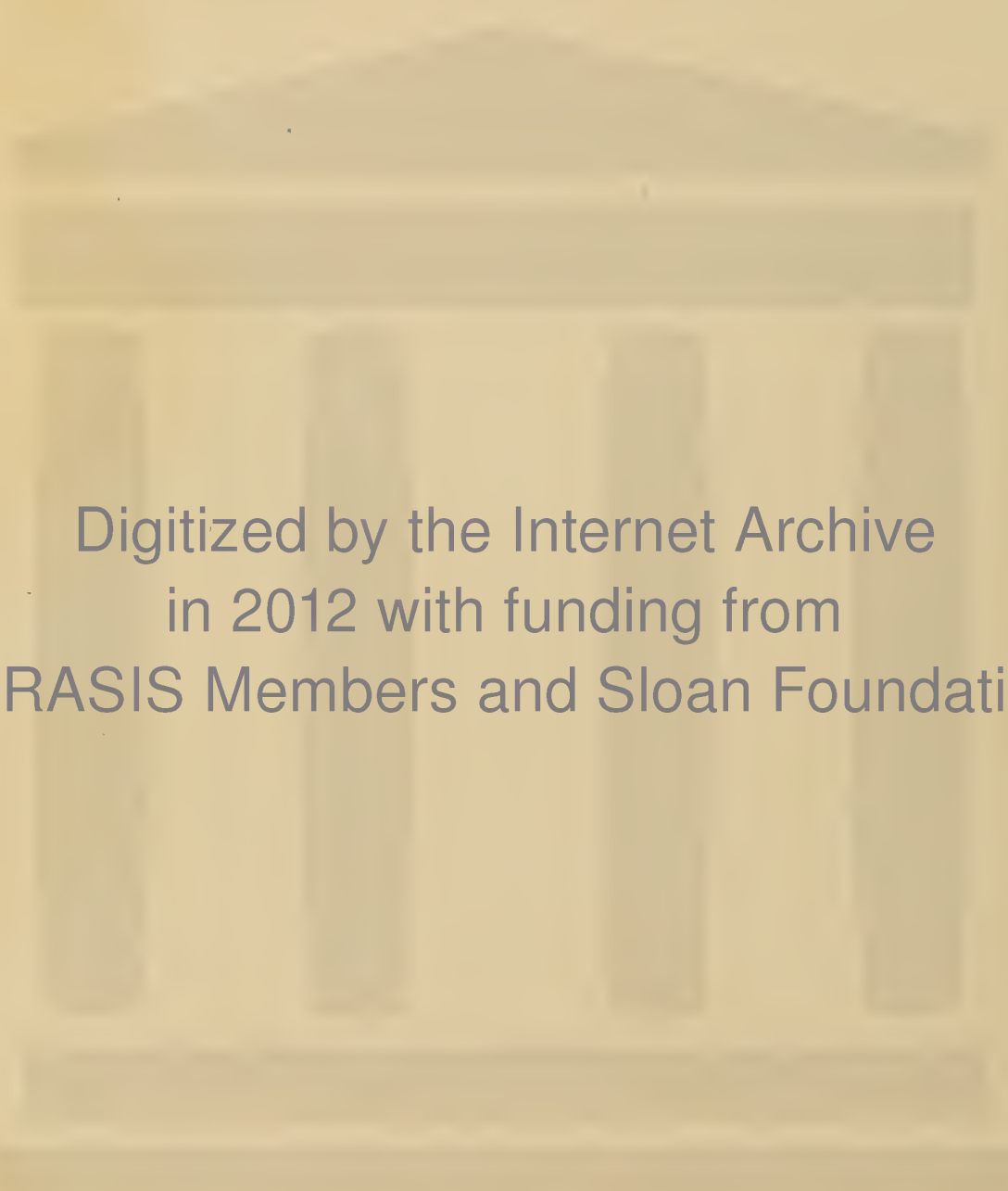
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THE AXIS

NORTH ADAMS NORMAL SCHOOL

Volume 1

JUNE, 1922

Number 4

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editors	3	Prophecy on the Prophet	22
Editorial	3	Class Will	22
Dedication	4	Presentation of Class Gift	22
School Picture	4	Class Statistics	23
Faculty of N. A. N. S.	5	Glee Club Picture	24
The Class of '22	10	Glee Club Concert	24
Class Picture	15	The Banquet	25
Class Day Program	16	Senior Notes	26
Graduation Day Program	16	Letter from Miss Braden	26
Address of Welcome	16	Normal Wit	27
Address to the Juniors	17	Music Cabinet	27
Response	17	To the Men who Criticize Bobbed Hair	27
Class Song	17	Jokes on Seniors	27
Ivy Oration	18	Can You Picture	28
Ivy Poem	18	Athletics	28
Class History	18	Advertisements	29
Class Prophecy	20		

Editorial

"If little labor little are our gains
Man's fortunes are according to his pains."

WE the Class of 1922 feel that above all else this thought has been impressed upon our minds in our beloved Alma Mater. We cannot expect to achieve success unless we put our hearts and minds into the task and make a strenuous endeavor.

Now, as we leave this school and go out on our own responsibility some of us will enter busy, humming cities and mingle with the crowds rushing incessantly onward; others will take up their work amid the tranquil scenes of rural communities, but everyone of us will try to lead the youth of America to paths which will enable them to make this world,

"A common weal of brothers, united great and small
Upon whose banner blazoned be, the charter, 'Each for all'."

And we feel that we may take this thought as our motto, giving our earnest efforts to the tasks which are before us.

In the years which are to come may the North Adams Normal School have reason to be proud of the accomplishments of her Daughters of '22

Clara M. Thurber



MR. ROY LEON SMITH

Normal School. What memories we have of our Alma Mater, but what would our school be without Mr. Smith? Nothing! Why do we admire him? Oh, because of his wonderful human touch, his love of nature, his infectious humor, his patriotism and teaching ability. We know that we have a true friend in Mr. Smith and we will do our best to live up to his ideals for us.

Mr. Smith we wish you every success in life.



MR. FRANK F. MURDOCK

*"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."*

The principal of North Adams Normal School for twenty-four years. What a record! What manner of man is he? He is our friend, always, a dreamer of dreams, a thinker who is ahead of his time, a firm believer of the brotherhood of man, and a man of action. This is our Mr. Murdock of whom we are justly proud and the man to whom we wish all success and happiness.

Dedication

WE have had the privilege of being piloted through our two years of Normal by two truly great men. Their many acts of kindness and their sympathy for us have helped us to have more confidence in ourselves. They have ever tried to set before us the highest ideals and although we sometimes have fallen down and felt that we could not go on these two men have held out their helping hands and given us fresh courage to start anew.

We shall endeavor to live up to the ideals which they have given us and if they ever do have reason to be proud of us it will be because of their efforts in our behalf.

In loving appreciation of their friendship and interest the class of 1922 fondly dedicates this paper to Mr. Roy Leon Smith and Mr. Frank F. Murdock.



TACONIC HALL

RESIDENCE
MR. ROY LEON SMITH
PRINCIPAL
NORMAL SCHOOL

NORTH ADAMS NORMAL SCHOOL

THE FACULTY



MRS. DONNA D. COUCH

"And her daughters shall rise up and call her blessed."

If we were asked whom we loved best up here, the invariable answer would be—Mrs. Couch. You ask why? Because Mrs. Couch is everyone's friend for she is so kind and gentle. She is our ideal teacher and principal and a true woman. If there are any burdens to be borne Mrs. Couch tries to help us carry them. So we the class of '22 shall always love her and wish her all possible happiness.

MISS MARY A. PEARSON

*"So long as we love, we serve,
So long as we are loved by others, we are indispensable."*

Twenty-five years ago Miss Pearson came to our Alma Mater, and for twenty-five years,—yes, longer than that, she has loved her work and surroundings. How we all have enjoyed the days spent in Miss Pearson's room where we learned to appreciate, through her gracious manner, the principles of art. Was there ever a person just like our Miss Pearson? If there be, we have yet to find her.



MISS ANNIE C. SKEELE

There was a lady in our school
And she was wondrous wise.
She taught us all about the bones,
The muscles, nerves, and eyes.
She put us through the games and drills
At a most unusual speed
And when it came to climbing hills
She always took the lead





MISS MARY L. BARIGHT

*"I have labored,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way."*

The "one way" in which Miss Baright has led our class has always been the very best.

Did we ever have anything worth-while along the dramatic line but that its success could be traced to Miss Baright?

How well we remember those last periods before vacations when we were tired and anxious for train time to come, she would take a book, read us some poems or stories in such an extremely interesting as well as dramatic manner, that the hour would speed along as though it had wings.

The class of '22 has enjoyed all its work with Miss Baright and appreciated the much needed aid that she has always been willing to render.

Though her years be many and her years be long,
Her Normal friends are true.



MISS ROSA E. SEARLE

Who does not know Miss Searle with her hustling, bustling air? We see her hurrying through the assembly hall and the corridors always with something to do. We have learned from Miss Searle, that by not wasting the "Golden Moments," we can attain success. What more valuable lesson could any teacher impart to us, who are about to enter a very difficult career?

We wish Miss Searle all the happiness she has given us and hope that many more may be benefited by her kindness and sweet nature.



MR. ALBERT G. ELDRIDGE

So sweet a dignity sits enthroned upon his brow;
So filled with kindness is the sunshine of his face;
'Tis true, a blessing that we had him now;
Nor time, nor distance can his memory efface.
And yet always, always, doth such calmness rest
Upon the brow unlined by toil or care:
When reading of the lads of Rousseau's time oppressed,
His voice in clarion thunder rends the air,
And Saviors weep. Their tears fall unrestrained,
But Mr. Eldridge's calm is maintained.

MISS ANNA J. LAMPHIER

To Miss Lamphier we owe our desire to do the things which we do to the very best of our ability. She was never satisfied to say, "That will be all right." It must be as nearly perfect as our unskilled fingers could make it and, to our surprise, we have often found that we really could do something worth-while when we found that we had to do so.

Often we have objected to perfecting our handwork but we thank Miss Lamphier for insisting upon our doing so for we realize that some day we shall appreciate it more than now.

May this teacher of ours have many happy experiences in the years which are to follow and may her success be greater every day.



MR. THOMAS F. CUMMINGS

Mr. Cummings! Mr. Cummings! Who has ever come to Normal School and not heard the praises of this man from one end of the building to the other. Has he deserved this praise? Indeed he has. Those who attend his handcraft classes do so with joy and delight, even though it is hard at times to do the sawing and hammering which he so pleasantly requires. The members of the class of 1922 can vouch for that.

In leaving we hope that Mr. Cummings will always have the many friends he has gained during his stay at Normal.

MISS BERTHA M. SHOLES

As we go into our class rooms all our teachers will ever be before us, but in a few years when the class room is left and we decide to teach just one pupil we shall find one coming to our minds more prominently than the others.

Who was it taught us to cook so tastefully,
To lay the table so it looked so daintily,
To make our clothes and dress so modestly,
And spend our pennies very cautiously.

Even the pests we can greet most cordially
For did she not teach us very thoroughly
How to exterminate these most quickly.

When we stop to think
Is there anything she's not taught us to do,
Which we will need to use in our house for two?





MISS FANNIE A. BISHOP

Our Miss Bishop has not been with us long but is there anyone who does not remember the little lady with the kind, smiling face?—the lady whom the little children of the Kindergarten adore, and whom we all look upon with respect. Her loving ways have endeared her to all who have worked with her or been connected with her in any way.

Although success has already been gained, we wish her still more in the years to come.

MISS MARION E. FEELEY

There she goes! You can only get a glimpse of her for she's a very busy person. Everyone knows Miss Feeley by her gracious smile and her snappy walk as she hurries thru the corridors.

Pittsfield presented us with Miss Feeley to take charge of the correspondence courses in September, but this was not her first appearance here for she is proud to say that she is a graduate of North Adams Normal.

In Psychology classes, the Seniors have found her a walking encyclopedia for she's always ready with an answer for every question.

With such qualities, Miss Feeley is sure to be a success in life and our wishes for happiness and prosperity go with her.

MISS OLIVE DAVIS

*"Happy, thrice happy; every one
Who sees his labor well begun
And not perplexed and multiplied
By idly waiting for wind and tide."*

Miss Davis came to us as Miss Allyn's successor in the middle of our Senior year and, though we have known her but a short time, she has already won her way into our hearts. Whenever we enter the work-room, she greets us with a happy smile which cheers us for the tasks of the day. We wish our new-found friend the best of success in the years to come.





MISS EVELYN ALLYN

Miss Allyn, dearly beloved by every member of the Class of '22, was with us only a year and a half having left us in the middle of our Senior year to accept a more responsible position elsewhere. She was a very busy lady, carrying on the secretarial work connected with the correspondence department, but she was never too busy to give a cheery word of greeting and a pleasant smile and sometimes, when she was not too rushed, we extended our business in the work-room—perhaps breaking the points of our pencils or the like—in order to have a little chat with this friend of ours.

As we begin our new careers we wish her all success and happiness in her's.

MRS. TIERZA VAN ETTEN

A friend indeed,
Has Mrs. Van proved
To the class of '22
Who into the world
Are now about to move.

"Oh, Mrs. Van! may we do this, or may we do that? is a phrase constantly heard at the dormitory,— and did she ever refuse? Never!

She has truly been a "Mother Van" to each and everyone of us and we are grateful to her from the bottom of our hearts.

She has served as "Mother" to the girls of Taconic Hall for several years and we sincerely hope that she will be here many years to come to guide other foot-steps aright.



MISS TERESA V. FERGUSON

*"With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful in all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."*

Our Miss Ferguson, although a very busy and efficient business woman, has played a very real part in our lives during our brief stay here at North Adams Normal School. She not only signs our checks; pays us for work we have done but she always has a cheery word and a glad, "Good morning", for each of us



THE CLASS OF 1922



HELEN BARROWS
Dorset, Vt.

*With pleasant manner, a friend
most true,
Very neat—oft dressed in blue;
Here she came from her native
state,
To gain a store of knowledge
great.*

Always modest and unassuming, Helen Barrows has gained a place in the life of each of her companions which will always remain her own.

Generous, helpful and obliging, she shows that her previous teaching experience is but a stepping-stone to the things she will do in the future.

The Class of '22 wishes her all manner of success.



GRACE BOYDEN

*A lovely dark-haired maiden!
Whose days are calmly spent,
But when once you get her started
On wild fun you'll find her bent.*

Grace joined us from the sunny hills of Conway, that town in Franklin County, whose praises she is always singing. The sunshine of her native town has entered into her disposition and enabled her to greet us even on a disagreeable morning, with a cheery smile. As quiet as a mouse, at school, but at home—Oh My!



MARION BENCE
Pittsfield, Mass.

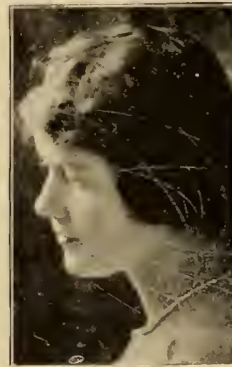
*One of the greatest gifts of heaven
—good-sense,
Is possessed by our Marion
Bence.*

Doesn't this describe our quiet, dignified Marion to a "T"? And yet when one really knows her, she is just as jolly as the next one!

Marion has been with us only this year, but we think as much of her now, as we do

of those who have been with us always.

Where-e'er she goes, her quiet, self-reliance will gain respect and success for her.



MILDRED A. BOYLE
Hatfield, Mass.

*"May your joys be as deep as
the ocean,
Your troubles as light as its
foam."*

If all the folks in Hatfield are like "Milly," we feel it would be a nice place in which to live. Very little noise was credited to her while she was living in 37 and her lovely dignity has been an example for us all. Although Mildred

does not enjoy participating in the more strenuous sports, yet '22 has always found her a loyal rooter at our games.

We feel that a literary career will claim this classmate some day, but whatever she undertakes, will be noble and successful.



M. VIVIAN BERRY
Greenfield, Mass.

*"A very gentle heart and a good
conscience."*

By her work as Class Secretary and President of the House Council, Vivian has demonstrated that industrious girls come from Greenfield. Nevertheless, she has never been in the least averse to any good time that might come her way.

The class of 1922 wishes her great success.



MARGARET RITA BRENNAN
Bradstreet, Mass.

*"None knew her but to love her,
for she made pleasure a
business and business a pleasure."*

Up from Bradstreet to our Normal—what a career! "Pep" and popularity were her passions, and fun, her reward. Peggy was invariably up to mischief, and her naughty twinkle usually gave her away in the midst of some prank, midnight spread, or basketball game.

We're sorry Peg was unable to finish the year with us, for she is an honest-to-goodness, all-round sport.



ALEXINA CAISSE
Willimantic, Conn.

*"She's here, she's there, she's everywhere,
But where is she?"*

"Alex" joined our class from the "Nutmeg" State. Although her Senior year is the one she chose to spend here, we feel as well acquainted with her as tho she had been a Junior with us.

How this young lady does love to visit during study hour!

Nevertheless for her to fail in classes would be unheard of. It always is a marvel to us where Alex keeps her great variety of topics with which she ever entertains us, so that they are ever at her command.



ANNE CURTIN
Farnums, Mass.

*"Anne is jolly, Anne is gay
Anne is sweet in her own true way
For Anne likes Charlie and all
that's nice,
And we hope her life will be
full of spice."*

Here's to Anne, our little bobbed-haired girl from the big city of Farnums. She was always on the alert "for fun and frolic" but on the other hand, very industrious and able to

sustain her place in class.

In our class play did she not make an excellent Lieutenant? As our class treasurer, she showed her great ability in handling money and much credit and appreciation is due her.

That she will make a success in life wherever she goes, we all feel sure.



RUTH T. CARPENTER
North Adams, Mass.

*"Naught is denied her; mind alert
intent;*

*Eyes that look deep into the
hearts of things;*

*A skillful hand to shape; a firm
will bent*

*On purposes that have no petty
ends."*

Ruth decided to come to Normal only after having taught two years. Because of her experiences she was always

chosen to lead. As a Junior she served as Class President in which office she was successful, but she has made herself felt in classes as well as outside. Jolly and eager to enter into any good fun, she is equally ready for work, so that there is no question as to her future success.



MRS. DORA L. DOTY
West Stockbridge, Mass.

*"A loving heart is the great
requirement—to comfort and
befriend those in suffering."*

We felt it a great privilege to welcome to our number, last fall, Dora L. Doty, a woman of rare ability and sterling qualities.

She may truly be called "Mother" by both seniors and juniors, since any little vexing problem, impulse or fancy

is soon made straight by her wise counsel. May she be successful in all she does!



DOROTHY M. CHAPIN
Alford, Mass.

*"Ready in heart and ready in
hand."*

Here's Dot Chapin with her pleasant smile, who came to us from Alford. Whenever we came in contact with any perplexing problems, our beloved and loyal classmate was always on the alert to help us.

If you wish any one to do you a favor, my advice would be to seek Dot.

As she loves all out-of-doors and enjoys long tramps into the country, we can safely predict that Dot will teach where she can enjoy nature.

Wherever she goes, our best wishes will always be with her.



RUTH GRAHAM
North Adams, Mass.

*"May your skies be bright and
blue,*

*May you succeed in all you do,
And when you begin to fret,
Remember, dear, we love you yet"*

When we, the class of '22, arrived here at Normal, we were glad to welcome as one of our number, Ruth Graham, a very sedate young lady. Her even temper and serenity will ever remain fresh in our mem-

ory. Tho Ruth is our "Quaker Maid" in school, we know that she has one outside attraction and we predict that she will not teach long.



LILLIAN KENT
Adams, Mass.

*"Rings on her fingers and bells
on her toes,
She will make music wherever
she goes."*

"Lil" joined us from her home town of Adams. What a delightful companion she is, and what a pleasure it is to have one like her in our class for she never fails to lend a helping hand! "Lil" is very fond of Psychology

but takes nothing for granted. Everything has to be argued and adequately proved before "Lil" accepts it.

In the Glee Club, of which she was the leader, her sweet voice was indispensable and thoroughly enjoyable. We all wish Lillian the best of luck in the future.



MILDRED MONTAGUE
Williamstown, Mass.

Happy only when doing something to make others happy.

Mildred the quietest and most reserved of our number finds the greatest pleasure and delight in making all about her contented and happy.

Each morning "Milly" comes from Williamstown, but the return to that little village is the thrill of the whole day, for from a little store at the end of the car-line come glad greetings and a happy smile which drives away the cares and worries of the long day.

"Milly" is to abide in the college town where she will carry on her work, for after all how could she dream of leaving it "n'everything." The best of success to her is our wish.



JANE KERR
Blackinton, Mass.

*The noblest service comes from
nameless hands,
And the best servant does his
work unseen.*

A dainty and lovable little poetess is Jane. She has the ability of becoming a successful teacher, owing to her patience and thoroughness and love for children.

Our little classmate is so remarkably popular that the

class thinks that without her we would be missing a sincere and helpful friend. In the years that are to come we are sure that she will make a success of the work she has chosen.



CATHERINE A. MORRISSEY
Bennington, Vt.

*"Drink to me only with thine eyes
eyes."*

This loyal daughter of the Green Mountain State came from Bennington to swell the ranks of teachers. Bennington must be a very wonderful place, or else it is the people, for Kate never stays away from her folks (?) very long at a time. Considering the fact that Kate is very fond of domestic life, we

wonder if perhaps she may not soon change her profession. Kate is a splendid athlete and not only while captain of our team, but all through the course she has helped much to bring success to '22. She works while she works and plays while she plays and we feel confident that her success is assured.



MRS. A. LOUISE MACMASTERS
North Adams, Mass.

*Psychology, grammar, it matters
not
If Louise MacMasters is on the
spot;
For to our rescue she always will
try
That we in our classes will surely
get by
Then, Hurrah for MacMasters!
we'll shout with a will
That we may in some way settle
our bill.*

On the first day of school, one face seemed to stand out in our vision. The bright brown eyes were so friendly, the face so alert, it seemed as if we just wanted to meet the lady herself. Upon introduction, we found she was a special coming to us from North Adams, therefore, not one of the "Dorm." girls.

She has surely proven herself a friend to all, both Juniors and Seniors, for these specials have a way of being in all classes and the good wishes of all the class go with her.



SARAH C. MURPHY
North Adams, Mass.
"Variety is the spice of life"

Sadie, a jolly, fun-loving, girl, is at all times ready for a good time. Although one of our brightest girls, she does not study all the time, for, in truth, she is very "happy and light of heart." At first glance, she may look quiet, but just look at those roguish eyes and draw your own conclusions. Next year our fun-

loving companion will probably be teaching in a nearby town, for you know the reason why!



PAULINE O'CONNOR
Williamstown, Mass.

*"Light of heart and bright of face,
The daughter of a merry race."*

Was there ever another like our "Babe", the little girl from "the College town?" Always ready for a good time, happy-go-lucky, care-free, and a good pal to all her school-mates.

She is very musical, and for two years has favored the Glee Club with her voice.

When "Three Chauffeurs" was put on, the audience was won by her winsomeness as a little maid.

Because of her "petite" size, she has been given the name of "Class Baby."



DOROTHY REYNOLDS
Cheshire, Mass.

*My heart is in Adams,
My heart is not here;
My heart is in Adams
A chasing a dear.*

*A chasing a wild dear,
And loving it so;
My heart is in Adams
Wherever I go.*

"Where's Dot? Where's Dot? Why, don't you know? At her usual occupation—

drinking, of course."

It would have been impossible for the class of '22 to have seen its many dreams realized, had it not been for our loved class president. Whatever the enterprise may have been, we always felt sure of Dot's unquestioned co-operation.

Dot's our real musician—whether the music is classical or jazz. We are all well aware of her fame as Glee Club pianist and what one of us is not grateful for the music which she has furnished for our dancing after dinner?



SARAH LOUISE PALMER
Hinsdale, Mass.

*"Curved is the line of beauty
Straight is the path of duty,
Walk by the last and thou shalt
see*

The other ever follow thee."

"Sarah Louise," one of the best all around girls in our class, is a very conscientious worker and ever faithful to what she deems her duty. But "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and so, if there is

any adventure on foot, Louise never fails to participate. We have had proof of our classmate's teaching ability when she has conducted our class and we know that success awaits her. Therefore we say, Here's to Sarah Louise! May she ever keep and develop those qualities which make her a true friend!"



JULIA A. SALAMETRY
Adams, Mass.

*"Pink are her cheeks and black
her hair,
A better girl you'll find nowhere."*

Here's to Julie, the prettiest girl in the class. Popular! A jolly, good-natured, all-round sport, she'd get our vote any day. And loyal! Can't you hear her rooting for Adams every time it is mentioned? Attending Glee Club rehearsals, serving on various committees,

participating at our dances, and studying (?) have been Jewel's favorite amusements at Normal. Yes, I forgot to mention that as "the girl with a fad" our Julie was a big success in the Senior Play. She also likes to contribute her share of worldly wealth to the local theatres, especially on "gym." days but she says "it's educational, you know."



M. GWENDOLYN PURCELL
Lee, Mass.

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

Here's to our little Gwendolyn better known as "Gwennie" or "Gwen." Her good nature is shown by her willingness to respond to our numerous calls, "May I take your book?" "Gwennie, curl my hair?" "You're not going to wear your sweater tomorrow are you, Gwen? May I take it?"

etc, etc.

During the past year she has acquired a great liking for "Lowell." Whether she will go there or to the Connecticut Valley to teach remains to be seen.

In the future, however, we wish her much happiness and great success.



MARJORIE S. SAUTER
Greenfield, Mass.

*"Marjie" hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it
beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at, no one
dreameth."*

Who can dispute this quotation? Dare ye who will!

"Marjie" hails from the prosperous town of Greenfield and it doesn't take very long to find it out either.

How well we remember those first weeks of the Junior year, when our brown eyed, red-cheeked Salome sh! don't let her hear that—used to stand up bravely and boldly in every class and discuss any question put to her. Then and there she captured our hearts. Who said she wouldn't be a success? We know she will, so here's luck to her.



EILEEN SHEEHAN
Adams, Mass.

*"Rather a quiet young lady is she
With the gentlest of manners you
ever did see."*

Eileen is a very conscientious girl, ever on the alert to do whatever she is asked to do. She is very sweet-tempered and industrious, too, and her success is fully assured for superintendents are well disposed toward her on account of her quiet, self-possessed

manner. One of Eileen's strongest points is her hand work, in which she excels.

We all wish her the best of luck.



LORETTA M. TOBIN
Norwich, Conn.

"Tobie" is the nickname by which she is known to us all. She is the proud possessor of a bewitching voice which rings out in clear, loud tones in the "gym." To gaze upon her countenance, one would think her to be quite shy, however, the opinion is immediately altered as soon as one becomes acquainted with this Connecticut lass.

For her untiring efforts and skill in doing her share for the class we must certainly give her credit and

*"As sure as the sun sinks to rest,
We all agree that we love "Tobie" best."*



HELEN SHELDON
Mill River, Mass.

*"For she is just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies,
Like streams that keep the summer
mind
Snow-hid in January."*

Helen hails from the big city of Mill River. Although quiet, she does her work cheerfully, and no matter how heavy the task, she is at all times ready to smile. This little girl has proved a true friend to

all who know her. Our good wishes go with her wherever she chances to stray.



ELEANOR R. WHALEN
Hatfield, Mass.

*"The mildest manners and the
gentlest heart."*

"A very quiet and dignified young lady," is the verdict of those who meet "Nell" Whalen but those who know her best will always remember the shoulders which sometimes refused to keep dignified when there was a good joke in the air. "Nell" has a sweet disposition, and is a good mixer.

OLIVE LEWIS

East Longmeadow, Mass.

"Thou hast wit and fun and fire."

Olive, bubbling over with enthusiasm, and always busy at something, could usually be found after school or over the week-ends, either in her room with needle in hand, or down in the manual training room with hammer and saw, or clambering over the hills in search of insects, flowers and birds,—*"For to her the world was fair."*

Judging from the creditable way Olive always carried through anything in which she was engaged here, we do not fear for her success in any work which she may undertake in the future.



CLARA M. THURBER
West Brattleboro, Vt.

*"And I learned of women from
her."*

Clara hails from Vermont and she is always ready to sing the praises of that state. She is known to us for her class spirit, willingness and ambitions. One of Clara's strongest characteristics is her determination. When this Green Mountain girl first joined us, it seemed as if she would be a

missionary, but today we know that she will be a first-rate teacher. Wherever she goes may success attend her!

WYONA SPARROW

North Adams, Mass.

*A young Sparrow in North Adams grew
And the Normal fed it with all plans new,
And it opened its little mind to the light
Found in method and lesson plans bright.*

Our success in athletics has been aided by Wyona's sure and steady aim, particularly in basket-ball.

Among the quiet, studious members we find Wyona, who used her artistic ability to decorate the covers of her books and songs used in the Glee Club of which she was a member.

We all wish you success, Wyona.



THE CLASS 1922

Class Day Program

THURSDAY, JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

THE CALL AT 2:15 P. M.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME *Dorothy L. Reynolds*

SONG "WHEN DAWNING SPRINGTIME"
(Neapolitan Serenade) *Eduards di Capua*

ADDRESS TO JUNIORS *Vivian M. Berry*

RESPONSE *Madelin E. Tracy, '23*

CLASS SONG *A. Louise MacMasters*

CLASS HISTORY *Lillian Kent*

CLASS PROPHECY *Loretta M. Tobin*

PROPHECY ON PROPHET *Marjorie S. Souter*

CLASS WILL *Sadie C. Murphy*

SONG "THE MOUNTAINS"

IVY ORATION *Anne E. Curtin*

IVY POEM *Jane L. Kerr*

PLANTING OF IVY *Dorothy L. Reynolds for '22*

Madelin E. Tracy for '23

IVY SONG

SONG "ALMA MATER"

CLASS RECEPTION—On the Green

AESTHETIC DANCE—"Dance of the Winds"

CLASS PROMENADE AT 8 P. M.—Taconic Hall

Graduation Program

FRIDAY, JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

PROGRAM AT 2:15 P. M.

MUSIC—"DO YOU KNOW THAT FAIR LAND"
(from Mignon) Thomas

SCRIPTURE READING AND PRAYER
Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell

MUSIC—"ANGEL TRIO"
from Elijah Mendelssohn

ADDRESS—"THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER
AND THE CITIZENSHIP OF THE FUTURE"
Commissioner Payson Smith

MUSIC—"SPRING-TIDE" Reinhold Becker

GIFT BY THE CLASS OF 1922

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS
Commissioner Payson Smith

SINGING

Address of Welcome

PARENTS, Teachers, School-mates, Friends—We welcome you here this afternoon with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. Pleasure, that we may try to show you a little appreciation of all that you have given and done for us; with regret, that this is our last time together.

We have enjoyed our two years at North Adams Normal and probably can never realize the great amount of good we have derived from being under the guidance of so helpful a faculty, and in our wonderful "Alma Mater of the Berkshires."

Since we have been in this school we have learned to think in a more broad-minded way. We have lost some of our—shall I say old fashioned?—ideas, and we are looking upon life in a way which shows it to be bigger, and

greater than we had realized before. We have discovered that:

"New occasions teach new duties
Time makes ancient good uncouth.
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires!
We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Thru' the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with
The Past's blood-rusted key."

We who are going out as teachers of the men and women of to-morrow must be able to recognize these new occasions and be prepared to meet them adequately. For, as Herman Hagedan says, "It must be your business in these years to raise this new standard before the eyes of your fellow-citizens; your aim to give them a new ideal of what constitutes success."

As we all know, the twenty-fifth anniversary of this school was celebrated a short time ago. When we look upon the Normal and all for which it stands, we cannot help thinking of the man whose wonderful ideals have been so inculcated here, that man, who has for twenty-five years given to so many all over the country, his words of encouragement, his kindly advice and his inspiration.

I wish I could say a few words which would express in some degree the value of the work which he has accomplished in carrying on this school for twenty-five years. We, the class of twenty-two, fully realize the good fortune that came to us in being permitted at least a year of his guidance. In that short time a great many of his high ideals have been so impressed upon us that we shall never forget them.

On the other hand, we are extremely grateful for having had such a man as our present Principal to carry us safely thru the remainder of our course. We are all sure that there never was a man like him, and never anyone who could have helped such a "weighty" class thru so nearly successful a year. (I dare not claim complete success for us yet.)

Now that we have come to the end of our course "the parting of the ways" as it were, we are beginning to realize how much Mr. Smith has done for us in the way of broadening our ideals and making our vision clearer. To him we extend our greatest thanks and appreciation.

This twenty-fifth year means a great deal to the North Adams Normal School. It may never be known how much it has accomplished since the time it was started, but we know that it has done a very great work and it can never be lost. The school now starts out on a new era, leaving behind some of the old ideas and taking up the new, but we must not forget, my friends, that the principles which this school has preserved, and the promise which it has received, places upon us, the ones going out into the world the gravest responsibility.

"Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate.

In closing, I wish to say again that the class of twenty-two welcomes you most heartily and hopes that you will enjoy the program which has been prepared for you.

Dorothy Reynolds

Address to the Juniors

DEAR Faculty, Friends, Classmates and Juniors.

We have now completed the work of two years, one of which we have been together and shared alike in sorrow and joy. To-day, as we are assembled, we are happy and also sad. In the coming days, we shall miss each and every one of you and even though we are not here in person our thoughts will undoubtedly be with you frequently.

Each day brings us nearer to the pathway which leads into a greater field of opportunity where if we put to practice that which we have learned under the careful guidance of our beloved instructors, we shall make our lives more worth-while.

Although many mistakes have been made by us in spite of the advice left by other classes and the efforts put forth by our teachers, it is now our turn and privilege, which we have anticipated for so long, to bestow a few words of counsel upon our Juniors who will so soon become Seniors.

First—To the girls living in Taconic Hall:

Always carry your hat when you go for a walk for you might happen to go a little farther than you had previously planned.

Never borrow anything from anyone. You might be mistaken for another person or you might forget to return it when wanted.

Learn all the Council Rules so that if any Junior asks, "Oh, aren't we supposed to do that?" or "Are we supposed to do this?" you will be able to answer, "No", or "Yes, the Council Rules say . . . so and so."

Do not try to fool the Juniors by telling them that your bed has fallen from a third story window, because it may cause too much excitement.

To the girls not in the dormitory:

Be careful and not carry too many books home with you because it may result in Scoliosis or Lordosis.

Try and not give the teachers and girls in the dormitory a nervous shock by arriving at the dances on time.

Do not fail to have an interesting tale every morning, of the good time you had the night before. It gives us something to talk about and stimulates the imagination of the dormitory girls.

To all of the Juniors:

Memorize the lesson plans that you have written this year so that you will have a model in every subject next year and this will eliminate some borrowing.

Now we have given you the benefits of our experiences and we begin to realize that we can no longer assist your wandering foot-steps. Hereafter it will be our duty and pleasure to guide those of younger children. It is our hope that you will bear the name Seniors even better than we have borne it, and we are sure, when you enter the busy world that we are now entering, that you will make a success. Keep your class spirit, hang together and remember this motto at all times, "Be not simply good—but good for something."

Virian Berry

Response to the Seniors

DEAR SENIORS:

For many months you have planned and looked forward to your graduation. As you have striven upward and upward without murmur or complaint, we have watched you with a mingled feeling of happiness and sorrow. Time has marched gaily on and it has come nearer and nearer to

us that you, our true friends and companions, are leaving us.

As one band closely knit together we have had many gay times as well as a great deal of hard work. With your kindness and loving watchfulness as guiding stars, we Juniors have gained in ability and understanding throughout this most successful year.

Seniors at the dormitory, you have been most considerate of us, although we have tried your patience most severely at times. When, next year, we are carrying on our duties as Seniors in social and business activities, we will think of your splendid management this year. Victory has been your reward for your spirit in work and play.

You, as a class, have had a privilege that no class will know again. Your graduation marks the close of Normal's first twenty-five years of success. During these years many golden ideals have been built up and your privilege has been to support them through to the end. When we return in September and a new era has begun, our one endeavor will be to strive, in honor of you and all the classes gone before, to carry over the old ideals into our new regime. Your spirit of love and loyalty to Mr. Murdock and Mr. Smith will be the foundation upon which we will make our efforts.

However far you may be from Normal Hall in the next year, we shall feel you are with us in spirit and we hope to hear of fine things accomplished by you. Our halls will ring with answering memories of you who have been so dear to us.

Next fall when we return as seniors, our one regret will be that you will not be here to greet us. Yet, when we see many new faces, we will think of your kindness to us this past year and will try to be as helpful to the new Juniors.

The road to success is a steady climb upward and onward. It may be rough in many places, but always remember that only a league behind you is the class of '23, ready to say of '22 at any time, "They're the best, truest and finest."

Madeline Tracy, '23

Class Song

Tune Stein Song

We're the Class of '22

At Normal, at Normal, at Normal.

We'll give a rousing cheer or two

For Normal, for Normal, for Normal.

Here we've worked and laughed and played,

Of defeat been ne'er afraid,

Here felt your loving aid

Oh Normal! Oh, Normal! Oh, Normal!

So the Class of '22

Of Normal, of Normal, of Normal,

Wish all success to you

North Adams State Normal, State Normal

We will ever hold you dear

In our hearts a light most clear

We will remember you

Oh Normal, dear Normal, Our Normal

Joy is in our hearts to-day

At Normal, at Normal, at Normal

We've reached the longed-for day

At Normal, at Normal, at Normal

We have reached the parting way

From your teachings we'll ne'er stray.

Now we'll give a fond farewell

To Normal, to Normal, loved Normal

A. Louise MacMasters

Ivy Oration

"A rare old plant is the ivy green!"

WHAT could be more appropriate and fitting than the ivy to leave to our Alma Mater as a living memorial of our class?

The ivy whose qualities of independence, strength and courage should be examples, and are examples of the characteristics of our lives.

We are about to go forth upon our first great adventure and if we can carry with us lessons and ideals gained from this little plant, what more could we ask?

When we first entered school we seemed for a time to be groping in the dark as this little plant will be, but after a while, we seemed to take root, as it were, and there we clung and, like the ivy, we soon began to grow in many directions, broadening our minds and our inmost selves in general while we grew familiar with the intricacies of lesson plans, project method, and socialized recitation.

After all this growth, we are still seeking for more which will be gained by going forth from our dear Alma Mater to help others understand and appreciate ideals for which it stands.

The ivy plant itself symbolizes the class as a whole and each little tendril stands for a member, who like this vine, will take a different pathway while she still holds in her memory the dear faces of the kind instructors and the pleasant memories of the happy days spent at Normal School.

"To every one there openeth
A way, a ways, and a way;
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every one there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every one decideth
The way his soul shall go."

Anne Curtin

Ivy Poem

Upward, forever climb upward
Symbol and emblem of love,
Thrive in God's golden sunshine
And His gentle rains from above.

Tell those in the field we are coming
To build up the movements so new
Tell them we'll work to the finish
And serve our profession so true.

Onward and upward forever
May we climb to a glorious height
And be ever like this green Ivy,
And help make the whole world bright.

June L. Kerr

Class History of 1922

Was there ever a class like '22?

Indeed there never was one!

The teachers thot it too full of fun.

Were they right?

'Tis doubtless true!

Yet, here's to the good old class of '22!

ON THE 14th of September, 1922, the North Adams Normal School witnessed the coming of a class, consisting of 28 girls, never equalled in the twenty years of its life. Have we not been told so by good authority many times since our arrival? Indeed we have! On the first day here, we were called upon to fill in some mysterious cards—incidentally becoming acquainted with each other.

The girls at the dormitory found that much was to be learned about life at Taconic Hall. Oh, those rules—both written and unwritten that had to be observed! Were there ever so many "must nots" thrust upon a group of innocent girls at one time? Never! The worst of all to us seemed to be the one which read—"You must not go down-town without a hat!" It is a certainty that that rule has received more than one blessing from the class of '22, in its two years at Normal School.

After the rules and regulations were learned, the events which followed were much the same as those of any class during its junior year, here.

First the Class officers elected, were as follows; Ruth Carpenter, President; Julia Salametry, Vice-president; Gwendolyn Purcell, Treasurer; and Lillian Kent, Secretary. After this was accomplished we felt like a really truly class.

And then began the real work! When we were told that we were to have Geometry, Arithmetic, Music, etc., our first remark was,—“Oh! we've had some of those in High School,” and our expectations were—"that they would be easy." Such a vain, deluded idea!

We were introduced to the queerest Geometry of which we'd ever heard, and the Arithmetic! What was it we were supposed to do? Teach them, our future charges, how to play Store-arithmetic and Number Games? Truly this was the funniest kind of work, but before the year was over, it was indeed far from funny to our poor harassed souls!

As the year went on, we were introduced to handicraft; one half the class working with Miss Lamphier, while the other half worked with Mr. Cummings or Miss Pearson and vice-versa. By the time we had completed our courses in these classes, we felt quite proficient in making raffia baskets (?) book-ends, animals for Noah's Ark and paper tearings. Such book-ends and animals—some of them even winning first prizes at the annual North Adams Fair.

The Botany class, too, of which we heard much, altho it sounded more than dry to our uncultivated minds, proved to be especially interesting even when we were dragged to the garden to rake, hoe, and cultivate the soil, in which to plant the tomatoes and geraniums which we had guarded so carefully during the long winter. Occasionally a few of the girls felt that a vacation was necessary if it happened to be quite warm. They were, however, gently reminded by Mr. Smith that they had taken the vacation and would therefore have to go to the garden after school and continue their work of trying to help Mother Nature along. They alone can vouch for the great pleasure derived from working alone and perhaps, doing double the work!

Soon after we had become a bit accustomed to our classes and new-found friends, for they were friends,

we were given a pleasant surprise in the form of a reception during which we were supposed to become better acquainted with the teachers and seniors—and we did!

Besides this entertainment many other social affairs followed, such as a Hallowe'en party given by the Juniors to the Seniors which was of course an enjoyable affair; a mock wedding by the Seniors; the Senior class play, "The Light," etc., etc.

Then, too, we were introduced to "man-dances." When first we heard that phrase, with blank faces we said, "Man-dances, why what on earth?" Little did we realize how ignorant we were showing ourselves, but when we were told that each year the girls were allowed four dances to which they could invite men, our blank expressions turned to those of amazement, and needless to say, delight—for who does not enjoy a good dance? and these were indeed good!

With all of the good times there were many occasions in which sad lessons were taught, for instance, that young men are to be entertained *in* the social room and *not* in the music and reception rooms; that going to the kitchen to recover a forgotten "some-thing" might prove alarming to all; that walking into a room after "lights out," dressed in white and carrying an umbrella might be a serious matter; that sleeping on the front porch, no matter how melted one is, is *absolutely* forbidden, and that the closets are most certainly *not* the places in which to try to conceal one's-self in a great endeavor to be a minus quantity. Trying and hard were all of these experiences to us but because of them we came back the next year all the wiser.

We must not forget the Glee Club! After we had been well-started on our careers, as Juniors, we were told by the dignified Seniors that had we any voices at all we must not be surprised, if we received an invitation to join the Glee Club. Some of us were chosen, and with fear and trembling in our hearts, we went, but we must confess that our voices were meek and mellow at first. However under the leadership of Miss Searle and Grace Corcoran, our possibilities were developed. Twice a week we attended rehearsals which culminated in the Glee Club Concert on May 20th.

Finally came commencement! What excitement on the part of the Seniors and almost as much on the part of the Juniors, for, were they not to assist in the exercises, which were impressive from beginning to end?

What *did* we see? Were those tear-stained faces at the dormitory on the last day of school? Surely the Juniors were not weeping, for were they not coming back next year? But, yes, it was the Juniors! Why? Because they were grieved at the thought of parting from the friends they had made in the Senior class, for they had become indeed, "our friends."

Thus ended our first year at Normal School.

During our summer vacation it was announced that Mr. Murdock, who had been principal of N. A. N. S. for twenty-four years, and whom all of us had come to esteem greatly, had resigned. Could this really be true? Yes, indeed it was true and to our great sorrow we found that we should have him no longer to help us over stony paths. Our deep regret was lightened a great deal, however, when we learned that "our Mr. Smith" of the garden, and Botany class had been honored by being elected principal.

When we returned to the dormitory, it was with a tiny feeling of—shall I say superiority?—for, were we not the dignified Seniors?

This year, the girls of '22 found that they had no time in which to weep because they were away from home—as they had done the previous year, for now, they must com-

fort the new-comers and help them forget that feeling of homesickness.

We have found the Juniors a jolly bunch of girls who have stood by the Seniors loyally—and incidentally they have become expert ticket-sellers, for affairs such as plays and Glee Club Concerts.

The first thing that we did in launching our class as Seniors, was to hold an election of officers which resulted in Dorothy Reynolds, President; Sadie Murphy, Vice-president; Anne Curtin, Treasurer; and Vivian Berry, Secretary. For the Glee Club, Lillian Kent, Leader; Dorothy Reynolds, Pianist; Sadie Murphy, Secretary; Clara Thurber, Treasurer; and Jane Kerr, librarian.

After the performance of our official duties, one thing followed fast upon another. First came the "house-warming" given in honor of our new principal and his wife, on the second Friday after we came, all of the girls gathered in the gymnasium after dinner. From here, the students, carrying lighted Japanese lanterns, marched to Mr. Smith's home, around which they formed a semi-circle, and sang songs to those within. As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Smith realized what was happening, they came to the door and after thanking us extended a cordial invitation to come in. We did so, and found that the faculty had arranged a very delightful evening for all. Refreshments were served and all felt that they knew both Mr. and Mrs. Smith the better when the time for leaving came.

However if such an affair should ever occur again, future dormitory Seniors, let us, the wise class of '22, give you a bit of advice. *Never* believe after it is over and you have returned to third floor—*never*, NEVER believe that a bed has fallen out of one of the windows!

Then, of course, we felt that we must have an acquaintance social for the Juniors, believing that we should "do unto others as we had been done by."

In between these social affairs both Juniors and Seniors were becoming settled and accustomed to their new work—the work being entirely new to the Juniors—and the thrill of really and truly teaching being new to the Seniors. Could it possibly be that these staid, hard-working members of '22 were the same frivolous girls of the year before? Yes, indeed, it was true! and oh, Juniors, we hope that the incoming class of next year will never express themselves about you, as Seniors, as we have heard you speak of us—the dearest bunch—never do anything but study!" Wait, oh wait, until *you* begin teaching. There will be no chasing about the halls from 9:30 to 10:15 for you then!

Toward the end of October it was decided that it was time to introduce the Juniors to "man-dances," so we planned to combine one with a Hallowe'en party. The gymnasium was appropriately decorated and there the dance was held. All declared they'd had the best time ever—Was it because it was less formal than usual or what?

This was the first of the four dances which we are allowed yet each of those that followed was equally enjoyable. They were given in the reception room which looked so pretty and homey with its pink-shaded lights, and glowing fire-place. We owe our "Mother Van" many thanks for trying to help us make these dances the successes that they were and this is not all for which we are grateful, for was it not she that was forever proposing picnics and the like for our pleasure?

Perhaps nothing more important happened, than when we decided that instead of the Normalogue, we would earn money enough to go to Washington—we certainly worked to earn the money, but were able to accumulate only enough to get us to Boston. Warning to the Juniors, if you de-

cide on a trip, don't set your goal too far away. From this point on you may imagine us working like Trojans earning money. Oh, how much that one word means!

Before our Thanksgiving vacation, the Juniors held a Fancy dress party for the faculty and students. All attended dressed as ridiculously as possible. Who will ever forget the appearance and costume of Mr. Smith?

Next on December 3rd, an Afternoon Tea was held in the reception room at the dormitory, for Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Murdock. The room was very prettily arranged with pink-silk shaded lights, wicker chairs, small tables scattered here and there and rugs covering the unusually good dancing floor. The very thought of the refreshments which were served by the girls in their dainty light dresses makes our mouths water even now. During the afternoon, the guests enjoyed the music of Mrs. Marshall and her son with the violin and 'cello and of Mr. Padden at the piano.

For a time there were no unusual events and then one day we heard the word, "Summer-School." What was this? Were we to have a Summer-School here? Sure enough! In due time the matter was definitely settled and we were told that there was to be a five weeks' course—from July 10th to August 11th. What better place could one choose than the Berkshire Hills? Those who attend this summer session will gain much from the surroundings of N. A. N. S. as well as from that which they will be taught within recitation walls.

About the first of March we started work on the play "The Three Chauffeurs." It was well chosen and when finally presented—those who saw it know how it was given. But what times we did have setting the date for it, and getting characters that could stay with us thru it all. It was during the time that we were rehearsing for our play, that two of our girls, Milly Boyle and Peggy Brennan were forced to give up their parts and leave school because of illness. We were all deeply grieved to have them leave us, and we hope that some day they may be able to return and finish the course. The returns from the play were very good which of course, pleased us—for were we not still working for our trip?

And then, before we knew it, the 28th of April was upon us and we were started on our merry way to Boston—taking Mrs. Van Etten and Miss Baright with us as chaperones. Dormitory girls, be fore-warned—do not tell the town girls to be sure to be on time, when you start on your class trip next year, or else you may never hear the end of that bit of advice—who knows what may happen?

We are thoroughly convinced that no group of girls ever enjoyed a trip as we did that one. In the first place our selection of chaperones was A No. 1. How could it help being so when the class of '22 chose them? Also, on this trip we were being educated in many ways, which is of course always a pleasure. We, as a class, are indeed glad that we broke one tradition and started the idea of a trip instead of a Year Book—for it is truly far more educational.

Then, last but not least, of our social affairs, came the Glee Club Concert. Oh, those Monday and Thursday noon rehearsals! Would the real thing ever come? At last it did and because of the great efforts of Miss Searle, much pleasure was given to a good-sized audience.

There is one event which will ever remain fixed in the memories of those of '22, and that is the 25th anniversary banquet. Who of us can ever forget the assembly room, looking so beautiful with the banners from the year 1897 to 1922, and its rows and rows of beautifully decorated tables. The whole affair has made an impression which

cannot easily be forgotten.

And now we are looking forward to our graduation exercises which are to come on the 22nd and 23rd of June. We are also thinking seriously of our schools over which we are to preside next year. With fluttering hearts we have waited long for the Superintendents who should set the seal of our future for us. Some have been set and some have not, but still we live in hopes, knowing that positions will be found for those of '22—for, the knowledge which they have at N. A. N. S. must not be wasted.

Lillian E. Kent

Class Prophecy

IT WAS late in the June of 1942 that I hurried across the lawn to greet my former class-mate, Julia Salametry. She had written me from Tokio saying that she had at last been persuaded by her fellow missionaries, to take a much needed vacation after her ten years of faithful service in the foreign lands. She added in her letter, that she would arrive in San Francisco on the ship, Sarah Louise, about the fifteenth of the month then come directly to Benton Harbor. It had taken me a very short time to radio my invitation to her for a month at the ranch. And now she was here!

I began to run as I saw those black eyes peeping from under the brim of a very ordinary black hat for I knew they belonged to the Jule who had graduated from Normal only twenty years ago, as much as they did to this Jule.

We had no sooner emerged from the flood of our first greetings than my guest urgently requested me to have mercy on her and give her something—yes, anything to eat! lest she starve herself to death. As I glanced at her, I could not help thinking how far from starving she actually looked for the life of a missionary evidently agreed with her. However, we walked arm in arm to the kitchen where we duly raided the cupboards.

"Jule," I said, after our supplies had been collected, "I believe in self service, such as we had in Hayes Cafeteria long ago. You pick up your lunch and march thru that door to the library. It is almost five o'clock and at five sharp, I have a surprise for you."

We had just comfortably seated ourselves in the coolest corner of the room when a loud buzzing broke the stillness. I jumped up, adjusted my instrument, then looked toward my guest to see the effect on her. In no time we heard the words repeated, "Chicago University, Doctor Chapin's lecture on 'One More Link for Darwin's Chain' . . . 'Chicago University', etc. . . . I answered Jule's inquiring look by the word "Radio," but before we could discuss it, we heard a well-known voice announcing the speaker:

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to introduce to you, this evening, one who is known throughout the world as a lecturer and the greatest woman scientist since Madam Curie,—Doctor Chapin whose career particularly interests me as we are both graduates of North Adams Normal School—Doctor Chapin."

During the applause that followed, I managed to hear my companion whisper, "but who introduced her?" Her question was soon answered for as the clapping ceased we heard Doctor Chapin's clear determined voice begin:

"President Palmer, Friends: When I came to you tonight, I fully intended to preface my talk with a short description of my adventures in the African jungle while in quest of first hand material on Mastodons, but, because

of my unusual introduction to you, I feel that I should like to tell you that it was with no small feeling of pride that I have watched Louise Palmer's career from a Massachusetts school teacher up to the White House as first woman President and from there to the presidency of this University. You who know President Palmer intimately, will, no doubt, agree with me that it was surely her persistence, along with her argumentative powers, that made her a success.

"This evening, however, I come to you with startling scientific facts but, first, I wish to state briefly . . ."

"Enough, enough," cried Jule, when Dorothy Chapin begins to state scientific things briefly there is something wrong somewhere. Please disconnect that thing. So that is why the ship was named the 'Sarah Louise,' but I say, as long as you have a radio why not send our regrets to the Alumni Association, of dear old Normal. It is having its reunion tomorrow. Let's ask the girls to wire at once telling us what each is doing."

So we talked of former meetings and good times 'till we drifted on to plans for the morrow. We summarized these plans before retiring. First, we would rise at six, breakfast, then run out to the Arthur Studios in Kalamazo where Lil Kent was still making an intensive study of the tints and shades of Red. At noon we'd send the message to our Alma Mater then we'd insist that Lil accompany us to Mrs. MacMasters' home. The latter has lately moved West to be nearer her factories, for she has a big business manufacturing a patent medicine which she called "Grouch Cure."

The next day was a rare gift of the gods, so the setting sun found us making ourselves at home on Mrs. MacMasters' veranda. We were chatting serenely when our hostess ordered us to get ready for we were to hear the Metropolitan Opera Company that evening. A little later as we sat in the theatre waiting for the curtain to rise, we found that we were to hear Elizabeth Jane who had created such a sensation for the past three years. We had no time for comments for, as the curtain slowly rose, the prelude fairly danced from the instruments in that "Introduction of Carmen" then gradually softened as a strong contralto voice filled the house with the sweetest of notes. We raised our opera glasses with one accord and saw Jane Kerr.

"Well, my land sakes alive! We surely are discovering our Classmates! They seem to be as numerous as the lilies in the field and as easy to find if we only look around for them." We did not stop to answer Mrs. MacMasters for our eyes were fixed on Elizabeth Jane.

After the opera we had very little difficulty in adding our own Jane to our ranks and as we flew home in Mrs. Mac's plane she gave us one bit of news after another. She was still getting the "Axis". It was now being edited by Dorothy Hurd '43. It is one of the leading school papers now for Miss Mildred Boyle insists that all her poems be first published in that paper. Jane added that in the Alumni Notes she had read that "Babe" O'Connor had at last found the right Williams Student so was travelling in Europe while "Kate" Morrissey had renounced the world to live in a cloister. This last "bit of news" created quite a sensation for we all agreed that it was the very last thing in the world we should have expected from her.

Soon our talk drifted to the East. Lil remembered that the last time she was in Boston exhibiting her choicest Red, she wandered down to the Italian section. Imagine her surprise when she heard that Anne Curtin was the foremost settlement worker in that district! One of the greatest im-

provements she had made was to run a mono-railed elevated which by the way, was invented by Grace Boyden from the Italian district into Arlington. Of course Lil did not see Anne for that little person was busy proving to the Bostonians that she was the elevated's best customer.

No sooner had we arrived home than we heard the radio signal. We rushed to the instrument adjusted it and in no time we heard—

"North Adams Normal—Mrs. Doty speaking: Your message came too late for the Alumni meeting because of the difference between Eastern and Western time—how stupid of us not to have remembered that!—so I am sending you what information I can. We celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary fittingly at the reunion. Miss Barrows, Miss Carpenter and myself didn't have far to come this time as we are still teaching in Mark Hopkins. We've been there eighteen years now. Alexina Caisse was telling Mrs. Hurd and myself of her ambitions. She has tried various things since she left Normal School but at present is clerk of the Connecticut Senate. She likes her new position for she meets so many 'intelligent married men.' Marjorie Sauter was also back. She has just published a book 'Uses of Sauerkraut.' She is backed in her work by her husband, Doctor Wilhelm Van Hornig Well. I wired the girls who were on their way to New York so they will probably get in touch with you. They will tell you what I cannot." So with a few personal remarks, Mrs. Doty's message ended.

"How does that report satisfy you?" I asked as I laid down the receiver. Everyone commented on the amazing facts we had heard, but all agreed that the message was typically Mrs. Doty's for it was completed to the point.

"Speaking of teaching," broke in Jule who had been quiet for a surprisingly long while, "the last time I heard from Marion Bence she was teaching English and penmanship in one of the Pittsfield High Schools. I wonder . . ."

Well, we never found out what Jule was wondering for just then a vigorous "I say mum" interrupted the remark. It was Nora, the cook. Somehow I've always had a weakness for cooks by that name. She handed me a half dozen papers while she explained, "These come while ye was gone, mum." I picked up the first and read aloud:

"Pittsfield, Mass.

Eleanor Whalen at present on way back to Columbia University where she is studying advanced cooking and sewing as a preparation to important event. Wyona and I are returning to our positions in the designing department of Pratt's Institute. We are teaching only a short way from Gwendolyn Purcell who owns a Music studio here. She is quite popular with everyone for she has that innate ability to make things hum.

Love to all the girls,

Eileen Sheehan

The next one was from Coventry Lake, Conn. It was from Clara Thurber. It read—

The Berry Boys School,

June 20, 1942

Dear Classmates:

I am delighted to think I can give some information about the girls of N. A. N. S. '22. Vivian Berry, as you have heard, is the Principal and owner of this school for the education of boys from fourteen to twenty-one years of age. She has me here as matron and I do love the work. It is most interesting. When I was back for the reunion I started down to the Empire Theatre with Peg Brennan who is still doing Community work in Bradstreet and imagine my surprise to see Mildred Montague on Rice's

Corner reviewing a parade of Masons. Before we reached the Empire, however, we met Sade Murphy who was home for the occasion. She is now on the stage, dancing, but is to retire next January. She told us that Ruth Graham only taught a year after graduating, for after that big fire in North Adams of 1923, she found that she would make an excellent nurse for any brave hearted fireman. You see, that many of the girls have branched off into occupations other than teaching but they are all successful thanks to the good training of their Alma Mater.

I have told you all I could about my work and that of the girls near here. Do tell me what you've been doing these years."

"Clara is right," said Jule, "here you've found out all about us but haven't told us a thing about yourself."

"Oh," I answered easily, "there isn't much to tell but, if you'll remember, Marjorie Sauter always had a goodly list of adjectives and occupations to apply to me. Perhaps she can tell you what I've been doing."

Loretta Tobin '22

Prophecy on the Prophet

NEW YORK with all its bustle and noise! How this reminded me of the trip our Senior Class at Normal had taken to Boston. I wondered vaguely whether I should get lost in New York as Lorrie Tobin had in Boston. Then my thoughts wandered on and I tried to think where she was now. I had not seen her for ten years, but it did seem as if her name had been in the papers recently. Chancing to glance at a rose in a shop window as I was walking along Fifth Avenue, I decided that it was just what I needed for my new dress so I promptly entered the store. Such an exquisite little shop I had never before visited. As I gazed around in rapture, I wondered who could have been the wonderful designer. Just at that moment I thought I recognized a familiar face. It couldn't be—but it was none other than Lorrie Tobin. Upon being told that she was the proprietor of the shop and also the designer of the decorations I couldn't help feeling that after all Lorrie had made good use of the talent which she had manifested at Normal School although I always knew Lorrie would be successful some day.

Marjorie S. Sauter

Class Will

I, Sadie Murphy, in the name of the class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two of the North Adams Normal School, located in this, the city of North Adams, the county of Berkshire and the state of Massachusetts, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, but calling to mind the uncertainty of life and the surety of death, and being desirous to dispose of our entire earthly estate, while I have strength and capacity, do make, publish and declare this our last will and testament.

(Please do not be cruel enough to suggest we are leaving them because we cannot take them with us.)

We do give and bequeath as follows:

To Mr. Smith, our sincere thanks and appreciation for his unflinching kindness to us. Also peaceful nights and rest from the petitions of '22. These were many but brilliant, showing the resourcefulness of our minds.

To Mrs. Couch, our undying love and affection for all she has given us. We hope she may stay with our girls for a long time to come.

To Miss Baright, a new class just like '22. Our aptitude in placing our tongues at the correct angle in articulating is unusual and has been a keen pleasure to our instructor.

To Miss Pearson, a group which will appreciate the aesthetic—also the view from the windows. We dare not state which we studied most.

To Miss Skeele, a copy of a perfect plan to be used by future seniors. May they acquire the use of all the "gym" wands and rackets, balls and nets.

To Miss Searle, some new copies of music, for "Glee Club." We wish the new members would handle them carefully, otherwise they may fall apart.

To Miss Lamphier, a new book of deficiency slips and a large camphor bag in which to store carefully her cape when she is thru wearing it.

To Miss Sholes, many students of Household Arts in coming classes, also great joy in viewing the next array of buttonholes and pastry. They will be good but not equal to ours.

To Mr. Eldridge, the hope that the Juniors will enjoy his trips as we did. Also a knowledge that 12 o'clock means lunch to us and the end of class periods.

To Mr. Cummings, our everlasting friendship. He did not always appreciate our singing, but we learned a lot from him.

To the Training Teachers, the next Senior class to criticize and to teach the writing of lesson plans.

To the Junior Class, all the traditions of our school. Cherish them carefully as a sacred trust. They will always be a safeguard for you.

To Rita Agan, "Lil" Kent's voice, while "Bess" Barber leads the Glee Club.

To Ruth Clarke, Mildred Boyle's many sweaters. Of course they are not all red but she will like them just the same.

To Genevieve Coffey, some extra drawing lessons. She is fond of "Art".

To Madeline Tracey, "Dot" Reynolds' job as class president. She will need to work hard to lead as well as our chief has.

To Leila Robinson, "Dot" Chapin's job in the workroom. This includes the books "Dot" reads.

To Jessie Scott and "Marg" Kennedy, "Jul" Salametry's Williamstown calls.

To Anne Larkin, many shades of crimson in her work. We hope the class colors will suit her.

To "Jo" Mooney and Geneva O'Brien, the view of the moon now enjoyed in the "dorm." by "Kate" and "Dot".

To Helen O'Neil and Florence Mack, Eileen Sheehan's quiet manners. We feel it will aid them especially in the gymnasium.

To Edith and Kathleen McCann, "Babe" O'Connor's comb. They can use it to best advantage. "Lil" Douglas and "Peg" Dunfey can have her unused yellow slips, to be used in case the car is late.

To Olive Iles and Ruth Reynolds, Sadie Murphy's powder case. They have used it all year and will not feel strange with it.

To Ruth Potter, Mary Knowles and Margaret Lawrie, the Senior table in the lunch room. Perhaps the ghosts of those gone will arouse an answering spirit in them.

To Louise McDonough, Mr. Smith's long planned trip to Mars. We know she is interested in aviation.

To Mabel Medbury and Helen McCarty, two assignments to Bishop. The walk will aid them.

- To Celestine Davine and Blanche Olstead, 'Salome' Sauter's giggles. To be in perfect condition they must giggle often.
- To Grace Bunnell "Alex" Caisse's ability to talk. Take our advice, do not use it on all occasions.
- To Gladys Wemple, Ruth Graham's auto rides and fun. She need not publish them from the housetops in order to be happy.
- To Alice Smith and Gladys Hall, Marion Bence's dignity and talent in sewing. They have proven themselves as models for all kinds of apparel.
- To Alice Sheerin, "Mil" Montague's position as "everyone's friend."
- To "Gert" Mazanec, Louise Palmer's position as the class "man." We trust she will use it well.
- To Bernice Edwards and Margaret Dadson, "Kate" Morrissey's ability to make folks laugh, particularly in class recitations.
- To Elizabeth Hurley, Anne Curtin's ability to speak on several subjects at once. Of course no one will understand what you mean but do not worry, Anne usually explains later.
- To "Peg" Shea, Grace Boyden's dramatic ability. It is really nice to know how to call for an absent lover.
- To "Gert" Tyer, the entire reception hall and rooms for the entertainment of out-of-town men.
- To "Gert" Boyle, "Nell" Whalen's reputation as a hospitable hostess.
- To Marion Woodard, "Lorrie" Tobin's desire to tease when the victim wishes to study.
- To "Kay" Drennan, Jane Kerr's quickness of movement and speech. May she use them often!
- To "Kate" McMahan, Ruth Carpenter's seat in the rear of the study hall. Juniors always admire the back rows!
- To "Carrie" Finck, the automatic giggle stopper used this year by "Viv" Berry. It should be experimented with during study hour at the "dorm."
- To "Beth" Cooke, "Peg" Brennan's pep. We feel she needs it.
- To Catherine McCarthy, "Gwen" Purcell's dancing shoes. We trust she will use them often.
- To Irene Messier and Ruth Nesbit, all solos and duets to be given in next year's Glee Club. The seniors usually sing them.
- Lastly: We nominate and appoint Mr. Cummings to be Executor of this our last will and testament, knowing that he will carry out our request nobly.
- In witness whereof, I have to this, our last will, subscribed my name and affixed the class seal, this twenty-second day of June, nineteen hundred and twenty-two.

Sadie Murphy

Signed and published by the said Sadie Murphy in our presence, who, in her presence, have, at her request hereto signed our names as witnesses.

Anne Curtin
Julia Salametry

Presentation of Class Gift

AS we, the army of '22 stand on the edge of life's stirring battle-field, we pause to survey our two fleeting years spent here and to gather happy reminiscences of events that have taken place. How clearly they come back to us! How we hesitate to lay them aside and to undertake a more gigantic task that is calling to each and everyone of us! Yet, we must heed the call.

Before we go we wish to pay a tribute to our school, to our efficient leader and his excellently selected officers, who have never faltered in their untiring efforts to instill within us high ideals and that something we call tact.

Now we must bid adieu to our Alma Mater. Words fail us on this occasion, therefore we take utmost pleasure and pride in presenting to the school, this picture. In selecting it, we hoped that it would express our sentiments as a class and that when you gazed upon it you would not forget the profound feeling under-lying it.

Julia A. Salametry

Class Statistics

MARION BENCE	Most ladylike
VIVIAN BERRY	Most willing
GRACE BOYDEN	Best friend
MILDRED BOYLE	Most dignified
MARGARET BRENNAN	Most popular
RUTH CARPENTER	Most experienced
ALEXINA CAISSE	Tiniest
DOROTHY CHAPIN	Most versatile
ANNE CURTIN	Cutest
RUTH GRAHAM	Quietest
VILLIAN KENT	Most musical
JANE KERR	Most carefree
OLIVE LEWIS	Most loyal
MILDRED MONTAGUE	Most obliging
CATHERINE MORRISSEY	Most Attractive
SADIE MURPHY	Most athletic
PAULINE O'CONNOR	Class baby
LOUISE PALMER	Most argumentative
GWENDOLYN PURCELL	Daintiest
DOROTHY REYNOLDS	Class Darling
JULIA SALAMETRY	Prettiest
MARJORIE SAUTER	Jolliest
EILEEN SHEEHAN	Most conscientious
HELEN SHELDON	Most unassuming
WYONA SPARROW	Most studious
CLARA THURBER	Most industrious
ELEANOR WHALEN	Best dispositioned
LORETTA TOBIN	Most efficient

Next Year

- ELEANOR WHALEN—*Hatfield, Mass.*
LILLIAN KENT—*Rocky Hill, Conn.*
VIVIAN BERRY—*South Coventry, Conn.*
DOROTHY REYNOLDS—*Rocky Hill, Conn.*
DOROTHY CHAPIN—*Mansfield, Conn.*
CLARA THURBER—*Dorchester, Mass.*
LOUISE MACMASTERS—*Ashburnham, Mass.*
RUTH CARPENTER—*Athol, Mass.*
GRACE BOYDEN—*Conway, Mass.*
LORETTA TOBIN—*Scotland, Conn.*
EILEEN SHEEHAN—*Dutton, Mass.*
ANNE CURTIN—*Adams, Mass.*
SADIE MURPHY—*Adams, Mass.*
HELEN BARROWS—*Conway, Mass.*
DORA DUTY—*Stockbridge, Mass.*
JULIA SALAMETRY—*Ludlow, Mass.*
MARION BENCE—*Pittsfield, Mass.*
HELEN SHELDON—*South Deerfield, Mass.*

Loretta Tobin '22



GLEE CLUB 1922

Glee Club Concert

THE Weather Man was not particularly gracious to North Adams those days preceding May, nineteenth. Small wonder, then, that the Glee Club Girls were anxious when they awoke the very morning of the Concert only to find it still raining. But as the day wore on the faithful sun came to their rescue sending his brightest beams on our Normal.

That night they "looked upon the world and saw that it was good." The hall was well filled with an appreciative audience, the selections were sung with more spirit than ever, while the instrumental solos by the Messers. Paul

Padden and Emil Calvacca were given as they alone can render them.

The Finale, a Cantata entitled, "The Fairies Festival" was especially interesting because of the variations introduced by Miss Rosa E. Searle, the director, and Miss Kent, the leader. The latter took the part of the Fairy Queen admirably.

During the evening, Miss Searle was presented with a large basket of Tea Roses by the Glee Club in acknowledgment of her work with them this year.

Loretta Tobin '22

The Banquet

WHAT? This the twenty-fifth anniversary of the North Adams Normal School? Surely such an uncommon event in the history of this institution could never be allowed to pass without something to record its memory. What would this be? A banquet! A banquet! was the cry. Early in the year the faculty commenced making their plans for this wonderful event. Speakers for the day were engaged and the menu was worked out. However not much was heard by the students about the plans and regulations as the arrangements were completed entirely by our untiring teachers. Invitations were sent out to all the Alumnae and many were expected back. For was this not to be the best reunion of the whole twenty-five years? Yes, indeed it was.

About a week before the day on which the banquet was to be held, the Juniors were called to-gether and given all the necessary instruction about waiting on table, for as usual on such occasions, this was to be their share of work for the day. We Seniors were numbered among the invited guests. Of course, we were much pleased at this and not one was absent. After we had been patiently waiting for four weeks to see what it would all be like, the morning of the great affair came at last. Our faithful Juniors certainly did work that day. Everything was hustle and bustle at the school where the tables were being set up and the room in general was being decorated. At the dormitory the alumnae were beginning to arrive. Ah, what fun it was to see them chatting together with dear friends that they had not seen for at least two years. When they were passing by the different rooms in the dormitory such snatches of conversation could be heard. "That used to be my room." "Let's go in and see how it looks now." "Didn't we have fun in this room?"

At last came one o'clock the longed-for hour. The alumnae, guests and faculty formed in line and we, the members of the class of '22 fell in at the end. Then we all marched over to the school where the banquet was to be served. As we entered the school we could hear a faint strain of music, then as we drew nearer, we saw that it proceeded from the corridor just at the entrance of the Assembly room. It was interesting to learn that this was the same orchestra that played for the first banquet of the school in 1897. The Assembly Hall! No one would ever recognize it as the same one we used for exercises, every morning. For it was just filled with handsomely decorated tables and around its walls were hung the banners of all the classes beginning with the first class in 1897 up to the present class of 1922.

When all were seated and had plenty of time to interview their former classmates, the cheering and singing began. Hardly a moment passed without hearing the tinging of the glasses which announced a new cheer or song. The speeches were very interesting features of the day. After the President's welcome, Mr. Smith the present principal of N. A. N. S. was introduced as toastmaster. The others who took part were Mr. C. Q. Richmond, a former member of the Board of Education; Miss Mary A. Pearson, our beloved art teacher who has so faithfully given her services throughout the twenty-five years of the school; Mr. Murdock, our former principal, who has won the hearts of all the members of the class of '22; Dr. Payson Smith, the Commissioner of Education. Thus ended the program of the day. All were agreed that our twenty-fifth anniversary was the best banquet that they had ever attended.

Gwendolyn Purcell '22

Senior Notes

One night, not long ago, the Seniors felt mysterious, so they immediately advertised a "Surprise" in the Reception Room, at 9 o'clock sharp, with the added command, "Bring fifteen cents," for that was before the Boston Trip.

At last the fateful hour arrived, finding the girls all assembled ready for the entertainment. Some of the audience wore evening gowns, some brought their "best girl," but all were intensely curious. Soon the strains of a distant wedding march were heard as the player tried in vain to keep time to the sound of many feet—did you ever hear of a bridal party that did keep time with the music?

There have been several weddings at Taconic Hall, but this, I believe, was the most unique,

This union took place between Miss Sarah Louise Palmer and Mr. V. I. V. Berry. The ring was carried in on a very precious, red denim pillow by Lorrie Tobin while the flower girl, Miss Clara Thurber, followed with a huge armful of pussy willows. The bride herself blushingly beautiful as she came in on the arm of Mr. D. O. T. Reynolds who was the best man. Her bridesmaid, Miss Sauter followed with the happy groom, while the bride's mother, Mrs. G. Boyden, with several intimate friends completed the bridal party. Before the fireplace, they were met by Rabbi D. Chapin who performed the ceremony.

The bride wore a charming gown of white cotton with real "Curtain Lace" veil which has been handed down from class to class for the last four or five years. The bridesmaid wore a suit of many colors with hat to match, while both the ringbearer and the flower girl were in white.

Mr. and Mrs. V. I. V. Berry left immediately after the ceremony for a short wedding tour up three flights of stairs to their suite in Taconic Hall where they now reside.

At last the Seniors went on their Trip. They had, in the course of five short months decided on at least as many places, in which to spend the Spring vacation, but Boston was finally chosen as the best place.

Half the party, with the chaperones started from North Adams on the eight o'clock train while the other half got on singly or otherwise at the various stations between North Adams and Millers Falls.

It seemed no time until they were duly installed in the Copley Square Hotel. There the program which they followed for the next few days was announced by Mrs. Van Etten and Miss Baright.

Saturday afternoon the girls visited the Boston Public Library, dined at Ginters and spent the evening at Keith's. Sunday the party divided, some going to the services at Tremont Temple, others to the Christian Science Church and the remainder to St. Cecilia's. That afternoon they went to the Museum of Fine Arts, heard the Messiah at Symphony Hall that evening, with dinner later in the Shantung Restaurant. Monday there was a walk thru the Commons to the Capitol where they met the Governor before going on the "Rubber Neck" tour thru Cambridge, Lexington, and Concord. Ginters was again voted as the place to dine for it was near the Colonial Theatre where reservations had been made for "Sally." Tuesday was devoted to seeing Historic Boston, and shopping, ended with light lunch at Child's Restaurant.

So greatly was this program enjoyed that, e'er the girls had said their farewell, they had planned another trip a year from this June to celebrate the completion of their "first year out."

The Class of 1922 wishes to express its appreciation for the fine co-operative spirit manifested by the Juniors

throughout the year, for their loyal support both financial and otherwise, but most of all for the many friendships which are priceless.

The Juniors also deserve much praise for starting the "Axis" which the present Editorial Staff carried successfully thru its first year. We extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to the new Staff:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
BUSINESS MANAGER
SCHOOL NOTES
SENIOR NOTES
JOKES
ASSISTANT ALUMNAE

RUTH CLARKE
HELEN O'NEIL
ELIZABETH COOKE
ELIZABETH HURLEY
KATHERINE DRENNAN
BLANCHE OLSTED

Y. W. C. A.
Nanking, China,
April 29, 1922

Greetings to N. A. N. S.'ers!

I hope you won't think I am sermonizing to you. I am prompted to write this letter merely that you may have at the outset of your work some of the thoughts that have come to me after years of casting about for a philosophy that withstands the sudden attacks circumstance can bring about.

To begin with, I think a great share of one's troubles in this world are based on attitude. So while these Chinese teachers, minus method, minus the tools of teaching Western teachers have, are handicapped, they are yet followers and admirers of Confucius, their great ideal teacher. They are teacher worshippers! And no man or woman fails when she worships her task! When one has real respect for her vocation, something evolves which brings her safely through the difficult situations she gets into. Such a person often proves the truth of that wise saying, "if my job won't reflect honor on me, I must reflect honor on it." Despite the fact that certain isolated positions in the teaching profession seem unworthy of the efforts one must expend to master them, the profession itself is worthy of the highest, finest spirit she can give it. The greatest people in the world have been teachers, and the mantle of their greatness falls on their worthy followers. Dignity, and respect are innate qualities of the profession.

Out by the Ming Tombs, beyond the South Gate of Nanking City Hall, is a Confucian School. I speak of it because it is the only one of its kind I have visited yet. The teacher, an elderly man, sits day in and day out, crosslegged on the floor or on a low stool, chanting the classics to a roomful of small boys. They chant them after him over and over, swaying from side to side as they chant, memorizing book after book. It is a desultory process to get your education by such method when you are a boy full of life and spirit and energy. Many a youngster has to be fairly pulled to school by the older members of the family. Yet when a boy has gone through the years, memorizing the truths sifted from generation to generation and culled by classics, his life centers about those truths and something evolves which is quite distinctive from our Western conceptions, a passion for schools and the passing on of knowledge. Out of this attitude has come a proverb which is commonly on the tongues of the Chinese. It has no equivalent in English, but means that ten men inherit knowledge from one man, one hundred men inherit knowledge from ten men, one thousand men inherit knowledge from one hundred men, and so does the nation attain to general knowledge. The nucleus of the idea is a responsibility to pass on to your children what you have.

Now, when you read of the multitudes in China that remain uneducated, you will think my statement at odds with report. Uneducation in China means the lack of power to read and write. But the merest urchins on the street have heard from the tongues of their elders in the homes, the teachings of Confucius, they know proverbs by the score, and while they cannot read or write, they can bargain shrewdly, they know how to use their hands, the country children and many of the city children know the secrets of soil, and rotation of crops, and all those things which make for self-support. It seems to me as I watch them that the Chinese aim and ambition is to arrive at truth, to recognize truth, in whatever guise. And in their moving toward this objective, they have called in not so much a system of methods as many illustrations, stories, parables.

One of my teachers last week electrified me (as many another has before him) by giving an illustration that was far richer and more striking than the idea I wanted to express. We were talking about youth, and education, and attitude. I said, "Lieu, Saing-Sen, the youth does not restore to the parents or the teacher what he gets! The youth is often ungrateful for his benefits simply because he does not know the pains others went through that he might be benefited!" The teacher's black eyes shone, and he leaned across the table saying, "I will show you what you mean! I will give you an illustration!"

"It is night. You have a lonely road to travel. It is the only road that leads to your destination. You have no companion. But you travel this lonely road in the dark, and when you are in the narrowest part of it, you stumble over a great stone that has fallen there. You hurt yourself, fall into the ditch, eat bitterness, and are much inconvenienced. You decide that those who follow may be saved such humiliation, so you call a helper, and at no small pains and expense, the two of you remove the stone, and go your respective ways. Later a gay youth comes skipping over the same road. He does not stumble nor fall! Nor does he thank you that he finds the road open! He has not eaten your bitterness! How would he think to thank you! Do you want thanks! Is it not enough for you that in the nature of things that virtue is to your credit whether men know it or not!"

And as he talked I looked at the dowdy old gentleman, and recalled a statement read just the night before, "All truth hurries home to the heart that loves it, and will lodge in no other." And I knew this old man recognized the truth underlying the situation. Although he had not superstructure of method with which to enrich my thought, the very essence of desire in his heart gave him the power to evolve something to do it with. And I believe that might be true of every teacher in the world. When studied methods fail to meet the need, the deep-lying passion of the heart to enrich the thinking of mankind and clinch a truth by some strong association will lend power to meet people at the very door of their need.

When I came home we had a Chinese lady visiting here. She is a teacher. As we talked, she said, "I will tell you what I think of the ideal teacher!" Whereupon she read from Isaiah,—

"If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday.

"And they that shall be of thee shall build up old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be

called, 'The Repairer of the Breach', the 'Restorer of Paths to Dwell In.'"

In closing I want to say that many times when I have listened to people of several nations, thinkers, educators, students, scholars, they have talked toward some fraction of whole truth, some angle or fact they have worked out by experience and study, and time and again I have thought of that very thought or statement incorporated in some of the notes or lesson plans given at North Adams Normal School. You go out to your work with a far richer equipment than you realize. My message to you is to be used only if some peculiar situation arises which seems to lay without the pale of your preparation. Given a passion within your heart to meet the need (and often the greater the difficulty, the greater the need) you will somehow summon to your aid either original or God-given promptings to do the thing that will be the solution of the issue, And then you will experience the glory and honor that comes to the heart of one who finds herself a working factor in bringing order out of chaos.

Sincerely

Elvira M. Braden

Normal Wit

Music Cabinet

Helen Barrows	"Oh, Helen"
Vivian Berry	"Stumbling"
Marion Bence	"Oh, Dear"
Mildred Boyle	"You're the Rose We're Longing For"
Grace Boyden	"Blow the Man Down"
Margaret Breuman	"Jazz Baby"
Ruth Carpenter	"Some Little Bird"
Alexina Caisse	"Oh, How I Hate to Get up in the Morning"
Dorothy Chapin	"Too Late, Too Late"
Anne Curtin	"Charlie is My Darling"
Dora Doty	"Rose of My Heart"
Ruth Graham	"I'm in Love"
Lillian Kent	"I Love a Red-Red Rose"
Jane Kerr	"Whispering"
Olive Lewis	"There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl"
Louise MacMasters	"Mother McCree"
Catherine Morrissey	"And That Ain't All"
Mildred Montague	"I Ain't That Kind of a Girl"
Sadie Murphy	"Play Again That Naughty Waltz"
Pauline O'Connor	"Fickle Flo"
Louise Palmer	"Marimbo"
Gwendolyn Purcell	"Tiddle"
Dorothy Reynolds	"My Man"
Julia Salametry	"Hello Central—Give me Dalton"
Marjorie Sauter	"You're a Million Miles from Nowhere When You're One Little Mile from Home"
Eileen Sheehan	"I Ain't Nobody's Darling"
Helen Sheldon	"Call me Pet Names"
Wyna Sparrow	"Yumping Rose"
Loretta Tobin	"Tensin'"
Clara Thurber	"Where Do We Go from Here, Boys?"
Eleanor Whalen	"One More Day"
Lesson Phaus	"One Sweetly Solemn Thought"

To the Men who Criticise Bobbed Hair

NOW listen a moment, Mister Man:
Bobbed hair should be the custom, not a craze.
How would *you* like several feet of hair
On top of *your* head in the hot dog days?

How would *you* like to have to brush and comb
And marcel wave it twice a day or more
Howl with pain at the snarls, and endure
Barrettes, rats, side combs, and hairpins galore?

And then, to have all the ladies fair
Sneer, "Only 'tough' men wear bobbed hair!"

Jokes

Dorothy Chapin in geography class: "The Caspian Sea wasn't down there, and so we were all at sea."

Grace Boyden in oral composition: "If I can keep one heart from breaking I will not have lived in vain."

Miss Palmer (talking about home brew while conducting Current Events Class): "We will drop it now."

Miss Boyden: "If I had it I wouldn't drop it, I would drink it."

Mr. Smith: "How many believe that the first week of school should be review work?"

Miss Berry: "You can't in the first grade."

Mr. S.: "How's that?"

Miss B.: "There isn't anything to review."

Miss Baright: "Where does the story take place?"

Miss Sauter: "In Whales."

Miss Tobin (gazing at "Little Office Building" on the Boston Trip): "I don't see anything small about it."

Miss Curtin: "I think that if one wishes hard enough the wish will come true."

Miss O'Connor: "I don't think it applies to men" (Babe speaks from experience).

Mr. Eldridge: "What are the chief products of Paraguay?"

Miss Montague: "The Paraguay River runs in."

Mr. E.: "No, you didn't understand my question. What are the chief products of Paraguay?"

Miss M.: "Yes, but I'm going to answer that in a minute."

Miss Murphy, reciting while a truck was chugging up the hill: "and Ecuador has ivory nuts. I don't know whether you can hear me or not."

Mr. Eldridge: "Yes, that's all right, go on."

Miss M.: "Well, I guess that's all."

Miss Sauter: "What is a squab?"

Miss Kent: "A pigeon after it is cooked."

CAN YOU PICTURE—

Helen Barrows not standing up for Vermont?
 Marion Bence teaching upper grades?
 "Viv" Berry never falling asleep in class?
 Grace Boyden not blushing when called upon?
 "Milly" Boyle in sight during a thunder storm?
 "Peg" Brennan not grouchy in the morning?
 "Alex" Caisse breaking a house rule???
 Ruth Carpenter not dignified?
 Dorothy Chapin not offering her opinion?
 Anne Curtin not saying "What d'you say?"
 Mrs. Doty not agreeable?
 Ruth Graham having her hair out of order?
 "Lill" Kent not liking "Red"?
 Jane Kerr not literary?
 Olive Lewis losing her executive ability?
 Mrs. MacMasters not giving motherly advice?
 Mildred Montague pessimistic?
 "Kate" Morrissey staying here over a week-end?
 "Sade" Murphy with nothing to do?
 "Babe" O'Connor grown up?
 Louise Palmer not reciting in class?
 "Gwen" Purcell not attending a man dance?
 "Dot" Reynolds not seeing Benny on Sunday?
 "Jule" Salametry not vamping?
 "Marge" Sauter not giggling?
 Eileen Sheehan not getting her work done on time?
 Helen Sheldon weighing two hundred pounds?
 Wyona Sparrow missing a basket?
 Clara Thurber not willing to help?
 "Lorrie" Tobin not teasing "Marge"?

Eleanor R. Whalen '22

Athletics

THERE is no surer way to perfect health than by regular exercise in the open air. For stirring up the blood, developing the muscles, clearing the head and stimulating the appetite, or in other words, for building a strong healthy body, nothing is better than games and exercise. Indeed competing with other people in various games helps one to be not only stronger, physically but morally, also, for it aids one to overcome undesirable characteristics such as conceit, uncontrollable temper, laziness and fear.

Realizing these things, our time this year has been divided between professional work and play.

Professional work such as learning how to execute and command school-room gymnastics may seem a simple task, but to learn those "tables of exercises" many necessary hours must be spent under very careful guidance.

Our "play" days are the ones to which we look forward, for they are *play* even tho very strenuous.

During the winter, on those days our programs usually consisted of school-room and play ground games, folk dances, school room exercises and work on the apparatus. Last, and most enjoyed,—were either relay races between teams or our favorite, stationary basketball.

Do you remember the day, Seniors, that we defeated the Juniors?

May and June are the months when most of our gymnasium time is spent out-of-doors, taking one of the many forms of exercise, either, walking, playing tennis, lawn bowls, croquet and sometimes baseball and archery.

This year, Miss Skeele, has chosen a new way by which to judge our efficiency along this line of work. Each student is required to take full charge of a training-school class in the gymnasium, having as her lesson some form of free play, corrective exercises, and a directed game. This has worked out very well and we are proud of our record.

As a class we have greatly benefited by our gymnasium work under the faithful instruction of Miss Skeele, who has put her whole self into making us the best possible teachers of gymnastics.

Ruth Carpenter

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