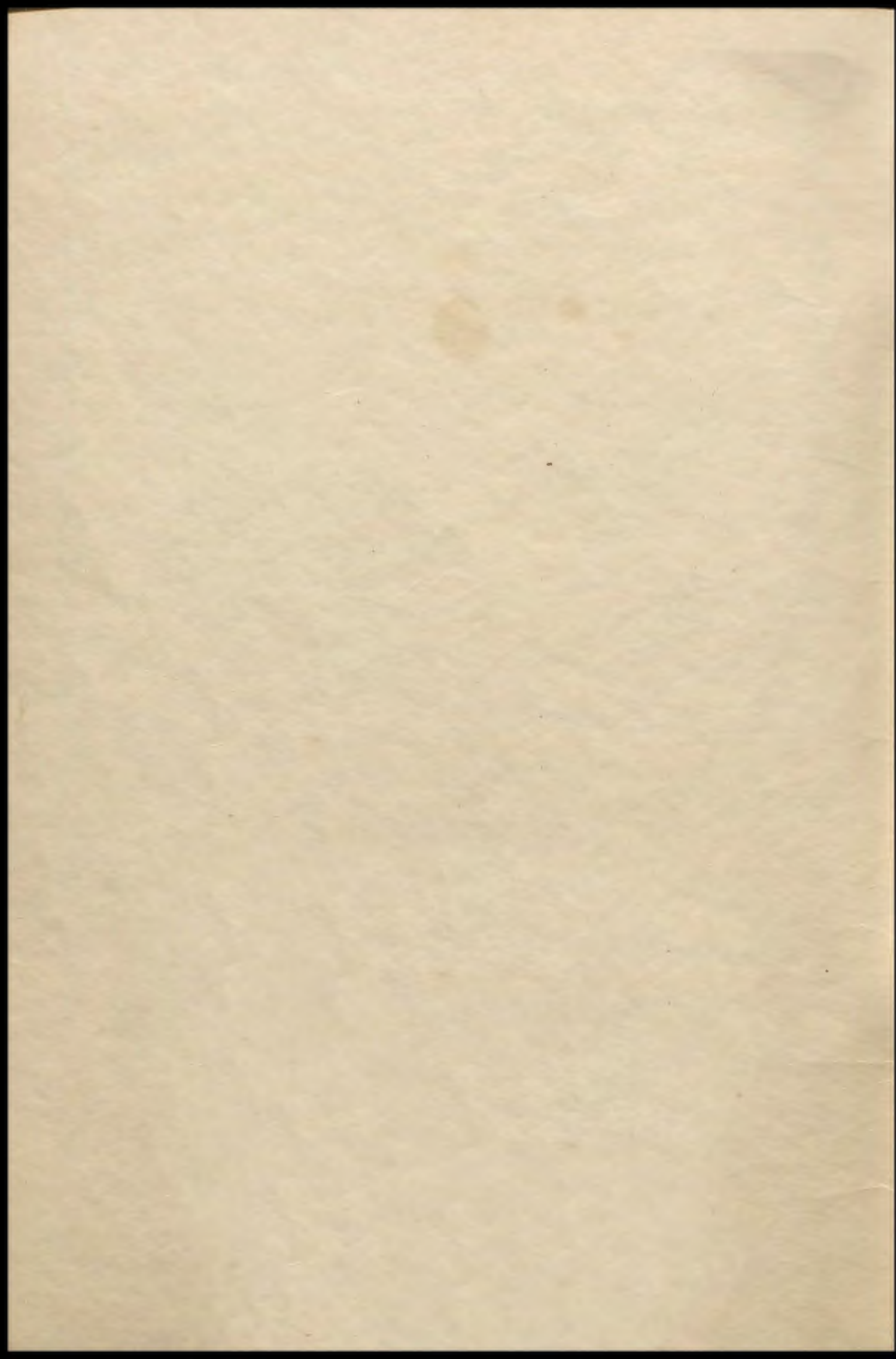
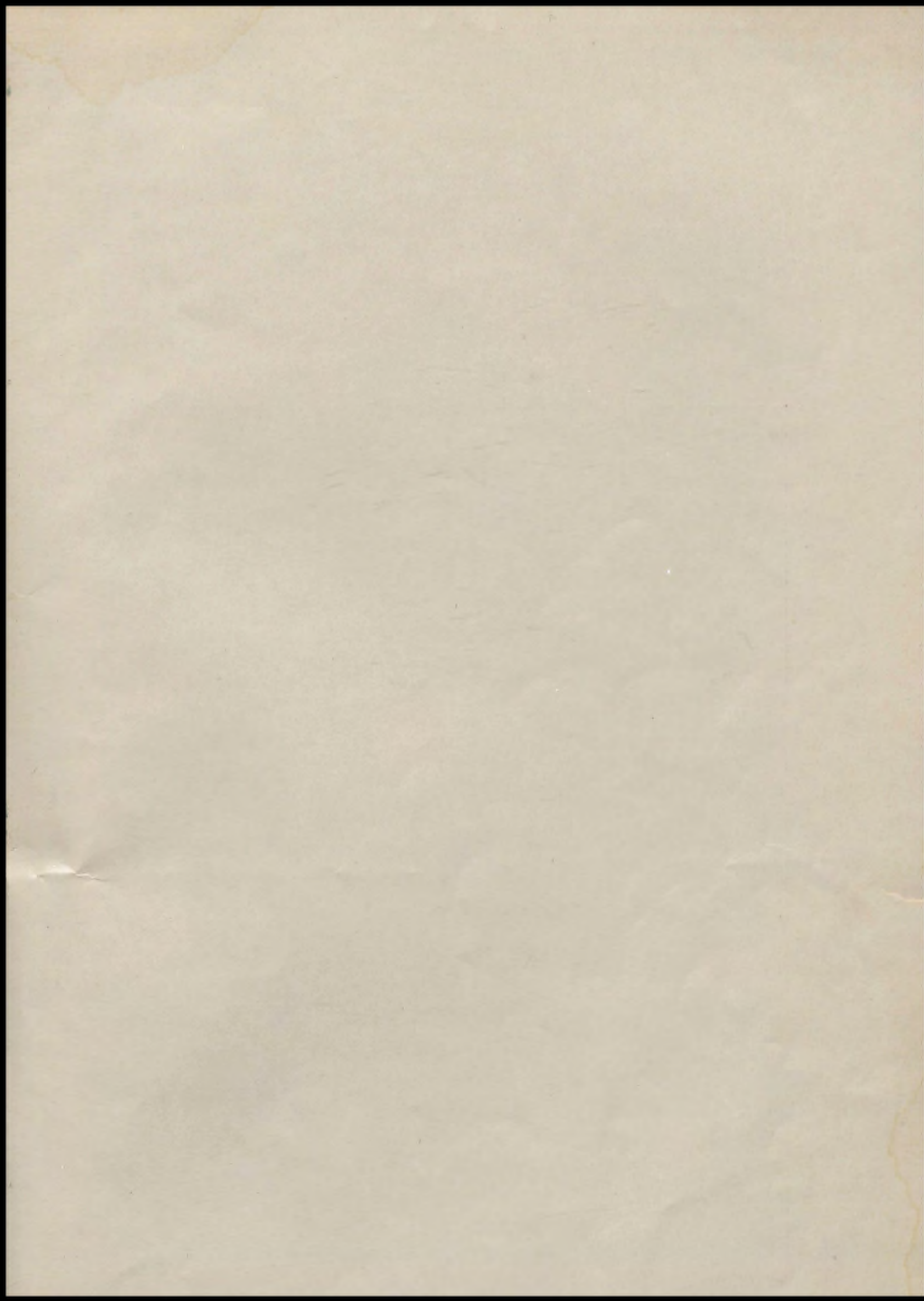




BLUE AND WHITE





VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

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Assistant Editor.....	Robert Larrow, '32
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover Design.....Owen Griffin, '31

Literary	Page 3	Athletics	Page 27
French	Page 12	Alumni	Page 30
Editorials	Page 15	Exchange	Page 32
School Activities	Page 18	The Grinnery	Page 33



Literary Department

Kathleen Norton, '30, Editor



THE LAW OF ITS KIND

Robert Ryan, '31

Far above the earth in the blue sky an eagle, monarch of the air, flew in long sweeping circles. Round and round it soared, till when fancy suited, it darted down, screaming as it flew, the swiftest of its kind. Checking itself in full flight it dropped down on an old hollow tree, a lone sentinel on the top of a cliff.

The tree was bleached almost white by storms which had swept across the sky. It looked a part of the cliff on whose scarred brow it stood. With each successive storm its falling seemed inevitable, but there it was always, a battered survivor, a relic of the past. In vain had they tried to loosen the roots from the rocks where they were embedded like steel talons.

The eagle was perched on the hollow tree, ready to fight off any invaders who threatened harm to the little eaglets which were in a snug nest inside. Suddenly it became alert. Far off in the distance a queer mist seemed to rise in the air. Well he knew the sight, for he had seen the queer mist before. The wind was sweeping it closer, up toward the side of the cliff. Always before he had fled, but what could he do now?

Closer and closer it came, animals fleeing before its path—the gigantic bear galloping beside the mighty stag, forgetting their differences in their common fear. The eagle perched on the top of the cliff was the only one not to flee. Closer came the fire, toppling huge trees in its wake. Now it had reached the tree on the top of the cliff; hungry flames licked up the side, a gust of wind swept up, and the tree toppled over the cliff, a flaming comet. With a great crash it fell to the rocks below. The eagle had perished, true to the law of its kind.

ABNER'S PROGRESS

Samuel Fishman, '30

"Hands up!" came a sharp command which was promptly and yet enthusiastically obeyed.

But don't get excited, folks, for following this command came a series of many others, such as "Punch forward! Left—right—one—two." Yes, you guessed it right, for that is just who it is, yes, the radio exercise announcer, giving his daily drills.

And say, I nearly forgot to mention it, but that is our hero standing in front of the radio, taking and following the commands—Abner Smith himself.

Abner had been doing these exercises regularly for the last week, which surprised his parents, since Abner was a slow young man. He was doing these exercises for an unknown reason. All right, if you so insist, I'll let you in on the secret, but promise not to tell. Well, this is it. Abner was trying to get up enough courage to ask his boss for a raise in his salary, and he thought this way was as good as any.

Mr. Jones, Abner's employer, had been noticing a remarkable improvement in Abner's work for the last week, but he had no knowledge of the reason, as you and I have.

The end of the week came, as it usually does, but this was an unusual one for Abner. The last day Abner was busy every minute, and then when the time came he fixed his tie, straightened out his suit coat, and walked up to the boss's office.

At the door he was overcome by a little nervousness as he read: Frank Jones, Manager—Private. He opened the door, stepped in, and was there greeted by a pleasant smile from Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones," he started, as if he wished to have it quickly over with, "I would like to ask you for a raise in my salary. A time ago I was like one to whom Shakespeare referred when he wrote: 'I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent, but only vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side.' Now, I feel inspired to ask for higher wages."

"What! A raise?" questioned Mr. Jones, "Well, my boy, I am sorry but you are too late."

"Too late! Why, what do you mean?"

"Just that!" replied Mr. Jones, "I have already given you one," and he handed Abner his pay envelope and with it he gave him a paper on which was written a motto of Elbert Hubbard's: "Those who never do any more than what they are paid for, never get paid for any more than they do."

Abner left the office after thanking Mr. Jones, and then hurriedly opened his envelope. Yes, there was a three dollar raise.

Abner's progress was very rapid thereafter, but the cause of this has not been determined. Was it due to his radio exercises, folks, or the Shakespearean quotation?

SNOW STORIES

Lois Bristol, '32

When going home in the twilight,
And watching the new fallen snow,
I see small tracks in my pathway
And I wonder where they go.

The rabbit's tracks are the largest
But then, there are squirrel tracks, too,
And there are the birds' tiny footsteps,
Too small for a star to view.

Some footsteps lead to the old pine,
And some to deep rock caves go;
I read a meaning in every track,
A romance in the snow.

Some tales are of a narrow escape,
And others a search for food,
While others are simply of going home
To see if the babes have been good.

I think of each little creature,
As I wander in twilight glow,
And then I wonder if they are true—
These stories I read in the snow.

THE SECRET

Katherine Ryan, '30

"I wonder if any one will find it out. I hope not, anyway. If they do, they will surely take me for a ride and make me walk back, or something of the sort.

"Why, hello Bob. Why the worried look? Have you robbed a bank, or what? You have a guilty expression. What ails you any-

way? Come on, confess," jollied Jack, as he met Bob entering the schoolhouse.

"Why nothing, Dick, only I haven't prepared my chemistry very well for today. Maybe that accounts for it," responded Bob, evasively.

"Well, maybe, but you look kind of funny to me," answered Jack suspiciously.

The first two periods passed uneventfully, but Bob kept picturing what the gang had done to John Lark last month, and I'm afraid he didn't answer many of the questions the teachers asked him.

At recess, as Bob was buying some candy at the Junior's candy sale, he noticed all the fellows of the gang gathered and conversing earnestly.

What could they be talking about? Could they have found out his secret already? Were they making plans so soon? Bob wondered all the rest of the morning.

He didn't eat much lunch at noon and on the way to school as he passed the club house, he saw a bunch of the fellows carrying queer looking packages into the house. He hailed Jack and asked the reason for all the bundles.

"Oh, you'll know tonight. Just hold your horses. Don't forget the special meeting."

Now what was the meeting for? Were they going to chastise him at the club house? What was the meaning of all the packages?

Bob got through the rest of the afternoon somehow, but as he entered the club house that night he wondered what his fate would be. Had anyone found out? He had sworn his mother to secrecy.

As he entered, the matter of the bundles was explained. The gang had decorated the room for some guests, he discovered.

After the club had been called to order, the president stood up and gave the reason for the meeting. Henry Ford wanted to buy the club house and use the building. Would they or would they not sell, was the question.

Bob gave a sigh of relief as he realized that he was out of danger for the moment.

After the meeting he fairly ran home and shut himself in his room. He danced about the room with glee and rejoiced that at last he was safe. It was his birthday and not a fellow had found it out.

FLIGHT

William Carter, '31

High in the air a bee was buzzing,
Heavily laden, with ceaseless energy
Bound to his far away home,
Guided by an invisible power.

Oh Inventor—,
Weary and scorned by your kind,
Did the sight of this give you new strength?
Endow you with power?

And now in the skies are droning,
Laden with commerce and mail,
Bound to their distant homes
With limitless power—Man's Creation.

For while watching, came the great inspiration.
With eager hands he shaped the parts.
Now, all know the result of his labor—
Thrice hail to thee, Aviation.

PARDS AT LAST

John Hayes, '31

It was a cold and clear December day with the sun shining brightly and the sky a spotless blue, but Bob Hale was completely oblivious of all this cold beauty as he walked down West Street.

His mind was on an entirely different subject. He was worried about the high school hockey team which had played just about half of a heavy season without "missing a trick," as Bob put it.

Bob liked Jim Avery, but Jim did not "cotton" to Bob quite so well, and in fact had in the past few days caused a lot of trouble. It was about this trouble that Bob was thinking now, as he went toward the rink for the day's practice. Jim had said things to other members of the team that Bob was justified in disliking, namely, remarks about Bob's using his position as captain to receive all the honor and glory.

"Jim is popular," said Bob to himself, "and he has influence. I wonder if I could fix things up by letting him play center for a

change and see if that won't stop this undertone of distrust the team has shown of late. Anyway, I'm going to have a meeting of the team and it's going to be settled then."

"And I think this will speed up our game and strengthen our defense," Bob was speaking to the members of the Tigers, or the "high school hockey team yet unconquered," as the papers called them. He had just told them of the change in position whereby Jim Avery took his place at center. "And tonight everyone turn in early and the Bears will be dead tomorrow in no time."

"Well Bob, old boy, glad for the change you gave me in position; shake," said Jim in a tone that gave his words the lie.

At last Saturday arrived, and the Tigers were practicing shots at one goal, the Bears at the other. A sharp whistle cut the air; the game was started. Skates flashed and sharp instructions to pass the puck this way or that were shouted out by men.

The period ends. Bob can see that Jim does not know how to play center very well, but says nothing. Jim also is silent and continually steals glances at Bob.

Only three seconds left before commencing the game again and the score: Bears 4; Tigers 0.

Jim comes up, "Bob, change the line up; put me where I belong at defense and take center. I guess I've learned my lesson even if the rest haven't."

The whistle interrupts. They glide onto the ice and Jim, as he goes to his position, meets Bob: "Shake, Bob. Let's go!" This time his tone was humble and pleading, and his voice almost failed him.

Oh yes, the Tigers won the game, 10 to 4, and incidentally Bob and Jim walked home arm in arm—pards at last.

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

Arza Dean, '31

"Oh boy!" cried John as he ran down the long flight of stairs. "Hey Pop! Hurry up, Mom! It's most four o'clock and we mustn't be late for the Bridge Celebration! I want to see that aeroplane go under the bridge! Mom, you said you wanted a picture of the two governors shaking hands! Gee! Won't we have fun!"

But poor mother, at four o'clock in the morning, wasn't quite as eager as John, as one could see by her surprised look. I dare say Father was none too pleased, for his eyes traveled from John's ra-

diant countenance to the heel of his slipper, which was protruding from under the stand. John evidently got his Father's idea because he suddenly ran back up stairs nearly as fast as he had descended.

How poor John ever remained in bed is inexplicable. Two hours had passed before he again ventured downstairs.

By this time the family seemed highly elated. The Champlain Bridge was to be dedicated! Even Mother and Dad were happy. Mother had now come to the point where she was enthusiastic about getting that picture.

The day proved to be one joy after the other. Mother took her picture of the two governors. Much to her disgust upon turning to speak to John and Father she saw that their sporting instinct was aroused over the flight of two wild geese taking place overhead. But she let them off with a murmur, "Men will be men anyway," though she knew they paid no attention whatever to what she was doing.

At eight o'clock that night the family made Mother the center of attraction. She was developing her photos. Many of them were fine. Of course we can't always have good luck with them. The pictures passed from hand to hand. There were many lovely scenes, among which was a perfect one of two wild geese. Mother looked at it closely saying, "I can't remember taking this one." With that she passed it on to Father, who examined it.

"Well that's great! Two wild geese outlined against the deep blue of the sky. I wonder what these are," motioning to two small objects in the foreground. "Are they hills? No. They must be shadows!"

John, bending over his Father's shoulder suddenly burst out, "Why Mom, you aimed your camera too high."

"What do you mean, John?" Mother demanded.

"Oh nothing, only those two geese were the ones which Father and I were looking at while you were snapping your picture. I'm afraid you got only the governors' topknots. You—" but he got no further.

"Got the geese anyway," interrupted Father, and his laugh might have been heard for a quarter of a mile.

Mother was dumfounded for a minute. She then arose with a resigned air and calmly announced that supper would soon be ready.

The end of a perfect day.

SKATING

Winter's coming, snow at last,
Ice is freezing, thick and fast,
Crows are flying over town,
Cawing, calling, southward bound.

Skates are sharpened clean and bright,
Waiting for some moonlight night,
When with bonfires blazing high,
Shouts of gladness fill the sky.

Crowds of girls and crowds of boys,
Taking part in winter's joys;
Although all the sports are nice,
Give me skating on the ice.

Marshall Bame, '31

CHRISTMAS CHEER

(A Seventh Grade Contribution)
Edith Pecue, '35

Outside the snow is falling fast,
The world is cold and drear,
But every nook and corner
Is filled with Christmas cheer.

The windows rattle with the wind,
For the wind's a loud, loud gale,
And down with every snowdrop,
Comes a drop of sleet like hail.

Santa Claus is getting packed,
And fixing for the ride,
To give good girls and boys a gift,
From the huge pack at his side.

A book for Mary, sled for John,
And dolls for Baby Lou—
And if you are good children
He will give you something too.



Le Département Français

Lena Fanslow, '31, Gertrude Leonard, '31



Un Mauvais Tour

L'été passé je travaillais sur la ferme de mon père.

Un jour que j'étais occupé dans le foin il y avait avec moi seulement deux hommes dans le champs. Il faisait chaud et les hommes voulaient de l'eau. C'était à moi d'en chercher. Je détestais cette longue tournée à la maison. J'étais fâché contre un de ces hommes qui s'appelait Charles. J'étais donc furieux mais je suis parti.

Quand je suis arrivé à la maison, j'ai mis avec l'eau du sel et du vinaigre dans le seau, alors je suis retourné au champs. J'ai souri à Charles. Je lui ai passé le seau. Il en boit et il fait une grimace terrible et avec un mot encore plus terrible se jette sur moi. Si l'autre homme ne l'avait pas prit par le bras, je serais peut-être à ce moment à l'hôpital. Qui sait?

Quelques jours plus tard nous travaillions, ce même homme et moi, dans le champs quand il m'a offert un beau morceau de chocolat. J'en ai prit une grande bouchée. Ma foi, quel gout! Qu'est-ce qu'il y avait dedans? Du poivre de Guinée! Ma pauvre bouche! Elle était certainement en feu. Il m'avait rendu la pareille, nous étions quitte à quitte.

Arza L. Dean, '31

Parmi Nos Traducteurs Expérimentés

C'est la souris qui a pris le chat.

It is the "smile" which has caught the cat.

C'était un ouvrier qui avait une veste aux larges poches.

It was a workman who had a "vest" with large pockets.

On apercevoit un enfant de chœur en calotte rouge.

One noticed a "chorus boy" wearing a red cap. (The description of a funeral).

Derrière venait un vieillard qui boitait.

Behind came an old man who was "drunk." (A description of a funeral).

"Whither art thou going? (A slum mother is speaking to her street-urchin son).

Madame Patterson, "C'est j majuscule?

F. Larrow: "Non, c'est Minnie Squeal."

Mes Deux Oiseaux

Voici deux oiseaux
Qui sont très beaux;
Ils se sont envolés à moi,
Et je pense qu'ils viennent de toi.

Ils ont les plumes très bleues;
Les becs couleur de feu.
Ils restent chez moi; jamais ils ne partent.
Pourquoi? Ils sont sur une très belle carte.

Lois Bristol, '32

L'écolier Philosophe Dédié à ? ?

Je n'aime pas étudier,
Mais je ne veux travailler.
Encore moins je ne veux rester
Chez moi . . .
Aussi à mes études il faut me coller.

Arza L. Dean, 31

Soirée française

Un beau soir il y a quelques semaines, nous avons eu une petite soirée française. Toutes les classes de français étaient invitées. Nous avons eu un programme présenté par les élèves et annoncé par M. Senesac. M. Bame, Mlle. Daigneault et Mlle. Larrow ont chanté d'une façon charmante, M. Dean a récité une poésie et plusieurs élèves ont prit part à de petits dialogues amusants.

Après cela on a passé un bon petit rafraichissement préparé par les élèves de l'art culinaire. Et puis à neuf heures tout le monde est parti et nous étions bien contents de notre petit réunion.

Jeanne Senesac, '32

Editorials

Joyce Young, '30, Robert Larrow, '32



EVENTS OF WORLD INTEREST

During the time which has intervened since the last issue of the Blue and White, events have occurred which are worthy of our notice as observers of daily developments and as students of current events.

Those interested particularly in National politics have eagerly watched the activities of the special session of the present Congress. After passing a farm relief bill not so radical in its terms as the much discussed McNary-Haugen measure, the House of Representatives promptly passed a tariff act, revising the present statutes upward to a greater extent than indicated by President Hoover in his message. When this revision came before the Senate, however, that "greatest of all deliberative bodies" started to talk it to death, and made so many changes that it was necessary to adjourn the session extraordinary without passing the new tariff law. More results are hoped for from the long session now in progress.

The eyes of all who hope for permanent international peace were turned to the United States upon the visit of Premier MacDonald of England. Personal contact has done what formal diplomacies did not, and there seems to be an accord between Hoover and MacDonald.

The eyes of lovers of peace, too, have been turned upon Manchuria, where the belligerent Soviet Republic and the newly established Chinese government have been engaged in a struggle over the control of a railway. The eyes, however, have been turned in fear, rather than hope. The United States called upon the signers of the Kellogg Pact to use their influence, and although Russia protested that the act was unfriendly, the settlement came about very promptly.

In France the cabinet of Aristide Briand has been overthrown, and one headed by André Tardieu has taken its place. The retaining of Briand as Foreign Minister, however, signifies that the foreign policy of France will remain unchanged.

More recently Mexico, our turbulent southern neighbor, has elected a president in one of the quietest elections ever held in that country, which argues well for the peaceful advances being made in that state.

Commander Byrd, of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, recently announced to the world that he has flown over the South Pole, dropped an American flag upon the site, and made important geographical discoveries. This feat makes Commander Byrd the only man to have flown over the two poles.

Thus, since our last issue, it is seen that the world has made important forward steps, and steps which are interesting to all of us.

Robert W. Larrow, '32

"WHAT ARE YOUNG PEOPLE THINKING?"

In the November issue of the "Delineator" the question of what young people are thinking was discussed. It is a subject about which much may be said.

Are young people concerned chiefly with the desire for pleasure, or are they interested in the deeper things of life, such as religion, or the necessity of earning their own living? Older people think that the young of this generation are hastening to their own destruction. Any normal boy or girl likes to dance, go to parties, play basketball, go riding. On the other hand, some grandparents look upon automobiles as sure roads to ruin.

There are several types of young people; so of course the whole younger generation isn't thinking about the same things.

The "Delineator" speaks of one class which goes to college with the idea of becoming self-supporting. Their interests may lie in educational work, along religious lines, or be concerned with a business career.

There is another class of boys and girls who are wealthy. They go to college to have a good time, not caring whether they learn anything or not.

Still another type of person likes research work,—likes to know the subjects that are being discussed everywhere.

Many older men and women say that the young people have no religious beliefs. This may be true to a certain extent, but the boys and girls I know belong to some religious sect. Maybe they are

not active in church work, or are not as strictly religious as their parents, but at least they believe in God and attend some church.

Are the parties and dances which young people attend essentially wicked and bad? Boys and girls must do something for excitement. As everyone knows, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." If the younger generation thought of nothing but fun and amusement, would there be students in our high schools and colleges who are fitting themselves to take up the burdens of a nation?

The young people of today are courageous. The older generation is beginning to appreciate this and also the direct thinking of youth.

In years to come, our parents and grandparents will realize that youth is not bent on its own ruin, and that young people are thinking seriously but in a different way.

Joyce Young, '30

JUST OVER ACROSS THE MEADOW

Lois Bristol, '32

Just over across the meadow,
We see where the woods were once green;
The maple, robed in crimson,
Is now the forest queen.

The elm, in her dress of yellow,
That is trimmed with the autumn green,
Bows to the earth,—her mother,
In reverence to her queen.

The pine, so stalwart and sturdy,
Is armed with the darkest of green,
He stands by the courtyard gate way,
And guards his stately queen.

And when they begin disrobing;
When the leaves on the ground are seen;
Still staunchly they'll stand together
Around their one-time queen.

School Activities

Thelma Floyd, '31, Mary Bourget, '33



FRESHIES' INITIATION

As you may guess, the Seniors were not the ones to let a class of Freshmen, especially Freshmen as fresh and green as we were (past tense), start their high school career without any welcome.

To prepare us for the coming ordeals they had us wear green ribbons (a pre-war custom), and in addition had the girls carry horns and the boys dolls. They also wanted us to clean the districts around their desks, but we wouldn't stoop to that!

At last the dreaded evening, that of September 6, came! The "Freshies" were in their "Seventh Heaven" of delight (they usually are), and trooped hilariously to the gym. It is really quite a delightful process, this initiating! Those scheming Shylocks had us do everything from electrocuting us to making us hop over imaginary lakes and jump from church steeples of the same class.

After all these exertions they served us cookies and punch. Another consolation was ours in the thought that our turn was coming and that we would be Seniors some day . . . maybe!

Mary Bourget, '33

THE FRENCH PICNIC

We decided when starting on Tuesday afternoon, September twenty-fourth, to have a one hundred per cent French picnic—not a one-fourth French and a three-fourths English one. We reached Fisher's woods after a brief French walk. There we proceeded to play our French games, which Mrs. Patterson explained. We did not understand them, but they went much better than they would have if we had. We then sang French songs, or tried our best to, but it was more or less of a continuous solo by Mrs. Patterson. Very hungry from this great exertion we proceeded to eat of French hot-dogs and French fried marshmallows. Robert Larrow made it more Frenchy by talking as loudly as possible, waving his hands, and pointing.

We then took French leave of one another and went home. Aside from all setbacks I considered the picnic a complete success.

Henry M. Richardson, '34

THE SEVENTH GRADE PARTY

The Seventh Grade Hallowe'en Party was held on October twenty-fifth, beginning at half past seven. The party was opened with the judging of the costumes by the teachers. The first prize went to Elaine D. Beach and the second to Margaret Carter. There were no prizes for the boys as they were not in costume. The festivities then began with the grand march led by Mrs. Morrill and the class president. The games played during the evening were bobbing for apples, spin the bottle, wink'em, and punching the forfeit board. In this last game the prize for the best acting was given to Winifred Gaunya. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake and cider were enjoyed. The party broke up after a grand and glorious time.

Elaine D. Beach, '35

? HALLOWEEN ?

Listen, dear readers,
And you shall hear,
What happened to
V. H. S. so dear.

Of course we knew something would happen . . . but there's nothing like . . . "knowing it all"! It is said, "Curiosity once killed a cat," but what happened this time? Those boys! men?, well we hear . . . they got into the school through the keyhole and brought three wagons in their pockets. Also the fire escape was provided with a quantity of barrels—"They float!" They float!" No, not Ivory soap but . . . barrels . . . in case of a flood. But alas! Alack! The next morning when curiosity brought the pupils to the school to "see the show" not a buggy in sight! Why must those telltale traces have been effaced so soon?

Mary Bourget, '33

CLASS NINE'S HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The "Freshies" held their Hallowe'en party at the gym November first. It was attended by about eighty pupils. Many wore original and pretty costumes while many others were amusing.

The games and decorations were managed by Marion Leonard and Helen Jarvis.

The refreshments were planned and served by Mary Bourget, assisted by Corinne Sorrell and Eleanor Forrest.

The members of the faculty present were Mr. Carter, Miss McGovern, Miss Wright and Miss Demeritt. The remaining members were invited, but sorry to say, could not attend.

Many amusing and enjoyable games were played, such as "Bewitched Bottle," "How do you like your neighbor?" and "Wink'em."

Several prizes were awarded. A prize was won by Donald Clark for sewing most buttons on in three minutes. Madeline Barrows won a prize for balancing a pencil on the toe of her shoe while she walked across the room. Ralph Booth received an award for blowing a cornucopia way across the floor and back without touching it with his hands. Dorothy Remele carried on a spoon a blown egg held at arm's length, and won a prize. Many others joined in these races but failed. Prizes were chocolate figures suggestive of Hallowe'en.

Refreshments were cake, cider and sandwiches. The cider was supplied gratis by Ralph Booth.

The party ended about ten o'clock, everybody agreeing that it was a "whopping" success. In fact, it was the best party in the history of our famous class of '33.

Helen Jarvis, '33

EDITORIAL STAFF OF BLUE AND WHITE ATTEND BURLINGTON CONFERENCE

(Quoted from the Vergennes Enterprise)

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Walter Leonard, Mr. William Larrow, Mr. David Ryan and Mr. Max Fishman, transportation was provided, enabling almost the entire editorial staff of the "Blue and White" to attend the Conference of Editors of School Publications held in Burlington on November second.

The morning session of this Conference was in the Medical Building of the University of Vermont, where representatives of school publications throughout the state listened to addresses and presented their problems. At noon the group were guests of the University at a luncheon at Hotel Van Ness, after which function the discussions were continued.

Those in attendance were Joyce Young, Robert Larrow, Sam Fishman, Gertrude Fishman, Kathleen Norton, Gertrude Leonard, Lena Fanslow, Harriet Field, Owen Griffin, Doris Barton, Thelma Floyd, Mary Bourget, Mrs. Leonard and Miss McGovern.

EDITORIAL STAFF REPORTS IN ASSEMBLY

As Mr. Carter had issued the unalterable decree that none taking trips to conferences or the like should be exempted from reports about the events taking place, it fell to the lot of the editors of the different departments of the "Blue and White" to give a talk on what happened at the Editorial Conference at Burlington.

In wrath, we even planned to startle the student body with couplets which we started to compose on the way home. For instance, we considered saying in unison:

"We hate to speak, so very much,
But if we don't we'll get in Dutch."

or I might have said:

"On a struggle your story base,
Be sure the hero wins the race;
Let your story have a plot;
It helps the interest a lot."

However, we thought better of it.

Terror reigned supreme that eventful morning among the new members of the staff, but some very brilliant and interesting "orations" were given as each one told about ideas or inspirations gathered from what was said about his or her department at the conference. Much fun was had at the expense of the quaking editors.

Kathleen Norton, '30

VIEWS OF THE LONG TRAIL

On November 6, through the courtesy of Mrs. Chatterton, Vergennes High School pupils had the privilege of seeing several lantern slides of the Long Trail, displayed by Mr. Congdon in the Assembly Room of the library.

As the pictures were shown, Mr. Congdon gave excellent advice on hiking, and recommended to us the correct hiking costume.

The different views and scenes of sunny hillsides, babbling brooks, and now and then a shady nook, were very impressive and beautiful.

Harriet Daigneault, '32

THE FRENCH PLAY

As an editor of the French department, I am asked to write an article about the characters in the French play, and as the plot of the play hinged upon the difficulties of the American soldiers trying to make the French people understand, I think it would be better that I write in English.

This play, "La Faim est un grand inventeur" was given at the gym November twenty-second.

Everyone agreed that Arza Dean—Monsieur Crabuchet—displayed real talent.

Marion Jodoin—Madame Crabuchet, his wife—was noted for her excellent coffee, and made an ideal French hostess.

John Harte and Richard Sheridan, two American soldier boys, played their parts with spirit. There was much laughter when Dick tried his own system for speaking the French language. It worked—sometimes.

William Waterman was to have had one of the parts in this play, but due to his illness, John Harte took his place at the last moment.

Kathleen Norton and Joyce Young—maids of the inn—were interested in the good-looking American boys. They acted their role with much life and were very coquettish.

Marshall Bame, an ideal little French schoolboy, who had studied some English, turned out to be a friend in need to our soldier boys, for he helped them get a good meal.

Gertrude Leonard, '31

ONE ACT ENGLISH PLAY

The English play given November 22 was "Joint Owners in Spain." The scene is laid in an Old Ladies' Home. The characters are: Mrs. Mitchell, a director of the Home, Eleanor Forrest, '33; Inmates of the Home: Mrs. Fullerton, Helen Jarvis, '33; Miss Dyer, Ellen Thomas, '30; Mrs. Blair, Doris Barton, '30.

The two most unbearable of the ladies of the Home, Miss Dyer and Mrs. Blair, have been put in one room. This makes them more disagreeable than ever until Mrs. Blair decides to divide the room. Taking a piece of chalk, she marks off her half. Each makes up her mind to live as if the other were not there. Of course the outcome is happiness for them both in their ownership of possessions in Spain.

The French play was directed by Mrs. Patterson, the English play by Miss Wright. Mildred Evarts, pianist.

Esther Graves, '32

CLASS EIGHTS' ASSEMBLY

The Eights can give us a lesson on conduct, as they proved on November twenty-seventh in an assembly directed by Mrs. Morrill.

The program read as follows:

Prayer and Flag Salute.

Governor Weeks' Thanksgiving Proclamation, read by Eleanor Van Kuren.

America; the Beautiful, School.

Play, "A Colonial School."

Music, Katherine Ryan.

The play, "A Colonial School," was a lesson on conduct and pictured the old school of Pilgrim days.

The list of characters:

Master Cheever, Henry Richardson.

Prudence Smith, Margaret Carter.

Patience Wilkins, Shirley Haven.

Charity Winthrop, Barbara Bristol.

Submit Parker, Winifred Gaunya.

David Bonner, David Ryan.

Joseph Sewell, Charles Ryan.

Jonathan Carter, Cecil Sorrell.

Joshua White, James Powers.

Master Cheever was always finding fault with the children's conduct, and used the extremely good method of punishment, the "Dunce Cap."

The reciting of difficult, old-fashioned lessons, the studying aloud, and many funny old customs made us sorry when the pupils were finally dismissed to go to dinner and the delightful little play was brought to a close.

Marion Leonard, '33

ITEMS NOT REPORTED ELSEWHERE

The birthday of Theodore Roosevelt, October 27, has been designated Navy Day. On that date Mr. Carter gave a fitting assembly talk.

Candy Sales were held for the benefit of the Blue and White by the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores on November 15, December 5, and December 11. The Sophomores contributed the largest amount to our budget.

After a close and spirited magazine campaign between the enthusiastic airplane squads, the "Gallant Blues" gave the "Victorious Reds" a party at the gym on September 20, where the occasion was properly celebrated.

Vergennes High School witnessed great improvements on November 12 to 15 when Mr. Carter was presented with parts of a menagerie which he used for assembly discussions.

These were some white rats, a turtle, a salamander and a lizard. It was all very interesting and "lively!"

ASSEMBLIES

As a delegate of the Vermont State Teachers' Association Mr. Carter attended the celebration of John Dewey's seventieth birthday, which was held at the Hotel Astor, New York, November 16, 1929.

Upon his return, Mr. Carter devoted an assembly to a report of this event. He spoke of the life work of the great educator, John Dewey. The last part of his talk was given over to the celebration proper, describing the John Dewey cake, the menu, and telling us of the number of people present—about 2,500.

The Seniors would be interested to know that during the banquet Mr. Carter sat next to David Saville Muzzey, Professor of His-

tory at Columbia University, and author of the text book which they are using this year.

On November eighteenth in an assembly talk, Mr. Carter spoke of the splendid co-operation between the school and the Bixby Memorial Free Library. Mrs. Chatterton gives each year's Freshmen the opportunity of taking library lessons. She has just completed a set of four library lessons and an examination given to this year's Freshmen.

Mr. Carter emphasized that since we have this privilege of learning how to use the card catalogue, Walton's Vermont Register, Granger's Index, and reference books, we should try to find the information ourselves instead of asking the librarians. This would be one way of showing our gratitude.

On December ninth, in an assembly talk, Mr. Carter spoke of the discovery of a record in the form of a charred pine log, suggestive of the Rosetta Stone unearthed on the banks of the Nile. The log was found by Professor Andrew Ellicott Douglass on June 25, 1929. Mr. Carter went on to say that records had not been kept of the founding of Indian settlements in the southwest, but science had given the dates to Indian civilization. Professor Douglass, he told us, began by studying rings in the cross section of each kind of tree. A narrow ring meant a dry season and every pine tree told the same story. This particular pine log dated back as far as 700 A. D. and was discovered at Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

Thelma Floyd, '31

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

I

Miss Isadore Burroughs, who has been in the United States Government Service for five years, gave an exceedingly interesting talk on September 23. She discussed French methods of filial devotion, some of her most interesting receptions, and in all pictured to us something of the inner life in France. Her position involved the obtaining the home market values of exports to this country.

II

During Fire Prevention Week Mr. Thomas, of Montpelier, gave an interesting and timely talk on Fire Prevention. As a result of his

splendid examples and arguments we were able to form new resolutions concerning fire prevention and what "our bit" should be to help reduce the huge number of fires.

III

The subject of our out of town speaker, Mr. Rudmann, of the Baypath Institute, on October 23, was "Work." His interesting and spirited talk was a challenge to us all to have higher ideals and do something that may be counted as "work." His hopes for the youth of today were made ours by his excellent comparison of the carp, a strong fish, battling against the strongest currents, likened to today's youth battling against all adversities towards the biggest, best, and finest things of life.

He concluded with two inspiring quotations:

"What you are thunders so loudly in my ears that I cannot hear what you say."

and

"Be strong!"

IV

Mr. Hartwell, head of the Weather Bureau in Burlington, gave a talk on November 25 on one of the most interesting, puzzling, and widely discussed subjects—the weather. The time simply flew by during his explanations of the weather forecasts, the process gone through to determine these, the meaning of different terms, and best of all, explanations as to the causes of the Vermont Flood.

Mr. Hartwell is an old friend of V. H. S., as different science classes have visited the Weather Bureau at Burlington.

Mary Bourget, '33

ART WORK

Due to the absence of an Art Instructor this year we are handicapped to some extent.

This year a new scheme has been tried out, that of having page designs instead of the usual headings.

The Art Editor designed and cut the Cover, the Grinnery and the Literary page; Lyneus Todriff designed the Athletics, and Vonda Hallock designed and cut the French page, and also assisted in cutting the Athletics.



Athletics

Robert Collom, '30, Katherine Ryan, '30



BOYS' ATHLETICS—FOOTBALL

Robert Collom, '30

The boys have played three games, won two, and tied one.

The football season this year was an unusually short one, owing to a late start. The players were as follows: Bob Jackman, Captain, R. Ballard, R. Sheridan, T. Ralli, George and Richard Torrey, W. Carter, R. Ryan, F. Casey, T. Scott, D. Gee, W. Paine, Walter and David Ryan, H. Richardson, A. Smith, L. Ashley, M. Milo, J. La-Grand and R. Kingman.

Games

The first game of the season was played at Vergennes with Essex Junction, October 26. The score was 14-0 in favor of Vergennes. The contest was a snappy one, the score being a tie until the last quarter. In the second half our boys seemed to gather new strength and in the last quarter made a get away from the opposing team. Most of the points were made on line plunges and end runs; the visiting team excelled in the air.

On November 2, the Blue and White squad made a trip to Essex Junction to play them a return game, and brought back a 6-6 tie. The game was a hard fought battle for both teams. Essex Junction scored in the second quarter, but the Vergennes boys were aroused, and they failed to make any more scores in the rest of the game. In the third quarter the most spectacular thing in the whole game, this far, happened. Bob Ballard, star halfback of the Blue and White, took the ball, tucked it under his arm, and made an end run of fifty yards for a touchdown, making the final score 6-6. Both teams fought hard, Vergennes holding Essex at the goal repeatedly.

The Vermont Industrial School being the final victim of the season, the Blue and White proceeded to the Industrial School field and on November 9 added another trophy to the list. The game saw-sawed back and forth during the first half. In the second half the

Blue and White loosened up and showed the spectators some football. Sheridan put one across on a line buck, and then to top this, Milo grabbed the ball and trotted 80 yards for a second touchdown. At the close of the game there was quite a list of disabled on the Vergennes squad. Among these were Bob Jackman with a bad eye, D. Gee with a wrenched back, and T. Scott with a bruised leg, all of which goes to show that it was really quite a game.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Katherine Ryan, '30

The '29-'30 basket ball season opened with quite a response to practice appeals. The girls are in high spirits for the first game with Hinesburg.

Last June four of the girls on the team graduated, but we have some snappy reserves left.

There is Doris Barton, our captain, whose skill as guard is known by all with whom we have played; and Joyce Young, who is trying for center. In Mary Bunch we have reason to expect a dependable forward. A belligerent guard, whose motto is "They shall not pass," is Florence Dugan. Katherine Ryan will probably hold down the position of forward. Wilma Wood is also playing her usual good game. These girls are in running as candidates for the first team.

We also have good material to back them in Marion Jodoin, Gertrude Fishman, Harriet Daigneault, Dorothy Remele, Eleanor Forrest, Mary Bourget and Esther Graves.

Alumni

William H. Carter, Jr., '31.



BIXBY MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Onslow Brown, '29

Its silenced dome darkened with somberness,
 Concealing within its shadows numberless hosts
 Marching again. The accompanying drum rolls on;
 Tropic beasts glide through swinging vines as
 Natives silently, noiselessly move away in hollowed
 Canoes. From within soft strains of Humoresque
 Issue forth while masters play on enchantingly.
 Again the pirate ship sails the bounding main; the
 Sea Devil, confident, daring, commands. Log Cabins smoulder,
 Indians slink into their home, the forest. Romantic
 West speaks, guns report, ropes and saddles are
 Placed on outlaw stallions. Perry struggles on, gnawed
 With hunger, numbed with cold. Midst chaos and confusion
 Sit the poet, the thinker, the planner, the idealist.

1925—Watson Rogers graduated from the Academic Department of the University of Vermont last June and has entered the Medical College.

1926—Julia Waterman, attending the University of Vermont, is a member of the Burlington Symphony Orchestra.

1928—Carol Wilson was elected Editor of the Scop and President of her class at Virginia College.

Ruth Spooner is taking a business course at Bay Bath Institute.

George Patterson III is attending Antioch College.

1929—Margaret Ambrose was employed during the summer at the Colonial Tea House.

Ruth Barton was employed at Basin Harbor Lodge during the summer.

Malcolm Benton is a Freshman at the University of Vermont.

Bessie Bigalow is attending Burlington Business College.

Alida Boyd is a student in Plattsburg Normal School.

Rachael Booth is attending Middlebury College.

Onslow Brown is taking the training course of the General

Electric Company at Schenectady.

John Choiniere is going to St. Louis to take a course in aviation.

Theresa Choiniere is planning to attend Burlington Business College.

Julia Cushman is attending Castleton Normal School.

Leona Danyow is employed in Ferrisburg.

Margaret Danyow is employed in Burlington.

Helen DeCourcy is at home in Ferrisburg.

Gretchen Fanslow has a position in Philadelphia, and is attending night school there.

Harold Field is employed on his father's farm in Ferrisburg.

Zana Gilmore was married to Mr. Louis Shepard of Monkton by Rev. C. V. Winch of Ferrisburg, on Sept. 14. Margaret Ambrose, '29, acted as Maid of Honor.

Clifford Harris is working on his father's farm.

Lena Jermain is taking a Teacher's Training course at the University of Vermont.

Horace Kiral is a student at Burlington Business College.

Louis Langevin is employed at the Stevens House.

Donald Laramie is employed in Vergennes prior to attending Business College.

Russell Marsceil is working at his home in New Haven.

Nellie Mills is employed at Fishman's Department Store.

Ardell Mitchell was married to Allan Clark on July 31.

Alice Munnett is attending Castleton Normal School.

Evan Noonan is a student at Middlebury College.

Frederick Noonan is attending Albany Business College.

Frances Palmer is at home in Vergennes.

Reta Richardson is to enter the Methodist Episcopal Brooklyn hospital in January.

Margaret Ryan is attending Middlebury College.

Ralph Ryan was elected a manager of the Freshman football team of the University of Vermont and has just been made one of the assistant editors of the Cynic.

Cora Spaulding is a student at Vermont Academy.

Pauline Sweatt is living in Bridport.

Avis Whitty is at home in Vergennes.

Lucile Wood is to enter the DeGoesbriand hospital in January.

Exchange

Doris Barton, '30



"Homespun"—We enjoy your fine literary department.

"The Hardwickian"—We are interested in your Junior High department. Your Alumni notes are stated in a concise manner.

"D. H. S. News"—We like the size of your paper and its cover.

"R. H. S. Searchlight"—Congratulations on your Literary department.

"Neshotah News"—We are interested in "Do You Know?"

"R. H. S. Chips"—What a novel idea for your Exchange department.

"Red and White"—We always look forward to this exchange. We congratulate your school on publishing the first "High School Weekly" in Vermont.

"The Lakonian"—Your editorials are very good.

The Blue and White wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges received during the past year:

"The Slate,"	Fair Haven, Vermont
"The Dial,"	Brattleboro, Vermont
"Skool Nooz"	Randolph, Vermont
"Orleansonian,"	Orleans, Vermont
"Peopleonian,"	Morrisville, Vermont
"Register,"	Burlington, Vermont
"Catamount,"	Bennington, Vermont
"Orange and Black,"	Barton, Vermont
"Academy Student,"	St. Johnsbury, Vermont
"Station B. H. S.,"	Bristol, Vermont
"Phoenix,"	Montpelier, Vermont
"L. G. S. Messenger,"	Townsend, Vermont
"Hi-Spirit,"	Enosburg Falls, Vt.
"Lasell Leaves,"	Lasell Seminary,



The Grinnery

Harriet Field, '31



Hitherto unpublished letters of Francis William Casey:

On October 31 Marshall Bame was presented with a gift of a doughnut, accompanied by this note:

"This doughnut is guaranteed free from poisonous elements, although it has been skidded along the floor several times. If you are hungry, eat it, if not, pass it to someone whom you believe to be hungry.

F. W. Casey.

In time Marshall was able to return the present in kind. The acknowledgment follows:

To Marshall Bame, Esquire,
Addison, Vermont.

Dear Sir:

I felt greatly indebted to you, and even now I feel under obligation because you sent me that enticing doughnut, which I rejoiced over. I know that you sacrificed much in order to honor me with even so lowly a gift as a doughnut, and I accordingly appreciate not only the doughnut, but the spirit in which it was given. Let it suffice to say that I am grateful for said gift, and fully realize the fact that I am unworthy of it. I hereby acknowledge the receipt and sincerely hope that an occasion will present itself whereby I can square myself with you.

Your lovin' friend,
F. Casey.

Miss Wright: "Torrey, what is the genitive singular of 'iudex?'"

Ralph Torrey: "You'd a kiss." (iudicis)

Mrs. Morrill: "What is the punctuation mark I need here? Not a colon, but—"

Kendall: "Oh, I know. A coca colon."

Definition of an Autobiography

Miss McGovern: "What is an autobiography?"

M. Bunch: "Isn't it a book of autographs?"

Arza Dean: "Franklin had a loaf of bread under his arm and another in his mouth."

Mrs. Patterson: "Have any of you two World Newses?"

Miss McGovern: "What is a sonorous sound?"

Voice down front: "A snore."

Miss Wright: "We will have a test on forms tomorrow."

M. Bunch: "What kind of forms?"

Miss McGovern: "You can always speak more intimately in dark."

Items taken from a 1942 issue of "The Blue and White:" (R. C.)

Item I.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, under the joint management of Richard Sheridan and Katherine Ryan, will set the ancient city humming to-night at the City Theater. Special music by Doris Garrow, pianist, Ezra Booth, flutist; Woodrow Preston, bass viol; and Ernest Burroughs at the traps. Popular prices; highest priced tickets only \$10.00. Friday, at this theatre, will be shown chapter seven of the serial, "Tarzan, the Mighty," featuring Marshall Bame and Mary, Bunch. (adv.)

Item II.

Arza Dean, promoter of the world's greatest athletic contests of the large cities of Vergennes, Burlington, Ferrisburg, Monkton, and

other noted cities of America, stepped out this morning and gave an exhibition of himself by doing the three-mile run in five minutes and ten seconds. His trainer, Oliver Smith, says that Arza is in fine condition and could easily become the world's champion if he desired.

Item III.

The main room of the Vergennes High School is to be enlarged. Carpenters Waterman and Magee have charge of the work and will soon start operations on the building. School will still hold its regular sessions, however, in the gym basement, which was recently enlarged to house 5,000 people. The school enrollment is now 3,000, but 2,000 more are expected to enter September 3, 1943.

Item IV.

Underneath Mr. Ted Ralli's shoe shop Frank Casey, world's renowned zoologist, is now experimenting in his laboratory upon a small white pig to obtain the average force required to make it squeal by squeezing.

Item V. News from Abroad.

Richard Torrey, famous inventor of bottomless milk bottles, and Hoover Hamel, noted poolball tester, are now spending a few months in Paris. They are making a tour of Europe.

We would like to know—If Pete Wood (would)? Who has John's Harte (heart)? Is Dot, King? If Harriet's a Field? Is Lucia Brown? Is Elaine a Beach? Is Marie Little? Is Charlotte a Miner? (Ask Don.) Are Marjory and Frances Cross? Does Ellen know Thomas? Is Ezra a Booth? Is Wentworth a Paine (pain)? Is Clyde a Ringer (wringer)? Is Bill a Waterman? Is Kendall a Porter? Is Marjorie a Rock? Is Ruth a Miller? Is Richard a Torrey (Tory)? Has James any Powers? Why Jean Senesac likes a Graham truck. (Probably because there is a body in it.)

M. Lawrence (discussing Westminster Abbey): "Miss McGovern, what did it mean about those 'Knights in the Bath?'"

Mrs. Patterson: "Robert, will you take the floor now?"

Miss Wright: "What is a corpse?"

B. Langeway: "It is a live person that is dumb."

Miss Davis: "I didn't hear your hand, Freida."

MODERN CHIVALRY

In days of old,
When knights were bold,
They wore a lady's favor;
But now—oh, my!
She wears his tie,
And she, therefore, is braver.

In days of old,
When knights were bold,
The boatman rowed them home;
But now the two,
In a canoe,
Are in mid-lake—alone.

In days of old,
When knights were bold,
They went to bed at nine;
But in our way,
We sleep all day,
And then at nine we dine.

In days of old,
When knights were bold,
Their manners were quite mocking;
But spite of jest,
Our way is best,
Though we're considered shocking.

Lois Bristol, 31

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