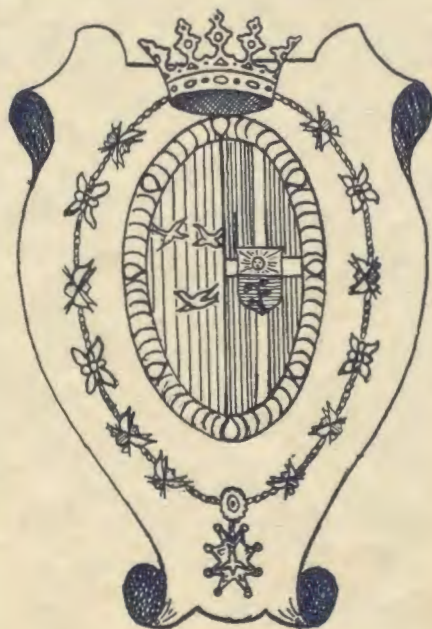
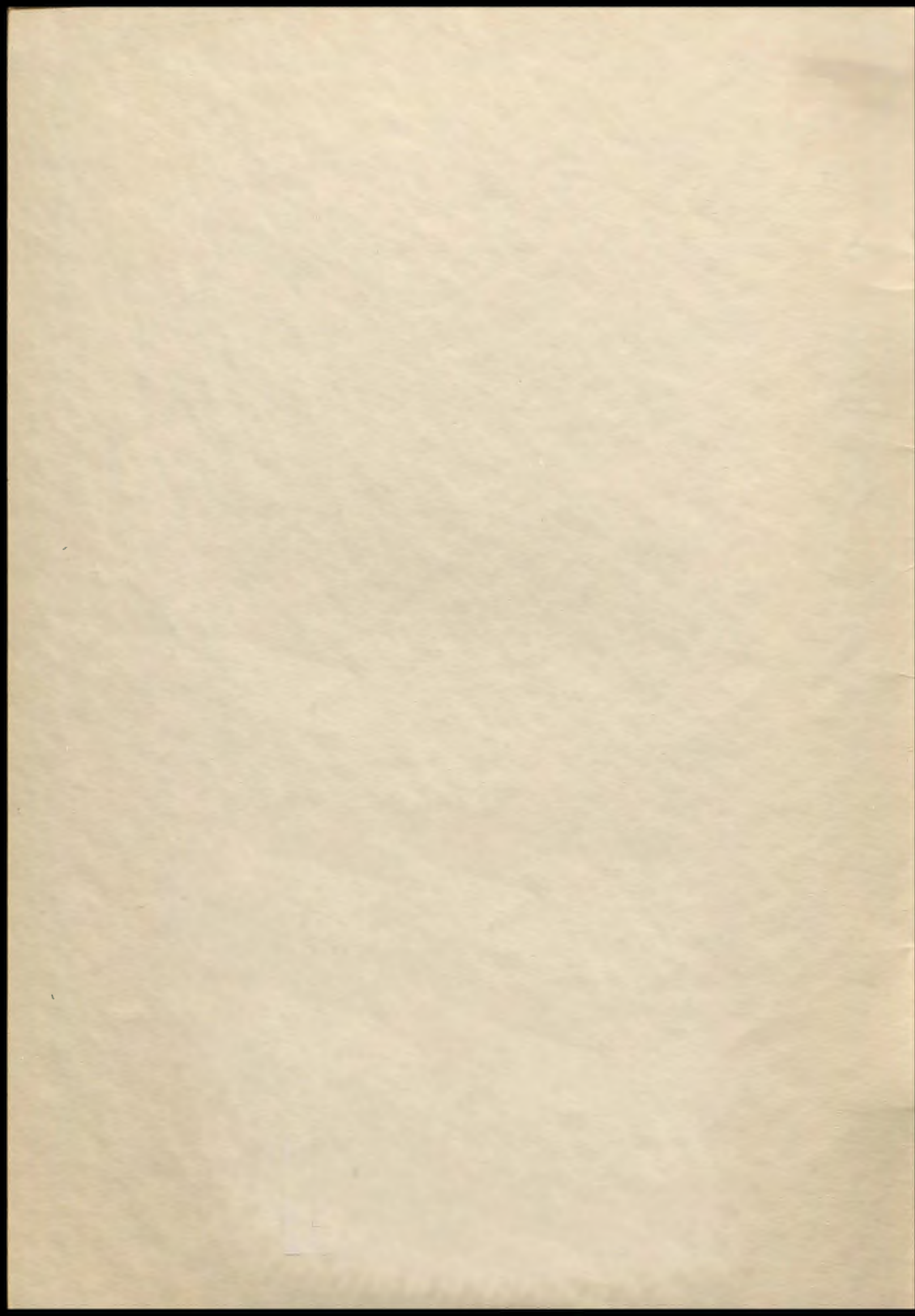


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BLUE AND WHITE



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL
DECEMBER ISSUE 1932



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Mary Lance, '33, Editor

THE PERFECT THING

Mary Lance, '33

A sculptor gently marks his clay,
His lips are tight and firm.
From week to week he's toiled and lost,
But now the thing he's dreamed of most,
His perfect thing, is almost done.
He slowly draws the last small line,
Somehow his fingers shake.
The last small line is drawn too deep—
A perfect thing?
Almost.

An artist, haggard, drawn and thin,
Paints feverishly as dusk draws near.
At last his heart's desire is here,
A few more lines will see it done.
He deftly blends his colors for just the
one he needs.
One last, strong stroke,—too much of
blue.
A perfect thing?
Almost.

Why can we not make perfect things
As God has done in flowers?
It's not because we mortals all
Were made imperfect things,
For He has made His finest work
A lovely infant child;
But somehow as we grew
Some sculptor drew a line too deep,
Some artist gave a shade too much of
blue.

DRY AS DUST

Mary Bourget, '33

Johnny Craig, a tall young man with keen blue eyes, brown wavy hair, a quizzical smile and a quixotic temperament, was the Sentinel's star reporter, and his boyish face, besides showing precision and snappiness, always reflected his thoughts, whims and badly assorted moods. On the morning in question, as he swung along, Johnny's thoughts centered around an old politician whom his "chief" had said to interview, while his mood was one of utter discontent with the world. He had an intense dislike for the common place; he had chosen the newspaper racket because he thought he might run up against the thrilling, the adventurous, the unexpected, and here he was doing the same old thing day in and day out. It was dry, dry, dry as dust! He suddenly stopped short in the midst of this mental rebellion for a Chinaman had appeared from somewhere and was tugging at his arm while he gesticulated wildly and mumbled indistinctly. Johnny's first thought was against stopping, but the reckless something in him that craved excitement and adventure made him throw caution to the winds, and he let the Chinaman draw him into a strange entrance. They went through countless corridors, and finally the Chinaman stopped before a panel carved with intricate designs, drew his finger around a flower, and the panel slid open. For a moment Johnny had a vague premonition, but again he threw prudence to the winds and followed the Chinaman. As they stepped inside, the panel shut with a soft click, and Johnny found himself in a dark room where the air was heavy with incense and where he heard the rustle of silk, but could discern no person or thing. He turned to speak to his Chinese guide but the man had vanished just as mysteriously as he had appeared on the street. Only an instant he stood there in the darkness and

then he heard a smooth, foreign voice say, "Tasha!" and immediately the room was filled with a soft, dim, rosy glow. Glancing quickly around, he saw a unique room whose exotic beauty was emphasized by costly silk hangings and incredibly thick velvet carpets. As his keen eye took in these details he seemed to feel that someone was watching him, studying him, and he put one hand behind him as if in defense. Then with startling suddenness a man stepped out of the shadows at the farther end of the room, a tall, slim, elegant, rather young man with a sad aristocratic face, dark hair, and curious green eyes—a man who was exquisitely dressed in a Chinese suit of wine color, embroidered with imperial dragons in pale blue and silver and who wore Chinese slippers with stiltlike carved ivory heels. Fascinated, Johnny stared at this man, whose every movement breathed culture, sophistication and power, and who seemed so strange and yet so familiar and, for some inexplicable reason, he liked him. Then the man gave a queer little laugh and said, "You know me?" and without waiting for an answer, added, "I think not, and yet I have watched you go by every day. I know your occupation, your reputation, your characteristics.

Now I am in danger. An urgent message must be taken to a certain Chinese laundry on Eleventh Avenue and an American must do it. You are that American. You see, although I have many in my command, this laundry is watched continually by a pack of Chinese hounds who would suspect one of my men. The message is symbolized by a dagger which would be fatal if found in your possession by one of these Chinese spies; otherwise there is no danger, and I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that you will never be troubled again once the dagger is out of your hands. Will you take the message?"

Johnny, whose newspaper sense was thoroughly aroused and who was lured by the strangeness of the situation, surprisingly, even to himself, agreed. His sensitive mind recognized the delicate something which marks a gentleman, the subtle note of sincerity in the stranger's personality, and disregarding race and rank, he played up as a gentleman to a gentleman. The man then drew the knife from a fold in his robe and showed it to him. It was a curious-looking knife, about six inches long. The dull gold handle, crudely wrought in a Chinese design and set with dark unpolished stones, was engraved with the initials M. L. S. and the flat blade, with its inset groove, though not highly polished, had a sinister gleam. The man wrapped it in such a way that it looked like a laundry bundle, wrote the address on it, and was giving it to him, when suddenly he drew back, and for a moment the green eyes were dense and cold, and there was a harsh note in the low melodious voice as he said, "Of course you promise to say nothing of this?"

Johnny started. The man had read his very mind for he had just been thinking of the article he could write about his experience, but studying the haggard, strained face he gave his promise—a promise flung like a challenge at newspaper etiquette, custom and convention. Then the man gave him the package, clapped his hands twice, and the Chinese guide reappeared and led a rather bewildered young

newspaper reporter through the maze of passages into the welcome sunshine.

Finding himself on the street again, Johnny almost thought he had dreamed, but the little laundry package in his hand was no dream; in fact it made him feel so uneasy that he hastened toward Eleventh Avenue. As he reached the laundry he saw several evil-looking Chinamen strolling carelessly about, and he could not help wondering what he was getting himself into; nevertheless he ventured inside, delivered his package to an obsequious Chinaman, stepped right out, and forced himself to whistle as he went down the street.

For days Johnny was apprehensive of everyone and everything, but evidently the gentleman's agreement was to hold, for nothing happened.

Several uneventful weeks had passed and Johnny was getting some old data in the file room when he suddenly stopped flipping newspapers and a look of amazement spread over his face, for there in the file drawer was a dusty yet unmistakable picture of his Mr. X, and above it he read, "It is rumored that Ming Lee Su, the young Chinese nobleman who disappeared from Peking yesterday, has left his country for a time because his life was threatened."

Johnny gave a little laugh and went on working, but there was a far away look in his eyes, a far away look, because he had had a breath-taking glimpse into a fantastic world that was anything but dry as dust.

THE EVENING DANCE OF THE DRYADS

Standing on the shores of the lake, gazing at a high precipice, my eyes rested on a group of white birches. Outlined against the sky, so tall and still, they reminded me of dryads clothed in white satin robes, green scarfs about their slender shoulders.

While I watched them a slight breeze rippled through the trees, setting them in rhythmical motion with the ruffled water. The boughs looked like dainty arms that were keeping time to the music of the waves.

Gwendolyn Tracy, '34.

ON DANTE AND BEATRICE

Margaret Carter, '34

Dear Beatrice:

Oh how you draw me from this world into your own! Your portrait stands before me, bringing back the life of olden days. Is it the color of your robe or the beauty of the water and the doves around you that brings the strength into your picture? I long to be in Florence with you, to live in the beauty and the quiet of your day, and to walk the lovely streets with you as guide and friend.

How slowly you move on, and with what dignity and grace. You serve as inspiration to the lonely man whose face grows bright as he looks at you, and whose voice shows a love for you so great that you are living still after so many years.

Be glad with me that an artist such as Henry Holiday can draw the beauty of your day for all. I must come back into another world from yours and think of other things. But as I see you day by day, I shall wonder at your life, and romance. For in your picture there is beauty, and it takes me far away into the long ago.

Margaret

WHITE RUSSIAN

Charlotte Miner, '33

It was sunrise and the sun shone down on a small group of Russians, a young boy and his father and mother, as they said farewell to their native land. Nicholas and his parents were forced to leave Russia because they were not in sympathy with the government.

On board the ship Nicholas dreamed of America, the "Promised Land," as he called it. He had read of the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. Here, he thought, his father would be presented the key to New York City and gold and silver would fall from the torch of Miss Liberty.

America was far different, as Nicholas soon learned. At first the family settled in a Russian section of New York City. Nicholas's father, however, was not like most illiterate foreigners. He did not believe that groups of foreigners coming from the same land should congregate and form a little country of their own.

On leaving New York, they went to the south where Nicholas entered school. It was his parents' ambition that he should become educated and a true citizen.

After school and college Nicholas took up aviation. He rose higher and higher in rank because of his skill and bravery.

Rumbles of war were heard on the continent; then the United State joined. Nicholas was one of the first to enlist. Every day from sunrise to sunset he was one of a group of brave aviators who entered the enemies' territory.

One night news was received that the enemy was to enter their lines in a sky raid the following day. Long before sunrise Nicholas and his comrades were in the air—searching. Their biplanes roared to the northward until the birds in the distance became roaring airplanes—the enemy!

It was the greatest air battle ever fought. Plane after plane was forced down until Nicholas and one enemy plane remained. Nicholas knew that this was the "King of Sky Raiders," as he was called.

Each plane tried to rise above the other. The enemy's plane made a wide circle gradually narrowing it. Nicholas's plane flew perfectly. The engine held a steady beat. He gradually gained altitude, then suddenly dropped down, almost on his enemy's back. His aim was perfect; the reign of the "King of Sky Raiders" was ended.

He watched the plane as it fell to the ground, leaving a trail of red smoke.

When Nicholas turned his plane toward the west, his mind lingered upon the deed he had just done which had caused the sacrifice of a brave enemy. He thought of the honor and glory that would be his, but more than that he thought of that aviator who had given his life for his country.

What were the fortunes of war—to kill to-day, to die to-morrow? What had the Promised Land given him? Freedom? Liberty? These questions seethed in his brain as he watched the crimson and gold flooding the western sky, little realizing that the same sun to-morrow would cast long shadows upon his own fallen plane.

HUMOR AND HUMORISTS

Elizabeth Abbott, '34

Humor is the salt of life. As Henry Ward Beecher says, "A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is disagreeably caused to jolt by every pebble over which it runs."

It is believed that even in the earliest days of man there was some type of humor, although we have no written records to prove this theory. We find a little humor in Greek myths and poetry. Its earliest record is about the year 431 B. C.

Humor gradually developed through the ages, until we find Francois Marie Voltaire and Shakespeare in the sixteenth century and Honore De Balzac and Talleyrand in the seventeenth century who became famous for their humor and satire.

Shakespeare's type of humor was taken over by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Both men used many puns for humorous occasions.

During the Revolutionary period in American literature most of the humor took the form of satire and was used as a weapon to fight the enemy. Poems and short articles were written by the colonists as a hint or request to England, and soon after England would

publish an equally good answer. This weapon was also used between the parties of the day, Whigs and Tories.

Modern humor is extremely broad. Nearly every play, motion picture, or entertainment of any kind uses humor. George Ade tells us that humor is absolutely essential in advertising. He also tells us that any professional humorist can well afford to pass through a course of advertising.

The Irish and Scottish people are extremely humorous. Their humor is about the best on record and has one outstanding quality, hopefulness. We find this quality in Irish humor more than we do in Scottish works. Joseph Addison says, "Man is the merriest species of the creation; all above or below him are serious." I think he had an Irishman or Scotchman in mind when he said this.

I am not capable of expressing my opinion of humor, so allow me to add a few words from C. R. Lamb. "Humor is a caprice of our natures, or rather that quality which gives to ideas a fantastic turn, the effect of it being to excite the pleasurable emotions which we exhibit in laughter and mirth."

LET'S BE VAGABONDS

Mary Bourget, '33

Let's be vagabonds, you and me,
And follow the tune the piper plays;
Let's wander gayly o'er land and sea
And forget for once that there's one who pays.

Let's have no plans, let's go everywhere,
And find strange people and places and things;
Let's stop when we want to, here and there,
And enjoy whatever our gypsy fate brings.

We'll roam the world as long as we may,
And the piper perchance will forget his fee
If only we follow his magic way—
Come, let's be vagabonds, you and me.

BOOK REVIEW

of

"That Strange Little Brown Man,
Gandhi" by Frederick B. Fisher

Dr Fisher has had an acquaintanceship with Gandhi since 1917. He attempts in this book to weigh eastern and western ideas and to make known to us the remarkable personality and character of that "Indian Disraeli," Gandhi.

Mohandas Karamchad Gandhi is the ideal of the Indian people, who worship him as if he were a god, while in America he is often the victim of the cartoonist.

The world admires him for his attitude toward war. He does not believe it pays to fight to kill. Instead he makes a deep plea to the soul of India and uses non-violence as his weapon.

People of other countries look down on him for such things as the boycott of English cotton. They do not think of the English who went into India for gold and are staying there for gold. They do not think of the promise of England that her people should gradually have freedom. They do not realize that he is fighting, not for his own caste, but for all India, that all he wants is freedom and justice. The United States, says Dr. Fisher, through self-determination achieved its liberty. Why is not this same quality one to

be admired in this little Brown Man and his followers?

India is more able to rule herself today than she ever was. In earlier years she had a social system, a system of government, music and literature. England intervened. Now she is in poverty and has a large national debt to pay.

India has an excellent educational system; her books are written in English. She has more literates than the total population of Great Britain, besides her experienced political leaders.

In conclusion Dr. Fisher urges us to think of Gandhi's excellent character and genius, his influence and restraint, his remarkable leadership and aggressive enthusiasm and put from our minds the idea of the fanatic.

I closed this book with an entirely different attitude of mind. Before reading it, I had formed an opinion of Gandhi that was unreasonable. Now I do not consider him a fanatic. I advise one who is not in favor of India's policies, or one who does not respect Gandhi, to read this well written book by Dr. Fisher.

Marion Leonard, '33.



Laurette Beliveau, '34, Elinor Kimball, '34, Editors

Trois Minutes dans la Vie d'un Chat

Thomas, le chat, était assis devant le foyer. Il était très content. Il a eu un grand déjeuner et maintenant il a sommeil.

Tout à coup il se lève et il écoute avec intérêt. Il pense entendre un petit bruit. Il cherche dans la salle et puis il écoute encore. Alors—il voit une souris sous la table. Il saute mais le souris était partie. Thomas tourne vite et cherche Monsieur la Souris. Voilà! dans le coin! Thomas se prépare à sauter. Quand il saute il se trouve dans la voiture de poupée de la petite Louise, sa maitresse. La voiture roule par la porte et Thomas en désespoir va faire une promenade dans la salle à manger.

Mary Lance, '33.

Le Chat d'Henri

Henri demeure dans la ville en France qui est appelée Quimper. Il va à l'école mais à part de cela, il n'a rien à faire. Il n'a ni frère ni soeur, personne pour l'amuser.

Un jour il demande à son père: "Je veux un chat pour m'amuser, papa. Me donneriez vous un chat?"

Papa lui répond: "Si vous êtes un bon garçon et aidez vos parents, je vous en donnerai un."

La semaine suivante Henri a travaillé ferme. Il a aidé sa mère à laver la vaisselle, il a aidé son père dans la fabrique. Le lundi de la semaine suivante le père dit: "Je vous donnerai votre chat aujourd'hui."

Henri saute de joie. Il va à l'école et après la classe il court chez lui. Quand il arrive à la maison, il cherche dans tous les coins, sous les chaises, derrière le poêle, mais pas de chat. Il demande à sa mère: "Papa, m'a-t-il donné mon chat?"

"Oui," répond sa mère avec une expression très drôle.

"Où est-il donc?" demande Henri.

"Dans la maison, bien sur," répond sa mère.

Henri cherche dans la salle à manger et le salon. "Oh! le voilà!" dit-il. "Il est dans la chaise nouvelle."

Et en effet, dans la chaise était une petite balle de fourreau noir qui dormait.

"Oh, petit chat, petit chat," cria Henri. "Je vous appellerai Amos."

Maintenant Amos et Henri sont de bons amis.

George Noonan, '35.

Editorials

EUROPEAN ECHOES OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

It began in America, that fever so dreaded by kings and monarchs all over the world. We call it independence, but they called it rebellion.

The English taxed us without giving us a say in the government. We did not like this and we revolted. We won our independence and set up a new nation called the United States of America.

During our Revolution the French patriots came over, led by Lafayette, and helped us. When they went back they carried with them our ideas. They spread them among the people of France.

What was the result? What else could it be? The French wanted a republic. They fought for it and succeeded after a while. The time was to

come when the echoes of the American Declaration of Independence would be heard in Berlin and St. Petersburg also.

At the time when the World War opened, Russia was an absolute monarchy ruled by a Czar. Right in the middle of the World War the Russians revolted and overthrew their government.

At the close of this same terrible war Germany overthrew her Kaiser and framed a constitution.

Thus we see that even though we may have started this "Independence Fever," we did not finish it. Nor has it been finished yet, for the time will come when all of the world will be ruled by the masses in the government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Bertram Perry, '34

GOOD LOSERS

During the presidential campaign there have been many heated arguments between the Democrats and Republicans. Now that Mr. Roosevelt has been elected president of the United States some may be overjoyed, but we must not forget that Mr. Hoover is still president until March. The campaign is over; Mr. Roosevelt has been elected;

therefore we, the Republicans, must be content until 1936. Do not go around with long faces if you have lost the game but smile and cheer your opponent on. Don't say unpleasant things about the winner. If you can't say pleasant things, do not say anything. You may be disappointed in the outcome, but smile and be a good loser.

Clarice Briggs, '34

STUDENT COUNCIL ACHIEVEMENTS

Members of this year's Student Council are to be congratulated on the way in which they have assumed their responsibilities. Although the school year is yet young, they have thus far been very active and efficient in their work.

The Council, with Miss Waterman as adviser, sponsored a straw vote elec-

tion, has put a new traffic plan into force, has established a social calendar, and has suggested weekly assembly programs. Due to the effect of the Council's work a decided improvement in school routine and social management has been brought about, and with the Council's example the school spirit runs high.

School Activities

Margaret Carter, '34, Editor

CLASS OFFICERS

The results of the class elections are as follows:

Class Twelve: President, Floyd Cui-son; Vice President, Willard Adams; Secretary, Charlotte Miner; Treasurer, Mary Bourget; Student Councilors, Mary Lance, Helen Jarvis.

Class Eleven: President, Shirley Ha-ven; Vice President, Charles Ryan; Secretary, Elinor Kimball; Treasurer, Ruth Remele; Student Councilors, David Ryan, Mary Parrish.

Class Ten: President, Frances Kel-logg; Vice President, George Noonan; Secretary, Eleanor Gee; Treasurer,

Helene Barrows; Student Councilors, Lucia Brown, Edward Ryan.

Class Nine: President, Melvin Hamel; Vice President, Elizabeth Bristol; Secretary, Frances Remele; Treasurer, Winifred Sorrell; Student Councilors, Charlotte Clark, Margaret Booth.

Class Eight: President, Barbara Ball; Vice President, George Adams; Secretary, Jeannette Graves; Treasurer, Kenneth Jenney; Student Councilor, Raymond Barrows.

Class Seven: President, Mary Bet-singer; Vice President, Elaine Hamel; Secretary, Richard Barrows; Treasurer, Marion Andrews; Student Councilor, Mary Gage.

"SCHOLASTIC" AWARD

Mary Lance, '33, has been awarded a State certificate of merit in poetry by

the "Scholastic" for a contribution made last year.

NEW EQUIPMENT

The chemistry laboratory has a new "hood." It has no ribbons or feathers upon it, and in fact it is very plain. This "hood" is a wooden cabinet, of ample size, for the purpose of generat-ing certain gases which have dangerous fumes. These fumes escape through a

pipe connected with the chimney. By means of this device all possibility of harmful effects is removed and we are enabled to conduct experiments with ease which before have been rather dif-ficult.

Mary Lance, '33.

"CHALLENGE OF A CHAIN"

The challenge sent forth in Mr. Car-ter's first regular assembly talk was that which is held in a chain and its symbolism. We soon discovered, much to our amazement that we, practically all, are bound hand and foot, figura-tively speaking. Using a suffix of the chemical laboratory, Mr. Carter pro-ceeded to enumerate our chains. For instance, there is "procrastinatIUM," which binds Johnny to wait until to-morrow to study his algebra. Many

pupils are completely bound up by "so-ciabilitIUM," which chain we ought to feel the tug of, but not too decisive a tug. Among those most prominent comes "plain lazIUM" which makes us late for school, late for class, and added to that—leaves lessons unprepared! The aim of every high school pupil should be to cast off these so-called "chains" and keep the way clear and straight.

Helen Jarvis, '33

FRESHMAN INITIATION

The Senior Class, in its most solemn and judicious authority, ordained that the Class of '36 be initiated into the responsibilities accompanying their promotion in the following manner.

Each girl was commanded to wear a cucumber hung upon a green ribbon around her neck. One light and one dark stocking helped to identify her, and each was forced to carry her books to and from school in a suitcase.

Each boy wore a green hair ribbon and an apron and carried an umbrella.

On Friday night, September 18, 1932, the Freshmen gathered at the gymnasium for their annual welcome. After having been through a chamber of horrors and other terrifying ordeals, they gathered in the upper hall where games and dancing were enjoyed.

Eleanor Forrest, '33.

MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

Mr. Webster made his annual visit to Vergennes High School to start the magazine campaign. The High Hats and the Sombreros fought desperately against each other for a week, and on Monday, September 19, the High Hats were ahead. To show their good feel-

ing the Sombreros gave their rivals a party.

Isabel Rogers, '36, secured the largest number of subscriptions during the week, and the Athletic Association made eighty dollars.

Margaret Carter, '34.

AGRICULTURE CLASS BANQUET

The Agricultural students of Vergennes High School were hosts to their parents at a father and son banquet held in the Community House, Thursday, September 22. Over seventy people were present at the banquet, which was served by girls of the Home Making Department under the supervision of Miss Booth. Principal W. H. Carter acted as toastmaster.

Professor K. J. Sheldon was the chief speaker of the evening. He commented on the fine history of Vergennes High School in the field of vocational agriculture and also gave the following suggestions as to desirable projects: 1. Pupil should own and manage the project himself; 2. Project should be man size; 3. Project should be along the same lines as the agriculture of the community; 4. Project should be one in which the pupil is interested.

Other speakers were Nelson Pilger, who welcomed the parents, and Mr. H. A. B. Palmer, who responded for the parents.

* * * * *

The Agriculture boys of the Junior and Senior class visited the Loomis orchard where they had an opportunity to observe the harvesting, grading and packing of apples on a commercial scale.

* * * * *

Ralph Booth went to Springfield, Massachusetts, on the sixteenth of September, on a cattle judging trip. Avery Palmer also went to Springfield, where he showed his prize-winning calf at the Eastern States Exposition.

MISS BOOTH'S ASSEMBLY TALK

On October 14th the High School of Vergennes received a real treat—one always to be held in memory—when Miss Booth gave very interesting sketches of her summer's trip to Asheville, North Carolina.

It was a lesson in geography and history to see in imagination the red brick houses, the quaint old Dutch homes in Pennsylvania, the angular state of West Virginia, and the development of new buildings in the southern cities. Perhaps the most interesting part of the journey on which the High School was taken was through the Endless Caverns. Here we could picture the beautiful colors and rock formations, both in their natural state and illuminated by an elaborate system of electricity. We had a real thrill when we found our way to the Ball Room, even more beautiful than the artificial (so to speak) ball rooms, which most of us have seen. We felt that we couldn't leave this marvelous place, but we wanted to see as much as we could before coming home to "dear old Vermont."

A sensation which no airplane could give was received when we ascended from the plains through the mountain gorges into Asheville, which is over

4,000 feet above sea level. Here are situated lovely resorts, many of which are closed as a result of the depression, which has been more keenly felt in that part of the country than here.

Tennessee showed the beautiful Blue Ridge range, the mountain people, and the interesting settlement schools, the deep ridges with the log huts away back in the trees, and the cows grazing peacefully on small patches of grassland, all of which gave us a faint outlook upon a different kind of life.

But we must leave these interesting things and push still farther on in the field of knowledge. In Durham, North Carolina, Duke University is situated; in Lexington, Virginia, the Washington Lee College; in Richmond, the markers of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. Miss Booth told of the cemetery where in the Lee family lies buried, also of the house where Washington was born, of Mt. Vernon, the historic estate of General Washington, and at last of the home of the Capitol in Washington. We had read of these noted buildings and places, but we began to see how they really looked when taken on this most interesting journey with Miss Booth.

Elaine Beach, '35.

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The High School Orchestra is doing very fine work with a more varied collection of instruments than last year. Among the instruments included in the ensemble are: Piano, played by Elaine Beach, who did such excellent work in the orchestra last year; violin, clarinet,

saxophone, drum, trombone and cornet. Other students included in the group are Ralph Booth, Robert Cotey, David Ryan, Charles Ryan, Elizabeth Abbott, Bernard Langeway, Fred Berry, Edgar Ball, and Robert Woodruff. The orchestra is working this year under the leadership of Miss Waterman.

COLUMBUS DAY ASSEMBLY

To how many of the people of to-day could we apply the phrase "a modern Columbus?" What about the Columbus of the North Pole? Of the South Pole? Who are the scientists who are studying deeper and deeper into chemistry? These were some of the ques-

tions that Mr. Carter put before us for a Columbus Day thought. He urged us, as students, to work into the spirit of discovery, this period of depression being an especially good time. Many people have triumphed by experimenting, exploring, and discovering. Of

FRESHMAN LIBRARY LESSONS

The English Nine Class finished on October twenty-sixth a course of five library lessons. The Card Catalog, Readers' Guide, Dictionaries and other reference books were among the subjects discussed. Mrs. Chatterton also told us about a very interesting trip that she once took to a place where books were printed.

Four of these lessons we wrote and handed to Mrs. Chatterton at the library.

Wednesday, November second, Mrs. Chatterton came to the school house during our English period. She handed us our papers and discussed our marks.

The object of these lessons, which Mrs. Chatterton very kindly gave us, is to help us to become acquainted with the library and to teach us where and how to find any information that we will need in future work at school.

Eileen Abair, '36.

FIRST MEETING OF V. H. S. LATIN CLUB

The first meeting of the newly organized Latin Club was held Thursday, October 27, at the schoolhouse. A total of thirty members was present.

The business meeting was first held, Miss Maxham presiding until the new president should be elected. The first business to come up was the adopting of a constitution. One written by Miss Maxham was read and adopted. Next came the business of choosing a name for the Latin Club. "Legio Romana" was agreed upon as being suitable because a shield in purple and gold with an eagle engraved upon it was chosen as our emblem.

Officers were elected as follows: Francis Little, president; Helen Jar-

vis, vice president; Mary Bourget, secretary; Helene Barrows, treasurer.

A discussion on the selection of the night of meeting next came up. It was decided to have no fixed night but to meet upon the evening of each month that was most favorable to all. The business meeting then adjourned.

The remaining time of the meeting was then given over to the playing of games and a treasure hunt, which was followed by the passing of refreshments. The meeting broke up with three rousing cheers for Miss Maxham, who put much time and expense into its preparation.

F. Little, '33.

SPEAKER OF INTERNATIONAL FAME

At a special assembly in November the students of the high school were honored by the presence of Mrs. Lucia Ames Meade. Her message upon international relations was recognized as being of vital importance to all young people. Mrs. Meade is far-sighted enough to realize that war can stop. She pointed out to us that in years past cities built walls for protection and warred against each other,

that the countries of Europe were once divided into hundreds of petty kingdoms which were constantly fighting.

All this has passed. Cities and states are united in friendly fellowship with not the slightest thought of armed rivalry. Since the aforesaid is true, it is only reasonable to think that war between nations can and will cease.

Mary Lance, '33.

HALLOWE'EN FROLIC

On October 31 a Hallowe'en celebration was organized by Mr. Carter and held at MacIntosh Field for the V. H. S. pupils and their friends. This plan was made so that, while observing the restrictions passed by the City Council, the boys and girls might still have a good time. A parade was formed in front of the gymnasium at 6:15 with Mayor Fred LeBeau leading. The line of march was from the gymnasium across the river and back through the main streets down to the athletic field, where the fire was soon to rage. Mayor LeBeau lighted the huge pile of brush, and it wasn't long before a pillar of fire was spurting high up into the air, lighting a large part of the field. Mr. Fogg, Mr. Martin, Mr. Patterson and Mr. Carter took

part in some of the races, which of course added to the fun. The winners were Mr. Fogg and Mr. Martin. Three cheers for them. Another race was called in which four school boys were matched against a group of teachers. Too bad the teachers lost, but just a little more pep, vigor, and vim, and they'll stand at the head of the list next year. The evening sped on, the fire at last burned low, and a treat of marshmallows was given us by the Mayor, Mr. Carter and Mr. Donald Norton. Just before leaving, cheers were given for the teachers, and then up the street went the parade with tin pans beating, horns tooting and school songs sounding in the air.

Freda Daigneault, '35.

ASSEMBLY ELECTION

Tuesday morning, November 8th, Vergennes High School student body came together for an exciting election. Everyone was thinking or saying—"I hope Hoover wins" or "I hope Roosevelt gets the highest vote."

Waves of excitement passed through the room as one by one the rows of so-called voters had their names checked from the check list and ballots given them. While the "people" were balloting the rest of the "voters" were entertained by election speeches.

Under the direction of Miss Maxham, Hilton Forrest explained Party Conventions, Faith Kenyon told us about the Electoral College, and Joan Casey explained how a candidate could receive the largest number of popular votes but still not be elected to office, due to the Electoral College.

David Ryan set up a very earnest plea for Roosevelt, while Elaine Beach replied with a heated speech in Hoover's defense; Charles Ryan spoke for the Socialist candidate, Norman Thomas.

Assembly adjourned after everyone had finished voting so that the votes could be counted by our able tellers.

When the "voters" again came together in the afternoon, "to hear the returns," the room was filled with hushed suspense as the votes for the minor officers were recorded, and finally the returns of our Presidential Election: Roosevelt 98; Hoover 99. With a great burst of applause—from the Republicans—the election was over.

Robert Cotey, 33.

PRE-ARMISTICE ASSEMBLY

On November tenth the usual Pre-Armistice Day assembly was held in the Main Room. The speaker, Mr. Donald Norton of this city, was intro-

duced by Mr. Carter as a representative of the American Legion.

Mr. Norton spoke of his own feelings when as a student in V. H. S. he

heard Memorial addresses given. He then stressed the difference between Memorial Day and Armistice Day. After speaking of the first Armistice Day and what it means to the boys "Over There," Mr. Norton closed by

outlining the program and activities of the American Legion and reading the preamble to its constitution.

The assembly closed with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."
Earl German, '33.

MR. SCHALAGENHAUF ON "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

On November 16, 1932, Mr. Schalagenhauf from Northeastern University spoke to us on "What's In a Name?" Taking persons' names with whom we were familiar, he gave us their meaning. He pointed out to us that names not only bring to us distinct ideas, but that they show our vocational affiliation.

As an example he told of two friends, one of whom both in school and in college was satisfied with "just passing" marks. This was the foundation on which he was laying his name. After

graduating he rarely kept a job and was always seeking.

The other friend was one who felt it a disgrace to receive a mark below 90 in high school or in college. This person, when he graduated from college, received an average of 98 per cent. He was never seeking a job but was always being sought.

Thus he pointed out to us that the amount of significance which our names would possess would be in proportion to the foundations we were now laying.

Bessie Norton, '33.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT ASSEMBLY

On November 17, 1932, Mrs. Chatterton spoke to us about the works of Louisa M. Alcott. She told of many interesting happenings in the Alcott's home life and of many of the characters in Miss Alcott's books.

Mrs. Chatterton next introduced the four "Little Women": Shirley Haven as "Meg," the oldest sister; Margaret Carter as "Jo," the tomboy; Lucia

Brown as "Beth," the home-lover; and Frances Kellogg as lovely "Amy."

It was Christmas time in the Alcott home. Each girl told what she desired for Christmas, but all agreed that they were a great deal happier than many wealthy people. The dramatization was a repetition of one given the night before under the direction of Mrs. Carter at the "As You Like It" Club.

Charlotte Miner, '33.

SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

A very amusing play, "The Light of Thanksgiving," was written for the Sophomore class by Mrs. Casey and given in assembly on Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving. The scene was in the Dennett's living room, the home of a typical American family. The characters in the order of their appearance were Gordon Dennett, fifteen, a bookworm, portrayed by Raymond Morris; "Lushus," a little colored girl, Freda Daigneault; Sheila Dennett,

fourteen, leader of their sub-deb set, Helene Barrows; Red Mason, her athletic chum, a blonde girl, Lucia Brown; Madge Kennersley, a city girl guest next door, Marie Little; Kay Dennett, Sheila's younger sister, a tomboy, Evelyn Langeway; Mrs. Dennett, their mother, Elaine Beach; Dave Dennett, their cousin, Leslie Wetherell; "Flash" Moore, Dave's chum, a Beau Brummell, Edward Ryan; Jim Waite a poor boy, Robert Mundy; Lila Harmon, a guest

of the Dennett's, their cousin, Rachel Bushey; Cecelia Hope, Lila's blind friend, Frances Kellogg. The story of the play centered upon the dissatis-

faction of all until Cecelia Hope, the blind girl, showed them the real light of thankfulness.

Lucia Brown, '35.

VERGENNES RECEIVES HIGH RATING IN SCHOOL SAVINGS

The annual report of the American Bankers' Association has been received in Superintendent Patterson's office and a check up on the school savings gives some interesting figures. Of the schools reported in Vermont, Vergennes stands first in the percentage of the pupils enrolled in school savings, the 93 per cent, being twice as great as the average for the state; the school stands second in number of depositors and also second in bank balances and fourth and fifth in deposits and net savings. This shows the fine support by the teachers and pupils of Mrs. Susanna Booth's work in the Vergennes National Bank.

* * * * *

Ten members of the "Blue and White" staff, accompanied by Miss McGovern, went to Burlington to the

Conference of Editors of High School Papers which was held in the Fleming Museum.

* * * * *

A Military Whist party was held November 18th at the school for the benefit of the Blue and White.

* * * * *

The Senior Class is preparing a Christmas assembly. They will present a one act play, "Christmas Flight," written by Miss McGovern. The cast is to include all members of the class who wish to participate. The leading parts will be taken by Mary Lance, Mary Bourget, Eleanor Forrest, Helen Jarvis, Marion Leonard and Charlotte Miner.

X ATHLETICS X



BOYS' ATHLETICS

Willard Adams, '33, Editor

TRACK MEET

There was an exciting time for everyone Friday afternoon, Oct. 1, when the track meet with Brandon took place. Vergennes won 43-17 points. About thirty Vergennes participants took part. Summary:

Shot-put: Gee won—distance 39 ft; Tatro second; Trombley of Brandon third; and C. Rivers fourth. Points—V. H. S. 9; Brandon 2.

High Jump: German first—4 ft. 10 inches; second Powers of Brandon—4 ft. 8 inches; third and fourth—tie:

R. Bristol, DeVine and Cotey, all of Vergennes.

Broad Jump: Fredette of Brandon first—15 ft., 7 inches; Barney second; Garrow third; German fourth.

One mile: Bishop of Brandon first; R. Bristol second; N. Pilger third; Little fourth. Time was 5 minutes, 45 4-5 seconds.

100 yd. dash: Barney first; Rose second; third Brandon; Garrow fourth.

400 yd. relay was won by the V. H. S. team composed of Barney, Scott, Garrow and Rose.

V. H. S. vs. BRANDON

Vergennes avenged an earlier defeat in baseball with the score of 14-4. After the first inning the team played excellent ball and started hitting the Brandon pitching in the third inning, when twelve men went to bat and eight runs were made. In the first inning Brandon made four runs off three hits, a base on balls, a hit batter with three errors by V. H. S. players. None of the

runs were earned runs for the side would have been retired but for the first error by center fielder. In the last six innings Brandon made four hits and the V. H. S. players made but one error. Charles Ryan and Barney made several excellent plays in the infield for the V. H. S. team. Also Cuisson got his man, going second after the ball had been poorly thrown to him at first base.

V. H. S. vs. MILTON

V. H. S. played Milton at Vergennes Tuesday, Oct. 4, in a six inning game called off on account of rain. The score was 3-3, Vergennes making two runs in the last of the sixth inning to tie the score. The local team outthit the other,

7-2. Milton made three errors while V. H. S. made six, five of these coming in the second inning to allow Milton three unearned runs. Outside of the second inning the local team played good ball, giving pitcher Garrow all the backing he needed.

FIELD DAY AT MIDDLEBURY

It was thought that the track meet at Middlebury would be postponed because of heavy rains, but the weather man was favorable and it was held as scheduled. Summary:

100 yd. dash—Rose, first; Barney, second.

1 Mile—Needham of Brandon, first; Trembley of Bristol, second.

Standing Broad Jump—Turner of Middlebury, first; Fredette of Brandon,

second; and Cuison of Vergennes, fourth.

Discus—C. Ryan of Vergennes, fourth.

Shot-put—Martin of Vergennes, second.

Sack Race—DeVine of Vergennes, second.

400 yd. Relay—Vergennes took fourth place.

Score, Vergennes 61, Brandon 48½, Bristol 31, and Middlebury 34½.

AGGIES vs. REMAINDER OF SCHOOL

In response to a bold challenge which the Aggies flung to the rest of the school a track meet was arranged. The remainder of the school fought a hard fight but the Aggies, using their

usual steam-roller methods, overwhelmed their opponents with a score of 47½-34½. Cuison made the outstanding scores for the school. The Aggies won four first places but the remainder of the school was close behind them.

V. H. S. BASKETBALL AWARDS

V's were awarded to the following basketball men for 1931-32.

Donald Clark	Ted Ralli
Donald Gee	David Ryan
Floyd Cuison	Charles Ryan
William Garrow	Paul Jordan, Mgr.
Robert Cotey	

The V. H. S. A. A. voted this fall to replace the baseball V awarded in the past with the block V formerly awarded to football players.

V. H. S. BASEBALL AWARDS

V's were awarded to the following baseball men for 1932.

Capt. Charles Ryan	Edward Ryan
Mgr. Robert Larrow	Lester Tatro
Floyd Cuison	Earl German
Ralph Torrey	William Garrow
David Ryan	Wentworth Paine
Donald Gee	Ralph Booth

Of those receiving the V, Donald Gee will be the only man not available to play next spring.

COMPETITION KEEN FOR 1st TEAM PLACES

YEAR'S SCHEDULE

The basketball team now has had plenty of practice and a varsity squad has been chosen as follows:

C. Ryan	E. German
T. Martin	A. Hamel
F. Cuison	M. Hamel
W. Garrow	E. Ryan
R. Booth	D. Ryan
R. Cotey	A. Palmer
R. Bristol	

The schedule arranged this year is an exceptionally good one since some of the games come in the vacations, making it lighter.

Dec. 2	Industrial School,	Vergennes
Dec. 6	Middlebury,	Middlebury
Dec. 9	Villa Barlow,	St. Albans

Dec. 13	Bristol,	Bristol
Dec. 23	Burlington,	Burlington
Dec. 30	Alumni,	Vergennes
Jan. 3	Industrial School,	Vergennes
Jan. 6	Essex Junction,	Essex Junct.
Jan. 11	Middlebury,	Middlebury
Jan. 13	Milton,	Vergennes
Jan. 24	Brandon,	Vergennes
Jan. 27	Essex Junction,	Vergennes
Jan. 31	Hinesburg,	Hinesburg
Feb. 3	Milton,	Milton
Feb. 7	Villa Barlow,	Vergennes
Feb. 10	Bristol,	Vergennes
Feb. 14	Brandon,	Brandon
Feb. 21	Hinesburg,	Vergennes

The Junior Varsity has this year a schedule much the same as last year.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Faith Kenyon, '36, Editor

The first activities of the girls this fall were at the Field Day held in Middlebury on October twenty-second. In the baseball game in the morning the final score was Middlebury 3 and Vergennes 25. In the fifty yard dash we took first four places—Lucia Brown (1st), Charlotte Clark (2d), Faith Kenyon (3d), and Ruth Remele (4th). In the running broad jump we again scored—Lucia Brown (1st) 10-11½: 11-3½:11-½, Ruth Remele (2), 10-8: 10-9½, Charlotte Clark (tied for third) 10-6. The relay team, made up of Ruth Remele, Frances Remele, Faith Kenyon and Lucia Brown took second place. Charlotte Clark and Ruth Remele secured fourth place in the three-legged race, while in the potato race our entrant, Charlotte Clark, rated fourth. In the sack race, Ruth Remele stood first and Lucia Brown second. In the basket-ball relay we took fourth place, bringing our total up to thirty-five points, and the school total up to sixty-one.

A banquet was given for the benefit of the Basket Ball girls at the home of Mrs. F. M. Warner on October seven-teenth. The team marched in followed by the coach, Miss Delaney, and Miss Northrup, secretary to Congressman Gibson. The hostesses were Mrs. Warner, Miss Fisher, Mrs. LeBeau, Mrs. J. W. Ryan, Mrs. Waterman, Mrs.

F. Young, Mrs. Haven, Mrs. Gaines, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Booth. They greeted the girls with a hearty welcome in Basket Ball style. The table color scheme was carried out with bitter-sweet and orange candles. The girls were served a delicious chicken dinner to which they all did justice. During the banquet Miss Delaney thanked the hostesses for this proof of their appreciation of the work of the Basket Ball girls, and stated that this would be a good "send off" for another victorious season. Miss Northrup, also, congratulated the team on their good work during the previous season. At the close the girls gave the V. H. S. cheer for Mrs. Warner and the hostesses.

The V. H. S. girls have opened their season with seventeen candidates for teams. There are two squads, the first made up of older, more experienced players, while the second is made up of new material. The girls in the first squad are: Mary Bourget (Capt), Shirley Haven (Mgr.), Lucia Brown, Margaret Carter, Eleanor Forrest, Marion Leonard, Mary Parrish, Barbara Bristol and Ruth Remele. The second squad is made up of Charlotte Miner, Faith Kenyon, Margaret Booth, Marie Little, Jeannette Hatch, Helen German, Charlotte Clark and Margaret Boddette.

Here's to another year of victory!

Exchange

Shirley Haven, '34, Editor

As a result of a suggestion made by Mr. Carleton at the Editorial Conference held in Burlington, we have decided to take one phase of the work done by some of our high school papers and present our comments in the form of an essay. We have chosen Short Stories as subject for this issue, hoping by constructive criticism to help others, and at the same time raise our own standard.

The "Mercury" from St. Albans being first to arrive, let's look for a story. Here we are—"Another Second." Your description of the cold winter night was excellent. It was done so well, in fact, that by the time we had read the first paragraph, we were glad to be by our own fireside.

The story is well balanced. It has just the right amount of suspense needed, and is, as it should be, based to a certain extent, on a struggle.

As we finished reading the last words, one question was left in mind, 'Nakaki, what became of him?' In trying to answer this question to our own satisfaction, we realized that you had really ended at exactly the right moment, and in doing so had made your story an excellent one.

In the same paper we find "Does It Pay?" You have chosen a somewhat worn plot for your story, but have done well with it.

"Deep Affection" is cleverly written.

Now let us leave "The Mercury" and venture farther north. Richford High School "Searchlight" comes next. "Reformation" is a good title. Your plot is clever and well developed. No doubt many of your readers were reminded of characters similar to "Joel Henshaw" in their own neighborhoods.

On to Richmond and "Richmond High School Chips."

In "The Fort on the Rock" we find

a story based on history. It is a change, but we like it.

"A Reverie" is a charming little story and shows some technique.

Let us continue on our way in search of Short Stories. We leave northern Vermont, and journey far down South—to North Carolina, and go in search of the magazine that is a delight to all its readers, who have learned to love its fine type of short story.

Every story in this issue of "Homespun" is worthy of comment and analysis, but let us take only one—"Too Weary a Load."

The character development here is excellent, and the plot unusual. What reader cannot picture Janney Blair with her twisted back and her once beautiful soul? And at the end, as we stand by the side of the "cheap gray casket" with old Annie Sand, who cannot sympathize with "Janney," and understand?

Your magazine is just what it says it is—homespun. And may we say we think you have some very clever weavers.

To generalize:

We found that the subject matter in the papers discussed was suitable. The authors for the most part had applied the good advice of writing on something with which they were familiar. In considering our Vermont papers as a whole we found special strength in descriptive qualities and use of vocabulary, rather than in originality of plot or plot development. As for balance in the Literary Departments, we feel that there is less space given to the short story than to the essay. However, what editor can not understand that difficulty? We do, and can only say in conclusion that work in this field should be encouraged, and that our standard of short story writing must be kept moving toward the top.

Alumni Department

Charles Ryan, '34, Editor

Class of 1932

Robert Barton, Catherine Briggs, Catherine Casey, Elmer Pilger and Clifford Rivers are at their respective homes for the present.

Harriet Daigneault, Doris Garrow, Dorothy Leonard, Ellen Pecue and Jeanne Senesac are students in the local branch of the Perry Business School.

Thelma Blodgett has a position in Bennington, Vt.

Lois Bristol is a student at Albany Business College.

Marion Burroughs is enrolled at the University of Vermont.

Donald Clark has entered Vermont Academy at Saxton's River.

Doris Dugan has a position at the local movie theatre.

Gertrude Fishman is a co-ed at the University of Vermont.

Esther Graves has entered Colby Junior College in New London, Conn.

Paul Jordon is employed at the Stevens House.

Robert Larrow is a student at Holy Cross College.

Ruth Miller is employed in Addison.

Walter Norton is working in the Ellis Parry Pharmacy.

Theodore Ralli is assisting in his father's store.

Marion Woodruff is living in Cambridge, Vt.

The High School wishes to thank its class of 1931 for the decorative flower baskets received this fall. Already, filled with bittersweet, barberry, and pine, they have added cheerful color to our Study Hall. They will be especially useful at graduation, at which time in former years we have had to be borrowers.

The class of 1929 has presented to the school a framed picture of its members which has been hung in the hall at the head of the stairs.

NEWS BULLETINS RECEIVED FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

George W. Patterson, Vergennes, member of the Junior class, University of Vermont, has recently been selected grind editor from the Kappa Sigma fraternity for the 1934 "Ariel," Junior year book.

Joyce Young, Vergennes, a Junior at the University of Vermont, has recently been elected secretary of Iota Chapter of Eta Sigma Phi, Greek honorary society.

Miss Joyce Young of Vergennes, placed on the Dean's list last year with a $\frac{3}{4}$ A. average. She is a member of the class of 1934 at the University of Vermont.

Samuel W. Fishman, Vergennes, was recently chosen treasurer of the Phi Sigma Delta Fraternity at U. V. M.

Gertrude Fishman, Vergennes, a member of the freshman class at the University of Vermont, was one of the twenty-one co-eds to receive a grade of 90 per cent or above in the examinations on Student Union social rules and conduct regulations which all freshmen women living in college dormitories are required to take.

G. W. Patterson, '34, of Vergennes, placed on the Dean's list with an average of over 90 for the last semester of the college year 1931-32 at the University of Vermont.

Grinnery

George Noonan, '35, Editor

Fred Pilger (In English XI): "One of the sayings from 'Poor Richard's Almanac' is 'a stitch in time saves nine.'"

Robert Woodruff: "I didn't know they had sewing-machines in those days."

* * * * *

Miss Delaney: "She was sitting in the dark with the lights out."

* * * * *

Mr. Fogg: "Did you use your book by any chance?"

Henry German: "Just to get started with."

* * * * *

Corinne Sorrell (In Eng. XII): "It was a custom of the Romans to die by their own swords."

* * * * *

Miss Booth: "Where were some of the stage-coach routes in colonial times?"

E. German: "Through swamps, etc."

* * * * *

Mr. Fogg, (Upon hearing a backfiring car): "That sounds like Chicago."

* * * * *

Mrs. Patterson, (Speaking of war debts): "How about Chile?"

I. Palmer: "Rather cool, isn't it?"

We learn in History Eight: "A civilian is a kind of animal common long ago, but which is extinct now."

* * * * *

"Poe's first success came to him in Baltimore where he published a manuscript that was later found in a beer bottle."

* * * * *

Winifred Sorrell: "We practiced about a week every night after school."

* * * * *

Miss Delaney: "The West Indies were called the ? West Indies?"

J. Sullivan: "The East West Indies."

* * * * *

Norma Bristol: "We saw a dead cat which we were following."

* * * * *

Mr. Fogg: "Didn't you hear Woodruff shake his head?"

* * * * *

Those of you who have happened to be wandering down School Street lately have perhaps noticed Mr. Patterson riding "Chubbie." We admit he performs the feat with much grace and ability.

Mr. Fogg: "Why are there two holes in a can of condensed milk?"

C. Ryan: "So it won't spoil."

GUM

Gum we buy,
And gum we chew
Within our classes,
Two by two.

And then at four
When school is o'er,
We stroll uptown
To buy some more.

Two weeks are gone
And still we chew
That stick of gum,
Forever new.

And when the nectar
Is all out,
For still more gum
We look about.

We meet a guy
Who is our chum,
To us he hands
A stick of gum.

In closing friends
These words to you—
A few cents buys
A healthy chew.

W. Paine, '33

ON TIME

'Faster! Faster!' I said to myself. After such an urge, unfortunately, I didn't seem to go much faster; in fact I began to slow up. In the course of one block, I ran into three people, knocking two of them down and being knocked down myself once. But, did I let any little trifles such as these interrupt my progress? No sir! I just kept on running as fast as possible because I realized that if I didn't reach my destination on time, what wouldn't happen to me wouldn't be worth mentioning. I looked at my trustworthy time-piece, and from the position of its hands I could see that I had exactly one minute to transfer myself three blocks. With a lunge I was off, and due to some marvelous running reached the building with still ten seconds to go.

As I bounded through the door, I realized that ten seconds wasn't much time in which to make the third story. While bounding up the stairs I thought of all the miserable things that were going to happen to me. Maybe I would be fired from my position, maybe I would be punished severely, and maybe a hundred other things would happen to me. Such thoughts raced through my mind. With one of the most perfect sprints that I ever unleashed, I reached a door, slammed it open, and made a dash for the only empty seat in the room. In spite of an attempt to trip me up, I reach the seat in quick time. And then b-r-r-r-ing-g-g The bell. Ah! A load of anxiety had left my mind. I had reached school just in time.

MY FEMININE FRIEND

The night was dark and cold. As I stood on the street corner I glanced at my watch. Eight P. M. It was time for her to be here.

After fifteen more minutes of waiting I began to grow angry, and as every moment passed I grew angrier.

Again I looked at my wrist watch and this time it registered eight-thirty. G-r-r-r-r. And still she wasn't here! I had just about lost all confidence in the feminine sex.

But as I still retained a little, although very little, confidence in the weaker sex, I stuck it out until nine P.

M. And then! I was amply rewarded for my perseverance. I first caught a glimpse of her about six blocks down the street, and to my indignation she was just progressing along as if she hadn't kept me waiting for one solid hour. But, as she drew nearer, I forgave her for her slowness as I looked at her with admiration in my eyes.

At length there she was before me, as trim as you please. Although she had come late and was at the moment accompanied by another man I still loved her—my newly bought Tin Lizzie.

Charles Ryan, '34

Choice Morsels from Macbeth

Miss McGovern: "The one who smeared the faces of the grooms with blood from the daggers was——?"

Paine: "Mrs. Macbeth."

Cuison's interpretation of the armed head: "A head held by two uplifted arms."

Cooper wrote tales of a very healthful and embracing atmosphere."

* * * * *

Miss McGovern, (In English XI): "Robert, what is Cotton Mather's most important work?"

Robert Woodruff: "The Magnesia."

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