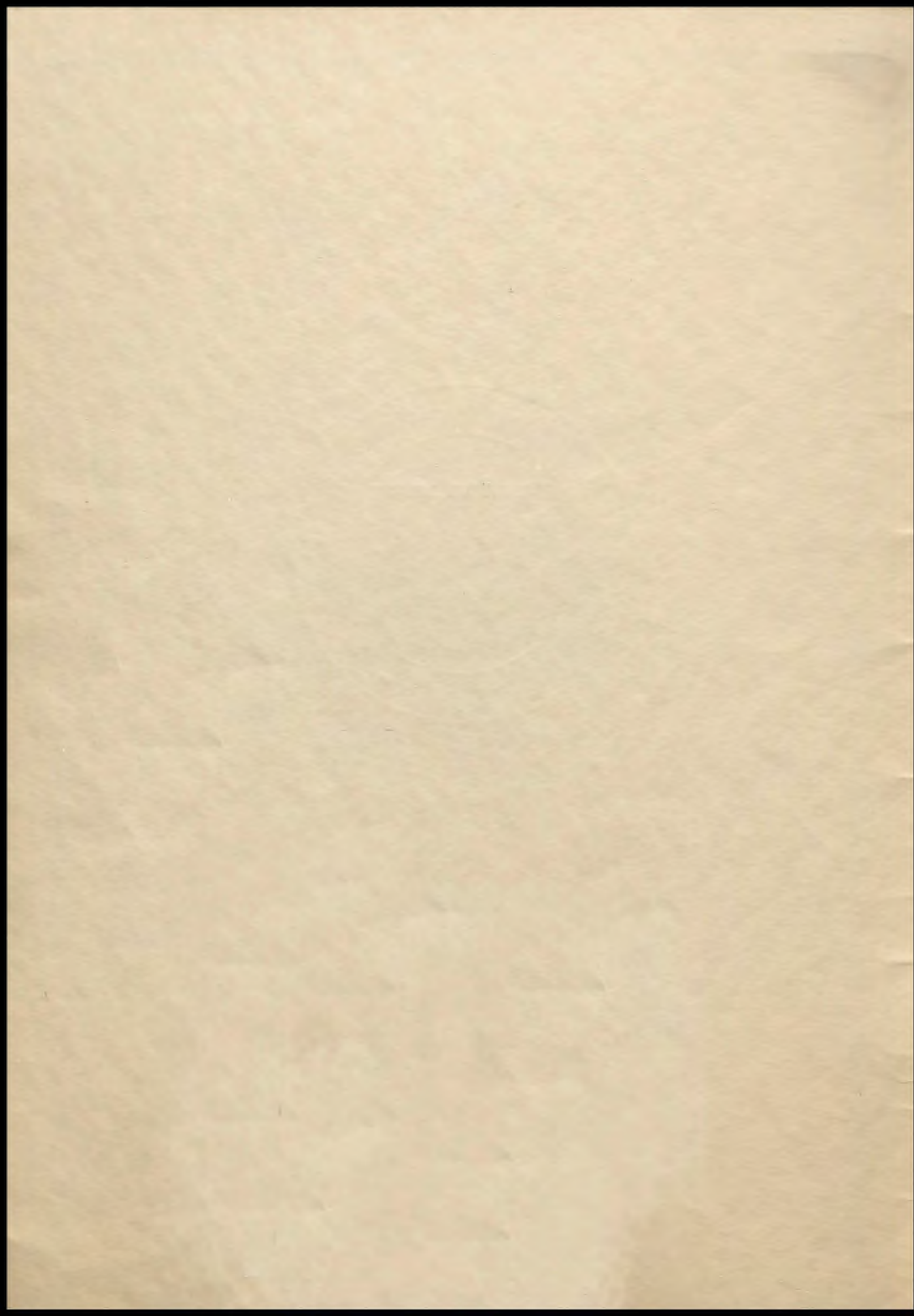


# BLUE AND WHITE



DECEMBER ISSUE



# The Blue and White

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Vergennes High School

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# LITERARY



Lois Bristol, '33, Literary Editor

**THE PRICE OF PEARLS**

William Carter, Jr., '31

The sleek attendant delicately extended one more shimmering string of pearls. Beneath his bored shop-expression a careful analysis might have detected a keener interest than seemed plausible. Joan, however, was not accustomed to analyzing salesmen. Salesmen were servants. With a languid air she took the proffered string. In spite of herself she gasped. The beauty of the stones affected her! With surprise at this emotion she reflected that only pearls, probably, could affect her now. She hated this thought but said wearily, "I'll take them." Ten thousand dollars changed hands—it wasn't important.

A moment later a sporty imported green roadster shot away from the curb before the shop. Her languidness had partly disappeared.

The attendant stepped to an ante-room. He reappeared almost immediately. Another car, a '28 Packard, swung in behind the streaking roadster. It soon dropped behind, however. Men can't afford to be held up for speeding. Joan wouldn't be. Cops never noticed when a flash of green hurtled by.

The city passed; Joan only increased the speed of her superb machine. It didn't matter now. Yet she must wear the pearls. No—Pearls!

It was nearly a year now since Dave had gone. She had cared for Dave. He would never know how much she had cared. Work—he had really gone to work. Yet she wondered what he was doing right at that moment! Confound his stupid pride! The man had been absolutely stubborn. Why hadn't he accepted a job with Dad? He did have pride.

It had been different before the crash. Then—but that was all past now. Dave was working somewhere. His own job; no pull; no woman's money; standing on his own feet, as he had said. She hadn't answered his

letters; she hadn't even read them. He hadn't written for months, and she had suffered, wishing that she had been willing to sacrifice everything to be with him.

The wind rushed by her head faster and faster. Unconsciously she swerved dangerously near the ditch, twisted the wheel, went on and on. An hour later an old Packard was the only car in sight.

With a sigh she snapped out of her reverie. She remembered the pearls in the little bag beside her. She was surprised to find that she was near Aunt Ella's. Aunt Ella understood one's trouble. She would admire the pearls; she loved beautiful things.

Joan soon swung up the crunchy gravel drive before her aunt's colonial "cottage." She ran up the big steps and into the hall. Aunt Ella, coming down stairs, seemed very excited. After a breathless conversation Joan gathered that her aunt's safe had been opened yesterday afternoon and now stood with door ajar, empty. Aunt Ella had just returned from a week-end trip. Detectives were on the way.

With a pang of regret Joan thought of Dave. In the old days—it wasn't so long ago that he had been with her. This was the very kind of situation he liked. He loved detective stories. Joan didn't admire this trait. She preferred to occupy his thoughts herself.

They left the hall and were seated in the drawing room. Hearing the sound of wheels on the drive, Aunt Ella exclaimed with relief, "Probably the detectives! There will be no publicity and, of course, I hope to have my jewels back."

Almost immediately they heard the slamming of the big door. This was strange. Detectives who enter without ringing aren't appreciated at such houses, and the servants rarely passed through the front door.

The two friends stood up as steps were heard approaching. Both were silent when two men, well dressed yet too flashy, too sleek, entered the room.



The right hand of the leader rested in his pocket. His companion carried an ugly looking automatic.

With mock courtesy the leader addressed Joan. "Lady," he said, "we want your pearls!"

Joan's eye met her aunt's. Their other visitor interpreted the glance and politely informed them that it was no use to delay. She opened her purse slowly and took out the beautiful pearls. Aunt Ella exclaimed incoherently. With a grunt of satisfaction the leader reached forward to take them.

He was interrupted by a crisp voice. "Just a minute," and a man, apparently unarmed, entered the room. Joan and Aunt Ella started with surprise. They recognized him,—Dave. The robbers also recognized the man. After following his glance to the doorway they surrendered their weapons. On the threshold two more newcomers were standing.

"Take care of them, sergeant," said Dave, and soon the unpleasant intruders had been removed.

"The pearls—," said Aunt Ella, "Where did you get them, child? They are mine."

Joan told her story very, very briefly.

"The same place I bought them!" exclaimed Aunt Ella. "I can't understand it."

For the first time Dave spoke to them. "I can," he said. "We've been watching that place. This is the fifth time they have sold those pearls. Each time the gang has brought them back. They were stolen in the first place."

"We?" said Joan. "Who are 'we'?"

"Oh, so you didn't open my letters then? I'm employed by Smith's Detective Agency. This case makes me a partner in the firm."

"So you are a policeman, Dave?" queried Joan.

"A detective," he corrected.

"I didn't open your letters, but I wish that I had. Letters from a detective might have been interesting after all."

## WINTER DAYS

Some winter days are dull and grey,  
The clouds hang low, the air is still,  
The hills are cloud-draped far away;  
We turn indoors with inborn chill,  
To venture out some other day.

Another time the sun shines bright,  
The air is clear and crisp with cold,  
The snow is smooth for our delight,  
The brightness serves to make us bold  
And travel far, when hearts are light.

A day of heat will bring a thaw  
And fill the streets with dripping slush,  
Hilltops are muddy, bleak and raw;  
The world once more has lost its hush,  
And noise is once again the law.

Roger Wendell, '31

## WISHES

Why wish for a world with just sunshine?

Why wish for a world without rain?  
Surely you know that life's treasures  
Always come after the pain.

Why wish for the gold at the rainbow?  
Why think there is nothing in life?  
Surely you've something to live for,  
Even though troubles are rife.

Why say that the world is a humbug  
When your spirits are weary and blue?  
Surely you know that tomorrow  
You'll start at the dawn anew.

Why give up the fight without effort  
To drive all your sorrows away?  
Surely you know without thinking  
Joys will the cares thrice outweigh.

Lois Bristol, '32

## PHILANTHROPY, ETC.

Roger Wendell, '31

Jimmie McNealan, junior partner of the Guilden Freize Architectural Contractors, stopped his work suddenly with his pencil poised in mid air and

looked at the buzzer on his desk expectantly. Suddenly it buzzed again. His ears had not deceived him, and his senior partner desired his presence in his adjacent office. Jimmie arose, straightened his tie, and walked into the other room. Mr. Howard, his partner, was walking the floor with his eyes on the button on his desk, ready to make further attacks on the silence. When Jimmie came in the door his partner picked up a piece of scrap paper which evidently bore a telephone message.

"You've got a job, Jimmie," he announced as he studied the strip of paper. "A Mrs. Van Sweldt just called up and wants me to send over someone to give advice on a room she is finishing over. She said that it was to be a very special work of art, which is why I am telling you about it, because I know you like a job where you can use your imagination and someone else's money for a lot of fool effects."

Jimmie smiled. His partner was more interested in strong steel frames in buildings than beautiful interiors. He left the joy of such work to Jimmie.

Mr. Howard went on. "It gets me," he lamented sadly; "some people are so rich that they do over a room, not because the wall paper is dirty or the ceiling is cracked, but because they want something new to look at. It's a wonder that they don't demand that the city change the street in front of their houses because it bores them."

Jimmie laughed. "You should worry. They pay you for it anyway, and this individual may have good reasons. Where does she live? I'll run right over and see what she wants."

Twenty minutes later Jimmie stepped from an elevator at the fifteenth floor of the new high front apartments of upper Fifth Avenue. He rang the bell of Apartment Number Twenty-eight, as per advice, and was rewarded by the appearance of a grey-haired woman dressed in a large and flamboyant dress of thin material.

When Jimmie had introduced himself she at once became both cordial

and talkative. "It's all for Flossie," she was saying as she led him across a luxurious parlor to an outer room which was devoid of furniture. "We want her to feel that she has a room all her own, so we are having this one done over in miniature just for her. I want the door cut in half so that the bottom can be opened without the top. The windows will have to be made lower, and I think a fountain with gold fish would interest her."

Jimmie felt a glow of satisfaction. "Mrs. Van Sweldt," he said, "I wish you would leave this entire job to me. I know exactly what you want. With the measurements of that room I could make it a bit of outdoors, a bit of fairyland."

Mrs. Van Sweldt beamed. "You may go as far as you like," she said. "Nothing is too good for Flossie. She has been the same as one of the family ever since we adopted her."

Jimmie's heart warmed. These rich old dames were human after all. He would have something to talk about when he got back to the office.

Supervised from the drawing board of Jimmie McNealan the work progressed rapidly. Nothing was omitted which would make a lonely child in a big house happy. Even Mr. Howard became thoughtful, and he made several helpful suggestions. Jimmie noticed that he became more interested in the happiness of his own children and that a play-room was taking shape on the drawing board of Mr. Howard, to be installed in his own home.

At last the work was finished, and Jimmie called at the Van Sweldts' to see the effect and to catch a portion of the joy of little Flossie as she played in the room.

He was admitted by the butler, and was surprised to find Mrs. Van Sweldt before the little door, trying by various shoves and coaxings to make a small white dog go into the room.

"It won't go in," she complained, almost angrily he thought.

"Why don't you have Flossie call it from within?" he said with a smile.



Mrs. Van Sweldt looked surprised.  
 "This," she said, regarding the dog  
 disgustedly at arm's length, "is Flos-  
 sie."

### THE CHIPMUNK WITHOUT A TAIL

I saw him near the house one day—  
 This chipmunk without a tail;  
 This is a pun in an obvious way,  
 Now you can follow the trail.  
 But how in the world could he lose his  
 plume?  
 Perhaps he was caught in a trap;  
 Perhaps he fought, then started to  
 fume,  
 And escaped with it there in the gap.  
 Or maybe a man with naught to do  
 Took only a souvenir  
 And let him live, 'though I'm sure he  
 knew  
 He'd been cruel. The poor little  
 dear!

And those who guessed the sad mishap,  
 And guessed his cause to wail,  
 Felt sorry for the little chap—  
 The chipmunk without a tail.

Lois Bristol, '32

### DEER HUNTING

I sit here in my seat today  
 And picture the woods so far away.  
 I picture the men all hunting for deer,  
 I picture the day; it is nice and clear;  
 But the prettiest picture I can see  
 Is the mother deer and her baby,  
 Afraid to venture out in the clear  
 For fear some hunter is waiting near.  
 The little one seems so happy and free,  
 But mother knows there will danger  
 be—  
 If the hunter sees so much as her head  
 He's sure to shoot. What a terrible  
 dread!  
 I wonder, dear men, what picture I'd  
 see  
 If you were the deer all ready to flee,  
 And they were the men behind some  
 tree,  
 All ready to shoot the minute they'd  
 see  
 The least little bit of your body.

Agnes McDurfee, '34

### ON THE SLOPE OF A MOUN- TAIN GLADE

On the slope of a mountain glade,  
 Where the trees arch high above,  
 I love to pause and hear the wind  
 Sigh out its song of love.

On the crest of a ridge of rock,  
 That marks the height of a peak  
 I stand and watch the world of men,  
 And the view is barren and bleak.

But the woods are cool and still,  
 And you know no other's woe.  
 Shall human mind and human hand  
 Be the force which bids them go?

Roger Wendell, '31

### REALISM

Mary Bourget, '33

It was a queer room, all green and  
 black with a dash of orange now and  
 then. The walls were broken swirls  
 of orange and green against a black  
 background, with no pictures. There  
 were green velvet draperies, strange-  
 shaped painted furniture and dimly  
 lighted lamps. It was like some mod-  
 ernistic stage setting.

Charles Van Wayne—a young  
 Apollo—tall, slender and graceful,  
 with dark hair and eyes, sat on the  
 low couch before the fireplace. His  
 dark eyes, intent on watching the  
 flames, were thoughtful.

Red flames, blue flames, yellow  
 flames—all jumping, circling and  
 changing. He looked around. This  
 strange gorgeousness was Sibyl's sit-  
 ting-room! 'Mother!' Charles gave  
 a bitter laugh, then—  
 "Charles!"

Jumping up quickly and holding out  
 both hands, he drew Sibyl, a tiny,  
 dark-haired, dark-eyed person, dressed  
 in bright orange pajamas, to the couch.  
 Tea and talk. Vivid talk from  
 Sibyl, half-hearted from Charles.

———"Charles, I met that Mr. Roberts, the wonderful bridge player, today! He's darling, and looks just like a count!"

———"Do you suppose he'll help you any?"

———"Think of it, he's going to help me, and—I've invited him to dinner!"

———"Oh———"

\* \* \* \* \*

Came college. Charles, now "Van," was easily the most popular boy on the campus. He drove, he swam, he rode, he danced, he paddled, he played polo, was enthusiastic about golf, and was class president.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then came the Annual Masquerade Ball. Of course Charles invited Sibyl.

\* \* \* \* \*

———"Charles, I want you to introduce me as your cousin. Don't tell anyone that I'm your mother. Will you, Charles? Please!"

He looked down at her. Sibyl dressed in a flowing red chiffon dress with velvet hearts scattered here and there, her tiny, high-heeled, red velvet slippers, her striking crown of rubies and red silk mask—she was undeniably a "Queen of Hearts." There was a hurt look in Charles' eyes but he said, "If you want me to—Sibyl."

Charles, gayly dressed as a high-wayman, danced with Jerry, with June, with Hildegard; he danced with gypsies, with ballet-dancers, with Turkish girls, but always with that hurt look in his eyes.

It was three weeks after that when Charles' dreams were completely shattered. On coming back from golf he found two letters awaiting him. On reading them his dark face became white with pain. Sibyl's letter—happy-go-lucky. Dad's—sympathetic.

Over and over again the words echoed in his ears, "A divorce! Must choose between Dad and Sibyl."

Bitter thoughts—Life, life was just a game, a game of hearts. Everyone

must play his own hand. Hearts were trump. Look at Sibyl, daring, sophisticated, an expert at the game. Sibyl, always 'posing.' Sibyl, lazy, stretched on the couch in her bright orange pajamas, her dark head against a colorful pillow. Sibyl, smart in black and white, alert, laughing and interested, on the golf course. Sibyl, dressed in a pale evening gown, lovely, fun-loving and strangely wistful, at a ball. And Dad!

Charles' voice broke as he said, "You're a trump, Dad!" He had made his choice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly the curtains closed, hiding Charles Van Wayne, the popular Broadway hero, from view. Silence. The spell-bound audience relaxed its tenseness and drew a breath of satisfaction. The play, "Realism," had made a hit!

## A QUEER BOXING MATCH

Wilma Wood, '31

Come with me to one of the foothills of the Green Mountains. The time—noon in late November. The scene—a clearing in which a man and a boy, sitting side by side, are eating their noonday lunch. Nearby is a pile of wood which tells us that they are choppers.

They finish their eating and are resting and smoking when we hear the boy say, "I'd like to know what that 'ere dog be barking about. He hasn't stopped since 'round ten o'clock this morning, accordin' to my hearing."

"Let's go and see, Joe," answers the man, whom we take to be the boy's father. So the two walk in the direction from which they hear the dog's barks.

After they have walked about eighty rods they see the dog and also see what has caused all the noise. The



animal had dug and dug in the snow that had packed in between the branches of an immense fallen tree until he had uncovered the den of an old bear, who had thought he was safe until spring.

The man takes the axe and tries to kill the bear, who is getting the best of poor Fido. As he approaches him to strike, the bear knocks the axe away about four feet. He gets the axe and tries again, but every time the bear knocks the axe from his hand. The struggle between dog and man and the bear goes on until the man sees that he is not going to be able to kill old Bruin with an axe. He sends the boy home and keeps watch of the dog and the bear, who seem to have declared an armistice.

After a long half hour the boy returns on horseback, bringing a rifle and ammunition. Of course the story is soon ended now, but we are convinced that a bear is a good boxing opponent.

### OUTSIDE THE LINE OF DUTY

It was a dark, rainy day in the valley of the Wild Moose. The rain descended in torrents and rolled in streams from the already saturated land. For the valley was in the grip of one of the worst floods that its history had ever known. The Wild Moose, ordinarily a tranquil stream which meandered through its fertile valley on its way to the sea, was now a roaring torrent, sweeping wildly over the rolling acres which had once been the pride of the peaceful farmers who dwelt by its banks. The railroad, upon which the little town of Malton depended for its communication with the outside world, was perilously near destruction as the waters swept about its embankments, and fifty isolated survivors of the wrecked town gazed anxiously along its stretching steel tracks

for the help that might never come.

In the railroad terminal of Clinton, thirty miles away, a wearied train dispatcher addressed the gathering of firemen and engineers who had crowded into his office: "The water is high, the tracks may be gone, but they are waiting for you down there. No one will be ordered to go, but volunteers will please step forward."

It can be said to the credit of them all that there was not one among them who would not willingly have given his life if it was necessary, but in justice to their families, wives and children who were dependent upon them they could not go. Nevertheless, six men stepped forward, and the dispatcher indicated two of them by a nod of his head. Without a word they turned on their heels and left the room. Ten minutes later a freight engine, with a box car attached, pulled out of the terminal.

The engine puffed slowly along the tracks and safely felt its way over twenty-five miles of treacherous embankment before entering the hardest hit district of the valley. In some places the water was over the tracks, but still the small engine crept on. Finally they reached the last bend and slowly rounded it. There, dimly seen through the driving rain, were the refugees, huddled upon the station platform. The whistle of the engine burst forth in a shrill shriek of triumph. Then, upon the very brink of success, there was a grinding of metal, a burst of escaping steam, and the waters closed over their victims.

\* \* \* \* \*

Today, in a small town in a western state, there is a small shaft of marble, erected "to perpetuate the memory of the heroic sacrifice of James Franklin and William Smith, killed in courageous performance outside the line of duty."

Robert W. Larrow, '32



## Le Department Francais

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

### ENNEMIS MAIS CAMARADES

Voici un incident qui s'est passé pendant la grande guerre. Il eut lieu en France en 1917.

Deux soldats blessés gisaient sur le champs de bataille. L'un était américain, l'autre allemand. Tous les deux avaient soif. L'Américain leva son bidon pour boire le peu d'eau qui lui restait. Tout à coup il la baissa. Il avait remarqué que son compagnon, blessé comme lui, avait soif aussi. Immédiatement il lui donna le contenu de son bidon. Puis il aperçut un trou dans lequel ils pourraient s'abriter. Bien qu'il fut presque épuisé il réussit enfin à tirer l'allemand dans le trou.

Mais hélas! Au moment où l'Américain se cachait dans le trou il y avait un grand bruit. Quelqu'un avait jeté une grenade. Tout de suite notre héros tomba dans le trou. Il fut blessé de nouveau, et cette fois mortellement.

Deux heures plus tard leur corps étaient trouvés par un conducteur d'ambulance. Ils étaient côté à côté, la main dans la main, un sourire aux lèvres.

Gertrude Leonard, '31

### LE NICKEL PERDU

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Pourquoi ne vient-il pas? Il y a presque deux heures que je l'attends et il n'est pas encore ici! Ce suspense est terrible! Il ne me reste que quinze minutes! Mon Dieu!"

Des larmes coulaient des yeux noirs comme l'ébonie de Verna, et elle marchait de long en large d'un pas rapide.

Elle jetait des coups d'oeil presque craintifs dans la ruelle qui conduisait à la grande rue de la petite ville. Les frères et soeurs la regardaient d'un air désespéré. Ils n'y pouvaient rien. Elle n'aperçut même pas la petite Agnes qui, toute enfant qu'elle était, tachait d'arrêter les larmes qui coulaient sur les belles joues de sa soeur. Verna n'était pas consolable.

Tout à coup elle regarde par la fenêtre et jette un cri perçant. Voilà son frère Georgie qui court à toute vitesse. Qu'est ce qu'il serrait si fidèlement dans sa petite main malpropre?

Aussitôt qu'il était rentré Verna lui dit: "Que faisiez vous, misérable? Où étiez-vous? Regardez-moi qui vous attend depuis deux heures! Dites moi!" Pauvre Georgie! Que faire? Verna était exasperée et très fâchée de lui. "Mais Verna," dit Georgie, "j'ai perdu un nickel en jouant aux billes dans l'allée et j'y suis resté plus d'une heure pour le regagner. Sans cela je n'aurais pas pu acheter votre chose, n'est-ce pas?"

A cet instant elle saisit la boîte de rouge violemment de sa main, et après s'en être servie elle s'est hâtée vers la pharmacie du coin où l'attendait son nouvel ami, le fidèle M. Peterson.

Arza L. Dean, '31.

### VIVE LA FRANCE!

C'était en Alsace pendant la grande guerre. Dans la ville de Thann, il y avait un garçon qui s'appelait Pierre Delsart, et qui avait onze ans. Dans la ville presque tout le monde étaient allemand, mais la famille Delsart res-

tait toujours française. Ils parlaient la langue de la belle France, et ils avaient dans la maison un petit drapeau de la patrie bien aimée. Le grand père de Pierre avait été maréchal sous Napoléon III.

A cause de cela le sang loyal coulait dans les veines de toute la famille. Son grand-père avait dit à Pierre avant qu'il eut mort: "Pierre, restez toujours loyal à la France, et la jour viendra où le drapeau français flottera de nouveau au-dessus de l'Alsace." Et après toutes les afflictions qu'ils avaient souffertes, ce jour est enfin arrivé. Les braves soldats de la France étaient venus, ils marchaient dans la grande rue où presque toutes les maisons étaient vides, ceux qui voulaient se faire allemand les ayant abandonnées, mais il y avait une maison qui n'était pas vide. Là demeurait la famille Delsart, et à la porte Pierre Delsart criait, "Vive la France!"

Robert W. Larrow, '32  
Casablanca le 8 mai

#### Lettre de sa correspondant française

à Mlle Lois Bristol

My dear friend:

I received your pretty letter. Thank you for it. Now I know how you are. I like your portrait. Can you sent me a "photo" of yourself? I will be very

much pleased. Dear me! I cannot write a sentence without mistakes, can you translate my poor letter? Your french is good, but you write only a few words of french and it seems difficult to me for translating your English. Look at this big sentence I write, it is an example (but a piteous one). Have you a big work at school? Here you work very much and I must prepare a composition of chemistry for to-morrow morning. Do you learn chemistry? And do you like it. I am very fond of it, but I don't like physic (it is a terrible thing). Now I will write "français."

Vous me dites qu'il fait froid à Vergennes. Ici il fait très beau depuis quelques jours. Le soleil brille et chauffe. Notre jardin est splendide; plein de roses, de daturas, de geraniums et d'éternelles violettes; les massifs de leucanies sont aussi en fleurs; les mimosas sont bien vertes, leurs boules jaune ont été mangées par les sauterelles; c'est bien dommage mais ce qu'il y a de plus beau ce sont les plantes "gralles" remplies de fleurs mauves qui s'ouvrent au soleil et s'endorment avec lui. J'aime bien le Maroc vraiment, mais j'aime par dessus tout la France où je vais cette année pendant les grandes vacances. Je ne crois pas que j'aille jamais en Amérique, mais si nous ne nous voyons pas il est déjà très agréable de vous écrire.

Your affectionate

Marthe.



## Editorials

### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

In late years the Student Council in our school has been of little importance, and this is a circumstance which we deeply regret, for we feel that a measure of self-government is one of the best influences on any body, the student body not excepted. This inactivity was not the fault of the school authorities, but rather that of the Council itself. In other schools this group, or one similar to it, holds regular sessions and passes judgments, some binding and some advisory. But here there is usually little or no activity at all. The office seems to be regarded in class elections as unimportant. It is for the regularly elected members and the class presidents, who are also members, to follow up the line of activity they have begun by supervising the mock election, to make their influence felt in the school and to take a hand in the many subjects which are suitable for their consideration.

The readers of the Blue and White have no doubt noted several changes in the style of printing, cover design, size, and in other respects. The Editorial Staff instituted these revisions as a result of the Conference at the University of Vermont, and we feel much indebted to the University and to our fellow editors for the helpful information we received there.

Editorials have been written on various subjects, ranging from the paper

of some political party, which may wax eloquent in the appeal for the modification of such and such a law, to the appeal of the high school student who desires a larger attendance at athletic contests. My appeal, however, comes not from the standpoint of the political party nor from that of the sports enthusiast, but from one who wishes more editorials for the "Blue and White."

There are so many subjects which have not been discussed in the "Blue and White," and which are of interest to the student body:

Dancing at V. H. S. Do you think it advisable that there should be high school dances? Perhaps some think that the Freshman initiation is open to controversy. There are many arguments both for and against this custom. Concerning football—Vergennes has had no team for the last two or three years. Is it because of lack of spirit, lack of material, or lack of student support?

The range of subjects of interest for editorials is large, and yet this department of our high school paper has fewer contributions and less support than any other. Why should the student body leave the writing of editorials to the staff, when it offers a wonderful opportunity for the students to express their stand on various subjects of school interest?

The next issue of the "Blue and White" will follow this one by but a short period of time. Let's express our feelings and the foundation for them in the coming issue, on subjects interesting to us.

Charles Wilson, Jr., '31



### BUSINESS DEPRESSION

Probably the most common topic in the country today is the general depression which is widespread, and which is not confined to our country alone, but extends also over practically the whole world. It has been the cause of revolutions and attempted rebellions in many countries on nearly every continent. We Americans, who are accustomed to thinking that our scale of living is the most stable and secure one, are finding that we are not immune to hard times, and that we cannot be entirely independent of the rest of the world. Indeed that is probably one of the most serious problems the United States has to face, the feeling of over-confidence.

It has been said by many economical experts that our scale of living is far too high to be maintained, and that our high tariff remedy cannot be carried on ad infinitum, and there is probably a

measure of truth in this opinion, but nearer the truth is the fact that our progress is too rapid and that we are too much in advance of other nations. It is for us to remember that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and that to be permanent any progress must not be made independently of the rest of the world, but rather in conjunction with the other nations.

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In this issue of the "Blue and White" we have departed from the precedent of not using advertising solicited from the various merchants and have introduced this to a certain extent. This step has been taken in order to make us financially able to edit a better paper and more issues, and in spite of the doubtful value of advertising in school papers, the local merchants have co-operated with us to a gratifying extent, and we wish to thank them and to ask our readers to patronize our advertisers.

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### ART DEPARTMENT

We are continuing the scheme applied last year in using full page linoleum blocks.

The cover design was suggested by Robert Larrow; the Alumni page was

contributed by Vonda Hallock, '30. The Literary, Athletic and Grinnery pages were designed and cut by the Art Editor.

R. O. Griffin, '31

## School Activities

Mary Bourget, '33, Editor

### FRESHMAN RECEPTION

Ah! The night of nights! It was Friday, the 12th of September. The Seniors were having the honor of receiving the class of '34.

Due to many sacrifices and hard planning the Freshmen attended in a large number. One by one they were put through their paces. The faculty was received in the same manner.

The plans of the seniors were to put the freshies in the best condition for the refreshments. This scheme to rouse the appetite certainly proved a success. Some people say electric shocks are good for nervousness. The seniors thought so too. Our hosts wanted to bring the temperatures of the freshies to normal, and consequently put them through an informal exercise, using a cake of ice or a paddle!

We freshies want to thank the seniors for the good time, and "34's" certainly know good punch when they see it.

David Ryan, '34

### THE PIRATE PARTY.

Saturday, September 20, the Red and Black Pirate Party was given the victorious Reds by the defeated Blacks. Under the commendable leadership of Owen Griffin, who, by the way, had only one afternoon to provide for the whole party, everyone celebrated the downfall of the Blacks—except the Blacks, who rejoiced in the knowledge that, while they did not win the treasure, they sold more subscriptions than the Reds.

Pirate costumes had been requested, and a great deal of variety was seen,

some considering bloomers very seaman-like, and others complete to the wide-top boots often used by pirates as a handy place to hide pistols, knives and spare bottles of rum. A momentous event in the party was the entrance of our French teacher, who was the only teacher with courage enough to wear a costume.

Only punch and cookies were served, as ye Black Pirates were a bit inclined to be "broke." They not only lost the treasure on the island, but there was a good talkie in town the night before. Even the clean-up squad had a fine time, as they had, with great presence of mind, put a half gallon of punch in a dark corner to keep up their poor spirits the next day when they picked up the scattered paper cups and peanuts from the relay race.

Roger Wendell, '31

### EIGHTS THROW A HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

On the memorable night of October 24, 1930 A. D., in the twentieth century, the gym shook to its very foundations from the "goings on" of the class of '35. The hard pressed chaperons had to answer all kinds of questions and join in all kinds of games. It happens that these chaperons were Mr. Carter, Miss McGovern and Miss Delaney, in order of height. Ah! The party starts! Whoopee! Robert Smith won the apple bobbing contest, but that was because of his natural ability. A very enjoyable game was "Reuben and Rachel." All hands joined in and had a good time. Games came and games went with a great



deal of fun over each. Ah! But all nice things can't last forever. But never fear, the best part of the party was before us yet. The Eats! The Eats! Rah! Rah! Rah! and a couple of Tigers. Oh boy! Wasn't that punch good? All hands, from ghosts and clowns to Mexicans and darbies, joined in the eating and were glad of it. Each and every one had a very satisfied feeling when he pushed his cup and plate aside. But hold! 'Twas time to go home. "Ah reservoir" and other German phrases floated to us as we drifted away from the gym on that memorable night of October 24, 1930, A. D., in the twentieth century.

Edward Ryan, '35

### SEVENTH GRADE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On October 30th the Sevens celebrated Hallowe'en by giving a very hilarious party. After playing several games, dancing, and eating, everyone went home thinking of jack-o-lanterns, live ghosts, gruesome stories, and delicious refreshments.

Faith Kenyon, '36

### DID THE FRESHIES HAVE A PARTY?

You should have stepped into the lower hall of the gymnasium October 24th and seen George Noonan dressed as Wamba, and you would have thought that the scenes of "Ivanhoe" had returned.

Did it rain? No, it poured. Everyone was there at eight sharp with dripping umbrellas and wet raincoats.

The "Fated Spot" was one of the first games, and as you might know, Shirley Adams and Raymond Ryan landed on it. They rendered that famous musical number, "Yankee Doodle." Evidently the music went to their heads.

Miss Wright and Miss Allbee both

took an active part in the "Blind Bag Race."

Shirley Adams and Lois Bristol next gave a very snappy number entitled "A Two-some Vaudeville," which everyone enjoyed immensely.

As no party is complete without the eats, we were served delicious punch and cookies.

After the refreshments everyone rushed for the door, thus marking the end of our successful party.

Mary Parrish, '34

### ELECTION DAY AT V. H. S.

(Sponsored by the Student Council)

On Tuesday, November fourth, V. H. S. presented a scene of a seemingly endless line of people going through the process of a mock election.

At 1:15 of the afternoon session Mr. Carter called an assembly in which Robert Larrow, as the appointed chairman, gave a short explanation to the student body concerning the principal rules of voting. He was then aided by Willard Adams to distribute the ballots. Joan Casey and William Carter, Jr., had charge of the first check list, while Henry Richardson and Harriet Daigneault had charge of the second. Junior Wilson, as ballot clerk, had his "booth" in the back of the main room. The election was brought to a close by the members of the Student Council assembling in Mr. Carter's office to count votes. The results showed that the members of V. H. S. were largely Republican.

Harriet Daigneault, '32

### DRAMATIC CLUB

A Dramatic Club has been organized in V. H. S. this year and holds weekly meetings.

There are thirty-six members, and the members of the faculty belong. The officers are: Robert Larrow, president; Arza Dean, vice president; Mary Bour-



get, secretary; and Roger Wendell, treasurer.

The club hopes to put on several plays.

Mary Bourget, '33

### I

During assembly on October seventh Mr. Donald Sears gave a very interesting talk on broom corn. Mr. Sears has lived in Etna, Illinois, for many years and has assisted in the harvesting of the corn. He exhibited many fine specimens and outlined the culture and growth of the crop. The information which Mr. Sears gave us has added much to our pleasure and knowledge.

Shirley Adams, '34

### II

On October 20, 1930, Professor I. H. Dickinson talked to the school on his trip up the Hudson and Lake Champlain. In closing, he remarked that Vermonters do not appreciate Lake Champlain and the scenery in Vermont as much as do those people who come from other states.

Shirley Haven, '34

### III

#### AGRICULTURE BOYS' TRIP TO ST. LOUIS

On October 24 Elmer Pilger and Wilbur Norton gave their much dreaded report of their trip to St. Louis, where they attended the National Dairy Show.

From their talk we came to the conclusion that most of their time was spent in eating, sleeping, and traveling around, but, joking aside, they did some good work in judging cattle.

The boys spent three days in St. Louis, but were, nevertheless, glad to return to V. H. S.

Charles Ryan, '34

### IV

#### MISS MADDOCK ADDRESSES GIRLS' ASSEMBLY

On Friday, November 21, a special assembly was held for the girls. The speaker was Miss Florence Maddock of Seattle, Washington, who is the Vermont State Representative of the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Maddock spoke to us on "What to Do after You Leave School." She explained the different kinds of work which are classified under one name. It was a very interesting assembly and the girls hope we may continue having similar ones in other years.

After the assembly Miss Maddock discussed special cases with a number of the girls.

Helen Jarvis, '33

### V

Mr. Carter has given several inspiring talks this fall. He spoke on Fire Prevention and Integrity, and a more recent assembly was our Armistice Assembly. In this last talk Mr. Carter quoted these words of Mr. Hughes: "Wherever the stars and stripes float, there is a shrine."

Mary Bourget, '33

#### ADDITIONAL ITEMS

After our last issue of the Blue and White last year we had several assemblies worthy of mention. Three of our speakers were Miss Leavens of Montpelier, Mrs. Carter, an interior decorator, and Miss Ann Connelly.

The Sevens put on two interesting plays. One was a clever little health play, the other a gruesome (!) pirate play, with a parrot, some fudge, and several daring pirates in it.

Mary Bourget, '33

On October 29 the American History class was addressed by Mr. Herrick at the library. The class was much interested in Mr. Herrick's talk on the

early history of Vergennes, and felt that the bits of history they gained there fitted in well with their study of Colonial times. Mr. Herrick has spent much time collecting information, of which he now has a large fund. The class wishes to take this opportunity to extend their thanks to him for his helpful informative address.

#### FRESHMAN LIBRARY LESSONS

Following her usual custom, Mrs.

Chatterton initiated this year's Freshman class into the uses of the library. According to Mrs. Chatterton, the Freshmen this year have made an outstanding record, consequently the examination took a rather novel form, each member writing a bibliography on a chosen subject. This, of course, caused much hard work on Mrs. Chatterton's part, and we wish to thank her for the time she has spent in helping us.

Shirley Haven, '34

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#### VERMONT

Vermont—with its changeable weather;

Vermont—with its typical days;

Vermont—with its snow covered heath-  
er;

Vermont we will love always.

Vermont—yes, she pities the South-  
land,

With its snow never one foot deep;

Vermont—ah, she thrills to the North-  
land,

Whose secrets she fain would keep.

Lois Bristol, '32

# ATHLETICS





**BOYS' BASKET BALL**

Walter Ryan, '33, Editor

A tournament has been played off in which C. W. Wilson, Jr., R. J. Ryan, Edward, "Ted," Scott and "Hoover" Hamel each led a team. The first game of the tournament was Scott vs. Hamel and was a victory for Hamel. The final score was 14-9. Wilson took on Ryan's team the next evening. This game was won by Ryan's gang with a score of 20-14. The game for the championship, Ryan vs. Hamel, resulted in a victory for Ryan. The score at the end of the fourth quarter was 16-14. This game was well attended.

Coach Smith announced after the game that varsity practice would start at once. A large squad has reported to the coach for practice. The players from last year's squad who are working out daily at the gym are: Wilson, Hamel, R. Ryan, T. Scott, Ralli, Gee, W. Ryan and Cotey. The new material consists of: Trudell, Jordan, Clark, Bristol, Paine, Booth, Blay, Torrey, Cuisson, D. Ryan, C. Ryan, Chamberlain, Richardson, and F. Scott.

"Hoover" Hamel has been elected manager with Ralli and Jordan as his assistants. Manager Hamel has arranged a fine schedule. The following teams are booked for two games:

Hinesburg  
Winooski  
Essex Junction  
Proctor  
\*Alumni  
Brandon

Middlebury

Vermont Industrial School

\*One Game.

We are also negotiating for two games with Waterbury.

**GIRLS' ATHLETICS**

Wilma Wood, '31, Editor

On October twentieth, 1930, all the girls interested in basket ball were requested to meet in Miss Delaney's room. We were deprived of the Assembly period and of listening to Pilger's interesting trip to St. Louis, but since we were anxious to start practicing, we were eager to meet Miss Delaney and to become acquainted with her methods. Miss Delaney is a new member of the faculty this year and is a graduate of Trinity College, 1930.

At this meeting we elected Eleanor Forrest as manager. There were thirteen girls who responded to the call for Basket Ball. They are as follows: Capt. W. Wood, M. Bunch, M. Bourget, M. Parrish, S. Haven, E. Graves, M. Carter, E. Forrest, R. Remele, H. Daigneault, H. Jarvis, L. Krampits, L. Kandzior and L. Brown.

Our season opened on December 2, when we met Hinesburg on our home court. The following line-up was scheduled: Forwards—H. Jarvis, H. Daigneault and R. Remele as substitute. Centers are E. Forrest and M. Carter; Guards, W. Wood, M. Bourget, M. Parrish, and E. Graves and S. Haven as substitutes.

With the loyal support of V. H. S. and our townspeople we are looking forward to a successful season.

W. Wood, '31



# ALUMNI

Contribution  
by  
Vonda Hallock, '30.



## Henry Richardson, '34, Alumni Editor

Doris Barton is attending Castleton Normal School.

Ezra Booth is residing at his home in Waltham.

Dorothy Broggin is at her home in West Addison.

Ernest Burroughs is now a resident of Charlotte.

Francis Casey is at his home in Bridport.

Robert Collom is now working in Vergennes.

George Driscoll is living at his home in Monkton.

Florence Dugan is at the Nurses' Training Hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Samuel Fishman is attending the University of Vermont.

Vonda Hallock is attending the Baker School of Dressmaking and Tailoring in Boston.

Robert Jackman is a student of Vermont Academy at Saxtons River.

Marion Jodoin is a resident of Vergennes.

Raymond Kingman is at his home in Ferrisburg.

Leo McGee is in Vergennes.

Miner Milo is at present employed by J. W. & D. E. Ryan.

Kathleen Norton is attending the University of Vermont.

Katherine Ryan is taking a secretarial course at U. V. M.

Richard Sheridan is a cadet at Norwich University.

Ellen Thomas is a student at Castleton Normal School.

Richard Torrey is working in Vergennes.

George Torrey is living at his home in Vergennes.

William Waterman is attending the State University at Burlington.

Audrey Wetherell is living in Vergennes and is employed at the LeBeau Restaurant.

Joyce Young is in college at U. V. M.

As I glance over the correspondence of this paper I find three bulletins from the University of Vermont informing us that Samuel W. Fishman has been pledged to Phi Sigma Delta fraternity and that Onslow L. Brown and William M. Waterman have been pledged to Kappa Sigma. Calista Pecue has been recently named on the Dean's Honor list at the University for high scholarship during the past year. Ellen Kellogg was one of three from the Women's College (Middlebury) to be chosen to Phi Beta Kappa, an honor conferred for high standing in studies.

## Exchange

Roger Wendell, '31, Editor

### THE PURPOSE OF EXCHANGES

Exchanges are used for the express purpose of securing helpful criticism from more experienced people by which we can improve our school magazine and make it more adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. Compliments make us proud, but suggestions make us think.

#### "R. H. S. CHIPS"

The enterprise of a student body in producing a school paper as complete as the "R. H. S. Chips" is greatly to be admired. We think that the appearance of the pages could be improved if still greater care was used to keep the paper straight when passed through the mimeograph.

#### "WINOOSKI HIGH SCHOOL BANNER"

June, 1930

This publication is the finest we have yet received this year. The departments are all so carefully worked out that we can only suggest the addition of an exchange department.

October, 1930

The above suggestion has been carried out, but the size of the book has been reduced, and so a great deal of important material had to be left out. The price was reduced, and therein lies the tale of woe. Lucky is the school that has access to a press and can produce as fine a publication as they wish by their own labor.

#### "ESSEX JUNCTION CLARION"

This school paper is very complete except for an alumni department. Our budding poets would do well to study

the poems contained in the October issue.

#### BRISTOL; "STATION B. H. S."

Though this paper contains but sixteen pages, counting the index and advertisements, it contains an astonishing amount of material boiled down to notes and facts. This is a greatly disputed policy.

#### THE HARDWICK ACADEMY "HARDWICKIAN"

The literary department is very interesting and the heading of your exchange department interesting and inspiring.

We wish to acknowledge also the "Red and White."

We hope to continue exchanges with the following:

- "The Reporter"
- "The Lakonian"
- "Homespun"
- "The Goddard Record"
- "The Sutherland"
- "The Missile"
- "Lasell Leaves"
- "R. H. S. Searchlight"
- "Reporter"
- "Peopleonian"
- "Orleansonian"
- "Black River Banner"
- "Neshotah News"
- "L. G. S. Messenger"
- "Skool Nooz"
- "H. H. S. Nooz"
- "Hi-Spirit"
- "D. H. S. News"
- "Aggie Echoes"
- "Vermont Cynic"
- "The Slate"
- "The Catamount"



# Grinnery

Harriet Field, '31, Editor

"The cold November days are here,  
The saddest of the year."  
How many times we've heard those words,  
And yet to me they're dear.  
They need not be the saddest days  
Of all, though they are drear;  
One "three-inch grin" from anyone  
Brings loads and loads of cheer.  
For as the sun lights up the sky,  
The bittersweet—the wood,  
So will one grin light up our hearts,  
And soothe our saddened mood.  
But still, of all the things I've named,  
They really are just half;  
There's not a thing that helps you more  
Than one good hearty laugh.

Lois Bristol, '32

## SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENTS

Extension of seats to afford room for R. Ryan's legs.

Speaking tubes for the girls of the Senior Class.

A scale of marks more encouraging to Latin and American History students.

Shipping of the Eights, who cannot stand confinement, to the wild open spaces.

A door to the main room large enough for two hundred to pass abreast.

A painless, quick, and easy method of extracting athletic dues.

A method of any sort for obtaining material for this paper.

A few jokes for the Grinnery which do not smell of camphor and preservatives.

A pencil sharpener that will function without annoying Mrs. Patterson.

A way of getting by Mr. Carter with an unprepared lesson.

Some desks for Room I which do not have collapsible bottoms and unapproachable cavities.

A quick and certain means of execution for the "better-mark-than-you" fiend.

False covers for exciting novels, made to resemble text books.

A quick, sure, and reliable antidote for long assignments.

Some key to understanding French class conversation.

"Horace!" gasped the poet as he entered his friend's room.

"Why, is there anything wrong, Rudolph?" inquired Horace.

"Wrong! I wrote a poem about my little boy. I began each verse with the line: My son! My pigmy counterpart!"

"Yes," murmured Horace.

"Read," he blazed. "Read what that idiot compositor did to that beautiful line."

Horace took the paper and read: "My son! My pig! My counterpart!"

—Selected.

"Have you a letter for me?" bashfully inquired a pretty girl at a village post office.

"Business or love letter?" asked the clerk, who was a bit of a wag.

"Business," replied the maiden in crimson confusion.

As no letter of that nature could be found she departed, but after a while returned, blushing to the hair-roots, and falteringly said, "Please, sir, would you mind looking among the love letters?"

—Selected.

### MY TRUNK

I checked my trunk and took a bunk  
And slept where none would mind me;  
I left my bunk to find that trunk,  
The trunk I left behind me.  
When morning dawned I left my berth  
To find a tie to bind me;  
'Twas in that trunk somewhere on earth  
That trunk I left behind me.  
I cursed and nearly took a flunk;  
The porter came to find me;  
He said we'd lost that cursed trunk,  
The trunk I left behind me.

Marshall Bame, '31

"The other night I went to the theatre  
With a lowbrow friend.  
And the orchestra played  
Little Brown Jug.  
And he thought  
It was the National Anthem.  
And he stood up.  
And I did, too.  
Darn him!"

—Selected.

Counsel for the prosecution had been rather sarcastic about the age of the youthful doctor who was one of the important witnesses for the defense but now he reached a point where his examination had to be serious.

"You are familiar," queried the lawyer, "with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I am," replied the young physician grimly.

"Then, if Mr. Smith"—waving his hand toward the defendant—"and I banged our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Well," said the doctor deliberately, "Mr. Smith might."

—Selected.

### ON TIME

He glanced quickly at his watch—with fast widening eyes. It was exactly fifty-five minutes after seven o'clock or five minutes of eight, Eastern Standard Time. He had had no idea it was so late. It seemed as though he had just eaten his supper. Was he too late? How could he have allowed himself to be so careless, he thought, as he rushed out of the door, pulling his coat on as he went. His thoughts kept time with his feet as he ran along. If he were too late it was only himself who was to blame, thought he. At last a large building loomed in the distance. He raced up the steps and suddenly became quiet. He listened. Then he softly opened the door and stuck a small portion of his head inside. He could see no one from there, so he tiptoed noiselessly in and looked into the other room. Nothing there to break the silence so oppressive. He sat down on the edge of a chair to wait, fidgeting nervously. Five, ten, then fifteen minutes pass, and then, at ten minutes past eight, the door opened softly, allowing someone to enter. Across the floor came steps. Ah! SHE had come at last! He walked boldly out the door



with HER. The librarian, frowning at the retreating figures, grumbled to himself: "I do wish the young people would learn that the public library is no place for dates."

Henry Richardson, '34

tell me what it's like there. If I die first, I'll come back and tell you what it's like."

"Dat suits me, Massa," replied the old Negro, "but if you die first, Ah wants you to promise me you'll come back in de day-time."

—Selected

"Do you drink?" asked the prosecuting counsel.

"That's my business," answered the indignant witness.

"Any other?" asked the counsel.

—Selected

An old Southern planter was discussing the hereafter with one of his colored servants. "Sam," he said, "if you die first, I want you to come back and

### EIGHT TIMES A DAY

A slow approach with muffled tread,  
A backward turning of the head,  
A sweeping glance around the room,  
A mien prophetic of our doom;  
The hand is poised to do the deed,  
Students are trembling like a reed,  
Perched on their toes,—ah, now at last!  
The period's over—classes pass.



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After all it is not what we earn, it's what we save that really counts.

The man who earns fifteen dollars a week and saves a dollar a week is worth more at the end of the year than the one who earns fifty or a hundred and fifty and spends it all.

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**THE COMPTROLLER,**

**University of Vermont,**

**Burlington, Vermont**

