THE ECHO

June 1919
Faculty

Walter C. Wood,    Science and Agriculture
Ray A. Pestle,    -    Mathematics
Keena Roberts,    -    Domestic Science
Mary L. Doyle,    -    -    Latin
Laura E. Libby,    French and English
Mary Hawkins,    -    Music
To Mr. Walter C. Wood, our Principal,
We respectfully dedicate this volume of The Echo
THREE CHEERS FOR N. B. H. S.

1
O, N. B. H. S. ever
Thy praises we will sing.
For endless, endless ages
Our love to thee we'll bring.
O, may corruption never
Thy noble spirit move,
But loving pride and loyal
Thy kind intention prove.

Cho.—
Three cheers for old N. B. H. S.
Hail to its classes wise;
Three cheers for all the graduates;
And to its teachers five.

2
O, Classmates, do your duty,
Don't let School Spirit die,
But labor well and faithfully
For North Bennington High,
And give Dame Fortune reason
To smile upon our school
By practicing School Spirit
'Long with Geom' try rule.

3
Now, hand-in-hand together
Let's all the name repeat:
"N. B. H. S," our watch-word,
So dear to us and sweet.
With the echoes of our watch-word
May hill and vale resound:
"Three cheers to N. B. H. S."
We'll always love the sound.

N. B. This goes with the air of the Commencement
Song on page 11 in "One Hundred and One Best Songs."

Marcus Shuffleton.
FOREWORD

North Bennington High School has always been a college preparatory school, nothing more, and some times something less. It is certainly right to prepare for college. None of us would have it otherwise. But when we consider that less than five per cent of the students who graduate from this school go on to college, does it not seem that the other ninety-five per cent are being put through studies that will train them very little for their life work?

This problem has faced and is continuing to face school boards in all parts of the country. Some school boards have ignored the problem, not being progressive enough to solve it.

In the fall of 1918, the North Bennington Board took a step in the right direction. They created at that time, aided by the State Department of Education, a Junior-Senior High School. It was the only school of this type in this end of the state during the past year. We may feel gratified that we are the leaders and that we have achieved some success, for the towns of Bennington and Manchester have applied to the State Department of Education for the privilege of creating schools like this one.

Our school system is the 6-6 plan. That is, six years of elementary and six of secondary schooling. Formerly it was an 8-4 plan, eight years of elementary and four years of secondary. The Junior part of the system begins with the seventh grade and extends through the second year of the old high school system. The Senior school includes the Junior and Senior years of the old system.

Every one knows and laments the fact that so many boys and girls leave school at the end of, or during the eighth year. They feel at the end of that grade that they have accomplished
something; have graduated and obtained a diploma. They do not go on to High School. The Junior system carries them on, for it so dove-tails the work, that the transition is normal, smooth and easy to make. This system therefore, kills two birds with one stone by securing better adaption of subject matter, methods and discipline to the adolescent age and by decreasing the elimination from school.

This system also secures better teachers and instruction. For each teacher is required to teach those branches in which she is best qualified.

The scholars of the former seventh and eighth grades are taught by college graduates who are especially trained in the subjects which they teach.

The vocational training given in this type of school, is the most stimulating to the pupils. The boys of the former seventh and eighth grades have a study in science, the aims of which are: (a) to give the boy some definite ideas concerning scientific method; (b) to direct his interests and initiative; (c) to equip him with some tools with which he can meet problems of everyday life with more intelligence and interest; (d) to give him a general appreciation of the whole field of natural science.

In the first and second grades of Junior High school, home economics is begun with courses in cooking and sewing,—as in the average home these are the two industries that stand out,—but the work does not end here. These subjects are supplemented and enlarged until they include instructions in cleaning, home nursing, food values, marketing and keeping accounts. Every effort is made to conduct only courses that may be practical,—to deal with problems that the student will meet in her everyday life—with the aim in view to develop in the pupils such skill that she may efficiently discharge the duties of a housewife.

This year a course in Animal Husbandry has been conducted for the older boys who are interested in farming. In connection with readings and studies, trips have been taken to
farms near by where good stock is kept. The practical judging of dairy cattle, horses, sheep, swine and poultry has been done on these farms. The home project has been used to a large extent, extra credit being given for the raising of farm animals and the keeping of good records. Pure-bred animals have been secured in many cases,—the Dorset-Horned Sheep of J. C. Colgate being the favorites. Next year a course in crops and soils will be given.

The shop work which has been conducted has consisted chiefly in the repairs of equipment that the boys have brought from home. During the first part of the year, a shop room was made by putting up a partition in the basement, two work benches, horses and other shop accessories were constructed.

We have made a good start toward the realization of a school that has in mind the greatest good for the greatest number. If a student wishes to go to college he may enter from this school. If a student does not go to college or leaves school before graduating, he has secured something that will be of use to him in his everyday life. Thus we serve the exceptional 5 per cent and do not lose sight of the other 95.
COURSES OF STUDY FOR 1919–1920

The asterisk (*) indicates subjects required of all pupils until there are very sufficient reasons why they should not be continued by certain individuals.

The figures indicate the number of recitations a week.

**FIRST YEAR**
* English 4
* Mathematics 4
* History & Geography 5
* Science (Boys) 3
  Home making (Girls) 3
* Current Events 1
  Penmanship 4
  (15 min. periods)
French 3
Physical Training 1
Shop Work (Boys)
(Time varies for individuals)
Music 1

**SECOND YEAR**
Same as for first year, omitting Geography and offering History four times a week.

**THIRD YEAR**
* English 5
* Mathematics 5
History 5
Latin 5
French 5
Agriculture 5
Home Economics 5
Music 1
7 Physical Training 1
## FOURTH YEAR
- English 5
- Mathematics 5
- Latin 5
- French 5
- History 5
- Agriculture 5
- Home Economics 5
- Music 1
- Physical Education 1

## FIFTH YEAR
- English 5
- Latin 5
- French 5
- Chemistry 5
- Agriculture 5
- Home Economics 5
- History 5
- Music 1
- Physical Education 1

## SIXTH YEAR
Same as for fifth year

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### BELGIUM AND THE WAR

When on August 4th, 1914, the Germans on their march to Paris, swept across the Belgian Border, there was more than one purpose behind their violation of Belgian's neutrality. Their chief object was military. Yet the industrial object cannot be overlooked. Again, the invasion of a country, even by Germans does not necessarily mean the careful and deliberate looting and spoiling of that country's industry or the enslavement of its people. There is a deeper and a more satanic reason for this.
Germany had visions of the conquest of the world and to a
German, that, to a great extent meant the commercial conquest
of the Universe. Belgium is smaller than the State of Mary-
land, but she ranked fifth in the industries of the world. That
is why the Huns stole, burned and blasted every step of their
way. Belgium was the most densely settled, the most laborious
and the most productive country in the world. Her skill and
ability was an obstacle in the path of the German Supremacy.
Therefore, Germany tried to wipe her off the face of the map.
Belgium might easily have stood aside and let the grey-green
army pass thru her boundaries, but because she did defend her
self heroically and fight furiously, the Huns left them ruin and
desolation.
Belgium, altho' very small had a population of less than
eight millions and as she was the highway of Europe, she had
splendid railways. She also had large lead and zinc industries
and many others too numerous to mention. If they had been
unhappy and overworked, as this might suggest, they would not
have fought as they did.
After the "Beast" entered Belgium, the mechanism of civi-
zation stopped; stores, banks and factories closed. Telegraph
and telephone ceased to operate, mails no longer were delivered
and food could neither be bought nor harvested.
After four years of tyranny and suffering, she had nothing
left. We are feeding her people to keep them from starvation;
but it is not charity that Belgium wants; it is reparation of her
industry. This alone will build her up to where she was before
the war. Belgium has nearly died for Honor and Justice. We
cannot do less than bind her wounds and help to make her whole
again.

A. S. Powers, '20.
MADELEINE'S ESCAPE

The sun was shining brilliantly in a little town in France. Everything was quiet after the long battle. The German commanders having driven the French from this quarter, had taken possession of the hotels and private dwelling houses, and had gone to them for rest. Several guards were on duty, but they, too, were silent.

Madeleine Condon walked slowly back and forth in the limited space of ground, which was allowed; not because she enjoyed the sunshine and air, but as there was no work to be done then, she knew of no other way to occupy her time. Although her attitude was hopeless and dejected, she made a beautiful picture, as her light fluffy hair blew about in the calm breeze. Her eyes were of a mild blue, and in spite of her drooping shoulders and often unsteady step, one could see that she was of a splendid figure.

She was thinking of home. Oh, that word! It almost seemed impossible, unreal to her now. Three months ago she was living not far from here. She had then a mother, father and one brother, Philip, who had enlisted in the army. She often wondered if he were living or dead. She thought of how the family used to assemble in the living room evenings. She would play the piano and Phil would accompany her with his deep, rich voice.

All this was what had happened, it probably would never happen again. Were her father and mother dead, or living the sort of life, (if life it might be called), as she? She hoped they had died, rather than suffer as greatly as she had suffered.

At last, weary from her hard day's work of cooking for the "cannibals" (as she called them), she managed to find a long board, which she drew up to as cool a spot as she could find, and sat down. Being exhausted, her head dropped forward, her eyes closed, and it was not long before she was asleep.

About half an hour later she was awakened by a severe blow
on the shoulder. The men had arisen and found her asleep. Hungry and half awake, they were more furious than ever. Madeleine, followed by two big Germans, went to the cookhouse and began to prepare food for them. The other prisoners, glum and silent, were already at their work. They were not allowed to speak to each other; men stood over them, gruffly shouting orders. As there was much work to be done and innumerable men to be cared for, she worked hard and steadily all night.

The next morning she was ordered to go in the garden. She hated this work more than that of the kitchen, because it was so very difficult, but she dare not refuse. She was so disheartened that it seemed impossible to live this sort of life very long, so she might as well face the garden and the man’s work. She worked steadily until noon. Then, all of the prisoners were brought a fair-sized chunk of bread and a huge cup of black coffee. During the short interval allowed the prisoners for this meager repast, the girl paused wearily to wonder if she would be able to endure such work the whole afternoon. But almost immediately she was brought to her senses by a gruff command to go with her fellow-prisoners to a distant field where she was to unload provisions. The sun gradually became warmer and warmer, and Madeleine became weaker and weaker.

At last, going to the car of provisions, which were camouflaged by means of stuffed sacks, she started to move one. It fell from the car on her feet. Tired out and very weak, the shock was too great for her. She fell, stunned. Upon seeing this, a German came over to her and spoke. She did not answer. He then took her by the shoulders and tried to drag her onto her feet. Her eyes were closed, and as he brought her up, she immediately fell back to the ground. Thinking she was dead, he left her there and went back to the others.

How long Madeleine lay there she knew not, but when she regained consciousness, the sun had begun to set, the field was destitute of people. She stood up and looked about her. No
one was in sight, but she could hear the voices of the enemy. Although dizzy and bruised, she walked almost unconsciously in the opposite direction of the enemy. She went slowly but did not stop.

After she had proceeded for about two miles, it began to grow dark. She started to enter a thicket when she heard voices. Was it a band of the enemy coming towards her? She went into the thicket and hid, not thinking but what she would be seen. The voices became more distinct. She thought that the men would surely come upon her and again take her prisoner. Nearer and nearer they approached; someone laughed. There seemed to be something familiar about it, and yet why should there be? She got up courage enough to peek out. What a sight met her eyes. A band of Khaki Boys. She took a step forward; again she heard that voice ring in her ears. She went even a little farther, and—who was leading, whose voice, whose face; was it, could it be Phil’s?

Madeleine had now almost reached the edge of the thicket. She appeared in view, gave one glance at the leader, and then fell fainting at the feet of her brother.

Helen R. Walsh.

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HISTORY OF CLASS ’19

I do not think I shall ever forget my first day at school in North Bennington. I went to school that first day with my cousin and when we stopped at the door of the First Primary, I began to tremble. My cousin knocked and the door was opened. There stood a very tall, primly dressed lady who wore spectacles and I was all the more scared. She spoke very kindly to me and led me into the room. O, the looks on the faces of all in that room! Miss Harty, for it was she, told me to sit with that girl in the back of the room. Who was the girl? Of course, it was Ruth Dailey, who is now attending business college in Albany.
I finished school that year and the next September I entered the Second Primary, Mrs. Moshier, who was then Miss Horton was the teacher. I was very studious that year and worked so hard that in May, I was obliged to leave for the rest of the year. I guess I haven’t been so industrious since because I haven’t had to leave school.

When I was again able to go back, Miss Young had the care of training little minds to shout. Nothing particular happened that year except that I met the beginning of what is now the present senior class and we gradually climbed the ladder of education as a very smart class, until we reached the fourth rung from the top in the North Bennington School, that is, our Freshman year at the High School.

Who was in that very bright class which entered the Freshman Room, September 8, 1915? There were John Clancy, who was destined to be the President of that illustrious class; Marcia Bouplon, the girl with the curls; the reserved and shy Blanche Beagle; the blushing Edrie Hall; George Kinney, the class clown; that very proper young lady, Miss Lois Young, a certain Clayton Paddock; Percie Foster, the class monkey; Clarence Ross, the “short, light chap”; Helen Ross, the great singer; Theresa Mattison, that fair damsel, who knows all about cooking; Clarence Parker looking very solemn and cross because he did not wish to go to High School; and Julia Jones, the girl with the lisp. But who are those two girls coming through the hall now, one has a large “History of the World” under her arm and the other one has her knitting? Why of course! They are Mary Gleason and Thelma Gaul or the Q. M. S.

That honorable class was very popular for the next few months for the Sophomores tried to convince us “how green we were,” but of course we knew that wasn’t true so it didn’t bother us much. There was much excitement on the day we held our first class meeting and the Sophomores especially were excited but much to their disappointment they did not find out the par-
ticulars. Nevertheless we elected our officers which were as follows: John Clancy, President; Mary Gleason, Vice-President; Clarence Parker, Secretary; and Thelma Gaul, Treasurer, and we chose green and gold for our class colors.

Then we heard rumors about a reception and the Sophomores stood around in groups and whispered to each other, until one day the President of the Senior class came in and announced that the Three Upper Classes were to give a reception for the Freshman Class on the coming Friday night. Those classes and especially the Sophomores tried to frighten us by saying they would do something awful to us that night, but we were not to be frightened, so at 7:30 o'clock (to be sure of a seat) we appeared, in our "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" clothes at Bank Hall. They ushered us right up front and read a little poem about us.

Then they proceeded to give us a real entertainment. In April we returned the honor.

Our teachers that year were Mr. Kibbey; Miss Kentfield, who is now a missionary in China; and Miss Plummer. Thru the strenuous efforts of these three teachers we were in June promoted to the Sophomore class.

This year we were destined to have all new teachers: Mr. Currie, Miss Cilley and Miss Dudley. Now our long-waited-for turn to initiate the Freshmen came. A short time after school began we started to prepare an entertainment. With the help of Miss Cilley we wrote and played a short farce in which we showed the Freshmen how very "green" they appeared on that first day; a poem was also read in their honor.

That year we had to elect a new president because John Clancy, our former president, had left school. Clarence Ross was elected. We also lost George Kinney and Clayton Paddock but in their place, Earl Marsh, or Mark Tidd as he was then called, joined our class. Near the end of the year, much to our disappointment, Clarence Ross and his sister Helen were obliged to leave school, so now our class only numbered eleven.

In September, 1917, when the last bell had rung, we were
very glad to see the whole eleven of our class present. We were
new Juniors and I can tell you we felt rather important. As
President Ross had left school we had a class meeting and this
time the oracles decreed that we elect Clarence Parker for the
chair. Of course the two receptions of the year took place and
we planned to give several entertainments in order that we might
take a trip to Washington, D. C. We did not wish any class to
get ahead of us, but because of the war our plans were never
carried out. Two more of our number left school, Marcia Bou-
plon and Julia Jones. June 21, 1918, the latter gave a party for
the class at her home in Bennington and we had much fun there.
Following custom it was our duty to act as ushers and to do the
decorating. We decorated Bank Hall to do honor to the Sen-
iors that were to graduate and on that great day in their history,
four Junior girls, Thelma Gaul, Mary Gleason, Lois Young and
Theresa Mattison were ushers. Again with the help of our
teachers Mr. Currie, Miss Simmons and Miss Roberts, we passed
on to the next class, this time to our Senior year at the North
Bennington High School.

How dignified and responsible we felt as we, nine in num-
ber, entered Room I. that bright morning in September. It was
destined that much was to happen to us as Seniors. We found
two new teachers, Mr. Wood and Mrs. Hutchinson, with the
old ones, Miss Roberts and Mr. Currie. We had only been go-
ing to school a few weeks when it was closed for five
weeks on account of the influenza. The day it was to open the
armistice was signed so we had no school, but the next day
when we came back, we found, much to our sorrow, that Mr.
Currie had gone to Connecticut to teach. Mr. Wood was to
take his place. I am afraid that our sorrow was very soon for-
gotten because we have learned to respect and like Mr. Wood
very much. We also found two new teachers, Miss Doyle and
Miss Libby and again we started what seemed a new year. We
worked busily until Christmas and then we had our Christmas
vacation. When we came to school in January, Miss Killion
had gone to her home on account of ill health and in a few days Mr. Pestle took her place. Then there was great excitement in the Senior class. It was time to give the Senior play and we were busy reading and selecting to see which one we should give. We finally decided on "The Colonel's Maid," which was given in Arlington, South Shaftsbury, White Creek and North Bennington. We cleared enough money to pay for our invitations and cards which we had selected in the early part of our Senior year. Then preparations for graduation were begun. First came the essays. From that time to the present we have been busy and the "busy life" seems to be all that is in store for us until June.


MARIE'S BIT

Marie was just a school girl like the rest of us. Although she went to a little school in Viollotte, France. She lived with her grandmother so spent part of her time helping at home. She had two brothers in the army, so naturally often longed to do something that would help the soldier boys. Summer was coming and Marie knew then that she would have some spare moments.

One day at the beginning of vacation, one of her brothers sent several pairs of socks home to be darned. It then occurred to Marie that at last she had found a way to help the soldiers.

When Marie sent back her brother's socks she wrote a letter telling him of her desire to help and that she would be glad to darn socks for any of the boys who would send them.

Within a short time, the socks began to arrive. For the first week Marie did them all herself and it took every minute she could give. However, within a couple of weeks so many socks came that it was necessary to ask some girl friends to help her.
Marie became so interested in her work that soon she began to send little bags of nuts and sweet cakes back with the socks.

Way out in the trenches and in the rest billets the boys watched the incoming mail for the socks and candies from their "petite soeur Marie," as they called her.

Some of the soldiers wrote to Marie to thank her and tell her how much good she was doing. This made her very happy for she realized that even if she was "un petite soeur," she had done her bit to win the war.

Florence White, '20.
The Echo

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HARRY HARRINGTON, '22
TEACHING AMERICANISM IN THE FACTORY

The teaching of Americanism in the factory is becoming more and more important to employers and to the public in general. In the recent war the illiteracy of many of our soldiers caused great surprise, and showed how numerous the illiterates must be in civil life. Most of these people are foreign-born and work in our large factories.

"The New York Board of Education provides a teacher and equipment for any factory where a class of twenty-five can be organized, requiring only the earnest cooperation of the firm." There are many firms "who are willing to furnish artificial light and space," but do not like the idea of paying for the time so used. But other firms throughout the country realize that the benefits of such a system repay them for their trouble. Mr. Ford was one of the first to recognize its importance.

The usual studies are English, Civics and Arithmetic. If our foreign-born population can neither read nor write English, how can they understand the ideals and principles of the country in which they live? For what reason can they think we went to war? Not only the English language but "the ideas and inspiration gained through the language" are great advantages of these schools, which thus work for the well-being of the whole nation.

There are many good results for the employees. They can understand orders and read signs which mean danger or contain various other matters of interest to themselves. This naturally averts many accidents. They can reach a higher plane of efficiency for their own good as well as for their employers'. They are no longer strangers in a strange land, but understand and take interest in American affairs, and are able to become good citizens of the great republic.

Educated employees are an advantage to their employer. They can guard themselves against accidents by reading
signs and posters, and good Americans make good employees, for "loyalty to the company goes hand in hand with loyalty to America."

Some people believe in Americanizing foreigners, but think that the night schools should accomplish this object. But the men and women are tired after their day’s work, and want amusement rather than study. Many of them are timid about joining classes further advanced than themselves for fear of being laughed at. The factory school overcomes these objections, for it brings opportunity into the midst of their work. When the classes are composed of their own friends and fellow-workers, they are usually willing and eager to make use of their chances. As for those who refuse to take such a course, Miss Elkus in a New York paper says: "It would be well if we could treat these employees the way Henry Ford does at his plant. The Ford course is not exactly optional. A man who declines to take it is laid off for a couple of weeks in order that he may have time to think it over. If, after further persuasion, he refuses to attend the classes, he is given an opportunity to find employment elsewhere. Mr. Ford’s idea of education is to fit the foreigner to become a citizen and encourage him to do so."

Mary Glenson, ’19.

CRITICISMS ON CLASSICS

I think that Shakespeare’s works deserve a place on our reference shelf with the Bible and dictionary. In his works may be found the greatest variety of useful knowledge ever found in the works of any one man.

For a well written tragedy, for instance, who would not immediately turn to Shakespeare’s "Macbeth"? And why, pray, does an educated reader persue the contents of such a comedy as "Midsummer Night’s Dream," for the second time?
But I must not mention particularly any more of Shakespeare's plays, for they are so numerous I could not find space to mention them all, and if I only mention a part of them, I would not be doing justice to the remainder.

Shakespeare's writings comprise not only quantity and variety,—but also that quality which is the most enhancing to their superiority,—a beautiful style. Besides, he is an authority upon the correct use of words. How often we hear someone say, 'It must be right for Shakespeare says so.' Certainly no other writer is so often referred to, for his English is undeniably the most perfect of any with possible exception of the St. James' English version of the Bible.

"THE IDYLLS OF THE KING."

I think a great many people do not appreciate the value and meaning of the Idylls. They represent the phases of the life of a person from birth until death, the varied and interesting life of King Arthur being used for an illustration.

The story told in the Idylls seems to the reader to have covered only about a year because of the strict order of their placing in regard to the time of the year in which each separate story is supposed to have occurred. But the time in which all these events, so connectedly and consistently told, really took place is about forty years.

The Idylls are very useful as a source of well-placed words; then too, they are much read for the mythical history of that time (fifth and sixth centuries) and for pure pleasure derived from reading the interesting love tales portrayed in such an attractive style by Tennyson.

Besides, the Idylls contain many maxims and passages which are often quoted. Added to these good qualities, the poems contain passages which are called by grammarians some of the most beautiful ever composed.

MARCUS SHUFFLETON.
A TRIP TO THE FAIR.

It was the fall of 1925, I ha’ worked hard all summer and my wife had about finished her cannin’ and our pertaters was all dug. As I was drivin’ home from town one day with a buggy full o’ grosheries I see some ’big flamin’ posters on Widder Jones’ barn. As I kep acomin’ closter I noticed that they advertised the horse races at the county fair.

Yuh know the Widder used to be Blanche Beagle, what went tu High School when I did, and her husband died a year arter they wuz married. By gosh, if I hadn’t ever see Marthy I know I’d a married Blanche—she was such a good-looker.

But I’m gettin’ kinder ’ff my subject; wal, when I got home I told Marthy that we was gointer ther fair, and she most fainted away, and put up all sorts o’ excuses, but soon she felt as giddy and young about it as I did, and we begun ter get ready ter go.

The day fer us to go dawned bright and airly an’ we hustled up old Molly and started. Ther Bank lies on ther road ter the fair ground and so I thought I’d stop a minnit and draw some money ter spend, and chat awhile with my old chum, Clarence Parker, who is the president and cashier of the bank. Wal, I drew my money and talked a while with Cap, and then Marthy and I started on fer ther fair. The old nag had put on her hollerday airs an’ started off with a jerk that most upset us.

In due time we ’rived on the scene and tuk care of Molly. As we entered the gate the big race was just ended and thar was the victor surrounded by friends an’ admirers praizin’ his fine horsemanship. Before we had gone very far a hand slapped me on the shoulder and thar stood the champion lookin’ at me with big goggliers on his lights; an’ then he tuk ’em off an’ thar, just as sure as preachin’ stood Earl Marsh! Wal, we visited awhile an’ I giv him an introduc-
tion to Marthy and she invited him ter dinner some time, and we went along.

We soon got kinder hungry, and I bought some pairs to go with our lunch Marthy had put up, and we went ter a quiet spot (considerin' the circumstances) and et it. As we finished our dinner we heard a loud, shrill voice,—like a Chinaman's shoutin' fer all it wuz worth, "See the past, present and future of yourself, your friends and your enemies! Magic telescope! Wonder of the world! Come one! Come all!"

"Say, Martha," says I, "wouldn't it be dummmed interestin' ter see what some of my old school mates is doin' to-day? I've met one old friend and I'm kinder wonderin' what the rest of 'em are doin', and if they've been as lucky—especially in matrimony—as I have." Now sich compliments as that always gets Marthy's goat and so o'course she consented at once.

On our way to the place where we heard the voice we saw a sort of a pit made of boxes and canvas, and a man on a platform a hollerin' fer people to come and see the charmin' lady with shiny, slimy, salty snakes. Sumthin' said in my ear fer me ter go and see the show which only cost ten cents; so as Marthy didn't want ter see any snakes, she said she'd go and see the "magic telescope" while I see the snakes.

I paid my fair and the man let me stand up on the platform beside him so's I could look down inter ther pit. And what I saw made my blood run cold, fer thar sittin' in ther middle with snakes all around her was Edie Hall! But I didn't stay very long cuz I wuz afraid she'd recognize me and I'd have to step in among them snakes ter shake hands with her, when any time one of 'em might make a mistake and hug me; so I hurried right along to find Marthy and ther magic telescope man.

When I found her she was tryin' ter find me. "It's
really quite wonderful!’ says she, but I didn’t hear her I wuz in such a rush ter see what wuz happenin’ ter some of my old school mates. Ther tent whar Marthy directed me to said on it in big red letters, ‘Percival Fosteria, the wonderful magician.’ Wal, I wuz kinder dumbfounded at first, but I didn’t go into historicals as Marthy did when she caught the mouse in ther flour barrel, becuz by this time I wuz gettin’ ister surprises. Thinkin’ of the good luck I’d had in huntin’ up my friends of 1919, I boldly entered the tent, and ther stood Percy Foster, lookin’ just as he did six years ago, only a little different, yuh see, becuz he had on a different suit and a mustash and a Van Dyke, and long hair like a Bolsheviki. I talked with Percy awhile and then he told me I could use his ‘magic telescope’ as many times as I wanted ter fer half price, so I started in.

Percy went through a lot of motions as though he was playin’ an organ, on some magic buttons on a pole, while I put my nickel in the slot and yelled, “Present of Mary Gleason,” and thar, much ter my amazement and horror, was a picher with Mary Gleason a climbin’ down a ladder from an upstairs window and a man—a man mind yuh! a man a-holdin’ out his arms ter her from the ground! Wal I swan, now if I wa’n’t provoked at Percy becuz I knew that Mary used to be too much of a fighter ter find any one who would elope with her.

But I thought I’d see the thing through, so I hollered out ‘Lois Young’ to the top of my voice. Wal, I wuzn’t quite so surprised to see Lois dausin’, all dressed up in pink fluffy stuff that was covered with pink fly nettin’. My but she looked reel quite perty! But then, yuh know them picher’s dey exaggerate beauty anyway!

As I looked a little ter one side of Lois I see a young lady sittin’ at an orgin and poundin’ it as though it’s heart would break, to keep time with Louis’ dansin’. An that orgin didn’t have any pumpers either! When I could al-
most hear that orgin crash the music stopped and the lady turned around so quick she almost fell out o' the pitcher, and I bawled out "Thelma Gaul," and by the time I'd come to the pitcher was gone.

Then I wanted ter see Teresa Mattison too and I found she'd married a millionaire, and now she was one too.

Wal, now, I wuz perty pleased with all I'd found out and I give Percy a tip and run ter tell Marthy ther news I'd heard.

MARCUS SHIPLETON, '20.

THAT'S ALL

It was night on the ocean. Myriads of stars looked down upon the rolling sea, twinkling with surprise at what they saw. A huge ship went its way ablaze with lights as if in challenge to the indignant little lights above. What did it all mean? For a long time now the stars had had the ocean to themselves and the huge monsters had passed below in darkness. Now came this rash intruder! The jealous stars twinkled as brilliantly as they could twinkle, while their sister, the moon, confident of her own beauty, shone calmly on.

Leaning over the rail of the ship which was causing the stars such surprise and annoyance, was a woman in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse. Her eyes gazed over the moonlit sea, but her thoughts were not allured by its beauty. They were busy with a picture of an old New England homestead, set in a framework of trees. The last years of change and suffering, such as America had never known before, seemed a hazy dream and memory carried her back to the days of childhood.

Little Phyllis of those days had been a sturdy figure in pink-pinafore romping through the golden days with "bruvver Bob," her idol. A tiny cut, a bruised finger, all the hurts of childhood sent her scurrying to Bobby, her one sure source of comfort in sorrow. And who else should she go to? Mother and daddy she could not even remember; Aunty Grace was to be loved and
minded, but who could take the place of Bobby? And she was right, for however mischievous the boy might be with others, his sister was his own particular charge. Couldn't he remember, rather vaguely to be sure, how his mother had given her to him when she was only a squally baby in a blanket? He had stood beside mother, a small drooping figure with tousled yellow curls, just before she left him to go to a place they called heaven and to daddy, and she had said: "Remember, Bobby, she is your sister and you must take care of her while mamma is away." And he had justified his mother's faith.

Thus they had grown up together, each sharing in the other's joy and sorrow. The day came when gentle Aunty Grace left her charges to battle alone with the indifferent world. Phyllis was then a girl of sixteen and Bob was in his second year of college. It was their first great sorrow, for though they had often teased their anxious little aunt, they had loved her sincerely. The old house was very lonesome when Bobby went reluctantly back to college, so Phyllis, despite the fears of her father's old-fashioned lawyer and of a few old family friends, packed her trunk and went away to a school near Bobby. Later, she studied nursing in the city where Bob was already beginning to achieve success. The old homestead was always ready to receive them, for Mrs. McIntyre, housekeeper since their mother had gone there as a bride, kept the hearth-fire burning all the year round for "her bairns."

Gradually the rumblings of the war in Europe resounded louder and louder in America. The tragedy of the "Lusitania" horrified our people, and Phyllis and Bob believed that somehow there would be war. They never spoke openly of what would happen then, but they both knew that when it came, Bobby would go. So Phyllis began to prepare. When the hour struck she was ready as always, to go where Bobby led.

They crossed on the same transport, but once in France they were definitely separated for the first time in their lives. They were the children of men who had fought and died for the same cause that Bob was prepared to fight and die for now, and they hid their hearts with gallant smiles, as is the way in war. One day Bobby marched away, and as he raised his cap in fare-
well Phyllis, perhaps for the last time, saw the sun shine on his yellow hair. So she smiled and waved her hand and shook the glittering tears away.

Then came a baptism of blood and fire. Phyllis had come to France partly for love of country and partly for love of her brother. She would have stayed in France if it were a question of love for her country alone, and because she must do her bit to relieve the agonies of those who fought for civilization and America. She only saw Bobby once, when he searched her out in a pouring rain, during a few days furlough. There were a few happy minutes intermittently, when those who needed Phyllis even more than her brother, did not claim so much of her attention. Then Bobby went away again into the gray, drizzling curtain of the rain.

In the following months, danger and suffering and self-sacrifice became more and more a part of Phyllis’ busy life. She fought the suffering with a courage that never failed. There were times, of course, when her tired body could no longer obey the dictates of her soul, but after a short furlough, she was back in the fight.

Then a mud-bespattered carrier brought an official looking envelope to the big hospital not far behind the lines. She opened it and read that Bobby was dead.

The next few weeks she did not remember very clearly. The usual terrible routine went on, the shells sometimes burst perilously near the hospital, and as usual she did her best to ease the pain of shattered bodies. But underneath her quiet manner, her heart beat slower and slower till it almost begged to stop. Then she would turn on in angry questioning: Was she not bearing only what thousands and thousands of others were bearing? Was she a quitter? Bobby had done his part, what would he think of her? “But,” her tired heart answered, “he was just all I had.” “What difference does that make?” she came back, “you are only an atom in a sea of suffering, and—Bobby has done his part.”

And so she fought her own heart as well, an aching heart in a body that was growing weaker and weaker with its long labors in the hospital. But she fought well, the medal beneath.
her coat helped to show how well. Finally the armistice was signed, and then only would she take her well-earned rest.

The ship sped swiftly on its way. Phyllis raised her tired body and drew forth from under her coat, her medal. So far she had done her part, and she dully believed that the token of her victory would help her to win the fight in the lonely months to come.

A few days later the transport docked in New York harbor. Phyllis saw again the city and the lofty statue which over a year ago she and Bob together had seen fading into the western sky. With tightening lips she descended the gang plank. A distant cousin, at whose home she had sometimes visited in the old days, met her and carried her off. Crossing Broadway on their way to their car, Phyllis dodged nervously.

"What," said her cousin laughingly, "afraid of Broadway after dodging shells in Europe for a year?" Phyllis smiled and admitted she was a coward. She did not mention then or afterwards the medal beneath her coat.

The longing for home grew on Phyllis. A few days later, despite her cousin's protest, she started on the journey. A long day passed on the trains and just at sunset she arrived at the little country station. MacIntyre, the old gardener, with his rugged face beaming but with a suspicious huskiness in his gruff voice, came forward to meet her. At sight of him Phyllis knew of course that he and his wife had been immediately notified of their soldier boy's death in France and at sight of the familiar old face she bowed her head for a moment, unable to speak. The old man awkwardly patted her hands and leading the way to the carriage, mumbled something to cover her emotion.

On the way home Phyllis soon regained her self-control and asked for news of the country side. She had written to tell Mrs. MacIntyre of her home-coming, but had asked that no one except the old housekeeper and her husband should know of it for awhile. So only one came back to the home to which two had always returned before.

It was not very long before Phyllis saw the white house set back from the road in its circle of trees. As she looked, a light twinkled in one of the windows and she knew it was in her own
room. The gardener noticed it also and remarked that "Jean dinna wait for night to make the house light when her bairn is coming hame."

As Maggie, the horse, drew up before the arched colonial doorway, the door opened and Mrs. MacIntyre's motherly figure appeared on the threshold. Phyllis jumped from the carriage and with a little sob rushed into the old woman's waiting arms.

A month later Phyllis entered the cheery kitchen where Mrs. MacIntyre was making pies. She had been for a long walk over the hills where she and Bobby used to roam together in the days gone by. A few snow flakes still rested on her soft dark hair. The old woman looked at her keenly but there were no traces of tears on the quiet face.

"Mrs. MacIntyre, I have been offered a position in a hospital in New York and have decided to accept it immediately," said Phyllis.

"O me dear, will you leave us ower soon again, when the color has just begun to come back to my bairn's bonny face?"

"But I have had a fine rest, thanks to your good care and the quiet country air. Now I must take up my work again where it is needed most. Besides I think one is always happier in service."

And wise Mrs. MacIntyre watching her, knew that she spoke the truth.

So it was that Phyllis again took her place within the great bare walls of a city hospital. That day of her long walk over the hills she had tried to readjust her life, and for the first time since she knew of her brother's death, a real peace had entered her heart. Yet sometimes when a boy with yellow hair was brought into her ward her heart burst its bonds and called fiercely for Bobby. Then when her duties were done, she would walk in a near-by park under the bare trees, till calm was again restored.

She was a favorite with the other nurses. They knew she had been across the water, and she herself had told them quite simply that her brother had died in action. Attracted to her by her history, her calm, sweet personality charmed them and made them her friends.
Miss Leigh, a pretty, rather giddy little nurse, was a source of frequent amusement to Phyllis. Miss Leigh was in Surgical Ward No. 3 on the same floor as Phyllis' Ward No. 4, and the two girls grew quite fond of each other in their different ways. Miss Leigh was forever coming to Phyllis with animated descriptions of wonderfully handsome patients in Ward No. 3, and Phyllis would listen absent-mindedly till the vivacious little nurse was out of breath. Except for this weakness she was really so lovable that Phyllis could not but be patient with her.

One evening in the beginning of the new year Phyllis was busy with the star patient of her ward. He was a young marine with both legs shot off. Despite this terrible handicap the brave fellow was the most cheerful patient in the ward and his laugh was as hearty and as frequent as a boy's. But once when Phyllis had approached him unawares, she had seen his face without its plucky smile, and for the moment she was glad that Bobby had died.

The marine was a little feverish to-night. The day before several wounded had been brought to the hospital from a newly arrived transport and the marine had slightly overdone his strength making the acquaintance of the new patients. His wounds were painful and in his feverish condition he was unable to rest, so he asked Phyllis to give him something to hasten sleep. She hesitated but finally agreed to ask the doctor who was then in Ward 3.

As she walked along the passage she remembered a conversation or rather a monologue of Miss Leigh's that morning. They had happened to meet in the linen room, and the little nurse had immediately begun an enthusiastic description of a wounded hero brought to her ward from the transport afore-mentioned.

"He is so thin and pale, poor fellow, and no wonder with his left arm shot off at the shoulder. He must have been awfully brave when he lost it, for he's got a medal. Such eyes my dear! And—"' here the speaker's tones were muffled in a pile of linen, and Phyllis, who was paying little attention to her friend's latest rapture, heard nothing more until—"shines in the lamplight,"' finished Miss Leigh, departing through the doorway with arms full of linen.
As Phyllis entered Ward 3, she saw the doctor at the end of the room. Walking between the rows of little white cots she wondered smilingly which one belonged to her friend’s new hero. Nodding to some of the patients she knew, her eyes picked out what were probably the new-comers, lying inert and motionless under the white covers. Suddenly she gasped. Straight before her lay one of those white, still figures with eyes closed and with the dull light glancing on yellow hair. Phyllis instinctively pressed her side to still the wild, uneven throbbing of her heart. What was the matter with her? Would she always flinch at sight of a head of shining hair? “But such things have been!” said her longing soul. With uncertain steps she approached the bed and as if it sensed her noiseless approach the figure’s eyes flew open. Then it raised itself with a start. “Bobby!” his sister cried.

Some days later Phyllis sat beside her brother’s wheel-chair scanning his thin white face with adoring eyes and listening to the story of how one arm was lost in France.

“‘One of the fellows looked a lot like me,’” said Bob, “and we chummed about a good deal. Then one night Fritz shelled our trench. When things cleared a bit we were both done up and they got us mixed. Poor chap, he went West, but I’ve lived in spite of all reports. You see I naturally didn’t know I was dead till the day you found me here. Over there I didn’t write till I was sure about my arm, and then you must have been on the way home, so I suppose the letter was lost. I didn’t want to worry the MacIntyre’s about it until I was on this side.” There was a short pause. Suddenly Phyllis said softly, “‘Bobby, how about the medal?’” His face flushed faintly at the sudden question, but he replied laughingly, “‘How about your own?’”

It was Phyllis’ turn to flush. “‘How did you know?’ she asked.

“‘From the only other person in the building beside yourself who does know, the superintendent. How did you know about mine?’”

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Phyllis thought of Miss Leigh’s rhapsody in the linen room, and hesitated. Finally, “One of the nurses told me,” she said. “However, if you insist, I’ll have to admit I didn’t do much to get mine. I—I just stuck when they needed me most. That’s all.”

“That’s all,” repeated Bobby ruminatively.

“Yes,” said Phyllis shortly, “and now it’s your turn.”

“I’ve told you most of it already. The fellow I’ve been talking about went out alone that night on a mighty brave errand, and didn’t come back. I did just what he would have done for me, and went out to find him. He was a pretty good pal, you understand. Well, I found him. But the Huns had got an idea that something was doing out in No-Man’s-Land, so they let out with every kind of shell they had. I got him almost back to the trench when the shells began to come. Of course we had to stop and I covered him as best I could, but after a while he—he went West. They found me next morning, they say, and shipped me to a hospital. And that’s all.”

“That’s all is it?” said Phyllis musingly.

“That’s all,” said Bobby shortly.

MARY GLEASON, ’19.

The Fire Fly

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY NORTH BENNINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME 1.  NO.  1 CENT

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The Fire Fly.

This year for the first time in its history, our school has had a monthly paper, "The Fire Fly." The first issue was published in February.

The paper is printed on a sheet 8½ x 11 inches, and has four pages. Stencils are cut on a typewriter; then, as many copies as are desired are made with a duplicate machine. "The Fire Fly" is on sale only to students of the High School at one cent per copy, on the last school day of each month.

It is the intent and desire of the editors of the "Fire Fly" to publish any items of general interest to the students of the High School.

Basket Ball.

We have had a number of basketball games this season. We have played the team from Bennington High School, the Y. M. C. A. Juniors, the Diamonds and a team from White's shop.

The following have played on the N. B. H. S. first team, (the figure indicates the number of games in which each one has played): Knapp 2, Gleason 2, McGuire 1, Warren 2, Pestle 2, Willson 1, Cornell 1, Bentley 1.

The following boys have played on the N. B. H. S. second team: McGraw 1, McCarthy 1, Austin 2, Gleason 1, Worthington 1, Brundage 2, McGuire 2.

Base Ball.

Our base ball season is rather short this year, but we are going to make it a successful one.

At present we have only two games scheduled, one with Hoosick School played at Hoosick, May 17, and one with Burr and Burton to be played at Manchester, May 30. We
also plan to play two games with Bennington High School, two with Hoosick Falls High School, and another with Burr and Burton, but we have not yet agreed upon the dates.

Our team this year is: Bentley, catcher; Gleason and Brundage pitchers and short stops; Wilson, first base; Worthington, second base; Lape, third base; McCarthy, right field; Austin, center field; LaBatt, left field. LaBatt is the only one of last year’s players back this year, but we are going to have a wide awake team.

Our success this year depends upon the help and encouragement of our school and town.

**CLARENCE ROSS, ’20, Manager.**

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**Class Notes.**

The future fate of most of the Seniors is unknown, but we all suspect that Miss Beagle will be firmly “riveted” to North Bennington.

The “Yellow Peril” has gained a foothold in N. B. H. S. Representatives of both China and Japan are at loose in the school!

Kenneth Cornell is publicly known to be carrying about some strange reddish object in his vest pocket. Miss White was seen in school a few weeks ago with a small pair of scissors, and it is whispered that she performed an operation on a bright-headed schoolmate for Kenneth’s benefit. Find the girl with the missing curl.

Lost, strayed or stolen!
A missing curl of reddish shade.
If found, please return to the proper maid.

They say it is very hard to get into communication with the East Road, because the telephone line is always busy. We have our suspicions, even if our telephone is away out in the ‘hall.’

When the cookery classes began their spring house-
cleaning, Lena Goewey had the honor of washing Shakespeare's face.

Miss Libby:—"When was Cassius killed?"  Alan Foster:—"He must have been killed last Friday when I wasn't here."

Joseph Gleason:—"Was George Elliot a woman!"

Miss Doyle, explaining the word "corn" in Latin III:—"This word means wing or horn; it depends on the way it is used. If it says the wing of an army, you will know it isn't the horn of an army."  Eliot Worthington:—"And if it says the horn of a cow, you will know it isn't the wing of a cow."

Gladys Bromley sitting at a sewing machine in Domestic Science class was heard to say to Miss Roberts:—"This bobbin has gone dry."

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NOTES

Nov. 29, 1918—The three upper classes of the school gave a reception in honor of the Freshman in Bank Hall. A programme was given by the Sophomores. Refreshments were served and dancing enjoyed by all.
Dec. 18, 1918—Seven members of the high school gave four minute speeches on the work of the Red Cross. This was for the purpose of boosting the membership drive in our school. Professor Wood offered two prizes for the best speeches. The first was awarded to Mildred Parker, class 5, the second to Mary Gleason, Class 6.

Jan. 9, 1919—Supt. Hutchenson called a meeting in order to obtain all the musical talent in the High School for an orchestra. Mr. Hutchenson gives one night a week training these people. The orchestra has played on several occasions.

Jan. 25—The pupils of the North Bennington Junior-Senior High School grieved to hear of the death of one of our members, Raymond Barber of Class 3. The school sent flowers.


CAST OF CHARACTERS

Colonel Rudd, - - - Kenneth Cornell
Colonel Byrd, - - - Paul Warren
Marjorie Byrd, - - - Florence White
Bob Rudd, - - - Marcus Shuffleton
Mrs. John Carroll, - - Thelma Gaul
Julia Carroll, - - Phoebe Mattison
Mr. James Bascom, - - Emmet Brundage
Ching-a-Ling, - - Perry Foster
Ned Graydon, - - - Colonel Ross

March 6—H. O. Hutchinson, State Superintendent of Junior-Senior High Schools, and his son visited our school. His son, who has been across, gave a short talk to the History 5-6 class.

ASSEMBLIES

Each Thursday afternoon the classes of our Junior-Senior High meet in Room A for assembly. The classes take
turns in giving the entertainment which never exceeds the
time-limit of fifteen minutes, beginning with Class 6.

Feb. 19—A sketch of Dickens' life, followed by some
selections from Dickens' works on the victrola.

Feb. 27—Class 5. Mixed programme including a piano
solo, recitations and singing by the school.

March 6—Class 4. Rev. Mr. Hamlin read a humorous
story by Kipling.

March 13—Class 3. Songs by the school. Talk on
the war by Bummet Brundage.

March 30—Class 2. Dramatization of "The Great
Stone Face."

April 3—Class 1. Mixed programme including selec-
tions by the orchestra.

April 10—Class 6. Programme given by famous musi-
cians on the victrola.

April 17—Class 5. French play entitled "Le Poudre
Yeux," and the song Jean d'Arc in French by the class.

April 21—Class 4. Family portraits.

May 1—Class 3. The assination of Julius Ceaser dram-
atized. Also a piano solo.


May 15—Class 1. Rip Van Winkle dramatized.

May 16—A reception in Bank Hall given by the three
lower classes. Dancing and games were enjoyed. Refresh-
ments of punch and wafers were served.

May 21—A play entitled "A Strenuous Life," was
given in Bank Hall by the pupils of the North Bennington
High School.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tom Harrington   -   -   Marcus Shufletton
Reginold Black   -   -   -   Grange Lape
Byron Harrington -   -   -   Kenneth Cornell
James Roberts    -   -   -   Joseph Gleason
William Everett James - - Emmet Brundage
Dan Davenant - - Winfield Bently
Professor Magee - - Harry Harrington
Nuguta - - Elliot Worthington
Dawley - - Charles Austin
Mrs. Wigginton Wiggins - - Lila Harwood
Marion Davenant - - Anastasia Powers
Ruth Thornton - - Mildred Parker
Dulcie Harrington - - Phoebe Mattison
Widow Maquire - - Mary Walsh

ALUMNI NOTES
CLASS OF '16

Forrest Bottum enlisted in the service some time ago and is now in Luxemburg, Germany.
Tura Dennison, for the past two years has been employed as teacher in Arlington.
Marion Eddy has employment with the Black Cat Textile Company, Bennington, Vt.
Herbert Hulet has been in service in France and has returned to his home at North Shaftsbury.
Joseph Keefe is engaged in agriculture at his home in Shaftsbury.

Elizabeth Kenney is attending Albany Business College.

Doris Lewis is holding a business position at Worcester, Mass.

Annie Mattison is a stenographer at the office of the Arlington Refrigerator Company.

Webb Phillips is a student at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

Lillian Sutherland, when last heard from, was in New York City, N. Y.

Jesse Squires is attending U. V. M., Burlington, Vt.

CLASS OF '17

Llewellyn Bellas is attending Albany Business College.

Louise Ciocca is assisting at her father's store on Main street.

Richard Galusha is employed by the H. C. White Co.

Caroline Hard is teaching school at Center Shaftsbury.

Charles Harrington is employed as postmaster at South Shaftsbury.

Florence Harrington is at her home on Church Street.

Leslie Harrington has employment with the H. C. White Company.

Walton Harrington is engaged in agriculture at his home.

Sabina Howe has recently accepted a position in the office of Lawyer Prior, Albany, N. Y.

Bliss Hulet has employment in North Shaftsbury.

Prudy Hulet is engaged as teacher at Maple Hill, Shaftsbury.

Bessie Landfear is a Junior student at U. V. M., Burlington, Vt.

Marjory Mann is teaching school at Arlington.

Nellie Mattison is a teacher at Shaftsbury.
Marguerite Mooney has, for the past year, taught school at West Shaftsbury.
Marion Phillips is attending Bliss Business College at North Adams, Mass.
Lena Smith is a student at Castleton Normal School.
Leola Spencer has recently returned from Detroit, Michigan and is at her home on Main street.

Class of '18

Bertha Bouplon is a student at Troy Business College.
Russell Brown is employed by the E. Z. Waist Co., Bennington, Vermont.
Marguerite Ciocca is at her home on Main street.
Ruth Dailey has recently completed a commercial course in the Fitzgerald Business School, Schenectady, N. Y., and has accepted a position as stenographer with the General Electric Company in that city.
Helen Darling is at her home on upper Main street.
Stella Dennison is a student at Castleton Normal School.
Mildred Hathaway has a position in the office of the H. C. White Company.
Horace Hulet is employed in agricultural work at South Shaftsbury.
Forrest Hulet is at his home in North Shaftsbury.
Helen Kenney is in the employ of the H. C. White Co.
Wilmetta Marsh is teaching the Center White Creek school.
Mary Murphy has a position with the H. C. White Co.
Isadore Shippa, now Mrs. Chas. Ross, resides at Fair View Farm, Center Shaftsbury, Vt.
Hazel Smith is at her home in Shaftsbury.
Elizabeth Walsh is employed as substitute at the local freight office.
Robert Van Surdam has employment with the Berkshire Electrical Company.
The First National Bank
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Is now paying at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on deposits in its Savings Department

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