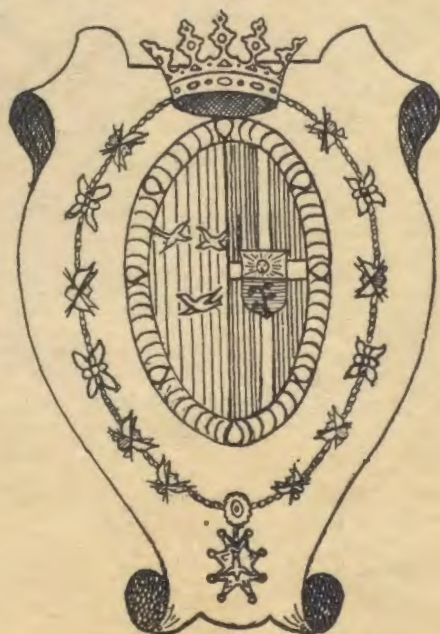


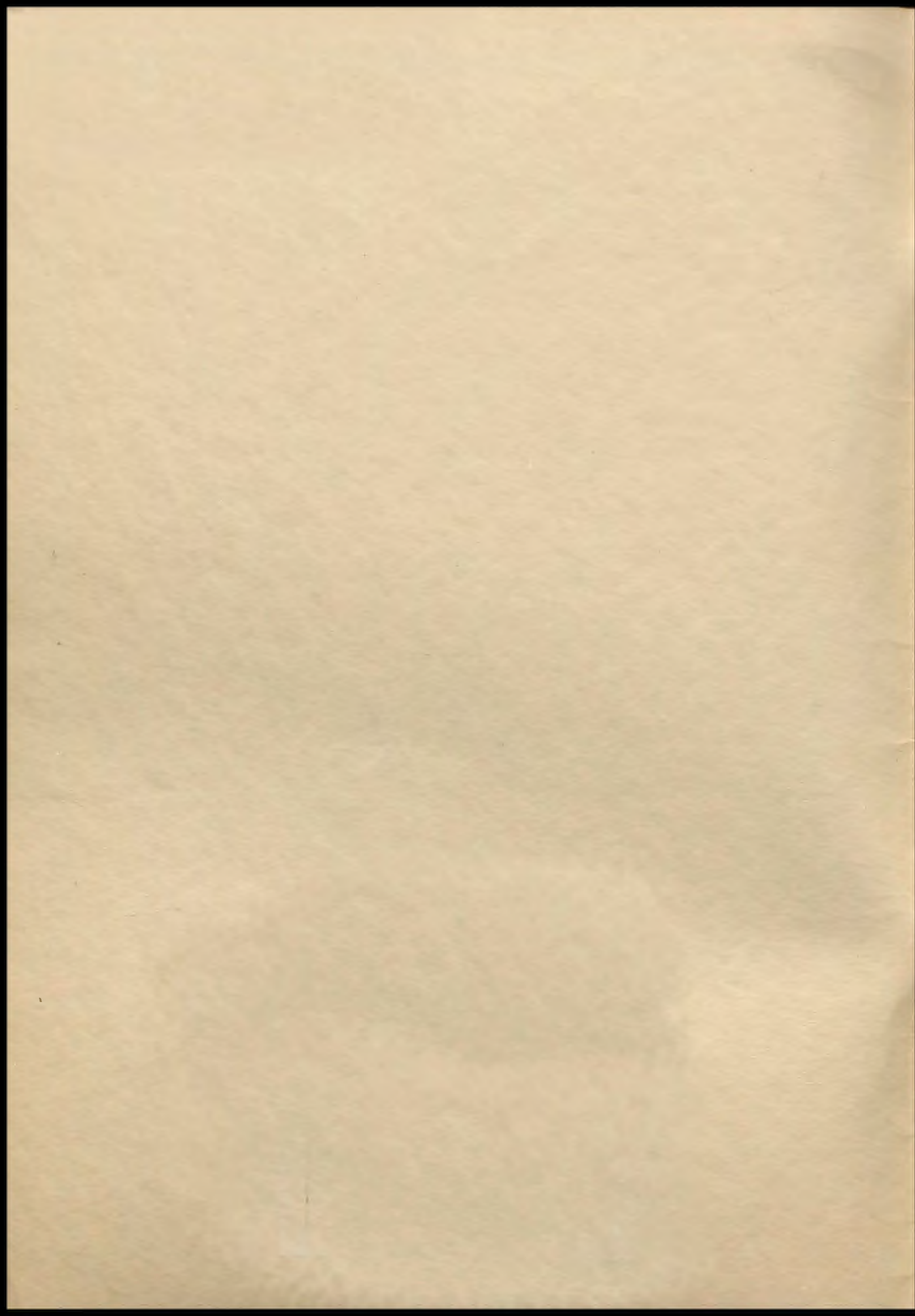
**Mar.
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BLUE AND WHITE



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

March Issue, 1932



The Blue and White

March Issue

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Mary Bourget, '33
Literary Editor

Drawn by Robert Larrow

IN A GARDEN BALCONY

Mary Lance, '33

She stands in an ebony frame,
A delicate cameo, pink and white,
The moon sheds a blue light upon her,
She is a statue in pink and white.

By her side he stands in the ebony frame
Carved onyx from the shadows about
 them,
Pearl chipped from a small moonbeam,
A statue in onyx and pearl.

And the world about them is silent,
And the shadows about them are still;
In the blue moonlight they are stand-
 ing,
Pink and white and onyx and pearl.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

Robert Larrow, '32

Up one flight and down a long, low corridor any passer-by could see a door, to all appearances ordinary, which bore on its frosted glass the time-worn legend "Civic Social Club—Members Only." But not everyone who might be passing that way was privileged to open that portal and penetrate the inner sanctum. For the "Civic Social Club" had long since ceased to perform its purely recreational purposes, although it was sometimes remarked by those "in the know" that nearly all the officials and magistrates of the fast-growing city were frequentees of this inconspicuous social center, while most of them were never known to indulge in billiards, the sole "recreation" afforded, and represented by one rather rusty table, a few tipless cues, and a more or less incomplete set of balls, rather yellowed by age. Across the street, towering high in its massive bulk, the unmistakably Victorian city hall overlooked the busy city, a visible assurance to any doubter that law and order reigned supreme. But this was only for the uninitiated and the unknowing; for those at the head of the administration, the symbol of the security of law and the predominance of order was vested in the equally massive bulk of one, John H. Flannagan, "Honest John," never a candidate, but the maker of "people's choices."

But tonight, the night of all nights, pandemonium reigned supreme in the club, while an expensive radio, rather incongruous in its setting, blared forth from one corner. For this was the night of the day prescribed by law—"the first Tuesday after the first Monday in the month of November, when the polls shall be open from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M., that the people of this city may cast their vote for the offices of mayor

and other city officials, who shall serve them for the duration of two years."

In the Civic Club a motley assembly in various stages of repose were all intent upon the periodical report of the election issuing from the local station, waiting to observe whether the fickle electorate had cast their ballots according to the dictates of their conscience and the behest of "Honest John." In the farther corner sat "Honest John" himself, an unlit cigar slowly disappearing to regions unknown, and an expression of ever-growing pleasure upon his complacent countenance. Around him clustered four of his henchmen, deep in a discussion of ways, means, and finances. Near the radio sat J. Connell Lancaster, candidate for the office of mayor on the Non-Partisan ticket. Upon the opposite wall hung a campaign poster—"J. Connell Lancaster—the People's Choice—Economy, Reform, and Lower Taxes—Endorsed by Civic Service League, League for Better Voting, Committee for Civil Reform." The radio again held forth: "On a basis of returns from sixteen wards out of a total of eighteen, J. Connell Lancaster is leading his two opponents by a plurality of more than ten thousand. The election of the Non-Partisan Reform candidate marks a new epoch in our municipal history."

In the other corner "Honest John's" cigar did an inverse leap, and his hearty voice boomed out, "Well, Jack," for such was the "J" of J. Connell, "we put it over."

****In a modest home on the outskirts of the city a common working man, home from his toil, remarked to his wife, "Well, Jane, we put it over. We beat the ring."

****Above in the heavens the Fates continued to spin and twist the feeble thread of life, and the gods smiled.

BROKEN IDOLS

Mary Bourget, '33

Bruce Morley was one of the persons whom Anthony Trevors trusted and liked most; in fact Bruce was Anthony's closest friend. They had grown up together, graduated from Harvard together, come to New York together—one to become an architect, the other a critic—and had lived in the same apartment for a year. Then, just as Anthony was becoming quite famous as a critic, Fate stepped in.

Anthony, being young, idealistic, and highly emotional, had given his first fine faith of friendship to Bruce, and he had worshipped Sonia Wharton, his fiancée. Bruce had been his ideal and Sonia his idol, and at one blow these two were swept away. Bruce had eloped with Sonia. The pal whom he trusted so much had eloped with the one girl he loved. Three weeks later two more idols were swept away. Anthony's father and mother, to whom he had given a splendid love, had both been killed in an automobile accident, and it was then that Anthony began his lonely travels.

Carefree and gay, the best in sports and the most popular—that was Anthony at Harvard.

Clever and well-known, as a critic and society play boy—that was Anthony in New York the year after he graduated from college.

Crushed and dazed, with his world shattered—that was the Anthony who sailed for Europe.

Cynical and disillusioned, with his world put together but with the crack showing—that was the Anthony who returned.

From a happy-go-lucky boy who was "all-right" with the world, Anthony had changed to a tragic youth whom Life had hurt.

And now, after three years, Anthony Trevors was back, and it was rumored that he wrote very little and that what he did write was bitter, skeptical, and full of hidden cynicism. It was also

whispered that in his wanderings Anthony Trevors had collected a priceless set of chessmen which had once belonged to the Empress of China. It was true; in fact this collection of chessmen had become Anthony's passion, his one and only ambition in life. He had placed what remained of his shattered faith and love upon these beautiful but lifeless bits of carved ivory and jade. They were not a mere collection. They were a symbol. For the past six months he had been searching high and low for the one jade king which he lacked to complete his collection, and he had searched in vain. The irony of the situation lay in the fact that after scouring remote corners of the earth he found it in a Chinese laundry three days after landing in New York.

He was strolling aimlessly along the streets when he passed this laundry. Something seemed to draw him to the window, and through it he saw a jade king, laid carelessly on a dusty shelf! He rushed in and five minutes later rushed out with the chessman in his hand. Walking hurriedly towards his apartment, Anthony was absorbed in trying to picture how the completed set would look. How he would feast his eyes on that rare collection! But as he unlocked the door a vague fear came over him, and this fear changed to dread as the door of his safe opened. He looked in. An expression of disbelief came upon his face. Fate could not have done this to him! He looked again and groped wildly. They were gone! Every chessman had disappeared! Blinded, Anthony stumbled to the window. In his eyes there was a look of utter devastation, a look of pain—because something beautiful, precious, once possessed, was lost forever. In his heart there was the searing that bitter memories bring. Anthony Trevors was going through a fierce struggle—Could he and would he go on after

this last blow, without anyone or anything to urge him on? If only he had something to help—something on which to pin his faith, to hold and never lose.

But was everything gone? Was there not still a symbol of hope? For in his clenched hand lay one perfect precious, amazingly beautiful bit of jade. **He would go on.**

FEAR

Marion Leonard, '33

As I wait in the cockpit of my plane for the dreadful thing that is about to happen to me, I can not help thinking of the terrible danger I am in. I shiver at each drop of rain which falls on the shattered wings of my once faithful plane. The wind grows more fierce, and the terrific hail is already tearing my old standby to pieces.

My blood runs cold as I hear the cracking of something, possibly a wing being torn off by this baffling storm.

I feel faint and unable to manage the controls much longer. I begin to

dread what all others who have already joined the innumerable caravan did—namely, DEATH.

It is the end. I feared it all along. The storm has grown worse, and with it I am all alone, with only fear and dread keeping me company.

My motor stops. How swiftly my plane rolls over and over, until it crashes on some unknown land.

And I—I am gone. Good-bye, cruel world. Bang! What? How can it be? Where am I? In a hospital? Of course not. I've just fallen out of bed.

IF ONLY—

Mary Bourget, '33

If only one small wish of mine came true,

And some good fairy brought me something new,

I'd want an inexhaustible supply

Of inspiration, ready when I try

To write a theme or poem—brilliant bit—

Or else a modern story full of wit.

I'd voice ideas and thoughts by wise ones kept,

And at debates and talks I'd be adept—

Well, there are many things that I would do

If only that one wish of mine came true.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, SECOND

Shirley Adams, '34

"Say, Frank!" shouted Joe, the president of that noted class, the Sophomores, of Cranford High, "All the other classes are having contests. What are we going to do about it?"

Frank Ruthford scratched his head thoughtfully and replied in a speculative manner. "Looks as though we would have to begin something right away. Here it is February, and the Sophomores have had no contest. Well, well; here comes Jimmy Bradford. He looks mighty slick in those new clothes."

The boys were both Sophomores at Cranford. They were as unlike as could possibly be, but they were the best of friends. Frank Ruthford was short and stockily built, with blue eyes and sandy hair. He was as honest as his eyes were blue. Frank had one trait with which he greatly amused his classmates. He was a born mimic. Sometimes this peculiar ability got him into trouble, such as the time he had imitated the heavy tread of Miss Pringle, a staid, spinster teacher, who kept a ruler in her desk drawer and did her hair in two pugs on top of her head. The admiring throng of students were convulsed with laughter, and especially, as Joe remarked afterward, "When Prinksy turned around and saw Frank, I thought I'd split. He was pretty much unprepared for her that time."

Joe Collins was the president of the class and also Frank's chum. He was dark, with black hair, brown eyes, and olive skin.

The conversation just given is to bring to you some idea of the way things were at Cranford. Frank went around singing "Brown Eyes, Why Are You Blue?" to Joe, and Jimmy Bradford whistled "Time on My Hands." The Sophs were in a tight place. February, and no contest!

But all things come to those who wait. Monday morning Joe called a class meeting. Much speculation was

in progress. Billy Morse said that Joe wanted to collect class dues. One of the girls groaned, "Another candy sale!" But they didn't know Joe. After calling them to order, he plunged into the thickest of the fray.

"We have decided to stage a George Washington contest for the next two weeks. Anyone doing any fine thing that he thinks Washington might have done, report to Joan Bartley, giving your name, the date, and what was done," Joe told them.

The contest had been on a week and Frank had not done anything that he considered like George Washington's deeds. He wanted so much to win, but when one is taking care of a sick mother, he has no time to spend looking for heroic deeds to be planted in front of him.

That night Frank went to bed with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. Just one more week to go. He lay thinking about it for quite a while, and finally he drifted off to sleep.

He awoke with a start when he heard the shrill fire siren rend the air. While dressing hurriedly, he shouted to his mother and told her where he was going. Bumping and jostling others, he ran down the street. Finally he saw—The schoolhouse was in flames!

"The flag!" he cried.

Everyone knew what a valuable and cherished flag it was. Every student in the school was so very proud of its history! Lieutenant Knowden had brought it home from the World War where it had fluttered bravely through many battles. It had two honest-to-goodness slashes made by German bullets. Of course they had been sewn up, but still just to look at them gave one a pleasant, prickly feeling of pride. Before any one could stop him, he was in the rapidly burning building, groping his way up to the second story. The smoke choked and blinded him, so

he took out his handkerchief, wet it in the bubbler, and wrapped it around his face.

At last he saw the flag in the midst of all the smoke. He imagined he was in a battle with Washington and that he could see Old Glory waving in the breeze. He unfastened the flag and rolled it in a tight roll. Fire was snapping and cracking all around him, and red and blue flames were bursting through the principal's office. Everywhere he saw fire. Putting the flag inside his shirt, he got down on his hands and knees. In this way he did not get quite as much smoke and could feel his way slowly downstairs.

Suddenly he fell through space and a sharp pain shot through his leg. The next thing he knew, he was lying on a coat under a tree. He tried to get up but found that his leg pained him and that it was bandaged tightly. Joe came over to him, grasped his hand,

and asked rather huskily, "How are you feeling, Old Pal?"

He caught Frank's faintly mumbled answer, "All right, except for this bum leg." Then he pulled out the flag. "I got the flag, Joe.—Our flag———Washington's flag." With this he slipped back into unconsciousness.

About a week later as Frank lay in bed, Joe came into the room. "I've good news for you, Frank," he burst out. "The class has unanimously declared that you have won the George Washington contest. As soon as you are well, we are going to present you with the money."

"I'm glad," Frank answered weakly.

Just then his mother, better now and anxious for his welfare, came into the room. "Well, Soldier," she greeted, "I'm glad to see you feeling so well today, but it's time you rested now."

"Yes, Mrs. Ruthford," Joe interrupted, "and we've all agreed that Frank is a second George Washington."

TRANSITION

Mary Lance, '33

The mist rose soft on the picture lake
As the light in the east came through,
And the liquid notes of the hermit
thrush

Were borne to us clear and true.

The birch that stood on the water's edge
Was reflected in mirror gray,
Like a magic road where a fairy band
Had fled on that shimmering way.

Then the mist was gone from the picture lake,

And the melody died away;
And the breathless hush which had
held us there

Was gone with the coming day.

FROM A WESTERN WINDOW

Euphrosyne Ward, '35

The sun, setting in all its glorious colors, showed a last ray above the snow-covered hill. The trees, not a leaf on them, stood silhouetted against the sky. Here and there an evergreen raised itself proudly among the bare trunks of its less fortunate friends. To give the scene a more blissful peacefulness, the road wound among the

houses and left an impression of a river, gliding through its many curves.

The sun sank lower. A small white house beside the road caught the last colors on the roof, passing them to the snow. Near the house a small pond of ice for skating shone like a polished mirror. This also had a touch of the color. Twilight settled softly over the scene.

Walter Ryan**1915 - 1931**

**"For who knows if the thing that we call death
Is life, and our life dying—who can know?
Save only that we all beneath the sun
Are sick and suffering, and those gone before
Not sick, not touched with evil."**

Euripides



Laurette Beliveau, '34; Jeanne Senesac, '32, Editors

Mon Ecole

Huit heures sonnent à l'horloge. L'heure du départ pour l'école, et me voilà en route avec mon frère Marcel comme compagnon et aussi comme conducteur du camion puisque nous sommes à une distance de onze milles de notre petite ville de Vergennes où se trouve notre école.

Me voici; mes livres sous un bras, mon diner sous l'autre et le sourire aux lèvres, c'est bien entendu.

Mon école n'est pas un chateau, ce n'est pas même une construction de briques. Non, c'est une modeste édifice de bois à quatre étages, sise sur une petite élévation, occupant j'oserais dire le centre de la ville.

J'arrive donc à la classe avec des plans plein la tête; mais avant de les mettre en exécution, je jette discrètement un regard de côté afin de savoir si mes professeurs soient tous de bonne humeur. C'est peu de chose d'ordinaire mes infractions d'écolière, un mot pour rire, un tour joué, un clin d'oeil, que sais-je! Dans le cours de la journée, la sagesse revient et je me mets à l'étude sérieuse. . . .

Lorsque plus tard, je jetterai mes yeux sur ces quelques lignes; que mes seize ans avec leurs souvenirs retomberont loin dans le passé. Je pourrai dire: "Merci, mon Dieu, de m'avoir donné pour professeurs ces quelques-uns

qui m'ont appris à comprendre, à aimer et à souffrir."

Jeanne d'Arc Senesac, '32

Nous lisons à présent dans la classe de français de la troisième année un livre bien intéressant, "Trent-trois contes et nouvelles," dont Monsieur Pargment est l'éditeur. Notre professeur de français, Madame Patterson a fait sa connaissance à Middlebury. Ce livre est presque nouveau pour cette école-ci, la classe de l'année passé ayant été la première à le lire.

C'est une collection de trent-trois histoires et contes écrits par dix-huit différents auteurs français. Les histoires sont parmi les plus belles et les plus bien écrites de la langue française, elles ont été choisies avec beaucoup de soin. Elles ont des notes publiées en français qui nous aident beaucoup à les lire. parce que les histoires ne sont point des plus faciles. Parmi les auteurs sont: Anatole France, Michel Corday, Alphonse Daudet, Guy de Maupassant, Prosper Mérimée, et Paul Bourget.

Une histoire bien intéressante que nous avons lue c'est "L'Inutile", par Henri Bordeaux, qui raconte comment un petit homme, qui ne peut se battre, peut cependant tourner une bataille.

Une autre bien amusante histoire c'est "Les Deux Saints", par Jules Lemaitre, histoire d'une controverse

entre un curé et quelques-uns de ses paroissiens, et du compromis qui en résulte.

Robert Larrow, '32

Le Petit Voleur

Il y avait une fois un petit garçon qui s'appelait Jean. Il était très désobéissant et il aimait bien à prendre ce qui ne lui appartenait pas.

Un jour, lorsqu'il était assis près de sa fenêtre, il jeta un regard dans le jardin de son voisin.

"Quelles belles pommes!" se dit-il, "Que j'aimerais à en avoir une bonne croquée". "J'essayerai et peut-être que je réussirai à en prendre deux ou trois. Si l'on me voit, on ne pourra pas faire plus que de me punir un peu."

Il se dirigea lentement vers le jardin regardant de tous côtés pour être certain que personne ne fut sur ses gardes. Enfin il arriva au jardin. Il y entra en se glissant sous la clôture. Une fois entré il grimpa dans un des pommiers et il commença à cueillir quelques pommes quand tout à coup il entendit un bruit. Alors, pensant que c'était son voisin, il se dépêcha de glisser en bas. Mais en descendant il laissa échapper quelques-unes de ses pommes.

"Eh bien! dit-il, il m'en reste encore assez pour y goûter". Il se mit en route pour sa demeure quand tout à coup il rencontra son voisin.

"D'où viens-tu? lui demanda celui-ci, et qu'as-tu fait?" J'ai été voir votre jardin, dit le petit voleur, je le trouvais si beau que j'aimais beaucoup à le voir."

"Mais qu'as-tu donc dans tes poches? lui demanda son voisin? N'est-ce pas que tu as pris quelques pommes?"

"Mais non," répondit Jean, nous avons acheté ces pommes hier." Jean continua son chemin se disant qu'il ne serait pas puni. Quelques jours plus tard le voisin s'est aperçu qu'il y avait des pommes répandues autour du pommier. Il se rappela avoir vu Jean sortir de son jardin tout récemment, et que c'était probablement lui qui en avait volé.

Le voisin en parla aux parents de Jean, qui est puni sévèrement.

Il se rend compte alors que c'est
"Avec la bonne foi on va le plus loin."
"Honesty is the best policy."

Laurette Beliveau, '34

Une jeune écolière qui sait bien sa grammaire française.

Alice Roy—Quel est le futur du verbe "dormir."

Claudette Forand—Je dormirai, écoutes donc—.

Alice Roy—Eh non, Claudette, ça c'est "ronfler."

Alice Roy, '35

Le Petit Bossu

Il y avait un jour un petit bossu qui s'en allait pêcher. Des méchants enfants vinrent à passer et se moquèrent de lui. Ils lui jetaient des cailloux et lui faisaient des grimaces, et ils chantaient:

Roule ta bosse,
Mon petit bossu,
Dans mon carrosse
T'embarquera plus.

L'un des méchants se mit à courir après lui pour le battre mais il tomba dans le lac. Le petit bossu courut à son secours et l'en tira. Tout mouillé le vaurien courut chez lui et dit à sa mère qui l'avait sauvé.

Elle va chez le petit héros et lui donna une somme d'argent.

"Ne vous moquez de personne, car un jour vous vous mouillerez les pieds."

Rose Roy, '34

—M. Perkins, donnez le contraire de "travailler."

—C'est pain, "loaf."

—M. Perkins, traduisez: "Il est allé à un enterrement."

—He went to an entertainment.

Les Souris

La famille de souris a très faim. Le père cherche de la nourriture, mais il n'en a pas trouvé. Après quelque temps il trouve un gros fromage. Il dévore un gros morceau de fromage et il rapporte un gros morceau à sa femme, aussi. Madeleine, la cuisinière, est en colère parce qu'elle voit qu'une souris a mangé deux gros morceaux de fromage. Elle met la souricière, contenant un morceau de fromage grillé sur le plancher.

La deuxième fois que le père est sorti il trouve la souricière. Il demande conseil à sa femme avant qu'il la touche. Sa femme dit: "Non, fais attention." Mais hélas! Il n'obéit pas. L'odeur est trop bon. Il touche le fromage et il est attrapé dans la souricière. Madeleine appelle le gros chat qui mange la pauvre souris.

D'après l'histoire dans notre grammaire.)

Faith Kenyon, '36

Margaret Atkins

1915—1931

"And we wept that one so lovely
should have a life so brief."

Bryant

Editorials

Whereas, we, the members of the editorial staff of the Vergennes High School in the State of Vermont, feel that we have suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Mr. Walter H. Crockett, editor of Publications at the University of Vermont, whose quiet dignity, unfailing courtesy, and untiring effort have been an impetus to all our publications through his constructive criticism, therefore:

BE IT RESOLVED, That we place on record our ever-present gratitude for his kindly aid and fostering of our periodicals, together with our keen appreciation of the gap which his loss will open in the helpful chain stretched forth to us by the University.

Editorial Board

OLYMPICS AND VERGENNES YOUTH

This year the Parent Teachers' Association undertook the task of sponsoring a skating rink, which has met with the hearty approval of every student. More and more facilities are wanted to advance physical well being. Skiing is an excellent sport, and students would take to this if a suitable place was obtained. Much enthusiasm has been shown about skiing by those who attended the Olympic Games at Lake Placid. A member of the faculty suggested the idea of building ski jumps of different intervals to satisfy all ages. There are many hills in and around Vergennes which could be used very

satisfactorily.

The idea is not merely to develop Olympic champions, — but to instruct the young in the physical benefits of sports, and also to show them the ethics of competition—how to win or lose.

Years ago the way to gain fame was through the unfriendly military combats among nations, but today this has given way to a friendly rivalry, and what rivalry can be more friendly than joyous athletic competition?

Vergennes is certainly a part of the world, and we want our youth of today to take part in its sport.

Theodore Ralli, '32

GUBERNATORIAL TIMBER

Rumors about the state are becoming more and more widespread as to probable, and even possible, candidates for the governorship. One favorite possibility died a hard death a short time ago when President Guy Bailey of the University of Vermont announced that he would not be a candidate, preferring to devote his time to his educational duties.

This may be said to narrow the field down to three candidates, W. Arthur Simpson of Lyndonville—advocate of better roads and more of them; the present incumbent, Governor Stanley C. Wilson; and the present Lieutenant-Governor, Benjamin Williams.

Of the first of these, Mr. Simpson, at present a member of the Highway Board, but rather helpless against the other two standpatters who serve with him, little need be said. His strong race in the last primary, his bonding program, and his other activities have made him well known to the voters of the state, and he is sure to be a prominent factor in any calculations as to

the identity of the next governor.

The present governor, Stanley C. Wilson, is almost an unknown quantity when it comes to surmises as to whether or not he will run again. Although the "Mountain Rule" was shattered by Governor Weeks, still the Wilson administration has done little to justify its continuation according to Vermont standards, and if Mr. Wilson runs again, it will be because he is the strongest hope of the Southern "ring." Possibilities indicate that he may be the last of an illustrious line who have "come forth from the living rock."

As for the third would-be candidate, Lieutenant-Governor Williams, he will most certainly not be a candidate if Governor Wilson discovers a hidden wish to succeed himself, as that would split the votes of the "Old Guard," of which there are none too many. The last Senatorial election showed quite plainly that the throne was tottering, and this one is likely to see it fall.

Robert Larrow, '32

School Activities

Helen Jarvis, Editor

PEPPY JUNIOR ASSEMBLY

On December first the Juniors' assembly program was put on peppily. It consisted of an original short sketch entitled "Pepperbility—Plus." The scene was laid in the office of Dr. Pepper, the inventor of a wonderful machine called the "Pepper—Up." The character of the doctor was portrayed by Mary Lance. Her office assistants were Miss Connie Cayenne and Miss Polly Paprika—Helen Jarvis and Mary Bourget.

The first patient of the afternoon was Roger Bristol in the role of Ted Ralli. Ralli was ordered to take two "pep-pills regularly between classes" to help ward off those slave drivers, V. H. S. teachers.

The part of Lucia Brown, who was the next patient, was taken by Corinne Sorrell. Lucia's rundown condition was corrected by a brisk treatment in the Pepper-Up.

Into Donald Clark, alias Billy Garrow, the errant member of the Editorial Staff, was infused enough pep to attend all the conferences in the world.

One howling feature was the transformation of a cat into a rabbit. But, the infuriated cat escaped and yowled from the seclusion of Mr. Carter's office throughout the remainder of the program.

Miss Paprika then announced Marion Leonard and Charlotte Miner, impersonating Eleanor Forrest and Mary Parrish. Mary was given pep-pills to use in lieu of rubbing alky, while El-

eanor went through the ordeal of the Pepper-Up in quest of ambition to run.

Eleanor Forrest, in the person of Marion Leonard, advised by Catherine Briggs, sorrowfully admitted to Dr. Pepper her lack of sex appeal. One treatment in the marvelous invention was guaranteed to lure on a certain elusive drummer boy.

Ralph Booth, in other words Russell Kingman, deplored the fact that his eating capacity was not sufficient to allow for the amount of Christmas dinner he longed to consume. His situation seemed hopeless, but with Dr. Pepper to the rescue, it soon appeared very simple. He was put on a very strict diet and advised to do setting-up exercises daily.

As Kingman made a blustering exit, Joan Casey, portrayed by Madeline Barrows, entered with the complaint that she simply could not study because she was so nervous. When she mentioned the doctor's bill, Dr. Pepper and her assistants, realizing that they had charged nothing heretofore, rushed out to collect. They came back followed by the patients, who were relieved of their possessions.

The play closed with the appearance of the three leading characters who declined in conclusion—

"You may call us all fakes,
But we firmly maintain
That a good Pepper-Up
One should never disdain."

Y. M. C. A. REPRESENTATIVES

On December tenth we had two "business partners" as our guests, Mr. Merriam, State Y. M. C. A. Secretary, and Mr. Cremer, National Y. M. C. A.

worker. Their business was "boys." Mr. Merriam introduced Mr. Cremer who gave us a very interesting talk. He used a boy whom he knew as an

example. He told us that one should make his choice of his vocation on the intelligence basis. Then he urged us to fix our goal. We may change, but we ought to know what we're going to do and where we're to end. Lastly, he

told us to work resolutely towards this goal and be "positive enough to be powerful, rather than prominent enough to be popular."

William Garrow, '33

THE SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

On Friday, December eighteenth, the Sophomores took their turn at putting on a program in assembly. They gave a play called "The One True Gift of Christmas."

The assembly opened with the singing of "The First Noel." Then came the play. Great-Grandfather Baxter and Great-Grandmother Baxter, the parts taken by David Ryan and Barbara Bristol respectively, stand behind picture frames and look perfectly still. They are much talked of by the young folks, who wonder if they had any fun in the old days. Great-Grandfather and Great-Grandmother were married on Christmas, and they think that the young folks never have any fun because they are so different in their ways. Then Bobby (Russell Kingman) comes to get Peggy Baxter, the flapper daughter (Eleanor Daigneault), and they say that they are going to "the show."

Mother Baxter (Shirley Haven) and Betty Baxter, a girl of about ten (Mary Parrish) get very sleepy waiting for Father Baxter, a successful business man (Billy Hamel) to come home. They go to sleep and Mother Baxter dreams that Great-Grandfather and Great-Grandmother Baxter talk to each other—a dream which the audience sees enacted—and she discovers that they loved each other. Father Baxter comes home and Mother Baxter wakes up. He visits with Mother Baxter until Peggy and Bobby come. Peggy discovers that her father has played Santa Claus to some poor people. Mother tells of her dream, and then they all find out that the old folks did have a good time and that the one true gift of Christmas is LOVE.

The assembly closed by singing two more Christmas selections.

George Noonan, '33

MR. PATTERSON SPEAKS

Thanks to the Sevens' curiosity over some of Superintendent Patterson's possessions, a very interesting talk was given by Mr. Patterson on January eighth.

Illustrating with his own Turkish and Persian rugs, lacquer work, and pieces from Labrador and Canada, he described the processes in making these things.

Certain ideas and customs are reflected in these rugs, such as family life and religion. No green is allowed in Turkish rugs, as this is a sacred color. The Turks use geometrical designs because they can not imitate life, but the Persians may, using, for example, fruit

blossoms in the designs of their rugs. A small Moslem Turkish prayer-rug made by a Christian Armenian was shown that was a combination of Turkish and Persian designs and made from the natural uncolored wool.

The rugs are all hand made, and each family has a loom in the house. No two rugs are alike, even in dimensions. It takes from one to three months or even more to make one rug.

Mr. Patterson has an attractive and contagious store of humor which makes all who hear him enjoy his talks to the utmost.

Helen Bigalow, '33

RECITAL

On Wednesday morning, January 20th, the Vergennes High School had the unusual treat of listening to a recital given by Professor Dickinson, who has recently taken over the work of music instruction in the school. He gave an interesting account of the work of Edward MacDowell and played three

of MacDowell's compositions, interpreting each.

The numbers chosen were: "To a Wandering Iceberg," "XVI XX," and "Indian Lodge." His program ended with a vocal solo, "Song of Steel."

Elaine Beach, '35

MR. DONALD BARBER, U. S. AIR SERVICE RESERVE

February 5, 1932, an unexpected speaker, Mr. Donald Barber, imparted to us some of his knowledge gained through travel. Mr. Barber gave us some first hand information about the Panama Canal. He told about his dealings with some of the shopkeepers there and his visit to the ancient city of Panama. He next spoke about the destroyers of the Battle Fleet, giving a

very good description of the ships and the torpedoes they fired. Taking us on the U. S. S. Mississippi, he explained the process of loading and firing the huge guns aboard her. Last came an explanation of how the airplane catapults worked on board ship. This talk gripped us with its account of thrilling adventure.

Willard Adams, '33

OLYMPICS

Monday and Tuesday, February eighth and ninth, assemblies were held. The purpose of these assemblies was to bring to the pupils of the school first hand information on the Olympic Winter Games held at Lake Placid.

Slips of paper bearing different topics for discussion were passed to those who had been fortunate enough to visit Lake Placid over the week end. For a half hour each day Vergennes High School pupils were brought to Lake Placid in imagination, where they saw the ski jumpers in action, shooting out into space 290 feet above the level of the ground; the bob-sled teams roaring down the dangerous mile and a half run at the speed of seventy-five miles per hour; and the flash of the skates in the arena as Shea and Jaffree swept the United States into four first places in the 500, 1500, 2000 and 10,000 meter races.

There follows a list of those who spoke and their topics: Theodore Ralli, the Bob-Run; Robert Coty, the Bob-Sled Teams; Donald Clark, the Ski

Jump; Miss Maxham, the Ski Jumpers; Floyd Cuisson, the Arena; Robert Larrow, the Decorations at Lake Placid; Mr. Fögg, the Dog Teams; Mr. Smith, the Stadium; William Garrow, Fancy Skating; Miss Booth, the Costumes of Different Contestants; Aubert Hamel, the Hockey Games; Mr. Carter, the Hockey Goal Keeper; Winifred Gaunya, the Skating Races; and Miss Delaney, Ski Jumping.

Paul Jordan, '32

* * *

January fourteenth the Juniors staged a sandwich sale to raise money for the annual Prom.

* * *

January fifteenth and sixteenth Mr. Carter devoted the assembly periods to talks on sportsmanship. He elaborated on the sportsman's creed: "Fair play for all and a sporting chance for the under-dog." Divers members of the school pointed out the little courtesies which should be observed in order to make the visiting teams feel at home. Among these was refraining from "boo-

ing" and "groaning." As we are all creatures of habit, the upper-classmen should respect the visitors' feelings, and set an example for the younger and newer pupils. Cheers for the opponents were also advocated.

The school song has been practiced with the hope of singing it at the games. We tried out cheering at the gym and have had "pep" meetings under the leadership of Mary Lance, our new cheer-leader.

* * *

A very successful military whist party was held by the Juniors on January twenty-first to defray the expenses of the Junior Prom.

* * *

Mr. Wesley W. Smith, who is State Chairman of the Americanism Com-

mittee, recently announced that the Vergennes Post would award a medal to the pupil who should write the best comprehensive essay on "The Life of George Washington." Rules have been drawn up and posted.

* * *

The Lincoln Assembly, February twelfth, opened with the singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" under the direction of Professor Dickinson, Winifred Gaunya accompanying.

Mr. Carter read several excerpts from the story of Hannah Slater Jacobs, the daughter of a crippled Civil War veteran. Lincoln's reception of the earnest little girl showed the sympathy which lay behind so many of his acts.

In conclusion the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung.

EIGHTH GRADE ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

On Friday, February twelfth, the Eighth Grade gave their assembly program. "Students of V. H. S.," sung by the whole school, opened the program. Then followed the play, "Old Fashioned Valentines." The characters were: Grandmother, Margaret Bodette; boy, Parker Leonard; maiden, Norma Bristol; lover, Theodore LeBeau; little maiden, Faith Kenyon; three girls in blue, Betty Bristol, Bessie Dugan and Gertrude Collom; bride, Joan Casey; groom, Truman Martin; doll, Ethel Sorrell; Cupid, Vincent Ringer;

door keeper, Jeannette Sullivan. The scene was in a living room on Valentine's Eve. Grandmother described the various old-fashioned valentines of her girl-hood, which were then shown in tableaux, resplendent with lace, ribbons and flowers. After this the boy begged to show her the valentines he was sending. Her consent was given, and valentines were distributed to the members of the faculty in this novel way.

Faith Kenyon, '36

WASHINGTON PROGRAM

On February nineteenth we fittingly observed the bicentennial of Washington's birth by welcoming the Reverend F. F. Adams as assembly speaker. Mr. Adams spoke of our first president as a "great" man in more ways than one: as a man of great vision, in that he refused the title of king and would not accept pay for his generalship; as a man of creative power, originality and commanding personality in that he used printed forms for correspondence, was self taught in higher mathematics, and as shown in the ingenious ways in which he outwitted his enemies; as a

man of faith, in that he attended church whenever possible and urged his men to do likewise, trusting God in darkest moments; and as a great statesman and man of truth—"a doer not a be-er." He never replied to his enemies, but kept silence instead of trying to justify himself.

Mr. Adams added interest to his talk by the use of humorous anecdotes. In closing he quoted Lincoln's tribute to Washington's name—"It will shine on through the ages."

Gertrude Fishman, '32

Athletics

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Donald Clark, '32, Editor

Basketball, 1931-1932

The basketball season for the boys this year has not been a success from the standpoint of games won and lost. Out of fifteen games played so far the team has won only five. The schedule included some of the best teams of the State, and in many of the games lost, the margin of victory for the opponents was small. In the game with Middlebury, one of the strongest teams in the State, our boys were ahead at one time, but they were finally worn down by the larger players and had to submit, but to the very low score of 27 to 14. In the Winooski game the boys held their rivals to a 30 to 16 count, and in the Milton game they pushed the up-staters to three overtime periods to win. Milton has lost but one game this season. Every one expected that the

alumni team would walk over the undergraduates, but to the surprise of all, they took the old-timers in to camp to the tune of 23 to 15.

The season's record follows:

		V. H. S.
Bristol	39	34
Brandon	26	14
Sigma Delta	19	28
Winooski	37	15
Brandon	18	4
Alumni	15	23
Milton	25	23
Essex Junction	25	19
Essex Junction	34	11
Middlebury	27	14
Bristol	19	13
Winooski	30	16
V. I. S.	13	18
V. I. S.	23	25
Milton	28	17
Villa Barlow	13	17

VERGENNES HIGH WINS OVER VILLA BARLOW IN TWO GAMES

(Quoted from Enterprise of Feb. 25th)

"In two games with Villa Barlow, of St. Albans, one played last week and one last night, the Vergennes High Quintet smothered the St. Albans boys in hard fought contests.

"The first game was one of those contests in which the losing team suddenly rallies and grabs victory from apparent defeat. At the end of the first half the score was 11 to 3 in favor of the St. Albans Five. Then the local boys began to make their score climb. When there were only two minutes of play time left, they were within one of a tie, the figures standing at 13 to 12 in

favor of the visitors. The Vergennes team was now reduced by fouls to only four men. During the last two minutes these four rolled up 5 points to their opponents 0, thus enabling them to walk off with a victory of 17 to 13. The scores were made by the following players: C. Ryan, 8; Ted Ralli, 7, and D. Ryan, 2.

"In the game last night the local boys rolled up 33 points to 21 made by Barlow. Ted Ralli was high scorer for Vergennes, making 15 out of the 33. Other points were made by the following players: C. Ryan, 4; D. Ryan 4; Clark, 3; Gee, 3; and Cotey 4."

JUNIOR VARSITY TEAMS

The team started the season with about twenty-four men, reporting noon hours and nights for practice. Nearly all were without previous experience. The season has been fairly successful. The seventh and eighth grade teams have won both games against like teams from Bristol and Brandon, the scores being 20-0 and 15-9 respectively; also against V. I. S. Juniors. Although outclassed in size, they have shown fine opposition.

The junior varsity's two outstanding

games were their wins over Shelburne, 17-8, and Milton, 12-4. The Milton game showed them at their best, and the guarding in that game excelled that of all their other games. The team has also won a couple of very exciting overtime games from V.I.S.

While victories have not quite equalled the losses, it is hoped that the main object of the season has been accomplished—namely, interest in and preparation for future basketball in the high school.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Shirley Haven, '34, Editor

"Al-i-ki-i-ki-i-ki-i!" Two or three tigers, and a "Rah-Fight!" Last but not least, eight big victories for our girls!

The Nine and Ten girls started the ball rolling with a 49-8 victory over Shelburne at Shelburne.

This victory seemed to fire the varsity with determination, for on December second, on our floor, our girls walked off with a 47-11 victory over Bristol.

Next comes Brandon. Stories had been told of this team's easy victories, but, undaunted, our girls went into the game prepared to fight—and to win. Win they did, for at the close of the fastest, closest game of the season the score was 18-16.

December 18 brought the return game with Brandon. This promised to be a fast one, as the Brandon girls had the advantage of their own floor. It was a nip and tuck game until the last; but at the final whistle, the score board showed a 15 after "Vergennes," a 12 after "Brandon."

Now comes the Alumnae game—December 30. Though Miss Delaney was unable to be at this game and one of our regulars was away, our girls never lost their grit. The first half was close, but at the second half our girls followed their usual custom of piling up the points.

The Nine and Ten girls played the return game with Shelburne, January 12. This was not a very exciting one, as the final score was 41-1, our favor.

January 20 brought the game with our old rivals—Middlebury. This was a fast game, and credit should be given to the guards on both teams as the final score was only 12-9 in favor of the Ancient City girls.

January 29—The return game with Bristol. This was a much faster game than the one played on our floor. To quote our worthy manager, "We slewed into Bristol, and sauntered out" with a score of 21-13.

Due to an epidemic, our return game with Middlebury has been postponed.

Exchange

Mary Lance, '33, Editor

It is hard for an Exchange Editor to look upon all her exchanges without inserting, to some degree, a note of personal taste. That this situation may be remedied, some of the papers have

been given to different students to comment upon. In this manner it is possible for us to command varied viewpoints and criticisms.

Mary Lance, '33

"The Mercury" St. Albans, Vermont

We enjoy your paper immensely. Your Literary Department is especially interesting, but a bit more creative writing would add tone. The plan for your Alumni Department is very clever.

M. W.

"Catamount" Bennington, Vermont

Your mid-year issue is a wonderful piece of work. We noted that all of your cuts are done by Alumni. Surely you must have some high school artists.

E. F.

"The Clarion" Essex Junction, Vermont

An interesting magazine. We suggest a French Department.

P. J.

"The Peopleonian" Morrisville, Vt.

Your departments are well done. The Alumni Department showed considerable work on the part of its editor. We like the clear print of your Table of Contents. It is easily read.

D. B.

"Lakonian" Laconia, New Hampshire

Why not either assemble your jokes into a department or else have more of them scattered through your paper? They add color and spice. Your cuts are excellent, and we were delighted with the modernistic cover.

M. L.

"The Four Leaf Clover"

Plainfield, Vermont

Your fall issue is a splendid number. The departments are well developed, but why not have a larger "Exchange?"

E. F.

"Lasell Leaves"

Auburndale, Boston, Mass.

An excellent magazine. You have several good poets. "Down by the Sea" and "Dusk" deserve special credit.

P. J.

"Hi-Spirit" Enosburg Falls, Vermont

You have a fine paper. The departments are exceptionally well balanced. We might suggest slightly smaller cuts for the size of your page.

M. L.

"The Slate" Fair Haven, Vermont

We enjoyed your fall issue. The cuts show marked originality.

M. L.

"R. H. S. Chips" Richmond, Vermont

We think your paper very well balanced. You have an excellent literary department which displays fine vocabularies.

L. B.

"Homespun"

Greensboro, North Carolina

What can we say of your paper except that we consider it one of the finest—indeed, I may say the very finest, purely literary paper which we receive. We shall be happy to enjoy more numbers.

M. L.

"Mercury" Bellows Falls Free Academy

Your paper is growing better with each issue. We like especially your cuts, which are very clever. Good luck to your French Department.

R. W. L.

"L. G. S. Messenger"

Leland and Gray Seminary

Your material is good but your paper would be far better if you would insert a few cuts, and make your material more abundant, to overbalance your advertisements.

R. W. L.

"The Spaulding Sentinel"

Barre, Vermont

The cover on your paper is very clear-cut and attractive. We congratulate you upon your celerity in issuing an Athletic Number.

M. L.

"The Argus"

Gardner, Mass.

We were glad to receive the "Argus" from Gardner, sent to us by Mrs. Morrill, who was on our faculty two years ago. The paper contains much excellent material, and the arrangement of a cheer or a song with each game is refreshing.

R. M. B.





Charles F. Ryan, '34, Editor

News Bulletins Received from the University of Vermont

Joyce Young, '34, was initiated into Eta Sigma Phi, National Greek honorary society, Tuesday evening, December eighth.

Malcolm Benton of the class of '33 at the University of Vermont was appointed a member of the lighting committee for the annual Kake Walk.

Ralph Ryan, of Vergennes, was a member of the recent Commerce and Economics excursion to New York City from the University of Vermont.

Calista Pecue, a Senior at the University of Vermont, was recently initiated as a member of the John Dewey Club, an organization with high grades in philosophy as a basis for membership.

George Patterson of the University of Vermont was recently initiated into the John Dewey Club which is an organization of students who have received good grades in philosophy or psychology.

Malcolm Benton, of Vergennes, has recently been chosen a member of the committee on refreshments for Junior week, which will be celebrated at the University of Vermont the entire week of May ninth.

George Patterson, III, of Vergennes, has been chosen as a delegate from the University of Vermont to attend the Model League of Nations Assembly to be held at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, March 3, 4, and 5. The Vermont Representatives will officially uphold the viewpoint of the Dominion Republic, and Australia, and will be prepared to discuss the attitude of some of the leading nations of the world in regard to the questions of the "Present World Economics Situation" and "Disarmament."

THE ROYAL ROAD OF ROAMERS

Robert Ryan, '31

We have read much on the affairs of men of history. Let us concentrate on the life of roamers. Most of us know little of them aside from the fact that they gather no moss.

What is this substance called moss? If it is money, the accusation is very true. If it is personality, it is not.

Why not join a band of wandering wastrels and investigate?

We come upon them seated in a forest. The weather is very beautiful and invigorating to us, but upon them it seems to have an opposite effect. A little fireplace has been built, about which they are lounging and eating their evening's repast.

In answer to their questions we tell them we have eaten, but will join them for the night. After lunch one of them takes from a case a violin and plays for a while. We note that the player is an accomplished violinist and chooses surprisingly fitting selections—compositions to spring and other pastoral numbers.

The background, which is supplied, consists of leafy trees, a murmuring brook behind us, and birds in the woods all about. These sounds, combined with the playing, create a responsive chord between us and them. I even envy them. This is the life they follow while I work day after day in an office.

After the playing ceases another rises, and with his back to the leaping tongues of flame, he faces the group.

He lectures in a manner which would have done justice to any speaker I have heard, touching lightly on many varied topics—people who made modern things possible, great statesmen, the administration. We can see that he is a very well educated man who has a great mind that is his own, giving him leave to speak as he sees and thinks.

Presently the Roamers prepare themselves for sleep. Soon we, too, drop off into slumber. The next morning we realize that we have slept more soundly than we ever have before. Our friends are preparing to move as we awake. The forest is beautiful. Birds are flying about without a care, as are the men without a care. No display of temper. They live in utter harmony as if all were brothers. They are from all parts of the world and of all nationalities.

We soon depart to go our way as they go theirs. We ponder within ourselves, wondering at the sense of toiling when they follow such a carefree living. What a revelation are their ways! Gifted intellectuals and lowest mortals, traveling the Royal Road as Roamers with minds and consciences at peace with the universe.

Grinnery

Edward Ryan, '35, Editor

LAUGHS FROM THE LATIN CLASS

Robert Larrow, in Latin IV—"Iphitus was bowed down by the weight of his grandfather."

Mary Bourget—"I upp'd and passed out."

Francis Little—"— gilded decorations of our forefathers."

Robert Larrow—"I lost my head and picked up my arms."

Miss Maxham—"Describe the underworld."

Francis Little—"As it was then?"

* * * * *

From an English XI Paper—

Sewall was "an author whose work was like a widow in old Boston."

* * * * *

We also learn from English XI that "Poe gambled and drank hearty."

* * * * *

Miss Booth, talking about chairs, "See what a difference proportion in legs makes."

* * * * *

Question—"How deep should a cellar be? Below what line?"

Ellen Pecue—"Below sea level."

* * * * *

Question—"What is one of the layers of the sidewall of the house?"

Dorothy Leonard—"The ridgepole."

In Home Economics XII, talking about dishes:

"What are they doing with china now?"

Doris Dugan, thinking of History—"They're fighting."

* * * * *

George Blakely in English XII—"Bunyan married a poor girl like himself."

* * * * *

"We learn from one member of the Junior Class that Cooper's fame rests on his "Leather Tale Stockings," and from another that he created the original character of "Long Tom Casket."

* * * * *

In Home Economics XII—"Where would you start if you were house-cleaning in your mind?"

* * * * *

Mr. Carter tells us that Rose Roy is still searching for Silas Marner.

* * * * *

Improvements in Rome—

Helen German—"They fixed nice places to park the cars."

* * * * *

Charlotte Miner (reading "Evangeline")—"—and in accents disconsolate answers the whale of the forest."

PUPPY LOVE

Helen Jarvis, '33

"Beautiful, charming, lovely, bewitching, dazzling, tantalizing—Oh words cannot describe her!" thought Tony as he watched the proud beauty jealously. He was seated in a window on one side of the street, and she was in another on the opposite.

All that night the flame in Tony's enamoured heart, fanned by absence and longing, grew stronger. The next day, at the identical hour as on that previous, he was stationed at his post in the window. He could hardly restrain himself from rushing out and clasping her, his Cleopatra, his Desdemona, in his embrace. His heart soared in transports of ecstasy as he again beheld her exquisite platinum loveliness. He scarcely dared breathe. Ah the bliss of it—to be so near, and yet—so far! His nails fairly dug into the chair. His whole form was tense. He saw nothing else. Nothing else mattered. If only he dared speak to

her! But it would be sacrilegious for a perfect stranger, no matter how smitten by the sentiment which caused the Trojan War and so many another, to address one so lovely. Nevertheless, longing, yearning, he daily hovered near the window until she should appear. The cruel fire deep within his soul grew fiercer and fiercer.

But, as Rome fell, so must many of our loftiest aspirations fall to the dust with a crash. Alas, one day early in spring, when the thrush trilled the perfect melody of love, there appeared in the place of his idol, his Venus, a snippy looking red-haired stranger. Oh! The dreadful thought of it! Would he never see her again?

Will he? Who knows? What does it matter? Tony is only a love-smitten curly Spaniel in a boarding-house window; his vision of loveliness only an albino Pekinese in a limousine; and that terrible newcomer, a Pomeranian pup.



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