

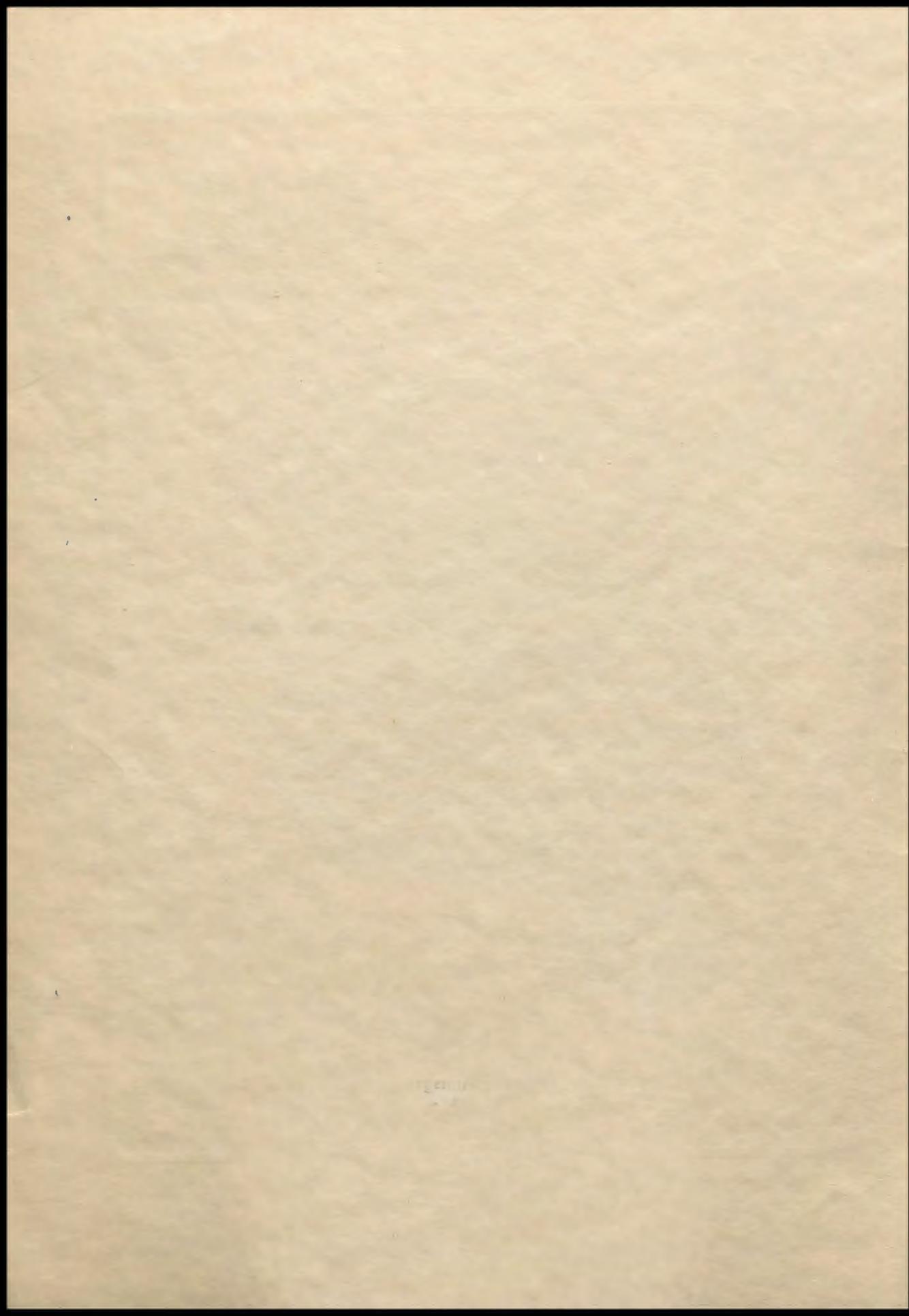
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BLUE AND WHITE



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

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Literary

Lois Bristol, '32, Literary Editor



ADVENTURES IN A ROCKING CHAIR

A book beside a fire bright,
When all outside is drear and cold,
Is my idea of delight,
For I am not so very bold.

I'd rather sit in comfort there
Than wander out and brave the night,
For I can wander anywhere
In books, without a sign of might.

Adventures in the mountains high,
Or fights upon the deepest sea,
Perhaps a treasure hunt nearby,
Are all available to me.

The sandy desert have I crossed,
Ambushing caravans at night,
And on the sea, when waves have
tossed,
I've been the bravest man in sight.

And love! Why I have loads of that;
Intrigue! I have it by the ton;
Why I am off' the diplomat
That saves his country by a pun.

A murderer loose about our square,
Which leaves all other men aghast,
Bids me out on his trail to fare,
To run him to the ground at last.

So once again I stir the fire
And offer you an equal share
Of refuge from all worldly ire:-
Adventures in a rocking chair.

Roger Wendell, '31

APPLE SAUCE WITH SPICE

Ruth Yattaw, '33

Nancy sat at her south-room window, gazing out at the remains of her summer garden. She was a small wisp of a snowy-haired woman, who had lived all her sixty-one years in a village in northern Vermont.

After her husband had started for his work with the lumberjacks, she had brought in a basket of green apples for apple sauce. For some reason—perhaps because the outdoors seemed to say "Come Out" to her—she did not feel in the mood for sauce making. Nevertheless Nancy kept at her task until a large steaming bowl of apple sauce had been placed on the shelf in her sunny kitchen.

She turned with a mental tug to her knitting, but somehow she did not feel in a knitting mood either. Her eyes wandered out over the cleared field again when suddenly she said, half aloud, "I don't believe I put a speck of spice in that apple sauce!" and to be sure she went to taste it. Surely enough! She had forgotten the spice.

"I do declare! If that isn't just like my life!" Nancy sighed. "I've had plenty of applesauce but I've never had any spice sprinkled in, and I guess I never will have—but what nonsense!" Hardly had she turned from the sauce when she heard a strange sound and, graceful as a gull, an aeroplane landed in the cleared field beside her little farmhouse. Her heart jumped, for never had an aeroplane been forced to land in her field before. Had she been a modern, she would have reached for her powder-puff, but she only smoothed her apron and hospitably opened her door.

There stood the birdman! He gallantly bowed, and holding up an empty canteen said, "Good morning. May I fill my canteen?"

"Indeed, you may. Come right in and sit down. I'll go and draw you a pailful of cold water from my well." well.

"May I help you?" the stranger asked.

But Nancy answered, "Just you sit down. My well rope is balky and no one knows the combination besides me."

In a minute Nancy returned. Her birdman was not sitting in the south room window where she had left him; instead he was standing in the sunny kitchen, sniffing the appetizing aroma of apple-sauce.

With a deep chuckle Nancy prepared a tempting lunch of apple sauce, fresh bread and butter, and cold milk, and appeared with it. She spoke to the stranger, "Would you have time to eat this?"

"Would I! It's my favorite, and it looks just like the kind my mother makes," her aviator replied.

It took only a short time for the tempting lunch to disappear and he turned to her, "How'd you like to take a spin?"

"A spin!" Nancy didn't even stop to lock her door. In the twinkling of an eye they were hurrying across the plowed field. Nancy was helped into "flying togs" and didn't even notice they were twice too large for her, so tense was her excitement. Whirrrr—they were off!

As the birdman declared she was the "doctor" and could go where she wished, she told him she would like to see

the capitol. She didn't see why he called her the "doctor" though,—no one was hurt—yet. When her courage grew, she opened her eyes to see mountains, lakes, and buildings—mere specks floating beyond her gaze. What would Silas say if he could see her now? Could this be real or was she dreaming? She pinched herself to be sure.

The birdman turned and said, "Would you like to go home now?"

"Yes, timidly replied Nancy, and soon they were on their homeward course.

As the plane landed and her pilot helped her out, he grasped her hand and said, "I must beat it now. Forgive me for not taking you to your door, but I might ask for more apple sauce.—So long!"

Nancy hurried into the house through the back door. It was twenty minutes of six. She had scarcely started supper when her husband drove in. He was late because he had been to get the horse shod.

When supper was served Silas exclaimed, "This apple sauce is especially good and sure, Nancy, you look just like the Nancy Cole I used to take sleigh riding!"

Nancy smiled—a Nancy Cole smile—and replied, "It's just because I put an extra amount of spice in the apple sauce—that's all."

"WHEN THE MOON SHINES DOWN"

Gertrude Leonard, '31

"Jean, do tell us what's up! We're just dying to know. We got your telegrams last night and came to you as fast as ever we could."

It is twilight, and Betty Harper, Jean's dearest chum, has just arrived at the Everest home in the Green Mountains. With her are June, her sister, and her chum, Helen Morgan.

Jean's telegram had read:—"Exciting adventure stop come right away and plan to stay two weeks."

It is no wonder that the girls are all excited.

"Well, girls," said Jean, "I will start

at the beginning and tell you all. You know, of course, that dear Aunt Jane adores detective stories and that I also love them. Here is a letter I received yesterday.

'Dear Jean:

'Knowing that you love mysteries as well as I do, I have hidden that pearl necklace which you have always liked somewhere in my home. I'm going to be away for two weeks and so can give you an opportunity for a little house party, combined with a chance to exercise your wits. Fill the house with some of your friends and hunt for the

necklace. In this rhyme is the solution of the mystery.

When the moon shines down from its lofty perch
You will not frown, but will end your search.

Hannah, the cook, will remain at the house and see that you have plenty to eat. This is all, dear, and I wish you luck. If you don't find the necklace in two weeks, then you aren't the girl I think you are.

'Lovingly,

Aunt Jane'

Isn't it exciting girls? We will go immediately and begin our search to-night."

So the girls go to the old house and begin their search for the "hidden treasure." They look only at night because didn't the rhyme say that they would solve the mystery when the moon was shining? They examine the furniture for hidden compartments. They search in every room for some hidden spring in the walls, but to no avail.

The second week is drawing to a close, and the girls have discovered only that they aren't very good detectives.

On the last night of the two weeks Jean exclaims: "Girls, I'm afraid that we will have to give up, although I do want that necklace so! Let's go to a movie. It won't last long and maybe we will be able to think better after we have given our poor minds some recreation. Hannah will be gone, but Fido can stay in and guard the house.

So the girls go to the movies and have a glorious time. On the way home Betty says, "Girls, it may sound queer to you, but I have a premonition that something is going to happen to-night."

When the girls reach the house and Jean turns on the lights there is a great clamor. "Horrors!" "What has happened?" "Just look at this room!"

And the girls are well justified in being properly shocked. The room certainly is in a turmoil.

Jean is greatly disturbed and says to the girls, "Do you suppose that anyone knows that Aunt Jane left that necklace here? It looks as if someone has had a quarrel with Fido. Listen! He is up stairs and is barking at someone. Come on, girls, let's go up. I know it is dangerous, but maybe I can fool the burglar with a brave front."

The girls go quietly up the stairs. They hesitate a moment, and then Jean, stove poker in hand, approaches the open door very slowly. At the first glimpse she stifles a scream and drops her poker. The other girls run to her and take in the scene. There on the rug is Aunt Jane's precious wine jug, broken into two pieces. Fido is barking at a tiny, furry kitten, which is perched upon the shelf.

Betty cries, "Oh Jean, look what Fluffy has done! I forgot that we were leaving the two together. Oh dear!"

Jean tries to comfort her by saying, "Never mind, dear, I can have it cemented and it will be as good as new. Besides, you know, Fido was also to blame. I'll pick up these pieces and have them fixed to-morrow. Why listen! It rattles! Can it be the necklace? Yes, it is! Goody! Goody! Isn't it just gorgeous? Oh look! Here are four rings and a note. I will read it to you.

'Congratulations girls! These rings are a recompense for your faithful work. I got the pearl one for Jean. The others you may divide among you, and if they don't fit I'll exchange them.

Aunt Jane'

"Oh girls! Aren't the necklace and rings perfect? Dear Aunt Jane! And that rhyme—do you remember how we teased Auntie about keeping "Moonshine" in that jug? Well, she surely has turned the tables."

"When the moonshine's down from its lofty perch!"

"Auntie knew that, because of the tradition 'hands off', we wouldn't be very apt to touch that jug. Oh girls! Weren't we dumb not to have thought of it before?"

A WINTER SCENE

Gertrude Leonard, '31

On winter nights I've watched this scene:

A landscape white with feath'ry snow,
A silver moon and moonbeams low;
They made the snow with their pale glow
The palace of a fairy queen.

And as I looked I seemed to see
Small sprites and elves a dancing 'long
The moonbeams' paths, singing a song
They'd sing and dance—a merry throng—
It was a fairy jubilee.

"SLANGUAGE"

Madeline Barrows, '33

"I hear there's a new guy coming to school tomorrow." The speaker was Jack Horne of Iona High School.

"Where's he from?" uninterestedly asked Sam, one of his closest chums.

"Is he an American or something interesting?" questioned Dick.

"Oh, he has just moved into the new apartment house on Green Street, and they say he's English."

"Gee! Does he carry a cane and talk like——?" started Dick.

"Fawncy that! Well, well, old chap, this is a bally good town. Bah Jove!"

They all laughed at Sam's English.

The three boys were walking home from school through the snow on a cold afternoon. All were dressed in the "freeze as you please" style of most boys, with flapping overshoes and jackets. On their heads were perched tiny caps of the school colors.

"Let's razz him, and if he's a good sport we'll take him in—," began Sam.

"And if he isn't, well—I pity him," Dick finished as they parted for the night.

The next day when the three boys entered their home room they saw a tall extremely thin youth with very light hair and pale blue eyes. He was dressed in a stylishly cut suit of a very light gray and wore spats to match, buttoned over highly polished black kid shoes. There he sat at a desk in the corner, looking at a book through a pair of silver-rimmed glasses.

"There's the new guy now," said Sam in an excited undertone to the others.

"Let's go shake those cute spats off him—" and Dick started.

"Oh! Let's not be too rough on the poor fellow," Jack whispered as he followed.

"Hi there, Frenchy, what's your moniker?" asked Dick.

"W-wh—er—I beg pardon?"

"Aw, pardon me, old chap, that was a bally mistake on my part," chimed in Sam with a broad accent.

"He means what's your name," explained Jack.

"Aw—My name is Algernon Frederick Percival Fitts."

"Is that all?"

"I'd have a couple of fits over those names."

"I'd feel insulted if you called me that."

Algernon's pale blue eyes stared, "But," he stammered, "I do not understand."

"You will after you stick around in this dump awhile."

"Where did you park your doggies before you crashed into this caboose?" asked Dick.

Algernon, rather dazed, asked politely: "Will you please converse in the English language?"

"Just a sec.; I'll get a dictionary."

"We can't talk French either."

"Where did you live?"

"My home was at Willingdon Park, Halloway Roads, Lindlay County, Lancaster, England. I left there to reside in Iona so that I could study American

customs and procure a suitable education."

"A which?"

"What subs are you going to annihilate?"

"Beg pardon?"

"What classes are you in, he means," said Jack.

"Ah—well—English, of course, French, a—aw—is it American History? And that very, very interesting subject in which you make—er—experiments?"

His questioning way of talking, with the little stutter, was amusing to the boys.

"Sure that's where we swish the dope around in the pretty little glass bottles."

"You get a great kick outta it."

"I say, but you don't mean really that the professor would actually expel a pupil from his class in that informal manner?" asked the shocked Algernon.

"Sure! If you don't savvy the dope, you'll be given the password," said Sam with a wink at the others.

"Dear me! I do wish you fellows would oblige me to the extent of speaking in plain unmangled English.

"And if it isn't English, what is it?" asked Dick.

"It's the most abominable form of that vulgar type of conversation known as—ah—I believe it's commonly called the 'Slanguage' of the lower classes: I tell you it's positively disgusting!"

"Well, you'd better fall for it and gobble up all you can get, cause you'll need it to get by in this dump." With that they left him, a rather frightened stranger.

As the days went by Algernon grew rather famous for his fancy English and his disdain of "Slanguage," as he had dubbed it.

Algernon entered the chemistry class for his first laboratory lesson in a slightly troubled state of mind as a result of his conversation with the boys.

During the course of the experiment Algernon spilled part of the liquid given him in his test tubes. Jack, whose

place was near him, handed him a cloth to wipe it up with.

"Fitts, where are your results?" asked the professor, as Algernon's turn for inspection came.

"Y—you see, old top, it was this way. I slopped the dope, and after I'd swabbed it up, it was minus," blurted the rather embarrassed youth.

The class stood motionless with surprise. The professor's jaw dropped to snap shut with, "Report at my office at four o'clock, Fitts."

When school closed, Fitts entered the office.

"Will you please explain your unseemly and disrespectful reply in chemistry class, Fitts?"

"Sir, I was not aware of the fact that my reply was in any way disrespectful."

"It was—very—and I demand an explanation."

"I had received the impression that it was the proper type of conversation, Sir—that without it one must be unpopular. I do most heartily wish to be popular, therefore I have tried to achieve that manner of speaking so affected by the rest."

The professor, who was human, studied Fitts with a twinkle in his eye. At the end of an hour the boy left with a "Thank you sir," and the impression that to be himself and a good sport would bring more friends than the fullest knowledge of "Slanguage."

The three boys stood on the steps and as Algernon came out they began to look at each other sheepishly and wriggle around uncomfortably.

Algernon looked at them questioningly.

"I guess you're not so bad after all. Maybe we'll let you join the gang," said Jack.

"Not really! You mean I can actually be in your crowd? How perfectly delightful—"

"Oh, be yourself!" interrupted Dick, "or we'll cut you pronto."

And Algernon, thanks to the professor, understood.

COUSIN ROB'S GIFT

Arza L. Dean, '31

"Oh well, if you must, Anne, but don't stay later than Wednesday, because, you know, I shall miss you every blessed minute. You'll take Rosa and Minnie with you, of course."

Although Anne Carlton and Larry Trent were not to be married for three weeks, his last words were more like a command than a request.

"Silly!" replied Anne, "You know I can't get along without them."

Rosa was Anne's colored nurse, who had been in the family since Anne was born. Rosa was devoted to Anne. Minnie was a curiosity to everybody. In fact, she had been since that day, two years before, when Anne's cousin Rob from the West dropped the little beast, a panther cub, as a present to Anne, in Rosa's lap. The terrified mammy had immediately let it drop to the floor, where it blinked wonderingly at the fleeting form of the poor old darkey, who was speeding up the staircase crying that everybody had "done gone and got into conspiracy wid all de debbils outside of Chrisendom," and calling, "Black angels come to ma aid if yo all is ebah coming."

Apparently the cub was only shaken up and badly frightened. Anne kept and tamed the little beast in spite of protests from all sides and Rosa's ejaculations that "Missy Anne done gone plumb crazy, gitting it into her haid she could keep that yellow-eyed wild cat!" It refused to make friends with anyone but Anne and Rosa. Nevertheless the mammy feared it.

Anne, Rosa and Minnie made the journey to Mrs. Carlton's summer cottage high up in the hills. For two days Anne roamed about, singing happy little verses and planning the wedding which was soon to take place. Sometimes she took Minnie with her, always fastened to a leash.

On the third night Anne retired early, after tying Minnie securely in the sitting room. She fell asleep, but was

suddenly awakened by a peculiar scratching noise at the door of the cottage. Minnie was growling crossly, a thing that she hadn't done since her kitten days. Anne remembered that the door was left slightly open to allow plenty of air to enter. Whatever was at the door, she didn't want it inside, so throwing her cloak about her shoulders, she tiptoed toward the doorway, while Minnie crouched nearby, a queer look in her eyes.

There, halfway through the now nearly wide-open door, was the form of an animal so much like Minnie that for a minute Anne was stupefied. Coming to her senses she cried, "Rosa, where are you? Come quickly!"

From upstairs came a muffled answer "Who-who-what am de trouble, Missy Anne? I'se skeered mos' sick, I is. I heered a growlin'—Oooohhh!"

Anne had to think quickly because the beast was crouching, ready to spring upon her. "If I could only reach Minnie!" she cried.

Quickly she grasped a knife from the table and rushing to Minnie, who was also crouching low, making ready to spring, she cut the leash which held her from reaching the intruder. Quick as a flash both beasts were raging in fierce combat. They parted, and the strange beast was about to spring upon Anne, who was paralyzed with fright, when Minnie again landed on its back.

Suddenly a light gleamed through the window and the sound of a motor reached Anne's ears. A car was coming up the road. It finally stopped in the yard, and a voice cried out, "Anne! What has happened?"

It was Larry. It seemed that at once he was standing in the doorway, leveling the .44, which he always carried in his car, at the fighting mass. Quickly six shots rang out. With a mighty roar the animals sprang apart, gave a few twitches, and lay quietly on the floor. The shots had taken effect.

As soon as he lighted a lamp, Larry

rushed to Anne, who had fallen in a faint. When he had succeeded in reviving her, she cried, "Larry! Minnie!" Silently then they turned to the

quiet forms at their feet. Minnie had died, defending the one whom she loved, and who had been her kind benefactor.

AFTER A STORM

When morning at last dawns upon a rural community, after a wild night of driving sleet and drifting snow, and the morning chores are finished, the task of taking the milk to the plant and getting to school is begun.

After loading the milk into the truck we start out, bucking snowdrifts. As we plunge into a mountain of snow directly in our path, the fine particles sift through every crack and crevice in our refuge from the snow, the cab.

Just as it seems impossible to make further progress, we are overjoyed to see just coming over the hill, the huge plow drawn by three teams of horses—a magnificent sight. The drivers crack their whips. The horses, dripping with lather, strain and lunge through the towering drifts, panting from exertion. The men seem like giants with their icy beards and monstrous fur coats. They pass us with a cheery smile and bantering jests; while we fall in behind them, content to let them "break trail."

As we near the city we are glad to see that the streets are already plowed, and we continue on our way while the gallant pathmakers return home to a dinner long grown cold, and the horses slowly munch their hay and grain, thinking of some land where "snow" is an unknown word.

M. W. B.

WINTER WOODS AT NIGHT

A few weeks ago, while camping out in the mountain, I found myself left alone at night. The moon was three quarters full, and a heavy, damp snow had covered the ground and piled on every branch and twig to an amazing height. A light intermittent breeze sighed off and on through the evergreens above me, and two trees rubbing together produced a grating squeak at intervals. The white puffs of snow, the dark branches and numberless shadows, made a hopeless tangle of lines, so that

separate objects larger than whole trees were indistinguishable at any great distance. The sky shone black and almost starless against the upper branches of the snow-covered trees. A shadow, which covered a thousand spots of light as it drifted past me and disappeared, showed that this beauty was not without a suggestion of tragedy. To the great owl the bizarre tangle of light and shade, the small evergreens that looked like bent snowmen, and the hollow snowcovered brush piles were all conspired to make an unreal world where all his natural prey was hidden by the maze of moving shadows.

R. S. W.

SUNLIGHT ON SNOW

The sky was leaden and overcast. The last flakes of the big storm were floating down, one after another, slower and slower. The heavily laden pines made all seem more gloomy, as we passed by their branches. The drifts made going hard. It didn't look like a good hike. There was little conversation.

Suddenly all was changed. The old mountain echoed with the calls and halloos of the hikers. Every branch of every tree shone with a pure brilliance. Sunlight filtering through the branches and clearings filled the woods. We plowed our way through the drifts with new vigor. The sun was out!

COLD MOUNTAINS

The thermometer registered two degrees below zero as we snowshoed down the mountain. The stillness of the forest was broken only by the creak of snowshoes and the occasional remark of some member of the party. We stopped to watch the progress of a startled squirrel, from limb to limb. As we reached the open fields, with faces burning from the icy north wind, the snow covered mountains lay exposed before us. We knew how cold they were. We hurried on; we were hiking home.

W. H. C.

Le Département Français

Arza Dean, '31, Gertrude Leonard, '31, Editeurs

Trahison d'une Soeur

Madalene Lawrence, '31

Chère Rosa :

Depuis que je vous ai vue quelque chose d'important m'est arrivée. Comme vous le savez je m'étais fiancée à Robin Mireuil. Après deux semaines heureuses il a du me quitter pour aller à Chicago. Les affaires l'y ont retenu trois mois. Il avait promis de m'écrire tous les jours. Trois semaines passent. Pas un mot de Robin. Je deviens de plus en plus inquiète. Je lui avais écrit sept fois. Pas de réponse. Songez-y et, plaignez votre pauvre Vivienne.

Un jour je suis allée à la chambre d'Emilie pour chercher un timbre poste. Je vais au bureau mais il ne s'ouvre pas. Quelle chose étrange! Ma soeur n'avait pas l'habitude de fermer son bureau à clef. Mais je n'y pense plus.

Quelques jours après en entrant dans sa chambre je trouve ma soeur assise à son bureau. En me voyant elle se lève précipitamment. "Il me faut aller téléphoner," murmure-t-elle, et elle me quitte. Elle avait laissé le bureau ouvert. Je le regarde d'un air distrait quand tout à coup je remarque un paquet de lettres qui a quelque chose de familier. Est-ce possible? Oui, c'est l'écriture de Robin Mireuil. Je saisis le paquet. Elles étaient adressées à moi. Pourquoi ma soeur a-t-elle mes lettres? Les lettres de Robin, les lettres que j'attendais depuis si longtemps? Pourquoi! Pourquoi!

Sous le paquet de lettres se trouve le journal ouvert de ma soeur. Je lis ces mots :

"Ah! Robin, comme je vous aime. Vous serez à moi."

A ce moment on sonne. Les lettres

dans les mains, je vais à la porte. C'était le jeune facteur et il avait à la main une lettre, une lettre de Robin. Me voyant au lieu d'Emilie, il devient très pâle, puis il aperçoit les lettres que je tiens toujours.

"Oh, vous savez tout," dit-il. Il commence à balbutier une confession. Il me dit qu'Emilie lui avait offert de l'argent pour lui donner les lettres de Robin, à elle.

Pendant que nous parlions je n'ai pas remarqué un ombre sur le seuil. Mais tout à coup j'entends un faible bruit. Je lève les yeux et je pousse un cri. Voilà Robin, mon Robin revenu chercher sa fiancée. Toute la confession du facteur il l'avait entendue.

"Oh! chère Vivienne" dit-il en m'embrassant. Quelle déception de ne pas avoir reçue de tes nouvelles. Mais je ne t'aime que d'avantage. J'ai soupçonné qu'Emilie était jalouse." "Et moi, Robin, mon bien aimé, comme je t'aime. Je n'aurais pas cru cela de ma soeur."

"Oh! Vivienne, ma chérie, si je t'avais perdue. Je n'aurais pas voulu exister sans toi." Je lui réponds, "Mais tu ne m'a pas perdue, mon Robin. Me voici qui t'aime qui est prête à te suivre . . ."

Nous sommes mariés maintenant depuis dix jours. Je suis heureuse, heureuse! Ecrivez-moi au plus vite.

Je vous embrasse tendrement.

Vivienne Mireuil

Décision Momentanée

Germaine Turpin, '31

A dix huit ans j'ai quitté la maison paternelle pour m'engager sur un bateau de pêche et nous avons quitté Bordeaux, France, pour aller au Canada.

Voici le commencement de ma misère. La deuxième journée sur l'eau je me suis trouvé très malade loin de mon pays, loin de ma mère. La peur et le regret me crevaient le coeur. La personne qui me soignait était un homme au front dur. Il me disait, "Dépêche-toi de te guérir ou je te jette à l'eau. Mais non, j'avais encore bien d'autres misères à souffrir, il ne m'a pas jeté au fond de la mer.

Arrivant à Betilbé, Canada, je me suis résolu d'abandonner mon bateau. Je suis descendu au Lac Noir. J'ai eu la chance de trouver du travail dans une mine d'abeste, un travail dur et dangereux, mais il faut faire quelque chose quand on est seul, loin de chez soi et sans argent.

Au bout de six mois, étant allé à une balle, j'ai fait la connaissance de deux jeunes filles. L'une, nommée Théadora, était riche et l'autre, nommée Elène, était pauvre. J'ai appris à les aimer toutes les deux. J'en voulais une pour ma femme. La question était laquelle choisir. J'aimais l'une comme l'autre. Si je me mariais avec Théadora nous serions dans l'aisance, si je choisissais Elène je pourrais la sortir de la misère. Que faire! Que faire! Voilà le moment décisif de ma vie. Enfin je me suis décidé pour Elène et nous nous sommes mariés. Nous sommes toujours pauvres. J'ai travaillé dur, mais nous sommes heureux puisque nous nous aimons.

Les deux Voleurs

Marshall Bame, '31

Il y avait une fois un homme qui désirait apprendre à voler. Aussi alla-t-il chez un habile cambrioleur pour

faire ses études de larcin. Après une semaine les deux amis décidèrent d'aller voler une maison. Le vieux dit au jeune voleur: "Suivez mes directions et quand vous serez en doute, imitez-moi."

Entrés dans la maison, ils trouvèrent qu'il fallait passer par une chambre où une femme dormait. En route le vieux se heurta contre une chaise. La femme, se réveillant, dit, "Qui est là?" Le vieux fit, "mee-a-ou!" La femme, rassurée, ferma les yeux pour rendormir. L'autre homme se heurta lui aussi contre la chaise. La femme se réveilla de nouveau et dit encore une fois, "Qui est là?" Le voleur apprenti répondit poliment, "Rien, Madame, qu'un autre chat."

Une Rêve

Lois Bristol, '32

J'ai eu une rêve,
C'est en Afrique.
Oh! j'avais peur
D'une chose tragique.

Les personnes là;
Quelle chose terrible!
Ne croient pas que
Nous sommes sensibles.

Ils aiment manger
Les personnages.
Oh, mes amis
Soyez donc sages!

Ils veulent me faire
De peur courir;
Mais j'ai compris—
C'était pour rire.

Les hommes noirs,
Puisqu'il le faut,
M'ont rendu libre;
Quel beau tableau!

Editorials

VERMONT

Few Vermonters realize the great possibilities of their native state. They do not consider the advantages of nature which are given to us. Beautiful in summer, a haven of sport in winter, and delightful throughout the year is Vermont. But even if it were sufficiently realized in Vermont, is that fact enough? Most emphatically not! The fact should be advertised, so that we may not be alone in enjoying our lakes, streams and mountains, so that not only ourselves, but others may enjoy our winter sports, and so that Vermont may be known throughout the nation for what it is—Nature's home.

POLITICAL SITUATION

The political situation in the United States today presents many complexities to the observer. We are presented with the spectacle of a Republican president, elected by an unprecedented majority, become unpopular in the ranks of his own party, which has failed to retain a working majority in either house, and which, although it will probably organize both houses, will be able to use no steam-roller tactics, lately so familiar to them. We see the party in power striving to restore prosperity by make-shift methods, with the main requisite results before the next election, a decided movement toward the left wing of the Republican party, caused somewhat by dissatisfaction with Senator Fess, and by Mr. Lucas's efforts to defeat Senator Norris. There is, too, a growing wet sentiment, which, while not yet prevalent, at least in Congress, will be sure to find more and more ex-

pression there. We observe the President, over-sensitive to criticism, endeavoring to reply to the barbed shafts of the Senators, a most difficult task, since they outnumber him ninety-six to one. The Senate overrides the President's recommendations on drought relief, is accused by him of profiting at the expense of human misery, and the members themselves charge the President with subordinating human needs to the impending deficit. As we observe the difficulties of the President with this session of Congress, we fail to visualize a path of roses for him when the next one, more strongly in opposition, assembles. The outlook presents every aspect except harmony.

UNEMPLOYMENT

Probably this subject is the most discussed one in the country today. Millions are without any means of livelihood, and other millions are working part time, or for reduced pay, or both. One of the most tragic sights in our country today is the long bread line, to be found in every city of size.

Although there are many good steps being taken to cure this condition, the number of unemployed grows. Every step helps, but the time has come when America must give until it hurts, for a crisis exists. Municipal projects help to relieve the situation, the President has appointed a commission, which seems to be regarded as the necessary step in any case, and Congress has passed relief bills, but these only tide over and do not cure the situation. Only the nation at large can do that by united efforts, cooperation and expansion, and even these will work no sudden miracles.

School Activities

Mary Bourget, '33, Editor

SPEAKING OF SLEIGH RIDES

One Saturday night in January (It was the 10th, by the way) the Sevens, who had long wanted a sleigh ride, drove off to Addison.

With Miss Allbee and Mr. Carter as chaperons you may be sure that everyone had a good time on the way out.

When we arrived at the home of Mr. Felix Bodette, a most loyal supporter of the class of '36, we played several interesting games and we DID have refreshments.

We started back in high spirits (and in a sleigh, of course) and reached the dear old place at 11:30 A. M.—I mean P. M.

The problem now facing the Sevens was to regain their beauty sleep—a two days' task.

Joan Casey, '36

EIGHTS BOUNCE OFF ON A SLEIGH RIDE

On January 9, 1931, Mr. Langeway's sleigh rolled up in front of the gym, with bells Blowing and whistles Ringing. All eights jumped in and things started. "Dumbbell" Morris cracked some of his jokes, the class sang and cheered, and certain couples—(ahem!)—seemed to be enjoying themselves! After a long ride, in spite of the mourning and sorrow of the class, all had to hop out while the sleigh turned around. Coming back, the famous Ed. Ryan, a chip off the old block of Amos, was strangely quiet (?) Mr. Carter managed by running in back of the sleigh, and "Dumbbell" was speeling out stories while the listeners sat with mouths wide open in utter amazement at his

ability. Everyone enjoyed the return trip. When the large city of Vergennes was reached people were out on the street trying to get a glimpse of the class of '35. All made a dash for the Community House where "eats" and hot cocoa awaited us. Everyone hurried home after the eats had disappeared because of the belief that spooks were abroad—and thus ends the tale of the sleigh ride of the class of one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five!

Leslie Wetherell, '35

FRESHIES' SLEIGH RIDE

A jolly band of Freshies left Saturday, January 17, 1931, for the home of their esteemed classmate, Barbara McNeil.

On the way the girls furnished singing—at least what they thought was singing.

After a splendid evening spent in watching the girls' magnetic eyes go blink, blink, and eating delicious refreshments served by the little misses Shirley Haven and Mary Parrish, we started for home, only to find, when we reached our destination, that it was a trifle too late to go to bed that night.

Charles Ryan, '34

THE AGGIE BOYS' SLEIGH RIDE

The great night had come at last. The meeting place and starting point was to be Mr. Smith's residence with "The Two Pilger Bros." as doormen. About fifteen Aggie Boys, each with a girl guest, set out for Waltham at seven-thirty.

As we were going up one of the many hills, the driver started the horses on a run. Doris and Wilbur, who had been on a cross-country run, jumped on, but Marjorie and Ralph were left to stumble along. Anyone back in Vergennes could have heard the indignant protests of the two, mixed with the uproarious laughter of the sleigh-riders, when after a long run of a half mile they reached the sleigh. The Pilgers received us with all outward signs of pleasure. We played an interesting game of "fleas" and enjoyed a concert by Fred Pilger on his Hawaiian guitar. We also enjoyed Elmer's jews-harp. Refreshments, the Aggie Boys' treat, were served by Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Pilger.

Starting for home at twelve, we enjoyed basketball practice—with snowballs—under Mr. Smith's supervision.

The jolly time ended in the early morn.

Marjorie Sorrell, '34

THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

(Not Inserted in Our Last Issue)

"The First Noel" Chorus

"An Up to Date Christmas Dinner" Frances Kellogg

"Jest 'Fore Christmas" Raymond Morris

"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" Freda Daigneault and Elaine Beach

"The Christmas Guest" Faith Kenyon

"The Christmas Loaf," Class 7— Mrs. Elton, Margaret Bodette

Harry Elton (her son), Parker Leonard

Nellie (her daughter) Jeannette Sullivan

Mrs. Guerny (neighbor) Joan Casey

Her Daughter Norma Bristol

HOME ECONOMIC X'S LUNCHEONS

The Home Economics class was quite excited when Miss Allbee announced that we had to give luncheons. She chose Ruth Yattaw, Winona Pickard, Lena Kandzior, and Eleanor Forrest as hostesses, each having five girls to work with.

Quite a number of meetings were held, and I think Miss Wright got the worst of it because almost everyone went into her room to agree to disagree.

The first luncheon was given December first by Ruth, the second December second by Eleanor, the third, December third by Lena, and the last one December fourth by Winona.

The greatest trouble with each group was lack of conversation. Each girl was afraid to talk or eat for fear she would say or do something wrong.

Nevertheless, the luncheons were much enjoyed and we are grateful to Miss Albee for the experience and her unlimited patience.

Dorothy Leonard '32

THE JUNIOR MILITARY WHIST PARTY

Wednesday, February fourth, the Junior Class held a Military Whist party at the Grange Hall. Contrary to the fears of some because of other social activities, the party was well attended. There were fifteen tables.

The winning fort was held by Helen Jarvis, Charlotte Miner, Marion Leonard, and David Ryan. Refreshments of cocoa and sandwiches were served.

About \$25.00 was cleared.

The Juniors wish to thank Miss McGovern, Mrs. William Dalrymple, and others for helping to make the party a success.

Esther Graves, '32

A "WARMED OVER" ASSEMBLY

On January 23, 1931, Miss Roburds, a navy nurse who had just returned from the Virgin Islands, had been invited to speak to the Assembly on her experiences there. Miss Roburds being unable to get here, Mr. Smith, who had heard her speak at the American Legion, volunteered to tell us what he remembered, or, as he said, give us a "warmed over" talk.

The Virgin Islands are at the eastern entrance of the Caribbean Sea. The United States bought these for twenty-five million dollars, mainly for a naval base. Some of the people there call themselves farmers, but they dress in white and just "boss" the negroes and Indians, who do all the work. The natives show great ignorance in care of their children and also believe in witch doctors. There are no high schools in the islands. Since the boys and girls don't know about anything better their

schools mean as much to them as ours do to us.

Mr. Smith always manages to give us a laugh. He told us that the water about the islands is so blue it is used for ink, and oysters grow on trees. To explain this—there is a tree in the water with a nest of oysters at its roots, so all anyone has to do is to pick oysters off the tree.

Marion Leonard, '33

Several candy sales have been held for the Blue and White Exchequer with successful results.

For the past week the V. H. S. students have enjoyed having a blossoming plant in Study Hall. This is only a hint of the plants to be enjoyed in the future, for the class of '24 has very kindly donated a sum for the purpose of purchasing flowers to brighten the room during the winter months.

Athletics

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Walter J. Ryan, '33, Editor

The understudies of Coach Smith started the season December 2 by putting Hinesburg High down to defeat, 35-17. The game was a good victory for Vergennes with about every man on the squad playing in part of the game. It took place on the local surface.

The squad of about fifteen men, accompanied by Coach Smith and Assistant Manager Ralli, journeyed to Winooski on December 5 to help dedicate the new gym. It was an honor for the local boys to be the first team to play on that surface. After the ceremonies had taken place, the ball was thrown out by the mayor and the game started out to be a close affair. However, the high-powered Winooski outfit got going and let Vergennes have 16 points while they were making 48. The game was well played by the Vergennes boys.

A return game with Hinesburg was played on the Hinesburg court December 9. The small floor slowed up the Ancient City men, therefore the game was close and hard fought. The score at half time was 8-7, Vergennes. The Hinesburg boys rallied and, with a few minutes to go, were ahead 21-19. Coach Smith gambled and sent in a new man, "Buck" Gee. Gee came through with a basket, tying the score 21-21. The whistle stopped the game and an extra period was needed. Right after the tip-off at Center "Rogie" Bristol caged one, sending Vergennes ahead. Gee put the finishing touches on the game with a free shot after being fouled. The final score was 24-21. While changing up

the boys took it into their minds to elect a captain. Final count gave Robert Ryan, veteran center, the job of leading the team.

Coach Smith next had the boys carted to Essex Junction, December 12, for a game with "Sleepy" Warner's team. The Vergennes boys began to play well on the strange court, coming out of the first half with a 11-2 count for V. H. S. Between the halves a system for penetrating the Essex Junction's five-man defense was learned by the boys. This proved to be of no use, as the Junction team began to play man to man. This defense was too much for Vergennes. Only one floor basket was made during the second half. The final score was 22-15.

Middlebury came December 16 with its powerful team to take a high score game from Vergennes, 43-12. Johnson, the Middlebury big center, had a wonderful night, caging 19 points, making the score look bad for Vergennes. "Billy" Garrow strengthened the team at this point by his return to the squad.

The Proctor Varsity brought its Frosh team along to our gym December 19 to make the evening more pleasant for customers by playing the local second team. The game was close, the teams being evenly matched. The Vergennes seconds finally came out ahead, 15-13. The main game of the evening did not turn out so well for the Vergennes team. The Proctor outfit had the edge at the end of the last quarter, 33-11. Both teams piled up their score with free shots.

A powerful team of old grads turned out December 26 for the Alumni game. Expecting an easy game, the old boys were treated to the surprise of their lives by seeing the High School pile up

23 points to their 14 in the first half. During the second half the Alumni tightened up and put some in the basket, making the local fans get excited, but the Varsity took the game 29-28.

While on a road trip the Hyde Park outfit stopped at Vergennes December 30 for a game. They went away with the game, 24-11. The visiting lads were entertained overnight by the local boys.

The Sutherland Club Juniors of Proctor were the next opponents of the High School. The first half ended 11-6 for the Proctor boys. While the second half went on, the Juniors improved. They finished the game with 34 points to 13 for V. H. S.

Next the Essex Junction team whipped Vergennes December 16 on the local court, 29-15. The game was slow during the first three quarters. With about three minutes to go Vergennes came to life and started to play. The ball was kept going and some fast action was seen.

Vergennes journeyed to Brandon January 20 for a game with Brandon High. Vergennes held Brandon to four points in the first half while making four. The Brandon team, rested by half time, came back on the floor and won the game 19-9. The Vergennes boys failed to keep up to their high standards on free shots. Eight free ones were taken by Vergennes, but only one was sunk—by Captain Ryan.

While the season on the whole has not been very successful up to now, nevertheless, considering the inexperience of the squad and the stiff op-

position encountered, the team has shown improvement, and gives grounds for hope when next year pulls around with a whole season's experience.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Wilma Wood. '31, Editor

So far this season we have played seven games, winning one and losing six. The games are as follows:

December 2, V. H. S. vs. Middlebury at Vergennes. Score, V. H. S. 7; Middlebury, 12.

December 12, V. H. S. vs. Essex Junction at Essex Junction. Score, V. H. S. 6; Essex Junction, 22.

December 20, V. H. S. vs. Middlebury at Middlebury. Score, V. H. S. 12; Middlebury, 11.

December 26, V. H. S. vs. Alumnae at Vergennes. Score, V. H. S. 7; Alumnae, 22.

January 16, V. H. S. vs. Essex Junction at Vergennes. Score, V. H. S. 6; Essex Junction, 28.

January 20, V. H. S. vs. Brandon at Brandon. Score, V. H. S. 7; Brandon, 21.

January 23, V. H. S. vs. Hello Girls of Burlington at Vergennes. Score, V. H. S. 14; Hello Girls, 20.

We have about five games left this season and we are hoping for victories.

Alumni

Henry Richardson, '34, Alumni Editor

The editorial staff wishes to extend its thanks to Horace Kiral, '29, who has helped us greatly by typing the material for this paper, thus making the task much easier for our printers.

Miner Milo, '30, George Torrey, '30, and Kenneth Sorrell visited classes Jan. 15.

Helen DeCourcy, '29, visited V. H. S. February third.

Doris Barton (Vergennes, 1930), who is attending Castleton Normal School, won the all school banner in the annual winter carnival held there, getting the highest number of points. She placed first in the ski, skate and snowshoe races.

The following are bulletins received from the University of Vermont concerning our alumni:

"Malcolm Benton of Vergennes, who is a member of the Sophomore Class at the University of Vermont, has been chosen a member of the Lighting Committee for the 1931 Kake Walk."

"Steward Phillips, '31, of Vergennes is a member of the Senior Class basketball team. He belongs to the Sigma Nu Fraternity at the University of Vermont."

Onslow Brown, '34, is a member of the Freshman basketball team.

Editor of the Blue & White
High School
Vergennes, Vt.

Attention of Mr. H. M. Richardson
Dear Editor:

A few days ago I received a letter from you asking me for a paragraph as to what I am doing.

I am now Director of Men and Boys' Work at Trinity Institution, Albany, N. Y.

This is a piece of educational and recreational work in the South End of Albany. It provides a center for the poor people as well as those more fortunate. We deal with the whole family from the "Cradle to the Grave", giving clothes and food to the needy, conducting gymnasium classes, boys' and girls' scout troops, hobby clubs, skating groups, educational classes, and rooms—in fact, all kind of activities usually found in a live community center.

The Institution is financed by the Community Chest of Albany and has twenty-four of the most influential men of the City as the Board of Directors. In short, it is a combination boys' club, Y. M. C. A. and settlement house.

The work is very interesting, and the credit for the success which I have had in my different fields and promotions truly belongs to the training and experience which I had while at V. H. S. The leadership there often passes through my mind and I can only say to those there now that Mr. Carter and his associates certainly deserve the love and loyalty of every one of you.

Remember—the few years of training seem very long while passing through them but exceptionally short to look back upon.

Yours in loyalty,

Gordon A. Flood.

Franklin Sq. House
11 East Newton St.
Boston, Mass.

Dear Alumni Editor:

I received your letter asking me to write a paragraph about the school I'm attending, which I will be very glad to do.

The Graves School of Designing is

situated near Boston's largest Department Stores—Filene's, Jordan-Marsh and R. H. White. It is a school of costume designing, drafting, dress-making and tailoring. At present there are about twenty in my class, and each student receives individual help in her work. The school provides you with a practical course for professional use.

Thanks to V. H. S.'s Home Economic Class for some of the useful things I learned about sewing.

I wish you all success for the next issue of the "Blue and White."

Sincerely yours,

Vonda I. Hallock, '30

Brooklyn, N. Y.
February 3, 1931

Dear Friends of V. H. S.,

The Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Brooklyn, where I am in training, is really a little world all its own. The hospital is situated on 6th Street and 7th Avenue, taking up an entire block. The main building, called the "Halls Building," consists of three private surgical floors and a main floor on

which are the various offices and the chapel. In the basement of the building are the accident ward, diet kitchen, and supply rooms. The operating rooms are also found in this building.

To the right of the Halls Building are the surgical floors, which consist of a children's ward, men's ward, women's ward, and a floor on which the waitresses live. To the left is the medical building, composed of a private floor for children and two medical floors.

One of the newest buildings is the maternity building, six stories high and one of the best equipped maternity buildings in Brooklyn.

The nurses' home, including the gym and auditorium and the dining room, recently erected, are lovely structures. From the roof of the home I can see the Statue of Liberty and a fine view of Brooklyn.

My wish for V. H. S. is that they are enjoying their work there as much as I do mine, and I wish them the best success in the world.

Sincerely yours,

Reta Richardson, '29

JEWELS

A myriad of sparkling gems
On meadow hill and lea;
I wonder what you think they are—
They're many things to me.

They might be diamonds shining there
So beautiful they are;
Perhaps an army of good cheer
Besieging from afar.

They might be fairies, elfin small,
In some fantastic dance,
Who by their happiness complete
Just hold you in a trance.

But never call them snowflakes plain,
They're more than that to me:-
They're messengers to make our world
More beautiful to see.

Lois Bristol, '32

Exchange

Roger Wendell, '31, Editor

Note Against Trin But High-priced School Magazines.

From time to time among my exchanges I come across small school magazines of from twelve to fourteen pages and priced from thirty-five to forty cents. Their sale is attributed to school spirit. Is it school spirit or one of charity or a fear of being branded a "piker" which causes the students to buy these magazines? When you stop to consider that the student can attend a movie or buy a thick and voluminous magazine of fiction for a lesser price, it is not hard to see why he would be reluctant to spend thirty-five cents for a magazine containing a few paragraphs of editorials, a dearth of school news, and a few jokes.

MONTPELIER H. S. "PHOENIX"

December 1930

We are glad to retain this delightful little publication on our exchange list. We think, however, that more care should be taken in cutting the blocks for the front cover. It's a hard task—we know from experience.

DERBY ACADEMY—"SPIRIT OF D. A."

November 1930

We commend you for producing a very carefully worked out magazine. The content, though conventional, is complete and pleasing.

ST. JOHNSBURY ACADEMY—"THE ACADEMY STUDENT"

Thanksgiving Issue

I must express my gratitude for the large number of jokes in "The Academy

Student," as it makes the position of Ye Exchange Editor very pleasing. The sketches at the heads of the various departments seem more cleverly done than in most school magazines.

LASELL SEMINARY—"LASELL LEAVES"

January 1931

The literary efforts in your magazine we can only admire and not criticize. There is a rather scant supply of humor in "Wise and Otherwise."

PEOPLE'S ACADEMY—"THE PEOPLEONIAN"

Christmas Number

The "Peopleonian" seems to be very carefully made up and balanced. We like especially the editorials.

THE PETERSBURG H. S. "THE MISSILE"

November 1930

We wish you would tell us your secret of getting students to write for your magazine. The article "What Is Wrong with the Secondary Schools?" is in agreement with our own ideas.

RANDOLPH—"SCHOOL NOOS"

Thanksgiving Issue

We think that your cover has the best conventional design we have yet seen this year. Don't you think thirty-five cents a bit high for twenty or so pages of reading matter?

THE ESSEX JUNCTION**"CLARION"**
December 1930

Essex Junction always succeeds in publishing a small but very correct magazine, with good stories and excellent jokes.

BELLOWS ACADEMY
"MERCURY"

St. Albans, Vt. 1930

For a first attempt the St. Albans students have done very well indeed. We

join them in their hope for more material to choose from and wish them every success.

RUTLAND H. S. "THE RED AND WHITE"

January 28, 1931

Your paper, with its chatty division of events of the week mixed with a generous supply of nonsense, is our idea of "what the student wants."



CRAINNEY

Harriet Field, '31, Editor

GREAT EVENT AT LAST RE- VEALED

We regret very much that more publicity has not been given to a certain event which we feel has been worthy of much notice. While it is not generally known throughout the school, a great award has been founded, and the winners selected. The great scheme had its birth in the hidden crannies of the brain of one Marshall Bame who agreed to donate to the cause 500 mills, or in general currency, 50 cents, which was to be divided into five equal parts, one part to be awarded to the man or woman of our school boasting of the greatest accomplishments in the following fields: physics, chemistry, medicine, literature, and world peace. There was some doubt as to whether the idea was original, but the founder was very enthusiastic, and so a committee of three was chosen, to consist of Miss Wright, Russell Kingman, and Raymond Morris. Although Mr. Morris was somewhat reluctant to serve because of the lack of financial compensation he was finally induced to grace the enterprise with his renown, and the committee began its sessions. After many long and careful hours of deliberation the choices were announced as follows:

For great achievements in the field of physics, George Hall. This choice was heartily recommended by Miss Davis, who claims that George is the only person who ever survived the study of that subject for a semester without opening a book.

For surpassingly excellent work in

chemistry, Arza Dean. It was reported by Mr. Carter, interviewed upon the eve of Arza's triumph, that Arza had perfected several new formulas, not yet published.

Next the committee's report touched upon the award for medicine. Here there was a rather vague reason for the choice which was Fred Pilger. It was claimed that Fred, by his propensity for kicking snow, discouraged the wearing of silk stockings, and thus prevented an epidemic. The report here was not unanimous, as Miss Wright dissented.

There was no doubt about the award for literature, which went by acclaim to Lois Bristol for her uplifting and soul-inspiring poetry, which elevates the morale of the school, besides filling up the literary department of this paper

The prize for peace was a poser. The committee spent many sleepless nights over this, and finally decided upon James Willard Bristol, but not until Mr. Morris announced that only recently had he seen him running at full speed up Main Street to prevent a fight. After the award had been made, it developed that Edward Ryan had been in close pursuit, leaving some doubt as to whether the flight had been in the interests of world peace, or whether it had been inspired by selfish motives. But the committee refused to reconsider and the award stood

We are sorry to announce that in connection with these awards there was a great tragedy, for when the names were submitted to Mr. Bame, it developed that in the course of events Mr. Bame had spent the reward, and that only the honor of these distinctions remained to the winners.

VIRGINIA'S FIGHTING FIVE

A jinx had doomed the team. There was no disputing the fact. Starting off the season with a string of two victories—the team had now reached a low and despised level, the cellar position. The school had seemed to lose hope too. When before there would have been as many as thirty-eight or forty rooters, they had now dwindled down to fifteen or sixteen. But the team did not lose hope. They even went so far as to talk of winning another game.

At center for the team was Bryan, a tall, powerful lad, quick on the jump and even quicker changing up after games. In the back court were Crammel and Bee. Crammel was the school pride. Somewhat of a small town pugilist, he boasted of being ambidextrous. He had the ability of missing baskets with either hand with equal ease. Bee was a short, thickset fellow, a wonderful passer when he got the range. He hadn't been able to get the range as yet. Some talk was heard of letting him practice on the athletic field where he would have the whole field to throw the ball in, but the plan hadn't materialized, and he was still breaking windows and lights in the gym with his powerful passes.

In the forward court the team was increased to five by Chilson and Tryon. Tryon, easily the worst of the five, was always belittling his runnign mates' ability and suggested a shift. A shift was soon in order and Tryon was placed on the third team while his brother took his place, much to the older Tryon's disgust. The season had passed up to this date with the team composed of the five and two games were won after hard battles and twelve dropped after battles that weren't so hard.

Someone suggested an inter-class game between the sophomores and seniors. The motion was promptly seconded and brought to a vote. It was unanimously carried, and action was to be instituted that same night. It was an insult to the seniors to be challenged, and injury was added when the scrub sophomore team crushed the seniors 31 to 17.

Virginia's next encounter was to be with Mapleleaf Centre. Mapleleaf, during the past ten years, had beaten Virginia's an even twenty times, yet Virginia was confident of giving Mapleleaf a "good rub."

The game came off as scheduled and the coach sent Virginia's Fighting Five on the floor, saying that this game would mean the League Championship.

"Now go out there and fight for your Alma Mater," he shouted, while the plaster fell off the ceiling.

Crammel asked Bee who Alma Mater was—while Tryon explained that she was the coach's wife and wanted them to win.

"I'll fight," shouted Crammel, the pug. "I'll lick 'em all."

"What's that you said?" demanded the Mapleleaf center from the other room. "I was just saying that I guessed you'd win," crooned Crammel.

The game started with a bang—one of the bleachers had collapsed. Fortunately only twenty were present, so comparatively few injuries were received.

The game was on! They battled fiercely! One minute to play! The score stood at 18 to 18. Chilson had tossed two baskets for the wrong side thus far and still seemed undecided as to which was which. Bee had broken two lights and a window. Crammel received the ball. He shot a clean basket. Virginia's Fighting Five had won.

THE BOOK SHELF

We submit the following list of books, which are, or ought to be, the favorites of the Senior Class. They are not entirely original, but they are distinctly not Harvard Classics, inasmuch as they measure five feet two inches.

The Senior Class, "We"; Mary Bunch, "Cheerful By Request;" Marshall Bame and William Carter, "The Heavenly Twins;" Catherine Casey, "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Doris Clark, "Adventures in Friendship;" Arza Dean, "So Big;" The Faculty, "Makers of our Liberty;" Lena Fanslow, "Essay on Studies;" Harriet Field, "Comedy of Errors;" Thelma Floyd,

"Our Mutual Friend;" Doris Garrow, "Among my Books;" Mary Germaine, "Frozen Words;" Owen Griffin, "The Royal Road to Romance;" Robert Hamel, "Bob, Son of Battle;" Eleanor Hayes, "Far Away and Long Ago;" Holidays, "Days Off;" Florence Larrow, "Peacock Feathers;" Madalene Lawrence, "The Talisman;" Gertrude Leonard, "The Gold Bug;" Wren Russett, "L'Allegro;" Robert Ryan, "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow;" Edward Scott, "The Laughing Boy;" Florence Smith, "Why So Pale and Wan?" Karlene Sneden, "Snowbound;" Our Basketball Team, "Men of Iron;" Germaine Turpin, "Proud Lady;" Roger Wendell, "Master Skylark;" Charles Wilson, Jr., "The Perfect Gentleman;" Mary Williams, "A Girl and Her Job;" Wilma Wood, "Captain (s) Courageous;" Miss Wright, "A Friend of Caesar."

"Environment is a process to prevent fires." In Social Science.

Miss Davis (In Commercial Class)
"We'll listen to the board now."

Miss McGovern (To English Class Eleven)
"Remember to bring your thirty-five senses (cents) to class."

HELPFUL MISINFORMATION

HEDERICK FRASKINS

Q How may I obtain better marks?
B. Garrow

A A little study has been known to help, but this does not work in all cases. I advise you to see your family physician.

Q What makes me so attractive to young girls? D. Ryan

A It is probably due to your dashing manner and suave disposition. More likely it is due to the foolishness of the girls in question.

Q I am generally run-down and anaemic. Is there anything I can take for this condition? R. Wendell

A One of the most reliable remedies on the market for this is Vicks Vapo Rub. This might do you a good deal of good.

Q I find that insults annoy me greatly. What can I do to prevent this? A. Dean

A An air of nonchalant and amused boredom would be a great buffer. If this does not work, a snappy line of repartee is what you need.

Q The present depression has affected me financially. How long do you expect it to last? W. Carter

A The best authorities estimate not over ten years. All things come to those who wait, and maybe you have a rich relative who will leave you money. Otherwise we see little hope.

Q How many eggs make a respectable omelet? Miss Allbee

A Much depends upon the size of the eggs, and their type. The size of the eggs, of course, depends upon the size of the hen. Send ten cents in stamps for our "Never-Fail Hen Measurement Chart."

Q How may a Senior use a speaking privilege three times in one period? G. Leonard

A There is only one way—namely, persistent practice. We have noticed that you are already pursuing this formula, and two weeks more should be sufficient.

Q What is considered the best budget plan? M. Bunch

A After a thorough survey Prof. I. M. N. Investigator has announced that the average American income is divided as follows: Clothes 30%; Rent or house up keep, 20%; Necessities, 40%; Amusement, 30%; Total 120%. But the professor says, "First catch your income."

Q Is popularity a gift or an attainment? M. Parrish

A The best authority on this subject is Prof. H. M. Richardson, whose recent book, "Personality Plus" is now a standard reference.

More information may be obtained by addressing a letter to Hederick Fraskins, care of this paper. All information guaranteed by our long experience as an advisor. We aim to serve our patrons; we also take time off for target practice.

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