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The Editorial Board wishes to extend their thanks to those pupils who have supplied material for the "Messenger" so far this year; to our advertisers, and to our readers for their support.

There is to be only one more copy of the Messenger for this school year. This we hope to issue the first week in June. Because it is to be the last we have great hopes for a particularly good one. This, however, cannot be realized without the co-operation of everyone. Let's help to make the June issue a decided success!

The Athletic Association of North Bennington High School and especially the members of the baseball team wish to express their sincere thanks for the interest shown by the Parent-Teachers Association and for their generous donation to the athletic fund. Since baseball is the only formal branch of athletics participated in by the students of this school most of the available funds are spent in furthering this sport.

Last year the funds for the support of the baseball team were realized by a play given by the school. This year, as it seemed unwise to do this, it is very fortunate that the Parent-Teachers Association have joined their interests with the Athletic Association, for this offer will save the team much embarrassment due to lack of funds.

—JOSEPH P. MYERS, '25
Spring Fever

Spring is here again. Already people are beginning to look over the advertisements for patent medicines which are supposed to be famous for building up run-down systems and provide them with a little energy which they could have easily obtained if they had only eaten a peck or so of spinach.

It is March! The month of the flu and hard colds. Everyone has them for everyone is beginning to throw off their clothes to meet the fresh breezes laden with germs, sneezes and coughs. It is the fad now-a-days to sit in front of an open window in a direct draught, for hasn't the world been most careful about stepping out-of-doors all winter?

Also the roving spirit now enters our souls. Now is the time Dad takes out his golf bags from the attic to see if any are missing and to polish up the balls. It would be a shame if he couldn't find them when June came so he could use them.

Mother, on the other hand, is traveling back and forth to the garret for an entirely different reason. She is putting on her strongest spectacles and pawing over all the old junk to see if by any chance the moths haven't found their way through the trails of moth-balls and tobacco. Old heirlooms of gowns, which will never again do anyone on earth a bit of good, are searched as if they contained a portion of the U. S. Treasury.

The youngsters are bringing home report cards from schools which show poor deportment. Dad and mother are scolding and threatening future wallopings if the marks aren't raised by next month. The teachers are being blamed for being unfair and telling them they did something they didn't and altogether the dinner table presents a cheerful aspect.

Shoes and rubbers have been abandoned for something nearer water-proof and hip boots are in vogue. Every night these are brought home on wet feet whose owners have been testing the puddles to see how deep they were.

Oh, March is a wonderful month! Doesn't it bring Saint Patrick's Day, and the pussywillows, and daffodils, Lent, doctor’s bills and ever-so-many other things? These make people appreciate April with its Easter bonnets and showers. All the crimes of winter are judged in the glorious month of months and are paid for too by good and bad alike.

—LIOLA WOODHULL, '25
Baseball

Following close upon the season of house-cleaning, marbles and daffodils, comes that yearly episode, dear to every boy’s heart—baseball.

Already plans are under way for the formation of a team. The Parent-Teachers Association have most opportunely promised material aid.

The remaining factor for a successful organization depends entirely on each individual. Are you willing to support the N. B. H. S. team?

This means being on the side-lines at every home game. Each of us, at some time in our lives have been discouraged and lost hope after having attempted some enterprise which has failed, solely for lack of support.

Let everyone resolve to be on the field from the first “Play ball!” to the last, so that our boys, whether winning or losing, may not feel that their efforts have been in vain.

—KATHLEEN O’LEARY

Hygiene and Posture

During the past four or five years we have heard so much about physical training in the schools, that we consider a state not quite up-to-date unless it has laws requiring physical training in some form or other to be taught in its schools. Physical training is as important a subject as any and is considered by some educators, one of greatest importance. We can not have a sound mind without a sound body. If we don’t care for our girls and boys while they are young, how can we expect them to grow up to be healthy men and women, and efficient citizens.

Most states realize the importance of proper exercise and games for children and correct living, as affecting the mental alertness in school work. If school authorities only realized how much a wide-awake mind depended upon a healthy body, every school would have some efficient system to keep the health of the pupils on the highest possible plane. If we could sandwich a little more fresh air stretching and jumping into our schoolday curriculum, how much happier and stronger our children would grow.

Correct posture seems to me to be of the first importance in this work, because the body held correctly allows nature to carry on her functions in the normal way. On the other hand, the body held improperly hampers its own activities, and so wears out
sooner because of the added strain. Our organs suffered badly enough when our ancestors began to walk on two feet instead of four, because that made all the delicate organs drop down so that they crowded each other and we had all sorts of troubles. Consequently, if we do not hold ourselves up to our full height we crowd the organs more than ever and then wonder why we have so many organic disturbances.

There are plenty of muscles given us to serve just this purpose, and it now becomes our duty to keep those muscles working every minute. Posture is a habit—good posture a good habit—bad posture—the worst of habits. Once you have trained those muscles to hold your body in the proper line they will perform the task for you faithfully, without thought on your part. So many children say, “Oh, it hurts to stand up straight!” or “it’s too hard work.” But once they’ve acquired the habit it will hurt to do anything but stand straight, and it will feel more restful than slouching. The slouch may be stylish, but it’s most unhealthful. You don’t think about moving one foot after the other when you are walking; those muscles are trained to do that particular work. Just so another group of muscles can be trained to hold your body erect and always carry it erect. There are many exercises especially adapted to bring about this correct posture and that is what we should be teaching our boys and girls as soon as they enter school. Here is a simple but effective recipe for good posture:

1—Head up—chin in!
2—Chest up—shoulders down!
3—Stomach flat!
4—Knees straight—feet parallel!

Always remember the saying, “As the twig is bent, so the tree will grow.”

You have often heard the remark that children in the country do not need supervised exercises and play, because they get enough exercise and fresh air at home or coming to school and returning from school—but—is it the right kind of exercise? Suppose our country lad has one task set aside for him to do each day, his muscular activity is concentrated upon one group of muscles. A common example of this is milking. The boy uses every day the arm and shoulder muscles which tend to pull the shoulders forward, with the result that he soon becomes round shouldered, unless he takes some exercises to strengthen the muscles that hold his shoulders in their proper position. If there is some one in the school who understands these conditions and can recognize defects in the children, we may feel that our children’s physical health as well as their mental health is considered.
Plans are now in progress to introduce physical training, on a small scale, into our school, through the services of Mr. Tancred from the Y. M. C. A. in Bennington. Mr. Tancred has been connected with this work for several years, and is very much interested in the welfare of our school. Let us hope that this is the opening to a larger field of work, and that those interested in the betterment of our school will consider it their duty to carry on this important phase of education.

—CLARICE WHITE

Essay on Radio

After having saved my loose money for several months, I decided to invest it in a radio set. At first my knowledge of radio was as dark as the Black Sea, but I was soon able to tell the vacuum tube from the Grid Leak.

Radio waves, so engineers say, are on the same plan as the waves caused by dropping a rock in still water. From the point where the rock strikes it sends out circles, which grow larger and then stop.

The next step is tuning the set. If you are one of those unfortunate radio followers that still use head sets, give your rheostat an extra turn. This assures loudness. Then turn the dial on the left until you hear a whistle (not the shop whistle), then turn the other until you hear a voice or music.

If entertaining friends, don’t tell them that the static is bad when you know your set is not working right.

Be cautious how you turn the dials or the re-radiators of your set will cause unfriendliness with your neighbor. Above all don’t strain your ears trying to hear some distant station, while some near-by station is sending good programs which can be easily heard.

—KENNETH WORTHINGTON, '25

Essay on Essays

An essay is like a strong box with the key locked on the inside. To get the key and the treasure which we are told the box contains we must pick the lock. We work long and hard and finally are able to raise the cover. What do we see? A number of things, for the box reminds us of those kept by some people in which they put everything that appeals to them, even their childhood treasures.
Here are a few brilliant beads, bits of bright ribbons and lace, a thimble, sadly bent, but nevertheless pure silver, and a diamond glittering in a dark corner. There are clippings, evidently from magazines and newspapers, now torn and worn so as to be nearly unrecognizable. There are verses, whole poems, only a line or two, and even phrases and words are scattered about. Here are some pictures, bright and gay, or quiet scenes in softest tints, and some just funny. Strangest of all the articles are fastened to a strong, drab cloth by a golden thread which is marked Thought. The faint perfume of roses which pervades the box sets us to dreaming.

This, then, is an essay, the product of many memories, thoughts and deeds.

But where is the key? We turn sadly to another locked box and lo—the lid lifts easily. We see and understand the contents with little effort, and we realize that the key is Perseverance.

—ELLA WINN, '25

In the following books you will find some of these treasures:
Bacon—Essays
Black, H.—Friendship
Crothers—Gentle Reader
Chesterton—Tremendous Trifles
Emerson—Essays of Friendship
        Manners
        Self Reliance
        Compensation
Losdred—Twelve Tests of Character
Kilmer, Joyce—Essays
Irving—Sketch Book
Holmes—Autocrat of Breakfast Table
Lamb—Essays of Elia.
Morley—Shandygaff
Sharpe, O. L.—A Watcher in the Woods
Stevenson—Virginibus Puerisque
Warner—Blacklog Studies

Why People Should Read Current Topics

Our country is a self-governing nation. If the people are to govern a country themselves they should know what great problems are before the country, what Congressmen and politicians are doing, and how the country stands politically and financially. To do this the people must read the latest news and keep well
informed on all current topics. When an election comes around for the different offices, both local and federal, the voters must know what each candidate’s policies are and his ideas of running the town, state, or country, whichever it happens to be, so that they may vote intelligently.

There is a story told of a man who lived by himself and would not read the papers. One day a newsboy asked him if he wanted to buy a paper, but the man told him he never read them. The boy asked if he knew who the President of the United States was, but the man could not tell him, although Coolidge’s old home was not far from there. They got to talking about the Tea-Pot Dome and the man became so interested in it that he finally gave in to the boy and bought a paper. This is one example of the ignorance of some people who refuse to read the papers. If this man had been a voter he might have helped into office a very incapable man who would accomplish no good for the community.

You will always find wherever you go people who will criticize the government and the way it is handling the problems of the American people, but if you will notice, they are usually the people who do not keep well informed and do not pay much attention to (only to criticize) what the country is really doing.

Some of the different papers and magazines that contain current topics are: all daily papers, the Literary Digest, Outlook and Current Events.

The Current Events take up about all of the latest news in a brief and general but definite way. It has in it some of the following topics: The Teapot Dome, the Tax Reduction Bill, the aeroplane advancement, Foreign political affairs, and all such topics of the present day.

—LOIS HARRINGTON, '28

The Trees’ Song of Spring

Spring is coming, light-footed spring,
This is the song that the trees seem to sing,
For dead old winter, ever so drear,
Is going away for another year.

The sun shines brightly and the sky is blue,
Has anyone seen such a beautiful hue?
Now along comes a refreshing breeze,
Which causes a whispering among the trees.
They seem to say in their sweet little way,
That Spring will be here 'most any day;
With its birds, its buds and blossoms so sweet,
Coming forth, the warm sunshine to greet.

The dear little buttercups have come back once more,
There are roses of pink and white in store,
Hepaticas and Mayflowers are quiet as the night,
In their gay Spring gowns of pink and white.

The beautiful golden jonquils are up,
The tulips all red and white, every cup
Will soon shake their heads to a dancing round,
Over the once bare and frosty ground.

Now sometime when it's cold and dreary,
Just think of the flowers and they'll make you cheery,
Remember the sweet little song of the trees,
When the scent of the flowers is blown on the breeze.

—HELEN M. CARROLL, '24

Honesty is the Best Policy

Mrs. Friar stood near the entrance to her tiny fruit shop.
Nearby a large wagon was standing on the curb.

Only a few weeks before her hopes had been so high. Now
she had no home or place to go. A neighbor had kindly offered
to let them stay at her home for a week, but after that she dared
not think.

Jimmie came and stood by her, demanding with boyish im-
patience what was the matter.

"Come over here and sit down Jim, and I'll try to tell you."

They sat down on the steps and she began, "Do you remember
the old man who came here the other day?"

"The one who kicked Rex? I should say I do! He called me
a freckled ragamuffin. Say, Mom, I didn't like him a bit!"

"Well, sonny, I don't either. I borrowed some money from
him a long time ago. Now he says we've got to pay him today."

"Why don't you, Mom, I've got five cents you can have."

"Jimmie dear, five cents wouldn't begin to pay that bill. The
only thing I can do is to sell our shop. These men are going to
take the fruit away and tomorrow the new owner is coming."
“I’m going to tell him what I think of him,” declared Jimmie, doubling his small hands into fists. He hated anything that troubled his mother.

“You had better go and play instead.”

Jimmie whistled to Rex and ran down the street to a vacant lot where the “gang” had their baseball field. No one was there, so he sat down to think over the problem that seemed to worry his mother.

She had said five cents would not pay the bill, most likely ten cents wouldn’t either. Well, perhaps a whole dollar would be enough. All day he ran errands for the neighboring shops, but that night he had only seventy-five cents.

“Well I’ll wait until I get a whole dollar before I give it to her. She’ll be more surprised.”

Jimmie had what his mother called “twists,” because he did just the opposite from what was expected of him. If he wanted to go to a neighbor’s to play and she refused him the permission, he surely would be found somewhere in the vicinity playing at various games. If on the other hand she told him to go he would be found moping around the shop.

So that night instead of putting his precious money under his pillow or the mattress, he stole out to the baseball field to hide the precious seventy-five cents. “Surely no one would look there for anything so valuable,” he thought. But just where would he put it?

Jimmie sat down in a corner to think this matter over. He was so tired that his brain seemed to be too sleepy for work, and gradually his head sank until it rested on the fist where the money was held.

He awoke with a start to see two dim shapes standing a short distance away. Something, perhaps the fear that they might be ghosts, made Jimmie sit perfectly still, but with ears and eyes open.

One of the shapes spoke. “I guess there’s no one here. Let’s get down to business.”

Jimmie sighed in relief, because he had never heard any ghost talk like that.

“Yes,” whispered the other, “we want to get rid of these things pretty quick.”

Then Jimmie saw a tiny flash of light, and craning his neck he saw a hand draw aside a pile of papers and drop something underneath. Then all was dark, the footsteps died away. He was left alone, shivering, wondering if it had been a dream or real.
The next day he started to earn the rest of the dollar. Remembering the experience of the night before, Jimmie went to the ball field, and after securing the precious money, idly kicked the papers aside and saw a small leather case. He opened it and found a string of white beads. “Seems to me I might have found something worth while,” he grumbled. He was about to throw them aside when he remembered that women liked such things. Maybe his mother did too. Jimmie thrust the case into his pocket and started for home.

“Mom, I found these in our ball field and I thought you might like them.”
Jimmie threw it carelessly on the table. Mrs. Friar opened the case. For a minute she stared at it in a frightened way.

“Jimmie, where did you get these. Tell me the truth at once.”
“What, Mom, I found ’em in our ball field.” He related his experiences of the night before.

“Why don’t you put them on, Mother?”
Mrs. Friar made no answer. Her thoughts were running riot. Here was just what she had been praying for. She could sell them easily at a nearby jewelry store. No one would ever know it. For a long time she thought of this. Then her mind made up, she called Jimmie.

“Jimmie, I want you to take these up to the police station. They must know about them.”

“Aaw, Mom, why don’t you keep them. No one will know it.”

“Hush, Jimmie,” she said sternly, “what are you saying? Of course we could keep them, but it wouldn’t be right. No, we must give them up.”

Three days later a letter for Mrs. Friar arrived from Miss Louise Crawford, saying there had been a reward for the pearls, and enclosing a check for $500.

That evening Mrs. Friar told Jimmie of this. “Now, Jimmie boy, doesn’t it pay to be honest? We can pay that bill and keep our shop, but best of all we know we have come by it honestly.”

“Well, I don’t see, but I suppose you are right after all.”

——RUTH LANE, ’26

All for the Love of Father

Tulsi was only ten. Such a wonderful child he was, and oh, so brave. Everyone who knew him loved him. He was his mother’s favorite while she lived but alas! she lived only until Tulsi was four. This left him all alone in the world except for his old, crippled father. Tulsi had great love for his father,
but because he was so young, and his father was so crippled they
could not be of much comfort to each other. Tulsi did not go to
school because he had so much trouble during his short life, but
fortunately his father had taught him to write a very little and
read a few words.

Day by day Tulsi began to realize more and more that some-
ting must be done for his father no matter how small it might
be. Their small amount of money would not always last, food
was above all most necessary, and now the weather would soon
be colder they must have things to keep themselves warm. Tulsi
spent many weary nights beside his father wondering in his little
mind what he could do for him. Could he call a doctor to see
if he could make his father well again? No, he couldn't do that
he didn't have any money and certainly a doctor wouldn't come
without money. No, that could never be done. Was there any
way possible for him to take his father to a nearby town to a
hospital? No, there certainly was not. Oh, could his father
only walk, he could go alone then. But as it was they had no
cart or horse and automobiles were out of the question. No,
that would never do. What could be done without money?
Tulsi soon decided this matter and at once began to wonder if he
couldn't raise some.

"Why," he thought, "I could run errands for the storemen,
or I could help in the blacksmith's shop or maybe I could do lots
of things I never thought of before."

With this in mind he rested more quietly. He carefully
worked out his plan, figured each small penny and the length
of time it would take to earn them. Finding that it wouldn't
take very long he at once began to work out his idea.

He secured a position as errand boy in a store just a short
distance from his home. His income was very small but he
saved every penny. After awhile he had saved a sum of ten
dollars. But now it was earned what would be the best way to
spend it? Of course it would take some time to plan this. His
father advised him to buy a pony. With this it would be possible
to ride across the plains and have a great time. Tulsi took his
advice and purchased a small bony horse and with it gained a
new idea. He could feed this horse and it would grow fat and
strong then he could carry his father to the hospital in a nearby
town. He must keep on working and saving his money for food
and clothing which would be necessary for such a long trip.

At the end of a year he had saved a reasonable sum and
began preparations for the journey of thirty miles over desert
land. Tulsi's father greatly opposed this idea but Tulsi was
determined, so at once began to pack his knapsacks with food and clothing, filled a large jug of fresh water and made ready to start the next morning.

Tulsi slept very little that night and was up and ready to start before sunrise in the morning. He carefully helped his father to the horse's back, loaded on the knapsacks and jugs of water, then, with himself leading the horse they left their home to—only Tulsi knew where.

For days they traveled without seeing a single being and only stopping to eat and give both persons necessary rest. Tulsi got very tired, but would not say anything until resting time. At this time he lay on the sand with a sand pile for a pillow and dreamt of the wonderful things that might happen. On awakening he would only start on his journey again without complaining but with a hopeful thought for what was at the end of the road. The fifth day they saw, not far ahead, a small village; here he would inquire the way to the hospital. On and on they went, still untiringly Tulsi led the horse. Now and then his father rested on the especially prepared saddle, but Tulsi trudged on. Finally they reached the little village. It was a queer looking place with queer looking buildings in it. At last he stopped his horse in front of a small shop, but hardly had he stopped when a great big, ugly-looking man appeared in the doorway with a club.

"Please sir, will you tell me the way to the hospital?" asked Tulsi.

"Tell you the way to the hospital? A little good-for-nothing kid like you? I've got more than that to do, I guess. You move along now or I'll club you. Why don't you get on the horse and ride and let that lazy fellow draw you?"

"I don't see as it is anything to you but since you asked me I'll tell you. That man whom I have on my horse is my poor crippled father. He cannot walk and I am taking him to the hospital to see if some good man can't make him walk. Won't you please tell me if I am going the right way?"

"Oh. I guess you'll get there all right if you follow your nose. Now move along or I'll club you both."

Without further words Tulsi started on. He did not even look back because he didn't like to have the face of such fierce looking people remain in his mind. On and on he went until his father begged him to stop and rest; but after a little nap, refreshing drink and lunch he started once more. He slept that night as he had slept nights previous, on his bed of sand with his father close beside him.
“My,” he thought, “how glad I’ll be when we get there and know that father can be helped.”

The next morning as before they again started on their journey, but that night as never before, they came to the hospital. It had been a long and hard day for both travelers, but as Tulsi viewed the wonderful structure a twinkle came into his eyes and a smile of satisfaction lightened his face.

“Father, think, it won’t be long maybe until you’ll be walking again, if only some good man up in that big building can help you.”

“No, my child, it won’t and then maybe I will be able to do something for you,” his father sorrowfully replied.

“Father, why aren’t you happy? I’ve tried to do something to make you comfortable and happy.”

“That’s just it, my son, you are doing too much for a child of your age.”

By this time they had reached the gate of the hospital. Tulsi boldly unfastened the bars, led the horse through and fastened them again. He left the horse by the gate, then adjusting his garment as neatly as possible, he walked bravely to the office door. Knocked, and stepped back a little. A young doctor came to the door.

“Come in, my boy, what can I do for you?”

“I have come a long ways and have brought my father on my pony’s back. He is badly crippled and I would like to have you try to do something for him.”

“Would you please bring your father to the door? I will help him into my office because, you know, it is necessary to see him in order to tell what is troubling him.”

Tulsi hurried out of the door and ran to the gate after his father. The young doctor watched the child and thought him an extremely interesting person. Tulsi quickly brought his father and the two easily carried him into the office. The doctor examined the cripple thoroughly while Tulsi watched with eager eyes.

“My boy, in a short time your father will be as good as new.”

“Oh, I’m so glad and if I’ve not enough money to pay you with I’ll stay and work for you until it is paid.”

“No need of that, my dear boy, but tell me why do you do all this?”

“All for the love of father,” was his reply.

Prizes

Spring days were coming on fast. Soon it would be June with its roses and sweet girl graduates. Everyone was looking forward to these things in their own way but the girls and boys of Clintonville High School were looking forward to a certain day in June when school days in their little building would be over and they would go forth to face the world.

Marie Cowell was one of the girls of the Senior Class. She had always attended this school and had always held the highest rank until her senior year. It was when Alma Rebbins came into the class that her marks took a fall. Marie couldn’t understand it.

One evening when Marie was busily engaged reading the material for her essay, “Great Men of Yesterday and Today,” her father spoke to her in a serious yet kind manner.

“Marie, little girl, I fear you are worrying too much about your studies.”

This was indeed the way she felt, too, but how could she do otherwise, she must worry in order to get through. Often times in reading her material her head ached until she felt it would burst, but found it necessary to work harder all the time.

While Marie was worrying and planning Alma was attending fashionable parties and balls. Her father cared little whether she got her lessons or not; all he cared was that she was popular among her rich boy friends. Essays were easy for her and she would write hers up anytime and hand it in. She had always won over the other teachers and she could this time.

The time for essays was due. All the boys and girls except Alma handed in their graduation oration, hopeful that they might or might not have to speak.

Days went by, weeks rushed on and Alma paid little or no attention to her essay: thinking all the time, “Oh, well, I’ll get by, I always have.” Finally the time for learning the essays had come.

Marie had not been told whether to learn her essay or not. June came with its roses and sweet girl graduates. When the seniors marched up the aisle all the class were there but Alma. All had passed their final exams, but her. When the essays were judged Marie Cowell won the prize for speaking. Joy came to her, for she thought hard work had won her a place when Alma’s, “I’ll get by some way,” had lost her her high school course.
The greatest joy came to Marie when she arrived home carrying in her hand her well earned diploma. Her father greeted her with his usual smile, but tonight he had more than the smile. He told her he had in store a well earned prize for her.

“But, my dear, you are deserving of the prize I am going to give you. My prize is a lasting one, “A College Education.”

JULIA McCARTHY, ’25.

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Signs of Spring

I built a little bird house out of a grocery box.
I set it in a tree for the birds when they stop.
A family of robins went in to stay,
I went to the barn for a bundle of hay.
And every morning in a tree,
They would sing a song to me.
The sky is blue and the sun is bright,
If the snow isn’t gone it’s an oversight.
The flowers will be out in the month of May,
I hope they will be here to stay.

—SETCH KING, ’29.

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Spring

The sun is shining brightly,
In skies of hazy blue;
And timid flowers are peeping out
And seem to be greeting you.
The birds have started singing,
And the busy bees are humming;
For well they seem to know
That happy spring is coming.

MAURICE HASWELL, ’29.

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Spring Blossoms

Little blue violets, so dainty and fragrant,
Bright yellow daffodils, slender and tall,
Trailing arbutus, so pink and so lovely,
Bring the message of spring, tho' they're small.
Sweet little flowers that come in the springtime
Peeping so gently out of the ground;
What do you think of the world, little blossoms,
As you enter so softly, making no sound?

JANET I. WHITE, '29.

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Doings at N. B. H. S.

If a stranger were to walk in N. B. H. S. I am sure he would say, “This looks like a pretty busy place.” Yes, he would be right. We are very busy up here, not alone with studies but social functions and now that spring is here, athletics is being given much attention.

The girls of the Home Economics department are busy learning to cook and sew. The girls of the four lower classes are at present engaged in the art of cooking; by the looks of some of the food they make it would lead one to believe that they would someday be professionals. The Junior and Senior girls are becoming professional modistes and have already made many pretty dresses. All this work is being carried on under the careful guidance of their teacher, Mrs. Dorothy Worthington.

Perhaps you are beginning to wonder about the boys. Well, we have some up here, although not so many as other years. Nearly every boy takes agriculture. Mr. Houston is teaching those of Junior High how to judge live stock as well as to make careful outlines concerning their care.

While the boys of Junior High are learning all about these interesting things, the boys of classes 3, 4, 5 and 6 are figuring out rations for dairy cows and the study of grain composition. An invitation has been extended to these fellows to attend the Vermont Agricultural Contest, held in Burlington sometime in May. It would be fine if some of them could witness this show.

Nearly all the French classes are, at present, engaged in translation work. The 5 and 6 class are translating Alex. Dumas’ “Les Trois Mousquetaires”; French 4. (“The star class”) “Columbia”; while French 3 is busily indulged in the story of “Historie de France.” All classes find the work very interesting. Much credit is due to their teacher, Miss O’Leary.

English work is progressing better than ever. The Seniors are very busy working on their graduation essays, and declare, “I’ll be glad when I get mine done.” I assure you, dear reader,
it is no small task. Several good topics have been chosen which is the hope of this class will meet with the listeners' approval on that memorable June night.

The mathematics classes are struggling with their problems of arithmetic and algebra. The seventh grade class have been learning much about the banking system while the eighth grade class are studying many important money problems.

History, too, is another important study up here at N. B. H. S. Miss Patriquin and Mrs. Worthington are the teachers for Ancient History, while Mr. Houston and Miss Knight conduct classes in American History. The eighth grade class in American History are taking up many useful problems and topics in collaboration with their study. Topics are being given by seniors for eighth grade history. The Senior class, however, will soon take up the study of Civics.

Thus is school work going on at N. B. H. S., but this is not the only kind of work being carried on. Did you hear about the chicken pie supper held under the auspices of the N. B. H. S. Messenger editorial board? If you went, enough has been said, if you didn't, you want to know about it.

Due to the heavy expenses of printing this little school paper, necessary funds had to be found. Someone suggested a food sale, someone else an entertainment, and still another a chicken pie supper. It was the latter suggestion that was agreed upon. Gifts of food were solicited among the high school students, promises that the chicken pie would be made, came from various homes, and many people from around town donated many things to help the good cause along. It was also suggested that an entertainment be given consisting of music and a debate. The subject for discussion was, “Resolved, that North Bennington adopt Daylight Saving Time.”

A committee was chosen to carry out the various plans and each one did the part assigned him or her to the best of his ability.

The Masonic Temple was rented for this occasion and some consider it a great privilege, for the temple has never been given to anyone outside the order.

Mrs. Worthington picked out several girls from her Home Economics classes to act as waitresses and see to the work in the kitchen on the evening of March 20th.

Mr. Houston, together with his Agriculture classes, showed the boys how to dry pick the chickens, a practical as well as a timely lesson. It was a queer sight during these days to see some
of the boys come into classes all covered with feathers, rather angelical appearances, you might say.

When the supper did come off, it was a big success and all those who went say that they enjoyed themselves immensely. The debate was won by the negative side, people from about town being chosen as judges, namely, Mrs. J. Edwin Mosher, Mrs. Arthur Houston, Mr. Lynn Durfee, Mr. Myron Jones and Mr. Fred Warner. During the evening the orchestra rendered many fine selections, Miss Vivian Mattison sang, and Robert Merikangas gave a violin solo.

Assemblies are being given every Friday afternoon as usual and at one of the last ones several visitors were present. Don’t be bashful, you too can come and enjoy them.

No doubt you will agree with the stranger after reading “Doings at N. B. H. S.,” for it is just as busy here as the stranger says it looks to be.

HELEN M. CARROLL, ’24.

JOKES

Miss O’Leary—“Where is the play staged?”
Fred Greene—“On the stage.”

Mulligan—“If I have a security equal to what o’i take way will yez trust me until next week?”
Grocer—“Certainly.”
Mulligan—“Sell me two of those hams and keep one until next week.”

Question (in Biology)—“To what class does the saw-horse belong?”

Joseph McGinnis (speaking of a bitten stag)—“And the blood began bleeding.”

Members of Class II—Amelia Greene, Josephine McGinnis, Mary McGuire, Nellie Olin and Gwendolyn Keene. “All Girls, Oh Boy!”
A lady wrote to a poultry magazine to find out how long it took for eggs to hatch. They wrote back, “Three weeks for hen’s and four for duck’s.”

Some months later they got the following letter: “Thanks for the advice given me. I put some hen’s eggs in an incubator, but at the end of three weeks I had no hens, so I threw the eggs away as I didn’t want any ducks.”

Amelia Greene (giving book report)—“And an aunt out east died and sent word that she was dead.”

Ray Beagle (in English)—“And his health failed onto him.”

Mary McCarthy—“He wrote a magazine called, er-a, I’ve forgotten.”

The man endured (mistaken for endeared) his friends until his death.

Good thing he died.

The teacher dropped her class book in front of girl making her jump.

Girl (quoting Wordsworth)—“My heart leaps up.”

Miss Patriquin—“It doesn’t hurt a clam to cut it because it hasn’t any brain.”

E. W.—“Is that why you can pinch L. P. and she won’t holler?”

Miss Patriquin—“Yes.”

Weren’t you surprised to see—

Clifton Thomas early for school.

Janet White with straight hair.

Worthington and Myers on time for Chemistry.
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