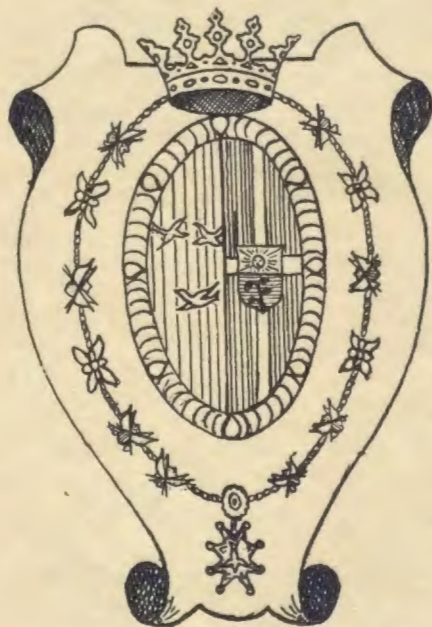


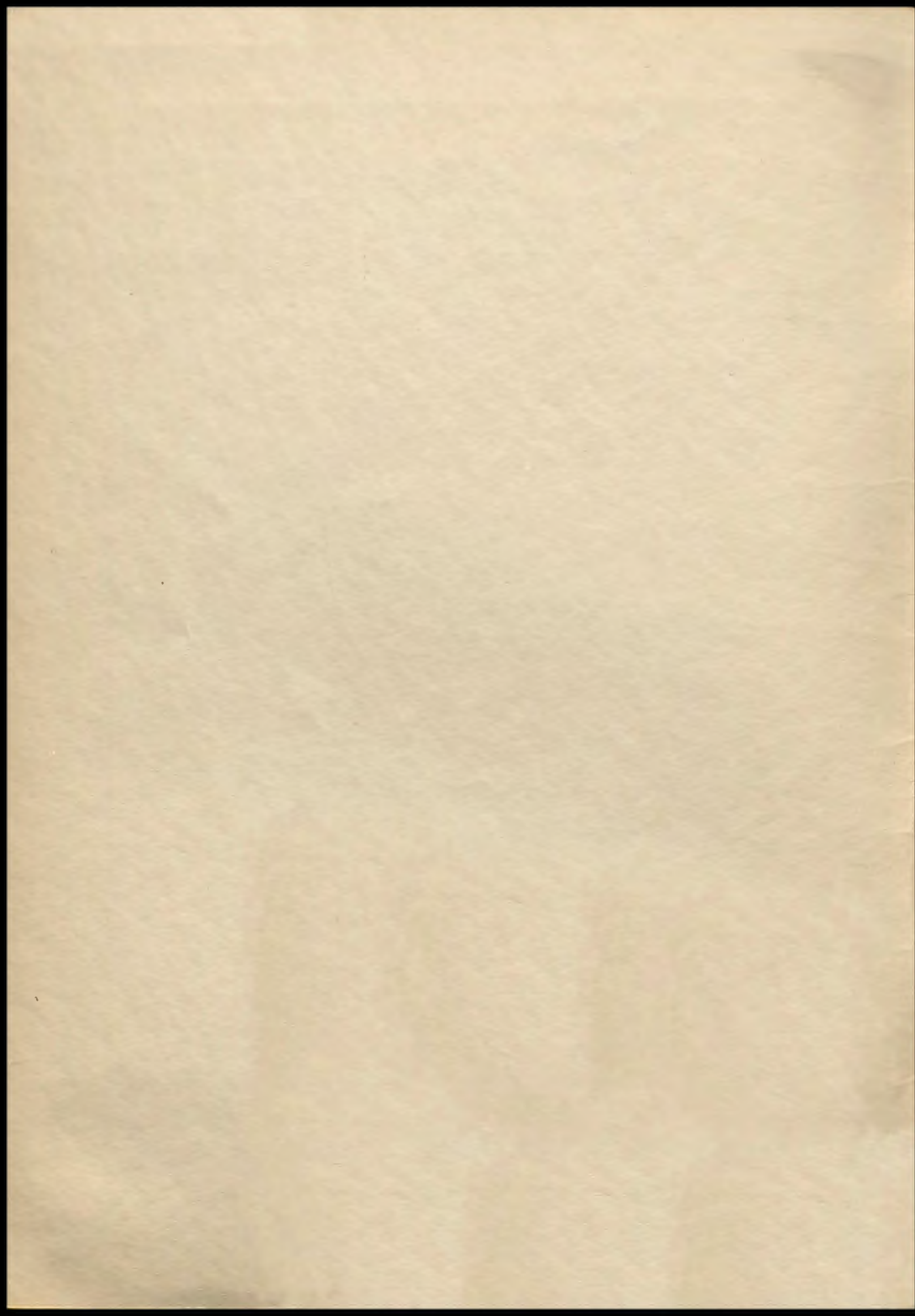
**Nov.
1931**

BLUE AND WHITE



VERGENNES HIGH SCHOOL

November Issue, 1931



The Blue and White

November Issue

1931

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Vergennes High School

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Drawn by Peter Hurd



Mary Bourget, '33, Editor

THE WANDERER

Mary Lance, '33

"They say that life is a highway, and
its milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a toll gate
where we buy our way with tears,
It's a rough road and a steep road and
it stretches broad and far,——."

The sun sank majestically over the purpling hills, and shadows crept mystically up their sides. Night settled calmly on the earth. The cold stars came out, and there was silence.

The lights of the village gleamed a welcome to the weary man who paused on the crest of the hill for breath. They seemed to beckon with promises of food and warmth. Slowly he obeyed their summons, picked up his bundle, and trudged on down the hill road.

Minutes later, hours it seemed, he came to a stop before a great house. Lights were streaming from the windows, and sounds of music and laughter drifted out to the man in the street. Surely here was what he

sought. Here were food and gaiety and warmth.

He started in at the gate, then shook his head and went on up the side path to the kitchen door. At first no one heard his knock, but a second attempt brought the cook in her white dress and cap. She peered at him where he stood in the shadow and asked, "Well, what do you want? Say your say and start goin'. Sure an' I've no time to bother with ye now."

"Please," he said, "I thought you might give me a bite to eat. I won't bother if I may come in a moment. You see I haven't eaten——."

"Be off with ye," interrupted the woman angrily. "I've got no sympathy for such as ye. Them as don't work don't eat, say I. Go on!" She slammed the door in his face and went back to her work. He turned and dejectedly retraced his steps to the street. How gladly he would work, he thought, if only there were a place!

A little farther down the street he entered the village inn. The proprietor came up to him, bowing and smil-

ing, and asked what he desired. The man repeated his former request, adding that he would willingly work for food and shelter.

"Get out!" shouted the man, his manner suddenly changed. "We've two more just like you in the kitchen now, so lazy they can't chop wood without resting between the strokes." He fairly shoved the man out of the door.

As he went back to the street, he noticed that feathery flakes of snow were beginning to drift down from the now inky sky. He pulled his worn cloak closer about him and went slowly on, stopping now and then to gaze into the windows.

In a few minutes he came to a small bakery shop. He entered and repeated his plea for food and work. The baker answered, "The last time I gave food to a man for work, I found a whole pan of rolls missing. I've learned my lesson. You'll have to go somewhere else."

The wanderer went aimlessly on and soon came to the outskirts of the town. On its edge was a very small house. He started to pass by, then, turning, he went to the door. It was opened grudgingly by a woman of untidy appearance. The odor of cooking onions came very forcibly from within. The woman eyed him suspiciously and demanded, "What do you want? If it's food, we ain't got any, and if we did we wouldn't give it to lazy loafers who wouldn't work if their life depended on it."

"But I am willing to work. I'll do anything."

"No you won't, because you won't get a chanct." So saying, in no gentle manner, she closed the door.

The wanderer went wearily back to the street, and stoically tightening his belt he turned his back to the lights of the village and with dragging footsteps walked off into the blackness, his bundle in his hand.

NATURE 'DRESSING UP' FOR FALL

A dart of gold, a splash of red,
And green the background of it all,
The woods of brown, the sky of blue—
That's Nature dressing up for Fall.

He comes around but once a year,
And at the brightest time of all;
When you see red, and gold, and blue
That's Nature dressing up for Fall.

Lois Bristol, '32

JUST A STRANGER

Madeline Barrows, '33

"Isn't it too bad that Miss Dale has to take that leave of absence? I just hate to start with another new teacher." Marty spoke moodily to her fair haired petite companion.

"Oh, I don't know. I think it would be nice to have another teacher. I like a change, and things might get more interesting for a while." Margaret, the ash blonde leader of their crowd, was always looking for something new.

"Well, we'll find out to-morrow. School days don't wait."

"Oh, Marty! See that perfectly handsome man!" whispered Margaret excitedly. "His hair looks just like Apollo's must have been. And what a tan! He must have got that at Holly——."

"You all come on and stop staring at that man. He's probably just a stranger going through town. You shouldn't be interested in him anyhow!" With that, the matter-of-fact Marty hurried her reluctant schoolmate down their own street.

That night when the crowd gathered at Margaret's house as usual, they spoke of the stranger, and Margaret spent most of the evening rhapsodizing over him.

Next day all were anxious to see who would take Miss Dale's place. Marty was studying Latin when Margaret rushed up to her and breathlessly demanded that she "Come and see—— quick!" She took her to Miss Dale's room, and there behind the desk sat Marty's handsome stranger.

His hair was red, not carrot red, but goldy red, and curly. He wasn't very tall and was quite slender. His light blue eyes and deep tan made a rather startling contrast.

Margaret suddenly grew dumb in Math and in the days that followed spent most of her spare time in the Math room.

The pupils were told that the new

teacher's name was Mr. La Rue. The Math teacher's frequent wise-cracks made his popularity rather doubtful.

Margaret was "thrilled to death" (as she told the girls) when he said, "I see I have one bright pupil in the class. I hope Miss Starr's twinkles are in the direction of Math."

Dave Steve, Margaret's heretofore favorite boy friend, disliked him even more after being asked in class, "And whose 'Dusky Stevedore' may you be?"

All the crowd felt sorry for Dave. Wasn't it tough luck to have a darned old teacher steal your girl without even looking at her?

After confiding in his chum, Nick, Dave decided he'd try to get Margaret mad at Mr. La Rue and see what that would do. After wracking their brains for ways and means he and Nick started a paper which the pupils who wished to be called by their first names in Math class signed. When most of the class had signed, Dave rewrote Margaret's name as "Maggie" Starr.

Mr. La Rue agreed to call the pupils by the names they had signed. When he called "'Maggie' Starr" a cheerful "Here" was the answer. It developed that Margaret just adored being called 'Maggie', but only by the Math teacher.

"Dave, that didn't work so good. Let's just see if there is anything we can find out about that old cotton-picker," Nick suggested on the way to school one morning.

"I think that mop of hair looks darned queer over that face of his," observed Dave glumly.

"Say—now you mention it, it sure does. Let's just try to find out."

Right then and there they stopped and planned their attack on Mr. La-Rue's suspected toupee.

Margaret was being helped by the teacher to do a suddenly difficult problem.

"What a wonderful tan you have, Mr. LaRue," she sighed.

"Yes? I got it in Pasadena—."

"How romantic!" breathed 'Maggie.' "Mowing greens on the Pasadena Golf Course."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Dave and Nick. The boys wondered at the disappointed expression on Margaret's face.

"Yes, boys?"

"Would you please see if this is correct?" Nick laid a paper on the desk.

"May I turn on the lights? It's pretty dark in here," asked Dave.

"Certainly," replied the teacher, busily occupied with Nick's paper.

Dave's hand brushed the teacher's

curly locks. His ring caught fast in them; the rest of the hair came too. The electric light shone down on the baby pink and shiny spot where the hair had been.

Margaret rushed from the room, and the boys decided they knew all about their Math.

* * *

A boy and a girl with a single soda between them sat at a table near a window.

"There goes—," began Dave.

"—Just a stranger," finished Margaret as she flashed a happy smile at Dave and with her straw started to consume their soda.

HIGHWAY

Men work at things,
Glorious things,
Vain things;
Their hardships gone,
They gain great praise,
And life goes on.

The soul sings things,
Secret things,
Strange things.
Light comes anon;
The soul is filled,
And life goes on.

The heart does things,
Wondrous things,
Sweet things;
Then comes the dawn,
Love enters in,
And life goes on.

Mary Lance, '33

WANTED—A TEACHER

Helen Jarvis, '33

Enid Marsh watched the clock nervously. Nearly time for the mail-carrier! A week had passed since she had dispatched her application for a position as teacher in the Hillcrest School. At last she heard the shrill whistle, as the carrier approached the small white school-house. One of the boys in the back of the room immediately sallied importantly forth, and took his time in returning with the mail.

Next came Math 7. Those children never were so devoid of all knowledge of any subject as they were then. A long, white envelope seemed to stand upon the desk and call out, "Come open me! Come open me!" but, nevertheless, Enid kept doggedly on. When History 8 had ended their recitation period, accompanied by incessant wriggling, three-thirty came like the azure sky after a storm. Now Enid gladly dismissed the all-too-glad pupils and soon had the room to herself.

She eagerly tore open the significant looking envelope in which her future might be sealed. The straight-forward business-like letter simply stated that her application would receive special consideration. No more! That was good news, at least.

That evening Enid rushed like a whirlwind into the home of her one intimate friend in the strange town, Miss Aldyne. This kind person, she herself having only just given up the teaching profession, was overjoyed at Enid's prospects.

"I know this Superintendent Rayne. He is a young looking man for his age, exceptionally well-dressed, scholarly, and presents on the whole a very attractive appearance. He is very particular though, and usually insists upon a personal interview and on observing a candidate at work in her classroom. But, I am sure he will like you. He can't help himself," loyally concluded Miss Aldyne.

As Enid strolled along the grassy

country lane in the clear light of the harvest moon, she was thinking agitatedly. If this man intended to call on a tour of inspection, what would she do? What if he should come to find a sadly mussed up schoolroom the floor covered with those inevitable scraps of paper, the blackboards half erased, lessons unprepared, and a hundred other such things wrong? When she reached home, her mind was made up. Come when he so desired, that superintendent would find her room in model condition.

During the next few days the pupils gazed in open mouthed astonishment at the strict rules laid down by the teacher.

The first unknown visitor, who never would have fulfilled Miss Aldyne's description anyway, proved to be only the cranky new member of the school-board in a neighboring town. Next came an agent selling first-aid kits for the school-room. If only he had included a patent plaster to be applied to the mouths of over-talkative pupils!

Then HE came, well dressed, scholarly, handsome, and all the rest. She tried to remain nonchalant, but in spite of herself, she trembled with excitement as she opened the door.

"Are you Miss Enid Marsh?" inquired a low smooth voice.

"Yes, I am Miss Marsh."

The stranger volunteered his own name.

Enid thought to herself, "My great moment has come at last! Oh, suppose he is not satisfied with me!"

"Oh yes! Come right in, Mr. Rayne. I have been expecting you. Won't you sit down?"

When the next period was finished, Enid approached her observer and asked, "Is there any special class you would be interested in, Mr. Rayne?"

He assured her that he had not come to review any particular class.

Three-thirty came again. This time

Enid was much more excited and really thrilled. Only one thing now puzzled her. Miss Aldyne had said that Mr. Rayne was "young looking for his age." Now why that "age"? Surely he must be young, thirty-five at the very most. Well, Miss Aldyne's viewpoint was different.

The boys and girls filed solemnly from the door of the one-room school house and bounded off with whoops of ecstasy when once outside.

Enid turned to find her visitor standing with his back to her. As she surveyed him she could not resist thinking "Is there really such a thing as love at first sight?" But this future employer was so nice looking!

The stranger turned and met her gaze for just one moment. Did she find an answering light of admiration in his eyes? It couldn't be just imagination. Then he brought out hurriedly, "Miss Marsh, as you seem to realize, I am Harry Wayne, Superintendent of the C. C. Poole Typewriter Company.

You stated in your letter that your machine was not working very well. As our experts were all busy and the matter demanded immediate attention, I determined to drop in myself and see what I could do."

Enid stared dumbfoundedly, then stammered, "Then—you—you aren't Superintendent Rayne? Why—why—there must be some mistake! Wayne—Rayne—Wayne—Rayne. Oh! Why of course! How did I ever do anything so silly?"

Just then another car drew up beside the smart roadster in front of the school. In a few minutes a very much puzzled Superintendent Rayne was returning homeward, having left an unsigned contract at the little school house. But something, deep down in his heart, warned him that it would never be signed. Oh these pretty teachers and handsome men! Consequently that evening the advertisement beginning "Wanted—A Teacher" reappeared in the classified section of the Daily Mercury.

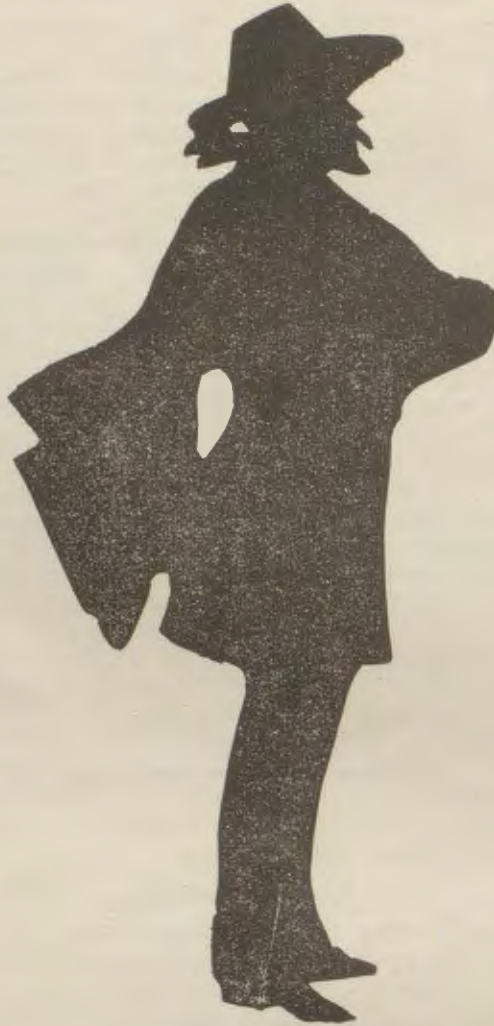
I FOUND A TINY MIRROR

I found a tiny mirror

And I hid it in a tree,
Hoping that some little bird
In passing by might see

A tiny picture of himself,
Exactly as he flew,
A replica of one who sees
Himself as others do.

Lois Bristol, '32



The representation in silhouette above, drawn by Marietta Andrews, is that of the late Col. William F. Cody, known to an adoring public as "Buffalo Bill." The last of the picturesque frontier scouts, his name became, before his death in 1917, a household word. In his service as an army scout, as a pioneer, and in his organization of his famous "Wild West Show," he was to the American public an outstanding example of fine manhood, in spite of his failings. He was loved for his virtues, and his faults were forgotten.



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

Victor Hugo

Victor Hugo, grand poète et romancier romantique, naquit à Besançon en 1802. Son père était général de l'Empire, sa mère, Vendéenne. Dans son enfance il parcourut l'Italie et l'Espagne à la suite de son père, puis sa mère s'établit à Paris. Il commença à écrire des vers à l'âge de quinze ans. Il fut couronné plusieurs fois aux Jeux Floraux, et en 1822, publia son premier recueil de poésies, "Odes et Ballades".

Les premiers vers de Victor Hugo furent reçus avec enthousiasme et on y vit le grand artiste, le poète de génie. Il fit opposition au prince-Président, Louis Napoléon, et au coup d'état du Deux Décembre il fut exilé.

Auparavant, Victor Hugo avait négligé la littérature pour la politique. Pendant l'exile il écrivit un grand nombre d'ouvrages de tous genres parmi lesquels nous mentionnerons les "Chatiments" (1852) et "Hernani." Celui-ci représente un combat entre un bandit et un roi, tous les deux amoureux d'une seule femme. L'auteur mourut en mai, 1885. Il fut l'idole du peuple

français, qui lui fit des funérailles splendides et conduisit son corps au Panthéon.

J'ai raconté brièvement la vie de Victor Hugo et parlé de ses poésies lyriques et épiques, et maintenant il faut que je dise quelque mots de ses drames et de ses romans.

C'est surtout dans le drame que le romantisme a fait d'innovations importantes. La préface de "Cromwell" (1827) fut le manifeste de la nouvelle école.

Hugo y exposa son système: la vérité dans la représentation, c'est à dire, la peinture de l'homme avec ses vices et ses qualités. Le grotesque ne doit pas être exclu de la scène, puisqu'il se trouve dans la société, et le comique et le sérieux peuvent être mis côte à côte, car il en est ainsi dans la vie.

"Bug Jargal" et "Han d'Islande" furent les premiers romans de Victor Hugo.

Son chef d'oeuvre c'est "Les Misérables", vaste épopée où il plaide la cause des pauvres et des faibles contre la société qu'il met en accusation. Ce livre a été sévèrement critiqué, et justement sur plusieurs points; mais ce qui reste au-dessus de toute atteinte, en

dehors de toute controverse, c'est la pureté de son intention, la hauteur de son point de vue. L'exécution, malgré les défauts ordinaires de l'auteur est d'une beauté terrible et d'une incomparable énergie.

Dans la classe de français de la troisième années pour études "Les Misérables." Nous trouvons le roman bien intéressant et touchant. Il nous semble très facile à comprendre et nous avons beaucoup de sympathie pour Jean Valjean.

Jeanne d'Arc Senesac, '32

Livres consultés par Mlle. Senesac: Histoire de la littérature française, par Duval; Littérature française, par Fortier; et Masterpieces of the World's Literature.

L'automne

Quand vient l'automne les arbres perdent leur verdure brillante,
Il n'y a plus de fleurs dans le jardin désert;
Les nids sont abandonnés, il n'y a rien qui chante,
C'est alors qu'approche l'hiver.
Tous les oiseaux sont partis,
Ils vont au pays chauds.
Mais quand revient le printemps
Ils seront ici de nouveau.

Laurette Beliveau, '34

Où s'en Vont les Jours

Où s'en vont les jours?
Ce curieux problème tourmentait Lisette la petite fille.

Un soir, Lisette se promenait dans le jardin, où il y avait des fleurs et des oiseaux, elle chantait et souriait au moindre détail du paysage bien connu.

Mais soudain sa pensée se fixe, captivée par le vue superbe du soleil couchant. Lisette regarde Ses yeux s'agrandissent, comme s'ils voulaient s'emplier de toute cette lumière, de toute cette splendeur, elle reste immobile en regardant disparaître l'éblouissement d'or. Lisette comprend que c'est la nuit qui commence. Elle murmure tout bas. "Qui sait, oh! qui sait où s'en vont les jours?"

Plusieurs années s'écoulèrent et maintenant Lisette avait tout compris. Elle était mariée, et elle avait une petite fille. Elle était très heureuse dans sa maison. Un jour sa petite mignonne de huit ans lui dit, "Maman! Où va le soleil? Est-ce dans un grand trou noir qu'il s'en va?" La mère répondit qu'elle avait eu cette idée-là elle aussi quand elle était jeune mais maintenant elle savait où les jours s'en allaient et elle dit: "Enfant! Les jours s'en vont vers Dieu, car lui seul nous les donne et lui seul les recueille."

Jeanne Senesac, '32

Un Leçon de Mathématique

Cette histoire-ci a été lue par la deuxième classe de français.

C'était l'heure du dîner. La table était mise et la famille était à table. Il y avait Monsieur et Madame Larue et leur petit garçon Robert. Robert comme tous les petits garçons avait envie de montrer combien il était intelligent. Pour dîner il y avait sur la table deux beaux poulets que la bonne leur avait apportés.

—Papa, dit Robert, regarde cette assiette, tu penses qu'il n'y a que deux poulets, je suppose.

—Naturellement, mon Robert, je n'en vois que deux.

—Allons, dit Robert, je vais te prouver qu'il y en a trois.

Les parents regardaient bien leur petit garçon pour voir comment il allait se tirer de cette affaire.

—Voilà, dit Robert, ce poulet-ci

fait un et ce poulet-là fait deux. Deux et un font trois, n'est-ce pas?

—Tu as raison, a répondu son père.

Alors, nous allons chacun en avoir un. Ce poulet-ci sera pour ta mère, ce poulet-là sera pour moi, et le troisième sera pour toi.

—Comment, dit Robert, moi je n'en aurai pas?

—Eh bien Robert, dit le père, si tu veux du poulet, ne sois pas un si savant mathématicien.

Claudette Forand, '34

La Surprise

C'était l'heure du diner dans la petite maison de la famille Dupont.

La famille était à table—Charles, Robert, Susanne, Josette, la mère, et le père.

Ils avaient pris le hors-d'oeuvre et ils commençaient la viande quand un homme entre avec un fusil et dit: "Levez les mains!"

La famille regarde l'homme avec stupéfaction et terreur et ils se hâtent de lever les mains.

Alors l'homme rit et dit: "Ne me connaissez-vous pas? Je suis votre fils, Henri."

"Henri! dit Mamam. Vous n'êtes pas Henri. Henri est en Amérique depuis cinq ans à faire sa fortune."

"Henri? dit papa. Vous n'êtes pas Henri. Henri est beau. Vous n'êtes pas beau."

"Moi, je suis Henri quand même. J'ai perdu ma beauté dans une rixe avec un autre garçon voilà trois ans, et j'ai aussi perdu my fortune dans une spéculation à New York.

Riche où pauvre, beau où laid, tu es mon fils, dit la mère et sois le bienvenu.

Eleanor Kimball, '34

Anecdotes

Un jour c'était la nuit,
Un jeune vieillard assis debout
Sur un rocher de bois.

Rose Roy, '34

En classe de français

Mme. Patterson—Alice, conjuguez le verbe "être bon".

Alice Roy—Je suis bon
Tu es bonnes
Il est baton
Nous sommes bonbons
Vous êtes batonnier
Elles sont batonnières

Editorials

DEPRESSION

In these days of ever evident hard times and general depression it is a generally accepted custom to look ahead and see possible ways out. But, while this is probably the most immediately important aim, why do we not look back for a moment in an effort to see just what caused such a catastrophe and what steps might be taken to prevent another such?

In answer to such a question it will probably be said by one who passes a hasty comment upon any subject, and then lets the matter drop, that depression is unavoidable, that it occurs in more or less regular cycles, and that this must be accepted as inevitable. All of which is, in a measure, true. But, while recurring conditions do probably break upon our heads, high held in no anticipation of disaster, a shock which comes from our unwatched feet, we must remember that the world learns by experience.

First, in glancing back, we see the stock market crash of 1928. This has been pointed out as the cause of the whole evil chapter, but in reality it should be more aptly compared to the last straw, which, as the tale has it, broke the camel's back. One large reason for this crash was the abominable practice of "selling short," that is, selling more stock than one really has, in an effort to break the back of the market, pick up the stock promised for delivery at a lower price, and then making the delivery at a tidy profit. It is in such a process that many small speculators are wiped out. This practice should be abolished, not by government interference, which is almost always unhealthy for business, but by the Stock Exchanges themselves.

Secondly, we see the attempted maintenance of a higher standard of living than the rest of the world. We were

told by eminent capitalists and financiers that if America would but lead, the rest of the world would follow. For some reason or other this failed to materialize. We must remember that while it is always well to lead, the leader who gets too far ahead of the pack generally ceases to function to the benefit of either himself or of his followers.

And thirdly, we have a great deal of blame to cast upon our tariff system, which, by its exorbitant rates, has aroused much antagonism abroad.

It is for us to remember as we look forward, ever confident in the glorious future of our country and ever proud of its glorious past, that only by correcting our errors and striving for betterment of our evils can we progress.

Robert W. Larrow, '32

THE NEW GYM FLOOR

It was with great interest at the beginning of the year that we noticed the improvements at the gymnasium. The small stage which formerly occupied one end of the hall has been removed, enabling us to have a basketball court of the minimum regulation size, and a new hardwood floor has been laid, making a very attractive surface for dancing. These improvements have been made by the School Board at considerable expense, and we should endeavor to show that we are not ungrateful by using some little degree of precaution in our treatment of this new surface. While this floor has been treated with a special application, it is, nevertheless, not armor-plated, and is still susceptible to long slides with nail-studded shoes. It is only fair that those who do not expect to dance upon it should be as careful as the others who do, for such a surface should be a matter of pride to the entire school.

School Activities

Helen Jarvis, Editor

THE INITIATION OF THE CLASS

OF 1935

School opened with a freshman class numbering fifty-four. All were filled with just pride because they had made the grade. Everything went well until one morning when we were greeted with an ultimatum on the bulletin board telling us what we must do to become full-fledged freshmen.

As the weather was intensely warm for September, it was thought best to have us wear galoshes to and from school. Lest we lose our "school-girl complexions," we wore our hats, removing them only in greeting an honorable senior or in recitation. Several of our more enthusiastic members adopted the style of a few years ago, wearing hats which were very conspicuous as to brim, and were securely fastened on by a long spear, or the ancient hat pin, brilliant with jewels. To make us feel more humble on entering so great a hall of learning, we were requested to wear a huge bow of green ribbon on the back of our dresses or suits, neatly held by a huge safety pin. On our wrists we wore a toothbrush. We all suffered in silence and did the things we were told to do.

The following Friday we were invited to a reception given in our honor. The class had several thrills, very exciting and mysterious; nevertheless, we all had a wonderful time. After the refreshments we left for home with three cheers for the Class of 1932.

Marie Little, '35

CLASS ELECTIONS

One of the many important events occurring in the first week of school was the election of class officers. The following were chosen by the several classes:

Seniors

President: Paul Jordan
Vice President: Gertrude Fishman
Secretary: Esther Graves
Treasurer: Dorothy Leonard
Student Councilor: Robert Larrow

Juniors

President: Eleanor Forrest
Vice President: Floyd Cuison
Secretary: Charlotte Miner
Treasurer, Helen Jarvis
Student Councilor: Ruth Yattaw

Sophomores

President: Mary Parrish
Vice President: Charles Ryan
Secretary: Shirley Haven
Treasurer: David Ryan
Student Councilor: Margaret Carter

Freshmen

President: Lucia Brown
Vice President: Edward Ryan
Secretary: George Noonan
Treasurer: Frances Kellogg
Student Councilor: Daniel Smith

Eights

President: Joan Casey
Vice President: Betty Bristol
Secretary: Hilton Forrest
Treasurer: Ethel Sorrell
Student Councilor: Theodore Ringer

Sevens

President: Edith Burroughs
Vice President: Doris Barrows
Secretary: Raymond Barrows
Treasurer: Barbara Ball
Student Councilor: Esther Adams

MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

Once again Mr. Webster, of the Crowell Publishing Company, visited our school. This year the campaign which he organized took the form of a football game with Navy and Army teams. Harriet Daigneault was the Navy's captain, and Donald Clark was the Army's.

The sales came in very slowly this year. However, on the last day of the game the Army came through with a wonderful victory.

The total amount taken in was \$315.50. The school share for the Athletic Association was \$124.94. A party was given at the Gym for the Army team by the defeated Navy men.

Eleanor Forrest, '33

V. H. S. STUDENT WINS VERMONT ORATORICAL CONTEST

Keith Tupper, student of Vergennes High School and member of the Vergennes High School Agriculture Chapter, recently won the Vermont Oratorical Contest held at Cambridge, Vt., Sept. 15, 1931. His topic was "The First Year of the Federal Farm Board." His essay contained about one thousand words. This, his first attempt in such work, required many weeks of preparation. Our school was much pleased to be able to listen to his winning speech, which was given Sept. 14, 1931, in a special assembly, just before he left to win the prize.

Floyd Cuison, '33

PROFESSOR HOLMES ON "WHY STUDY?"

On October 15, 1931, Professor Holmes of Northeastern University spoke to us on the subject of "Why Study?" Professor Holmes defined education as the development of human nature. One form of development is study. He took Charles Lindbergh for an example. He explained how Lindbergh studied every detail of his plans before taking off for Paris. Edu-

cation is a process of getting ready for work by study. In order to live, one must know how to do these three things: earn a living, make himself acceptable to others, and have a good time. To do all these things we must be well educated. A person's earning power is increased and kept up by education.

Nowadays machines can do everything but think and judge. Therefore we must train ourselves to do these very things, because machines and people willing to work are serious competitors. Mr. Holmes gave us this saying which is applicable to each of us, "You can't make a home-run without touching all the bases." In other words, you can't achieve greatness without preparing yourself for it. We are all growing up in a nation of educated people. They are the ones who get the prizes, because they have educated themselves by studying. That is the answer to "Why Study?"

Lucia Brown, '35 (H.J., '35)

FIRE PREVENTION ASSEMBLY

On Monday, October nineteenth, owing to the fact that it was Fire Prevention Week, the members of Class Eight put on a play called "The Trial of Fire." The scene was in a court-room. The characters, listed below, were very well chosen and drilled. The Judge, Hilton Forrest; District Attorney, Faith Kenyon; Court Officer, Theodore LeBeau; Counsel for Defense, Margaret Bodette. The Defendants: Kerosene, Jeannette Sullivan; Cigarette, Floyd Moses; Match, Winifred Sorrell; Electricity, Betty Bristol; Rubbish, Arnold Sullivan; Gas, Norma Bristol; Lightning, Marjorie Burroughs; Bonfire, Esther Adams; Spontaneous Combustion, Jeannette Graves; Carelessness, Joan Casey; Defective Chimney, Lawrence Austin; Jury, remaining members of the class.

The play was coached by Miss Delaney. It was very well given and received much favorable comment.

Corinne P. Sorrell, '33

MR. PATTERSON'S TALK ON THEODORE ROOSEVELT

On Theodore Roosevelt's birthday, Mr. Patterson related his very interesting experience when he personally met this famous President.

President Roosevelt had gone down to Porto Rico to collect certain information. After he had been entertained for about a week with brass bands and banquets, he decided to go around alone and see what he could find out.

The following is as Robert Mundy '35, reports the talk. (Editor of School Activities.)

Mr. Patterson received a telegram from the government asking him to entertain the President. One funny incident in the preparation of the entertainments was the mistake which the natives made in the sign which read, "Welcome to She President." Luckily this was noticed in time. Mr. Patterson also described several other funny incidents to us. In fording a stream the President's car became stuck. It required two yokes of oxen to pull it out. A picnic lunch consisting of canned foods and bottled drinks was furnished for the President's party, but no forks or can-openers were sent. However, this did not bother the President. They opened the cans with jack-knives and broke the bottles. As Mr. Roosevelt took a leg of a hen in one hand and a bottle in the other, he said, "Fingers were made before forks."

Mr. Roosevelt's strenuous character is shown up in a statement by one of his detectives that he was the hardest man he had ever attempted to follow. His detectives soon became worn out, so they worked in relays.

The President asked a great many questions, but didn't wait for a detailed answer. He was looking for information, and he knew how to get it. He had a very firm handshake. He could shake more hands than anyone else, because he grabbed first, not allowing the other fellow to grip his hand. He had a great memory. His mind was a map

of the places to which he had been. He was also a walking encyclopedia. He was a great soldier, foremost in the Spanish American War with his Rough Riders. Taking it all around, he was a very interesting man.

One day shortly after he had met the President, Mr. Patterson found a flat package in the mail. It was a picture of Mr. Roosevelt, sent with his regards. This picture was shown to us when Mr. Patterson gave his talk.

Robert Mundy, '35

RADIOS AT V. H. S.

The students of V. H. S. have, on two occasions, had the pleasure of being entertained by radio in the Assembly Hall during the past month. Our first program was the participation of the school in the events of the Yorktown Sesquicentennial Celebration by means of a radio loaned through the courtesy of Mr. W. H. Adams.

On Friday, the 30th of October, we were again confronted by a radio in the Main Room. Knowing that it was the Seniors' turn to give the Assembly program, the home scene at the entrance of the Main Room gave us some idea of what the program was about. In the center was a table on which was the radio, a reading lamp, and a jug of cider. Two chairs were near the table.

The two main characters, Joshua, a typical New England farmer (Paul Jordan), and Miranda, his wife (Catherine Briggs), entered from an adjoining room, discussing the possibility of getting a good program on their radio, as previous attempts had been impossible because of the everlasting noise of that "freckle-faced Morris kid" and that "Judson Evarts serenading the little Miller girl next door."

At the first turn of the dial Joshua got Station CKAC at Montreal with Jeanne Senesac broadcasting in very fluent French. Mademoiselle Senesac sang a lovely song entitled "Près de La Rivière de Saint Marie." Disgusted with this "Pig-Latin," Joshua switched the dial to another station. This time

he got a series of stock reports. The third attempt brought Station LNPQ (Ellen Pecue), broadcasting from the studio on Green Street, Vergennes. A musical program was brought to us through the courtesy of the Ralli Raw Razor Co., with Ted Ralli broadcasting. We all wish to congratulate you, Ted. You certainly make a good radio announcer. Special features of this program were a selection on the bells by Burnham Rogers and a piano selection by Gertrude Fishman.

We were then returned to the New York Studio where we received brief news dispatches through the courtesy of the Rockwood Publications.

We were informed that Coach Smith plans to start basketball practice soon.

Floyd Cuison, "America's Sweetheart," was seen strolling on Broadway towards a Style Shoppe with the leading lady of his latest picture, "Moonstruck", Dorothy Leonard, and the famed Broadway actress, Charlotte Miner.

We also received the news that the Vergennes All Star Tennis Team is seeking another engagement with the Industrial School Invincibles.

The success of Lois Bristol, who has been at work in the German Laboratory at Greenwich Village trying to isolate the new germ, Love, was also brought to us. Miss Bristol claims that this germ can be isolated only in the dark.

The fatal fall of Bugs (Rubberheels) Wilson, while racing over the hazardous Vergennes course on Oct. 28th, was also made public.

All were asked to keep their eyes open for Elmer Pilger, as his parents are eagerly seeking his whereabouts. He was last seen headed towards Canada in a Hupmobile sport truck, accompanied by a young lady.

We were again entertained by another musical program from the Vergennes Studio, sponsored by the Garrow Armstrong Heaters' Corporation. We had the pleasure of hearing a violin solo by Thelma Blodgett, another selection on the bells by Burnham Rogers, and

a song by the Studio Ensemble entitled "Many Happy Returns of the Day."

Joshua and Miranda, remembering various household duties that must be attended to before retiring, made a hasty exit.

Marion Woodruff, '32.

THE FRESHMEN'S HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Our Hallowe'en party was held on the twenty-third of October. Elaine Beach and Frances Kellogg had been elected as the game committee. When we first came we danced a little while, Winifred Gaunya furnishing music. After a while Elaine and Frances arrived, and we started the games. First came an apple eating contest. Putting the apples on the floor and getting down on your knees you had to eat the apple without touching it with your hands. I was the one to win that. Then Miss Booth and Miss Maxham tried in vain to make us march around the hall and keep step with the music and cut different figures while marching. After a few vain attempts it was given up as a bad job. Next everybody joined in a circle game.

There were two more games; then we danced until about ten o'clock, after which we partook of our cider, crullers, and sandwiches. Some of the tens and elevens, self invited, shared our cider and crullers and also dancing.

Everyone said, "That's the best party we ever had."

Kenneth Bristol, '35

THE EIGHTS' HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The Eights, around twenty of them, besides a few noted guests, were present at our big Hallowe'en party. We played many interesting games, including bobbing for apples. At about nine-thirty refreshments were served. We had fudge, cake, apples and orange-

ade. Later we played a few more games, the most enjoyed of which was "Fortune-Telling". Then the committee declared the party adjourned.

Hilton Forrest, '36

THE SEVENS' PARTY

On Friday evening, October thirtieth, Class Seven and their guests held their Hallowe'en party. Games were played. Prizes for the best costumes were given to Elaine Hamel and Richard Austin. Raymond Barrows and Arnold Sullivan won the stunt prizes. Refreshments of doughnuts and cider were served. Miss Delaney and Mr. Fogg were chaperons.

Jeannette Graves, '37

CLASS TENS' HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On the evening of October thirtieth the members of, Class Ten, with very merry hearts and gruesome costumes, started for the Hallowe'en party which was held at the gymnasium at eight o'clock.

A very exciting evening of games and stunts, managed by Mary Parrish and Shirley Haven, ended at nine o'clock. Then, much to everyone's delight, we had refreshments which consisted of cider and ginger-ale, doughnuts and sandwiches.

The Class then had the Grand March, starting downstairs and ending on the splendid new hardwood floor above. There we danced until eleven o'clock. Just before going home we had two square dances—a plain quadrille and the Virginia Reel. The latter was called off by Mr. Fogg. After the Virginia Reel we merrily departed for home.

The teachers present were Miss McGovern, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Miss Delaney, Miss Maxham, Mr. Fogg, and last but not least, Mr. Carter.

Russell Kingman, '34

On November fourth Reverend Mr. Hager spoke to us concerning plans for observing Armistice Week. He read a portion from "The Peace Primer" which stated that youth should inform itself concerning the horrors of war. He believes it is a part of youths' education to study methods of peace. Mr. Hager's purpose in coming to us was that of extending an invitation to us to attend the mass meeting at the City Hall and afterward the round-table discussions at the Library.

Mary Lance, '33

On October sixteenth Mr. Carter opened the assembly by reading the lovely poem, "Beauty's Tryst." He then gave a few brief remarks on the life of Edward Bok.

* * * * *

Monday, October nineteenth, through the kindness of Mr. W. H. Adams, who loaned us a radio, the entire high school listened to the main speeches at the Yorktown Sesquicentennial Celebration. We heard Senator Swanson of Virginia, chairman of the celebration committee, speak, introducing President Hoover, who then delivered his address on the significance of the Memorial at Yorktown.

* * * * *

Several of the English classes have learned the inspiring poem, "The Ways," by John Oxenham. Mr. Carter gave a short talk based on the theme of the poem: "Choosing the High Way." Frances Cross, '33, repeated the poem.

* * * * *

Mrs. Chatterton, our librarian, recently gave us some information regarding the renewal of books, payment of fines, and the returning of books. The main topic was the avoidance of fines, which no one likes to pay, once incurred. This talk will prove especially helpful to our new pupils, who perhaps do not thoroughly understand the functioning of the library.

* * * * *

A few changes have been made in our marking system. Outside work is required in most subjects if a pupil is to receive the grade of A. There is a possibility of passing on one D mark a year, if there is sufficient excuse for this and the faculty approves by vote. Mr. Carter closed a talk on these changes with a word encouraging everyone to do his best and not to feel downhearted over low marks.

* * * * *

We have been wisely counseled against taking up correspondence courses with any company without first thoroughly discussing the matter with Mr. Carter, Mr. Patterson, or some one equally qualified to advise us concerning the matter.

* * * * *

Several pleasant afternoons have been enjoyed by the dancing element of the high school. The cause of this enjoyment is the fact that we have been allowed to dance two afternoons a week on the new Gym floor. Music has been successfully furnished by divers members of the school. This plan evidently will conflict with the basket-ball practice, but we all hope the matter can be arranged so that this pleasant diversion may be kept up.

* * * * *

This department would not be complete without mention of the reception tendered the teachers by the P. T. A. This gathering was held at the library and attended by nearly a hundred teachers and parents. The refreshments were served by a group of the high school girls. A delightful program was presented in which several of our students participated.

* * * * *

LIBRARY LESSONS

In accordance with her usual custom Mrs. Chatterton has been giving Library Lessons to the Freshmen for the

past four weeks. These are taken as a part of the regular English course. We realize that very few schools are able to have such an opportunity, and we are appreciative of ours.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY

On Thursday, November fifth, a special assembly was called during the middle of the first afternoon period. The speaker, Mr. Harold Slocum, was introduced by Mr. Carter.

Mr. Slocum's talk drew a fine contrast between the re-building of London and St. Paul's Cathedral after the Great Fire, comparing this with the building of individual health, character and personality today.

No definite plan was followed in the rebuilding of London. Narrow, crooked streets were built, with the houses close together. Today the City of London is spending millions rectifying these mistakes which resulted in slums.

Shortly after the Great Fire a young man, Sir Christopher Wren, was given the right to rebuild St. Paul's Cathedral, which had been destroyed. So well did he do his work, that today Saint Paul's is the largest and most magnificent of all the Protestant churches and the most notable among English buildings in architectural design.

To each and everyone today there lies open the choice of good or bad posture, carriage, speech—of building health and personality either like the slums of London or like St. Paul's Cathedral.

Paul Jordan, '32

The Staff wishes to acknowledge the great help which Lois Bristol, '32, Helen Jarvis, '33, Marion Woodruff, '32, and Esther Graves, '32, have been to us in the typing of this issue.



The above silhouette is that of Rip Van Winkle, as played by the late Joseph Jefferson, and drawn by Marietta Andrews. Mr. Jefferson was one of the artists of the old school, and from his birth in 1829 to his death in 1905, he was every inch a

trouper. It was in his characterization of Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" that he became best known to admiring audiences both at home and abroad. While Mr. Jefferson made few appearances in Shakespeare or other classics, his influence on the American stage was deeply felt.

Athletics

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Shirley Haven, Editor

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Miss Delaney's call to the girls of V. H. S. for basketball volunteers was answered by the following group: Harriet Daigneault, Mary Bourget, Eleanor Forrest, Dorothy Leonard, Marion Leonard, Charlotte Miner, Helen Jarvis, Corinne Sorrell, Mildred Evarts, Margaret Carter, Ruth Remele, Mary Parrish, Barbara Bristol, Eleanor Daigneault, Marie Little, Marion Newton, Lucia Brown, Jeanette Hatch. Harriet Daigneault was elected captain, and Mary Bourget, manager.

The advancing season looks pretty good to us, as we are "breaking in" new suits as well as a new floor.

Some of the girls are taking brisk runs into the country before breakfast; exercise is taken every afternoon that there is no practice; and it has been noised about that there is to be a basket located somewhere on the school premises for extra practice.

Our schedule will be printed in a later issue.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Donald Clark, Editor

FOOTBALL

A special meeting of the Athletic Association was held to decide whether there should be a football team or not, and to find out how many candidates would turn out. About thirteen men responded. The treasurer's report was given, and it was found that there would not be enough money for both football and basketball, so a vote was taken by all members present. The results showed seventy-five in favor of continuing the sport and a hundred and twenty-five against supporting it.

BASKETBALL

About the middle of October a call was made for preliminary training for basketball. About ten boys turned out, running about a mile and a half each night under the supervision of Mr. Fogg.

November second the rearrangement of the baskets was completed, and a call was issued for basketball candidates. About twenty answered: D. Clark, (Captain), D. Gee, C. Ryan, D. Ryan, F. Cuisson, T. Ralli, R. Cotey, W. Garrow, F. Scott, R. Booth, K. DeVine, L. Wetherell, G. Smith, L. Laurence, A. Hamel, E. Ryan, and R. Barton.

Mr. Smith is coaching the Varsity team and Mr. Fogg the junior team, which is made up from the new material.

This year the Varsity are having new uniforms—white jerseys and white pants with blue trimmings.

The following schedule has been arranged:

SCHEDULE

Date	School	Place
Dec. 2	Bristol	Vergennes
Dec. 4	Milton	Vergennes
Dec. 8	Brandon	Vergennes
Dec. 11	Winooski	Winooski
Dec. 18	Brandon	Brandon
Dec. 30	Alumni	Vergennes
Jan. 5	Winooski	Vergennes
Jan. 8	Essex	Vergennes
Jan. 15	Essex	Essex
Jan. 22	Bristol	Bristol
Feb. 12	V. I. S.	Vergennes
Feb. 19	V. I. S.	Vergennes

In addition to these games it is expected that games will be arranged with Richmond, Middlebury, Pittsford and Hinesburg High Schools, and there will also be a schedule for the Junior Varsity.

Exchange

Mary Lance, Editor

"Spaulding Sentinel"

Barre, Vt.

We too have trouble getting material for our Literary Department. However, we notice in your last issue that you have devoted twice the space to "Classy Stuff" that you have to "Literature." Can not this be more evenly balanced?

* * *

"R. H. S. Chips"

Richmond, Vt.

Your Commencement Issue was interesting and well balanced. We especially noted the valedictory essay by Mary Cunningham.

* * *

"The Clarion"

Essex Junction, Vt.

We certainly liked your "Exchange Issue." The cuts were very well suited to the subject matter.

* * *

"T. C. A. Bulletin"

Poultney, Vt.

You had an excellent graduation number. The poem entitled "A Spring Thought" was well written.

* * *

"Hi Spirit"

Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Your "Prospectus Number" was fine and well arranged.

* * *

"The Mercury"

St. Albans, Vt.

Your Literary and Alumni Departments are top-notch. Haven't you any budding poets?

* * *

"Station B. H. S."

Bristol, Vt.

We are always glad to receive your interesting paper.

* * *

"The Voorhis Viking" San Dimas, Calif.

It's a far cry from Vergennes, Vermont, to San Dimas, California, and don't we enjoy your paper? Where is your exchange column?

* * *

We are pleased to welcome "Danby High School News," Danby, Vt., to our exchange list.

* * *

This year, through the kindness of Miss Booth, we have the privilege of reading the Middlebury College "Campus."

* * *

The "Cynic" we are very glad to receive. We read it with great interest.

* * *

We regret the delay in sending out our Commencement Issues. This was due in part to a change in the Editorial Staff.

* * *

We have commented upon all exchanges so far received. We hope soon to have our usual list with many additions.

Alumni

Charles Ryan, '34, Editor

CLASS OF 1931

Marshall Bame is working on his father's farm in Addison.

On June 20 Mary Bunch was married to Phillip Lawrence of Vergennes and is now living on South Main Street.

William Carter is taking a Post Graduate Course at the High School.

Doris Clark is attending Syracuse University.

Arza Dean is staying at his home in Monkton.

Lena Fanslow is with her sister in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Harriet Field is assisting with household duties at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Fisher.

Thelma Floyd has been this summer at the home of her parents in Vergennes.

Owen Griffin has been in Vergennes since the close of school.

Eleanor Hayes was married to Mr. Gilbert Stebbins of Poultney on September 28, and is now living on North Main Street.

Mary Jermain is waitress in the Le-Beau Restaurant.

Florence Larrow was employed at the Stevens House during the summer. Now she is at the home of her uncle, Mr. Henry Morris.

Madeline Lawrence has registered in the Nurses' Training Course at the De-Goesbriand Hospital in Burlington.

Gertrude Leonard is in the dental office of Dr. C. H. Cole.

Wren Russett is at home in Pantton.

Robert Ryan is taking a Post Graduate Course at the High School.

Edward Scott is now at the home of his parents, but plans to attend Burlington Business College.

Florence Smith is employed in Duxbury, Vt.

Karlene Sneden is at her home in Waltham.

Germaine Turpin is in Monkton with her parents.

Roger Wendell is employed in his father's store.

Charles Wilson, Jr., is taking a Post Graduate Course at the High School.

Wilma Wood is attending Burlington Business College.

ELEGY FOR FALL

When leaves have ceased to flutter,
Blown o'er the garden wall,
New words just sing within my soul
An elegy for Fall.

The glorious beauty of the leaves
Is gone from trees so tall;
I'd like to keep just one small branch,
My elegy for Fall.

Lois Bristol, '32

Grinnery

Edward Ryan, Editor

THE STAFF

First, there's our editor hard-pressed,
With lots of toil and little rest,
Or sleep by night.

And then there's his assistant chief,
Her working hours are very brief,
And efforts slight.

Then comes the one who holds our
money
And tells us that 'tis not so funny
To lack the cash.

Of course she has a helper too,
With lots of "don't" and Little "do"
And not too rash.

Next, we've a literary head,
Who digs up stories from the dead,
And poems, too.

Our French department's full of spice,
And those who read it say it's nice;
We make it do.

Another fellow must find out
What our alumni are about,
And what they've done.

One little miss must always be
At every school activity
To write our fun.

While still one more, whose interest
ranges,
Acclaims our many good exchanges,
And jeers the rest.

And then our editors athletic,
Are not well known as energetic,
But do their best.

Tho' last, not least, our comic pokes,
And nearly all our musty jokes,
Must written be.

But all in all we do our work,
Try hard to smile and not to shirk,
And e'er to be

Receptive, if with courtesy,
You point out faults we do not see
And help us out.

ESSAY ON BOBBY PINS

"Bobby Pins!! A big bargain!!
Thirty-six for ten cents!" Now of
course the original use of bobby pins
was to keep the hair out of one's eyes.
But all the renowned inventors in the
world never could have thought of the
uses to which bobby pins have been
put.

If your belt is much too long, a bobby
pin or two will hold the end in
place very nicely.

We have known bobby pins to be
used for that unmentionable breach of
etiquette—manicuring the nails in public.

Bobby pins are marvelous for keeping
sheets of paper together, and they
have no rival at holding pennies on an
envelope if you haven't a stamp.

These famous bobby pins are used
not only by girls but by men and boys
also! Very often you'll find a man
with his tie held in place by one of
these very same bobby pins.

There are many other uses one
could think of, but perhaps the favorite
among the small (?) boys is the
bobby pin used as a music maker. A
little ingenious bending, and an appar-

atus is made that produces a very annoying sound—especially to teachers. I don't advise you to try this last trick, but for other uses bobby pins seem to be indispensable in this day of modern living.

Lois Bristol, '32

Edward Ryan, '35

L. Laurence (looking up Latin word):
"Ah! Here it is, everybody! Right on page fourteen of your Appendix."

* * *

T. Ringer (in General Science):
"Gravitation causes the ocean 'tights."

* * *

J. Bristol: "Who was that woman I saw you with last night?"

D. Rich: "That wasn't a woman. That was a plant."

J. B.: "Do tell!"

D. R.: "Sure that was a Weed—Nora Weed."

* * *

Mr. Carter (just after a loud bang from the Home Ec. Lab): "H'm! Something besides the cake must have fallen this time."

* * *

Miss Delaney (in English Eight):
"What is your sentence, Elsie?"

Elsie Babson: "What's your dog's nationality?"

On seeing Daniel Smith and Harris Rose chewing pencils during the Library Lesson test:

The seats are all taken,

The papers are near;

The pupils glance at them

With semblance of fear.

A pencil in one hand,

The trial's begun,

The Freshmen chew pencils

Until the test's done.

Lois Bristol, '32

Thomas Mack Coal Co.

We are now handling the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Anthracite Coal.

We can say without the least qualification that it is the most satisfactory coal we have ever handled in an experience of fifty years.

Customers come to our office and say that it is the best they have ever had.

Try it and be convinced.

THOMAS MACK,
Manager.

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	Regular	Special
Shampooing,	\$1.00	\$.75
Marcelling,	.75	.50
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Shampoo and Curl	1.50	1.25

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December, January, February and
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E. G. & A. W. NORTON

AND NOW
A GENUINE

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HOT FUDGE SUNDAE
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The Department of Commerce and Economics trains for business.

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A Department of Music has been established.

Expenses are moderate. All courses are open to women.

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